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THE

FIRESIDE ENCYCLOPÆDIA

OF

P O E T R Y.

COMPRISING

THE BEST POEMS OF THE MOST FAMOUS WRITERS,

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN.

COMPILED AND EDITED

^{BY} ν Η Ε Ν R Υ Τ. COATES.

X

SEVENTH EDITION, REVISED AND ENLARGED.



PORTER & COATES, PHILADELPHIA.



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TO MY

ALMA MATER.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE,

IN REMEMBRANCE OF

THE WARM FRIENDSHIPS FORMED THERE,

THE MANY JOYOUS DAYS SPENT THERE,

AND,

ABOVE ALL,

THE LITERARY ASPIRATIONS WHICH SHE KINDLED AND FOSTERED, WHICH HAVE SHED A GLADDENED LIGHT OVER THE YEARS SINCE I LEFT HER HALLOWED PRECINCTS,

THIS VOLUME IS

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.



PREFACE.

NINE years ago this month this work was commenced, principally to while away the long fall and winter evenings, which threatened to hang heavy on the Editor's hands, and, though laid aside for months at a time, it has been a labor of love ever since; and now it is with feelings akin to those felt at parting with an old and valued friend that he pens these prefatory lines, which mark the completion of his task.

It has been his aim to present a comprehensive collection—an ENCYCLO-**P**.**EDIA**, in fact—of the poetry of the English language, one that will be a welcome companion at every **FIRESIDE**; and which, while representing all that is best and brightest in our poetic literature, should contain nothing that would tend to undermine any one's faith or destroy a single virtuous impulse.

Fully aware of the danger of trusting to the caprices or fancies of any individual judgment, the Editor has diligently consulted the works of the best critics and reviewers, and has not hesitated to accept such pieces as have received their united commendation, or such as, through some peculiar power, have tonehed the popular heart. Each poem has been given complete, and great care has been taken to follow the most authentic and approved editions of the respective authors; and though the quantity of space assigned to each and the selections made may not, and probably will not, satisfy every judgment, it is believed that none of the most famous minor poems of the English language will be found missing from these pages.

At the very outset it was deemed best to discard the chronological arrangement followed by most compilers, and to adopt the plan of classifying each poem according to its subject-matter, originated by Mr. Charles A. Dana in his excellent *Household Book of Poetry*. In many cases this has been found exceedingly difficult; as often, under-currents so run in opposite directions as to threaten the entire foundation npon which the title of a poem is based; and in many poems the "moral" is dwelt on at greater length than the tale itself, so that the Editor has often been sorely tempted to end his perplexity by throwing them into those convenient "olla podridas," "*Poems of Sentiment*" and "*Moral and Didactic Poetry*." But with all these drawbacks the advantages of the system are so great that there has been no hesitation in adopting it. By it, every taste may be gratified, all moods and humors the better served. Here are "Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs" for Sunday reading, Poems of Home Life and Domestie Bliss for the cold winter nights when the logs are blazing brightly on the cozy hearth, Poems on Nature for the bloom-

PREFACE.

ing Spring-time and melancholy Autumn, Poems for the lover, and Historical Poems, Old Legends, and Ballads for all.

From the days when

"Adam delved and Eve span"

to the present, human nature has been ever the same. Kingdoms have risen and been forgotten, languages been formed and fallen into disuse, but love, patriotism, sorrow and death, are the same in all ages and climes. The language may be different and the allusions seem strange to our cars, but the same old, old story was told by gallant knight to high-bred dame in the good old days of Queen Bess as is now whispered into the car of rustic beauty or ball-room belle.

"Each heart recall'd a different name, but all sang 'Annie Laurie."

The same impulses animated Horatius as he faced Lars Porsena's army on the banks of the Tiber centuries ago, as actuated the brave boys who flocked to their country's standard during the late civil war; while the parent even now mourns for his erring child in the same language of the heart as did the sweet Singer of Israel for his erring Absalom. For, though long eyeles have intervened between Shakespeare and Tennyson, Sir Walter Raleigh and Longfellow, Herrick and Burns, Herbert and Whittier, rare Ben Jonson and Mrs. Browning, one animating purpose breathes alike through the voices of the poets of the past and the present.

As many poems are founded upon some historical fact or some interesting incident or legend, a knowledge of which greatly aids the reader in his appreeiation of them, Explanatory and Corroborative Notes have been appended at the end of the volume. This plan has been adopted in preference to placing the notes at the bottom of the page; as many readers, who are familiar with their substance, naturally object to such an arrangement as distracting their attention and marring the continuity of the poem.

The compiler would express his thanks to the various authors and publishers who have so kindly permitted him to use the copyright poems contained in this collection, and especially to Messrs. Houghton, Osgood & Co., who, notwithstanding that they publish excellent works of a similar character, generously granted the use of the various poems by Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, Lowell, Holmes, Bret Harte, Saxe, Bayard Taylor, Stedman, Stoddard, Trowbridge, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Parsons, Lucy Lareom, Julia Ward Howe, and Physic Cary, the brightest galaxy of names ever collected together by any American publishing-house.

Originality cannot be claimed for a work of this character, notwithstanding the labor and thought bestowed upon it; *all* the glory, *all* the praise, belongs to the poets themselves. In the words of Montaigne: "Here is a nosegay of culled flowers, to which I have brought nothing of my own *but the thread that ties them.*"

PHILADELPHIA, October 18th, 1878.

H. T. C.

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PART I.

Poems of Home and Childhood.









and the second s





POETRY

oF

HOME AND CHILDHOOD.

Home, Sweet Home.

'MID pleasures and palaces though we may roam,

- Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
- A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
- Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home, home, sweet, sweet, home! There's no place like home!

- An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
- Oh! give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again!
- The birds, singing gayly, that came at my call-
- Give me them !---and the peace of mind dearer than all.

Home, sweet, sweet, sweet, home ! There's no place like home ! JOHN HOWARD PAYNE,

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

THE stately Homes of England ! How beautiful they stand, Amidst their tall, ancestral trees, O'er all the pleasant land ! The deer across their greensward bound, Through shade and sunny gleam, And the swan glides past them with the

sound

Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry Homes of England! Around their hearths by night, What gladsome looks of household love Meet in the ruddy light!

1

There woman's voice flows forth in song, Or childhood's tale is told, Or lips move tunefully along Some glorious page of old.

The blessed Homes of England! How softly on their bowers

Is laid the holy quietness

That breathes from Sabbath hours! Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime Floats through their woods at morn;

All other sounds, in that still time.

Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage Homes of England! By thousands on her plains,

They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks, Ar I round the hamlet fanes.

Through glowing orchards forth they peep, Each from its nook of leaves,

And fearless there the lowly sleep, As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair Homes of England 1 Long, long, in hut and hall, May hearts of native proof be rear'd

To guard each hallow'd wall! And green for ever be the groves,

And bright the flowery sod,

Where first the child's glad spirit loves Its country and its God ! FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

TELICIA DOROTHEA HES

MY AIN FIRESIDE.

I HAE seen great anes, and sat in great ha's, 'Mang lords and fine ladies a' cover'd wi' braws,

At feasts made for princes wi' princes I've been,

When the grand shine o' splendor has dazzled my een;

But a sight sae delightfu' I trow I ne'er spied	So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain, That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.
As the bonny blithe blink o' my ain fireside. My ain fireside, my ain fireside,	Through walks grown with woodbines, as often we stray,
Oh eheery's the blink o' my ain fireside; My ain fireside, my ain fireside, Oh, there's naught to compare wi' ane's	Around us our boys and girls frolic and play: How pleasing their sport is! The wanton
ain fireside.	ones see, And borrow their looks from my Jessy and
Ance mair, Gude be thankit, round my ain heartsome ingle, Wi' the friends o' my youth I cordially	me. To try her sweet temper, ofttimes am I seen,
mingle; Nae forms to compel me to seem wae or	In revels all day, with the nymphs on the green:
glad, I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh	Though painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,
when I'm sad. Nae falsehood to dread, and nae malice to	And meets me at night with complacence and smiles.
fear, But truth to delight me, and friendship to	What though on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,
cheer; Of a' roads to happiness ever were tried, There's nane half so sure as ane's ain fire-	Her wit and good-humor bloom all the year through; Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her
side. My ain fireside, my ain fireside,	truth, And gives to her mind what he steals from
Oh, there's naught to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.	her youth.
When I draw in my stool on my cozy hearthstane,	Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare And cheat with false vows the too credu-
My heart loups sae light I scarce ken't for my ain;	lous fair; In search of true pleasure, how vainly you
Care's down on the wind, it is clean out o' sight,	roam! To hold it for life, you must find it at home.
Past troubles they seem but as dreams o' the night. I hear but kend voices, kend faces I see,	Edward Moore. THE FIRESIDE.
And mark saft affection glent fond frae ilk ee;	DEAR CHLOE, while the busy crowd, The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
Nae fleechings o' flattery, nae boastings o' pride,	In folly's maze advance, Though singularity and pride
'Tis heart speaks to heart at ane's ain fire- side.	Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside, Nor join the giddy dance.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside, Oh there's naught to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.	From the gay world we'll oft retire To our own family and fire,
ELIZABETH HAMILTON,	Where love onr hours employs; No noisy neighbor enters here,
THE HAPPY MARRIAGE. How blest has my time been, what joys	No intermeddling stranger near, To spoil our heartfelt joys.
have I known, Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessy	If solid happiness we prize,

The world hath nothing to bestow—	Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part,
From our own selves our bliss must flow,	This is that incense of the heart
Aud that dear hut, our home.	Whose fragrance smells to heaven.
Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,	We'll ask no loug-protracted treat,
When with impatient wing she left	Since winter-life is seldom sweet;
That safe retreat, the ark ;	But, when our feast is o'er,
Giving her vain excursion o'er,	Grateful from table we'll arise,
The disappointed bird once more	Nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,
Explored the sacred bark.	The relics of our store.
Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,	Thus hand in hand through life we'll go;
We, who improve his golden hours,	Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe
By sweet experience know	With cautious steps we'll tread;
That marriage, rightly understood,	Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Gives to the tender and the good	Without a trouble or a fear,
A paradise below.	And mingle with the dead;
Our babes shall richest comforts bring; If tuto'd right, they'll prove a spring Whence pleasures ever rise; We'll form their minds with studions care To all that's manly, good, and tair, And train them for the skies.	While conscience, like a faithful friend, Shall through the gloomy vale attend, And cheer our dying breath— Shall, when all other comforts cease, Like a kind angel whisper peace,
While they our wisest hours engage, They'll joy our youth, support our age, And crown our hoary hairs;	And smooth the bed of death. NATHANIEL COTTON.
They'll grow in virtue every day, And thus our fondest loves repay, And recompense our cares. No borrow'd joys, they're all our own, While to the world we live unknown,	THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT, INSCRIBED TO ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ. "Let not Ambition mock their useful toil, Their homely joys, and destiny obscure; Nor Grandeur hear, with a distainful smile, The short and simple annals of the poor."-GRAY.
Or by the world forgot;	Mr lov'd, my honor'd, much-respected
Monarchs! we envy not your state—	friend!
We look with pity on the great,	No mercenary bard his homage pays;
And bless our humble lot.	With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end:
Our portion is not large, indeed;	My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and
But then how little do we need,	praise;
For Nature's calls are few !	To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
In this the art of living lies—	The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;
To want no more than may suffice,	The native feelings strong, the guileless
And make that little do. We'll therefore relish with content Whate'er kind Providence has sent, Nor aim beyond our power;	ways; What Aiken in a cottage would have been; Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween!
 For, if our stock be very small, 'Tis prudence to enjoy it all, Nor lose the present hour. To be resign'd when ills betide, 	November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh; The short'ning winter-day is near a close; The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh; The black'ning trains o' craws to their
Patient when favors are denied,	repose:
And pleased with favors given—	The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes,—

- This night his weekly moil is at an end,— | Their master's and their mistress's com-Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
- Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend.
- And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward hend.
- At length his lonely cot appears in view, Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
- Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher through
 - To meet their "dad," wi' flichterin' noise an' glee.
 - His wee hit ingle, blinkin' bonnilie,
- His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile.

The lisping infant, prattling on his knee, Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile, And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in, At service out, among the farmers roun';

Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin

A cannie errand to a neibor town :

- Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
- In youthfu' bloom-love sparkling in her e'e-
 - Comes hame; perhaps, to show a braw new gown.
- Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,

To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

With joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet.

And each for other's welfare kindly spiers:

The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnoticed fleet :

Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears.

- The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
- Anticipation forward points the view; The mother, wi' her needle and her
- shears,
- Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;

The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

mand.

The younkers a' are warned to obey;

And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand, And ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jank or play:

"And oh, be sure to fear the Lord alway, And mind your duty, duly, morn and night;

Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray, Implore His counsel and assisting might:

They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright."

- But hark! a rap comes gently to the door: Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same.
- Tells how a neibor lad came o'er the moor. To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
- The wily mother sees the conscious flame Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;

With heart-struck anxious care, inquires his name,

- While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
- Weel pleased the mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless rake.
- With kindly welcome, Jenny brings him hen•
 - A strappin' youth, he takes the mother's eve:
- Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en; The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kve.
 - The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
- But, blate an' laithfu', scarce can weel behave:

The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy

- What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave:
- Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave.
- O happy love ! where love like this is found : O heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
- I've paced much this weary, mortal round, And sage experience bids me this declare,-
 - " If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare-

One cordial in this melancholy vale,— 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair In other's arms breathe out the tender tale, Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."	Perhaps "Dundee's" wild warbling meas- ures rise, Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the name; Or noble "Elgin" beets the heavenward flame,
Is there, in human form, that bears a heart,	The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and	Compared with these, Italian trills are
truth!	tame:
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art, Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth? Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling, smooth!	The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise; Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.
Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exiled?	The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,	How Abram was the friend of God on
Points to the parents fondling o'er their	high;
child? Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their dis- traction wild?	Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage With Amalek's ungracious progeny; Or, how the royal bard did groaning lie Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging
But now the supper crowns their simple	ire;
board,	Or Joh's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
The halesome parritch, chief of Scotia's	Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
food; The sowpe their only hawkie does afford, That, 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood:	Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre. Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
The dame brings forth, in complimental	How gnitless blood for guilty man was
mood,	shed;
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd keb-	How He, who bore in Heaven the second
buck, fell;	name,
And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid:	Had not on earth whereon to lay His
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.	head : How His first followers and servants sped ; The precepts sage they wrote to many a hand :
The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face, They, round the ingle, form a circle wide; The sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace, The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride: His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside.	How he, who lone in Patmos banishèd, Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand, And heard great Bab'lon's doom pro- nounced by Heaven's command.
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;	Then kneeliug down, to Heaven's Eternal
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion	King
glide,	The saint, the father, and the husband
He wales a portion with judicious care;	prays:
And "Let us worship God!" he says with	Hope "springs exulting on triumphant
solemn air.	wing,"
They chant their artless notes in simple guise,	That thus they all shall meet in future days, There, ever bask in uncreated rays,
They tune their hearts, by far the no-	No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
blest aim:	Together hymning their Creator's praise,

In such society, yet still more dear, While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere. Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride. In all the pomp of method, and of art, When men display to congregations wide Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart! The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert. The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole; But haply, in some cottage far apart, May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul: And in His Book of Life the inmates poor enroll. Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way : The youngling cottagers retire to rest: The parent pair their secret homage pay, And proffer up to Heaven the warm request, That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest. And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride, Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best. For them and for their little ones provide; But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside. From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs, That makes her loved at home, revered abroad : Princes and lords are but the breath of kings, "An honest man's the noblest work of God :" And eertes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road, The cottage leaves the palace far behind; What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load. Disguising oft the wretch of human kind, Studied in arts of hell, in wiekedness refined ! O Seotia! my dear, my native soil! For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent. Long may thy hardy sons of rustie toil Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!

And oh, may Heaven their simple lives prevent

From Inxury's contagion, weak and vile! Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent.

A virtuous populace may rise the while,

And stand a wall of fire around their muchloved isle.

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide, That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart.

Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride, Or nobly die, the second glorious part: (The patriot's God, peculiarly Thou art,

His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)

Oh never, never Scotia's realm desert; But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard, In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

ROBERT BURNS.

A WISH.

MINE he a cot beside the hill;

A beehive's hum shall soothe my ear; A willowy brook, that turns a mill,

With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch, Shall twitter from her clay-built nest; Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch, And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;

And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church, among the trees, Where first our marriage vows were given,

With merry peals shall swell the breeze, And point with taper spire to heaven.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

A PICTURE.

THE farmer sat in his easy-chair Smoking his pipe of clay,

While his hale old wife, with busy care, Was clearing the dinner away;

A sweet little girl, with fine blue eyes, On her grandfather's knee was catching flies.

The old man laid his hand on her head,	WINIFRED.1.
With a tear on his wrinkled face;	AWAY! let naught to love displeasing,
He thought how often her mother, dead,	My Winifreda, move your care;
Had sat in the self-same place.	Let naught delay the heavenly blessing,
As the tear stole down from his half-shut	Nor squeamish pride nor gloomy fear.
eye,	
"Don't smoke!" said the child; "how it makes you ery!"	What though no grants of royal donors
makes you ery :	With pompous titles grace our blood;
The house-dog lay stretch'd out on the	We'll shine in more substantial honors, And to be noble we'll be good.
floor,	And to be noble we it be good.
Where the shade after noon used to steal;	Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
The busy old wife, by the open door,	Will sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke,
Was turning the spinning-wheel;	And all the great ones, they shall wonder
And the old brass clock on the manteltree Had plodded along to almost three.	How they respect such little folk.
Had produced along to annost three.	What though from fortune's lowish bounts
Still the farmer sat in his easy-chair,	What though from fortune's lavish bounty No mighty treasures we possess;
While close to his heaving breast	We'll find within our pittance plenty,
The moisten'd brow and the cheek so fair	And be content without excess.
Of his sweet grandchild were press'd;	
His head, bent down, on her soft hair lay : Fast asleep were they both, that summer	Still shall each returning season
day!	Sufficient for our wishes give;
Charles G. Eastman.	For we will live a life of reason;
+0+	And that's the only life to live.
MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.	Through youth and age, in love excelling,
WHEN I upon thy bosom lean,	We'll hand in hand together tread;
And fondly clasp thee a' my ain,	Sweet-smiling peace shall erowu our dwell-
I glory in the sacred ties	ing,
That made us ane wha ance were twain.	And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.
A mutual flame inspires us baith,	How should I love the pretty creatures
The tender look, the meltin' kiss; Even years shall ne'er destroy our love,	While round my knees they fondly
But only gi'e us change o' bliss.	elung,
	To see them look their mother's features,
Hae I a wish? it's a' for thee!	To hear them lisp their mother's tongue!
I ken thy wish is me to please;	And when with envy time, transported,
Our moments pass sae smooth away That numbers on us look and gaze;	Shall think to rob us of our joys,
Weel pleased they see our happy days,	You'll in your girls again be courted,
Nor envy's sel' finds aught to blame;	And I'll go a-wooing in my boys.
And ave when weary cares arise,	Author Unknown.
Thy bosom still shall be my hame.	
Fill low mo there and tab? non-next	HERMIONÉ.
I'll lay me there and tak' my rest; And if that aught disturb my dear,	
and in shar aught distants my deal,	WHEREVER I wander, up and about,

I'll bid her laugh her cares away, And beg her not to drop a tear. Hae I a joy? it's a' her ain !

United still her heart and mine;

They're like the woodbine round the tree, That's twined till death shall them disjoin. John Lapraik. This is the puzzle I can't make out— Because I care little for books, no doubt:

I have a wife, and she is wise, Deep in philosophy, strong in Greek; Spectaeles shadow her pretty eyes, Coteries rustle to hear her speak;

FIRESIDE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF POETRY.

She writes a little-for love, not fame : Those learned lips that the learned praise-Has publish'd a book with a dreary name : And to clasp her close as in sillier days : And yet (God bless her!) is mild and To talk and joke in a frolic vein. meek. To tell her my stories of things and men; And it never strikes me that I'm profane, And how I happened to woo and wed A wife so pretty and wise withal, For she laughs and blushes, and kisses Is part of the puzzle that fills my headagain : Plagues me at day-time, racks me in bed, And, presto ! fly ! goes her wisdom then ! Haunts me, and makes me appear so For boy claps hands, and is up on her small. breast. The only answer that I can see Roaring to see her so bright with mirth ; Is-I could not have married Hermioné And I know she deems me (oh the jest!) (That is her fine wise name), but she The cleverest fellow on all the earth ! Stoop'd in her wisdom and married me. And Hermioné, my Hermioné. Nurses her boy and defers to me: For I am a fellow of no degree. Does not seem to see I'm small-Given to romping and jollity; Even to think me a dunce at all ! The Latin they thrash'd into me at school And wherever I wander, up and about. The world and its fights have thrash'd Here is the puzzle I can't make out : away : That Hermioné, my Hermioné, At figures alone I am no fool. In spite of her Greek and philosophy, And in eity circles I say my say. When sporting at night with her boy and me. But I am a dunce at twenty-nine. Seems sweeter and wiser, I assever-And the kind of study that I think fine Sweeter and wiser, and far more clever. Is a chapter of Dickens, a sheet of the And makes me feel more foolish than ever, Times, Through her childish, girlish, joyous grace, When I lounge, after work, in my easy-And the silly pride in her learned face ! chair: Punch for humor, and Praed for rhymes, That is the puzzle I can't make out-And the butterfly mots blown here and Because I care little for books, no doubt : there But the puzzle is pleasant, I know not By the idle breath of the social air. why, A little French is my only gift, For, whenever I think of it, night or Wherewith at times I can make a shift. morn. Guessing at meanings, to flutter over I thank my God she is wise, and I A filigree tale in a paper cover, The happiest fool that was ever born ! ROBERT BUCHANAN. Hermioné, my Hermioné! What could your wisdom perceive in me? And, Hermioné, my Hermioné! John Anderson, My Jo. How does it happen at all that we JOHN ANDERSON, my jo. John, Love one another so utterly? When we were first acquent, Well, I have a bright-eyed boy of two, Your locks were like the raven, A darling who eries with lung and Your bonnie brow was brent; tongue about : But now your brow is beld. John. As fine a fellow, I swear to you, Your locks are like the snaw: As ever poet of sentiment sung about ! But blessings on your frosty pow, And my lady-wife with the serious eves John Anderson, my jo! Brightens and lightens when he is nigh, And looks, although she is deep and wise, John Anderson, my jo, John, As foolish and happy as he or I ! We clamb the hill thegither, And I have the courage just then, you see, And mony a cautie day, John, To kiss the lips of Hermioné-We've had wi' ane anither:

Now we maun totter down, John; And hand in hand we'll go, And sleep thegither at the foot, John Anderson, my jo. ROBERT BURNS.

LINES WRITTEN TO HIS WIFE, WHILE ON A VISIT TO UPPER INDIA.

IF thou wert by my side, my love, How fast would evening fail In green Bengala's palmy grove, Listening the nightingale!

If thou, my love, wert by my side, My babies at my knee,

How gaily would our pinnace glide O'er Gunga's mimic sea!

I miss thee at the dawning gray, When, on our deck reclined, In careless case my limbs I lay, And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream My twilight steps I gnide ;

But most beneath the lamp's pale beam I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try, The lingering noon to cheer,

But miss thy kind, approving eye, Thy meek, attentive ear.

But when of morn and eve the star Beholds me on my knee,

I feel, though thou art distant far, Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on! then on! where duty leads, My course be onward still—

On broad Hindostan's sultry meads, O'er black Almorah's hill.

That course nor Delhi's kingly gates Nor mild Malwah detain ; For sweet the bliss us both awaits By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say,

Across the dark blue sea; But never were hearts so light and gay As then shall meet in thee!

REGINALD HEBER

TO MY WIFE.

OH, hadst thou never shared my fate, More dark that fate would prove: My heart were truly desolate Without thy soothing love.

But thou hast suffer'd for my sake, Whilst this relief I found,

Like fearless lips that strive to take The poison from a wound.

My fond affection thou hast seen, Then judge of my regret

To think more happy thou hadst been If we had never met!

And has that thought been shared by thee? Ah, no! that smiling cheek Proves more unchanging love for me

Than labor'd words could speak.

But there are true hearts which the sight Of sorrow summons forth;

Though known in days of past delight, We knew not half their worth.

How unlike some who have profess'd So much in Friendship's name, Yet calmly pause to think how best They may evade her claim.

But ah! from them to thee I turn,— They'd make me loathe mankind; Far better lessons I may learn From thy more holy mind.

The love that gives a charm to home . I feel they cannot take: We'll-pray for happier years to come, For one another's sake. THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY

THE WINSOME WEE THING.

SHE is a winsome wee thing, She is a handsome wee thing, She is a bonnie wee thing, This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer, I never lo'ed a dearer; And neist my heart I'll wear her, For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing, She is a handsome wee thing,

She is a bonnie wee thing, This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The warld's wrack we share o't, The warstle and the care o't, Wi' her I'll blythely bear it, And think my lot divine. ROBERT BURNS.

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

SHE was a Phantom of delight When first she gleam'd upon my sight; A lovely Apparition, sent To be a moment's ornament; Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair; Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair; But all things else abont her drawn From May-time and the cheerful Dawn; A dancing Shape, an Image gay, To hunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her, upon nearer view, A Spirit, yet a Woman too! Her household motions light and free, And steps of virgin liberty ; A countenance in which did meet Sweet records, promises as sweet; A Creature, not too bright or good For human nature's daily food— For transient sorrows, simple wiles, Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene The very pulse of the machine; A Being hreathing thoughtful breath, A Traveller between life and death; The reason firm, the temperate will, Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill; A perfect Woman, nobly plann'd, To warn, to comfort, and command; And yet a Spirit still, and bright With something of an angel light.

TO MARY.

"THEE, Mary, with this ring I wed"— So, fourteen years ago, I said. Behold another ring!—"For what?— To wed thee o'er again?" Why not? With that first ring I married youth, Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth; Taste long admired, sense long revered, And all my Molly then appear'd. If she, by merit since disclosed, Prove twice the woman I supposed. I plead that double merit now To justify a double vow. Here, then, to-day (with faith as sure, With ardor as intense, as pure. As when, amidst the rites divine. I took thy troth and plighted mine). To thee, sweet girl, my second ring, A token and a pledge, I bring: With this I wed, till death us part. Thy riper virtues to my heart-Those virtues which, before untried, The wife has added to the bride: Those virtues whose progressive claim, Endearing wedlock's very name, My soul enjoys, my song approves, For conscience' sake as well as love's. And why? They show me every hour Honor's high thought, Affection's power, Discretion's deed, sound Judgment's sentence.

And teach me all things—but repentance. SAMUEL BISHOP.

THE MARINER'S WIFE.

AND are ye sure the news is true? And are ye sure he's weel? Is this a time to think o' wark? Ye jauds fling by your wheel! Is this a time to think o' wark, When Colin's at the door? Rax me my cloak, I'll to the quay And see him come ashore. For there's nae luck about the house, There's nae luck at a': There's little pleasure in the house When our gudeman's awa'. And gie to me my bigonet, My bishop's satin gown: For I maun tell the baillie's wife That Colin's come to town. My Turkey slippers maun gae on, My hose o' pearl blue; It's a' to pleasure my ain gudeman, For he's baith leal and true.

Rise up and mak a clean fireside, Put on the muckle pot; Gie little Kate her Sunday gown, And Jock his button coat;

 When he was far awa'? Sane true his heart, sae smooth his speech, His breath like caller air; His very foot has music in't As he comes up the stair. And will I see his face again ? And will I hear him speak ? I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought, In troth I'm like to greet! Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content, I hae nae mair to crave: Could I but live to mak him blest, I'm blest aboon the lave: And will I see his face again ? And will I hear him speak ? Pin downright dizzy wi' the thought, In troth I'm like to greet. For there's nae luck at a'; There's haeluck about the house, There's haeluck about the house When our gudeman's awa'. JEAN ADAM. THE EXILE TO HIS WIFE. Come to me, dearest, I'm lonely without thee, Night-time and day-time, in dreams I behold thee; You will not linger when I shall hav died, love. Come to me, dear, ere I die of my sorrows to lighten; Strong, swift, and fond as the words whic 	And mak their shoon as black as slaes, Their hose as white as snaw; It's a' to please my ain gudeman, For he's been long awa'. There's twa fat hens upo' the bank They've fed this month and mair; Mak haste and thraw their necks about, That Colin weel may fare; And spread the table neat and clean, Gar ilka thing look braw;	 Swallows will flit round the desolate ruin, Telling of spring and its joyous renewing, And thoughts of thy love, and its mani- fold treasure, Are circling my heart with a promise of pleasure. O Spring of my spirit ! O May of my bosom ! Shine out on my soul, till it bourgeon and blossom; The waste of my life has a rose-root with- in it,
His breath like caller air; His very foot has music in't As he comes up the stair. And will I see his face again ? And will I hear him speak ? I'm downright dizy wi' the thought, I hae nae mair to crave: Could I but live to mak him blest, I'm blest aboon the lave: And will I see his face again ? And will I bear him speak ? I'm downright dizy wi' the thought, In troth I'm like to greet. For there's nae luck about the house, Three's intel pleasure in the house When our gudeman's awa'. <i>JEAN ADAM.</i> <i>THE EXILE TO HIS WIFE.</i> COME to me, dearest, I'm lonely without thee, Day-time and night-time, I'm thinking about thee; Night-time and day-time, in dreams I be- hold thee; Come to me, darling, my sorrows to lighten; Come to me, darling, my sorrows to brighten; Come in thy beauty to bless and to brighten;	When he was far awa'?	And thy fondness alone to the sunshine can win it.
THE EXILE TO HIS WIFE.COME to me, dearest, I'm lonely without thee,i cannot weep but your tears will be flowing,Day-time and night-time, I'm thinking about thee;i cannot smile but my cheek will be glowing;I would not die without you at my side love;i would not die without you at my side love;Unwelcome the waking which ceases to fold thee.i would not die without you at my side love;Come to me, darling, my sorrows lighten;Come to me, darling, my sorrows brighten;Come in thy beauty to bless and to brighten;Strong, swift, and fond as the words whic	His breath like caller air; His very foot has music in't As he comes up the stair. And will I see his face again ? And will I hear him speak ? I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought, In troth I'm like to greet! Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content, I hae nae mair to crave: Could I but live to mak him blest, I'm blest aboon the lave: And will I see his face again ? And will I see his face again ? And will I see his face again ? I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought, In troth I'm like to greet. For there's nae luck about the house, There's nae luck at a'; There's little pleasure in the house When our gudeman's awa'.	 Features lit up by a reflex of heaven; Eyes like the skies of poor Erin, our mother, Where shadow and sunshine are chasing each other; Smiles coming seldom, but childlike and simple, Planting in each rosy cheek a sweet dimple;— Oh, thanks to the Saviour, that even thy seeming Is left to the exile to brighten his dreaming! You have been glad when you knew I was gladden'd; Dear, are you sad now to hear I am sad- den'd? Our hearts ever answer in tune and in time, love,
COME to me, dearest, I'm lonely without thee,flowing,Day-time and night-time, I'm thinking about thee;flowing,Night-time and day-time, in dreams I be- hold thee;would not die without you at my side love;Unwelcome the waking which ceases to fold thee.flowing,Come to me, darling, my sorrows lighten;I would not die without you at my side love;Come in thy beauty to bless and to brighten;Come to me, dear, ere I die of my sorrow Rise on my gloom like the sun of to morrow;	The Exile to his Wife.	rhyme, love:
Night-time and day-time, in dreams I be- hold thee; Unwelcome the waking which ceases to fold thee. Come to me, darling, my sorrows lighten; Come in thy beauty to bless and to brighten; Strong, swift, and fond as the words whice	thee, Day-time and night-time, I'm thinking	flowing, You cannot smile but my cheek will be glowing;
Come to me, darling, my sorrows to lighten; Come in thy beauty to bless and to brighten; Strong, swift, and fond as the words whic	Night-time and day-time, in dreams I be- hold thee; Unwelcome the waking which ceases to	love; You will not linger when I shall have
brighten; Strong, swift, and fond as the words whic	Come to me, darling, my sorrows to lighten;	Come to me, dear, ere I die of my sorrow, Rise on my gloom like the sun of to-
lowly, With a song on your lip and a smile o	brighten; Come in thy womanhood, meekly and	Strong, swift, and fond as the words which

Come in thy lovingness, queenly and holy. your cheek, love.

FIRESIDE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF POETRY.

- Come, for my heart in your absence is weary,—
- Haste, for my spirit is sicken'd and dreary,-
- Come to the arms which alone should caress thee,
- Come to the heart that is throbbing to press thee! JOSEPH BRENAN.

A WIFE.

THE wife sat thoughtfully turning over

- A book inscribed with the school-girl's name;
- A tear, one tear, fell hot on the cover
- So quickly closed when her husband came.
- He came, and he went away, it was nothing;
- With commonplace upon either side;

But, just as the sound of the room-door shutting,

A dreadful door in her soul stood wide.

Love she had read of in sweet romances,

Love that could sorrow, but never fail; Built her own palace of noble fancies,

All the wide world like a fairy tale.

Bleak and bitter and utterly doleful,

Spread to this woman her map of life:

Hour after hour she look'd in her soul, full

Of deep dismay and turbulent strife.

- Face in hands, she knelt on the carpet;
 - The cloud was loosen'd, the storm-rain fell.

Oh life has so much to wither and warp it, One poor heart's day what poet could tell? WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

Ι.

THE night is dark, and the winter winds Go stabbing about with their icy spears; The sharp hail rattles against the panes, And melts on my cheeks like tears.

'Tis a terrible night to be out of doors, But some of us must be, early and late;

We needn't ask who, for don't we know It has all been settled by Fate?

- Not woman, but man. Give woman her flowers,
- Her dresses, her jewels, or what she demands:
- The work of the world must be done by man,

Or why has he brawny hands?

As I feel my way in the dark and cold,

- I think of the chambers warm and bright-
- The nests where these delicate birds of ours

Are folding their wings to-night!

Through the luminous windows, above and below,

I catch a glimpse of the life they lead:

Some sew, some sing, others dress for the ball,

While others (fair students) read.

There's the little lady who bears my name-

She sits at my table now, pouring her tea;

Does she think of me as I hurry home, Hungry and wet? Not she.

She helps herself to the sugar and cream In a thoughtless, dreamy, nonchalant way;

Her hands are white as the virgin rose That she wore on her wedding-day.

My stubbed fingers are stain'd with ink— The badge of the ledger, the mark of trade:

But the money I give her is clean enough, In spite of the way it is made.

- I wear out my life in the counting-room, Over day-book and cash-book, Bought and Sold;
- My brain is dizzy with anxious thought, My skin is as sallow as gold.
- How does she keep the roses of youth Still fresh in her cheeks? My roses are flown.
- It lies in a nutshell: why do l ask? A woman's life is her own.

She gives me a kiss when we part for the day,	I think of woman, and think of man, The tie that binds, and the wrongs that
Then goes to her mnsic, blithe as a bird;	part,
She reads it at sight, and the language too,	And long to utter in burning words
Though I know never a word.	What I feel to-night in my heart.
She sews — a little; makes collars and	No weak complaint of the man I love,
sleeves;	No praise of myself or my sisterhood;
Or embroiders me slippers (always too	But—something that women understand,
small);	By men never understood.
Nets silken purses (for me to fill)—	Their natures jar in a thonsand things;
Often does nothing at all	Little matter, alas! who is right or
But dream in her chamber, holding a	wrong.
flower,	She goes to the wall. "She is weak !" they
Or reading my letters (she'd better read	say;
me) !	It is that that makes them strong.
Even now, while I am freezing with cold,	But grant us weak (as in truth we are
She is cozily sipping her tea.	In our love for them), they should make
If I ever reach home I shall laugh aloud	us strong;
At the sight of a roaring fire once more;	But do they? "Woman is
She must wait, I think, till I thaw myself,	WEAK!"
For the usual kiss at the door.	Is the burden still of their song.
I'll have with my dinner a bottle of port,	Wherein am I weaker than Arthur, pray?
To warm up my blood and soothe my	He has, as he should, a sturdier frame,
mind;	And he labors early and late for me;
Then a little music, for even I	But I—I could do the same.
Like music—when I have dined.	My hands are willing, my brain is clear,
I'll smoke a pipe in the easy-chair,	The world is wide, and the workers few;
And feel her behind me patting my	But the work of the world belongs to man;
head;	There is nothing for woman to do.
Or, drawing the little one on my knee,	Yes, she has the holy duties of home,
Chat till the hour for bed.	A husband to love, and children to bear;
II.	The softer virtues, the social arts—
Will he never come? I have watch'd for	In short, a life without care.
him	So our masters say. But what do they
Till the misty panes are roughen'd with	know
sleet;	Of our lives and feelings when they are
I can see no more: shall I never hear	away?
The welcome sound of his feet?	Our household duties, our petty tasks,
I think of him in the lonesome night,	The nothings that waste the day?
Tramping along with a weary tread,	Nay, what do they care? 'Tis enough for
And wish he were here by the cheery fire,	them
Or I were there in his stead.	That their homes are pleasant; they
I sit by the grate, and hark for his step,	seek their ease:
And stare in the fire with a troubled mind;	One takes a wife to flatter his pride; Another, to keep his keys.
The glow of the coals is bright in my	They say they love us; perhaps they do,
face,	In a masculine way, as they love their
But my shadow is dark behind.	wine;

FIRESIDE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF POETRY.

But the sonl of a woman needs something more,

Or it suffers at times like mine.

Not that Arthur is ever unkind

I should die if he changed or loved me less, For I live at best but a restless life;

Yet he may, for they say the kindest men Grow tired of a sickly wife.

Oh, love me, Arthnr, my lord, my life! If not for my love and my womanly fears,

At least for your child. But I hear his step-

He must not find me in tears. RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

The Poet's Song to his Wife.

How many summers, love, Have I been thine? How many days, my dove, Hast thou been mine? Time, like the wingèd wind When 't bends the flowers, Hath left no mark behind, To count the hours!

Some weight of thought, thongh loath, On thee he leaves; Some lines of care round both Perhaps he weaves; Some fears,—a soft regret For joys searce known; Sweet looks we half forget; All else is flown!

Ah! with what thankless heart I monrn and sing! Look, where our children start, Like sudden spring! With tongues all sweet and low, Like a pleasant rhyme, They tell how much I owe To thee and Time! BRYAN WALLER PROCTER (BARRY CORNWALL),

TO AN ABSENT WIFE.

WRITTEN AT BILOXI.

'Tis Morn:—the sea-breeze seems to bring Joy, health, and freshness on its wing; Bright flowers, to me all strange and new, Are glittering in the early dew, And perfumes rise from every grove, As incense to the clouds that move Like spirits o'er yon welkin clear: But I am sad—thou art not here l

'Tis Noon :—a calm, unbroken sleep Is on the blue waves of the deep; A soft haze, like a fairy dream, Is floating over wood and stream; And many a broad magnolia flower, Within its shadowy woodland bower, Is gleaming like a lovely star: But I am sad—thon art afar!

'Tis Eve:—on earth the sunset skies Are painting their own Eden dyes; The stars come down, and trembling glow Like blossoms on the waves below, And, like an unseen spirit, the breeze Seems lingering 'midst these orange trees, Breathing its music round the spot: But I am sad—I see thee not!

'Tis Midnight:—with a soothing spell, The far tones of the ocean swell, Soft as a mother's cadence mild, Low bending o'er her sleeping ehild; And on each wandering breeze are heard The rich notes of the mocking-bird, In many a wild and wondrous lay: But I am sad—thou art away I

I sink in dreams :--low, sweet, and clear, Thy own dear voice is in my ear; Around my neck thy tresses twine---Thy own loved hand is clasped in mine---Thy own soft lip to mine is pressed---Thy head is pillowed on my breast :---Oh! I have all my heart holds dear, And I am happy--thou art here ! GEORGE DENNISON TRENTCE.

FARE THEE WELL!

FARE thee well! and if for ever, Still for ever, fare *thee well*: Even though unforgiving, never 'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before thee Where thy head so oft hath lain,

While that placid sleep came o'er thee Which thon ne'er canst know again!

Would that breast, by thee glanced over, Every inmost thought could show! Then thou wouldst at last discover 'Twas not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this commend thee,---

Though it smile upon the blow, Even its praises must offend thee, Founded on another's woe:

Though my many faults defaced me, Could no other arm be found,

Than the one which once embraced me, To inflict a cureless wound?

Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not: Love may sink by slow decay,

But by sudden wrench, believe not Hearts can thus be torn away:

Still thine own its life retaineth,— Still must mine, though bleeding, beat; And the undying thought which paineth Is—that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow Than the wail above the dead; Both shall live, hnt every morrow Wake us from a widowed bed.

And when thou wouldst solace gather, When onr child's first accents flow, Wilt thou teach her to say "Father!" Though his care she must forego?

When her little hands shall press thee, When her lip to thine is pressed, Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee, Think of him thy love had blessed!

Should her lineaments resemble Those thou nevermore mayst see, Then thy heart will softly tremble With a pulse yet true to me. All my faults perchance thou knowest, All my madness none can know; All my hopes, where'er thou goest, Wither, yet with *thee* they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken; Pride, which not a world could bow,

Bows to thee,—by thee forsaken, Even my soul forsakes me now:

But 'tis done : all words are idle,— Words from me are vainer still ; But the thoughts we cannot bridle Force their way without the will.

Fare thee well !--thus disunited, Torn from every nearer tie, Seared in heart, and lone, and blighted,

More than this I scarce can die. LORD BYRON.

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

Он that those lips had language ! Life has pass'd

With me but ronghly since I heard thee last. Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,

The same that oft in childhood solaced me; Voice only fails, else how distinct they say, "Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"

The meek intelligence of those dear eyes (Blest be the Art that can immortalize,— The Art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim To quench it!) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear, O welcome guest, though unexpected, here ! Who bidst me honor with an artless song, Affectionate, a mother lost so long.

I will obey, not willingly alone,

But gladly, as the precept were her own; And while that face renews my filial grief, Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,— Shall steep me in Elysiau reverie,

A momentary dream, that thon art she.

My mother! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,

Say, wast thon conscious of the tears I shed?

Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son, Wretch even then, life's journey just begun ?

 Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss— Ah, that maternal smile l—it answers— Yes. I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial-day, I saw the hearse that hore the slow away, And, turning from my nursery window, drew A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu i But was it such?—It was.—Where the art gone Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown. May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore, The parting words shall pass my lips no more! The parting words shall pass my lips no more! Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern, Oft gave me promise of thy quick return. What ardenuly I wish'd, I long believed, And disapointed still, was still deceived; By expectation every day beguiled. Dupe of to-morrow even from a child. Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went, Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent, I learn'd at last submission to my lot, But, though I less deplored thee, ne'ter forgot. Children not thine have trod my nursery floor; And where the gardener Robin, day by day, preven to school along the public way, pelighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet-capt, "Tis now become a history little known, That one we call'd the pastoral house our own. Short-lived possession I: But the record fair, That memory keeps of all thy kindnes three, Still ontlives many a storm, that has ef- faced A thousand other themes less deeply traced. Phy nightly visits to my chamber made, That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid; The reargent waters on my checks bestow'd By by own hand, itil, arising light her streamers gay; 	Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss;	Thy morning bounties ere I left my home, The biscuit, or confectionery plum;
 I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial-day, I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away, drew All this, and, more endearing still than all, Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall, Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks All this, and, more endearing still than all, Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall, Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks All this, and, more endearing still than all, Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall, Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks All this, and, more endearing still than all, Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall, Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks All this, and, more endearing still than all, Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall, Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks All this, and, more endearing still than all, The the such?It wasWhere thon more interposed too often makes; All this, still legible in memory's page, And still to be so to my latest age, Not scord'd in heaven, though little no- ticed here. Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours, When playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers, Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile, Could those few pleasant	Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss— Ah, that maternal smile !—it answers—	The fragrant waters on my checks bestow'd By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and
drewNe'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaksA long, long sigh, and wept a last adie !But was ii such ?-It wasWhere thon art goneIn breaksAdieus and farewells are a sound unknown, May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,Ald this, still legible in memory's page, And still to be so to my latest age, And still the som; Where parting words shall pass my lips no more!Not scorn'd in heaven, though little no- ticed here. Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours, When playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers, The violet, the pink, and jessamine, I prick'd them into paper with a pin (And thou wast happier than myself the while, Would stoftly speak, and stroke my head, and smile),Cuid those few pleasant days again ap- pear, My heat the my bauble coach, and wraptMight one wish bring them, would I wish them here?In scalet mantle warn, and velvet-eaft, frist memory keeps of all thy kinders, there,So the desired, perhaps I might. So little to bolved, and thon so much, the mhere?Still ontlives many a storm, that base facedSo to be loved, and then steramer'd and the ocean ecost'd).Short-lived possession ! But the record fairs, frac	I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial-day, I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,	All this, and, more endearing still than all, Thy constant flow of love, that knew no
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 What ardently I wish'd, I long believed, And disappointed still, was still deceived; By expectation every day beguiled, Dupe of to-morrow even from a child. Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went, Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent, I learn'd at last submission to my lot, But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot. When playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers, The violet, the pink, and jessamine, I prick'd them into paper with a pin (And thou wast happier than myself the while, Woulds softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile),— Could those few pleasant days again ap- pear, Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here? I would not trust my heart; the dear de- light Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might. But no—what here we call our life is such, So little to be loved, and thou so much, that memory keeps of all thy kindness there, Still outlives many a storm, that has ef- faced A thousand other thems less deeply traced. Thy nightly visits to my chamber made, That thou mightst know me safe and 	concern,	Could Time, his flight reversed, restore
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Thy nightly visits to my chamber made, That thou mightst know me safe and Around her, fanning light her streamers	faced	There sits quiescent on the floods, that
	traced. Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,	While airs impregnated with incense play

So thou, with sails how swift! hast reach'd the shore,	I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas, Douglas, Douglas, tender and true,
"Where tempests never beat nor billows roar;"	Never a scornful word should grieve ye,
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide	I'd smile on ye sweet as the angels do ; Sweet as your smile on me shone ever, Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.
Of life long since has anchor'd by thy side.	
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,	Oh to call back the days that are not!
Always from port withheld, always dis-	My eyes were blinded, your words were
tress'd,-	few;
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-	Do you know the truth now up in heaven,
toss'd,	Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?
Sails ripp'd, seams opening wide, and com-	I never was worthy of you, Douglas;
pass lost,	Not half worthy the like of you;
And day by day some current's thwarting	Now all men beside seem to me like
force	shadows-
Sets me more distant from a prosperous	I love you, Douglas, tender and true.
course.	Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas,
Yet oh, the thought that thou art safe,	Douglas,
and he!	Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew;
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.	As I lay my heart on your dead heart,
My boast is not that I deduce my hirth	Douglas,
From loins enthroned and rulers of the	Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.
earth, .	DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.
But higher far my proud pretensions	
rise,— The son of parents pass'd into the skies.	THE FAMILY MEETING.
And now, farewell !- Time unrevoked has	WE are all here,
run	Father, mother,
His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is	Sister, brother,
done.	All who hold each other dear.
By contemplation's help, not sought in	Each chair is fill'd; we're all at home!
vain,	To-night let no cold stranger come.
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er	It is not often thus around
again;	Our old familiar hearth we're found.
To have renew'd the joys that once were	Bless, then, the meeting and the spot;
mine,	For once be every care forgot;
Without the sin of violating thine;	Let gentle Peace assert her power,
And, while the wings of faney still are	And kind Affection rule the hour.
free,	We're all—all here.
And I can view this mimic show of thee,	We're not all here!
Time has but half succeeded in his theft,— Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me	Some are away,-the dead ones dear,
left.	Who throng'd with us this ancient hearth,
WILLIAM COWPER.	And gave the hour to guileless mirth.
	Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,
TOO LATE.	Look'd in, and thinn'd our little band;
	Some like a night-flash pass'd away,
"Dowglas, Dowglas, tendir and treu."	And some sank lingering day by day;
Could ye come back to me, Douglas,	The quiet graveyard,—some lie there,—
Douglas, In the old likeness that I knew,	And cruel Ocean has his share.
2	We're not all here.

FIRESIDE ENCYCLOP ÆDIA OF POETRY.

We are all here! Even they,-the dead,-though dead, so dear .----Fond Memory, to her duty true, Brings back their faded forms to view. How life-like, through the mist of years, Each well-remember'd face appears! We see them, as in times long past; From each to each kind looks are east: We hear their words, their smiles behold: They're round us, as they were of old. We are all here. We are all here. Father, mother, Sister, brother, You that I love with love so dear. This may not long of us be said; Soon must we join the gather'd dead, And by the hearth we now sit round Some other circle will be found. Oh, then, that wisdom may we know, Which yields a life of peace below! So, in the world to follow this, May each repeat in words of bliss, We're all-all here! CHARLES SPRAGUE. -----

BABY MAY.

CHEEKS as soft as July peaches; Lips whose velvet scarlet teaches Poppies paleness; round large eyes Ever great with new surprise; Minutes filled with shadeless gladness; Minutes just as brimm'd with sadness; Happy smiles and wailing cries, Crows and laughs and tearful eyes, Lights and shadows, swifter born Than on windswept autumn corn; Ever some new tiny notion, Making every limb all motion, Catchings up of legs and arms, Throwings back and small alarms, Clutching fingers-straightening jerks, Twining feet whose each toe works, Kickings up and straining risings, Mother's ever-new surprisings; Hands all wants, and looks all wonder At all things the heavens under; Tiny scorns of smiled reprovings That have more of love than lovings;

Mischiefs done with such a winning Archness that we prize such sinning; Breakings dire of plates and glasses, Graspings small at all that passes; Pullings off of all that's able To be eaught from tray or table: Silences-small meditations Deep as thoughts of cares for nations-Breaking into wisest speeches In a tongue that nothing teaches, All the thoughts of whose possessing Must be woo'd to light by guessing; Slumbers-such sweet angel-seemings That we'd ever have such dreamings. Till from sleep we see thee breaking, And we'd always have thee waking; Wealth for which we know no measure. Pleasure high above all pleasure, Gladness brimming over gladness, Joy in care-delight in sadness, Loveliness beyond completeness, Sweetness distancing all sweetness, Beauty all that beauty may be, That's May Bennett; that's my bahy. W. C. BENNETT.

BABY LOUISE.

I'm in love with you, Baby Lonise! With your silken hair and your soft blue eves.

And the dreamy wisdom that in them lies, And the faint, sweet smile you brought from the skies:

God's sunshine, Baby Louise!

When you fold your hands, Baby Louise----

Your hands, like a fairy's, so tiny and fair-With a pretty, innocent, saint-like air,

Are you trying to think of some angeltaught prayer

You learned above, Baby Louise?

I'm in love with you, Baby Louise! Why ! you never raise your beautiful head ! Some day, little one, your check will grow red

With a flush of delight to hear the words said.

"I love you," Baby Louise.

Do you hear me, Baby Louise? I have sung your praises for nearly an hour,

And your lashes keep drooping lower and lower, And you've gone to sleep like a weary flower. Ungrateful Baby Louise! MARGARET EXTINGE. PHILIP MY KING. "Who bears upon his baby brow the round And top of sovereignty." LOOK at me with thy large brown eyes, Philip, my king! Round whom the enshadowing purple lies Of babyhood's royal dignities: Lay on my neek thy tiny hand, With Love's invisible sceptre laden; I am thine Esther to command Till thou shalt find a queen-handmaiden, Philip, my king ! Oh, the day when thou goest a-wooing, Philip, my king! When those beautiful lips 'gin suing, And, some gentle heart's bars undoing, Thou dost enter, love-erown'd, and there Sittest, love-glorified !-Rule kindly, Tenderly, over thy kingdom fair; For we that love, ah ! we love so blindly, Philip, my king! Up from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow, Philip, my king! The spirit that there lies sleeping now May rise like a giant, and make men bow As to one heaven-chosen amongst his peers. My Saul, than thy brethren taller and fairer Let me behold thee in future years! Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer, Philip, my king-A wreath, not of gold, but palm. One day, Philip, my king! Thon, too, must tread, as we trod, a way Thorny, and eruel, and cold, and gray; Rebels within thee and foes without Will snatch at thy erown. But march on, glorious, Martyr, yet monarch ! till angels shout, As thou sitt'st at the feet of God victorious, "Philip, the king !" DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.

BABY BELL.

HAVE you not heard the poets tell How came the dainty Baby Bell Into this world of ours? The gates of heaven were left ajar: With folded hands and dreamy eyes, Wandering ont of Paradise, She saw this planet, like a star, Hung in the glistening depths of even .--Its bridges, running to and fro, O'er which the white-wing'd angels go, Bearing the holy dead to heaven. She touch'd a bridge of flowers,-those feet. So light they did not bend the bells Of the celestial asphodels, They fell like dew upon the flowers : Then all the air grew strangely sweet! And thus eame dainty Baby Bell Into this world of ours. She came, and brought delicious May. The swallows built beneath the eaves; Like sunlight, in and out the leaves The robins went the livelong day; The lily swung its noiseless bell; And o'er the porch the trembling vine Seem'd bursting with its veins of wine. How sweetly, softly, twilight fell! Oh, earth was full of singing-birds And opening spring-tide flowers, When the dainty Baby Bell Came to this world of ours!

Oh, Baby, dainty Baby Bell, – How fair she grew from day to day ! What woman-nature fill'd her eyes, What poetry within them lay ! Those deep and tender twilight eyes, So full of meaning, pure and bright

As if she yet stood in the light Of those oped gates of Paradise. And so we loved her more and more : Ah, never in our hearts before

Was love so lovely born : We felt we had a link between This real world and that unseen—

The land beyond the morn ; And for the love of those dear eyes, For love of her whom God led forth, (The mother's being ceased on earth When Baby eame from Paradise),— For love of Him who smote our lives, And woke the chords of joy and pain.

We said, *Dear Christ* !---our hearts bent down

Like violets after rain.

And now the orchards, which were white And red with blossoms when she came, Were rich in attunn's mellow prime; The cluster'd apples hurnt like flame, The soft-cheek'd peaches blush'd and fell, The ivory chestnut hurst its shell, The grapes hung purpling in the grange; And time wrought just as rich a change

In little Baby Bell.

Her lissome form more perfect grew, And in her features we could trace, In soften'd curves, her mother's face. Her angel-nature ripen'd too: We thought her lovely when she came, But she was holy, saintly now :—

Around her pale angelic brow We saw a slender ring of flame!

God's hand had taken away the seal That held the portals of her speech; And oft she said a few strange words

Whose meaning lay beyond our reach. She never was a child to us, We never held her being's key; We could not teach her boly things: She was Christ's self in purity.

It came upon us by degrees, We saw its shadow ere it fell,— The knowledge that our God had sent His messenger for Baby Bell. We shudder'd with unlanguaged pain, And all our hopes were changed to fears, And all our thoughts ran into tears

Like sunshine into rain. We cried aloud in our belief, "Oh, smite us gently, gently, God! Teach us to bend and kiss the rod, And perfect grow through grief." Ah, how we loved her, God can tell; Her heart was folded deep in ours. Our hearts are broken, Baby Bell!

At last he came, the messenger,

The messenger from unseen lands: And what did dainty Baby Bell? She only cross'd her little hands, She only look'd more meek and fair ! We parted back her silken hair, We wove the roses round her brow,— White buds, the summer's drifted snow,— Wrapt her from head to foot in flowers ! And thus went dainty Baby Bell

Out of this world of ours! THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

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

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

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?

Some of the starry spikes left in.

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

What makes your forehead so smooth and high ?

A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your check like a warm white rose?

I saw something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-corner'd smile of bliss? Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

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

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

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?

From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

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

But how did you come to us, you dear? God thought of you, and so I am here. GEORGE MACDONALD.

"Sweet and Low."

SWEET and low, sweet and low, Wind of the western sea, Low, low, breathe and blow, Wind of the western sea!

Over the rolling waters go,

Come from the dying moon, and blow, Blow him again to me, While my little one, while my pretty one,

sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Father will come to thee soon;

Rest, rest, on mother's breast, Father will come to thee soon ;

Father will come to his babe in the nest,

Silver sails all out of the west Under the silver moon :

Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

Alfred Tennyson.

LULLABY.

GOLDEN slumbers kiss your eyes, Smiles awake you when you rise. Sleep, pretty wantons; do not ery, And I will sing a lullaby: Roek them, rock them, lullaby.

Care is heavy, therefore sleep you; You are care, and care must keep you. Sleep, pretty wantons; do not cry, And I will sing a lullaby : Rock them, rock them, lullaby. THOMAS DEKKER.

LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

BALOW, my babe, lye stil and sleipe ! It grieves me sair to see thee weipe : If thou'st be silent, I'se be glad, Thy maining maks my heart ful sad. Balow, my hoy, thy mother's joy, Thy father breides me great annoy.

Balow, my babe, ly still and sleipe, It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

Whan he began to court my luve, And with his sugred wordes to muve, His faynings falls, and flattering cheire To me that time did not appeire : But now I see, most cruch hee Cares neither for my babe nor mee.

> Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe, It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

Ly stil, my darling, sleipe a while, And when thou wakest, sweitly smile: But smile not, as thy father did, To cozen maids: nay, God forbid! Bot yett I feire, thou wilt gae neire Thy fatheris hart and face to beire.

Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe, It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

I cannae chuse, but ever will Be luving to thy father stil : Whair-eir he gae, whair-eir he ryde, My luve with him doth stil abyde : In weil or wae, whair-eir he gae, Mine hart can neire depart him frae

Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe, It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

But doe not, doe not, pretty mine, To faynings fals thine hart incline; Be loyal to thy huver trew, And nevir change her for a new: If gude or faire, of hir have care, For women's banning's wondrous sair. Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe, It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

Bairne, sin thy cruel father is gane, Thy winsome smiles mann eise my paine; My babe and I'll together live, He'll comfort me when cares doe grieve: My babe and I right saft will ly, And quite forgeit man's cruelty.

Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe, It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falsest youth, That evir kist a woman's month! I wish all maides be warn'd by mee Nevir to trust man's curtesy; For if we doe bot chance to bow, They'll use us than they care not how. Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe, It grieves me sair to see the weipe. Autnor Uxsnows.

CRADLE SONG.

[From the German,] SLEEP, baby, sleep! Thy father's watching the sheep, Thy mother's shaking the dreamland tree, And down drops a little dream for thee. Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep! The large stars are the sheep,

The little stars are the lambs, I guess, The bright moon is the shepherdess. Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep ! And ery not like a sheep. Else the sheep-dog will bark and whine, And bite this naughty child of mine. Sleep, baby, sleep !

Sleep, baby, sleep ! Thy Saviour loves II is sheep ; He is the Lamb of God on high Who for our sakes came down to die. Sleep, haby, sleep !

Sleep, baby, sleep ! Away to tend the sheep, Away, thou sheep-dog fierce and wild, And do not harm my sleeping child ! Sleep, baby, sleep ! ELIZABETH PRENTISS.

THE ANGELS' WHISPER.

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 eried, "Dermot, darling, oh come

back to me!"

Her beads while she number'd, The baby still slumber'd, And smiled in her face as she bended her knee: "Oh, blest be that warning, My child, thy sleep adorning, For 1 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 wouldst rather They'd watch o'er thy father !

For I know that the angels are whispering to thee."

> The dawn of the morning Saw Dermot returning,

And the wife wept with joy her babe's fither to see; And closely caressing Her child with a blessing.

Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee."

THE CHILD AND THE WATCHER.

SLEEP on, baby on the floor, Tired of all thy playing-Sleep with smile the sweeter for That you dropped away in : On your curls, fair roundness stand Golden lights screnely: One cheek, push'd out by the hand, Folds the dimple inly-Little head and little foot Heavy laid for pleasure ; Underneath the lids half-shut Plants the shining azure : Open-soul'd in noonday sun, So, you lie and slumber; Nothing evil having done, Nothing can encumber. I, who cannot sleep as well, Shall I sigh to view you? Or sigh further to foretell All that may undo you? Nay, keep smiling, little child, Ere the fate appeareth ! I smile too; for patience mild Pleasure's token weareth. Nay, keep sleeping before loss; I shall sleep, though losing ! As by cradle, so by cross, Sweet is the reposing. And God knows, who sees us twain, Child at childish leisure, I am all as tired of pain As you are of pleasure. Very soon, too, by His grace, Gently wrapt around me, I shall show as calm a face, I shall sleep as soundly— Differing in this, that you Clasp your playthings sleeping, While my hand must drop the few Given to my keeping-Differing in this, that I. Sleeping, must be colder,

And, in waking presently, Brighter to beholder— Differing in this, beside (Sleeper, have you heard me? Do you move and open wide Your great eyes toward me?), That while I you draw withal From this slumber solely, Me, from mine, an angel shall, Trunpet-tongned and holy! ELLABETH BARKET BROWNING.

SWEET BABY, SLEEP.

SWEET baby, sleep ! what ails my dear ? What ails my darling, thus to cry ? Be still, my child, and lend thine car, To hear me sing thy lullaby. My pretty lamb, forbear to weep ; Be still, my dear ; sweet baby, sleep.

Thou blessed soul, what canst thou fear? What thing to thee can mischief do? Thy God is now thy Father dear, His holy Spouse thy mother too. Sweet baby, then forbear to weep; Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Though thy conception was in sin, A sacred bathing thou hast had; And though thy birth unclean bath been,

A blameless babe thou now art made. Sweet baby, then forbear to weep; Be still, my dear; sweet baby, sleep.

While thus thy lullaby I sing,

For thee great blessings ripening be; Thine eldest brother is a King,

And hath a kingdom bought for thee. Sweet baby, then forbear to weep; Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Sweet baby, sleep, and nothing fear ; For whosoever thee offends

By thy Protector threaten'd are, And God and angels are thy friends. Sweet baby, then forbear to weep; Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

When God with us was dwelling here, In little babes He took delight; Such innocents as thou, my dear, Are ever precious in His sight. Sweet baby, then forbear to weep; Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

A little infant once was He; And strength in weakness then was laid Upon His virgin mother's knee,

That power to thee might be convey'd. Sweet baby, then forbear to weep; Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

In this thy frailty and thy need He friends and helpers doth prepare, Which thee shall cherish, clothe, and feed,

For of thy weal they tender are. Sweet baby, then forbear to weep; Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

The King of kings, when He was born, Had not so much for outward ease;

By Him such dressings were not worn, Nor such-like swaddling-clothes as these. Sweet baby, then forbear to weep; Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Within a manger lodged thy Lord, Where oxen lay and asses fed: Warm rooms we do to thee afford, An easy cradle or a bed. Sweet baby, then forbear to weep; Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

The wants that He did then sustain Have purchased wealth, my babe, for thee;

And by His torments and His pain Thy rest and ease secured be. My baby, then forbear to weep; Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Thou hast, yet more to perfect this, A promise and an earnest got Of gaining everlasting bliss,

Though thou, my babe, perceiv'st it not: Sweet baby, then forbear to weep; Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep. George WITHER.

CRADLE HYMN.

HUSH, my dear ! Lie still and slumber ! Iloly angels guard thy bed ! Heavenly blessings without number, Gently falling on thy head.

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

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

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

Blessed Babe ! what glorious features,— Spotless fair, divinely bright ! Must He dwell with brutal creatures ? How could angels bear the sight ?

Was there nothing but a manger Cursed sinners could afford, To receive the heavenly stranger? Did they thus affront the Lord?

Soft, my child ! I did not chide thee, Though my song might sound too hard : 'Tis thy mother sits beside thee, And her arm shall be thy guard.

Yet to read the shameful story, How the Jews abused their King, How they served the Lord of glory, Makes me angry while I sing.

See the kinder shepherds round Him, Telling wonders from the sky ! Where they sought Him, there they found

Him, With His virgin mother by.

See the lovely Babe a-dressing; Lovely Infant, how He smiled ! When He wept, His mother's blessing Sooth'd and hush'd the holy Child.

Lo, He slumbers in a manger, Where the hornèd oxen fed :— Peace, my darling, here's no danger : There's no ox a-near thy hed.

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying, Save my dear from burning flame, Bitter groans and endless crying, That thy blest Redeemer came. May'st thou live to know and fear Him, Trust and love Him all thy days,

Then go dwell for ever near Him : See His face, and sing His praise !

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

TO A CHILD Embracing his Mother.

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

Gaze upon her living eyes, And mirror back her love for thee,— Hereafter thou may'st shudder sighs To meet them when they cannot see, Gaze upon her living eyes!

Press her lips the while they glow With love that they have often told,— Hereafter thou may'st press in woe, And kiss them till thine own are cold. Press her lips the while they glow 1

Oh, revere her raven hair ! Although it be not silver-gray— Too early Death, led on by Care, May snatch save one dear lock away. Oh, revere her raven hair !

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

THOMAS HOOD.

TO CHARLOTTE PULTENEY.

TIMELY blossom, infant fair, Fondling of a happy pair, Every morn and every night Their solicitous delight; Sleeping, waking, still at ease, Pleasing, without skill to please; Little gossip, blithe and hale, Tattling many a broken tale;

Singing many a tuneless song, Lavish of a heedless tongue; Simple maiden, void of art, Babbling out the very heart, Yet abandon'd to thy will, Yet imagining no ill, Yet too innocent to blush ; Like the linnet in the bush To the mother-linnet's note Moduling her slender throat, Chirping forth thy petty joys, Wanton in the change of toys : Like the linnet green in May Flitting to each bloomy spray; Wearied then and glad of rest, Like the linnet in the nest ;-This thy present happy lot This, in time will be forgot: Other pleasures, other cares, Ever-busy Time prepares ; And thou shalt in thy daughter see This picture, once, resembled thee. AMBROSE PHILIPS.

TO T. L. H.

SIX YEARS OLD, DURING A SICKNESS.

SLEEP breathes at last from out thee, My little, patient boy; And balmy rest about thee Smooths off the day's annoy. I sit me down, and think Of all thy winning ways; Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink, That I had less to praise.

Thy sidelong pillowed meckness, Thy thanks to all that aid, Thy heart, in pain and weakness, Of fancied faults afraid; The little trembling hand That wipes thy quiet tears: These, these are things that may demand Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I've had, severe ones, I will not think of now; And calmly, midst my dear ones, Have wasted with dry brow; But when thy fingers press And pat my stooping head, I cannot bear the gentleness— The tears are in their bed.

Ah, first-born of thy mother, When life and hope were new; Kind playmate of thy brother, Thy sister, father too; My light, where'er I go; My bird, when prison-bound; My hand-in-hand companion—No, My pravers shall hold thee round,

To say "He has departed "---"His voice"---"his face "---is gone, To feel impatient-hearted, Yet feel we must bear on---Ah, I could not endure To whisper of such woe, Unless I felt this sleep ensure That it will not be so.

Yes, still he's fixed, and sleeping ! This silence too the while— Its very hush and creeping Seem whispering us a smile; Something divine and dim Seems going by one's ear, Like parting wings of cherubim, Who say, "We've finished here," Lieten Huxp.

CHILDREN.

CHILDREN are what the mothers are. No fondest father's fondest care Can fashion so the infant heart As those creative beams that dart, With all their hopes and fears, upon The cradle of a sleeping son.

His startled eyes with wonder see A father near him on his knee, Who wishes all the while to trace The mother in his future face; But 'tis to her alone uprise His wakening arms; to her those eyes Open with joy and not surprise. WAITER SAVAGE LANDOR.

BALLAD OF THE TEMPEST.	Full of quips and wiles,
WE were crowded in the cabin,	Now so round and rich, now soft and slow,
	All for love of that sweet face below,
Not a soul would dare to sleep,-	Dimpled o'er with siniles.
It was midnight on the waters,	· · ·
And a storm was on the deep.	And the while the bonny bird did pour
	His full heart out freely o'er and o'er
'Tis a fearful thing in Winter	
To be shattered in the blast,	'Neath the morning skies,
And to hear the rattling trumpet	In the little childish heart below
Thunder: "Cut away the mast!"	All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
	And shine forth in happy overflow
So we shuddered there in silence,-	From the blue, bright eyes.
For the stoutest held his breath,	, , ,
While the hungry sea was roaring,	Down the dell she tripped and through the
And the breakers talked with Death.	glade,
	Peeped the squirrel from the hazel shade,
As thus we sat in darkness,	And from out the tree
Each one busy in his prayers,	
"We are lost !" the captain shouted	Swung and leaped, and frolicked, void of
As he staggered down the stairs.	fear,—
no ne outgetter down the outlo	While bold blackbird piped that all might
But his little daughter whispered,	hear—
As she took his icy hand:	"Little Bell," piped he.
" Isn't God upon the ocean	
Just the same as on the land?"	Little Bell sat down amid the fern-
a list the same as on the land;	"Squirrel, squirrel, to your task return-
Then we kissed the little maiden,	Bring me nuts," quoth she.
And we spoke in hetter cheer,	Up, away the frisky squirrel hies-
And we anchored safe in harbor	Golden wood-lights glancing in his eyes-
When the morn was shining clear.	And adown the tree,
JAMES T. FIELDS.	
JAMES 1. FIELDS.	Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by July sun,
+0+	In the little lap dropped one by one-
LITTLE BELL.	Hark, how blackbird pipes to see the fun !
	"Happy Bell," pipes he.
He prayeth well, who loveth well	
Both man and bird and beast. ANCIENT MARINER.	Little Bell looked up and down the glade-
	"Squirrel, squirrel, if you're not afraid,
PIPED the blackbird on the beechwood	Come and share with me!"
spray:	Down came squirrel eager for his fare-
"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,	Down came bonny blackbird, I declare;
What's your name?" quoth he-	Little Bell gave each his honest share—
"What's your name? Oh stop and straight	Ah the merry three!
unfold,	
Pretty maid with showery curls of gold,"-	And the while these frolic playmates twain
"Little Bell," said she.	Piped and frisked from bough to bough
Livito Delly Satu Sile.	again,
Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks-	'Neath the morning skies,
Tossed aside her gleaming golden locks-	In the little childish heart below
"Bonny bird," quoth she,	All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
"Sing me your best song before I go."	And shine out in happy overflow
	From her blue, bright eyes.
"Here's the very finest song 1 know,	
Little Bell," said he.	By her snow-white cot at close of day

And the blackbird piped; you never heard Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms to Half so gay a song from any bird— pray—

Very calm and clear

Rose the praying voice to where, unseen, In blue heaven, an angel shape serene Paused a while to hear—

"What good child is this," the angel said,

"That with happy heart, beside her bed Prays so lovingly?"

Low and soft, oh ! very low and soft,

Crooned the blackbird in the orchard croft, "Bell, dear Bell!" crooned he.

- "Whom God's creatures love," the angel fair
- Murmured, "God doth bless with angels' care;

Child, thy bed shall be

- Folded safe from harm-Love, deep and kind,
- Shall watch around and leave good gifts behind,

Little Bell, for thee !"

THOMAS WESTWOOD.

THE RECONCILIATION.

As thro' the land at eve we went, And pluck'd the ripen'd ears, We fell out, my wife and I, We fell out—1 know not why— And kiss'd again with tears. And blessings on the falling-out That all the more endears, When we fall out with those we love And kiss again with tears! For when we came where lies the child We lost in other years, There above the little grave, Oh there above the little grave, We kiss'd again with tears.

GOLDEN-TRESSED ADELAIDE.

A SONG FOR A CHILD.

SING, I pray, a little song, Mother dear ! Neither sad nor very long : It is for a little maid, Golden-tressèd Adelaide ! Therefore let it suit a merry, merry ear, Mother dear ! Let it be a merry strain,

Mother dear ! Shunning e'en the thought of pain :

For our gentle child will weep

If the theme be dark and deep ;

And we will not draw a single, single tear, Mother dear!

Childhood should be all divine, Mother dear ! And like an endless summer shine; Gay as Edward's shouts and cries,

Bright as Agnes' azure eyes:

Therefore bid thy song be merry :---dost thou hear,

Mother dear?

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

CASA WAPPY.

AND hast thou sought thy heavenly home, Our fond, dear boy—

The realms where sorrow dare not come, Where life is joy?

- Pure at thy death, as at thy birth,
- Thy spirit caught no taint from earth ;
- Even by its bliss we mete our dearth,

Casa Wappy I

Despair was in our last farewell, As closed thine eye; Tears of our anguish may not tell When thou didst die; Words may not paint our grief for thee;

Sighs are but bubbles on the sea

Of our unfathom'd agony !

Casa Wappy!

Thou wert a vision of delight, To bless us given;

Beauty embodied to our sight— A type of heaven !

So dear to us thou wert, thou art

Even less thine own self, than a part

Of mine, and of thy mother's heart, Casa Wappy !

Thy bright, brief day knew no decline— 'Twas cloudless joy ; Sunrise and night alone were thine, Beloved boy ! This moon beheld thee blythe and gay ; That found thee prostrate in decay ; And ere a third shone, clay was clay,

Gem of our hearth, our household pride, Earth's undefiled, Could love have saved, thou hadst not died, Our dear, sweet child ! Humbly we how to Fate's decree ; Yet had we boped that Time should see Thee mourn for us, not us for thee, Casa Wappy !

Do what I may, go where I will, Thou meet'st my sight; There dost thou glide before me still— A form of light! I feel thy breath upon my cheek— I see thee smile, I hear thee speak— Till oh! my heart is like to break, Casa Wappy!

Methinks thou smil'st before me now, With glance of stealth; The hair thrown back from thy full brow In buoyant health; I see thine eyes' deep violet light— Thy dimpled check carnation'd bright— Thy clasping arms so round and white— Casa Wappy !

The nursery shows thy pictured wall, Thy bat—thy bow— Thy cloak and bonnet—club and ball; But where art thou? A corner holds thine empty chair; Thy playthings, idly scatter'd there, But speak to us of our despair, Casa Wappy!

Even to the last, thy every word— To glad—to grieve— Was sweet, as sweetest song of bird On summer's eve; In outward beanty undecay'd, Death o'er thy spirit east no shade, And, like the rainbow, thou didst fade, Casa Wappy!

We mourn for thee, when blind, blank night The chamber fills;

We pine for thee, when morn's first light Reddens the hills;

The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea, • All—to the wall-flower and wild-pea—

Are changed; we saw the world thro' thee, Casa Wappy! And though, perchance, a smile may gleam Of casual mirth, It doth not own, whate'er may seem, An inward birth ; We miss they small step on the stair ;— Wc miss thee at thine evening prayer ; All day we miss thee—everywhere— Casa Wappy ! Snows muffled earth when thou didst go,

Snows mumed earth when thou didst go, In life's spring-bloom,

Down to the appointed house below— The silent tomb. But now the green leaves of the tree.

The cuckoo and "the busy bee," Return, but with them bring not thee, Casa Wappy!

'Tis so; but can it be—while flowers Revive again— Man's doom, in death that we and ours For aye remain? Oh can it be, that, o'er the grave, The grass renew'd should yearly wave, Yet God forget our child to save? Casa Wappy !

It cannot be; for were it so Thus man could die, Life were a mockery—thought were woe— And truth a lie; Heaven were a coinage of the brain— Religion frenzy—virtue vain— And all our hopes to meet again, Casa Wappy !

Then be to us, O dear lost child! With beam of love, A star, death's uncongenial wild Smiling above! Soon, soon thy little feet have trod The skyward path, the seraph's road, That led thee back from man to God, Casa Wappy!

Yet, 'tis sweet balm to our despair, Fond, fairest boy, That heaven is God's, and thou art there, With him in joy; There past are death and all its woes; There beauty's stream for ever flows; And pleasure's day no sunset knows, Casa Wappy!

Farewell, then—for a while, farewell—	Her simple dress of sprinkled pink,
Pride of my heart !	Her double, dimpled chin;
It cannot be that long we dwell	Her pucker'd lip and bonny mou',
Thus torn apart.	With nae ane tooth between.
Time's shadows like the shuttle flee ;	Her een sae like her mither's een,
And, dark howe'er life's night may be,	Twa gentle, liquid things;
Beyond the grave I'll meet with thee,	Her face is like an angel's face
Casa Wappy !	We're glad she has nae wings,
DAVID MACBETH MORE.	Hear MALEE,
 'WILLIE WINKIE. WEE Willie Winkie rins through the town, Up stairs and doon stairs, in his nichtgown, Tirlin' at the window, cryin' at the lock, "Are the weans in their bed?—for it's now ten o'clock." Hey, Willie Winkie! are ye comin' ben? The eat's singin' gay thruns to the sleepin' hen, The doag's spelder'd on the floor, and disna gie a cheep; But here's a waukrife laddie that winna fa' asleep. Onything but sleep, ye rogue !—glowerin' like the moon, Rattlin' in an airn jug wi' an airn spoon, Rutulin', tumblin' ronn' about, erawin' like a cock, Skirlin' like a kenna-what — wauknin' 	THE DUMB CHILD. SHE is my only girl: I ask'd for her as some most precious thing, For all unfinish'd was love's jewell'd ring Till set with this soft pearl: The shade that time brought forth I could not see; How pure, how perfect, seem'd the gift to me! Oh, many a soft old tune I used to sing unto that deaden'd ear, And suffer'd not the lightest footster near, Lest she might wake too soon, And hush'd her brothers' laughter while she lay— Ah, needless care! I might have let them
sleepin' folk!	play!
Hey, Willie Winkie! the wean's in a creel!	'Twas long ere I believed
Wannblin' aff a bodie's knee like a vera eel,	That this one daughter might not speak to
Ruggin' at the cat's lug, and ravellin' a'	me:
her thruns:	Waited and watch'd. God knows how
Hey, Willie Winkie!—See, there he comes!	patiently!
Weary is the mither that has a storie wean,	How willingly deceived!
A wee stumpie stoussie, that canna rin his	Vain Love was long the untiring nurse of
lane,	Faith,
That has a battle aye wi' sleep before he'll	And tended Hope until it starved to
close an ee;	death.
But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips gies strength	Oh if she could but hear
anew to me.	For one short hour, till I her tongue might
WILLIAM MILLER.	teach
THE BABIE.	To call me mother, in the broken speech
NAE shoon to hide her tiny taes,	That thrills the mother's ear!
Nae stockings on her feet;	Alas! those seal'd lips never may be
Her supple ankles white as snow	stirr'd
Of early blossoms sweet.	To the deep music of that lovely word.

My heart it sorely tries Touches all hearts, though I had once the To see her kneel, with such a reverent air. fear Beside her brothers, at their evening That even her father would not care for praver : her. Or lift those earnest eves To watch our lips, as though our words Thank God it is not so ! she knew,-And when his sons are playing merrily. Then move her own, as she were speaking She comes and leans her head upon his too. knee. Oh, at such times I know, I've watch'd her looking up By his full eye and tones subdued and To the bright wonder of a sunset sky, mild. With such a depth of meaning in her eye, How his heart yearns over his silent child. That I could almost hope The struggling soul would burst its bind-Not of all gifts bereft. ing cords, Even now. How could I say she did not And the long pent-up thoughts flow forth speak? in words. What real language lights her eye and eheek, The song of bird and bee, And renders thanks to Him who left The chorus of the breezes, streams, and Unto her soul yet open, avenues groves, For joy to enter, and for love to use ! All the grand music to which Nature moves. And God in love doth give Are wasted melody To her defect a beauty of its own : To her; the world of sound a nameless And we a deeper tenderness have known, void. Through that for which we grieve. While even Silence hath its charms de-Yet shall the seal be melted from her stroy'd. ear Her face is very fair: Yes, and my voice shall fill it-but not Her blue eye beautiful: of finest mould here! The soft, white brow, o'er which in waves of gold When that new sense is given, Ripples her shining hair. What rapture will its first experience be, Alas! this lovely temple closed must be; That never woke to meaner melody For He who made it keeps the master-Than the rich songs of Heavenkey. To hear the full-toned anthem swelling round. Wills He the mind within While angels teach the ecstasies of Should from earth's Babel-clamor be kept sound ! free, AUTHOR UNKNOWN. E'en that His still small voice and step might be Heard at its inner shrine, THE WONDERFU WEAN. Through that deep hush of soul, with Our wean's the most wonderfu' wean e'er clearer thrill? I saw : Then should I grieve? O murmuring It would tak me a lang simmer day to heart, be still! tell a' His pranks, frae the moruin' till night She seems to have a sense Of quiet gladness in her noiseless play, shuts his ee, When he sleeps like a peerie, 'tween father She hath a pleasant smile, a gentle way, Whose voiceless eloquence and me;

For in his quite turns siccan questions That I leuch clean outright, for I cou'dna contain: he'll spier! How the moon can stick up in the sky He was sic a conceit-sic an ancient-like that's sae clear? wean ! What gars the wind blaw? and whar frae But 'mid a' his daffin sic kindness he shows, comes the rain? That he's dear to my heart as the dew to He's a perfec' divirt-he's a wonderfu' the rose: wean! And the unclouded hinny-beam ave in Or wha was the first bodie's father? and his ee Maks him every day dearer aud dearer wha Made the vera first snaw-shooer that ever to me. Though Fortune be saucy, and dorty, and did fa'? And wha made the first bird that sang on dour. And gloom through her fingers like hills a tree? And the water that sooms a' the ships in through a shooer, When bodies hae gat a bit bit bairn o' the sea? But after I've told him as weel as I ken, their ain, How he cheers up their hearts !- he's a Again he begins wi' his wha and his wonderfu' wean! when: WILLIAM MILLER. And he looks ave sae wistfu' the whiles I explain: He's as auld as the hills-he's an auld-JAMES MELVILLE'S CHILD. farrant wean. ONE time my soul was pierced as with a And folk wha hae skill o' the lumps on the sword, head Contending still with men untaught and Hint there's mae ways than toilin' o' winwild. nin' ane's bread : When He who to the prophet lent his How he'll be a rich man, and hae men to gourd work for him. Gave me the solace of a pleasant child. Wi' a kyte like a baillie's, shug-shuggin' A summer gift my precious flower was afore him; Wi'a face like the moon-soher, sonsy, and given, A very summer fragrance was its life; douce-Its clear eyes soothed me as the blue of And a back, for its breadth, like the side heaven. o' a house. When home I turn'd, a weary man of 'Tweel! I'm unco ta'en up wi't-they mak strife. a' sae plain. He's just a town's talk; he's a by-ord'nar With unform'd laughter, musically sweet, weau! How soon the wakening babe would meet my kiss: I ne'er can forget sic a laugh as I gat, With outstretch'd arms its care-wrought To see him put on father's waistcoat and father greet! hat; Oh, in the desert, what a spring was this ! Then the lang-leggit boots gaed sae far owre his knees A few short months it blossom'd near my The tap-loops wi' his fingers he grippit wi' heart: A few short months, else toilsome all, ease; Then he march'd through the house, he and sad; march'd but, he march'd ben, But that home-solace nerved me for my Like owre mony mae o' our great little part, men. And of the babe I was exceeding glad.

- Alas! my pretty bud, scaree form'd, was dying
 - (The prophet's gourd, it wither'd in a night);
- And He who gave me all, my heart's pulse trying,
 - Took gently home the child of my delight.
- Not rudely cull'd, not suddenly it perish'd, But gradual faded from our love away:
- As if, still, secret dews, its life that eherish'd, Were drop by drop withheld, and day by day.
- My blessed Master saved me from repining, So tenderly He sued me for His own;
- So beautiful He made my babe's declining, Its dying bless'd me as its birth had done.
- And daily to my board at noon and even Our fading flower I bade his mother bring.
- That we might commune of our rest in Heaven,
- , Gazing the while on death, without its sting.

And of the ransom for that baby paid

- So very sweet at times our converse seem'd,
- That the sure truth of grief a gladness made:
 - Our little lamb by God's own Lamb redeem'd!
- There were two milk-white doves my wife had nourish'd;
 - And I too loved, erewhile, at times to stand
- Marking how each the other fondly eherish'd,
 - And fed them from my baby's dimpled hand!
- So tame they grew that, to his eradle flying, Full oft they coo'd him to his noontide rest;

And to the murmurs of his sleep replying, Crept gently in and nestled in his breast.

'Twas a fair sight: the snow-pale infant sleeping,

So fondly gnardian'd by those creatures mild,

- Watch o'er his closèd eyes their bright eyes keeping:
 - Wondrous the love betwixt the birds and child!
- Still as he sicken'd seem'd the doves too dwining,
 - Forsook their food, and loathed their pretty play;
- And on the day he died, with sad note pining,
 - One gentle bird would not be fray'd away.

His mother found it, when she rose, sadhearted,

At early dawn, with sense of nearing ill; And when, at last, the little spirit parted,

The dove died too, as if of its heart-chill.

The other flew to meet my sad homeriding,

As with a human sorrow in its eoo;

To my dear child and its dead mate then guiding,

Most pitifully plain'd-and parted too.

'Twas my first hansel and propine to Heaven :

And as I laid my darling 'neath the sod, Precious His comforts—once an infant

- given,
 - And offer'd with two turtle-doves to God!

MRS. A. STUART MENTEATH.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

THEY grew in beauty, side by side, They fill'd one home with glee ;—

Their graves are sever'd, far and wide, By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night O'er each fair sleeping brow;

She had each folded flower in sight— Where are those dreamers now?

One, 'midst the forests of the West, By a dark stream is laid—

The Indian knows his place of rest Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one— He lies where pearls lie deep;

He was the loved of all, yet none O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are drest Above the noble slain :

He wrapt his colors round his breast On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er *her* the myrtle showers Its leaves, by soft winds fann'd; She faded midst Italian flowers— The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who play'd Beneath the same green tree;

Whose voices mingled as they pray'd Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall, And cheer'd with song the hearth !---Alas! for love, if thou wert all, And naught beyond, O earth ! FELCTA DOROTIESA HEMANS.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

"WHICH shall it be? Which shall it be?" I look'd at John-John look'd at me (Dear, patient John, who loves me yet As well as though my locks were jet); And when I found that I must speak, My voice seem'd strangely low and weak: "Tell me again what Robert said." And then I, listening, bent my head. "This is his letter: 'I will give A house and land while you shall live, If, in return, from out your seven, One child to me for aye is given.' " I look'd at John's old garments worn, I thought of all that John had borne Of poverty and work and care, Which I, though willing, could not share; I thought of seven mouths to feed, Of seven little children's need, And then of this. "Come, John," said I, "We'll choose among them as they lie Asleep;" so, walking hand in hand, Dear John and I survey'd our band. First to the cradle lightly stepp'd, Where the new nameless baby slept. "Shall it be Baby ?" whispered John. I took his hand, and hurried on To Lily's crib. Her sleeping grasp Held her old doll within its clasp; Her dark curls lay like gold alight, A glory 'gainst the pillow white.

Softly her father stoop'd to lay His rough hand down in loving way, When dream or whisper made her stir, Then huskily said John," Not her, not her!" We stopp'd beside the trundle-bed, And one long ray of lamplight shed Athwart the boyish faces there, In sleep so pitiful and fair; I saw on Jamie's rough, red cheek A tear undried. Ere John could speak, "He's but a baby, too," said I, And kiss'd him as we hurried by. Pale, patient Robbie's angel face Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace. "No, for a thousand crowns, not him !" We whisper'd, while our eyes were dim. Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son, Turbulent, reckless, idle one-Could he be spared ? Nay; He who gave Bids us befriend bim to his grave; Only a mother's heart can be Patient enough for such as he; "And so," said John, "I would not dare To send him from her bedside prayer." Then stole we softly up above And knelt by Mary, child of love. "Perhaps for her 'twould better be," I said to John. Quite silently He lifted up a curl astray Across her cheek in wilful way, And shook his head: "Nay, love; not thee," The while my heart beat audibly. Only one more, our eldest lad, Trusty and truthful, good and glad-So like his father. "No, John, no-I cannot, will not, let him go." And so we wrote, in courteous way, We could not give one child away; And afterward toil lighter seem'd, Thinking of that of which we dream'd, Happy in truth that not one face We miss'd from its accustom'd place; Thankful to work for all the seven, Trusting the rest to One iu heaven. ETHEL LYNN BEERS.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

EETWEEN the dark and the daylight, When the night is beginning to lower, Comes a pause in the day's occupations, That is known as the Children's Hour.

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

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

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

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

They climb up into my turret O'er the arms and back of my chair;

If I try to escape, they surround me; They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses, Their arms about me entwine,

Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

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

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

And there will I keep you for ever, Yes, for ever and a day, Till the walls shall crumble to ruin, And moulder in dust away! HERRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.

WHEN a' ither bairnies are hush'd to their hame

By aunty, or cousin, or freeky grand-dame, Wha stands last and lanely, an' naebody carin'?

'T is the puir doited loonie,—the mitherless bairn !

The mitherless bairn gangs to his lane hed;

Nane covers his cauld back or haps his bare head;

- His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airn,
- An' litheless the lair o' the mitherless bairn.
- Aneath his cauld brow siccan dreams hover there
- O' hands that wont kindly to kame his dark hair ;
- But mornin' brings clutches, a' reckless an' stern,
- That lo'e nae the locks o' the mitherless bairn!
- Yon sister that sang o'er his saftly-rock'd bed
- Now rests in the mools where her mammie is laid;
- The father toils sair their wee bannock to earn,
- An' kens na the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn.
- Her spirit, that passed in yon hour o' his birth,
- Still watches his wearisome wanderings on earth;
- Recording in heaven the blessings they earn
- Wha couthilie deal wi' the mitherless bairn!

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

- He bends to your bidding, and blesses your smile;
- In their dark hour o' anguish the heartless shall learn
- That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn !

WILLIAM THOM.

THE ORPHAN BOY'S TALE.

STAY, lady, stay, for mercy's sake, And hear a helpless orphan's tale;

Ah, sure my looks must pity wake,— 'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale;

Yet I was once a mother's pride,

And my brave father's hope and joy;

But in the Nile's proud fight he died, And I am now an orphan boy!

Poor, foolish child! how pleased was I, When news of Nelson's victory came,

Along the crowded streets to fly, To see the lighted windows flame!

To force me home my mother sought,— She could not bear to hear my joy;

For with my father's life 'twas bought,— And made me a poor orphan boy!

The people's shouts were long and loud; My mother, shuddering, closed her ears; "Rejoice ! REJOICE !" still cried the crowd,—

My mother answer'd with her tears! "Oh why do tears steal down your cheek,"

Cried I, "while others shout for joy?" She kiss'd me; and in accents weak, She call'd me her poor orphan boy!

"What is an orphan boy?" I said; When suddenly she gasp'd for breath, And her eyes closed! I shrick'd for aid,

But ah! her eyes were closed in death.

My hardships since I will not tell; But now, no more a parent's joy, Ah. lady, I have learn'd *too* well

What 'tis to be an orphan boy !

Oh, were I by your bounty fed !— Nay, gentle lady, do not chide; Trust me, I mean to earn my bread,— The sailor's orphan boy has pride.

Lady, you weep; what is't you say? You'll give me clothing, food, employ? Look down, dear parents! look and see

Your happy, happy orphan boy!

Amelia Opie.

THE SAILOR'S WIFE.

PART I.

I'VE a letter from thy sire, Baby mine, baby mine; I can read and never tire, Baby mine. He is sailing o'er the sea, He is coming back to thee, He is coming home to me, Baby mine.

He's been parted from us long, Baby mine, baby mine; But if hearts be true and strong, Baby mine, They shall brave Misfortune's blast, And be overpaid at last For all pain and sorrow pass'd, Baby mine.

Oh, I long to see his face, Baby mine, baby mine, . In his old-accustom'd place, Baby mine. Like the rose of May in bloom, Like a star amid the gloom, Like the sunshine in the room, Baby mine.

Thou wilt see him and rejoice, Baby mine, baby mine; Thou wilt know him by his voice, Baby mine, By his love-looks that endear, By his love-looks that endear, By his laughter ringing clear, By his eyes that know not fear, Baby mine.

I'm so glad—J cannot sleep, Baby mine, baby mine. I'm so happy—J could weep, Baby mine. He is sailing o'er the sca, He is coming back to me, He is coming back to thee, Baby mine.

PART II.

O'er the blue ocean gleaming She sees a distant ship, As small to view As the white sea-mew Whose wings in the billows dip. "Blow, favoring gales, in her answering sails, Blow steadily and free ! Rejoicing, strong, Singing a song Her rigging and her spars among, And waft the vessel in pride along That bears my love to me." Nearer, still nearer driving, The white sails grow and swell;

Clear to her eyes The pennant flies, And the flag she knows so well.

"Blow, favoring gales, in her answering sails. Waft him, O gentle sea! And still, O heart, Thy fluttering start ! Why throb and beat as thou wouldst part, When all so happy and bless'd thou art? He comes again to thee !" The swift ship drops her anchor, A boat puts off for shore; Against its prow The ripples flow To the music of the oar. "And art thou here, mine own, my dear, Safe from the perilous sea? Safe, safe at home, No more to roam ! Blow, tempests, blow; my love has come! And sprinkle the clouds with your dashing foam ! He shall part no more from me." CHARLES MACKAY.

THE WIDOW AND CHILD.

HOME they brought her warrior dead: She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd ery: All her maidens, watching, said, "She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low, Called him worthy to be loved, Truest friend and noblest foe; Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place, Lightly to the warrior stept, Took the face-cloth from the face; Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years, Set his child upon her knee— Like summer tempest came her tears— "Sweet my child, I live for thee." ALFRED TENYISON.

MY CHILD.

I CANNOT make him dead: His fair sunshiny head Is ever bounding round my study-chair; Yet, when my eyes, now dim With tears, I turn to him, The vision vanishes—he is not there!

I walk my parlor floor, And through the open door I hear a footfall on the chamber stair; I'm stepping toward the hall To give the boy a call; And then bethink me that—he is not there !

I thread the crowded street; A satchell'd lad I meet, With the same beaming eyes and color'd hair: And, as he's running by, Follow him with my eye, Scarcely believing that—he is not there!

I know his face is hid Under the coffin-lid; Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead fair; My hand that marble felt; O'er it in prayer I knelt;

Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there!

I cannot *make* him dead! When passing by the bed, So long watch'd over with parental care,

My spirit and my eye Seek it inquiringly,

Before the thought comes that—he is not there!

When, at the cool, gray break Of day, from sleep 1 wake, With my first breathing of the morning air My soul goes up, with joy, To Him who gave my boy,

Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there!

When at the day's calm close,

Before we seek repose,

I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer, Whate'er I may be *saying*, I am, in spirit, praying

For our boy's spirit, though-he is not there!

Not there! Where, then, is he? The form I used to see Was but the *raiment* that he used to wear;

The grave, that now doth press Upon that cast-off dress, Is but his wardrobe lock'd;—he is not

there!

He lives! In all the past He lives; nor, to the last, Of seeing him again will I despair; In dreams I see him now; And, on his angel brow, I see it written, "Thou shalt see me there !"

Yes, we all live to God! Father, thy chastening rod So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,

That, in the spirit-land, Meeting at thy right hand,

'Twill be our heaven to find that—he is there! JOHN PIERPORT.

LUCY.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways Beside the springs of Dove,

A maid whom there were none to praise, And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone Half hidden from the eye;

Fair as a star, when only one Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know When Lucy ceased to be;

But she is in her grave, and, oh,

The difference to me!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THREE YEARS SHE GREW.

THREE years she grew in sun and shower; Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower On earth was never sown;

This child I to myself will take;

She shall be mine, and I will make

A lady of my own.

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

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

To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn, That wild with glee across the lawn Or up the mountain springs; And hers shall be the breathing balm, And hers the silence and the calm Of mute, insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend To her; for her the willow bend: Nor shall she fail to see Even in the motions of the storm Grace that shall mould the maiden's form By silent sympathy.

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

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

Thus Nature spake; the work was done — How soon ny Lucy's race was run ! She died, and left to me This heath, this calm and quict scene, The memory of what has been, And never more will be.

WILLIAM WORLSWORTH.

THE MORNING-GLORY.

WE wreathed about our darling's head The morning-glory bright; Her little face looked out beneath, So full of life and light, So lit as with a sunrise, That we could only say, "She is the morning-glory true, And her poor types are they." So always from that happy time We called her by their name, And very fitting did it seem; For sure as morning came, Behind her cradle-bars she smiled To catch the first faint ray, As from the trellis smiles the flower And opens to the day.

But not so beautiful they rear Their airy cups of blue

As turned her sweet eves to the light, Brimmed with sleep's tender dew : And not so close their tendrils fine Round their supports are thrown As those dear arms whose outstretched plea Clasped all hearts to her own. We used to think how she had come, Even as comes the flower, The last and perfect added gift To crown Love's morning hour: And how in her was imaged forth The love we could not say, As on the little dewdrops round Shines back the heart of day. We never could have thought, O God, That she must wither up Almost before a day was flown, Like the morning-glory's cup; We never thought to see her droop Her fair and noble head. Till she lay stretched before our eves. Wilted, and cold, and dead ! The morning-glory's blossoming Will soon be coming round : We see their rows of heart-shaped leaves Upspringing from the ground ; The tender things the winter killed Renew again their birth, But the glory of our morning Has passed away from earth. O Earth! in vain our aching eves Stretch over thy green plain ! Too harsh thy dews, too gross thine air, Her spirit to sustain ; But up in groves of Paradise Full surely we shall see Our morning-glory beautiful Twine round our dear Lord's knee. MARIA WHITE LOWELL. THE BABE.

NAKED on parent's knees, a new-born child,

Weeping thou sat'st when all around thee smiled:

So live, that, sinking to thy last long sleep, Thou then mayst smile while all around

thee weep. SIR WILLIAM JONES. THE THREE SONS.

- I HAVE a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,
- With eyes of thoughtful earnestness and mind of gentle mould.
- They tell me that unnsnal grace in all his ways appears,
- That my child is grave and wise of heart beyond his childish years.
- I cannot say how this may be; I know his face is fair-
- And yet his chiefest comeliness is his sweet and serious air;
- I know his heart is kind and fond, I know he loveth me,
- But loveth yet his mother more with grateful fervency.

But that which others most admire is the thought which fills his mind--

The food for grave, inquiring speech he everywhere doth find.

Strange questions doth he ask of me when we together walk;

- He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as children talk ;
- Nor cares he much for childish sports, dotes not on bat or ball,
- But looks on manhood's ways and works, and aptly mimics all.
- His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplext
- With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts about the next.
- He kneels at his dear mother's knee; she teacheth him to pray;
- And strange and sweet and solemn then are the words which he will say.
- Oh, should my gentle child be spared to manhood's years, like me,
- A holier and a wiser man I wust that he will be;
- And when I look into his eyes and stroke his thoughtful brow,
- I dare not think what I should feel were I to lose him now.
- I have a son, a second son, a simple child of three;
- I'll not deelare how bright and fair his little features be,

How silver sweet those tones of his when he prattles on my knee;

I know the angels fold him close beneath I do not think his light-blue eye is, like their glittering wings, his brother's, keen, Nor his brow so full of childish thought And soothe him with a song that breathes of heaven's divinest things. as his hath ever been; But his little heart's a fountain pure of I know that we shall meet our babe (his kind and tender feeling. mother dear and 1) And his every look's a gleam of light, rich Where God for aye shall wipe away all depths of love revealing. tears from every eye. When he walks with me, the country folk, Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, his who pass us in the street, bliss can never cease; Their lot may here be grief and fear, but Will shout for joy, and bless my boy, he looks so mild and sweet. his is certain peace. A playfellow is he to all; and yet, with It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls from bliss may sever; cheerful tone, Will sing his little song of love when left But, if our own poor faith fail not, he to sport alone. must be ours for ever. When we think of what our darling is, His presence is like sunshine sent to gladand what we still must beden home and hearth, When we muse on that world's perfect To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten bliss and this world's miseryall our mirth. Should he grow up to riper years, God When we groan beneath this load of sin, grant his heart may prove and feel this grief and pain-As sweet a home for heavenly grace as now Oh, we'd rather lose our other two than for earthly love; have him here again! And if, beside his grave, the tears our JOHN MOULTRIE. aching eyes must dim, WE ARE SEVEN. God comfort us for all the love which we shall lose in him. -A SIMPLE child, I have a son, a third sweet son, his age I That lightly draws its breath, cannot tell, And feels its life in every limb, For they reckon not by years and months What should it know of death? where he is gone to dwell. I met a little cottage girl; To us, for fourteen anxious months, his She was eight years old, she said; infant smiles were given, Her hair was thick with many a curl And then he bade farewell to earth, and That cluster'd round her head. went to live in heaven. I cannot tell what form is his, what looks She had a rustic, woodland air, he weareth now, And she was wildly clad : Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his Her eyes were fair, and very fairshining seraph brow. Her beauty made me glad. The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the "Sisters and brothers, little maid, bliss which he doth feel, Are number'd with the secret things which How many may you be?" "How many? Seven in all," she said, God will not reveal. But I know (for God hath told me this) And wondering look'd at me. that he is now at rest, "And where are they? I pray you tell " Where other blessed infants be-on their She answer'd, "Seven are we; Saviour's loving breast. And two of us at Conway dwell, I know his spirit feels no more this weary And two are gone to sea. load of flesh, But his sleep is bless'd with endless dreams "Two of us in the churchyard lie, of joy for ever fresh, My sister and my brother;

And in the churchyard cottage 4 Dwell near them with my mother."

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

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

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

"Their graves are green, they may be seen," The little maid replied,

"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,

And they are side by side.

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

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

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

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

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

"How many are you, then," said I, "If they two are in Heaven?" The little maiden did reply, "Oh, master, we are seven!" "But they are dead—those two are dead, Their spirits are in Heaven!" 'Twas throwing words away, for still The little maid would have her will, And said, "Nay, we are seven!" WILLIAN WORDSWORTH.

The Mother's Hope.

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

Listen; and be now delighted, Morn hath touch'd her golden strings, Earth and sky their vows have plighted, Life and light are reunited, Amid countless carollings; Yet, delicious as they are, There's a sound that's sweeter far— One that makes the heart reioice

More than all,—the human voice!

Organ, finer, deeper, clearer, Though it be a stranger's tone; Than the winds or waters dearer, More enchanting to the hearer,

For it answereth his own. But of all its witching words, Sweeter than the songs of birds, Those are sweetest, bubbling wild Through the laughter of a child.

Harmonie's from time-touch'd towers, Haunted strains from rivulets, Hum of bees among the flowers, Rustling leaves, and silver showers,—

These ere long the ear forgets; But in mine there is a sound Ringing on the whole year round; Heart-deep laughter that I heard, Ere my child could speak a word.

Ah! 'twas heard by ear far purer, Fondlier form'd to catch the strain— Ear of one whose love is surer; Hers, the mother, the endurer Of the deepest share of pain; Hers the deepest bliss, to treasure Memories of that cry of pleasure; Hers to hoard, a lifetime after, Echoes of that infant laughter.

Yes, a mother's large affection Hears with a mysterious sense; Breathings that evade detection, Whisper faint, and fine inflection,

Thrill in her with power intense. Childhood's honey'd tones untaught Heareth she, in loving thought! Tones that never thence depart, For she listens—with her heart!

LAMAN BLANCHARD.

THE GAMBOLS OF CHILDREN.

Down the dimpled green-sward dancing, Bursts a flaxen-headed bevy-

Bud-lipt boys and girls advancing, Love's irregular little levy.

Rows of liquid eyes in laughter, How they glimmer, how they quiver! Sparkling one another after,

Like bright ripples on a river.

Tipsy band of rubious faces,

Flush'd with Joy's ethereal spirit, Make your mocks and sly grimaces

At Love's self, and do not fear it.

GEORGE DARLEY.

UNDER MY WENDOW.

UNDER my window, under my window, All in the Midsummer weather,

Three little girls with fluttering curls Flit to and fro together :---

There's Bell with her bonnet of satin sheen, And Maud with her mantle of silver green, And Kate with her scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,

Leaning stealthily over,

Merry and clear, the voice I hear, Of each glad-hearted rover.

Ah! sly little Kate, she steals my roses;

And Maud and Bell twine wreaths and posies,

As merry as bees in clover.

Under my window, under my window, In the blue Midsummer weather,

Stealing slow, on a hush'd tip-toe,

I catch them all together :---

Bell with her bonnet of satin sheen, And Mand with her mantle of silver-green, And Kate with the scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window, And off through the orchard closes;

While Maud she flouts, and Bell she pouts, They scamper and drop their posies; But dear little Kate takes naught amiss,

And leaps in my arms with a loving kiss, And I give her all my roses.

THOMAS WESTWOOD.

BOYHOOD.

AH! then how sweetly closed those crowded days!

The minutes parting one by one like rays, That fade upon a summer's eve.

But oh! what charm, or magic numbers Can give me hack the gentle slumbers Those weary, happy days did leave?

When by my bed I saw my mother kneel, And with her blessing took her nightly kiss; Whatever Time destroys, he cannot this— E'en now that nameless kiss I feel.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

Now ponder well, you parents deare, These wordes, which I shall write;

A doleful story you shall heare, In time brought forth to light :

A gentleman of good account In Norfolke dwelt of late.

Who did in honor far surmount Most men of his estate.

Sore sicke he was, and like to dy**e**, No helpe his life could save ; His wife by him as sicke did lye,

And both possest one grave.

No love between these two was lost, Each was to other kinde ;

In love they liv'd, in love they dyed, And left two babes behinde :

The one a fine and pretty boy, Not passing three yeares olde; The other a girl more young than he, And fram'd in beautyes moulde.

The father left his little son,

As plainlye doth appeare, When he to perfect age should come,

Three hundred poundes a yeare.

And to his little daughter Jane Five hundred poundes in gold, To be paid downe on marriage-day, Which might not be controll'd; But if the children chance to dye Ere they to age should come, Their nucle should possesse their wealth, For so the wille did run. Now, brother, said the dying man, Look to my children deare; Be good unto my boy and girl.

No friendes else have they here : To God and you I recommend My children deare this daye ; But little while be sure we have Within this world to staye.

You must be father and mother both, And nucle all in one;

God knowes what will become of them When I am dead and gone.

With that bespake their mother deare, Oh brother kinde, quoth shee,

You are the man must bring our babes To wealth or miserie :

And if you keep them earefully, Then God will you reward; But if you otherwise should deal, God will your deedes regard. With lippes as cold as any stone, They kist their children small: God bless you both, my children deare; With that the teares did fall.

These speeches then their brother spake To this sieke couple there : The keeping of your little ones, Sweet sister, do not feare : God never prosper me nor mine, Nor aught else that I have, If I do wrong your children deare, When you are layd in grave.

The parents being dead and gone, The children home he takes, And bringes them straite unto his house, Where much of them he makes. He had not kept these pretty babes A twelvemonth and a daye,

But, for their wealth, he did devise To make them both awaye. He bargain'd with two ruffians strong. Which were of furious mood, That they should take these children young. And slave them in a wood. He told his wife an artful tale, He would the children send To be brought up in faire Londón. With one that was his friend. Away then went those pretty babes, Rejoyeing at that tide, Rejoycing with a merry minde, They should on cock-horse ride. They prate and prattle pleasantly, As they rode on the wave, To those that should their butchers be, And work their lives decaye: So that the pretty speeche they had, Made Murder's heart relent : And they that undertooke the deed Full sore did now repent. Yet one of them more hard of heart, Did yowe to do his charge, Because the wretch, that bired him, ·Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto, So here they fall to strife; With one another they did fight, About the childrens life: And he that was of mildest mood, Did slaye the other there, Within an unfrequented wood; The babes did quake for feare!

He took the children by the hand, Teares standing in their eye, And bad them straitwaye follow him, And look they did not erye; And two long miles he ledd them on, While they for food complaine : Staye here, quoth he, I'll bring you bread, When I come back againe.•

These pretty babes, with hand in hand, Went wandering up and downe, But never more could see the man Approaching from the towne: Their prettye lippes, with black-berries, Were all besmear'd and dyed, And, when they sawe the darksome night, They sat them downe and ery'd.

Thus wandered these poor innocents, Till deathe did end their grief; In one anothers arms they dyed, As wanting due relief. No burial "this" pretty "pair" Of any man receives, Till Robin-red-breast piously Did cover them with leaves. And now the heavy wrathe of God Upon their uncle fell; Yea, fearfull fiends did haunt his house, His conscience felt an hell. His barnes were fir'd, his goodes consum'd, His landes were barren made ; His cattle dyed within the field, And nothing with him stayd. And in a voyage to Portugal Two of his sonnes did dye; And to conclude, himselfe was brought To want and miserye: He pawn'd and mortgaged all his land Ere seven years came about. And now at length this wicked act Did by this meanes come out : The fellowe, that did take in hand These children for to kill, Was for a robbery judg'd to dye, Such was God's blessed will : Who did confess the very truth, As here hath been display'd : Their uncle having dyed in gaol, Where he for debt was layd. You that executors be made, And overseers eke Of children that be fatherless, And infants mild and meek ; Take you example by this thing, And yield to each his right, Lest God, with such like miserye, Your wicked minds requite. AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

THE CHILD AND THE MOURNERS.

A LITTLE child, beneath a tree, Sat and chanted cheerily A little song, a pleasant song, Which was—she sang it all day long— "When the wind blows the blossoms fall; But a good God reigns over all." There pass'd a lady by the way, Moaning in the face of day: There were tears upon her check, Grief in her heart too great to speak; Her husband died but yester-morn, And left her in the world forlorn.

She stopp'd and listen'd to the child That look'd to heaven, and, singing, smiled; And saw not, for her own despair, Another lady, young and fair,

Who also passing, stopp'd to hear The infant's anthem ringing clear.

For she but few sad days before Had lost the little babe she bore; And grief was heavy at her soul As that sweet memory o'er her stole, And show'd how bright had been the past, The present drear and overcast.

And as they stood beneath the tree Listening, soothed and placidly, A youth came by, whose sunken eyes Spake of a load of miseries; And he, arrested like the twain, Stopp'd to listen to the strain.

Death had bow'd the youthful head Of his bride beloved, his bride unwed; Her marriage robes were fitted on, Her fair young face with blushes shone, When the destroyer smote her low, And changed the lover's bliss to woe.

And these three listen'd to the song, Silver-toned, and sweet, and strong, Which that child, the livelong day, Chanted to itself in play: "When the wind blows the blossoms fall; But a good God reigns over all."

The widow's lips impulsive moved; The mother's grief, though unreproved, Soften'd, as her trembling tongue Repeated what the infant sung; And the sad lover, with a start, Com'd it over to his heart.

And though the child—if child it were, And not a scraph sitting there— Was seen no more, the sorrowing three Went on their way resignedly,

The song still ringing in their ears— Was it music of the spheres?

Who shall tell? They did not know. But in the midst of deepest woe The strain recurr'd, when sorrow grew, To warn them, and console them too: "When the wind blows the blossoms fall; But a good God reigns over all." CREMEN MACKAY.

LUCY GRAY; OR, SOLHTUDE.

OFT I had heard of Lucy Gray; And, when I cross'd the wild, I chanced to see at break of day The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew; She dwelt on a wide moor,— The sweetest thing that ever grew Beside a human door.

You yet may spy the fawn at play, The hare upon the green, But the sweet face of Lucy Gray Will nevermore be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night; You to the town must go, And take a lantern, child, to light Your mother through the snow."

"That, father, will I gladly do; 'Tis scarcely afternoon; The minster clock has just struck two, And yonder is the moon."

At this the father raised his hook, And snapp'd a fagot-band; He plied his work; and Lucy took The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe: With many a wanton stroke Her feet disperse the powdery snow, That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time: She wander'd up and down, And many a hill did Lucy climb, But never reach'd the town.

The wretched parents all that night Went shouting far and wide, But there was neither sound nor sight To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood That overlook'd the moor, And thence they saw the bridge of wood, Λ furlong from their door.

They wept, and turning homeward, cried, "In heaven we all shall meet:" When in the snow the mother spied The print of Lucy's feet.

Half breathless, from the steep hill's edge They track'd the foot-marks small, And through the broken hawthorn-hedge, And by the long stone wall,

And then an open field they cross'd: The marks were still the same; They track'd them on, nor ever lost, And to the bridge they came.

They follow'd from the snowy bank Those foot-marks one by one, Into the middle of the plank, And further there were none.

Yet some maintain that to this day She is a living child; That you may see sweet Lucy Gray Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along, And never looks behind ; And sings a solitary song That whistles in the wind. WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE YOUNG GREY HEAD.

GRIEF hath been known to turn the young head grey—

To silver over in a single day

The bright locks of the beautiful, their prime

Scarely o'erpast: as in the fearful time Of Gallia's madness, that discrowned head Serene, that on the accursed altar bled

Miscall'd of Liberty. Oh, martyr'd queen!

What must the sufferings of that night have been→

That one-that sprinkled thy fair tresses	The mother's will was law (alas for her
o'er With time's untimely snow! But now no	That hapless day, poor soul!). She could not err,
more,	Thought Ambrose; and his little fair-hair'd
Lovely, august, unhappy one! of thee-	Jane
I have to tell an humbler history;	(Her namesake) to his heart he hugg'd
A village tale, whose only charm, in sooth	again,
(If any), will be sad and simple truth.	When each had had her turn ; she elinging so
"Mother," quoth Ambrose to his thrifty dame— So oft our peasant's use his wife to name,	As if that day she could not let him go. But Labor's sons must snatch a hasty bliss In Nature's tend'rest mood. One last fond
"Father" and "Master" to himself applied,	kiss,
As life's grave's duties matronize the bride— "Mother," quoth Ambrose, as he faced the	"God bless my little maids!" the father said,
north, With hard-set teeth, before he issued forth	And cheerly went his way to win their bread.
To his day labor from the cottage door— "I'm thinking that to-night, if not before,	Then might be seen, the playmate parent gone,
There'll be wild work. Dost hear old Chewton*roar?	What looks demure the sister pair put on, Not of the mother as afraid, or shy,
It's brewing up down westward; and look there,	Or questioning the love that could deny; But simply, as their simple training taught
One of those sea-gulls! ay, there goes a pair; And such a sudden thaw! If rain comes on,	In quiet, plain straightforwardness of thought
As threats, the waters will be out anon. That path by th' ford's a nasty bit of way—	(Submissively resign'd the hope of play), Toward the serious business of the day.
Best let the young ones bide from school	Toward the serious business of the day.
to-day."	To me there's something touching, I con- fess,
" Do, mother, do !" the quiek-ear'd urchins cried;	In the grave look of early thoughtfulness, Seen often in some little childish face
Two little lasses to the father's side Close elinging, as they look'd from him, to	Among the poor. Not that wherein we trace
spy The answering language of the mother's	(Shame to our land, our rulers, and our race!)
eye. There was denial, and she shook her head :	The unnatural sufferings of the factory child,
"Nay, nay—no harm will come to them," she said;	But a staid quietness, reflective, mild, Betokening, in the depths of those young
"The mistress lets them off these short dark days	eyes, Sense of life's cares, without its miseries.
An hour the earlier; and our Liz, she says, May quite be trusted—and I know 'tis true—	So to the mother's charge, with thoughtfu brow,
To take care of herself and Jenny too.	The docile Lizzy stood attentive now;
And so she ought-she, seven come first of May-	Proud of her years and of imputed sense, And prudence justifying confidence
Two years the oldest: and they give away	And little Jenny more demurely still,
The Christmas bounty at the school to- day."	Beside her waited the maternal will. So standing hand in hand, a lovelier twain
* A fresh-water spring rushing into the sea, called Chewton Bunny.	Gainsb'rough ne'er painted: no-nor he of Spain,

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Glorious Murillo !—and by contrast shown More beautiful. The younger little one, With large blue eyes, and silken ringlets	Making it irksome to bide all alone By her own quiet hearth. Though never known Ers idle services were Lever Creat
fair, By nut-brown Lizzy, with smooth-parted hair, Sable and glossy as the raven's wing,	For idle gossipry was Jenny Gray, Yet so it was, that morn she could not stay At home with her own thoughts, but took her way
And lustrous eyes as dark.	To her next neighbor's, half a loaf to borrow-
"Now, mind and bring Jenny safe home," the mother said; "don't stay To pull a bough or berry by the way: And when you come to cross the ford, hold	 Yet might her store have lasted out the morrow. —And with the loan obtain'd, she linger'd still— Said she: "My master, if he'd had his will,
fast Your little sister's hand, till you're quite	Would have kept back our little ones from school
past— That plank's so erazy, and so slippery (If not o'erflow'd) the stepping-stones will	This dreadful morning; and I'm such a fool, Since they've been gone, I've wish'd them
be. But you're good children—steady as old folk,	back. But then It won't do in such things to humor men- Our Ambrose especially. If let alone
I'd trust ye anywhere." Then Lizzy's cloak	He'd spoil those wenches. But it's coming on,
(A good gray duffle) lovingly she tied, And amply little Jenny's lack supplied With her own warmest shawl. "Be sure,"	That storm he said was brewing, sure enough. Well, what of that?—To think what idle
said she, "To wrap it round and knot it carefully (Like this) when you come home; just	stuff Will come into one's head! and here with you
leaving free One hand to hold by. Now, make haste away— Good will to school, and then good right	I stop, as if I'd nothing else to do— And they'll come home drown'd rats. I must be gone To get dry things, and set the kettle on."
to play."	His day's work done, three mortal miles
Was there no sinking at the mother's heart, When, all equipt, they turn'd them to de- part? When down the lane, she watch'd them as	and more Lay between Ambrose and his cottage-door. A weary way, God wot! for weary wight! But yet far off, the curling smoke's in sight
they went Till out of sight, was no forefeeling sent Of coming ill? In truth, I cannot tell:	From his own chimney, and his heart feels light. How pleasantly the humble homestead
Such warnings have been sent, we know full well,	stood, Down the green lane by sheltering Shirley
And must believe—believing that they are—	Wood! How sweet the wafting of the evening
In mercy then, to rouse, restrain, prepare.	breeze In spring-time, from his two old cheery-
And, now I mind me, something of the kind	trees Sheeted with blossom! And in hot July,
Did surely haunt that day the mother's mind,	From the brown moor-track, shadowless and dry,

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How grateful the cool covert to regain	Still hail'd him;—from no mortal fowl
Of his own avenue—that shady lane,	alive,
With the white cottage, in a slanting glow	But from the cuckoo-clock just striking
Of sunset glory, gleaming bright below,	five-
And jasmine porch, his rustic portico!	And Tinker's ear and Tinker's nose were keen-
With what a thankful gladness in his face	Off started he, and then a form was seen
(Silent heart-homage-plant of special	Dark'ning the doorway; and a smaller
grace!),	sprite,
At the lane's entrance, slackening oft his	And then another, peer'd into the night,
pace,	Ready to follow free on Tinker's track,
Would Ambrose send a loving look before;	But for the mother's hand that held her
Conceiting the caged blackbird at the	back :
door,	,
The very blackbird, strain'd its little throat	And yet a moment—a few steps—and there, Pull'd o'er the threshold by that eager pair,
In welcome, with a more rejoicing note;	He sits by his own hearth, in his own chair;
And honest Tinker! dog of doubtful breed,	Tinker takes post beside, with eyes that say,
All bristle, back and tail, bnt "good at	"Master, we've done our business for the
need."	day."
Pleasant <i>his</i> greeting to the accustom'd	
ear;	The kettle sings, the cat in chorus purrs,
But of all welcomes, pleasantest, most dear,	The busy honsewife with her tea-things stirs:
The ringing voices, like sweet silver bells,	The door's made fast, the old stuff curtain
Of his two little ones. How fondly swells	drawn,
The father's heart as, dancing up the lane,	How the hail clatters! Let it clatter on.
Each clasps a hand in her small hand	How the wind raves and rattles! What
again;	cares he,
And each must tell her tale, and "say her	Safe housed and warm beneath his own
sav,"	roof-tree,
Impeding as she leads, with sweet delay	With a wee lassie prattling on each knee?
(Childhood's blest thoughtlessness!), his	in the a nee taosie pratting on each knee.
onward way.	Such was the honr-hour sacred and
	apart—
And when the winter day closed in so fast,	Warm'd in expectancy the poor man's
Scarce for his task would dreary daylight	heart.
last;	Summer and winter, as his toil he plied,
And in all weathers-driving sleet and	To him and his the literal doom applied,
· snow—	Pronounced on Adam. But the bread was
Home by that bare, bleak moor-track must	sweet
he go,	So earn'd for such dear mouths. The weary
Darkling and lonely. Oh, the blessed sight	feet
(His pole-star) of that little twinkling light	Hope-shod, stept lightly on the homeward
From one small window, thro' the leafless	way.
trees,	So specially it fared with Ambrose Gray
Glimmering so fitfully, no eye but his	That time I tell of. He had work'd all
Had spied it so far off. And sure was he,	day
Entering the lane, a steadier beam to see,	At a great clearing: vig'rous stroke on
Ruddy and broad as peat-fed hearth could	stroke
pour,	Striking till, when he stopt, his back seem'd
Streaming to meet him from the open door.	broke,
Then, tho' the blackbird's welcome was un-	And the strong arm dropt nerveless. What
heard—	of that?
Silenced by winter—note of summer bird	There was a treasure hidden in his hat-

 A dormouse nest; the living ball coil'd round And hurried question, "Are they come?" was "No." And hurried question, "Are they come?" was "No." And hurried question, "Are they come?" was "No." To throw his tools down, hastily unhook the old crack'd lantern from its dusty nook, and while he lit it, speak a cheering word. That hanost choked him, and was scarcely heard, Was but a moment's act, and he was gone To where a fearful foresight led him on. Twas a wild evening—wild and rough, "I knew," Thonght Ambrose, "those unlucky gulls spoke true— And Gaffer Chewton never growls for nanght— I should be mortal 'mazed now, if I thought My little maids were not safe housed befor frat blinding hall-storm—ay, this hour and more.— Unless, by that old crazy bit of board, They've not pass'd dry-foot over Shallow, ford, That I'll be bound for—swollen as it must be? But, checking the half-thought as heresy, the look? dut for the Home-star. Three it ishone, And with a gladden'd heart he hasten'd on. He's in the lane again—and there below, Streams from the open doorway that red glow, Which warms him but to look at. For his prize. Cautious he feels—all safe and snug it lies. The thing thou sniffest is no game for thee tu whit's the meaning?—no lookout to night! No living son al stir! Pary God all's right! Who's fittering round the pactstack in such weather? Mother.", you might have fell'd him with a feather 	A plaything for the young ones. He had found	When the short answer to his loud "Hillo!"
 For his long winter sleep; and all his thought As he trudged stoutly homeward, was of naught But the glad wonderment in Jenny's eyes, and graver, Eizzy's quicter surprise. When he should yield by guess, and kiss, and prayer, Hard won, the frozen captive to their care. Twas a wild evening—wild and rough. "I knew." Thas a wild evening—wild and rough. "I knew." Thought Ambrose, "those unlucky gults spoke true— "I knew." Thought Ambrose, "those unlucky gults spoke true— Thought Ambrose, "those unlucky gults spok	· · · · ·	
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 But the glad wonderment in Jenny's eyes, And graver Lizzy's quieter surprise. When he should yield by guess, and kiss, and prayer, Hard won, the fozen captive to their care. "Twas a wild evening—wild and rough. "I knew," Thonght Ambrose, "those unlucky gulls spoke true— I should be mortal 'mazed now, if I thought My little maids were not safe housed before That blinding hail-storm—ay, this hour and more.— I should be mortal 'mazed now, if I thought My little maids were not safe housed before That blinding hail-storm—ay, this hour and more.— I wheely if my mistress had been ruled by me" But, checking the half-thought as heresy, He look'd out for the Home-star. There it shone, And with a gladden'd heart he hasten'd on. He's in the lane again—and there below, Streams from the open doorway that red glow, He's in the lane again—and there below, pirze Cautious he feels—all safe and snug it lies— "Down, Tinker1—down, old boy!—not quite so free— The thing thou sniffest is no game for thee But what's the meaning?—no lookout to night! No living soul astir! Pray God all's right! Mother!" you might have fell'd him with Mother?" you might have fell'd him with 	· · ·	
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Down yonder. There's the dog—and hark!" "Oh dear!"	Too well obey'd—too fast! A fatal hold Affording to the scrag by a thick fold That caught and pinn'd her in the river's
And a low sob came faintly on the ear,	bed,
Mock'd by the sobbing gust. Down, quick as thought,	While through the reckless water over head
Into the stream leapt Ambrose, where he caught	Her life-breath bubbled up. "She might have lived,
Fast hold of something—a dark huddled heap	Struggling like Lizzy," was the thought that rived
Half in the water, where 'twas scarce knee- deep,	The wretched mother's heart when she knew all,
For a tall man; and half above it, propp'd	"But for my foolishness about that shawl-
By some old ragged side-piles that had stopt	And master would have kept them back the day;
Endways the broken plank, when it gave way	But I was wilful—driving them away In such wild weather !"
With the two little ones that luckless day!	. Thus the tortured heart
"My babes !my lambkins !" was the	Unnaturally against itself takes part,
father's cry.	Driving the sharp edge deeper of a woc
One little voice made answer, "Here am I."	Too deep already. They had raised her
'Twas Lizzy's. There she crouch'd, with	now,
face as white,	And parting the wet ringlets from her
More ghastly, by the flickering lantern- light,	brow,
Than sheeted corpse. The pale blue lips,	To that, and the cold cheek, and lips as cold,
drawn tight,	The father glued his warm ones, ere they
Wide parted, showing all the pearly teeth,	roll'd
And eyes on some dark object underneath,	Once more the fatal shawl-her winding-
Wash'd by the turbid water, fix'd like	sheet-
stone-	About the precious clay. One heart still
One arm and hand stretch'd out, and rigid	beat,
grown, Grasping, as in the death-gripe—Jenny's	Warm'd by his heart's blood. To his only child
frock.	He turn'd him, but her piteous moaning
There she lay drown'd. Could he sustain	mild
that shock, The doating father? Where's the unriven	Pierced him afresh—and now she knew him not.—
rock	"Mother !"-she murmur'd-" who says I
Can bide such blasting in its flintiest part	forgot?
As that soft sentient thing—the human heart?	Mother ! indeed, indeed, I kept fast hold, And tied the shawl quite close—she can't
'They lifted her from out her wat'ry bed—	he cold— But she won't move—we slipt—I don't
Its covering gone, the lovely little head	know how-
Hung like a broken snowdrop all aside,	But I held on-and I'm so weary now-
And one small hand. The mother's shawl	And it's so dark and cold ! oh dear ! oh dear !
was tied,	
Leaving that free, about the child's small form,	And she won't move—if daddy was but here !"
As was her last injunction—"fast and warm"—	Poor lamb—she wander'd in her mind, 'twas clear—
4	

But soon the pitcous murmur died away,	THE LITTLE BLACK BOY.
And quiet in her father's arms she lay— They their dead burthen had resign'd, to take	My mother hore me in the southern wild, And I am black, but, oh, my soul is
The living so near lost. For her dear sake, And one at home, he arm'd himself to hear His misery like a man—with tender care,	white ! White as an angel is the English child, But I am black, as if bereaved of light.
Doffing his coat her shivering form to fold— (His neighbor bearing <i>that</i> which felt no cold.)	My mother taught me underneath a tree; And, sitting down before the heat of day,
He clasp'd her close—and so, with little said,	She took me on her lap and kissèd me, And, pointing to the East, began to say:
Homeward they bore the living and the dead.	"Look on the rising sun: there God does live,
From Ambrose Gray's poor cottage, all that night,	And gives his light, and gives his heat away,
Shone fitfully a little shifting light, Above—below:—for all were watchers there.	And flowers, and trees, and beasts, and men, receive Comfort in morning, joy in the noon-
Save one sound sleeper.—Her, parental care,	day. "And we are put on earth a little space,
Parental watchfulness, avail'd not now. But in the young survivor's throbbing brow,	That we may learn to bear the beams of love;
And wandering eyes, delirious fever burn'd; And all night long from side to side she	And these black bodies and this sunburnt face Are but a cloud, and like a shady grove.
turn'd, Piteously plaining like a wounded dove,	"For, when our souls have learn'd the heat
With now and then the murmur—"She won't move"— And lo! when morning, as in mockery,	to bear, The clond will vanish, we shall hear His voice
bright Shone on that pillow, passing strange the	Saying: 'Come from the grove, my love and care,
sight— That young head's raven hair was streak'd with white !	And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice.'"
No idle fiction this. Such things have been	Thus did my mother say, and kissed me, And thus I say to little English boy.
We know. And now I tell what I have seen. Life struggled long with death in that	When I from black, and he from white cloud free, And round the tent of God like lambs
small frame, But it was strong, and conquer'd. All be- came	we joy,
As it had been with the poor family— All—saving that which never more might	I'll shade him from the heat, till he can hear To lean in joy upon our Father's knee;
be— There was an empty place—they were but three.	And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,
CAROLINE BOWLES SOUTHEY.	And be like him, and he will then love me. WILLIAM BLAKE.

THE BLIND BOY.	"And why should I speak low, sailor,
OH, say what is that thing call'd Light,	About my own boy John?
Which I must ne'er enjoy?	If I was loud as I am proud
What are the blessings of the sight,	I'd sing him over the town!
Oh, tell your poor hlind boy !	Why should I speak low, sailor?" "That good ship went down."
You talk of wondrous things you see,	"How's my boy-my boy?
You say the sun shines bright;	What care I for the ship, sailor,
I feel him warm, but how can he	I was never aboard her?
Or make it day or night?	Be she afloat or be she aground,
My day or night myself I make	Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound
Whene'er I sleep or play;	Her owners can afford her!
And could I ever keep awake	I say, how's my John?"
With me 'twere always day.	"Every man on board went down,
	Every man aboard her."
With heavy sighs I often hear	"How's my boy-my boy?
You mourn my hapless woe;	What care I for the men, sailor?
But sure with patience I can bear A loss I ne'er can know.	I'm not their mother—
A loss I he er can know.	How's my boy-my boy?
Then let not what I cannot have	Tell me of him and no other !
My cheer of mind destroy;	How's my boy-my boy?"
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,	SYDNEY DOBELL.
Although a poor blind boy.	
Colley Cibber.	The Night Before Christmas.
Hows MY Boy?	Thurse the wight before Christman when
(II.o. asiles of the seal	'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
'Ho, sailor of the sca! How's my boy—my boy?''	Not a creature was stirring, not even a
"What's your boy's name, good wife,	mouse;
And in what good ship sailed he?"	The stockings were hung by the chimney
The in what good ship sailed he.	with care,
'My boy John—	Iu hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be
He that went to sea-	there;
What care I for the ship, sailor?	The children were nestled all snug in their
My boy's my boy to me.	beds,
You come back from sea,	While visions of sugar-plums danced
And not know my John?	through their heads;
I might as well have ask'd some lands-	And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my
man	cap,
Yonder down in the town.	Had just settled our brains for a long win-
There's not an ass in all the parish	ter's nap,
But knows my John	When out on the lawn there arose such a
How's my how my how?	clatter, I sprang from my bed to see what was the
'How's my boy—my boy? And unless you let me know,	matter.
I'll swear you are no sailor,	Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Blue jacket or no,	Tore open the shutters and threw up the
Brass buttons or no, sailor,	sash.
Anchor and crown or no!	The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen
Sure his ship was the 'Jolly Briton'"-	snow,
Speak low, woman, speak low!"	Gave a lustre of mid-day to objects below :

When what to my wondering eyes should	He had a broad face and a little round
appear,	belly
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny	That shook, when he laugh'd, like a bowl
reindeer,	full of jelly.
With a little old driver, so lively and	He was chubby and plump-a right jolly
quick,	old elf—
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.	And I laugh'd when I saw him, in spite
More rapid than eagles his coursers they	of myself.
came,	A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head.
And he whistled, and shouted, and call'd	Soon gave me to know I had nothing to
them by name:	dread.
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Pran-	He spake not a word, hut went straight to
cer! now, Vixen!	his work,
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and	And filled all the stockings; then turn'd
Blitzen !—	with a jerk,
To the top of the porch, to the top of the	And laying his finger aside of his nose,
wall!	And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all !"	He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave
As dry leaves that hefore the wild hurri-	a whistle,
cane fly,	And away they all flew like the down of a
When they meet with an obstacle, mount	thistle;
to the sky,	But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out
So, up to the house-top the coursers they	of sight,
flew,	"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nieh-	good-night!" CLEMENT C. MOORE.
olas too.	
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof	
The prancing and pawing of each little	The Piper,
1 0 1 0	1110 1 11
hoof.	
hoof. As I drew in my head, and was turning	PIPING down the valleys wild,
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CASTLES IN THE AIR.	THE QUAKER WIDOW.
THE bonnie, bonnie bairn, who sits poking	THEE finds me in the garden, Hannah,
in the ase,	To wait until the Friends were gone, who
Glowering in the fire with his wee round face;	came to comfort me.
Laughing at the fuffin' lowe, what sees he	The still and quiet company a peace may
there?	give, indeed,
Ha! the young dreamer's bigging castles	But blessed is the single heart that comes
in the air.	to us at need.
His wee chubby face and his tonzie curly	
pow,	Come, sit thee down! Here is the bench
Are laughing and nodding to the dancing	where Benjamin would sit
lowe; He'll brown his rosy cheeks, and singe his	On the First-day afternoons in spring, and
sunny hair,	watch the swallows flit;
Glowering at the imps wi' their castles in	He loved to smell the sprouting box, and hear the pleasant bees
the air.	Go humming round the lilacs and through
	the apple trees.
He sees muckle castles towering to the	
moon!	I think he loved the spring: not that he
He sees little sogers pu'ing them a' doun ! Worlds whombling up and down, bleezing	cared for flowers; most men
wi'a flare,	Think such things foolishness,-but we
See how he loups! as they glimmer in the	were first acquainted then,
air.	One spring: the next he spoke his mind;
For a'sae sage he looks, what can the laddie	the third I was his wife,
ken?	And in the spring (it happen'd so) our
He's thinking upon naething, like mony	children enter'd life.
mighty men, A wee thing maks us think, a sma' thing	
maks us stare,	He was but seventy-five: I did not think
There are mair folk than him bigging	to lay him yet In Kennett graveyard, where at Monthly
castles in the air.	Meeting first we met.
	The Father's mercy shows in this: 'tis
Sic a night in winter may weel mak him	hetter I should be
cauld:	Pick'd out to bear the heavy cross-alone
His chin upon his buffy hand will soon mak him auld;	in age—than he.
His brow is brent sae braid, oh, pray that	
daddy Care	We've lived together fifty years: it seems
Would let the wean alane wi' his castles in	hut one long day,
the air.	One quiet Sabbath of the heart, till he was
He'll glower at the fire! and he'll keek at	call'd away; And as we bring from "Meeting-time a
the light!	sweet contentment home,
But mony sparkling stars are swallow'd up	So, Hannah, I have store of peace for all
by night; Aulder een than his are glamour'd by a	the days to come.
glare,	
Hearts are broken, heads are turn'd, wi'	I mind (for I can tell thee now) how hard

castles in the air. ***

JAMES BALLANTYNE.

- ah,---
- who
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- or all
- it was to know
- If I had heard the Spirit right, that told me I should go;

- mind that day.
- But mother spoke for Benjamin,-she knew what best to say.
- Then she was still: they sat a while: at last she spoke again.
- "The Lord incline thee to the right !" and "Thou shalt have him, Jane!"
- My father said. I cried. Indeed, 'twas not the least of shocks,
- For Benjamin was Hicksite, and father Orthodox.
- I thought of this ten years ago, when daughter Ruth we lost:
- Her husband's of the world, and yet I could not see her cross'd.
- She wears, thee knows, the gavest gowns. she hears a hireling priest-
- Ah, dear! the cross was ours: her life's a happy one, at least.
- Perhaps she'll wear a plainer dress when she's as old as I.-
- Would thee believe it, Hannah? once I felt temptation nigh!
- My wedding-gown was ashen silk, too simple for my taste:
- I wanted lace around the neck, and a ribbon at the waist.
- How strange it seem'd to sit with him upon the women's side !
- I did not dare to lift my eyes : I felt more fear than pride,
- Till, "in the presence of the Lord," he said, and then there came
- A holy strength upon my heart, and I could say the same.
- I used to blush when he came near, but then I'show'd no sign;
- With all the meeting looking on, I held his hand in mine.
- It seem'd my bashfulness was gone, now I was his for life:
- Thee knows the feeling, Hannah,--thee, too, hast been a wife.
- As home we rode, I saw no fields look half so green as ours;
- The woods were coming into leaf, the meadows full of flowers;

- For father had a deep concern upon his | The neighbors met us in the lane, and every face was kind,---
 - 'Tis strange how lively everything comes back upon my mind.
 - I see, as plain as thee sits there, the wedding-dinner spread :
 - At our own table we were guests, with father at the head.
 - And Dinah Passmore help'd us both-'twas she stood up with me,
 - And Abner Jones with Benjamin,-and now they're gone, all three!
 - It is not right to wish for death; the Lord disposes best.
 - His Spirit comes to quiet hearts, and fits them for His rest:
 - And that He halved our little flock was merciful. I see:
 - For Benjamin has two in heaven, and two are left with me.
 - Eusebius never cared to farm,-'twas not his call, in truth,
 - And I must rent the dear old place, and go to daughter Ruth.
 - Thee'll say her ways are not like mine,young people now-a-days
 - Have fallen sadly off, I think, from all the good old ways.
 - But Ruth is still a Friend at heart; she keeps the simple tongue,
 - The cheerful, kindly nature we loved when she was young;
 - And it was brought upon my mind, remembering her, of late,
 - That we on dress and outward things perhaps lay too much weight.
 - I once heard Jesse Kersey say, a spirit clothed with grace,
 - And pure, almost, as augels are, may have a homely face.
 - And dress may be of less account: the Lord will look within:
 - The soul it is that testifies of righteousness or sin.
 - Thee mustn't be too hard on Ruth: she's anxious I should go,
 - And she will do her duty as a daughter should, I know.

'Tis hard to change so late in life, but we must be resign'd:	So have I seen (who has not, may con- ceive)
The Lord looks down contentedly upon a	A lifeless phantom near a garden placed ;
willing mind.	So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,
BAYARD TAYLOR.	Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast;
	They start, they stare, they wheel, they
The Schoolmistress.	look aghast :
	Sad servitude ! such comfortless annoy
AH me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,	May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste !
To think how modest worth neglected	Ne superstition elog his dance of joy,
lies;	Ne vision empty, vain, his native bliss
While partial fame doth with her blasts adorn	destroy.
Such deeds alone as pride and pomp	Near to this dome is found a patch so
disguise;	green,
Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous em-	On which the tribe their gambols do
prize:	display;
Lend me thy clarion, goddess! let me try	And at the door imprising board is seen,
To sound the praise of merit, ere it dies;	Lest weakly wights of smaller size
Such as I oft have chanced to espy,	should stray,
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.	Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day !
T 111 111 111 1111 1	The noises intermix'd, which thence re-
In every village mark'd with little spire, Embower'd in trees, and hardly known	sound,
to fame,	Do learning's little tenement betray :
There dwells in lowly shed, and mean at-	Where sits the dame, disguised in look profound,
tire.	And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her
A matron old, whom we schoolmistress	wheel around.
name;	
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to	Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
tame;	Emblem right meet of decency does
They grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,	yield;
Awed by the pow'r of this relentless dame;	Her apron dyed in grain, as blue, I trow, As is the harebell that adorns the
And off-times, on vagaries idly bent,	field:
For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are	And in her hand, for sceptre, she does
sorely shent.	wield
·	Tway birchen sprays; with anxious fear
And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,	entwined,
Which learning near her little dome did	With dark distrust, and sad repentance
stow; Whilom a twig of small regard to see,	fill'd;
Tho' now so wide its waving branches	And steadfast hate, and sharp affliction
flow :	join'd,
And work the simple vassals mickle woe;	And fury uncontroll'd and chastisement unkind.
For not a wind might curl the leaves that	unkind.
blew,	Few but have kenn'd, in semblance meet
But their limbs shudder'd and their pulse	portray'd,
beat low;	The childish faces of old Eol's train;
And as they look'd they found their horror	Libs, Notus, Auster; these in frowns ar-
grew, And shaped it into rods, and tingled at the	ray'd, How then would fore or corth or shu
view.	How then would fare or earth, or sky, or main,
	or mann,

- Were the stern god to give his slaves the rein?
- And were not she rebellious breasts to quell,
 - And were not she her statutes to maintain,
- The cot no more, I ween, were deem'd the cell,
- Where comely peace of mind and decent order dwell.
- A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown;
- A russet kirtle fenced the nipping air ; 'Twas simple russet, but it was her own ;
 - 'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair;
 - 'Twas her own labor did the fleece prepare ;
- And, sooth to say, her pupils, ranged around,
 - Through pious awe, did term it passing rare;

For they in gaping wonderment abound,

And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground.

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth, Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;

- Goody, good woman, gossip, n' aunt, forsooth,
 - Or dame, the sole additions she did hear; .
 - Yet these she challenged, these she held right dear:
- Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,
 - Who should not honor'd eld with these revere;

For never title yet so mean could prove,

But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed, The plodding pattern of the busy dame, Which ever and anon, impell'd by need,

- Into her school, begirt with chickens, came:
- Such favor did her past deportment claim:
- And, if neglect had lavish'd on the ground

- Fragment of bread, she would collect the same,
- For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
- What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.
- Herbs, too, she knew, and well of cach could speak
 - That in her garden sipp'd the silv'ry dew,
- Where no vain flow'r disclosed a gaudy streak;

But herbs for use and physic, not a few,

Of gray renown, within those borders grew:

The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,

Fresh balm, and marygold of cheerful hue.

The lowly gill, that never dares to climb;

And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,

- That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around;
- And pungent radish, biting infant's tongue, And plantain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's wound,
 - And marj'ram sweet, in shepherd's posie fonnd,

And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom Shall be erewhile in arid bundles bound,

To lurk amidst the labors of her loom,

And crown her kerchiefs clean with mickle rare perfume.

- And here trim rosemarine, that whilom crown'd
 - The daintiest garden of the proudest peer,

Ere, driven from its envied site, it found A sacred shelter for its branches here;

- Where, edged with gold, its glitt'ring skirts appear.
- Oh, wassel days! oh, customs meet and well!
 - Ere this was banish'd from his lofty sphere:

Simplicity then songht this humble cell,

Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling dwell.

- Some with vile copper prize exalt on high, Here off the dame, on Sabbath's decent And some entice with pittance small of eve. Hymnèd such psalms as Sternhold forth praise: And other some with baneful sprig she did mete: If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did 'frays: cleave. Ev'n absent, she the reins of power doth But in her garden found a summerhold. While with quaint arts the giddy crowd seat: Sweet melody ! to hear her then repeat she swavs Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks be-How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king, While taunting foemen did a song enhold. 'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene treat, unfold All, for the nonce, untuning ev'ry string, Uphung their useless lyres; small heart Lo now with state she utters the command! had they to sing. Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair; For she was just, and friend to virtuous Their books of stature small they take in lore. hand. Which with pellucid horn secured are; And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed, To save from fingers wet the letters fair : And in those elfins' ears would oft deplore The work so gay, that on their back is seen, The times when truth by popish rage St. George's high achievements does deelare : did bleed. And tortuous death was true devotion's On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been, meed. Kens the forthcoming rod, unpleasing sight, I ween! And simple faith in iron chains did mourn, That nould on wooden image placed her Ah, luckless he, and born beneath the creed. beam And lawny saints in smould'ring flames did Of evil star! it irks me whilst I write! burn; As erst the bard by Mulla's silver stream. Ah! dearest Lord, forfend thilk days should Oft, as he told of deadly dolorous plight, e'er return ! Sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears In elbow-chair, like that of Scottish stem, indite. By the sharp tooth of eank'ring eld de-For, brandishing the rod, she doth begin faced. To loose the brogues, the stripling's late In which, when he receives his diadem, delight! Our sov'reign prince and liefest liege is And down they drop; appears his dainty placed. skin. The matron sate; and some with rank Fair as the furry coat of whitest ermilin. she graced Oh, ruthful scene! when from a nook ob-(The source of children's and of courscure tiers' pride), His little sister doth his peril see; Redress'd affronts, for vile affronts there All playful as she sate, she grows demure; pass'd, She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee; And warn'd them not the fretful to de-She meditates a pray'r to set him free; ride. Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny But love each other dear, whatever them (If gentle pardon could with dames betide.
- Right well she knew each temper to descry ; To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise;
- agree)

To her sad grief that swells in either eye,

And wrings her so that all for pity she could die.

- No longer can she now her shrieks command;
 - And hardly she forbears, through awful fear,
- To rushen forth, and, with presumptuous hand,
 - To stay hard justice in its mid career.
 - On thee she calls, on thee her parent dear!
- (Ah! too remote to ward the shameful blow!)
 - She sees no kind domestic visage near,
- And soon a flood of tears begins to flow;
- And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.
- But, ah! what pen his pitcous plight may trace?
 - Or what device his loud laments explain?

The form uncouth of his disguised face? The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain? The plenteous shower that does his cheek disdain?

- When he in abject-wise implores the dame.
 - Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain;
- Or when from high she levels well her aim,
- And, through the thatch, his cries each falling stroke proclaim.
- The other tribe aghast, with sore dismay, Attend, and con their tasks with mickle care:
- By turns, astonied, ev'ry twig survey,
 - And, from their fellow's hateful wounds, beware;
 - Knowing, I wist, how each the same may share;
- Till fear has taught them a performance meet,
 - And to the well-known chest the dame repair;
- Whence oft with sugar'd eates she doth 'em greet,
- And ginger-bread y-rare; now, certes, doubly sweet!
- See to their seats they hie with merry glee,
 - And in beseemly order sitten there;

- All but the wight of bum y-gallèd; he Abhorreth bench, and stool, and form,
- and chair
- (This hand in mouth y-fix'd, that rends his hair);
- And eke with snubs profound, and heaving breast,
- Convulsions intermitting ! does declare
- His grievous wrongs; his dame's unjust behest,
- And scorns her offer'd love, and shuns to he caress'd.
- His face besprent with liquid crystal shines, His blooming face that seems a purple flow'r
- Which low to earth its drooping head declines,
 - All smear'd and sullied by a vernal show'r.
- Oh, the hard bosoms of despotic pow'r!
- All, all, but she, the author of his shame,
- All, all, but she, regret this mournful hour:
- Yet hence the youth, and hence the flow'r shall claim,
- If so I deem aright, transcending worth and fame.
- Behind some door, in melancholy thought, Mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff! pines;
- Ne for his fellows' joyaunce careth aught,
- But to the wind all merriment rcsigns;
- And deems it shame if he to peace inclines;
- And many a sullen look askance is sent,
- Which for his dame's annoyance he designs;
- And still the more to pleasure him she's bent,
- The more doth he, perverse, her 'havior past resent.
- Ah, me! how much I fear lest pride it be!
 - But if that pride it he, which thus inspires,
- Beware, ye dames, with nice discernment see
 - Ye quench not too the sparks of nobler fires:

Ah, hetter far than all the muses' lyres, All coward arts, is valor's gen'rous heat;	Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your sportive trade,
The firm fixt breast which fit and right requires,	And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flow'rs;
Like Vernon's patriot soul; more justly great	For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid;
Than craft that pimps for ill, or flow'ry false deceit.	For never may ye taste more careless hours
Yet, nursed with skill, what dazzling fruits appear! Ev'n now sagacious foresight points to show	In knightly castles, or in ladies' bow'rs. Oh, vain to seek delight in earthly thing ! But most in courts where proud ambi- tion tow'rs;
A little bench of heedless bishops here !	Deluded wight, who weens fair peace can
And there a chancellor in embryo, Or bard sublime, if hard may c'er be so, As Milton, Shakespeare, names that ne'er	spring Beneath the pompous dome of kesar or of king.
shall die ! Though now he crawl along the ground	See in each sprite some various bent appear! These rudely carol most incondite lay;
so low, Nor weeting how the muse should soar on	Those sauntering on the green, with jocund leer
high, Wisheth, poor starv'ling elf! his paper	Salute the stranger passing on his way; Some builden fragile tenements of clay;
kite may fly.	Some to the standing lake their courses
And this perhaps, who censuring the design,	bend, With pebbles smooth at duck and drake
Low lays the house which that of cards	to play; Thilk to the huxter's sav'ry cottage tend,
doth build, Shall Dennis be! if rigid fates incline,	In pastry kings and queens th' allotted
And many an epie to his rage shall yield; And many a poet quit th' Aonian field;	mite to spend. Here, as each season yields a different
And, sour'd by age, profound he shall	store,
appear, As he who now with 'sdainful fury	Each season's stores in order rangèd been;
thrill'd, Surveys mine work; and levels many a	Apples with cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er, Galling full sore th' unmoney'd wight,
sneer,	are seen;
And furls his wrinkly front, and eries, "What stuff is here?"	And goose-b'rie clad in liv'ry red or green;
But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle sky, And liberty unbars her prison-door;	And here of lovely dye, the cath'rine pear, Fine pear! as lovely for thy juice I ween.
And like a rushing torrent out they fly,	Oh, may no wight e'er penniless come there,
And now the grassy cirque han cover'd o'cr	Lest smit with ardent love he pine with hopeless care!
With hoist'rous revel-rout and wild uproar;	See ! cherries here, cre cherries yet abound,
A thousand ways in wanton rings they run, Heav'n shield their short-lived pastimes	With thread so white in tempting posies tied,
I implore For well may freedom, erst so dearly won,	Scattering like blooming maid their glances round,
Appear to British elf more gladsome than	With pamper'd look draw little eyes
the sun	aside;

And must be bought, though penury betide.

- The plum all azure, and the nut all brown,
 - And here each season do those cakes abide,
- Whose honor'd names th' inventive city own,
- Rend'ring through Britain's isle Salopia's praises known.
- Admired Salopia! that with venial pride Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave,
- Famed for her loyal cares in perils tried,
 - Her daughters lovely and her striplings brave :
 - Ah! midst the rest, may flowers adorn his grave,
- Whose art did first these dulcet cates display!
 - A motive fair to learning's imps he gave,
- Who cheerless o'er her darkling region stray;

Till reason's morn arise, and light them on their way.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

THE CHILDREN.

WHEN the lessons and tasks are all ended, And the school for the day is disniss'd, And the little ones gather around me, To bid me good-night and be kiss'd: Oh, the little white arms that encircle My neck in a tender embrace! Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven, Shedding sunshine of love on my face ! And when they are gone I sit dreaming Of ny childhood, too lovely to last: Of love that my heart will remember When it wakes to the pulse of the past, Ere the world and its wickedness made me

A partner of sorrow and sin; When the glory of God was about me, And the glory of gladness within,

- Oh! my heart grows as weak as a woman's, And the fountains of feeling will flow,
- When I think of the paths steep and stony, Where the feet of the dear ones must go;

- Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
- Of the tempest of fate blowing wild ;
- Oh ! there is nothing on earth half so holy As the innocent heart of a child.

They are idols of hearts and of households; They are angels of God in disguise;

- His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses, His glory still beams in their eves.
- Oh! those truants from home and from heaven,
- They have made me more manly and mild,

And I know how Jesus could liken The kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones, All radiant, as others have done,

- But that life may have just enough shadow To temper the glare of the sun :
- I would pray God to guard them from evil, But my prayer would bound back to myself;
- Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner, But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,

I have banish'd the rule and the rod;

- I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
 - They have taught me the goodness of God;

My heart is a dungeon of darkness,

Where I shut them from breaking a rule;

My frown is sufficient correction; My love is the law of the school.

- I shall leave the old home in the autumn, To traverse its threshold no more;
- Ah ! how shall I sigh for the dear ones That meet me each morn at the door !
- I shall miss the "good-nights" and the kisses,

And the gush of their innocent glee, The group on the green, and the flowers

- That are brought every morning to me.
- I shall miss them at morn and at eve, Their song in the school and the street;

I shall miss the low hum of their voices, And the tramp of their delicate feet.

POETRY OF HOME AND CHILDHOOD. 61		
 When the lessons and tasks are all ended, And Death says, "The school is dis- miss'd !" May the little ones gather around me, To bid me good-night, and be kiss'd ! CHARLES M. DICKINSON. THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN. Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers, Ere the sorrow comes with years ? They are leaning their young heads against their mothers, And that cannot stop their tears. The young lambs are bleating in the meadows, The young birds are chirping in the nest, The young fawns are playing with the shadows, 	 "Your old earth," they say, "is very dreary, Our young feet," they say, "are very weak; Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—Our grave-rest is very far to seek: Ask the aged why they weep, and not the children, For the outside earth is cold, And we young ones stand without, in our bewildering, And the graves are for the old. "True," say the children, "it may bappen That we die before our time: Little Alice died last year, her grave is shapen Like a snowball, in the rime. We looked into the pit prepared to take her: Was no room for any work in the close clay! 	
The young flowers are blowing toward the west— But the young, young children, O my brothers, They are weeping bitterly!	 From the sleep wherein she lieth none will wake her, Crying, 'Get up little Alice! it is day.' If you listen by that grave, in sun and shower, 	
They are weeping in the playtime of the others, In the country of the free.	With your ear down, little Alice never crics; Could we see her face, be sure we should not know her,	
Do you question the young children in their sorrow Why their tears are falling so? The old man may weep for his to-morrow Which is lost in Long Ago; The old tree is leafless in the forest, The old year is ending in the frost, The old yound, if stricken, is the sorest, The old hope is hardest to be lost:	 For the smile has time for growing in her eyes: And merry go her moments, lull'd and still'd in The shroud by the kirk-chime. It is good when it happens," say the children, "That we die before our time." 	
But the young, young children, O my brothers, Do you ask them why they stand Weeping sore before the bosoms of their mothers, In our happy Fatherland?	 Alas, alas, the children! they are seeking Death in life, as best to have: They are binding up their hearts away from breaking, With a cerement from the grave. Go out, children, from the mine and from the city, 	
They look up with their pale and sunken faces, And their looks are sad to see, For the man's hoary anguish draws and presses Down the cheeks of infancy;	 Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do; Pluck your handfuls of the meadow-cow- slips pretty, Langh aloud, to feel your fingers let them through ! 	

But they answer, "Are your cowslips of	Let t
the meadows Like our weeds a-near the mine?	Th
Leave us quiet in the dark of the coal-	1 110
shadows,	Still,
From your pleasures fair and fine !	0
"For oh," say the children, "we are weary,	And
And we cannot run or leap;	s
If we cared for any meadows, it were	~
merely	3.7
To drop down in them and sleep. Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping,	Now
We fall upon our faces, trying to go;	. T
And, underneath our heavy eyelids droop-	So th
ing,	
The reddest flower would look as pale as	1
• snow.	They
For all day we drag our burden tiring Through the coal-dark, underground;	WI
Or all day we drive the wheels of iron	
In the factories, round and round.	When
((T))) has the subself and duration turn	
"For all day the wheels are droning, turn- ing;	Pas
Their wind comes in our faces,	And
Till our hearts turn, our heads with pulses	
burning,	£
And the walls turn in their places : Turns the sky in the high window blank	Is it l
and reeling,	3
Turns the long light that drops adown	
the wall,	
Turn the black flies that crawl along the	"Two
ceiling, All are turning, all the day, and we with	,
all.	' Our
And all day the iron wheels are droning,	
And sometimes we could pray,	1
'O ye wheels' (breaking out in a mad	We
moaning) 'Stop! be silent for to-day!'"	An
Stop : be shent for to-day :	
Ay, be silent ! Let them hear each other	God
breathing	A
For a moment, mouth to mouth ! Let them touch each other's hands, in a	An
fresh wreathing	' Our
Of their tender human youth !	
Let them feel that this cold metallic mo-	(
tion Is not all the life God fashions or rc-	Ansv
is not all the me trou fashions of re-	

veals;

That they live in you, or under you, O wheels!

And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,

Spin on blindly in the dark.

Now tell the poor young children, O my brothers,

To look up to Him and pray;

So the blessed One who blesseth all the others,

Will bless them another day.

- They answer, "Who is God, that He should hear us,
- While the rushing of the iron wheels is stirr'd?
- When we sob aloud, the human creatures near us
 - Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a word.

And we hear not (for the wheels in their resounding)

Strangers speaking at the door :

Is it likely God, with angels singing round Him,

Hears our weeping any more?

"Two words, indeed, of praying we remember,

And at midnight's hour of harm,

' Our Father,' looking upward in the chamber,

We say softly for a charm.

- We know no other words except 'Our Father,'
 - And we think that, in some pause of angels' song,
- God may pluck them with the silence sweet to gather,
- And hold both within His right hand which is strong.
- 'Our Father !' If He heard us He would surely

(For they call Him good and mild)

Answer, smiling down the steep world very purely,

' Come and rest with me, my child.'

the notion

Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward, Grinding life down from its mark;

"But no!" say the children, weeping | Our blood splashes upward, O goldfaster,

"JIe is speechless as a stone :

- And they tell us of His image is the master, Who commands us to work on.
- Go to!" say the children,-"up in heaven, Dark, wheel-like, turning clouds are all we find.
- Do not mock us; grief has made us unbelieving:
 - We look up for God, but tears have made us blind."
- Do you hear the children weeping and disproving,

O my brothers, what ye preach?

For God's possible is taught by His world's loving,

And the children doubt of each.

- And well may the children weep before you! They are weary ere they run;
- They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory

Which is brighter than the sun.

- They know the grief of man, without its wisdom ;
 - They sink in man's despair, without its ealm;
- Are slaves, without the liberty in Christdom.
 - Are martyrs, by the pang without the palm:
- Are worn as if with age, yet unretrievingly The harvest of its memories cannot reap .---
- Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly.

Let them weep ! let them weep !

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,

And their look is dread to see.

For they 'mind you of their angels in high places,

With eyes turned on Deity.

- " How long," they say, "how long, O cruel nation,
 - Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart,-
- Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
 - And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?

heaper.

And your purple shows your path !

But the child's sob in the silence curses deeper

Than the strong man in his wrath." ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. -

TO A HIGHLAND GIRL.

(AT INVERSNEYDE, UPON LOCH LOMOND.) Sweet Highland Girl, a very shower Of beauty is thy earthly dower ! Twice seven consenting years have shed Their utmost bounty on thy head : And, these gray Rocks; this household Lawn: These Trees, a veil just half withdrawn ; This fall of water, that doth make A murmur near the silent Lake ; This little Bay, a quiet Road That holds in shelter thy Abode : In truth, together do ye seem Like something fashion'd in a dream: Such Forms as from their covert peep When earthly cares are laid asleep [Yet, dream and vision as thou art. I bless thee with a human heart : God shield thee to thy latest years ! I neither know thee nor thy peers; And yet my eyes are fill'd with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray For thee when I am far away: For never saw I mien or face, In which more plainly I could trace Benignity and home-bred sense Ripening in perfect innocence. Here scatter'd like a random seed, Remote from men, thou dost not need The embarrass'd look of shy distress, And maidenly shamefacedness: Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear The freedom of a Mountaineer : A face with gladness overspread ! Soft smiles by human kindness bred ! And seemliness complete, that sways Thy courtesies, about thee plays : With no restraint, but such as springs From quick and eager visitings Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach Of thy few words of English speech:

A bondage sweetly brook'd, a strife That gives thy gestures grace and life ! So bave I, not unmoved in mind, Seen birds of tempest-loving kind, Thus beating up against the wind.

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

Now thanks to Heaven ! that of its grace Hath led me to this lonely place. Joy have I had; and going hence I bear away my recompense. In spots like these it is we prize Our Memory, feel that she hath eves : Then, why should I be loth to stir? I feel this place was made for her : To give new pleasure like the past, Continued long as life shall last. Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart, Sweet Highland Girl ! from thee to part ; For I, methinks, till I grow old. As fair before me shall behold, As I do now, the Cabin small. The Lake, the Bay, the Waterfall ; And thee, the Spirit of them all ! WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

MAIDENHOOD.

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

Thou whose locks outshine the suu, Golden tresses, wreath'd in one, As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet, Where the brook and river meet. Womanhood and childhood fleet! Gazing, with a timid glance, On the brooklet's swift advance, On the river's broad expanse !

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

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

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

Hearest thou voices on the shore, That our ears perceive no more, Dcafen'd by the cataract's roar?

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

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

Childhood is the bough, where slumber'd Birds and blossoms many-number'd:— Age, that bough with snows encumber'd.

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

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

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

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

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

THE MAY QUEEN.	Little Effic shall go with me to-morrow to
You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;	the green, And you'll be there too, mother, to see me made the queen ;
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-year;	For the shepherd lads on every side 'ill come from far away,
Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest, merriest day; For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,	And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.
I'm to be Queen o' the May. There's many a black black eye, they say,	The honeysuckle round the porch has wov'n its wavy bowers,
but none so bright as mine; There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate	And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo-flowers; And the wild marsh-marigold shines like
and Caroline : But none so fair as little Alice in all the land, they say,	fire in swamps and hollows gray, And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.	I'm to be Queen o' the May.
I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,	The night winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow grass, And the happy stars above them seem to
If you do not call me loud, when the day begins to break :	brighten as they pass; There will not be a drop of rain the whole
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay,	of the livelong day, And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen of the May.	I'm to be Queen o' the May. All the valley, mother, 'ill be fresh and
As I came up the valley, whom think ye should I see, But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath	green and still, And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over
the hazel tree? He thought of that sharp look, mother, I	all the hill, And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'ill merrily glance and play,
gave him yesterday— But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,	For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.
I'm to be Queen o' the May. He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I	So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
was all in white, And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of light.	To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-year :
They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what they say,	To-morrow 'ill be of all the year the mad- dest, merriest day, For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.	I'm to be Queen o' the May.
They say he's dying all for love, but that cau never be:	NEW-YEAR'S EVE. If you're waking call me early, call me
They say his heart is breaking, mother	early, mother dear, For I would see the sun rise upon the glad
There's many a bolder lad 'ill woo me any summer day, And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,	New-year. It is the last New-year that I shall ever see, Then you may lay me low i' the mould and
I'm to be Queen o' the May. 5	think no more of me.

•

To-night I saw the sun set: he set and left	You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath
behind	the hawthorn shade,
The good old year, the dear old time, and	And you'll come sometimes and see me
all my peace of mind;	where I am lowly laid.
And the New-year's coming up, mother,	I shall not forget you, mother; I shall hear
but I shall never see	you when you pass,
The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf	With your feet above my head in the long
upon the tree.	and pleasant grass.
Last May we made a crown of flowers: we had a merry day;	I have been wild and wayward, but you'll forgive me now;
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they	You'll kiss me, my own mother, and forgive
made me Queen of May;	me ere I go;
And we danced about the may-pole and in	Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your
the hazel copse,	grief be wild,
Till Charles's Wain came out above the	You should not fret for me, mother, you
tall white chimney-tops.	have another child.
There's not a flower on all the hills: the	If I can I'll come again, mother, from out
frost is on the pane:	my resting-place;
I only wish to live till the snow-drops come	Tho' yon'll not see me, mother, I shall look
again:	upon your face;
I wish the snow would melt and the snn	Tho' I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken
come out on high:	what you say,
I long to see a flower so before the day I	And be often, often with you when you
die.	think I'm far away.
The building rook 'ill caw from the windy tall elm tree,	Good-night, good-night, when I have said good-night for evermore,
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,	And you see me carried out from the threshold of the door;
And the swallow 'ill come back again with	Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave
summer o'er the wave,	be growing green :
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave.	She'll be a better child to you than ever I . have been.
Upon the chancel-casement, and upon that grave of mine,	She'll find my garden-tools upon the gran- ary floor :
In the early early morning the summer	Let her take 'em: they are hers: I shall
sun 'ill shine,	never garden more:
Before the red cock crows from the farm	But tell her, when I'm gone, to train the
upon the hill,	rose-bush that I set
When you are warm-asleep, mother, and all the world is still.	About the parlor-window, and the box of mignonette.
When the flowers come again, mother,	Good-night, sweet mother: call me before the day is born.
beneath the waning light You'll never see me more in the long gray	All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at
fields at night;	morn ;
When from the dry dark wold the summer	But I would see the sun rise upon the glad
airs blow cool	New-year,
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and	So, if you're waking, call me, call me carly,
the bulrush in the pool.	mother dear.

Conclusion.	All in the wild March-morning I heard
I thought to pass away before, and yet alive I am; And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the lamb. How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year! To die before the snow-drop came, and now the violet's here.	the angels call; It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was over all; The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll, And in the wild March-morning I heard them call my soul.
Oh, sweet is the new violet, that comes be- neath the skies, And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that cannot rise, And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that blow, And sweeter far is death than life to me that long to go.	 For lying broad awake I thought of you and Effie dear; I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer here; With all my strength I pray'd for both, and so I felt resign'd, And up the valley came a swell of music on the wind. I thought that it was fancy, and I listen'd
It seem'd so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed sun, And now it seems as hard to stay; and yet, His will be done! But still I think it can't be long before I find release; And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words of peace.	in my bed, And then did something speak to me—I know not what was said, For great delight and shuddering took hold of all my mind, And up the valley came again the music on the wind.
 Oh, blessings on his kindly voice and on his silver hair, And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet me there ! Oh, blessings on his kindly heart and on his silver head ! A thousand times I blest him, as he knelt beside my bed. 	 But you were sleeping, and I said, "It's not for them, it's mine;" And if it comes three times, I thought, I take it for a sign. And once again it came, and close beside the window-bars, Then seem'd to go right up to heaven and die among the stars.
He taught me all the mercy, for he show'd me all the sin. Now, tho' my lamp was lighted late, there's One will let me in; Nor would I now be well, mother, again, if that could be, For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for me.	So now I think my time is near. I trust it is, I know The blessed music went that way my soul will have to go. And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-day, But, Effie, you must comfort <i>her</i> when I am pass'd away.
I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the death-watch beat, There came a sweeter token when the night and morning meet; But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your hand in mine, And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the sign.	And say to Robin a kind word, and tell him not to fret; There's many a worthier than I would make him happy yet. If I had lived—I cannot tell—I might have been his wife, But all these things have ceased to be, with my desire of life.

- Oh, look! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a glow;
- He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I know.
- And there I move no longer now, and there his light may shine-

Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than mine.

- Oh, sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day is done
- The voice, that now is speaking, may be beyond the sun,
- For ever and for ever with those just souls and true;
- And what is life that we should moan? why make we such ado?
- For ever and for ever, all in a blessed home,
- And there to wait a little while till you and Effie come,
- To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast,
- And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE POET'S BRIDAL-DAY SONG.

OH, my love's like the steadfast sun, Or streams that deepen as they run; Nor hoary hairs, nor forty years, Nor moments between sighs and tears— Nor nights of thought, nor days of pain, Nor dreams of glory dream'd in vain— Nor mirth, nor sweetest song that flows To sober joys and soften woes, Can make my heart or fancy flee One moment, my sweet wife, from thee.

Even while I muse I see thee sit In maiden bloom and matron wit— Fair, gentle as when first I sued, Ye seem, but of sedater mood; Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee As when, beneath Arbigland tree, We stay'd and woo'd, and thought the moon Set on the sea an hour too soon; Or linger'd 'mid the falling dew,

When looks were fond and words were few.

Though I see smiling at thy feet Five sons and ac fair daughter sweet; And time, and care, and birth-time woes Have dinm'd thine eye and touch'd thy rose; To thee, and thoughts of thee belong Whate'er charms me in tale or song; When words descend like dews unsought With gleams of deep, enthusiast thought, And Fancy in her heaven flies free— They come, my love, they come from thee.

Oh, when more thought we gave of old To silver than some give to gold, 'Twas sweet to sit and ponder o'er How we should deck our humble bower! 'Twas sweet to pull in hope with thee The golden fruit of Fortune's tree; And sweeter still to choose and twine A garland for that brow of thine— A song-wreath which may grace my Jean, While rivers flow and woods grow green.

At times there come, as come there onght, Grave moments of sedater thought— When Fortnne frowns, nor lends our night One gleam of her inconstant light ; And Hope, that decks the peasant's bower, Shines like a rainbow through the shower— Oh, then I see, while seated nigh, A mother's heart shine in thine eye; And proud resolve and purpose meek, Speak of thee more than words can speak : I think this wedded wife of mine The best of all things not divine.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

'WAY down upon de Swannee Ribber, Far, far away,—
Dare's wha my heart is turning ebber,—
Dare's wha de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation Sadly I roam;
Still longing for de old plantation, And for de old folks at home.
All de world am sad and dreary Eb'rywhere I roam;
Oh, darkeys, how my heart grows weary, Far from de old folks at home!

All 'round de little farm I wander'd When I was young; Den many happy days I squander'd,— Many de songs I sung. When I was playing wid my brudder, Happy was I; Oh, take me to my kind old mudder ! Dare let me live and die ! All de world am sad and dreary Eb'rywhere I roam; Oh, darkeys, how my heart grows weary, Far from de old folks at home ! One little hut among de-bushes,— One dat I love,—

Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes, No matter where I rove. When will I see de bees a-humming All round de comb ? When will I hear de banjo tumming Down in my good old home? All de world am sad and dreary Eb'rywhere I roam; Oh, darkeys, how my heart grows weary, Far from de old folks at home! STEPHER C. FOSTER.

Songs of Seven.

SEVEN TIMES ONE.

EXULTATION.

THERE'S no dew left on the daisies and clover,

There's no rain left in heaven:

I've said my "seven times" over and over, Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old, I can write a letter; My birthday lessons are done;

The lambs play always, they know no better;

They are only one times one.

O moon! in the night I have seen you sailing

And shining so round and low;

- You were bright! ah bright! but your light is failing,— You are nothing now but a bow.
- You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven That God has hidden your face?

I hope if you have you will soon be forgiven,

And shine again in your place.

- O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow, You've powder'd your legs with gold !
- O brave marshmary buds, rich and yellow, Give me your money to hold !
- O columbine, open your folded wrapper, Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!
- O cnekoopint, toll me the purple clapper That hangs in your elear green bell!
- And show me your nest with the young ones in it;

I will not steal them away;

I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet,---

I am seven times one to-day.

SEVEN TIMES TWO.

ROMANCE,

You bells in the steeple, ring, ring out your changes,

How many soever they be,

And let the brown meadow-lark's note as he ranges

Come over, come over to me.

Yet bird's clearest carol by fall or by swelling

No magical sense conveys,

And bells have forgotten their old art of telling

The fortune of future days.

"Turn again, turn again," once they rang eheerily,

While a boy listen'd alone;

Made his heart yearn again, musing so wearily

All by himself on a stone.

Poor bells! I forgive you; your good days are over,

And mine, they are yet to be;

No listening, no longing shall aught, aught discover:

You leave the story to me.

The foxglove shoots out of the green matted heather, Preparing her hoods of snow;

She was idle, and slept till the sunshiny | You glow-worms, shine out, and the pathweather:

Oh, children take long to grow.

I wish, and I wish that the spring would go faster.

Nor long summer bide so late;

And I could grow on like the foxglove and aster.

For some things are ill to wait.

I wait for the day when dear hearts shall discover.

While dear hands are laid on my head; "The child is a woman, the book may

close over.

For all the lessons are said."

I wait for my story-the birds cannot sing it. Not one, as he sits on the tree ;

The bells cannot ring it, but long years, oh bring it!

Such as I wish it to be.

SEVEN TIMES THREE.

LOVE.

I LEAN'D out of window, I smelt the white clover.

Dark, dark was the garden, I saw not the gate;

"Now, if there he footsteps, he comes, my one lover-

Hush nightingale, hush ! O sweet nightingale, wait

> Till I listen and hear If a step draweth near, For my love he is late!

"The skies in the darkness stoop nearer and nearer,

A cluster of stars hangs like fruit in the tree.

The fall of the water comes sweeter, comes elearer :

To what art thou listening, and what dost thon see?

> Let the star-clusters glow, Let the sweet waters flow. And cross quickly to me.

"You night-moths that hover where honey brims over

From sycamore blossoms, or settle or sleep;

way discover

To him that comes darkling along the rough steep.

> Ah, my sailor, make haste, For the time runs to waste. And my love lieth deep-

"Too deep for swift telling; and yet, my one lover.

I've conn'd thee an answer, it waits thee to-night."

By the sycamore pass'd he, and through the white clover,

Then all the sweet speech I had fashion'd took flight;

> But I'll love him more, more Than e'er wife loved before, Be the days dark or bright.

SEVEN TIMES FOUR.

MATERNITY.

HEIGH-HO! daisies and buttercups, Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall!

When the wind wakes how they rock in the grasses.

- And dance with the cuckoo-buds slender and small!
- Here's two bonny boys, and here's mother's own lasses,

Eager to gather them all.

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttereups!

Mother shall thread them a daisy chain; Sing them a song of the pretty hedgesparrow,

That loved her brown little ones, loved them full fain:

Sing, "Heart, thou art wide, though the house be but narrow,"-Sing once, and sing it again.

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups, Sweet wagging cowslips, they bend and they bow:

A ship sails afar over warm ocean waters, And haply one musing doth stand at her prow.

O bonny brown sons, and O sweet little daughters,

Maybe he thinks on you now !

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups, Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall-

A sunshiny world full of laughter and leisure, And fresh hearts unconscious of sorrow and thrall! Send down on their pleasure smiles passing its measure, God that is over ns all! SEVEN TIMES FIVE. WIDOWHOOD. I SLEEP and rest, my heart makes moan Before I am well awake; "Let me bleed! oh let me alone, Since I must not break!" For children wake, though fathers sleep With a stone at foot and at head; O sleepless God, for ever keep, Keep both living and dead! I lift mine eyes, and what to see But a world happy and fair?	To bear, to nurse, to rear, To watch, and then to lose : This have I done when God drew near Among his own to choose. To hear, to heed, to wed, And with thy Lord depart In tears that he, as soon as shed, Will let no longer smart; To hear, to heed, to wed, This while thon didst I smiled, For now it was not God who said, "Mother, give ME thy child." Oh, fond, oh, fool, and hlind, To God I gave with tears; But when a man like grace would find, My soul put by her fears. Oh, fond, oh, fool, and blind, God gnards in happier spheres; That man will guard where he did bind
I have not wish'd it to mourn with me— Comfort is not there. Oh, what anear hut golden brooms,	Is hope for unknown years. * To hear, to heed, to wed,
And a waste of reedy rills! Oh, what afar but the fine glooms On the rare blue hills!	Fair lot that maidens choose, Thy mother's tenderest words are said, Thy face no more she views; Thy mother's lot, my dear,
I shall not die, but live forlorn; How bitter it is to part! Oh, to meet thee, my love, once more! Oh, my heart, my heart!	She doth in naught accuse; Her lot to bear, to nurse, to rear, To love,—and then to lose.
No more to hear, no more to see; Oh, that an echo might wake, And waft one note of thy psalm to me Ere my heart-strings break!	SEVEN TIMES SEVEN. LONGING FOR HOME. A song of a boat : There was once a boat on a billow:
I should know it how faint soe'er, And with angel-voices blent; Oh, once to feel thy spirit anear, I could he content!	Lightly she rock'd to her port remote, And the foam was white in her wake like snow, And her frail mast bow'd when the hreeze
Or once between the gates of gold, While an angel entering trod, But once—thee sitting to behold	would blow, And bent like a wand of willow.
On the hills of God !	I shaded mine eyes one day when a boat

SEVEN TIMES SIX. GIVING IN MARRIAGE. To bear, to nurse, to rear, To watch, and then to lose : To see my bright ones disappear, Drawn up like morning dews; I shaded mine eyes one day when a boat Went curtseying over the hillow,

I mark'd her course till a dancing mote She faded out on the moonlit foam,

And I stay'd hehind in the dear loved home; And my thoughts all day were about the boat

And my dreams upon the pillow.

I pray you hear my song of a boat, For it is but short :---My hoat, you shall find none fairer afloat, In river or port. Long I look'd out for the lad she bore, On the open desolate sea, And I think he sail'd to the heavenly shore For he came not back to me-Ah me! A song of a nest :--There was once a nest in a hollow: Down in the mosses and knot-grass press'd, Soft and warm, and full to the hrim. Vetches lean'd over it purple and dim. With buttercup buds to follow. I pray you hear my song of a nest, For it is not long :-You shall never light, in a summer quest, The bushes among-Shall never light on a prouder sitter, A fairer nestful, nor ever know A softer sound than their tender twitter, That wind-like did come and go. I had a nestful once of my own, Ah happy, happy 1! Right dearly I loved them: but when they were grown They spread out their wings to fly. Oh, one after one they flew away Far up to the heavenly blue, To the better country, the upper day, And-I wish I was going too.

I pray you, what is the nest to me, My empty nest?

- And what is the shore where I stood to see My hoat sail down to the west?
- Can I call that home where I anchor yet,

Though my good man has sail'd?

Can I call that home where my nest was set,

Now all its hope hath fail'd?

Nay, but the port where my sailor went, And the land where my nestlings be,—

There is the home where my thoughts are sent,

The only home for me-

Ah me ! JEAN INGELOW.

A FAREWELL.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;

No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;

Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you For every day.

.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;

- Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
- And so make life, death, and that vast forever

One grand, sweet song.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

POEMS OF MEMORY AND RETROSPECTION.

PART II.





POEMS

 \mathbf{OF}

MEMORY AND RETROSPECTION.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

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

I remember, I remember, The roses, red and white; The violets and the lily-cups, Those flowers made of light1 The lilacs where the robin built, And where my brother set The laburnum on his birthday,— The tree is living yet!

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

I remember, I remember, The fir trees dark and high; I used to think their slender tops Were close against the sky: It was a childish ignorance, But now 'tis little joy To know I'm farther off from heaven

Than when I was a boy.

THOMAS HOOD.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I LOVE it, I love it; and who shall dare To chide me for loving that old arm-chair? I've treasured it long as a satuted prize;

- I've bedew'd it with tears, and embalm'd it with sighs.
- 'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;

Not a tie will break, not a link will start.

Would ye learn the spell?—a mother sat there;

And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I linger'd near The hallow'd seat with listening ear; And gentle words that mother would give To fit me to die, and teach me to live. She told me shame would never betide, With truth for my creed and God for my guide:

She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer, As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watch'd her many a day,

When her eye grew dim, and her loeks were gray:

- And I almost worshipp'd her when she smiled,
- And turn'd from her Bible, to bless her ehild.

Years roll'd on: but the last one sped— My idol was shatter'd; my earth-star fled: I learnt how much the heart can bear, When I saw her die in that old arm-ehair.

'Tis past, 'tis past, but I gaze on it now With quivering breath and throbbing brow:

'Twas there she nursed me: 'twas there ! None like a mother can charm away pain she died: From the sick soul and the world-weary And Memory flows with lava tide. brain. Say it is folly, and deem me weak, Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids While the scalding drops start down my ercep :--Rock me to sleep, mother,-rock me to check: But I love it, I love it; and cannot tear sleep I My soul from a mother's old arm-chair. Come, let your brown hair, just lighted ELIZA COOK. with gold. Fall on your shoulders again as of old; ROCK ME TO SLEEP. Let it drop over my forchead to-night, BACKWARD, turn backward, O Time, in Shading my faint eyes away from the light ; your flight. For with its sunny-edged shadows once Make me a child again just for to-night! more Mother, come back from the echoless shore, Haply will throng the sweet visions of Take me again to your heart as of yore; vore; Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care, Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep :---Smooth the few silver threads out of my Rock me to sleep, mother,-rock me to hair ; sleep [Over my slumbers your loving watch Mother, dear mother, the years have been keep ;---Rock me to sleep, mother, -rock me to long Since I last listen'd your lullaby song : sleep ! Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem Backward, flow backward, O tide of the Womanhood's years have been only a vears ! dream. I am so weary of toil and of tears,-Clasp'd to your heart in a loving embrace. Toil without recompense, tears all in With your light lashes just sweeping my vain .--face. Take them, and give me my childhood Never hereafter to wake or to weep ;--again ! Rock me to sleep, mother,-rock me to I have grown weary of dust and decay,sleep! Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away; ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN. Weary of sowing for others to reap ;--Rock me to sleep, mother,-rock me to THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET. sleep! How dear to this heart are the scenes of Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue, my childhood, Mother! O mother! my heart calls for you ! When fond recollection presents them Many a summer the grass has grown green, to view! Blossom'd, and faded our faces between, The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled Yet with strong yearning and passionate wild wood, pain And every loved spot which my infancy Long I to-night for your presence again. knew; Come from the silence so long and so The wide-spreading pond, and the mill deep ;which stood by it, Rock me to sleep, mother,-rock me to The bridge and the rock where the catsleep ! aract fell; The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh Over my heart, in the days that are flown, it, No love like mother-love ever has shone; No other worship abides and endures,-And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well: Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours:

POEMS OF MEMORY AND RETROSPECTION.

- The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
- The moss-cover'd bucket, which hung in the well.
- . That moss-cover'd vessel I hail as a treasure;
 - For often, at noon, when return'd from the field,
 - I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
 - The purest and sweetest that Nature can yield.
 - How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing !
 - And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
 - Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
 - And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well :
 - The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
 - The moss-cover'd bucket arose from the well.
 - How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
 - As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips !
 - Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
 - Though fill'd with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
 - And now, far removed from the loved situation,

The tear of regret will intrusively swell,

- As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
 - And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well :
- The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
- The moss-cover'd bucket, which hangs in the well.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!

WOODMAN, spare that tree! Touch not a single bough ! In youth it shelter'd me, And I'll protect it now. 'Twas my forefather's hand That placed it near his cot; There, woodman, let it stand, Thy axe shall harm it not! That old familiar tree, Whose glory and renown Are spread o'er land and sea— And would'st thou hew it down? Woodman, forbear thy stroke! Cut not its earth-bound ties; Oh, spare that agèd oak, Now towering to the skies! When but an idle boy, I sought its grateful shade; In all their gushing joy

Here, too, my sisters play'd. My mother kiss'd me here;

My father press'd my hand— Forgive this foolish tear, But let that old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling, Close as thy bark, old friend!

Here shall the wild bird sing, And still thy branches bend.

Old tree! the storm still brave!

And, woodman, leave the spot; While I've a hand to save,

Thy axe shall harm it not! GEORGE P. MORRIS.

THE STRANGER ON THE SILL.

BETWEEN the broad fields of wheat and corn

Is the lowly home where I was born; The peach tree leans against the wall, And the woodbine wanders over all; There is the shaded doorway still, But a stranger's foot has cross'd the sill.

There is the barn, and, as of yore, I can smell the hay from the open door, And see the busy swallows throng, And hear the pewee's mournful song; But the stranger comes — oh, painful proof!—

His sheaves are piled to the heated roof.

There is the orchard—the very trees Where my childhood knew long hours of ease, And watch'd the shadowy moments run Till my life imbibed more shade than sun: The swing from the bough still sweeps the air,

But the stranger's children are swinging there.

There bubbles the shady spring below, With its bulrush brook where the hazels grow; 'Twas there I found the calamus root, And watched the minnows poise and shoot,

O ye who daily cross the sill, Step lightly, for I love it still; And when you crowd the old barn eaves, Then think what countless harvest sheaves Have pass'd within that scented door To gladden eyes that are no more.

Deal kindly with these orchard trees; And when your children crowd your knees, Their sweetest fruit they shall impart, As if old memories stirr'd their heart: To youthful sport still leave the swing, And in sweet reverence hold the spring. THOMAS BECTARANA READ.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

Somewhat back from the village street Stands the old-fashion'd country-seat. Across its antique portico Tall poplar trees their shadows throw : And from its station in the hall An ancient timepicce says to all,— "Forever-mever!" Never-forever!"

Halfway up the stairs it stands, And points and heckons with its hands From its case of massive oak, Like a monk, who, under his cloak, Crosses himself, and sighs, alas ! With sorrowful voice to all who pass,— "Forever—never! Never—forever!"

By day its voice is low and light; But in the silent dead of night, Distinct as a passing footstep's fall, It echoes along the vacant hall, Along the ceiling, along the floor, And scems to say, at each chamber-door,— "Forever—never! Never—forever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth, Through days of death and days of birth, Through every swift vicissitude Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood, And as if, like God, it all things saw, It calmly repeats those words of awe,— "Forever—never!

Never-forever !"

In that mansion used to be Free-hearted Hospitality; His great fires up the chimney roar'd; The stranger feasted at his board; But, like the skeleton at the feast, That warning timepiece never ceased,— " " Forever—never!

Never-forever !"

There groups of merry children play'd, There youths and maidens dreaming stray'd; O precious hours! O golden prime, And affluence of love and time! Even as a miser counts his gold, Those hours the ancient timepiece told,— "Forever—never! Never—forever!"

Never-forever !"

All are scatter'd now and fied, Some are married, some are dead; And when I ask with throbs of pain, "A l' when shall they all meet again, As in the days long since gone by?" The ancient timepiece makes reply,—

" Forever—never l Never—forever !"

Never here, forever there, Where all parting, pain, and care,

POEMS OF MEMORY AND RETROSPECTION.

And death, and time shall disappear,— Forever there, but never here ! The horologe of Eternity Sayeth this incessantly,— "Forever—never ! Never—forever !" HENRY WADSWORTH LOSOFELIOW.

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,

In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days;

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

- I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
- Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies;

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women: Closed are her doors on me; I must not see her:

- All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.
- I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;
- Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
- Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.
- Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood;
- Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,
- Seeking to find the old familiar faces.
- Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
- Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
- So might we talk of the old familiar faces-
- How some they have died, and some they have left me,
- And some are taken from me; all are departed,-

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces. CHARLES LAME.

OFT, IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

OFT, in the stilly night, Ere Slumber's chain has bound me, Fond Memory brings the light Of other days around me; The smiles, the tears, Of boyhood's years, The words of love then spoken; The eyes that shone, Now dimm'd and gone, The cheerful hearts now broken! Thus, in the stilly night, Ere Slumber's chain has bound me, Sad Memory brings the light Of other days around me.

When I remember all The friends, so link'd together, I've seen around me fall, Like leaves in wintry weather; I feel like one, Who treads alone Some banquet-hall deserted, Whose lights are fled, Whose lights are fled, Whose garlands dead, And all but he departed ! Thus, in the stilly night, Ere Slumber's chain has bound me, Sad Memory brings the light Of other days around me. THOMAS MOORE.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

I LOVE to look on a scene like this, Of wild and careless play,

And persuade myself that I am not old, And my locks are not yet gray;

For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,

And makes his pulses fly,

- To catch the thrill of a happy voice, And the light of a pleasant eye.
- I have walk'd the world for fourscore years;

And they say that I am old,

That my heart is ripe for the reaper, Death,

And my years are wellnigh told.

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It is very true ; it is very true ; I'm old, and I "hide my time ;"	The boys were playing some old beneath the same old tree—
But my heart will leap at a scene like this,	I do forget the name just now; play'd the same with me
And I half renew my prime.	On that same spot; 'twas play'd with
Play on, play on; I am with you there, In the midst of your merry ring; I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,	by throwing so and so, The loser had a task to do, the twenty years ago.
And the rush of the breathless swing. I hide with you in the fragrant hay,	The river's running just as still, the on its side
And I whoop the smother'd call,	Are larger than they were, To
And my feet slip up on the seedy floor, And I care not for the fall.	stream appears less wide; But the grapevine swing is ruin
I am willing to die when my time shall come,	where once we play'd the be And swung our sweethearts—" prett —just twenty years ago.
And 1 shall be glad to go; For the world at best is a weary place,	The spring that bubbled 'neath th
And my pulse is getting low;	close by the spreading beech
But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail In treading its gloomy way;	Is very low—'twas once so high t could almost reach;
And it wiles my heart from its dreariness, To see the young so gay.	And kneeling down to get a drin Tom, I even started so!
Nathaniel Parker Willis.	To see how much that I am change twenty years ago.
TWENTY YEARS AGO.	Near by the spring, upon an elm, yo
I've wander'd to the village, Tom, I've sat beneath the tree,	I cut your name, Your sweetheart's just beneath it
Upon the school-house play-ground, which shelter'd you and me;	and you did mine the same- Some heartless wretch had peel'd th
But none were there to greet me, Tom, and few were left to know,	'twas dying sure but slow, Just as the one whose name was co
That play'd with us npon the grass some	twenty years ago.
twenty years ago.	My lids have long been dry, Tom, b came in my eyes,
The grass is just as green, Tom—barefooted boys at play,	I thought of her I loved so well
Were sporting jnst as we did then, with spirits just as gay;	early broken ties— I visited the old churchyard, an
But the "master" sleeps upon the hill,	some flowers to strew Upon the graves of those we love
which, coated o'er with snow, Afforded us a sliding-place, just twenty	twenty years ago.
years ago.	Some are in the churchyard laid
The old school-house is alter'd some, the benches are replaced	sleep beneath the sea, But few are left of our old class,

- By new ones, very like the same onr penknives had defaced;
- But the same old bricks are in the wall, the bell swings to and fro,
- It's music, just the same, dear Tom, 'twas twenty years ago.

you've

game,

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y girls"

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- l, some
- excepting you and me,
- And when our time is come, Tom, and we are call'd to go,
- I hope they'll lay us where we play'd, just twenty years ago.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

POEMS OF MEMORY AND RETROSPECTION.

SCHOOL AND SCHOOL-FELLOWS. "Floreat Etona."

TWELVE years ago I made a mock Of filthy trades and traffics:

I wonder'd what they meant by stock; I wrote delightful sapphics;

I knew the streets of Rome and Troy, I supp'd with Fates and Furies;

Twelve years ago I was a boy, A happy boy at Drury's.

Twelve years ago !---how many a thought Of faded pains and pleasures

Those whisper'd syllables have brought From Memory's hoarded treasures!

The fields, the farms, the bats, the books, The glories and disgraces,

The voices of dear friends, the looks Of old familiar faces!

Kind Mater smiles again to me, As bright as when we parted; I seem again the frank, the free, Stout-limb'd and simple-hearted!

Pursuing every idle dream,

And shunning every warning : With no hard work but Bovney stream, No chill except Long Morning :

Now stopping Harry Vernon's ball That rattled like a rocket; Now hearing Wentworth's "Fourteen all!" And striking for the pocket; Now feasting on a cheese and flitch,—

Now drinking from the pewter; Now leaping over Chalvey ditch, Now laughing at my tutor.

Where are my friends? I am alone; No playmate shares my beaker: Some lie beneath the churchyard stone, And some—before the Speaker; And some compose a tragedy, And some compose a rondo;

And some draw sword for Liberty, And some draw pleas for John Doe.

Tom Mill was used to blacken eyes Without the fear of sessions; Charles Medlar loath'd false quantities, As much as false professions; Now Mill keeps order in the land.

A magistrate pedantic ;

And Medlar's feet repose unscann'd Beneath the wide Atlantic.

Wild Nick, whose oaths made such a din, Does Dr. Martext's duty;

And Mullion, with that monstrous chin, Is married to a beauty;

And Darrel studies, week by week, His Mant, and not his Manton;

And Ball, who was but poor at Greek, Is very rich at Canton.

And I am eight-and-twenty now;— The world's cold chains have bound me; And darker shades are on my brow, And sadder scenes around me: In Parliament I fill my seat, With many other noodles; And lay my head in Jermyn street, And sip my hock at Boodle's.

But often, when the cares of life Have set my temples aching, When visions haunt me of a wife, When duns await my waking, When Lady Jane is in a pet, Or Hoby in a hurry, When Captain Hazard wins a bet, Or Beaulieu spoils a curry.—

For hours and hours I think and talk Of each remember'd hobby;

I long to lounge in Poets' Walk, To shiver in the lobby; I wish that I could run away

From House, and Court, and Levee, Where bearded men appear to-day

Just Eton boys, grown heavy,-

That I could bask in childhood's sun, And dance o'er childhood's roses, And find huge wealth in one pound one, Vast wit in broken noses, And play Sir Giles at Datchet Lane, And call the milkmaids Houris,— That I could be a boy again,— A happy boy,—at Drury's. WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

A REFLECTIVE RETROSPECT.

'TIS twenty years, and something more, Since, all athirst for useful knowledge,

LAMONT, who, in his college days, I took some draughts of classic lore, Drawn very mild, at ----rd College ; Has left his Puritanic ways. Yet I remember all that one Could wish to hold in recollection : The boys, the joys, the noise, the fun; But not a single Conic Section. I recollect those harsh affairs, The morning bells, that gave us panics ; I recollect the formal prayers, That seemed like lessons in Mechanics; I recollect the drowsy way In which the students listen'd to them, As clearly, in my wig, to-day, As when a boy I slumber'd through them. I recollect the tutors all As freshly now, if I may say so, As any chapter 1 recall, In Homer or Ovidius Naso. I recollect extremely well "Old Hugh." the mildest of fanatics; I well remember Matthew Bell, But very faintly Mathematics. I recollect the prizes paid For lessons fathom'd to the bottom; (Alas that pencil-marks should fade !) I recollect the chaps who got 'em,-The light equestrians who soar'd O'er every passage reckon'd stony; And took the chalks,-but never scored A single honor to the pony ! Ah me! what changes Time has wrought, And how predictions have miscarried ! A few have reach'd the goal they sought, And some are dead, and some are married ! And some in city journals war; And some as politicians bicker; And some are pleading at the bar-For jury-verdicts, or for liquor ! And some on Trade and Commerce wait ; And some in school with dunces battle; And some the gospel propagate; And some the choicest breeds of cattle; And some are living at their ease; And some were wreck'd in "the revulsion :" Some serve the State for handsome fees,

And one, I hear, upon compulsion !

And worships now with bell and candle; And MANN, who mourn'd the negro's fate. And held the slave as most unlucky, Now holds him, at the market rate, On a plantation in Kentucky! Tom KNOX-who swore in such a tone It fairly might be doubted whether It was really himself alone, Or Knox and Erebus together-Has grown a very alter'd man. And, changing oaths for mild entreaty, Now recommends the Christian plan To savages in Otaheite! Alas for young ambition's vow! How envious Fate may overthrow it !-Poor HARVEY is in Congress now, Who struggled long to be a poet; SMITH carves (quite well) memorial stones. Who tried in vain to make the law go; HALL deals in hides; and "Pious Jones" Is dealing faro in Chicago! And, sadder still, the brilliant HAYS, Once honest, manly, and ambitious, Has taken latterly to ways Extremely profligate and vicious; By slow degrees-I can't tell how-He's reach'd at last the very groundsel,

Thought e'en a cross a moral scandal,

And in New York he figures now, A member of the Common Council! JOHN G. SAXE.

THE BOYS.

HAS there any old fellow got mix'd with the boys?

- If there has, take him out, without making a noise.
- Hang the Almanac's cheat and the Catalogue's spite!
- Old Time is a liar! We're twenty to-night!

We're twenty ! We're twenty ! Who says we are more?

He's tipsy,-young jackanapes !- show him the door!

POEMS OF MEMORY AND RETROSPECTION.

"Gray temples at twenty ?"-Yes! white,	But he shouted a song for the brave and
if we please; Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's nothing can freeze!	the free,— Just read on his medal, "My country," "of thee!"
Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!	You hear that boy laughing ?-You think
Look close,—you will see not a sign of a flake!	he's all fun; But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
We want some new garlands for those we have shed,	The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And these are white roses in place of the red.	And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!
We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been told,	Yes, we're boys,-always playing with
Of talking (in public) as if we were old: That boy we call "Doctor," and this we	tongue or with pen; And I sometimes have ask'd, Shall we ever be men?
call "Judge";	Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and gay,
That fellow's the "Speaker,"-the one on	Till the last dear companion drops smil- ing away?
the right; "Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you	Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and
to-night? That's our "Member of Congress," we say when we chaff;	its gray ! The stars of its winter, the dews of its May !
There's the "Reverend" What's his name? 	And when we have done with our life-last- ing toys,
That boy with the grave mathematical	Dear Father, take care of thy children, THE BOYS.
look Made believe he had written a wonderfnl book,	OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.
And the ROYAL SOCIETY thought it was	AULD LANG SYNE.
true ! So they chose him right in,—a good joke it was too !	SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot, And never bronght to mind? Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
There's a boy, we pretend, with a three- decker brain,	And auld lang syne? For auld lang syne, my dear,
That could harness a team with a logical chain;	For auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
When he spoke for our manhood in syl- labled fire,	For auld lang syne. And surely ye'll be your pint stowp !
We call'd him "The Justice," but now he's "The Squire."	And surely I'll be mine ! And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
1	For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,

We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,

For auld lang syne, .

For auld lang syne.

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith,---

Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;

We twa ha'e run about the braes, And pou'd the gowans fine; But we've wander'd mony a weary fitt Sin' anld lang syne. For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, For auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e paidl'd in the burn, Frae morning sun till dine; But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd Sin' auld lang syne. For anld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, For auld lang syne.

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere ! And gie's a hand o' thine ! And we'll tak' a right gude-willie waught, For auld lang syne. For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne,

> We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, For auld lang syne.

> > MY PLAYMATE.

THE pines were dark on Ramoth hill, Their song was soft and low ; The blossoms in the sweet May wind Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet, The orchard birds sang clear; The sweetest and the saddest day It seem'd of all the year.

For, more to me than birds or flowers, My playmate left her home, And took with her the laughing spring, The music and the bloom.

She kiss'd the lips of kith and kin, She laid her hand in mine : What more could ask the bashful boy Who fed her father's kine ?

She left us in the bloom of May: The constant years told o'er Their seasons with as sweet May morns, But she came back no more. I walk, with noiseless feet, the round Of uneventful years;

Still o'er and o'er I sow the spring And reap the autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year Her summer roses blow; The dusky children of the sun

Before her come and go.

There haply with her jewell'd hands She smooths her silken gown,— No more the homespun lap wherein

I shook the walnuts down.

The wild grapes wait us by the brook, The brown nuts on the hill, And still the May-day flowers make sweet

The woods of Follymill,

The lilies blossom in the pond, The bird builds in the tree, The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them, And how the old time seems,—

If ever the pines of Ramoth wood Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice: Does she remember mine? And what to her is now the boy Who fed her father's kine?

What cares she that the orioles build For other eyes than ours,— That other hands with nuts are fill'd, And other laps with flowers?

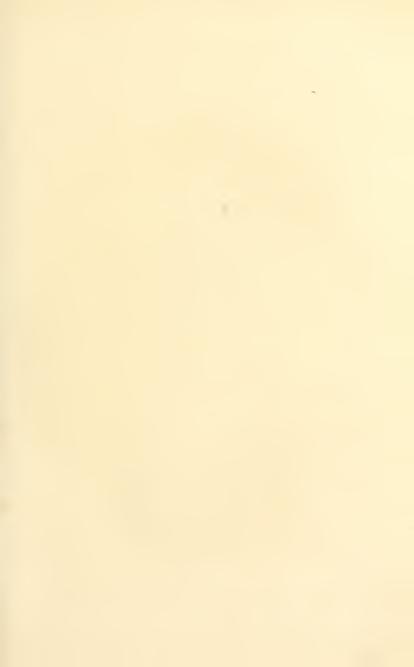
O playmate in the golden time! Our mossy seat is green, Its fringing violets blossom yet,

The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds so sweet with birch and fern A sweeter memory blow; And there in spring the veeries sing

The song of long ago. And still the pines of Ramoth wood Are moaning like the sea,—

The moaning of the sea of change Between myself and thee! John Greenleaf Whittier.









POEMS OF MEMORY AND RETROSPECTION.

I HAE NAEBODY NOW. I HAE naebody now, I hae naebody uow, To meet me upon the green, Wi' light locks waving o'er her brow, An' joy in her deep blue e'eu; Wi' the raptured kiss, an' the happy smile, An' the dance o' the lightsome fay, An' the wee bit tale o' news the while That had happen'd when I was away.	 Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array, Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track 'Twas Autumn, and sunshine arose on the way To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back. I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so off In life's morning march, when my bosou
I hae naebody now, I hae naebody now, To clasp to my bosom at even, O'er her calm sleep to breathe the vow, An' pray for a blessing from Heaveu; An' the wild embrace, an' the gleesome face, In the morning that met my eye, Where are they now? where are they now?	 a moring match, when my boson was young; I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft, And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sing. Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly
In the cauld, cauld grave they lie. There's nacbody kens, there's nacbody kens, An' oh, may they never prove, That sharpest degree o' agony For the child o' their earthly love. To see a flower, in its vernal hour, By slow degrees decay, Then calmly aneath the hand o' death, Breathe its sweet soul away '	 I swore From my home and my weeping friends never to part; My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er, And my wife sobh'd aloud in her fulness of heart. "Stay, stay with us; rest,—thou art weary
 Oh, dinna break, my poor auld heart, Nor at thy loss repine, For the unseen hand that threw the dart Was sent frae her Father and thine. Yet I maun mourn, an' I will mourn, Even till my latest day, For though my darling can never return, I shall follow thee soon away. JAMES HORG. 	and worn !" And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay, But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn; And the voice in my dreaming ear melter away. THOMAS CAMPBELL.
 THE SOLDIER'S DREAM. OUR bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lower'd, And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky, And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd, The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die. 	BINGEN ON THE RHINE. A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers, There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears, But a comrade stood beside him, while hi life-hlood ebb'd away, And bent, with pitying glances, to hea what he might say. The dying soldier falter'd as he took tha
 When reposing that night on my pallet of straw, By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain, At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw, And thrice ere the morning I dream'd it again. 	comrade's hand, And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my native land; Take a message and a token to some dis tant friends of mine, For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen or the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when | "There's another-not a sister: in the they meet and crowd around happy days gone by, To hear my mournful story in the pleasant You'd have known her by the merriment vinevard ground. that sparkled in her eve: That we fought the battle bravely, and Too innocent for coquetry, too fond for when the day was done idle scorning. O friend, I fear the lightest heart makes, Full many a corpse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun. sometimes heaviest mourning; Tell her the last night of my life (for ere And 'midst the dead and dving were some the moon be risen grown old in wars. My hody will be out of pain-my soul be The death-wound on their gallant breasts, out of prison), the last of many scars: I dream'd I stood with her, and saw the But some were young, and suddenly beheld vellow sunlight shine life's morn decline, On the vineclad hills of Bingen-fair And one had come from Bingen, fair Bin-Bingen on the Rhine. gen on the Rhine. "I saw the blue Rhine sweep along-I "Tell my mother that her other sons shall heard, or seemed to hear, comfort her old age. The German songs we used to sing, in And I was aye a truant bird, that thought chorus sweet and clear, his home a cage. And down the pleasant river, and up the For my father was a soldier, and even as a slanting hill. child The echoing chorus sounded through the My heart leap'd forth to hear him tell of evening calm and still; struggles fierce and wild; And her glad blue eyes were on me as we And when he died, and left us to divide pass'd with friendly talk his seauty hoard, Down many a path beloved of yore, and I let them take whate'er they would, but well-remember'd walk, kept my father's sword, And her little hand lay lightly, confid-And with boyish love I hung it where the ingly in mine; bright light used to shine But we'll meet no more at Bingen-loved On the cottage-wall at Bingen-calm Bin-Bingen on the Rhine." gen on the Rhine. His voice grew faint and hoarser-his grasp was childish weak-"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head. IIis eyes put on a dying look-he sigh'd and ceased to speak ; When the troops are marching home again His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark with glad and gallant tread, of life had fled-But to look upon them proudly, with a The soldier of the Legion in a foreign calm and steadfast eye, land was dead ! For her brother was a soldier too, and not And the soft moon rose up slowly, and afraid to die. calmly she look'd down And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her On the red sand of the battle-field, with in my name bloody corpses strown; To listen to him kindly, without regret or Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene her shame, pale light seem'd to shine, And to hang the old sword in its place As it shone on distant Bingen-fair Bin-(my father's sword and mine), gen on the Rhine. For the honor of old Bingen-dear Bin-CAROLINE NORTON. gen on the Rhine.

THE CHESS-BOARD.

My little love, do you remember, Ere we were grown so sadly wise, Those evenings in the bleak December, Curtain'd warm from the snowy weather, When you and I play'd chess together,

Checkmated by each other's eyes? Ah, still I see your soft white hand Hovering warm o'er Queen and Knight.

Brave Pawns in valiant battle stand : The double Castles guard the wings : The Bishop, bent on distant things, Moves sidling through the fight.

Our fingers touch ; our glances meet, And falter ; falls your golden hair

Against my cheek ; your bosom sweet Is heaving. Down the field, your Queen Rides slow her soldiery all between,

And checks me unaware.

Ah me ! the little battle's done, Dispersed is all its ehivalry ; Full many a move since then have we Mid Life's perplexing eheckers made, And many a game with Fortune play'd,—

What is it we have won?

This, this at least—if this alone ;— That never, never, never more, As in those old still nights of yore

(Ere we were grown so sadly wise), Can you and I shut out the skies,

Shut out the world, and wintry weather, And, eyes exchanging warmth with eyes,

Play chess, as then we play'd, together ! ROBERT BULWER LYTTON.

WE PARTED IN SILENCE.

WE parted in silence, we parted by night, On the banks of that lonely river;

Where the fragrant limes their boughs unite,

We met-and we parted for ever !

The night-bird sung, and the stars above Told many a touching story,

Of friends long pass'd to the kingdom of love,

Where the soul wears its mantle of glory.

We parted in silence-our eheeks were wet

With the tears that were past controlling;

- We vow'd we would never-no, never forget,
 - And those vows at the time were consoling;
- But those lips that echo'd the sounds of mine

Are as cold as that lonely river;

And that eye, that beautiful spirit's shrine, Has shrouded its fires for ever.

And now on the midnight sky I look, And my heart grows full of weeping; Each star is to me a sealed book,

Some tale of that loved one keeping.

We parted in silence—we parted in tears, On the banks of that lonely river :

But the odor and bloom of those bygone years

Shall hang o'er its waters for ever. JULIA CRAWFORD.

FAREWELL! BUT WHENEVER YOU Welcome the Hour,

FAREWELL! but whenever you welcome the hour

- That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
- Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too.
- And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
- His griefs may return—not a hope may remain
- Of the few that have brighten'd his pathway of pain—

But he ne'er will forget the short vision that threw

Its enchantment around him while lingering with you !

- And still on that evening, when pleasurers, fills up
- To the highest top-sparkle each heart and each cup,
- Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
- My soul, happy friends! shall be with you that night-
- Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
- And return to me beaming all o'er with your smiles;

- Too blest if it tells me that, mid the gay cheer,
- Some kind voice had murmur'd, "I wish he were here!"
- Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
- Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy !
- Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
- And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
- Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd !
- Like the vase in which roses have once been distill'd;
- You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
- But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

THOMAS MOORE.

WHEN WE TWO PARTED.

WHEN we two parted In silence and tears, Half broken-hearted, To sever for years, Pale grew thy cheek and cold, Colder thy kiss; Truly that hour foretold Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning Sunk chill on my brow—

It felt like the warning Of what I feel now.

Thy vows are all broken, And light is thy fame; I hear thy name spoken, And share in its shame.

They name thee before me, A knell to mine car; A shudder comes o'er me— Why wert thou so dear? They know not I knew thee, Who knew thee too well :— Long, long shall I rue thee, Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met— In silence I grieve, That thy heart could forget, Thy spirit deceive. If I should meet thee After long years, How should I greet thee ?— With silence and tears. LORD BYRON

LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I'M sittin' on the stile, Mary, Where we sat side by side On a bright May mornin' long ago, When first you were my bride: The corn was springin' fresh and green, And the lark sang loud and high; And the red was on your lip, Mary, And the love-light in your eye. The place is little changed, Mary; The day is bright as then; The lark's loud song'is in my ear. And the corn is green again; But I miss the soft clasp of your hand, And your breath, warm on my cheek: And I still keep list'nin' for the words You never more will speak. 'Tis but a step down yonder lane, And the little church stands near-The church where we were wed. Mary: I see the spire from here. But the graveyard lies between, Mary, And my step might break your rest-For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep, With your baby on your breast, I'm very lonely now, Mary, For the poor make no new friends: But, oh ! they love the better still The few our Father sends ! And you were all I had, Mary-My blessin' and my pride: There's nothing left to care for now, Since my poor Mary died. Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary, That still kept hoping on, When the trust in God had left my soul, And my arm's young strength was gone: There was comfort ever on your lip, And the kind look on your brow-

 bless you, Mary, for that same, Though you cannot hear me now.

POEMS OF MEMORY AND RETROSPECTION.

I thank you for the patient smile When your heart was fit to break-When the hunger-pain was gnawin' there, And you hid it for my sake; I bless you for the pleasant word When your heart was sad and sore-Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary, Where grief can't reach you more! I'm biddin' you a long farewell, My Mary-kind and true ! But I'll not forget you, darling, In the land I'm goin' to; They say there's bread and work for all, And the sun shines always there-But I'll not forget old Ireland, Were it fifty times as fair ! And often in those grand old woods I'll sit, and shut my eyes, And my heart will travel back again To the place where Mary lies! And I'll think I see the little stile Where we sat side by side,

And the springin' corn, and the bright May morn,

When first you were my bride. LADY DUFFERIN.

THE AGE OF WISDOM.

Ho, pretty page with the dimpled chin That never has known the barber's shear,

All your wish is woman to win, This is the way that boys begin,— Wait till you come to Forty Year.

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains, Billing and cooing is all your cheer; Sighing and singing of midnight strains, Under Bonnybell's window-panes,— Wait till you come to Forty Year!

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass, Grizzling hair the brain doth clear— Then you know a boy is an ass, Then you know the worth of a lass, Once you have come to Forty Year.

Pledge me round, I bid ye declare, All good fellows whose beards are grey, Did not the fairest of the fair Common grow and wearisome ere Ever a month was pass'd away? The reddest lips that ever have kiss'd, The brightest eyes that ever have shone, May pray and whisper, and we not list, Or look away, and never be miss'd, Ere yet ever a month is gone.

Gillian's dead, God rest her bier ! How I loved her twenty years syne! Marian's married, but I sit here Alone and merry at Forty Year, Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine. WILLIAN MAKEFEACE THACKERAY.

ODE TO AN INDIAN GOLD COIN.

WRITTEN IN CHÉRICAL, MALABAR.

SLAVE of the dark and dirty mine! What vanity has brought thee here?

How can I love to see thee shine

So bright, whom I have bought so dear?---

The tent-ropes flapping lone I hear, For twilight converse, arm in arm;

The jackal's shriek bursts on mine ear When mirth and music wont to charm.

By Chérical's dark wandering streams, Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild, Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams Of Teviot, loved while still a child, Of castled rocks stupendous piled By Esk or Eden's classic wave, Where loves of youth and friendships smiled, Uncursed by thee, vile yellow slave ! Fade, day-dreams sweet, from memory fade !— The perish'd bliss of youth's first prime, That once so bright on fancy play'd,

Revives no more in after time.

Far from my sacred natal clime,

I haste to an untimely grave; The daring thoughts that soar'd sublime Are sunk in ocean's southern wave.

Slave of the mine! thy yellow light Gleams baleful as the tomb-fire drear. A gentle vision comes by night

My lonely widow'd heart to cheer; Her eyes are dim with many a tear, That once were guiding stars to mine: Her fond heart throbs with many a fear! I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave, I left a heart that loved me true!

I cross'd the tedious ocean-wave, To roam in climes unkind and new. The cold wind of the stranger blew

Chill on my wither'd heart: the grave Dark and untimely met my view,— And all for thee, vile vellow slave!

Ha! com'st thou now so late to mock A wanderer's banish'd heart forloru.

Now that his frame the lightning shock Of sun-rays tipt with death has borne? From love, from friendship, country, torn,

To memory's fond regrets the prey;

Vile slave, thy yellow dross I seorn! Go mix thee with thy kindred clay! JOHN LEYDEN.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

BREAK, break, break, On thy cold, gray stones, O sea! And I would that my tongue could utter The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh, well for the fisherman's boy That he shouts with his sister at play ! Oh, well for the sailor lad

That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on To the haven under the hill ;

But oh, for the touch of a vanish'd hand, And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,

At the foot of thy crags, O sea! But the tender grace of a day that is dead Will never come back to me.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.

MISSOLONGHI, Jan. 22, 1824. 'TIS time this heart should be turmoved, Since others it has ceased to move: Yet, though I cannot be beloved, Still let me love !

My days are in the yellow leaf; The flowers and fruits of love are gone; The worm, the canker, and the grief Are mine alone! The fire that on my bosom preys Is lone as some volcanic isle; No torch is kindled at its blaze— A funeral pile!

The hope, the fear, the jealous care, The exalted portion of the pain And power of love, I cannot share, But wear the chain.

But 'tis not *thus*—and 'tis not *here*— Such thoughts would shake my soul, nor *now*,

Where glory decks the hero's bier, Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field, Glory and Greece, around me see! The Spartan, borne upon his shield, Was not more free.

Awake! (not Greece—she is awake) Awake, my spirit! Think through whom Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake, And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down, Unworthy manhood !—unto thee Indifferent should the smile or frown Of beauty be.

If thou regret'st thy youth, why live? The land of honorable death Is here :—up to the field, and give Away thy breath !

Seek out—less often sought than found— A soldier's grave, for thee the best; Then look around, and choose thy ground, And take thy rest.

LORD BYRON.

OLD LETTERS.

OLD LETTERS! wipe away the tear For vows and hopes so vainly worded?

A pilgrim finds his journal here

· Since first his youthful loins were girded.

Yes, here are wails from Clapham Grove, How could philosophy expect us

To live with Dr. Wise, and love Rice-pudding and the Greek Delectus?

Explain why childhood's path is sown With moral and scholastic tin-tacks;







POEMS OF MEMORY AND RETROSPECTION.

Ere sin original was known,	This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is
Did Adam groan beneath the syntax?	A sort of sonp or broth, or brew,
How strange to parley with the dead !	Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes,
Keep ye your green, wan leaves ? How	That Greenwich never could outdo;
many	Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffron,
From Friendship's tree untimely shed !	Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace:
And here is one as sad as any;	All these you eat at TERRÉ's tavern,
A ghastly bill! "I disapprove,"	In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.
And yet She helped me to defray it—	Indeed, a rich and savory stew 'tis;
What tokens of a mother's love !	And true philosophers, methinks,
Oh, bitter thought ! I can't repay it.	Who love all sorts of natural beauties, Should love good victuals and good
And here's the offer that I wrote	drinks.
In '33 to Lucy Diver ;	And Cordclier or Benedictine
And here John Wylie's begging note,—	Might gladly, sure, his lot embrace,
He never paid me back a stiver.	Nor find a fast-day too afflicting,
And here my feud with Major Spike, Our bet abont the French Invasion ;	Which served him up a Bouillabaisse.
I must confess I acted like	I wonder if the house still there is?
A donkey upon that occasion.	Yes, here the lamp is, as before;
Here's news from Paternoster Row !	The smiling red-check'd écaillère is Still opening oysters at the door.
How mad I was when first I learn'd it:	Is TERRÉ still alive and able?
They would not take my book, and now	I recollect his droll grimace:
I'd give a trifle to have burnt it.	He'd come and smile before your table, And hope you liked your Bouillabaisse.
And here a pile of notes, at last, With "love," and "dove," and "sever," "never:"	We enter-nothing's changed or older.
Though hope, though passion may be past, Their perfume is as sweet as ever.	"How's Monsieur TERRÉ, waiter, pray?" The waiter stares and shrugs his shoulder "Monsieur is dead this many a day."
A human heart should beat for two,	"It is the lot of saint and sinner, So honest TERRÉ's run his race."
Despite the scoffs of single scorners; And all the hearths I ever knew Had got a pair of chimney corners.	"What will Monsieur require for din- ner?"
See here a double violet	"Say, do you still cook Bouillabaisse?"
Two locks of hair—a deal of scandal;	"Oh, oui, Monsieur,"'s the waiter's an-
I'll burn what only brings regret—	swer;
Go, Betty, fetch a lighted candle.	"Quel vin Monsieur desire-t-il?"
FREDERICK LOCKER.	"Tell me a good one."—"That I can, sir:
	The Chambertin with yellow seal." "So TERRÉ's gone," I say, and sink in
THE BALLAD OF BOUILLABAISSE.	My old accustom'd corner-place;
A STREET there is in Paris famous,	"He's done with feasting and with drink-
For which no rhyme our language yields,	ing,
Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its name is—	With Burgundy and Bouillabaisse."
The New Street of the Little Fields.	My old accustom'd corner here is,
And here's an inn, not rich and splendid,	The table still is in the nook;
But still in comfortable case;	Ah! vanish'd many a busy year is
The which in youth I oft attended, To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.	This well-known chair since last I took.

When first I saw ye, cari luoghi, I'd scarce a beard upon my face, And now, a grizzled, grim old fogy, I sit and wait for Bouillabaisse. Where are you, old companions trusty Of early days here met to dine? Come, waiter ! quick, a flagon crusty-I'll pledge them in the good old wine. The kind old voices and old faces My memory can quick retrace : Around the board they take their places, And share the wine and Bouillabaisse. There's JACK has made a wondrous marriage : There's laughing Tom is laughing yet; There's brave AUGUSTUS drives his carriage : There's poor old FRED in the Gazette; On JAMES'S head the grass is growing : Good Lord! the world has wagg'd apace Since here we set the Claret flowing, And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse. Ah me! how quick the days are fitting! I mind me of a time that's gone, When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting, In this same place-but not alone. A fair young form was nestled near me, A dear, dear face look'd fondly up, And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me. ---There's no one now to share my cup. * * * I drink it as the Fates ordain it. Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes: Fill up the lonely glass and drain it In memory of dear old times.

Welcome the wine, whate'er the seal is; And sit you down and say your grace

With thankful heart, whate'er the meal is.

--Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse! WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

ON LENDING A PUNCH-BOWL.

THIS ancient silver bowl of mine,----it tells of good old times,

Of joyous days, and jolly nights, and merry Christmas chimes; They were a free and jovial race, but honest, brave, and true,

That dipp'd their ladle in the punch when this old bowl was new.

A Spanish galleon brought the bar,—so runs the ancient tale;

'Twas hammer'd by an Antwerp smith, whose arm was like a flail;

And now and then between the strokes, for fear his strength should fail,

He wiped his brow, and quaff'd a cup of good old Flemish ale.

- 'Twas purchased by an English squire to please his loving dame,
- Who saw the cherubs, and conceived a longing for the same;
- And oft as on the ancient stock another twig was found,
- 'Twas fill'd with caudle spiced and hot, and handed smoking round.

But, changing hands, it reach'd at length a Puritan divine,

- Who used to follow Timothy, and take a little wine,
- But hated punch and prelacy; and so it was, perhaps,
- He went to Leyden, where he found conventicles and schnaps.
- And then,—of course you know what's next—it left the Dutchman's shore
- Along with all the furniture to fill their new abodes:
- To jndge by what is still on hand, at least a hundred loads.
- 'Twas on a dreary winter's eve, the night was closing dim,
- When old Miles Standish took the bowl, and fill'd it to the brim;
- The little Captain stood and stirr'd the posset with his sword,
- And all his sturdy men-at-arms were ranged about the board.
- He poured the fiery Hollands in,-the man that never fear'd,-
- He took a long and solemn draught, and wiped his yellow beard;

POEMS OF MEMORY AND RETROSPECTION.

- And one by one the musketeers, the men | that fonght and pray'd,
- All drank as 'twere their mother's milk, and not a man afraid.
- That night, affrighted from his nest the screaming eagle flew,
- He heard the Pequot's ringing whoop, the soldier's wild halloo;
- And there the sachem learn'd the rule he taught to kith and kin,
- "Run from the white man when you find he smells of Hollands gin!"
- A hundred years, and fifty more, had spread their leaves and snows,
- A thousand rubs had flatten'd down each little cherub's nose,
- When once again the bowl was fill'd, but not in mirth or joy-
- 'Twas mingled by a mother's hand to cheer her parting boy.
- "Drink, John," she said, "'twill do you good,-poor child, you'll never bear
- This working in the dismal trench, out in the midnight air;
- And if-God bless me !--you were hurt, 'twonld keep away the chill ;"
- So John did drink,—and well he wrought that night at Bunker's Hill!
- I tell you, there was generous warmth in good old English cheer;
- I tell you, 'twas a pleasant thought to bring its symbol here.
- 'Tis but the fool that loves excess;—hast thou a drunken soul?
- Thy bane is in thy shallow skull, not in my silver bowl !
- I love the memory of the past,—its press'd yet fragrant flowers—
- The moss that clothes its broken walls, the ivy on its towers;
- Nay, this poor bauble it bequeath'd-my eyes grow moist and dim,
- To think of all the vanish'd joys that danced around its brim.
- Then fill a fair and honest cnp, and bear it straight to me;
- The goblet hallows all it holds, whate'er the liquid be;

- And may the chernles on its face protect me from the sin
- That dooms one to those dreadful words, "My dear, where have you been ?" OLIVER WEXDELL HOLMES.

THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE.

- TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
- Tears from the depth of some divine despair
- Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
- In looking on the happy autumn fields,
- And thinking of the days that are no more.
 - Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
- That brings our friends up from the under-world,
- Sad as the last which reddens over one
- That sinks with all we love below the verge;
- So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.
 - Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns

The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds

To dying ears, when unto dying eyes

- The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
- So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remember'd kisses after death.

And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd

On lips that are for others: deep as love,

Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;

Oh, death in life! the days that are no more.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE PAST.

THOU unrelenting Past !

Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain,

And fetters, sure and fast,

Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.

Far in thy realm withdrawn Old empires sit in sullenness and gloom, And glorious ages gone Lie deep within the shadow of thy womb. Childhood, with all its mirth, Youth, Manhood, Age that draws us to the ground, And last, Man's life on earth, Glide to thy dim dominions, and are bound. Thou hast my better years, Thou hast my earlier friends-the goodthe kind. Yielded to thee with tears— The venerable form-the exalted mind. My spirit yearns to bring The lost ones back-yearns with desire intense, And struggles hard to wring Thy bolts apart, and pluck thy captives thence. In vain-thy gates deny All passage save to those who hence depart; Nor to the streaming eve Thou giv'st them back-nor to the broken heart. In thy abysses hide Beauty and excellence unknown-to thee Earth's wonder and her pride Are gather'd, as the waters to the sea; Labors of good to man, Unpublish'd charity, unbroken faith,-Love, that 'midst grief began. And grew with years, and falter'd not in death. Full many a mighty name Lurks in thy depths, unutter'd, unrevered : With thee are silent fame, Forgotten arts, and wisdom disappear'd. Thine for a space are they-Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last; Thy gates shall vet give way, Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable Past ! All that of good and fair Has gone into thy womb from earliest time, Shall then come forth to wear The glory and the beauty of its prime.

They have not perish'd—no! Kind words, remember'd voices once so sweet, Smiles, radiant long ago, And features, the great soul's apparent seat.

All shall come back, each tie Of pure affection shall be knit again; Alone shall Evil die, And Sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign.

And then shall I behold Him by whose kind paternal side I sprung, And her who, still and cold,

Fills the next grave-the beautiful and young.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The Retreat.

HAPPY those early days, when I Shined in my angel-infancy ! Before I understood this place Appointed for my second race. Or taught my soul to fancy aught But a white celestial thought : When yet I had not walk'd above A mile or two from my first love, And looking back at that short space Could see a glimpse of his bright face; When on some gilded cloud or flower My gazing soul would dwell an hour, And in those weaker glories spy Some shadows of eternity; Before I taught my tongue to wound My conscience with a sinful sound, Or had the black art to dispense A several sin to every sense, But felt through all this fleshly dress Bright shoots of everlastingness.

Oh how I long to travel back, And tread again that ancient track ! That I might once more reach that plain, Where first I left my glorious train ; From whence th' enlighten'd spirit sees That shady City of Palm trees : But ah ! my soul with too much stay Is drunk, and staggers in the way : Some men a forward motion love, But I by backward steps would move And when this dust fulls to the urn, In that state I came, return.

HENRY VAUGHAN

POEMS OF MEMORY AND RETROSPECTION.

THE NABOB.

WHEN silent time, wi' lightly foot, Had trod on thirty years, I sought again my native land Wi' mony hopes and fears. Wha kens gin the dear friends I left May still continue mine? Or gin I e'er again shall taste The joys I left langsyne?

As I drew near my ancient pile My heart beat a' the way;

Ilk place I pass'd seem'd yet to speak O' some dear former day;

Those days that follow'd me afar, Those happy days o' mine,

Whilk made me think the present joys A' naething to langsyne!

The ivied tower now met my eye Where minstrels used to blaw; Nae friend stepp'd forth wi' open hand,

Nae weel-kenn'd face I saw ; Till Donald totter'd to the door.

Wham I left in his prime, And grat to see the lad return

He bore about langsyne.

I ran to ilka dear friend's room, As if to find them there,

I knew where ilk ane used to sit, Aud hang o'er mony a chair;

Till soft remembrance threw a veil Across these e'en o' mine.

I closed the door, and sobb'd aloud, To think on auld langsyne.

Some pensy chiels, a new-sprung race, Wad next their welcome pay,

Wha shudder'd at my Gothic wa's And wish'd my groves away.

"Cut, cut," they eried, "those aged elms; Lay low yon mournfu' pine."

Na! na! our fathers' names grow there, Memorials o' langsyne.

To wean me frae these waefu' thoughts, They took me to the town;

But sair on ilka weel-kenn'd face I miss'd the youthfu' bloom.

At balls they pointed to a nymph Wham a' declared divine;

But sure her mother's blushing cheeks Were fairer far langsyne! In vain I sought in music's sound To find that magic art, Which oft in Scotland's ancient lays Has thrill'd through a' my heart. The song had mony an artfu' turn; My ear confess'd 'twas fine; But miss'd the simple melody I listen'd to langsyne. Ye sons to comrades o' my youth,

Forgi'e an auld man's spleen,

Wha 'midst your gayest scenes still mourns

The days he ance has seen.

When time has pass'd and seasons fled, Your hearts will feel like mine;

And aye the sang will maist delight That minds ye o' langsyne !

SUSANNA BLAMIRE.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

I MIND me of a pleasant time, A season long ago; The pleasantest I've ever known, Or ever now shall know. Bees, birds, and little tinkling rills So merrily did chime; The year was in its sweet spring-tide, And I was in my prime.

I've never heard such music since, From every bending spray;

I've never pluck'd such primroses, Set thick on bank and brae;

I've never smelt such violets As all that pleasant time

I found by every hawthorn root— When I was in my prime.

Yon moory down, so black and bare, Was gorgeous then and gay With golden gorse—bright blossoming— As none blooms nowaday.

The blackbird sings but seldom now Up there in the old lime,

Where hours and hours he used to sing-When I was in my prime.

Such cutting winds came never then To pierce one through and through; More softly fell the silent shower, More balmily the dew.

The morning mist and evening haze— Unlike this cold gray rime— Seem'd woven warm of golden air When I was in my prime.

And blackberries—so mawkish now— Were finely flavor'd then; And nuts—such reddening elusters ripe I ne'er shall pull again; Nor strawberries blushing bright—as rich As fruits of sunniest clime; How all is alter'd for the worse Since I was in my prime! CABOLINE BOWLES SOUTHEY.

FORGET ME NOT.

Go, youth beloved, in distant glades New friends, new hopes, new joys to find, Yet sometimes deign, 'midst fairer maids, To think on her thou leav'st behind. Thy love, thy fate, dear youth, to share, Must never be my happy lot, But thou mayst grant this humble prayer, Forget me not, forget me not! Yet should the thought of my distress Too painful to thy feelings be, Heed not the wish I now express,

Nor ever deign to think on me; But, oh, if grief thy steps attend, ' If want, if sickuess be thy lot, And thou require a soothing friend; Forget me not, forget me not!

Amelia Opie,

YOUTH AND AGE.

VERSE, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying, Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee--Both were mine ! Life went a-maying With Nature, Hope, and Poesy, When I was young ! When I was young ! When I was young ?--Ah, woful When ! Ah ! for the change 'twixt Now and Then ! This body that does me grievous wrong, O'er acry cliffs and glittering sands How lightly then it flash'd along : Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore, On winding lakes and rivers wide, That ask no aid of sail or oar, That fear no spite of wind or tide ! Naught cared this hody for wind or weather When Youth and I lived in 't together.

Flowers are lovely : Love is flower-like : Friendship is a sheltering tree; Oh the joys, that came down shower-like, Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty, Ere I was old ! Ere I was old ?-Ah, woful Ere. Which tells me, Youth's no longer here ! O Youth ! for years so many and sweet 'Tis known that thou and I were one. I'll think it but a fond conceit— It cannot be, that thou art gone ! Thy vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd :--And thou wert aye a masker bold ! What strange disguise hast now put on To make believe that thou art gone ? I see these locks in silvery slips. This drooping gait, this alter'd size : But springtide blossoms on thy lips. And tears take sunshine from thine eyes) Life is but Thought: so think I will That Youth and I are housemates still.

Dew-drops are the gems of morning, But the tears of mournful eve ! Where no hope is, life's a warning That only serves to make us grieve, When we are old :

--That only serves to make us grieve With oft and tedious taking-leave, Like some poor nigh-related guest That may not rudely be dismist, Yet hath outstay'd his welcome while, And tells the jest without the smile. SAULE TAYLOS COLEMENCE

Stanzas.

WHEN midnight o'er the moonless skies Her pall of transient death has spread, When mortals sleep, when spectres rise, And naught is wakeful but the dead;

No bloodless shape my way pursues, No sheeted ghost my couch annoys; Visions more sad my fancy views, Visions of long-departed joys!

The shade of youthful hope is there, That linger'd long, and latest died ;

POEMS OF MEMORY AND RETROSPECTION.

Ambition all dissolved to air. THE CLOSING YEAR. With phantom honors by his side. 'Tis midnight's holy hour, and silence now Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er What empty shadows glimmer nigh? The still and pulseless world. Hark ! on They once were Friendship, Truth, and the winds Love! The bell's deep tones are swelling,-'tis Oh, die to thought, to memory die, the knell Since lifeless to my heart ye prove ! Of the departed year. No funeral train WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER. Is sweeping past; yct, on the stream and wood. GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE. With melaneholy light, the moonbeams Go where glory waits thee ; rest But while fame elates thee. Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is Oh still remember me! stirr'd When the praise thou meetest As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud To thine ear is sweetest. That floats so still and placidly through Oh then remember me! heaven, The spirits of the seasons seem to stand,-Other arms may press thee, Dearer friends earess thee, Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's All the joys that bless thee solemn form, Sweeter far may he; And Winter with its aged locks, -- and But when friends are nearest, breathe, And when joys are dearest, In mournful eadences that come abroad Oh theu remember me! Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail. When at eye thou royest A melaneholy dirge o'er the dead year, By the star thou lovest, Gone from the Earth for ever. Oh then remember me ! Think, when home returning, 'Tis a time Bright we've seen it burning, For memory and for tears. Within the Oh thus remember me! deep, Oft as summer closes, Still chambers of the heart, a speetre dim, When thine eye reposes Whose tones are like the wizard voice of On its lingering roses, Time Once so loved by thee, Heard from the tomb of ages, points its Think of her who wove them. eold Her who made thee love them-And solemn finger to the beautiful Oh theu remember me! And holy visions that have pass'd away, And left no shadow of their loveliness When around thee dying On the dead waste of life. That spectre Autumn leaves are lying. lifts Oh then remember me! The coffin-lid of Hope, and Joy, and Love, And at night when gazing And, bending mournfully above the pale, On the gay hearth blazing, Sweet forms that slumber there, seatters Oh still remember me! dead flowers Then should music, stealing O'er what has pass'd to nothingness. All the soul of feeling. To thy heart appealing, The year Draw one tear from thee; Has gone, and with it many a glorious Then let memory bring thee Strains I used to sing theethrong Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each Oh then remember me! THOMAS MOORE. brow,

Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course	Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down
It waved its sceptre o'er the beantiful,-	To rest upon his mountain-crag,-but Time
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand	Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,
Upon the strong man,-and the haughty	And night's deep darkness has no chain to
form	bind
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.	His rushing pinions.
It trod the hall of revelry, where throng'd	
The bright and joyous,-and the tearful	Revolutions sweep
wail	O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the
Of stricken oues is heard where erst the song	breast
And reckless short resounded.	Of dreaming sorrow,—cities rise and sink
ind reckiess shour resounded.	Like bubbles on the water,—fiery isles
It pass'd o'er	Spring blazing from the ocean, and go
The battle-plain, where sword, and spear,	back
and shield,	To their mysterious caverns,-mountains
Flash'd in the light of mid-day,-and the	rear
strength	To heaven their bald and blacken'd cliffs,
Of serried hosts is shiver'd, and the grass,	and bow
Green from the soil of carnage, waves	Their tall heads to the plain,-new empires
above	rise,
The erush'd and mouldering skeleton. It	Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,
came,	And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,
And faded like a wreath of mist at eve ;	Startling the nations,—and the very stars,
Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,	You bright and burning blazonry of God,
It heralded its millions to their home	Glitter a while in their eternal depths,
In the dim land of dreams.	And, like the Pleiad, loveliest of their train,
Remorseless Time !	Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass
Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe !	away
what power	To darkle in the trackless void, - yet
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt	Time,
His iron heart to pity? On, still on,	Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce
He presses, and for ever. The proud bird,	eareer,
The condor of the Andes, that can soar	Dark, stern, all-pitiless, and pauses not
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or	Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his
brave	path
The fury of the northern hurricane,	To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's	Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.
home,	George D. PRENTICE.
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PART III.

POEMS OF LOVE.



POEMS OF LOVE.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE fountains mingle with the river, And the rivers with the ocean, The winds of heaven mix for ever With a sweet emotion; Nothing in the world is single; All things by a law divine In one another's being mingle— Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven, And the waves clasp one another; No sister flower would be forgiven If it disdain'd its brother: And the sunlight clasps the earth, And the moonbeams kiss the sea;— What are all these kissings worth, If thou kiss not me?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

OVER the mountains And over the waves; Under the fountains And under the graves; Under floods that are deepest, Which Neptune obey; Over rocks that are steepest, Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
For the glow-worm to lye;
Where there is no space
For receipt of a fly;
Where the midge dares not venture,
Lest herself fast she lay;
If love come he will enter,
And soon find out his way.

You may esteem him Λ child for his might; Or you may deem him A coward from his flight: But if she whom love doth honor Be conceal'd from the day, Set a thousand guards upon her, Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him By having him confined; And some do suppose him, Poor thing, to be blind; But if ne'er so close ye wall him, Do the best that you may, Blind love, if so ye call him, Will find out his way.

You may train the eagle To stoop to your fist; Or you may inveigle The phœnix of the East; The lioness, ye may move her To give o'er her prey; But you'll ne'er stop a lover, He will find out his way. AUTHOR UNKNOWS.

AH, HOW SWEET IT IS TO LOVE!

AH, how sweet it is to love! Ah, how gay is young desire! And what pleasing pains we prove When we first approach love's fire! Pains of love be sweeter far Than all other pleasures are.

Sighs which are from lovers blown Do but gently heave the heart; E'en the tears they shed alone, Cure, like trickling balm, their smart. Lovers, when they lose their breath, Bleed away in easy death.

Love and time with reverence use— Treat them like a parting friend, Nor the golden gifts refuse Which in youth sincere they send; For each year their price is more, And they less simple than before,

Love, like spring-tides, full and high, Swells in every youthful vein; But each tide does less supply, Till they quite shrink in again; If a flow in age appear, 'Tis but rain, and runs not clear. JOIN DEVICE.

LOVE IS A SICKNESS.

LOVE is a sickness full of woes, All remedies refusing; A plant that with most cutting grows, Most barren with best using: Why so? More we enjoy it, more it dies; If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries, Hey, ho!

Love is a torment of the mind, A tempest everlasting; And Jove hath made it of a kind Not well, nor full, nor fasting : Why so? More we enjoy it, more it dies; If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries, Hey, ho!

SAMUEL DANIEL.

PANGLORY'S WOOING SONG.

LOVE is the blossom where there blows Everything that lives or grows: Love doth make the heavens to move, And the sun doth burn in love; Love the strong and weak doth yoke, And makes the ivy climb the oak, Under whose shadows lions wild, Soften'd by love, grow tame and mild. Love no med'cine can appease; He burns the fishes in the seas; Not all the skill his wounds can stanch; Not all the sea his fire can quench. Love did make the bloody spear Once a leafy coat to wear, While in his leaves there shrouded lay Sweet birds, for love that sing and play; And of all love's joyful flame I the bud and blossom am.

Only bend thy knee to me— Thy wooing shall thy winning be.

See! see the flowers that below Now freshly as the morning blow. And of all, the virgin rose, That as bright Aurora shows-How they all nnleaved die. Losing their virginity: Like unto a summer shade, But now born, and now they fade: Everything doth pass away: There is danger in delay. Come, come, gather then the rose: Gather it, or it you lose. All the sand of Tagus' shore In my bosom casts its ore : All the valleys' swimming corn To my house is yearly borne; Every grape of every vine Is gladly bruised to make me wine : While ten thousand kings, as proud To carry up my train, have bow'd; And a world of ladies send me, In my chambers to attend me; All the stars in heaven that shine, And ten thousand more, are mine.

Only bend thy knee to me— Thy wooing shall thy winning be, GLES FLETCHER.

ROSALIND'S MADRIGAL.

LOVE in my bosom, like a bee, Doth suck his sweet; Now with his wings he plays with me, Now with his fect. Within mine eyes he makes his nest, His bed amidst my tender breast; My kisses are his daily feast, And yet he robs me of my rest: Ah, wanton, will ye?

And if I sleep, then percheth he With pretty flight, And makes his pillow of my knee The livelong night.

POEMS OF LOVE.

Strike I my lute, he tunes the string: He music plays if so I sing; He lends me every lovely thing,' Yet cruel he my heart doth sting; Whist, wanton, still ye:

Else I with roses every day Will whip you hence, And bind you, when you long to play, For your offence; I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in, I'll make you fast it for your sin, I'll count your power not worth a pin : Alas! what hereby shall I win, If he gainsay me?

What if I beat the wanton boy With many a rod? He will repay me with annoy, Because a god. Then sit thou safely on my knee, And let thy bower my bosom be; Lurk in mine eyes,—I like of thee, O Cupid! so thou pity me, Spare not, but play thee.

LOVE STILL HATH SOMETHING OF THE SEA.

THOMAS LODGE.

LOVE still hath something of the sea, From whence his mother rose; No time his slaves from doubt can free, Nor give their thoughts repose.

They are becalm'd in clearest days, And in rough weather toss'd; They wither under cold delays, Or are in tempests lost.

One while they seem to touch the port; Then straight into the main Some angry wind, in eruel sport, The vessel drives again.

At first disdain and pride they fear, Which if they chance to 'seape, Rivals and falsehood soon appear In a more dreadful shape.

By such degrees to joy they come, And are so long withstood; So slowly they receive the sum, It hardly does them good. 'Tis eruel to prolong a pain; And to defer a joy, Believe me, gentle Celemene, Offends the wingèd boy.

A hundred thousand oaths your fears Perhaps would not remove;

And if I gazed a thousand years, I could no deeper love. SIE CHARLES SEDLEY.

LOVE'S OMNIPRESENCE.

WERE I as base as is the lowly plain, And you, my Love, as high as heaven above,

Yet should the thoughts of me your humble swain

Ascend to heaven, in honor of my Love.

Were I as high as heaven above the plain, And you, my Loye, as humble and as low

As are the deepest bottoms of the main,

Wheresoe'er you were, with you my love should go.

Were you the earth, dear Love, and I the skies,

My love should shine on you like to the sun,

And look upon you with ten thousand eyes Till heaven wax'd blind, and till the world were done.

Wheresoe'er I am, below, or else above you, Wheresoe'er you are, my heart shall truly love you.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

CUPID and my Campaspe playd At cardes for kisses; Cupid payd: He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows, His mothers doves, and teame of sparrows; Loses them too; then down he throws The eoral of his lippe, the rose Growing on's cheek (but none knows how), With these, the erystal of his browe, And then the dimple of his chinne; All these did my Campaspe winne. At last he set her both his eyes, She won, and Cupid blind did rise.

O Love! has she done this to thee? What shall, alas! become of mee? JOHN LYLY.

LOVE.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights, Whatever stirs this mortal frame, All are but ministers of Love, And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I Live o'er again that happy hour, When midway on the mount I lay, Beside the ruin'd tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene, Had blended with the lights of eve; And she was there, my hope, my joy, My own dear Genevieve!

She leant against the armèd man, The statue of the armèd knight; She stood and listen'd to my lay, Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own My hope! my joy! my Genevieve! She loves me best, whene'er I sing The songs that make her grieve.

I play'd a soft and doleful air, I sang an old and moving story— An old rude song, that suited well That ruin wild and hoary.

She listen'd with a flitting blush, With downcast eyes and modest grace; For well she knew, I could not choose But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore Upon his shield a burning brand; And that for ten long years he woo'd The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined; and ah! The deep, the low, the pleading tone With which I sang another's love, Interpreted my own.

She listen'd with a flitting blush, With downcast eyes, and modest grace; And she forgave me, that I gazed Too fondly on her face. But when I told the cruel scorn That crazed that bold and lovely Knight, And that he cross'd the mountain-woods, Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den, And sometimes from the darksome shade, And sometimes starting up at once In green and sunny glade,

There came and look'd him in the face An angel beantiful and bright; And that he knew it was a Fiend, This miserable Knight!

And that, unknowing what he did, He leap'd amid a murderous band, And saved from outrage worse than death The Lady of the Land!

And how she wept, and clasp'd his knees; And how she tended him in vain— And ever strove to explate The scorn that crazed his brain.

And that she nursed him in a cave; And how his madness went away, When on the yellow forest-leaves A dying man he lay.

His dying words—but when I reach'd That tenderest strain of all the ditty, My faltering voice and pausing harp Disturb'd her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense Had thrill'd my guileless Genevicve; The music, and the doleful tale, The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope, An undistinguishable throng, And gentle wishes long subdued, Subdued and cherish'd long!

She wept with pity and delight, She blush'd with love, and virgin-shame; And like the murmar of a dream, I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepp'd aside, As conscious of my look she stepp'd— Then suddenly, with timorous eye She fled to me and wept. She half enclosed me with her arms, She press'd me with a meek embrace; And bending back her head, look'd up, And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly Love, and partly Fear, And partly 'twas a bashful art, That I might rather feel than see, The swelling of her heart.

I calm'd her fears, and she was calm, And told her love with virgin pride. And so I won my Genevieve,

My bright and beauteous Bride. SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

NOT OURS THE VOWS.

Not ours the vows of such as plight Their troth in sunny weather,

While leaves are green and skies are bright, To walk on flowers together.

But we have loved as those who tread The thorny path of sorrow.

With clouds above, and cause to dread Yet deeper gloom to-morrow.

That thorny path, those stormy skies, Have drawn our spirits nearer,

And rendered us, by sorrow's ties, Each to the other dearer.

Love, born in hours of joy and mirth, With mirth and joy may perish;

That to which darker hours gave birth Still more and more we cherish.

It looks beyond the clouds of time, And through death's shadowy portal,

Made by adversity sublime, By faith and hope immortal.

BERNARD BARTON.

Sonnet.

THE doubt which ye misdeem, fair love, is vain,

That fondly fear to lose your liberty; When, losing one, two liberties ye gain,

- And make him bound that bondage erst did fly.
- Sweet be the bands, the which true love doth tye

Without constraint, or dread of any ill :

The gentle bird feels no eaptivity

- Within her cage; but sings and feeds her fill;
- There pride dare not approach, nor discord spill
 - The league 'twixt them that loyal love hath bound;

But simple truth, and mutual good-will,

- Seeks, with sweet peace, to salve each other's wound;
- There faith doth fearless dwell in brazen tower,
- And spotless pleasure builds her sacred bower.

EDMUND SPENSER.

ABSENCE.

WHAT shall I do with all the days and hours

That must be counted ere I see thy face?

How shall I charm the interval that lowers Between this time and that sweet time of grace?

Still I in slumber steep each weary sense-Weary with longing? Shall I flee away

- Into past days, and with some fond pretence
 - Cheat myself to forget the present day?
- Shall love for thee lay on my soul the sin Of easting from me God's great gift of time?
- Shall I, these mists of memory locked within,

Leave and forget life's purposes sublime?

Oh, how, or by what means, may I contrive To bring the hour that brings thee back more near?

How may I teach my drooping hope to live Until that blessed time, and thou art here?

I'll tell thee; for thy sake I will lay hold Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee, In worthy deeds, each moment that is told

While thou, beloved one! art far from me.

For thee I will arouse my thoughts to try All heavenward flights, all high and holy strains;

For thy dear sake I will walk patiently Through these long hours, nor call their minutes pains,

I will this dreary blank of absence make A noble task-time; and will therein strive To follow excellence, and to o'ertake More good than I have won since yet I live. So may this doomèd time build np in me A thousand graces, which shall thus be thine:

So may my love and longing hallowed be, And thy dear thought an influence divine.

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

HOW MANY TIMES.

How many times do I love thee, dear? Tell me how many thoughts there be In the atmosphere Of a new-fallen year, Whose white and sable hours appear The latest flake of Eternity; So many times do I love thee, dear,

How many times do I love thee, again? Tell me how many beads there are In a silver chain Of the evening rain, Unravelled from the tumbling main, And threading the eye of a yellow star; So how many times do I love, again.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

FAIR INES.

OH, saw ye not fair Ines? She's gone into the West, To dazzle when the sun is down, And rob the world of rest: She took our daylight with her, The smiles that we love best, With morning blushes on her cheek, And pearls upon her breast. Oh turn again, fair Ines, Before the fall of night, For fear the moon should shine alone, And stars unrivall'd bright; And blessed will the lover be That walks beneath their light,

And breathes the love against thy cheek I dare not even write!

Would I had been, fair Ines, That gallant cavalier, Who rode so gayly by thy side, And whisper'd thee so near! Were there no bonny dames at home. Or no true lovers here. That he should cross the seas to win The dearest of the dear? I saw thee, lovely Ines! Deseend along the shore. With bands of noble gentlemen. And banners waved before : And gentle youth and maidens gay, And snowy plumes they wore : It would have been a beauteous dream. If it had been no more ! Alas, alas, fair Ines! She went away with song. With music waiting on her steps, And shoutings of the throng : But some were sad and felt no mirth. But only music's wrong, In sounds that sang, Farewell, farewell, To her you've loved so long! Farewell, farewell, fair Ines! That yessel never bore So fair a lady on its deck. Nor danced so light before;

Alas for pleasure on the sea, And sorrow on the shore l The smile that blest one lover's heart Has broken many more !

THOMAS HOOD.

HE CAME TOO LATE.

HE came too late! Neglect had tried Her constancy too long; Her love had yielded to her pride And the deep sense of wrong. She scorned the offering of a heart Which lingered on its way Till it could no delight impart, Nor spread one cheering ray.

He came too late! At once he felt That all his power was o'er;

Indifference in her calm smile dwelt-She thought of him no more.

Anger and grief had passed away, Her heart and thoughts were free;

She met him, and her words were gay-No spell had Memory.

He came too late! The subtle chords Of love were all unbound,

POEMS OF LOVE.

Not by offence of spoken words, But by the slights that wound. She knew that life held nothing now That could the past repay, Yet she disdained his tardy yow,

And coldly turned away.

He came too late! Her countless dreams Of hope had long since flown;

No charms dwelt in his chosen themes, Nor in his whispered tone.

And when with word and smile he tried Affection still to prove,

She nerved her heart with woman's pride, And spurned his fickle love.

ELIZABETH BOGART.

CUPID SWALLOWED.

T'OTHER day, as I was twining Roses, for a crown to dine in, What, of all things, midst the heap, Should I light on, fast asleep, But the little desperate elf, The tiny traitor,—Love himself! By the wings I pinch'd him up Like a bee, and in a cup Of my wine I plunged and sank him; And what d'ye think I did?—I drank him! Faith, I thought him dead. Not he! There he lives with tenfold glee; And now this moment, with his wings I feel him tickling my heart-strings. Lizion Husr.

WALY, WALY, BUT LOVE BE BONNY.

OH waly waly up the bank, And waly waly down the brae, And waly waly yon burn side, Where I and my love were wont to gae. I leant my back unto an aik, I thought it was a trusty tree! But first it bow'd, and syne it brak, Sae my true love did lichtly me. Oh waly waly gin love be bonny,

A little time while it is new; But when its auld, it waxeth cauld, And fades awa' like morning dew.

Oh wherefore shuld I busk my head? Or wherefore shuld I kame my hair?

For my true love has me forsook, And says he'll never lo'e me mair. Now Arthur-seat sall be my bed, The sheets sall ne'er be fyl'd by me: Saint Anton's well sall be my drink, Since my true love has forsaken me. Marti'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw, And shake the green leaves aff the tree? O gentle death, whan wilt thou cum? For of my life I am wearle.

Tis not the frost, that freezes fell, Nor blawing snaws inclemencie; 'Tis not sic cauld, that makes me cry, But my loves heart grown cauld to me. When we came in by Glasgowe town, We were a comely sight to see, My love was cled in black velvet, And I my sell in cramasie.

But had 1 wist, before I kisst, That love had been sae ill to win; 1 had lockt my heart in a case of gowd, And pinn'd it with a siller pin. And, oh! if my young babe were born, And set upon the nurses knee, And I my sell were dead and gane! For a maid again Ise never be. Arring Uxsnows.

LINES TO AN INDIAN AIR.

I ARISE from dreams of thee In the first sweet sleep of night, When the winds are breathing low. And the stars are shining bright : I arise from dreams of thee, And a spirit in my feet Has led me-who knows how ?--To thy chamber-window, sweet! The wandering airs they faint On the dark, the silent stream-The champak odors fail Like sweet thoughts in a dream; The nightingale's complaint, It dies upon her heart, As I must on thine, Beloved as thou art!

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

My cheek is cold and white, alas! My heart beats loud and fast, Oh! press it close to thine again, Where it will break at last. PEECT BYSIE SHELLEY.

WHY SO PALE?

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover? Prethee, why so pale? Will, when looking well can't move her, Looking ill prevail? Prethee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner? Prethee, why so mute? Will, when speaking well can't win her, Saying nothing do't? Prethee why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame ; this will not move, This cannot take her;

If of herself she will not love, Nothing can make her, The devil take her ! Sir John Suckling.

LADY GERALDINE'S COURTSHIP.

A ROMANCE OF THE AGE.

A poet writes to his friend. PLACE-A room in Wycombe Hall. TIME-Late in the evening.

DEAR my friend and fellow-student, I would lean my spirit o'er you !

Down the purple of this chamber tears should scarcely run at will.

I am humbled who was humble. Friend, I bow my head before you:

You should lead me to my peasants, but their faces are too still.

- There's a lady, an earl's daughter—she is proud and she is noble,
 - And she treads the crimson carpet, and she breathes the perfumed air,

And a kingly blood sends glances up, her princely eye to trouble,

And the shadow of a monarch's crown is soften'd in her hair.

She has halls among the woodlands, she has castles by the breakers,

She has farms and she has manors, she can threaten and command,

And the palpitating engines snort in steam across her acres,

As they mark upon the blasted heaven the measure of the land.

There are none of England's daughters who can show a prouder presence; Upon princely suitors, praying, she has look'd in her disdain,

- She was sprung of English nobles, I was born of English peasants;
 - What was I that I should love her, save for competence to pain?
- I was only a poor poet, made for singing at her casement,
 - As the finches or the thrushes, while she thought of other things.
- Oh, she walk'd so high above me, she appear'd to my abasement,
 - In her lovely silken murmur, like an angel clad in wings !

Many vassals bow before her as her carriage sweeps their door-ways;

- She has blest their little children, as a priest or queen were she :
- Far too tender, or too cruel far, her smile upon the poor was,
 - For I thought it was the same smile which she used to smile on me.
- She has voters in the commons, she has lovers in the palace,
 - And of all the fair court-ladies, few have jewels half as fine;
- Oft the prince has named her beauty 'twixt the red wine and the chalice :

Oh, and what was *I* to love her? my beloved, my Geraldine!

- Yet I could not choose but love her : I was born to poet-uses,
- To love all things set above me, all of good and all of fair.
- Nymphs of mountain, not of valley, we are wont to call the Muses;

And in nympholeptic climbing, poets pass from mount to star.

And because I was a poet, and because the public praised me,

With a critical deduction for the modern writer's fault,

I could sit at rich men's tables-though "But because my woods in Sussex have the courtesies that raised me, some purple shades at gloaming Which are worthy of a king in state, or Still suggested clear between us the pale poet in his youth. spectrum of the salt. And they praised me in her presence ;---"I invite you, Mister Bertram, to no scene "Will your book appear this sumfor worldly speechesmer ?" Sir, I scarce should dare-but only Then returning to each other-"Yes, where God ask'd the thrushes first: our plans are for the moors." And if you will sing beside them, in the Then with whisper dropp'd behind mecovert of my beeches, "There he is ! the latest comer. I will thank you for the woodlands, ... Oh, she only likes his verses! what is for the human world, at worst." over, she endures. Then she smiled around right childly, then "Quite low-born, self-educated ! somewhat she gazed around right queenly, gifted though by Nature, And I bow'd-I could not answer; al-And we make a point of asking himternated light and gloomof being very kind. While as one who quells the lious, with a You may speak, he does not hear you ! steady eye serenely, and besides he writes no satire-She, with level fronting eyelids, pass'd All these serpents kept by charmers leave out stately from the room. the natural sting behind." I grew scornfuller, grew colder, as I stood Oh, the blessèd woods of Sussex, I can hear up there among them, them still around me, Till as frost intense will burn you, the With their leafy tide of greenery still cold scorning scorch'd my brow ; rippling up the wind. Oh, the cursed woods of Sussex ! where the When a sudden silver speaking, gravely hunter's arrow found me, cadenced, overrung them, And a sudden silken stirring touch'd When a fair face and a tender voice had my inner nature through. made me mad and blind ! In that ancient hall of Wycombe throng'd I look'd upward and beheld her. With a calm and regnant spirit, the numerous guests invited, Slowly round she swept her eyelids, and And the lovely London ladies trod the said clear before them allfloors with gliding feet; "Have you such superfluous honor, sir, And their voices low with fashion, not with feeling, softly freighted that, able to confer it, You will come down, Mister Bertram, as All the air about the windows with elasmy guest to Wycombe Hall ?" tic laughter sweet. Here she paused; she had been paler at For at eve the open windows flung their the first word of her speaking, light out on the terrace But because a silence follow'd it, blush'd Which the floating orbs of curtains did somewhat, as for shame, with gradual shadow sweep, Then, as scorning her own feeling, resumed While the swans upon the river, fed at calmly-" I am seeking morning by the heiress, More distinction than these gentlemen Trembled downward through their snowy think worthy of my claim. wings at music in their sleep. "Ne'ertheless, you see, I seek it-not be-And there evermore was music, both of cause I am a woman" instrument and singing, (Here her smile sprang like a fountain, Till the finches of the shrubberies grew and, so, overflow'd her mouth), restless in the dark ;

But the eedars stood up motionless, each	Spake she unto all and unto me—" Be-
in a moonlight ringing,	hold, I am the warden
And the deer, half in the glimmer,	Of the song-birds in these lindens,
strew'd the hollows of the park.	which are cages to their mind.
And though sometimes she would hind me	"But within this swarded circle into which
with her silver-eorded speeches	the lime-walk brings us,
To commix my words and laughter with	Whence the beeches, rounded greenly,
the converse and the jest,	stand away in reverent fear,
Oft I sate apart, and, gazing on the river	I will let no music enter, saving what the
through the heeches,	fountain sings us
Heard, as pure the swans swam down it,	Which the lilies round the basin may
her pure voice o'erfloat the rest.	seem pure enough to hear.
 In the morning, horn of huntsman, hoof of steed, and laugh of rider, Spread out cheery from the courtyard till we lost them in the hills, While herself and other ladies, and her suitors left beside her, Went a-wandering up the gardens through the laurels and abeles. 	 "The live air that waves the lilies waves the slender jet of water Like a holy thought sent feebly up from soul of fasting saint: Whereby lies a marble Silence, sleeping (Lough the sculptor wrought her), So asleep she is forgetting to say Hush; —a fancy quaint.
 Thus, her foot upon the new-mown grass, bareheaded, with the flowing Of the virginal white vesture gather'd closely to her throat, And the golden ringlets in her neck just quicken'd by her going, And appearing to breathe sun for air, and doubting if to float,— 	 "Mark how heavy white her eyelids! not a dream between them lingers; And the left hand's index droppeth from the lips upon the cheek : While the right hand—with the symbol- rose held slack within the fingers— Has fallen backward in the basin—yet this Silence will not speak !
 With a bunch of dewy maple, which her	 "That the essential meaning growing may
right hand held above her, And which trembled a green shadow in	exceed the special symbol, Is the thought as I conceive it: it ap-
betwixt her and the skies, As she turn'd her face in going, thus, she	plies more high and low. Our true noblemen will often through
drew me on to love her, And to worship the divineness of the	right nobleness grow humble, And assert an inward honor by denying
smile hid in her eyes.	outward show."
 For her eyes alone smile constantly; her lips have serious sweetness, And her front is calm, the dimple rarely ripples on the cheek; But her deep-blue eyes smile constantly, as if they in discreetness Kept the secret of a happy dream she did not care to speak. 	" Nay, your Silence," said I, "truly, holds her symbol-rose but slackly, Yet <i>she holds it</i> , or would scarcely be a Silence to our ken : And your nobles wear their ermine on the outside, or walk blackly In the presence of the social law as mere ignoble men.
Thus she drew me the first morning, out	"Let the poets dream such dreaming!
across into the garden,	madam, in these British islands
And I walk'd among her noble friends,	'Tis the substance that wanes ever, 'tis
and could not keep behind.	the symbol that exceeds.

POEMS	OF	LO	VE.
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- Soon we shall have naught but symbol, and, for statues like this Silence,
 - Shall accept the rose's image—in another ease, the weed's."
- "Not so quickly," she retorted—"I confess, where'er you go, you
 - Find for things, names-shows for actions, and pure gold for honor clear:
- But when all is run to symbol in the Social, I will throw you
 - The world's book which now reads drily, and sit down with Silence here."
- Half in playfulness she spoke, I thought, and half in indignation;
 - Friends who listen'd laugh'd her words off, while her lovers deem'd her fair:
- A fair woman, flush'd with feeling, in her noble-lighted station
 - Near the statue's white reposing—and both bathed in sunny air!
- With the trees round, not so distant but you heard their vernal murmur,
 - And beheld in light and shadow the leaves in and outward move,
- And the little fountain leaping toward the sun-heart to be warmer,
 - Then recoiling in a tremble from the too much light above.
- 'Tis a picture for remembrance. And thus, morning after morning,
 - Did I follow as she drew me by the spirit to her feet.
- Why, her greyhound followed also! dogswe both were dogs for scorning-
 - To be sent back when she pleased it and her path lay through the wheat.
- And thus, morning after morning, spite of vows and spite of sorrow,
 - Did I follow at her drawing, while the week-days pass'd along,
- Just to feed the swans this noontide, or to see the fawns to-morrow,
 - Or to teach the hillside echo some sweet Tuscan in a song.
- Ay, for sometimes on the hillside, while we sate down in the gowans,
 - With the forest green behind us and its shadow cast before,

- And the river running under, and across it from the rowans
 - A brown partridge whirring near us till we felt the air it bore—
- There, obedient to her praying, did I read aloud the poems
 - Made to Tuscan flutes, or instruments more various of our own;
- Read the pastoral parts of Spenser, or the subtle interflowings
 - Found in Petrarch's sonnets—here's the book, the leaf is folded down!
- Or at times a modern volume, Wordsworth's solemn-thoughted idyl,
 - Howitt's ballad-verse, or Tennyson's enchanted reverie--
- Or from Browning some "Pomegranate," which, if cut deep down the middle, Shows a heart within blood-tinctured,
 - of a vein'd humanity.
- Or at times I read there, hoarsely, some new poem of my making:
 - Poets ever fail in reading their own verses to their worth,
- For the echo in you breaks upon the words which you are speaking,
 - And the chariot wheels jar in the gate through which you drive them forth.
- After, when we were grown tired of books, the silence round us flinging
 - A slow arm of sweet compression, felt with beatings at the breast,
- She would break out on a sudden in a gush of woodland singing,
 - Like a child's emotion in a god—a naiad tired of rest.
- Oh, to see or hear her singing! scarce I know which is divinest,
 - For her looks sing too—she modulates her gestures on the tune,
- And her mouth stirs with the song, like song; and when the notes are finest,
 - 'Tis the eyes that shoot out vocal light and seem to swell them on.
- Then we talk'd—oh, how we talk'd! her voice, so cadenced in the talking,
 - Made another singing of the soull a music without bars:

- While the leafy sounds of woodlands, humming round where we were walking, Bronght interposition worthy-sweet—as skies about the stars.
- And she spake such good thoughts natural, as if she always thought them;
 - She had sympathics so rapid, open, free as bird on branch,
- Just as ready to fly east as west, whichever way besought them,
 - In the birchen-wood a chirrup, or a cock-crow in the grange.
- In her utmost lightness there is truth and often she speaks lightly,
 - Has a grace in being gay which even mournful souls approve,
- For the root of some grave earnest thought is understruck so rightly
 - As to justify the foliage and the waving flowers above.
- And she talk'd on-we talk'd, rather !upon all things, substance, shadow,
 - Of the sheep that browsed the grasses, of the reapers in the corn,
- Of the little children from the schools, seen winding through the meadow,
 - Of the poor rich world beyond them, still kept poorer by its scorn.
- So, of men, and so, of letters-books are men of higher stature,
 - And the only men that speak aloud for future times to hear;
- So, of mankind in the abstract, which grows slowly into nature,
 - Yet will lift the cry of "progress," as it trod from sphere to sphere.
- And her custom was to praise me when I said—"The Age culls simples,
 - With a broad clown's back turn'd broadly to the glory of the stars.
- We are gods by our own reck'ning, and may well shut up the temples,
 - And wield on, amid the incense-steam, the thunder of our cars.
- "For we throw out acclamations of selfthanking, self-admiring,
 - With, at every mile run faster,--- 'O the wondrons, wondrous age !'

- Little thinking if we work onr SOULS as nobly as our iron,
 - Or if angels will commend us at the goal of pilgrimage.
- "Why, what is this patient entrance into nature's deep resources
 - But the child's most gradual learning to walk upright without bane?
- When we drive out, from the cloud of steam, majestical white horses,
 - Are we greater than the first men who led black ones by the mane?
- "If we trod the deeps of ocean, if we struck the stars in rising,
- If we wrapp'd the globe intensely with one hot electric breath,
- 'Twere but power within our tether, no new spirit-power comprising,
- And in life we were not greater men, nor bolder men in death."
- She was patient with my talking; and I loved her, loved her, certes,
 - As I loved all heavenly objects, with uplifted eyes and hands;
- As I loved pure inspirations, loved the graces, loved the virtues,
 - In a Love content with writing his own name on desert sands.
- Or at least I thought so, purely; thought no idiot Hope was raising
 - Any crown to crown Love's silence, silent love that sate alone:
- Out, alas! the stag is like me, he that tries to go on grazing
 - With the great deep gun-wound in his neck, then reels with sudden moan.
- It was thus I reel'd. I told you that her hand had many suitors;
 - But she smiles them down imperially, as Venus did the waves,
- And with such a gracious coldness that they cannot press their futures
 - On the present of her courtesy, which yieldingly enslaves.
- And this morning as I sat alone within the inner chamber
 - With the great saloon beyond it, lost in pleasant thought serene,

- For I had been reading Camöens, that poem, you remember,
 - Which his lady's eyes are praised in as the sweetest ever seen.
- And the book lay open, and my thought flew from it, taking from it
 - A vibration and impulsion to an end beyond its own,
- As the branch of a green osier, when a child would overcome it,
 - Springs up freely from his claspings and goes swinging in the sun.
- As I mused I heard a murmur; it grew deep as it grew longer,
 - Speakers using earnest language-"Lady Geraldine, you would !"
- And I heard a voice that pleaded, ever on in accents stronger,
 - As a sense of reason gave it power to make its rhetoric good.
- Well I knew that voice; it was an earl's, of soul that match'd his station,
 - Soul completed into lordship, might and right read on his brow;
- Very finely courteous; far too proud to doubt his domination
 - Of the common people, he atones for grandeur by a bow.
- High straight forehead, nose of eagle, cold blue eyes of less expression
 - Than resistance, coldly casting off the looks of other men,
- As steel, arrows; unelastic lips which seem to taste possession,
 - And be cautious lest the common air should injure or distrain.
- For the rest, accomplish'd, upright—ay, and standing by his order
 - With a bearing not ungraceful; fond of art and letters too;
- Just a good man made a proud man—as the sandy rocks that border
 - A wild coast, by circumstances, in a regnant ebb and flow.
- Thus, I knew that voice, I heard it, and I could not help the hearkening :
 - In the room I stood up blindly, and my burning heart within

- Seem'd to see the and fuse my senses till they ran on all sides darkening,
 - And scorch'd, weigh'd like melted metal round my feet that stood therein.
- And that voice, I heard it pleading, for love's sake, for wealth, position,
 - For the sake of liberal uses and great actions to be done—
- And she interrupted gently, "Nay, my lord, the old tradition
 - Of your Normans, by some worthier hand than mine is, should be won."
- "Ah, that white hand !" he said quicklyand in his he either drew it
 - Or attempted—for with gravity and instance she replied,
- "Nay indeed, my lord, this talk is vain, and we had best eschew it
 - And pass on, like friends, to other points less easy to decide."
- What he said again, I know not: it is likely that his trouble
 - Work'd his pride up to the surface, for she answer'd in slow scorn,
- "And your lordship judges rightly. Whom I marry, shall be noble,
 - Ay, and wealthy. I shall never blush to think how he was born."
- There, I madden'd! her words stung me. Life swept through me into fever.
 - And my soul sprang np astonish'd, sprang full-statured in an hour.
- Know you what it is when anguish, with apocalyptic NEVER,
 - To a Pythian height dilates you, and despair sublimes to power?
- From my brain the soul-wings budded, waved a flame about my body,
 - Whence conventions coil'd to ashes. I felt self-drawn out, as man,
- From amalgamate false natures, and I saw the skies grow ruddy
 - With the deepening feet of angels, and I knew what spirits can.
- I was mad, inspired—say either! (anguish worketh inspiration)
 - Was a man or beast—perhaps so, for the tiger roars when spear'd;

- And I walk'd on, step by step along the level of my passion---
 - O my soul! and pass'd the doorway to her face, and never fear'd.
- He had left her, peradventure, when my footstep proved my coming,
 - But for *her*—she half arose, then sate, grew scarlet and grew pale.
- Oh, she trembled! 'tis so always with a worldly man or woman
 - In the presence of true spirits; what else can they do but quail?
- Oh, she flutter'd like a tame bird, in among its forest brothers
 - Far too strong for it ; then drooping, bow'd her face upon her hands ;
- And I spake out wildly, fiercely, brutal truths of her and others;
 - *I*, she planted in the desert, swathed her, windlike, with my sands.
- I pluck'd up her social fictions, bloodyrooted though leaf-verdant,
 - Trod them down with words of shaming, all the purple and the gold,
- All the "landed stakes" and lordships, all that spirits pure and ardent
 - Are cast out of love and honor because chancing not to hold.
- "For myself I do not argue," said I, "though I love you, madam,
 - But for better souls that nearer to the height of yours have trod.
- And this age shows, to my thinking, still more infidels to Adam
 - Than directly, by profession, simple infidels to God.
- "Yet, O God," I said, "O grave," I said, "O mother's heart and bosom,
 - With whom first and last are equal, saint and corpse and little child,
- We are fools to your deductions in these figments of heart-closing,
 - We are traitors to your causes in these sympathies defiled.
- "Learn more reverence, madam; not for rank or wealth—that needs no learning;
 - That comes quickly, quick as sin does; ay, and culminates to sin;

- But for Adam's seed, MAN! Trust me, 'tis a clay above your scorning,
 - With God's image stamp'd upon it, and God's kindling breath within.
- "What right have you, madam, gazing in your palace mirror daily,
 - Getting so by heart your beauty, which all others must adore,
- While you draw the golden ringlets down your fingers, to vow gaily
 - You will wed no man that's only good to God, and nothing more?
- "Why, what right have you, made fair by that same God, the sweetest woman
 - Of all women he has fashion'd, with your lovely spirit-face,
- Which would seem too near to vanish if its smile were not so human,
 - And your voice of holy sweetness, turning common words to grace,
- "What right can you have, God's other works to scorn, despise, revile theri
 - In the gross, as mere men, broadly—not as *noble* men, forsooth—
- As mere Pariahs of the outer world, forbidden to assoil them
 - In the hope of living, dying, near that sweetness of your mouth?
- "Have you any answer, madam? If my spirit were less earthly,
 - If its instrument were gifted with a better silver string,
- I would kneel down where I stand, and say, 'Behold me! I am worthy
 - Of thy loving, for I love thee! I am worthy as a king.'
- "As it is—your ermined pride, I swcar, shall feel this stain upon her,
 - That I, poor, weak, tost with passion, scorn'd by me and you again,
- Love you, madam, dare to love you, to my grief and your dishonor,
 - To my endless desolation and your impotent disdain !"
- More mad words like these—mere madness! friend, I need not write them fuller,
 - For I hear my hot soul dropping on the lines in showers of tears.

- Oh, a womau! friend, a woman! why, a beast had searce been duller
 - Than roar bestial loud complaints against the shining of the spheres.
- But at last there came a pause. I stood all vibrating with thunder
 - Which my soul had used. The silence drew her face up like a call.
- Could you gness what word she utter'd? She look'd up, as if in wonder,
 - With tears beaded ou her lashes, and said, "Bertram!"—it was all.
- If she had cursed me—and she might have—or if even with queenly bearing
 - Which at need is used by women, she had risen up and said,
- "Sir, you are my guest, and therefore I have given you a full hearing;
 - Now, beseech you, choose a name exacting somewhat less, instead !"
- I had borne it: but that "Bertram "-why, it lies there on the paper
 - A mere word, without her accent; and you cannot judge the weight
- Of the calm which erush'd my passion: I seem'd drowning in a vapor,
 - And her gentleness destroy'd me whom her scorn made desolate.
- So, struck backward and exhausted by that inward flow of passion
 - Which had rush'd on, sparing nothing, into forms of abstract truth,
- By a logic agonizing through unseemly demonstration,
 - And by youth's own anguish turning grimly gray the hairs of youth,
- By the sense accursed and instant, that if even I spake wisely
 - I spake basely, using truth, if what I spake indeed was true,
- To avenge wrong on a woman—her, who sate there weighing nicely
 - A poor manhood's worth, found guilty of such deeds as I could do !---
- By such wrong and woe exhausted—what I suffer'd and occasion'd,—
 - As a wild horse through a city runs with lightning in his eyes,

- And then dashing at a church's cold and passive wall, impassion'd,
 - Strikes the death into his burning brain, and blindly drops and dies-
- So I fell, struck down before her-do you blame me, friend, for weakness?
 - 'Twas my strength of passion slew me! —fell before her like a stone;
- Fast the dreadful world roll'd from me on its roaring wheels of blackness;
 - When the light came, I was lying in this chamber and alone.
- Oh, of course, she charged her lacqueys to bear out the sickly burden,
 - And to cast it from her scornful sight, but not beyond the gate;
- She is too kind to be cruel, and too haughty not to pardon
 - Such a man as I; 'twere something to be level to her hate.
- But for me—you now are conscious why, my friend, I write this letter,
 - How my life is read all backward, and the charm of life undone.
- I shall leave her house at dawn; I would to-night, if I were better-
 - And I charge my soul to hold my body strengtheu'd for the sun.
- When the sun hath dyed the oriel, I depart with no last gazes,
 - No weak moanings (one word only, left in writing for her hands),
- Out of reach of all derision, and some unavailing praises,
 - To make front against this anguish in the far and foreign lands.
- Blame me not. I would not squander life in grief—I am abstemious.
 - I but nurse my spirit's falcon that its wing may soar again.
- There's no room for tears of weakness in the blind eyes of a Phemius:
 - Into work the poet kneads them, and he does not die *till then*.

CONCLUSION.

- Bertram finish'd the last pages, while along the silence ever
 - Still in hot and heavy splashes fell the tears on every leaf.

- Having ended, he leans backward in his chair, with lips that quiver
 - From the deep unspoken, ay, and deep unwritten thoughts of grief.
- Soh! how still the lady standeth! 'tis a dream—a dream of mercies!
 - 'Twixt the purple lattice-curtains how she standeth still and pale!
- 'Tis a vision, sure, of mercies, sent to soften his self-curses,
 - Sent to sweep a patient quiet o'er the tossing of his wail.
- "Eyes," he said, "now throbbing through me! are ye eyes that did undo me?
 - Shining eyes, like antique jewels set in Parian statue-stone!
- Underneath that calm white forehead, are ye ever burning torrid
 - O'er the desolate sand-desert of my heart and life undone?"
- With a murmurous stir uncertain, in the air the purple curtain
 - Swelleth in and swelleth out around her motionless pale brows,
- While the gliding of the river sends a rippling noise for ever
 - Through the open casement whiten'd by the moonlight's slant repose.
- Said he: "Vision of a lady! stand there silent, stand there steady!
 - Now I see it plainly, plainly, now I cannot hope or doubt-
- There, the brows of mild repression-there, the lips of silent passion,
 - Curved like an archer's bow to send the bitter arrows out."
- Ever, evermore the while in a slow silence she kept smiling,
 - And approach'd him slowly, slowly, in a gliding measured pace;
- With her two white hands extended as if praying one offended,
 - And a look of supplication gazing earnest in his face.
- Said he: "Wake me by no gesture—sound of breath, or stir of vesture!
 - Let the blessed apparition melt not yet to its divine !

- No approaching-hush, no breathing! or my heart must swoon to death in
 - The too utter life thou bringest, O thou dream of Geraldine !"
- Ever, evermore the while in a slow silence she kept smiling,
- But the tears ran over lightly from her eyes and tenderly :---
- "Dost thou, Bertram, truly love me? Is no woman far above me
 - Found more worthy of thy poet-heart than such a one as *I*?"
- Said he: "I would dream so ever, like the flowing of that river,
- Flowing ever in a shadow greenly onward to the sea!
- So, thou vision of all sweetness, princely to a full completeness,
 - Would my heart and life flow onward, deathward, through this dream of THEE !"
- Ever, evermore the while in a slow silence she kept smiling,
 - While the silver tears ran faster down the blushing of her cheeks;
- Then with both her hands enfolding both of his, she softly told him,
 - "Bertram, if I say I love thee, . . . 'tis the vision only speaks."
- Soften'd, quicken'd to adore her, on his knee he fell before her,
 - And she whisper'd low in triumph, "It shall be as I have sworn.
- Very rich he is in virtues, very noblenoble, certes;

And I shall not blush in knowing that men call him lowly-born." ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

- BE it ryght, or wrong, these men among On women do complayne;
- Affyrmynge this, how that it is A labour spent in vayne,
- To love them wele; for never a dele
- They love a man agayne :
- For late a man do what he can, Theyr favour to attayne,

POEMS OF LOVE.

Yet, yf a newe do them persue, Theyr first true lover than Laboureth for nought: for from her thought He is a banysh'd man.

I say nat nay, but that all day It is bothe writ and savd

That womans faith is, as who sayth, All utterly decayd;

But, neverthelesse ryght good wytnèsse In this case might be layd,

That they love true, and continue : Recorde the Not-browne Mayde :

Which, when her love came, her to prove, To her to make his mone.

Wolde nat depart; for in her hart She loved but hym alone.

Than betwaine us late us dyscus What was all the manere Betwayne them two : we wyll also

Tell all the payne, and fere,

That she was in. Now I begyn

So that ye me answère ; Wherfore, all ye that present be

I pray you, gyve an ere :

" I am the knyght; I come by nyght, As secret as I can;

Sayinge, Alas! thus standeth the case, I am a banysh'd man."

SHE.

And I your wyll for to fulfyll In this wyll nat refuse; Trustying to shewe, in wordès fewe, That men have an yll use (To theyr own shame) women to blame, And causelesse them accuse; Therfore to you I answere nowe, All women to excuse,— Myne owne hart dere, with you what chere? I pray you, tell anone; For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

ΗE.

It standeth so; a dede is do Whereof grete harme shall growe; My destiny is for to dy A shamefull deth, I trowe; Or elles to fle: the one must be. None other way I knowe, But to withdrawe as an outlawe, And take me to my bowe. Wherfore, adue, my owne hart true ! None other rede I can ;

For I must to the grene wode go, Alone, a banysh'd man.

SHE.

O Lord, what is thys worldys blysse, That changeth as the mone ! My somers day in lusty may

Is derked before the none. I here you say farewell : Nay, nay, We depart nat so sone.

Why say ye so? wheder wyll ye go? Alas! what have ye done?

All my welfare to sorrowe and care Sholde chaunge, yf ye were gone ;

For in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

ΗE.

I can beleve, it shall you greve, And somewhat you dystrayne; But, aftyrwarde, your paynes harde Within a day or twayne Shall sone aslake; and ye shall take Comfort to you agayne. Why sholde ye ought? for, to make thought.

Your labour were in vayne.

And thus I do; and pray you to

As hartely, as I can;

For I must to the grene wode go, Alone, a banysh'd man.

SHE.

Now, syth that ye have shew'd to me The secret of your mynde, I shall be playne to you agayne, Lyke as ye shall me fynde. Syth it is so, that ye wyll go, I wolle not leve behynde : Shall never be sayd, the Not-browne Mayd Was to her love unkynde : Make you redy, for so am I, Allthough it were anone ; For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

HE.

Yet I you rede to take good hede What men wyll thynke, and say:

Of yonge, and olde it shall be tolde, That ye be gone away, Your wanton wyll for to fulfill, In grene wode you to play; And that ye myght from your delyght No lenger make delay. Rather than ye sholde thus for me Be called an yll womàn,

Yet wolde I to the grene wode go Alone, a banysh'd man.

SHE.

Though it be songe of old and yonge, That I sholde be to blame, Theyrs be the charge, that speke so large In hurtynge of my name: For I wyll prove, that faythfulle love It is devoyd of shame; In your dystresse, and hevynesse, To part with you, the same: And sure all tho, that do not so, True lovers are they none; For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

HE.

I counceyle you, remember howe, It is no maydens lawe, Nothynge to dout, but to renne out To wode with an outlàwe : For ye must there in your hand bere A bowe, redy to drawe ; And, as a thefe, thus must you lyve, Ever in drede and awe ; Wherby to you grete harme myght growe : Yet had I lever than, That I had to the grene wode go, Alone, a banysh'd man.

SHE.

I thinke nat nay, but as ye say, It is no maidens lore: But love may make me for your sake, As I have sayd before To come on fote, to hunt, and shote To gete us mete in store; For so that I your company May have, I aske no more: From which to part, it maketh my hart As colde as ony stone; For in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone. HE.

For an outlawe this is the lawe, That men hym take and bynde; Without pytè, hangèd to be, And waver with the wynde, If I had nede, (as God forbede !) What rescous coude ye fynde ? Forsoth, I trowe, ye and your bowe For fere wolde drawe behynde : And no mervayle; for lytell avayle Were in your conneeyle than : Wherfore I wyll to the grene wode go, Alone, a banysh'd man.

SHE.

Right wele know ye, that woman be But felole for to fyght; No womanhede it is indede To be bolde as a knyght: Yet, in such fere yf that ye were With enemyes day or nyght, I wolde withstande, with bowe in hande To greve them as I myght, And you to save; as women have From deth 'men' many one: For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

HE,

Yet take good hede ; for ever I drede That ye coude nat sustayne The thornie wayes, the deep vallèies, The snowe, the frost, the rayne, The colde, the hete : for dry, or wete, We must lodge on the playne ; And, us above, none other rofe But a brake bush, or twayne : Which sone sholde greve you, I beleve ; And ye wolde gladly than That I had to the grene wode go, Alone, a banysh'd man.

SHE.

Syth I have here hene partynère With you of joy and blysse, I must also part of your wo Endure, as reson is : Yet am I sure of one plesùre And, shortely, it is this : That, where ye be, me semeth, pardè, I could not fare amysse.

Without more speche, I you beseehe That we were sone agone: For in my mynde, of all mankynde

I love but you alone.

ΗE,

If ye go thyder, ye must consyder, Whan we have lust to dyne,

There shall no mete be for you gete, Nor drinke, bere, ale, ne wyne.

No schetes clene, to lye betwene,

Made of threde and twyne; None other house, but leves and bowes, To eover your hed and myne.

O myne harte swete, this evyll dyète Sholde make you pale and wan;

Wherfore I wyll to the grene wode go, Alone, a banysh'd man.

SHE.

Amonge the wild dere, such an archère, As men say that ye be, Ne may nat fayle of good vitayle, Where is so grete plentè : And water elere of the ryvère Shall be full swete to me; With which in hele I shall ryght wele Endure, as ye shall see; And, or we go, a bedde or two I can provyde anone; For, iu my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

HE

Lo yet, before, ye must do more, Yf ye wyll go with me: As cut your here up by your ere, Your kyrtel by the kne; With bowe in hande, for to withstande Your enemyes yf nede be; And this same nyght before day-light, To wode-warde wyll I fle. Yf that ye wyll all this fulfil, Do it shortely as ye can; Els wyll I to the grene wode go, Alone, a banysh'd man.

SHE.

I shall as nowe do more for you Than longeth to womanhede; To shote my here, a bowe to here, To shote in tyme of nede. O my swete mother, before all other For you I have most drede: But nowe, adue! I must ensue, Where fortune doth me lede. All this make ye: Now let us fle: The day cometh fast upon; For, in my mynde, of all mankynde

I love but you alone.

HE.

Nay, nay, nat so; ye shall nat go, And I shall tell ye why,— Your appetyght is to be lyght Of love, I wele espy : For, lyke as ye have sayd to me, In lyke wyse hardely

Ye wolde answère whosoever it were, In way of company.

It is sayd of olde, Sone hote, sone colde; And so is a womàn.

Wherfore I to the wode wyll go, Alone, a banysh'd man.

SHE.

Yf ye take hede, it is no nede Such wordes to say by me; For oft ye pray'd, and longe assay'd, Or I you loved, pardè; And though that I of auncestry A barons daughter be, Yet have you proved howe I you loved A squyer of lowe degrè; And ever shall, whatso befall; To dy therfore anone; For in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

HE.

A barons chylde to be begylde! It were a cursèd dede; To be felàwe with an outlawe ! Almighty God forbede! Yet beter were, the pore squyère Alone to forest yede, Than ye sholde say another day, That, by my cursèd dede, Ye were betray'd: Wherfore, good mayd, The best rede that I can, Is, that I to the grene wode go, Alone, a banysh'd man.

SHE.

Whatever hefall, I never shall
Of this thyng you upbrayd:
But yf ye go, and leve me so,
Then have ye me betrayd.
Remember you wele, howe that ye dele;
For, yf ye, as ye sayd,
Be so unkynde, to leve behynde
Yonr love the Not-browne Mayd,
Trust me truly, that I shall dy
Sone after ye be gone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

Yf that ye went, ye sholde repent; For in the forest nowe I have purvay'd me of a mayd, Whom I love more than you; Another fayrère, than ever ye were, I dare it wele avowe; And of ye bothe eche sholde be wrothe With other, as I trowe: It were myne ese, to lyve in pese; So wyll I, yf I can; Wherfore I to the wode wyll go, Alone, a banysh'd man.

SHE.

Though in the wode I undyrstode Ye had a paramour, All this may nought remove my thought, But that I will be your: And she shall fynde me soft, and kynde, And courteys every hour; Glad to fulfyll all that she wyll Commaunde me to my power: For had ye, lo, an hundred mo, 'Of them I wolde be one;' For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

HE.

Myne owne dere love, I se the prove That ye be kynde, and true : Of mayde, and wyfe, in all my lyfe, The best that ever I knewe. Be mery and glad, be no more sad, The case is channgèd newe; For it were ruthe, that, for your truthe, Ye sholde have cause to rewe. Be nat dismay'd; whatsoever I sayd To you, whan I began,

I wyll nat to the grene wode go, I am no banysh'd man.

SHE.

These tydings be more gladd to me, Than to be made a quene, Yf I were sure they sholde endure; But it is often sene, Whan men wyll breke promyse, they speke The wordes on the splene. Ye shape some wyle me to begyle, And stele from me, I wene : Than were the case worse than it was, And I more wo-begone :

For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

нε,.

Ye shall nat nede further to drede; I will nat dysparage You (God forfend!), syth ye descend Of so grete a lynage. Nowe undyrstande; to Westmarlande, Which is myne herytage, I wyll you brynge, and with a rynge

By way of maryage

I wyll you take, and lady make, As shortely as I can:

Thus have you won an erlys son And not a banysh'd man.

AUTHOR.

Here may ye se, that women be In love, meke, kynde, and stable; Late never man reprove them than, Or call them variable; But, rather, pray God that we may To them be comfortable. Which sometyme proveth such, as he loveth, Yf they be charytable. For syth men wolde that women sholde Be meke to them each one. Moche more ought they to God obey, And serve but Hym alone. Китнок Ижкоwх.

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THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.	Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
It was a friar of orders gray	Thy sorrowe is in vaine :
Walkt forth to tell his beades ;	For violets pluckt the sweetest showers
And he met with a lady faire	Will ne'er make grow againe.
Clad in a pilgrime's weedes.	Our joys as winged dreams doe flye,
at on task when a summer d fairs	Why, then, should sorrow last?
Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar,	Since grief but aggravates thy losse,
I pray thee tell to me, If ever at yon holy shrine	Grieve not for what is past.
My true love thou didst see.	O say not soe, thou holy friar;
My true love thou didst see.	I pray thee say not soe :
And how should I know your true love	For since my true-love dyed for mee,
For many another one?	'Tis meet my tears should flow.
O, by his cockle hat, and staff,	The most my tears should not t
And by his sandal shoone.	And will he ne'er come again ?
Put shieffy by his face and mich	Will he ne'er come again ?
But chiefly by his face and mien, That were so fair to view;	Ah! no, he is dead and laid in his grave,
His flaxen locks that sweetly curl'd,	For ever to remain.
And eyne of lovely blue.	His cheek was redder than the rose ;
sind cyne or tovery blue.	The comeliest youth was he!
O lady, he is dead and gone !	But he is dead and laid in his grave:
Lady, he's dead and gone!	Alas, and woe is me !
And at his head a green grass turfe,	Tras, and not is not
And at his heels a stone.	Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
Within these holy cloysters long	Men were deceivers ever :
He languisht and he dyed,	One foot on sea and one on land,
Lamenting of a ladyes love,	To one thing constant never.
And 'plaining of her pride.	
	Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
Here bore him barefaced on his bier	And left thee sad and heavy;
Six proper youths and tall,	For young men ever were fickle found
And many a tear bedew'd his grave	Since summer trees were leafy.
Within yon kirk-yard wall.	Now say not see, thou holy friar,
And art thou dead, thou gentle youth !	I pray thee say not soe;
And art thou dead, mou gentle youth ? And art thou dead and gone !	My love he had the truest heart:
And didst thou dye for love of me!	O he was ever true!
Break, cruel heart of stone!	
Dictact, or and a sector of sounds	And art thou dead, thou much-loved youth
O weep not, lady, weep not see :	And didst thou dye for mee?
Some ghostly comfort seek :	Then farewell home, for ever-more
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,	A pilgrim I will bee.
Ne teares bedew thy check.	
	But first upon my true-loves grave
O do not, do not, holy friar,	My weary limbs I'll lay,
My sorrows now reprove;	And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf,
For I have lost the sweetest youth	That wraps his breathless clay.
That e'er wan ladyes love.	Yet stay, fair lady: rest a while
And nowe, alas! for thy sad losse,	Beneath this cloyster wall :
I'll evermore weep and sigh:	See through the hawthorn blows the col
For thee I only wisht to live,	wind,
For thee I wish to dye.	And drizzly rain doth fall.
i or most i wish to uye.	and draziy fain doni fain.

O stay me not, thou holy friar; O stay me not, 1 pray; No drizzly rain that falls ou me, Can wash my fault away.

Yet stay, fair lady, turn again, And dry those pearly tears; For see beneath this gown of gray Thy owne true-love appears.

Here forced by grief and hopeless love, These holy weeds I sought : And here amid these lonely walls To end my days I thought,

But haply, for my year of grace Is not yet pass'd away,

Might 1 still hope 'to win thy love, No longer would I stay.

Now farewell grief, and welcome joy Once more unto my heart;

For since 1 have found thee, lovely youth, We never more will part.

THOMAS PERCY.

SONNET.

TO THE MOON.

WITH how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies!

How silently, and with how wan a face! What! may it be, that c'en in heav'nly place

That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?

- Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
 - Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;

I read it in thy looks; thy languish'd grace

To me, that feel the like, thy state descries. Then, ev'n of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,

Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit?

Are beauties there as proud as here they be?

Do they above love to be loved, and yet

Those lovers scorn, whom that love doth possess?

Do they call virtue there ungratefulness? SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

JEANIE MORRISON.

I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west, Through mony a weary way; But never, never can forget The luve o' life's young day! The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en May weel be black gin Yule; But blacker fa' awaits the heart Where first fond luve grows cule. Oh dear, dear Jeanie Morrison, The thochts o' bygane years Still fling their shadows ower my path,

And blind my een wi' saut, saut tears; They blind my cen wi' saut, saut tears, And sair and sick I pine,

As memory idly summons up The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel, 'Twas then we twa did part; Sweet time—sad time! twa bairns at scule, Twa bairns, and but ae heart!

'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink, To leir ilk ither lear:

And tones and looks and smiles were shed, Remember'd evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet, When sitting on that bink,

Cheek touchin' cheek, loof lock'd in loof, What our wee heads could think.

When baith bent down ower ae braid page, Wi' ae buik on our knee,

Thy lips were on thy lesson, but My lesson was in thee.

Oh, mind ye how we hung our heads, How cheeks brent red wi' shame,

Whene'er the scule-weans, laughin,' said We cleek'd thegither hame?

And mind ye o' the Saturdays (The scule then skail't at noon),

When we ran off to speel the braes,-The broomy braes o' June?

My head rins round and round about-My heart flows like a sea,

As ane by ane the thochts rush back O' seule-time and o' thee.

Oh mornin' life! oh mornin' luve! Oh lichtsome days and lang,

When hinny'd hopes around our hearts Like simmer blossoms sprang!

Oh, mind ye, luve, how aft we left The deavin' dinsome toun, To wander by the green burnside, And hear its waters croon? The simmer leaves hung ower our heads, The flowers burst round our feet, And in the gloamin' o' the wood The throssil whusslit sweet ; The throssil whusslit in the wood, The burn sang to the trees-And we, with Nature's heart in tune, Concerted harmonies: And on the knowe abune the burn For hours thegither sat In the silentness o' joy, till baith Wi' very gladness grat. Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison, Tears trinkled down your cheek Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane Had ony power to speak ! That was a time, a blessed time, When hearts were fresh and young, When freely gush'd all feelings forth, Unsyllabled-unsung! I marvel, Jeanie Morrison, Gin I hae been to thee As closely twined wi' earliest thochts As ye hae been to me? Oh, tell me gin their music fills Thine ear as it does mine? Oh, say gin e'er your heart grows grit Wi' dreamings o' langsyne? I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west, I've borne a weary lot; But in my wanderings, far or near, Ye never were forgot. The fount that first burst frae this heart Still travels on its way ; And channels deeper, as it rins,

The luve o' life's young day. O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison, Since we were sinder'd young I've never seen your face, nor heard The music o' your tongue; But I could hug all wretchedness, And happy could I dee, Did I but ken your heart still dream'd O' bygone days and me!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

SWEET WILLIAM'S FAREWELL TO BLACK-EYED SUSAN,

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd, The streamers waving in the wind, When black-eyed Susan came aboard:---"Oh! where shall I my true-love find? Tell me, ye jovial sailors! tell me true If my sweet William sails among the crew." William, who high upon the yard Rock'd with the billow to and fro, Soon as her well-known voice he heard, He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below : The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,

And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air, Shuts close his pinions to his breast, If chance his mate's shrill call he hear, And drops at once into her nest. The noblest captain in the British fleet Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet. "O Susan! Susan! lovely dear, My vows shall ever true remain ; Let me kiss off that falling tear ; We only part to meet again. Change as ye list, ye winds! my heart shall be The faithful compass that still points to thee. "Believe not what the landmen say Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind: They'll tell thee, sailors, when away, In every port a mistress find : Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee SO, For thou art present wheresoe'er I go. " If to far India's coast we sail, Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright, Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale, Thy skin is ivory, so white : Thus every beauteous object that I view Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

"Though battle call me from thy arms, Let not my pretty Susan mourn; Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms William shall to his dear return.

- Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
- Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye."

The boatswain gave the dreadful word;

The sails their swelling bosom spread; No longer must she stay aboard;

They kiss'd; she sigh'd; he hung his head. Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land: "Adieu!" she cries; and waved her lily

hand.

JOHN GAY.

HIGHLAND MARY.

YE banks, and braes, and streams around The castle o' Montgomery, Green be your woods, and fair your flowers, Your waters never drumlie ! There simmer first unfauld her robes, And there the langest tarry ; For there I took the last fareweel O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk, How rich the hawthoru's blossom, As, underneath their fragrant shade, I clasp'd her to my bosom ! The golden hours, on angel wings, Flew o'er me and my dearie; For dear to me as light and life Was my sweet Highland Mary ! Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,

Our parting was fu' tender; And, pledging aft to meet again, We tore oursels asunder:

But, oh, fell death's untimely frost, That nipp'd my flower sae early ! Now green's the sod and cauld's the clay, That wraps my Highland Mary !

Oh, pale, pale now, those rosy lips I aft ha'e kiss'd sae fondly ! And closed for ave the sparkling glance

That dwelt on me sae kindly ! And mouldering now in silent dust,

That heart that lo'ed me dearly; But still within my bosom's core

Shall live my Highland Mary ! ROBERT BURNS,

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

OF all the girls that are so smart, There's none like pretty Sally;

She is the darling of my heart, And she lives in our alley.

There is no lady in the land Is half so sweet as Sally:

She is the darling of my heart, And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets, And through the streets does cry 'em;

Her mother she sells laces long To such as please to buy 'em :

But sure such folks could ne'er beget So sweet a girl as Sally !

She is the darling of my heart, And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work, I love her so sincerely; My master comes like any Turk, And bangs me most severely— But let him bang his bellyful, I bear it all for Sally; She is the darling of my heart, And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week I dearly love but one day— And that's the day that comes betwixt A Saturday and Monday; For then I'm drest all in my best To walk abroad with Sally; She is the darling of my heart, And she lives in our alley. My master carries me to church, And often am I blamed Because I leave him in the lurch As soon as text is named; I leave the church in sermon-time

I leave the church in sermon-time And slink away to Sally;

She is the darling of my heart, And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again, Oh then I shall have money;

I'll hoard it up, and box it all, I'll give it to my honey:

I would it were ten thousand pound, I'd give it all to Sally;

She is the darling of my heart, And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbors all Make game of me and Sally, And, but for her, I'd better be A slave and row a galley, But when my seven long years are out, Oh then I'll marry Sally,— Oh then we'll wed, and then we'll bed, But not in our alley. HENRY CAREY.

A SUPPLICATION.

AWAKE, awake, my Lyre! And tell thy silent master's humble tale

In sounds that may prevail;

Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire: Though so exalted she And I so lowly be,

And I so lowly be,

Tell her, such different notes make all thy harmony.

Hark! how the strings awake : And, though the moving hand approach not near,

Themselves with awful fear

A kind of numerous trembling make. Now all thy forces try; Now all thy charms apply;

Revenge upon her ear the conquests of her eye.

Weak Lyre! thy virtue sure ls uscless here, since thou art only found

To cure, but not to wound,

And she to wound, but not to cure. Too weak too wilt thou prove

My passion to remove;

Physic to other ills, thou'rt nourishment to love.

Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre! For thou canst never tell my humble tale

In sounds that will prevail,

Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire; All thy vain mirth lay by,

Bid thy strings silent lie,

Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre, and let thy master die.

Abraham Cowley.

Wishes for the Supposed Mistress.

WHOE'ER she be, That not impossible She That shall command my heart and me;

Where'er she lie, Lock'd up from mortal eye In shady leaves of destiny:

Till that ripe birth Of studied Fate stand forth, And teach her fair steps to our earth ;

Till that divine Idea take a shrine Of crystal flesh, through which to shine.

-Meet you her, my Wishes, Bespeak her to my blisses, And be ye call'd, my absent kisses.

I wish her beauty That owes not all its duty To gaudy tire, or glist'ring shoe-tie :

Something more than Taffata or tíssue ean, Or rampant feather, or rich fan.

A face that's best By its own beauty drest, And can alone command the rest:

A face made up Out of no other shop Than what Nature's white hand sets ope.

Sydneian showers Of sweet discourse, whose powers Can erown old Winter's head with flowers

Whate'er delight Can make day's forehead bright Or give down to the wings of night.

Soft silken hours, Open snns, shady bowers; 'Bove all, nothing within that lowers.

Days, that need borrow No part of their good morrow From a fore-spent night of sorrow:

Days, that in spite Of darkness, by the light Of a clear mind are day all night.

Life, that darcs send A challenge to his end, And when it comes, say, "Welcome, friend."

I wish her store Of worth may leave her poor Of wishes; and I wish—no more.

-Now, if Time knows That Her, whose radiant brows Weave them a garland of my vows;

Her that dares be What these lines wish to see: I seek no further, it is She.

'Tis She, and here Lo! I nuclothe and clear My wishes' cloudy character.

Such worth as this is Shall fix my flying wishes, And determine them to kisses.

Let her full glory, My fancies, fly before ye; Be ye my fictions :--but her story. RICHARD CRASHAW.

LOVELY MARY DONNELLY.

- O LOVELY Mary Donnelly, it's you I love the best!
- If fifty girls were around you, I'd hardly see the rest;
- Be what it may the time of day, the place be where it will,

Sweet looks of Mary Donnelly, they bloom before me still.

Her eyes like mountain water that's flowing on a rock,

How clear they are, how dark they are! and they give me many a shock;

Red rowans warm in sunshine, and wetted with a shower,

Could pe'er express the charming lip that has me in its power.

Her nose is straight and handsome, her eyebrows lifted up,

Her chin is very neat and pert, and smooth like a china cup;

- Her hair's the brag of Ireland, so weighty and so fine--
- It's rolling down upon her neck, and gather'd in a twine.

The dance o' last Whit Monday night exceeded all before-

No pretty girl for miles around was missing from the floor ;

But Mary kept the belt of love, and oh! but she was gay;

She danced a jig, she sung a song, and took my heart away!

- When she stood up for dancing, her steps were so complete,
- The music nearly kill'd itself, to listen to her feet;
- The fiddler mourn'd his blindness, he heard her so much praised;

But bless'd himself he wasn't deaf when once her voice she raised.

And evermore I'm whistling or lilting what you sung;

Your smile is always in my heart, your name beside my tongue.

But you've as many sweethearts as you'd count on both your hands,

And for myself there's not a thumb or little finger stands.

Oh, you're the flower of womankind, in country or in town;

- The higher I exalt you, the lower I'm cast down.
- If some great lord should come this way and see your beauty bright,
- And you to be his lady, I'd own it was but right.
- Oh, might we live together in lofty palace hall
- Where joyful music rises, and where scarlet curtains fall!

Oh, might we live together in a cottage mean and small,

With sods of grass the only roof, and mud the only wall!

- O lovely Mary Donnelly, your beauty's my distress—
- It's far too beauteous to be mine, but I'll never wish it less;
- The proudest place would fit your face, and I am poor and low,
- But blessings be about you, dear, wherever you may go!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

SHALL I TELL YOU WHOM I LOVE?

SHALL I tell you whom I love? Hearken then a while to me; And if such a woman move As I now shall versify, Be assured 'tis she, or none, That I love, and love alone.

Nature did her so much right As she scorns the help of art. In as many virtues dight

As e'er yet embraced a heart. So much good so truly tried, Some for less were deified.

Wit she hath, without desire To make known how much she hath; And her anger flames no higher

Than may fitly sweeten wrath. Full of pity as may be, Though perhaps not so to me.

Reason masters every sense, And her virtues grace her birth; Lovely as all excellence,

Modest in her most of mirth. Likelihood enough to prove Only worth could kindle love.

Such she is; and if you know Such a one as I have sung; Be she brown, or fair, or so

That she be but somewhile young; Be assured 'tis she, or none, That I love, and love aloue.

WILLIAM BROWNE.

TO VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME.

GATHER ye rosebuds while ye may, Old Time is still a-flying,

And this same flower that smiles to-day, To-morrow will be dying. The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun, The higher he's a-getting

The sooner will his race be run, And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first, When youth and blood are warmer,

But being spent, the worse, and worst Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time, And while ye may, go marry; For having lost but once your prime, You may for ever tarry.

ROBERT HERRICK.

ROSALINE.

LIKE to the clear in highest sphere Where all imperial glory shines, Of selfsame color is her hair, Whether unfolded, or in twines; Heigh ho, fair Rosaline! Her eyes are sapphires set in snow, Resembling heaven by every wink; The gods do fear whenas they glow, And I do tremble when I think. Heigh ho, would she were mine!

Her checks are like the blushing cloud That beautifies Aurora's face, Or like the silver crimson shroud That Phœbus' smiling looks doth grace; Heigh ho, fair Rosaline! Her lips are like two budded roses Whom ranks of lilies neighbor nigh,

Within which bounds she balm encloses Apt to entice a deity;

Heigh ho, would she were mine!

Her neck is like a stately tower Where Love himself imprison'd lies, To watch for glances every hour From her divine and sacred eyes:

Heigh ho, fair Rosaline ! Her paps are centres of delight, Her breasts are orbs of heavenly frame, Where Nature moulds the dew of light To feed perfection with the same; Heigh ho, would she were mine !

With orient pearl, with ruby red, With marble white, with sapphire blue,

Her body every way is fed,

Yet soft in touch and sweet in view; Heigh ho, fair Rosaline! Nature herself her shape admires; The gods are wounded in her sight, And Love forsakes his heavenly fires And at her eyes his brand doth light; Heigh ho, would she were mine!

Then muse not, nymphs, though I bemoan

The absence of fair Rosaline, Since for a fair there's fairer none, Nor for her virtues so divine;

Heigh ho, fair Rosaline;

Heigh ho, my heart! would God that she were mine!

THOMAS LODGE.

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON.

WHEN Love, with unconfined wings, Hovers within my gates, And my divine Althea brings To whisper at my grates; When I lye tangled in her haire; .. And fetter'd with her eve. The birds that wanton in the aire Know no such libertye. When flowing cups run swiftly round With no allaving Thames, Our carelesse heads with roses crown'd. Our hearts with loval flames; When thirsty griefe in wine we steepe, When healths and draughts goe free, Fishes, that tipple in the deepe, Know no such libertie.

When, linnet-like, confinèd I With shriller note shall sing

The mercyc, sweetness, majestye, And glories of my king;

When I shall voyce aloud how good He is, how great should be,

Th' enlarged windes, that curle the flood, Know no such libertle.

Stone walls doe not a prison make, Nor iron barres a cage,

Mindes, innocent, and quiet, take That for an hermitage :

If I have freedom in my love, And in my soule am free, Angels alone, that soare above, Enjoy such libertie.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

LINES ON ISABELLA MARKHAM.

WHENCE comes my love? O heart, disclose;

It was from checks that shamed the rose, From lips that spoil the ruby's praise, From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze : Whence comes my woe? as freely own; Ah me! 'twas from a heart like stone.

The blushing cheek speaks modest mind, The lips befitting words most kind, The eye does tempt to love's desire, And seems to say 'tis Cupid's fire; Yet all so fair but speak my moan, Sith naught doth say the heart of stone.

Why thus, my love, so kind bespeak Sweet eye, sweet lip, sweet blushing check--

Yet not a heart to save my pain? O Venus, take thy gifts again! Make not so fair to cause our moan, Or make a heart that's like our own.

JOHN HARRINGTON.

SONG.

FOLLOW a shadow, it still flies you; Seem to fly it, it will pursue: So court a mistress, she denies you; Let her alone, she will court you. Say, are not women truly, then, Styled but the shadows of us men?

At morn and even shades are longest; At noon they are or short or none;

So men at weakest they are strongest, But grant us perfect, they're not known.

Say, are not women truly, then, Styled but the shadows of us men?

BEN JONSON.

TO LUCASTA,

ON GOING TO THE WARS.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkinde, That from the nunnerie Of thy chaste breast and quiet minde, To warre and armes I flee.

True, a new mistresse now I chase— The first foe in the field; And with a stronger faith imbrace A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such As you, too, should adore; I could not love thee, deare, so much, Loved I not honor more. Richard LoveLace.

TO LUCASTA.

IF to be absent were to be Away from thee : Or that, when I am gone, You or I were alone ; Then, my Lucasta, might I crave Pity from blustering wind or swallowing wave.

But I'll not sigh one blast or gale To swell my sail, Or pay a tear to 'suage The foaming blue-god's rage; For, whether he will let me pass Or no, I'm still as happy as I was.

Though seas and lands be 'twixt us both, Our faith and troth, Like separated souls, All time and space controls : Above the highest sphere we meet, Unseen, unknown; and greet as angels greet.

So, then, we do anticipate Our after-fate, And are alive i' th' skies, If thus our lips and eyes Can speak like spirits unconfined In heaven—their earthly bodies left behind.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

THE WELCOME.

WELCOME, welcome, do I sing, Far more welcome than the spring; He that parteth from you never, Shall enjoy a spring for ever.

Love that to the voice is near, Breaking from your ivory pale, Need not walk abroad to hear The delightful nightingale. Welcome, welcome, then I sing, Far more welcome than the spring; He that parteth from you never, Shall enjoy a spring for ever.

Love, that still looks on your eyes, Though the winter have begun To benumb our arteries, Shall not want the summer's sun. Welcome, welcome, then I sing, Far more welcome than the spring; He that parteth from you never, Shall enjoy a spring for ever.

Love, that still may see your checks, Where all rareness still reposes, Is a fool if e'er he seeks Other lilies, other roses. Welcome, welcome, then I sing, Far more welcome than the spring; He that parteth from you never, Shall enjoy a spring for ever.

Love, to whom your soft lips yields, And perceives your breath in kissing, All the odors of the fields Never, never shall be missing. Welcome, welcome, then I sing, Far more welcome than the spring; He that parteth from you never, Shall enjoy a spring for ever.

Love, that question would anew What fair Eden was of old, Let him rightly study you, And a brief of that behold. Welcome, welcome, then I sing, Far more welcome than the spring; He that parteth from you never, Shall enjoy a spring for ever. WILLIAM BROWNE.

TWAS WHEN THE SEAS WERE ROARING.

'Twas when the seas were roaring With hollow blasts of wind; A damsel lay deploring, All on a rock reclined, Wide o'er the roaring billows She cast a wistful look; Her head was crown'd with willows, That tremble o'er the brook. Twelve months are gone and over,

And nine long, tedious days, Why didst thou, vent'rous lover, Why didst thou trust the seas? Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean, And let my lover rest : Ah ! what's thy troubled motion To that within my breast?

The merehant robb'd of pleasure, Sees tempests in despair; But what's the loss of treasure To losing of my dear? Should you some coast be laid on Where gold and diamonds grow, You'd find a richer maiden, But none that loves you so.

How can they say that Nature Has nothing made in vain; Why then beneath the water Should hideous rocks remain? No eyes the rocks discover, That lurk beneath the deep, To wreck the wandering lover, And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying, Thus wail'd she for her dear; Repaid cach blast with sighing, Each billow with a tear; When, o'er the white wave stooping, His floating corpse she spied; Then like a lily drooping, She bow'd her head and died. Jous Gay,

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JEAN.

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw I dearly like the West, For there the bonnie lassie lives, The lassie I lo'e best; There wild woods grow, and rivers row, And mony a hill between, But day and night my faney's flight Is ever wi' my Jean. I see her in the dewy flowers, I see her sweet and fair,

I hear her in the tunefu' birds, I hear her charm the air; There's not a bonnie flower that springs By fountain, shaw, or green,

There's not a bonnie bird that sings But 'minds me o' my Jean.

Oh blaw ye westlin winds, blaw saft Amang the leafy trees; Wi' gentle gale, frae muir and dale, Bring hame the laden bees; And bring the lassie back to me That's aye sae neat and clean; Ae blink o' her wad banish care, Sae charming is my Jean.

What sighs and vows among the knowes Hae pass'd atween us twa ! How fain to meet, how wae to part That day she gaed awa ! The Powers aboon can only ken, To whom the heart is seen,

That nane can be sae dear to me As my sweet lovely Jean!

ROBERT BURNS.

A SONG.

To thy lover, Dear, discover That sweet blush of thine, that shameth (When those roses It discloses) All the flowers that Nature nameth.

In free air Flow thy hair, That no more summer's best dresses Be beholden For their golden Locks, to Phœbus' flaming tresses.

Oh, deliver Love his quiver. From thy eyes he shoots his arrows, Where Apollo Cannot follow, Feather'd with his mother's sparrows.

Oh, envy not (That we die not) Those dear lips, whose door encloses Ail the Graces In their places, Erother pearls, and sister roses.

From these treasures Of ripe pleasures One bright smile to clear the weather; Earth and heaven Thus made even, Both will be good friends together.

The air does woo thee, Winds eling to thee; Might a word once fly from out thee, Storm and thunder Would sit under, And keep silence round about thee.

But if Nature's Common creatures So dear glories dare not borrow, Yet thy beauty Owes a duty To my loving, lingering sorrow.

When, to end me, Death shall send me All his terrors to affright me, Thine eyes' graces Gild their faces, And those terrors shall delight me,

When my dying Life is flying, Those sweet airs that often slew me, Shall revive me, Or reprieve me, And to many deaths renew me. BICHARD CRASHAW,

THE NIGHT PIECE.

TO JULIA.

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

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

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

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

A DITTY.

My true-love hath my heart, and I have his,

By just exchange one to the other given : I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,

There never was a better bargain driven : My true-love hath my heart, and I have

his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one, My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides:

He loves my heart, for once it was his own, I cherish his because in me it bides:

My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES.

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ST, AGNES' EVE-Ah, bitter chill it was !

The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold; The hare limp'd trembling through the

frozen grass, And silent was the flock in woolly fold:

Numb were the beadsman's fingers while he told

His rosary, and while his frosted breath, Like pions incense from a censer old,

Seem'd taking flight for heaven without a death,

Past the sweet virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

п.

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man; Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,

And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan. Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees:

- The sculptured dead, on each side seem to freeze,
- Emprison'd in black, purgatorial rails:
- Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'rics.

He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails

To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

III.

- Northward he turneth through a little door, And scarce three steps, ere Music's golden tongue
- Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor; But no—already had his death-bell rung; The joys of all his life were said and sung:
- His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve; Another way he went, and soon among

Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,

And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake

to grieve.

IV.

That aneient beadsman heard the prelude soft;

And so it chanced, for many a door was wide,

- From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,
 - The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide;
 - The level chambers, ready with their pride,
- Were glowing to receive a thousand guests;

The carved angels, ever eager-eyed,

Stared, where upon their heads the cornice rests,

With hair blown back, and wings put crosswise on their breasts.

v.

At length burst in the argent revelry, With plume, tiara, and all rich array,

- Numerous as shadows haunting fairily
 - The brain, new-stuff'd, in youth, with triumphs gay
- Of old romance. These let us wish away, And turn, sole-thoughted, to one lady there
- Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,

On love, and wing'd St. Agnes' saintly care,

As she had heard old dames full many times declare. VI.

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,

Young virgins might have visions of delight,

And soft adorings from their loves receive Upon the honey'd middle of the night, If ceremonies due they did aright;

As, supperless to bed they must retire,

And couch supine their beauties, lily white:

Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require

Of heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

VII.

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline;

The music, yearning like a god in pain,

- She searcely heard; her maiden eyes divine,
 - Fix'd on the floor, saw many a sweeping train

Pass by—she heeded not at all; in vain Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,

- And back retired; not cool'd by high disdain,
- But she saw not; her heart was otherwhere;
- She sigh'd for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the year.

VIII.

- She danced along with vague, regardless eves,
 - Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short;
- The hallow'd hour was near at hand; she sighs
 - Amid the timbrels, and the throng'd resort
 - Of whisperers in anger, or in sport;

'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate and scorn, Hoodwink'd with fairy fancy; all amort,

Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,

And all the bliss to be before to-morrow morn.

IX.

So, purposing each moment to retire,

She linger'd still. Meantime, across the moors,

- Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire
 - For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,

Buttress'd from moonlight, stands he, and implores

All saints to give him sight of Madeline,

But for one moment in the tedious hours,

That he might gaze and worship all unseen;

Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss—in sooth such things have been.

x.

He ventures in: let no buzz'd whisper tell:

All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords

- Will storm his heart, Love's feverous citadel:
 - For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes,

Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,

Whose very dogs would exectations howl

Against his lineage: not one breast affords

Him any merey, in that mansion foul,

Save one old beldame, weak in body and in soul.

XI.

Ah, happy chance ! the aged creature came, Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,

To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame,

Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond

- The sound of merriment and chorus bland:
- He startled her; but soon she knew his face,
- And grasp'd his fingers in her palsied hand,
- Saying, "Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from this place;
- They are all here to-night, the whole bloodthirsty race !

XII.

"Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish Hildebrand;

He had a fever late, and in the fit

- He cursed thee and thine, both house and land:
 - Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit
 - More tame for his gray hairs—Alas me! flit! 9

- Flit like a ghost away!"—"Ah, gossip dear, We're safe enough; here in this armchair sit.
- And tell me how "—" Good saints, not here, not here;
- Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy bier."

XIII.

He follow'd through a lowly archèd way, Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume;

And as she mutter'd "Well-a—well-a-day!' He found him in a little moonlight room, Pale, latticed, chill, and silent as a tomb.

- "Now tell me where is Madeline," said he, "Oh tell me, Angela, by the holy loom
- Which none but secret sisterhood may see,
- When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously."

XIV.

"St. Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve-Yet men will murder upon holy days:

Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve, And be liege-lord of all the elves and favs,

To venture so. It fills me with amaze

- To see thee, Porphyro!—St. Agnes' Eve! God's help! my lady fair the conjurer plays
- This very night: good angels her deceive! But let me laugh a while, I've mickle time to grieve."

XV.

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon, While Porphyro upon her face doth look,

Like puzzled urchin on an aged erone

Who keepeth closed a wondrous riddlebook,

As spectacled she sits in chimney-nook.

- But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told
 - His lady's purpose; and he scarce could brook
- Tears, at the thought of those enchantments cold,

And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

XVI.

- Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose
 - Flushing his brow, and in his pained heart

- Made purple riot: then doth he propose A stratagem, that makes the beldame start:
 - "A cruel man and impious thou art!
- Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep and dream
 - Alone with her good angels, far apart
- From wicked men like thee. Go, go! I deem
- Thou canst not surely be the same that thou didst seen."

XVII.

- "I will not harm her, by all saints I swear!"
 - Quoth Porphyro. "Oh, may I ne'er find grace
- When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,

If one of her soft ringlets I displace,

Or look with ruffian passion in her face: Good Angela, believe me by these tears;

Or I will, even in a moment's space, Awake with horrid shout my foemen's ears,

A wake with norrid shout my locinen's ears

And beard them, though they be more fang'd than wolves and bears."

XVIII.

- "Ah, why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?
 - A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, churchyard thing,
- Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll;
 - Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,
 - Were never miss'd." Thus plaining doth she bring

A gentler speech from burning Porphyro; So woeful, and of such deep sorrowing,

That Angela gives promise she will do

Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe.

XIX.

Whieh was, to lead him, in close secrecy, Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide

Him in a closet, of such privacy

That he might see her beauty unespied, And win perhaps that night a peerless

bride,

While legion'd fairies paced the coverlet, And pale enchantment held her sleepyeyed.

- Never on such a night have lovers met,
- Since Merlin paid his demon all the monstrous debt.

XX.

- "It shall be as thou wishest," said the dame;
 - "All cates and dainties shall be stored there
- Quickly on this feast-night; by the tambour-frame
 - Her own lute thou wilt see: no time to spare,
 - For I am slow and feeble, and searce dare

On such a catering trust my dizzy head.

- Wait here, my child, with patience kneel in prayer
- The while : Ah! thou must needs the lady wed,
- Or may I never leave my grave among the dead."

XXI.

So saying she hobbled off with busy fear. The lover's endless minutes slowly pass'd;

The dame return'd, and whisper'd in his ear To follow her; with aged eyes aghast

From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,

Through many a dusky gallery, they gain

The maiden's chamber, silken, hush'd and chaste;

Where Porphyro took covert, pleased amain.

His poor guide hurried back with agues in her brain.

XXII.

Her faltering hand upon the balustrade,

- Old Angela was feeling for the stair,
- When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmed maid,
 - Rose, like a mission'd spirit, unaware :
 - With silver taper's light, and pious care,

She turn'd, and down the aged gossip led To a safe level matting. Now prepare,

Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed; She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove frav'd and fled.

XXIII.

Out went the taper as she hurried in; Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine,

died : She closed the door, she panted, all akin

To spirits of the air, and visions wide: No utter'd syllable, or, woe betide!

But to her heart, her heart was voluble,

- Paining with eloquence her balmy side;
- As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
- Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her dell.

XXIV,

A casement high and triple-arch'd there was,

All garlanded with carven imageries

- Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knotgrass,
 - And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
 - Innumerable of stains and splendid dves,
- As are the tiger-moth's deep-damask'd wings;
 - And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
- And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,

A shielded seutcheon blush'd with blood of queens and kings.

XXV.

- Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
 - And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
- As down she knelt for Heaven's grace and boon;
 - Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,

And on her silver cross soft amethyst,

- And on her hair a glory, like a saint :
- She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest,
- Save wings, for heaven. Porphyro grew faint:

She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

XXVI.

Anon his heart revives: her vespers done, Of all its wreathèd pearls her hair she frees:

Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one;

- Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees:
- Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed, Pensive a while she dreams awake, and sees.
- In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
- But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fied.

XXVII.

- Soon trembling in her soft and chilly nest, In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay,
- Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppress'd
 - Her soothèd limbs, and soul fatigued away;
 - Flown, like a thought, until the morrowday;

Blissfully haven'd both from joy and pain; Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims pray;

- Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain.
- As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

XXVIII.

Stolen to this paradise, and so entranced,

Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,

And listen'd to her breathing, if it chanced To wake into a slumberous tenderuess:

Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,

And breathed himself: then from the closet crept,

Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,

And over the hush'd earpet, silent stept,

And 'tween the curtains peep'd, where, lo ! —how fast she slept.

XXIX.

Then by the bed-side, where the faded moon

Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set

- A table, and, half anguish'd, threw thereon A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet:----Oh for some drowsy Morphean amulet!
- The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
- The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarionet, Affray his ears, though but in dving tone :----

Amay his ears, though but in uying tone.—

The hall-door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

XXX.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,

- In blanchèd linen, smooth, and lavender'd;
- While he from forth the closet brought a heap
 - Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd;
 - With jellies soother than the creamy curd.

And lucent syrops, tinct with einnamon; Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd

From Fez; and spiced dainties, every one,

From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Leb-

XXXI.

These delicates he heap'd with glowing hand

On golden dishes and in baskets bright

Of wreathed silver. Sumptuous they stand In the retired quiet of the night,

Filling the chilly room with perfume light.—

"And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake! Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite;

Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,

Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache."

XXXII.

- Thus whispering, his warm, unnervèd arm Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream
- By the dusk curtains :—'twas a midnight charm

Impossible to melt as iced stream :

The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam;

Broad golden fringe upon the earpet lies; It seem'd he never, never could redeem

From such a steadfast spell his lady's eyes;

So mused a while, entoil'd in woofèd phantasies.

XXXIII.

- Awakening np, he took her hollow lute,— Tumultuous,—and, in chords that tenderest be,
- He play'd an ancient ditty, long since mnte,
 - In Provence called "La belle dame sans mercy :"

Close to her ear touching the melody ;--

- Wherewith disturb'd, she utter'd a soft moan:
 - He ceased—she panted quick—and suddenly

Her blue affrayèd eyes wide open shone :

Upon his knees he sank, pale as smoothsculptured stone.

XXXIV.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,

Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep: There was a painful change, that nigh

expell'd

The blisses of her dream so pure and deep.

At which fair Madeline began to weep,

And moan forth witless words with many a sigh;

While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep;

Who knelt, with joined hands and piteous eye,

Fearing to move or speak, she look'd so dreamingly.

XXXV.

"Ah, Porphyro!" said she, "but even now Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,

Made tunable with every sweetest vow :

- And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear:
- How changed thou art! how pallid, chill and drear !
- Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,

Those looks immortal, those complainings dear!

Oh leave me not in this eternal woe,

For if thou diest, my love, I know not where to go."

XXXVI.

Beyond a mortal man impassion'd far At these voluptuous accents, he arose, Ethereal, flush'd, and like a throbbing star Seen 'mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose;

Into her dream he melted, as the rose Blendeth its odor with the violet,—

- Solution sweet: meantime the frost-wind hlows
- Like love's alarum pattering the sharp sleet
- Against the window-panes; St. Agnes' moon hath set.

XXXVII.

- 'Tis dark · quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet :
 - "This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline!"
- 'Tis dark: the icèd gusts still rave and beat:

"No dream, alas! alas! and woe is mine! Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine.—

Cruel! what traitor could thee hither bring?

I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine, Though thon forsakest a deceived thing;—

A dove forlorn and lost, with sick, unprunèd wing."

XXXVIII.

"My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!

Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?

- Thy beauty's shield, heart-shaped and vermeil-dyed?
 - Ah, silver shriue, here will I take my rest

After so many hours of toil and quest,

A famish'd pilgrim ,---saved by miracle.

- Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest,
- Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think'st well

To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.

XXXIX.

- "Hark! 'tis an elfin storm from faery land,
 - Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed:
- Arise—arise! the morning is at hand;— The bloated wassailers will never heed.

Let us away, my love, with happy speed;

There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see,— Drown'd all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead.

Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be,

For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee."

XL.

- She hurried at his words, beset with fears, For there were sleeping dragons all around,
- At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears—
 - Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found,
 - In all the house was heard no human sound.
- A chain-droop'd lamp was flickering by each door;
 - The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound,
- Flutter'd in the besieging wind's uproar;

And the long earpets rose along the gusty floor,

XLI.

They glide like phantoms into the wide hall! Like phantoms to the iron porch they glide,

Where lay the porter, in uneasy sprawl,

With a huge empty flagon by his side: The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,

But his sagacious eye an inmate owns :

- By one and one the bolts full easy slide: The chains lie silent on the footworn stones;
- The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

3> XLII.

And they are gone: ay, ages long ago

These lovers fled away into the storm.

- That night the baron dreamt of many a woe,
 - And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form
 - Of witch, and demon, and large coffinworm,

Were long benightmared. Angela the old Died palsy-twitched, with meagre face deform;

The beadsman, after thousand aves told, For aye unsought-for slept among his ashes cold.

JOHN KEATS.

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN.

"WHY weep ye by the tide, ladie? Why weep ye by the tide? I'll wed ye to my youngest son, And ye sall be his bride; And ye sall be his bride, ladie, Sae comely to be seen;"— But aye she loot the tears down fa' For Jock of Hazeldean.

"A chain of gold ye shall not lack, Nor braid to bind your hair, Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,

Nor palfrey fresh and fair; And you, the foremost o' them a',

Shall ride our forest queen ;"-

But aye she loot the tears down fa' For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning tide, The tapers glimmer'd fair,

The priest and bridegroom wait the bride, And dame and knight are there.

They sought her baith by bower and ha', The lady was not seen !---

She's o'er the Border, and awa' Wi' Jock of Hazeldean !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Sonnets from the Portuguese.

IF thou must love me, let it be for naught Except for love's sake only. Do not say "I love her for her smile, her look, her way

Of speaking gently,—for a trick of thought That falls in well with mine, and certes brought

- A sense of pleasant ease on such a day—"
- For these things in themselves, beloved, may
- Be changed, or change for thee, and love, so wrought,
- May be unwrought so. Neither love me
 - Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry,---
- A creature might forget to weep, who bore
 - Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby!
- But love me for love's sake, that evermore
 - Thou mayst love ou, through love's eternity.

I NEVER gave a lock of hair away

- To a man, dearest, except this to thee,
- Which now upon my fingers thoughtfully
- I ring out to the full brown length, and say,
- "Take it." My day of youth went yesterday:
 - My hair no longer bounds to my foot's glee,

Nor plant I it from rose or myrtle tree,

- As girls do, any more: it only may
- Now shade on two pale cheeks the mark of tears,
 - Taught drooping from the head that hangs aside
- Through sorrow's trick. I thought the funeral shears
 - Would take this first, but love is justified,-
- Take it thou,-finding pure, from all those years,
 - The kiss my mother left here when she died.

SAY over again, and yet once over again,

- That thou dost love me. Though the word repeated
- Should seem "a cuckoo-song," as thou dost treat it.
- Remember, never to the hill or plain,

Valley and wood, without her cuckoo- strain,	When I look up, to drop on a new range Of walls and floors—another home than
Comes the fresh Spring in all her green	this?
completed.	Nay, wilt thou fill that place, by me
Beloved, I, amid the darkness greeted	which is
By a doubtful spirit-voice, in that doubt's	Fill'd by dead eyes too tender to know
pain	change?
Cry, "Speak once more-thou lovest!"	That's hardest. If to conquer love has tried,
Who can fear Too many stars, though each in heaven	To conquer grief tries more, as all things prove ;
shall roll—	For grief indeed is love and grief beside.
Too many flowers, though each shall crown	Alas, I have grieved so, I am hard to
the year?	love.
Say thou dost love me, love me, love	Yet love me-wilt thou? Open thine
me-toll	heart wide,
The silver iterance !only minding, dear,	And fold within the wet wings of thy dove.
To love me also in silence with thy soul.	
	FIRST time he kiss'd me, he but only kiss'd
My letters! all dead paper, mute and white!	The fingers of this hand wherewith I write:
And yet they seem alive and quivering	And ever since, it grew more clean and
Against my tremplous hands which	white,
loose the string	Slow to world-greetings, quick with its
And let them drop down on my knee to-	"Oh, list,"
night.	When the angels speak. A ring of ame-
This said, he wish'd to have me in	thyst
his sight	I could not wear here, plainer to my
Once, as a friend: this fix'd a day in	sight,
spring To come and touch my hand a	Than that first kiss. The second pass'd in height
simple thing,	The first, and sought the forehead, and
Yet I wept for it! this, the paper's	half miss'd,
light,	Half falling on the hair. Oh, beyond
Said, Dear, I love thee; and I sank and	meed !
quail'd	That was the chrism of love, which love's
As if God's future thunder'd on my past.	own crown,
This said, <i>I am thine,</i> —and so its ink has paled	With sanctifying sweetness, did precede.
With lying at my heart that beat too	The third upon my lips was folded down In perfect, purple state; since when, in-
fast.	deed.
And this O Love, thy words have ill	I have been proud, and said, "My love,
avail'd,	my own !"
If what this said, I dared repeat at last!	
	How do I love thee? Let me count the
IF I leave all for thee, wilt thou exchange	ways:
And be all to me? Shall I never miss Home-talk and blessing and the com-	I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
mon kiss	My soul can reach, when feeling out of

That comes to each in turn, nor count it

strange,

My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight

For the ends of being and ideal grace.

I love thee to the level of every day's Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight. I love thee freely, as men strive for right; I love thee purely, as they turn from praise. I love thee with the passion put to use In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith. I love thee with a love I seem'd to lose With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath, Smiles, tears, of all my life; and, if God choose, I shall but love thee better after death. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. LOCHINVAR. OH, young Lochinvar is come out of the West,-Through all the wide Border his steed was the best, And save his good broadsword he weapons had none.-He rode all unarm'd and he rode all alone So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war There never was knight like the young Lochinvar. He stay'd not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone. He swam the Eske river where ford there was none. But ere he alighted at Netherby gate, The bride had consented, the gallant came late; For a laggard in love and a dastard in war Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar. So boldly he enter'd the Netherby hall, 'Mong bridesmen and kinsmen and brothers and all. Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword (For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word). "Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war, Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

" I	long woo'd your	daughter,my	suit
	you denied;		

Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;

- And now am I come, with this lost love of mine
- To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
- There are maidens in Scotland more lovely, by far,

That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kiss'd the goblet, the knight took it up,

He quaff'd off the wine and he threw down the cup.

- She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
- With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eve.
- He took her soft hand ere her mother could har:

"Now tread we a measure," said young *Lochinvar.

- So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
- That never a hall such a galliard did grace,
- While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
- And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,
- And the bridemaidens whisper'd, "'Twere better by far

To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

- One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
- When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
- So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
- So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
- "She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
- They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

- There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
- Forsters, Fenwicks, and Mnsgraves, they rode and they ran;
- There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
- But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
- So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
- Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

- WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, when the kye's come hame,
- When a' the weary warld to rest are gane,
- The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,
- Unkenn'd by my gudeman, wha sleeps sound by me.
- Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride;
- But saving ae crown-piece, he had nacthing beside;
- To make the crown a ponnd, my Jamie gaed to sea;
- He hadna been gane a twelvemonth and a day,
- When my father brake his arm, and the cow was stown away;
- My mither she fell sick-my Jamie was at sea-
- And Auld Robin Gray came a-courting me.
- My father cou'dna wark, my mother cou'dna spin;
- I toil'd day and night, but their bread I cou'dna win;
- Auld Robin maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in his ee,
- Said, "Jeanie, oh! for their sakes, will ye no marry me?"

- My heart it said na, and I look'd for Jamie back ;
- But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack :
- His ship was a wrack—Why didna Jamie dee?
- Or, why am I spared to cry, Wae is me !
- My father urged me sair—my mother didna speak,
- But she lookèd in my face till my heart was like to break;
- They gied him my hand-my heart was in the sea-
- And so Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.
- I hadna been his wife a week but only four,
- When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
- I saw my Jamie's ghaist, for I cou'dna think it he,
- Till he said, "I'm come hame, love, to marry thee !"
- Oh sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say of a';
- I gied him ae kiss, and bade him gang awa'—
- I wish that I were dead, but I'm na like to dee;
- For, though my heart is broken, I'm but young, Wae is me !
- I gang like a ghaist, and 1 earena much to spin;
- I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin;

But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,

For, oh! Robin Gray, he is kind to me. LADY ANNE BARNARD.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Thou lingering star, with lessening ray, That lov'st to greet the carly morn, Again thou usher'st in the day My Mary from my sonl was torn.

O Mary ! dear departed shade ! Where is thy place of blissful rest ?

Seest thou thy lover lowly laid? Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget, Can I forget the hallow'd grove, Where by the winding Ayr we met, To live one day of parting love?

Eternity will not efface Those records dear of transports past; Thy image at our last embrace; Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gargling kiss'd his pebbled shore, O'erhung with wild woods, thickening, green,

The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar, Twined amorous round the raptured scene.

The flowers sprang wanton to be press'd, The birds sang love on every spray,

Till too, too soon, the glowing west Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes, And fondly broods with miser care ! Time but the impression deeper makes,

As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary, dear departed shade! Where is thy blissful place of rest? Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?

Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

Robert Burns.

THE LADY'S YES,

"YES," I answer'd yon last night; "No," this morning, sir, I say: Colors seen by candle-light Will not look the same by day.

When the viols play'd their best, Lamps above and laughs below, Love me sounded like a jest, Fit for yes or fit for no.

Call me false or call me free, Vow, whatever light may shine,— No man on your face shall see Any grief for change on mine. Yet the sin is on ns both; Time to dance is not to woo; Wooing light makes fickle troth, Scorn of *me* recoils on *you*.

Learn to win a lady's faith Nobly, as the thing is high, Bravely, as for life and death, With a loyal gravity.

Lead her from the festive boards, Point her to the starry skies; Guard her, by your truthful words Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true, Ever true, as wives of yore; And her ges, once said to you, SHALL be Yes for evermore. ELIZABETH BARBETT BROWNING.

LADY CLARE.

IT was the time when lilies blow, And clouds are highest up in air, Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn : Lovers long betroth'd were they : They two will wed the morrow morn : God's blessing on the day !

"He does not love me for my birth, Nor for my lands so broad and fair; He loves me for my own true worth, And that is well," said Lady Clare.

- In there came old Alice the nurse, Said, "Who was this that went from thee?"
- "It was my cousin," said Lady Clare, "To-morrow he weds with me."

" Oh, God be thank'd!" said Alice the nurse, " That all comes round so just and fair :

- Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands, And you are not the Lady Clare."
- "Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse?"
 - Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"

" As God's above," said Alice the nurse,

"I speak the truth : you are my child.

P0	EMS	OF	L0	VE.
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"The old earl's daughter died at my breast; I speak the truth, as I live by bread! I buried her like my own sweet child, And put my child in her stead."	" If I come dress'd like a village maid, I am but as my fortunes are: I am a beggar born," she said, "And not the Lady Clare."
"Falsely, falsely have ye done, O mother," she said, " if this be true, To keep the best man under the sun So many years from his due."	" Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald, " For I am yours in word and in deed. Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald, " Your riddle is hard to read."
" Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse, " Bnt keep the secret for your life, And all you have will be Lord Ronald's, When you are man and wife."	Oh, and proudly stood she up ! Her heart within her did not fail : She look'd into Lord Ronald's eyes, And told him all her nurse's tale.
" If I'm a beggar born," she said, " I will speak out, for I dare not lie. Pull off, pull off the brooch of gold, And fling the diamond necklace by."	He laugh'd a laugh of merry scorn : He turn'd and kiss'd her where she stood : "If you are not the heiress born, And I," said he, " the next in blood—
" Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse, " But keep the secret all ye can." She said, " Not so : but I will know If there be any faith in man."	" If you are not the heiress born, And I," said he, " the lawful heir, We two will wed to-morrow morn,
" Nay now, what faith ?" said Alice the nurse," The man will cleave unto bis right."" And he shall have it," the lady replied," Though I should die to-night."	Aud you shall still be Lady Clare." ALFRED TENNYSON. —
"Yet give one kiss to your mother, dear! Alas, my child, I sinn'd for thee." "O mother, mother, mother," she said, "So strange it seems to me!	LOVE not me for comely grace, For my pleasing eye or face, Nor for any outward part, No, nor for my constant heart,—
"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear, My mother dear, if this be so, And lay your hand upon my head, And bless me, mother, cre I go."	For those may fail, or turn to ill, So thou and I shall sever: Keep therefore a true woman's eye, And love me still, but know not why— So hast thou the same reason still
She clad herself in a russet gown, She was no longer Lady Clare : She went by dale, and she went by down, With a single rose in her hair.	To doat upon me ever ! AUTHOR UNKNOWN.
 The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought Leapt up from where she lay, Dropp'd her head in the maiden's hand, And follow'd her all the way. 	THE LOVELINESS OF LOVE. It is not beauty I demand, A crystal brow, the moon's despair, Nor the snow's daughter, a white hand, Nor mermaid's yellow pride of hair:
Down stepp'd Lord Ronald from his tower: "O Lady Clare, you shame your worth! Why come yon dress'd like a village maid, That are the flower of the earth?"	Tell me not of your starry eyes, Your lips that seem on roses fed, Your breasts, where Cupid tumbling lies, Nor sleeps for kissing of his bed :—

A bloomy pair of vermeil cheeks Like Hebe's in her ruddiest hours, A breath that softer music speaks Than summer winds a-wooing flowers,

These are but gauds : nay what are lips ? Coral beneath the ocean stream,

Whose brink when your adventurer slips Full oft he perisheth on them.

And what are checks, but ensigns oft That wave hot youth to fields of blood? Did Helen's breast, though ne'er so soft.

Do Greece or flium any good?

Eyes can with baleful ardor burn; Poison can breath, that erst perfumed; There's many a white hand holds an urn With lovers' hearts to dust consumed.

For crystal brows there's naught within ; They are but empty cells for pride ; · He who the siren's hair would win Is mostly strangled in the tide.

Give me, instead of Beauty's bust, A tender heart, a loyal mind Which with temptation I would trust, Yet never link'd with error find,—

One in whose gentle bosom I Could pour my secret heart of woes, Like the care-burthen'd honey-fly That hides his murmurs in the rose,—

My earthly Comforter! whose love So indefeasible might be That, when my spirit wonn'd above, Hers could not stay, for sympathy. Armor Uxmows.

MILK-MAID'S SONG.

THE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

COME live with me, and be my love, And we will all the pleasures prove That valleys, groves, or bills, or field, Or woods and steepy mountains yield;

Where we will sit upon the rocks, And see the shepherds feed our flocks By shallow rivers, to whose falls Melodious birds sing madrigals. And I will make thee beds of roses, And then a thousand fragrant posies, A cap of flowers, and a kirtle Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool Which from our pretty lambs we pull; Slippers lined choicely for the cold, With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy buds, With coral clasps and amber studs; And if these pleasures may thee move, Come live with me, and be my love.

Thy silver dishes for my meat, As precious as the gods do eat, Shall, on an ivory table, be Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing, For thy delight, each May morning. If these delights thy mind may move, Then live with me and be my love. CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

MILK-MAID'S MOTHER'S ANSWER. The Nymph's Reply.

IF all the world and love were young, And truth in every shepherd's tongue, These pretty pleasures might me move To live with thee and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold, When rivers rage and rocks grow cold; Then Philomel becometh dumb, And age complains of care to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields To wayward winter reckoning yields. A honey tongue, a heart of gall, Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy heds of roses, Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies, Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten; In folly ripe, in season rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds, Thy coral clasps and amber studs, All these in me no means can move . To come to thee, and be thy love.

What should we talk of dainties, then, Of better meat than's fit for men? These are but vain : that's only good Which God hath bless'd, and sent for food.

But could youth last and love still breed, Had joys no date, or age no need, Then those delights my mind might move To live with thee, and be thy love. Six WALTER RALEION.

ON A DAY, ALACK THE DAY!

ON a day, alack the day ! Love, whose month is ever May, Spied a blossom passing fair Playing in the wanton air: Through the velvet leaves the wind All unseen 'gan passage find; That the lover, sick to death, Wish'd himself the heaven's breath. Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow; Air, would 1 might triumph so ! Bnt, alack, my hand is sworn Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn : Vow, alack, for youth unmeet; Youth so apt to pluck a sweet. Do not call it sin in me That I am forsworn for thee: Thou for whom e'en Jove would swear Juno but an Ethiope were, And deny himself for Jove, Turning mortal for thy love. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WOMAN'S INCONSTANCY.

I LOVED thee once, I'll love no more, Thine be the grief as is the blame; Thou art not what thou wast before, What reason I should be the same? He that ean love unloved again, Hath better store of love than brain: God send me love my debts to pay, While unthrifts fool their love away.

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown, If thou hadst still continued mine; Yea, if thou hadst remain'd thy own, I might perchance have yet been thine. But thou thy freedom did reeall, That if thou might elsewhere inthrall; And then how could I but disdain A captive's captive to remain?

When new desires had conquer'd thee, And changed the object of thy will, It had been lethargy in me, Not constancy, to love thee still. Yea, it had been a sin to go And prostitute affection so, Since we are taught no prayers to say To such as must to others pray.

Yet do thou glory in thy choice, Thy choice of his good fortune boast; I'll neither grieve nor yet rejoice, To see him gain what I have lost; The height of my disdain shall be, To laugh at him, to blush for thee; To love thee still, but go no more A begging to a beggar's door.

SIR ROBERT AYTON.

THE MAID'S LAMENT.

I LOVED him not; and yet now he is gone,

I feel I am alone.

I checkt him while he spoke; yet could he speak,

Alas! I would not check.

For reasons not to love him once I sought,

And wearied all my thought

- To vex myself and him: I now would give My love, could he but live
- Who lately lived for me, and when he found

'Twas vain, in holy ground

- He hid his face amid the shades of death! I waste for him my breath
- Who wasted his for me; but mine returns, And this lone bosom burns

With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep, And waking me to weep

Tears that had melted his soft heart: for years

Wept he as bitter tears!

- "Merciful God!" such was his latest prayer, "These may she never share!"
- Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold Than daisies in the mould,

Where ehildren spell athwart the church-If country loves such sweet desires gain, yard gate What lady would not love a shepherd swain? His name and life's brief date. Thus with his wife he spends the year as Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er ye be, blithe And oh, pray, too, for me! WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. As doth the king at every tide or syth, And blither too; For kings have wars and broils to take in THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE'S SONG. hand, When shepherds laugh, and love upon the AH! what is love? It is a pretty thing, land: As sweet unto a shepherd as a king, And sweeter too; Ah then, ah then, If country loves such sweet desires gain," For kings have cares that wait upon a What lady would not love a shepherd crown. And cares can make the sweetest face to swain? ROBERT GREENE. frown: Ah then, ah then, If country loves such sweet desires gain, LOVE IN THE VALLEY. What lady would not love a shepherd UNDER yonder beech-tree standing on the swain? green sward, His flocks are folded; he comes home at Couch'd with her arms behind her little night head. As merry as a king in his delight, Her knees folded up, and her tresses on her And merrier too: bosom. For kings bethink them what the state re-Lies my young love sleeping in the shade. quire, Had I the heart to slide one arm beneath Where shepherds, careless, carol by the fire: her, Ah then, ah then, Press her dreaming lips as her waist I If country love such sweet desires gain, folded slow, What lady would not love a shepherd Waking on the instant she could not but swain? embrace me-Ah! would she hold me, and never let me go? He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat His cream and curd as doth the king his Shy as the squirrel, and wayward as the meat. swallow; And hlither too; Swift as the swallow when, athwart the For kings have often fears when they sup, western flood. Where shepherds dread no poison in their Circleting the surface, he meets his mircup: ror'd winglets-Ah then, ah then, Is that dear one in her maiden bud. If country loves such sweet desires gain, Shy as the squirrel whose nest is in the What lady would not love a shepherd pine tops; swain? Gentle-ah! that she were jealous-as the dove! Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound Full of all the wildness of the woodland As doth the king upon his beds of down, creatures. More sounder too; Happy in herself is the maiden that I love ! For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to What ean have taught her distrust of all 1 spill, Where weary shepherds lie and snort their tell her? Can she truly doubt me when looking on fill: my brows? Ah then, ah then,

- Nature never teaches distrust of tender love-tales---
- What can have taught her distrust of all my vows?
- No, she does not doubt me! on a dewy evetide,
- Whispering together beneath the listening moon,
- I pray'd till her cheek flush'd, implored till she falter'd—
- Flutter'd to my bosom—ah! to fly away so soon!
- When her mother tends her before the laughing mirror,
- Tying up her laces, looping up her hair,
- Often she thinks-Were this wild thing wedded,
- I should have more love, and much less care.
- When her mother tends her before the bashful mirror,
- Loosening her laces, combing down her curls,
- Often she thinks-Were this wild thing wedded,
- I should lose but one for so many boys and girls.

Clambering roses peep into her chamber;

- Jasmine and woodbine breathe sweet, sweet;
- White-neck'd swallows, twittering of summer,
- Fill her with balm and nested peace from head to feet.
- Ah! will the rose-bough see her lying lonely,
- When the petals fall and fierce bloom is on the leaves?
- Will the autumn garners see her still ungather'd,
- When the fickle swallows forsake the weeping eaves?
- Comes a sudden question—should a strange hand pluck her!
- Oh, what an anguish smites me at the thought!
- Should some idle lordling bribe her mind with jewels !---
- Can such beauty ever thus be bought?

- Sometimes the huntsmen, prancing down the valley,
- Eye the village lasses, full of sprightly mirth;
- They see, as I see, mine is the fairest!
- Would she were older and could read my worth!
- Are there not sweet maidens, if she still deny me?
- Show the bridal heavens but one bright star?

Wherefore thus then do I chase a shadow, Clattering one note like a brown eve-jar?

- So I rhyme and reason till she darts before me—
- Through the milky meadows from flower to flower she flies,
- Sunning her sweet palms to shade her dazzled eyelids
- From the golden love that looks too eager in her eyes.
- When at dawn she wakens, and her fair face gazes
- Out on the weather through the windowpanes,
- Beauteous she looks! like a white waterlily
- Bursting out of bud on the rippled river plains.
- When from bed she rises, clothed from neek to ankle
- In her long night-gown, sweet as boughs of May,

Beauteous she looks! like a tall garden lily, Pure from the night and perfect for the day!

Happy, happy time, when the gray star twinkles

Over the fields all fresh with bloomy dew; When the cold-check'd dawn grows ruddy

- up the twilight,
- And the gold sun wakes and weds her in the blue.
- Then when my darling tempts the early breezes,
- She the only star that dies not with the dark!
- Powerless to speak all the ardor of my passion,
- I catch her little hand as we listen to the lark.

Shall the birds in vain then valentine their
sweethearts?
Season after season tell a fruitless tale?
Will not the virgin listen to their voices?
Take the honey'd meaning, wear the bridal
veil?
Fears she frosts of winter, fears she the

- bare branches?
- Waits she the garlands of spring for her dower?

Is she a nightingale that will not be nested

Till the April woodland has built her bridal bower?

Then come, merry April, with all thy birds and beauties !

With thy crescent brows and thy flowery, showery glee;

- With thy budding leafage and fresh green pastures;
- And may thy lustrous crescent grow a honeymoon for me!

Come, merry month of the cuckoo and the violet!

Come, weeping loveliness in all thy blue delight!

Lo! the nest is ready, let me not languish longer!

Bring her to my arms on the first May night. George Meredith.

DUNCAN GRAY.

DUNCAN GRAY can here to woo, IIa, ha, the wooing o't, On blythe Yule night when we were fou, Ha, ha, the wooing o't: Maggie coost her head fu' high, Look'd asklent and uneo' skeigh, Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh; Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd, Ha, ha, the wooing o't;

Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig; Ha, ha, the wooing o't. Duncan sigh'd baith out and in, Grat his een baith bleert and blin', Spak o' lowpin ower a linn; Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time and chance are but a tide, Ha, ha, the wooing o't; Slighted love is sair to bide, Ha, ha, the wooing o't. Shall I, like a fool, quoth he, For a haughty hizzie dee? She may gae to—France for me ! Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it confes let doctors tell, Ha, ha, the wooing o't; Meg grew sick—as he grew heal, Ha, ha, the wooing o't. Something in her bosom wrings, For relief a sight she brings;

And oh, her een, they spak sic things ' Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace, Ha, ha, the wooing o't; Maggie's was a piteous case, Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan couldna be her death, Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath; Now they're crouse and canty baith, Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

ROBERT BURNS.

RUTH.

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

On her cheek an autumn flush Deeply ripen'd ;—such a blush In the midst of brown was born, Like red poppies grown with corn.

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

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

Sure, I said, heav'n did not mean, Where I reap thou shouldst but glean, Lay thy sheaf adown and come, Share my harvest and my home. THOMAS HOOD.

PHILLIDA AND CORYDON.

In the merrie moneth of Maye, In a morne by break of daye, With a troope of damselles playing Forthe "I yode" forsooth a-maying:

When anon by a wood side, Where as Maye was in his pride, I espièd all alone Phillida and Corydon.

Much adoe there was, god wot; He wold love, and she wold not. She sayde, never man was trewe; He sayes, none was false to you.

He sayde, hee had lovde her longe: She sayes, love should have no wronge. Corydon wold kisse her then: She sayes, maydes must kisse no men,

Tyll they doe for good and all. When she made the shepperde call All the heavens to wytnes truthe, Never loved a truer youthe.

Then with manie a prettie othe, Yea and nay, and faith and trothe; Suche as seelie shepperdes use When they will not love abuse;

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

MAID OF ATHENS.

MAID of Athens, ere we part, Give, oh, give me back my heart ! Or, since that has left my breast, Keep it now, and take the rest ! Hear my vow before I go, $Z\dot{u}\eta \ \mu \omega \delta$, $\sigma \dot{a} \dot{c} \dot{q} x a \pi \ddot{a}$,

By those tresses unconfined, Woo'd by each Ægean wind; By those lids whose jetty fringe Kiss thy soft checks' blooming tinge, By those wild eyes like the roe, $Z\dot{\omega}_{1}$ goo, $\sigma\dot{a}_{2}$ $\dot{a}_{2}\pi\pi\dot{a}_{2}$.

By that lip I long to taste; By that zone-encircled waist; 10 By all the token-flowers that tell What words can never speak so well; By love's alternate joy and woe, Ζώη μοῦ, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

Maid of Athens! I am gone: Think of me, sweet! when alone.— Though I fly to Istambol, Athens holds my heart and soul: Can I cease to love thee? No! Ζώη μοῦ, σἰς ἀγαπῶ,

LORD BYRON.

ADELGITHA.

THE Ordeal's fatal trumpet sounded, And sad, pale *Adelgitha* came, When forth a valiant champion bounded, And slew the slanderer of her fame,

She wept, deliver'd from her danger; But when he knelt to claim her glove—

"Seek not," she cried, "O gallant stranger,

For hapless Adelgitha's love.

"For he is in a foreign far land Whose arm should now have set me free;

And I must wear the willow garland For him that's dead, or false to me."

"Nay! say not that his faith is tainted !"— He raised his visor,—at the sight She fell into his arms and fainted ; It was indeed her own true knight. THOMAS CAMPBELL

BONNIE LESLEY.

OH saw ye bonnie Lesley As she gaed o'er the border? She's gane, like Alexander, To spread her conquests further.

To see her is to love her, And love but her for ever; For Nature made her what she is, And ne'er made sic anither.

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley— Thy subjects we, before thee; Thou art divine, fair Lesley— The hearts o' men adore thee. The deil he could na scaith thee, Or aught that wad belang thee; He'd look into thy bonnie face, And say, "I canna wrang thee."

The powers aboon will tent thee; Misfortune sha'na steer thee; Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely, That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley ! Return to Caledonie ! That we may brag we hae a lass There's nane again sae bonnie. ROBERT BURNS.

THE GIRL OF CADIZ.

Off never talk again to me Off northern climes and British ladies; It has not been your lot to see, Like me, the lovely girl of Cadiz. Although her eye be not of blue, Nor fair her locks, like English lasses, How far its own expressive hue The languid azure eye surpasses!

Prometheus-like, from heaven she stole The fire that through those silken lashes In darkest glances seems to roll, From eyes that cannot hide their flashes; And as along her bosom steal In lengthen'd flow her raven tresses, You'd swear each clustering lock could feel, And curl'd to give her neck caresses.

Our English maids are long to woo, And frigid even in possession; And if their charms be fair to view, Their lips are slow at Love's confession: But born beneath a brighter sun, For love ordain'd the Spanish maid is, And who—when foudly, fairly won,—

Enchants you like the Girl of Cadiz?

The Spanish maid is no coquette, Nor joys to see a lover tremble, And if she love, or if she hate,

Alike she knows not to dissemble.

Her heart can ne'er be bought or sold-Howe'er it beats, it beats sincerely;

And, though it will not bend to gold, "Twill love you long and love you dearly. The Spanish girl that meets your love Ne'er taunts you with a mock denial, For every thought is bent to prove

Her passion in the hour of trial.

When thronging foemen menace Spain, She dares the deed and shares the danger;

And should her lover press the plain, She hurls the spear, her love's avenger.

And when, beneath the evening star, She mingles in the gay Bolero, Or sings to her attuned guitar Of Christian knight or Moorish hero, Or counts her beads with fairy hand Beneath the twinkling rays of Hesper, Or joins devotion's choral band,

To chaunt the sweet and hallow'd vesper,

In each her charms the heart must move Of all who venture to behold her; Then let not maids less fair reprove Because her bosom is not colder:

Through many a clime 'tis mine to roam, Where many a soft and melting maid is,

But none abroad, and few at home, May match the dark-eyed girl of Cadiz. LORD BYRON.

I LOVE MY LOVE.

WHAT is the meaning of the song That rings so clear and loud, Thou nightingale amid the copse, Thou lark above the cloud? What says thy song, thou joyous thrush, Up in the walnut tree? "I love my Love, because I know My Love loves me." What is the meaning of thy thought, O maiden fair and young? There is such pleasure in thine eyes, Such music on thy tongue; There is such glory on thy face, What can the meaning be?

"I love my Love, because I know My Love loves me."

Oh happy words! at Beauty's feet We sing them ere our prime, And when the early summers pass, And Care comes on with Time,







Still be it ours, in Care's despite, To join the chorus free : "I love my Love, because I know My Love loves me." CHARLES MACKAY.

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

- COME, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer.
- Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here;
- Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
- And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.
- Oh, what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
- Through joy and through torment, through glory and shame?
- I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
- I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.
- Thou hast call'd me thy angel in moments of bliss,
- And thy angel I'll he 'mid the horrors of this,
- Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
- And shield thee, and save thee,—or perish there too!

THOMAS MOORE.

THE SILLER CROUN.

"AND ye sall walk in silk attire, And siller hae to spare, Gin ye'll consent to be his bride, Nor think o' Donald mair."

Oh wha wad buy a silken goun Wi' a puir broken heart? Or what's to me a siller croun Gin frae my love I part?

- The mind, whose meanest wish is pure, Far dearest is to me,
- And ere I'm forced to break my faith, I'll lay me doun an' dee.

For I hae vow'd a virgin's vow My lover's fate to share, An' he has gi'en to me his heart, And what can man do mair?

His mind and manners won my heart : He gratefu' took the gift ; And did I wish to seek it back, It wad be waar than theft.

The langest life can ne'er repay The love he bears to me, And ere I'm forced to break my faith, I'll lay me doun an' dee.

SUSANNA BLANIRE.

MARY MORISON.

O MARY, at thy window be ! It is the wish'd, the trysted hour ! Those smiles and glances let me see That make the miser's treasure poor : How hlithely wad I bide the stoure, A weary slave frae sun to sun,

Could I the rich reward secure, The lovely Mary Morison!

Yestreen' when to the trembling string The dance gaed through the lighted ha', To thee my fancy took its wing,—

I sat, hut neither heard nor saw :

Though this was fair, and that was braw, And yon the toast of a' the town,

I sigh'd, and said amang them a', "Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his pcace Wha for thy sake wad gladly dee? Or canst thou break that heart of his, Whase only faut is loving thee?

If love for love thou wilt na gie, At least be pity to me shown ;

A thought ungentle canna be The thought o' Mary Morison.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE MINSTREL'S SONG.

OH, sing unto my roundelay ! Oh, drop the briny tear with me ! Dance no more at holiday ; Like a running river be. My love is dead, Gone to his death bed, All under the willow tree.

Black his hair as the winter night, White his neck as the summer snow, Ruddy his face as the morning light; Cold he lies in the grave below. My love is dead, Gone to his death bed, All under the willow tree.

Sweet his tongue as the throatle's note; Quick in dance as thought can be; Deft his tabor, cudgel stout; Oh, he lies by the willow tree! My love is dead, Gone to his death bed, All under the willow tree.

Hark ! the raven flaps his wing In the brier'd dell below; Hark ! the death-owl loud doth sing To the nightmares as they go. My love is dead, Gone to his death bed, All under the willow tree.

See! the white moon shines on high; Whiter is my true-love's shroud, Whiter than the morning sky, Whiter than the evening cloud. My love is dead, Gone to his deathbed, All under the willow tree,

Here, upon my true-love's grave Shall the baren flowers be laid, Nor one holy saint to save All the coldness of a maid, My love is dead, Gone to his death bed, All under the willow tree,

With my hands I'll bind the briers Round his holy corse to gre; Ouphante fairy, light your fires; Ilere my body still shall be. My love is dead, Gone to his death bed, All under the willow tree.

Come, with acorn-cup and thorn, Drain my heart's blood all away; Life and all its good I scorn, Dance by night, or feast by day. My love is dead, Gone to his death hed, All under the willow tree. Water-witches, crown'd with reytes, Bear me to your lethal tide.

I die! I come! my true love waits. Thus the damsel spake, and died. THOMAS CHATTERTON.

ONE WORD IS TOO OFTEN PROFANED.

ONE word is too often profaned For me to profane it, One feeling too falsely disdain'd

For thee to disdain it. One hope is too like despair

For prudence to smother, And pity from thee more dear Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love; But wilt thou accept not The worship the heart lifts above And the heavens reject not; The desire of the moth for the star, Of the night for the morrow, The devotion to something afar From the sphere of our sorrow? PERCY BYSHE SHELLEY.

TO HIS FORSAKEN MISTRESS.

I DO confess thou'rt smooth and fair, And I might have gone near to love thee, Had I not found the lightest prayer

That lips could speak, had power to move thee:

But I can let thee now alone, As worthy to be loved by none.

I do confess thou'rt sweet; yet find Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets, Thy favors are but like the wind,

That kisses everything it meets; And since thou canst with more than one, Thou'rt worthy to be kiss'd by none.

The morning rose that untouch'd stands Arm'd with her briers, how sweetly smells!

But pluck'd and strain'd through ruder hands,

No more her sweetness with her dwells, But scent and beauty both are gone, And leaves fall from her, one by one.

Such fate, erelong, will thee betide,

When thou hast handled been a while,----Like sere flowers to be thrown aside:

And I will sigh, while some will smile, To see thy love for more than one Hath brought thee to be loved by none. Sur ROBERT ATTON.

LOCKSLEY HALL.

COMRADES, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis early morn :

- Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon the bugle horn.
- 'Tis the place, and all around it, as of old, the curlews call,
- Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over Locksley Hall;
- Locksley Hall that in the distance overlooks the sandy tracts,
- And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts.
- Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest,
- Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the West.
- Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro' the mellow shade,
- Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid.
- Here about the beach I wander'd, nourishing a youth sublime
- With the fairy tales of seience, and the long result of Time;
- When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed;
- When I clung to all the present for the promise that it 'closed :
- When I dipt into the future far as human eye could see;
- Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be.—
- In the Spring a fuller erimson comes upon the robin's breast ;
- In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest:

- In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove;
- In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.
- Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should be for one so young,
- And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observance hung.
- And I said, "My cousin Amy, speak, and speak the truth to me,
- Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to thee."
- On her pallid cheek and forchead came a color and a light,
- As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the northern night.
- And she turn'd—her bosom shaken with a sudden storm of sighs—
- All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel eyes-
- Saying, "I have hid my feelings, fearing they should do me wrong :"
- Saying, "Dost thou love me, eousin?" weeping, "I have loved thee long."
- Love took up the glass of Time, and turn'd it in his glowing hands;
- Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.
- Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;
- Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in music out of sight.
- Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the copses ring,
- And her whisper throng'd my pulses with the fullness of the Spring.
- Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships,
- And our spirits rush'd together at the touching of the lips.
- O my cousin, shallow-hearted ! O my Amy, mine no more !
- O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the barren, barren shore!

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all songs have sung, Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish tongue ! Is it well to wish thee happy ?-having known me-to decline On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than mine ! Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to his level day by day, What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathize with clay. As the husband is, the wife is: thou art mated with a clown. And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down. He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force, Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse. What is this? his eyes are heavy: think not they are glazed with wine. Go to him ; it is thy duty : kiss him : take his hand in thine. It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is overwrought; Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him with thy lighter thought. He will answer to the purpose, easy things to understand-Better thou wert dead before me, tho' I slew thee with my hand ! Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the heart's disgrace, Roll'd in one another's arms, and silent in a last embrace. Curséd be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth ! Curséd be the social lies that warp us from the living truth ! Curséd be the sickly forms that err from honest Nature's rule ! Curséd be the gold that gilds the straiten'd forehead of the fool !

W	ell—'tis	well	that]	[should	l bluster	
	Had	st the	ou less	unworth	hy proved	

Would to God—for I had loved thee more than ever wife was loved.

- Am I mad, that I should cherish that which bears but bitter fruit?
- I will pluck it from my bosom, tho' my heart be at the root.
- Never, tho' my mortal summers to such length of years should come
- As the many winter'd crow that leads the clanging rookery home.
- Where is comfort? in division of the records of the mind?
- Can I part her from herself, and love her, as I knew her, kind?
- I remember one that perish'd: sweetly did she speak and move:
- Such a one do I remember, whom to look at was to love.
- Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the love she bore?
- No-she never loved me truly : love is love for evermore.
- Comfort? comfort scorn'd of devils! this is truth the poet sings,
- That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.
- Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy heart be put to proof,
- In the dead unhappy night, and when the rain is on the roof.
- Like a dog, he hunts in dreams, and thou art staring at the wall,
- Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the shadows rise and fall.
- Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to his drunken sleep,
- To thy widow'd marriage-pillows, to the tears that thou wilt weep.
- Thou shalt hear the "Never, never," whisper'd by the phantom years,

And a song from out the distance in the ringing of thine ears;

POEMS OF LOVE. 151				
And an eye shall yex thee, looking ancient	Can I but re-live in sadness? I will turn			
kindness on thy pain.	that earlier page.			
Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow: get thee	Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou			
to thy rest again.	wondrous Mother-Age!			
Nay, but Nature brings thee solace; for a tender voice will cry.'Tis a purer life than thine; a lip to drain thy trouble dry.	Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the strife, When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of my life;			
Baby lips will laugh me down: my latest	Yearning for the large excitement that the			
rival brings thee rest.	coming years would yield,			
Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me	Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves			
from the mother's breast.	his father's field,			
Oh, the child too clothes the father with a	And at night along the dusky highway			
dearness not his due.	near and nearer drawn,			
Half is thine and half is his: it will be	Sees in heaven the light of London flaring			
worthy of the two.	like a dreary dawn;			
Oh, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty part,With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart.	And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then, Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men:			
"They were dangerous guides the feelings	Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever			
—she herself was not exempt—	reaping something new;			
Truly, she herself had suffer'd "—Perish in	That which they have done but earnest of			
thy self-contempt!	the things that they shall do;			
Overlive it—lower yet—be happy ! where-	For I dipt into the future, far as human			
fore should I care ?	eye could see,			
I myself must mix with action, lest I	Saw the vision of the world, and all the			
wither by despair.	wonder that would be;			
What is that which I should turn to, light-	Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argo-			
ing npon days like these?	sics of magic sails,			
Every door is barr'd with gold, and opens	Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping			
but to golden keys.	down with costly bales;			
Every gate is throng'd with suitors, all the	Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and			
markets overflow.	there rain'd a ghastly dew			
I have but an angry fancy: what is that	From the nations' airy navies grappling in			
which 1 should do?	the central blue;			
I had been content to perish, falling on the	Far along the world-wide whisper of the			
foeman's ground,	south wind rushing warm,			
When the ranks are roll'd in vapour, and	With the standards of the peoples plung-			
the winds are laid with sound.	ing thro' the thunderstorm;			
But the jingling of the guinea helps the	Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and			
hurt that Honor feels,	the battle-flags were furl'd			
And the nations do but murmur, snarling	In the Parliament of man, the Federation			
at each other's heels.	of the world.			

There the common sense of most shall	Woman is the lesser man, and all thy pas-
hold a fretful realm in awe,	sions, match'd with mine,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt	Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as
in universal law.	water unto wine—
So I triumph'd ere my passion sweeping	Here at least, where Nature sickens, noth-
thro' me left me dry,	ing. Ah, for some retreat
Left me with the palsied heart, and left	Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my
me with the jaundiced eye;	life began to beat;
Eye, to which all order festers, all things	Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my
here are out of joint;	father evil-starr'd;—
Science moves, but slowly, slowly, creep-	I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish
ing on from point to point;	uncle's ward.
Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion	Or to burst all links of habit—there to
creeping nigher,	wander far away,
Glares at one that nods and winks behind	On from island unto island at the gateways
a slowly dying fire.	of the day.
Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increas-	Larger constellations burning, mellow
ing purpose runs,	moons and happy skies,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with	Breadths of tropic shade and palms in
the process of the snns,	cluster, knots of Paradise.
What is that to him that reaps not harvest	Never comes the trader, never floats an
of his youthful joys,	European flag,
Tho' the deep heart of existence beat for	Slides the bird o'er Instrous woodland,
ever like a boy's?	swings the trailer from the crag;
Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and	Droops the heavy-blossom'd bower, hangs
I linger on the shore,	the heavy-fruited tree—
And the individual withers, and the world	Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple
is more and more.	spheres of sea.
Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers, and	There methinks would be enjoyment more
he bears a laden breast,	than in this march of mind,
Full of sad experience, moving toward the	In the steamship, in the railway, in the
stillness of his rest.	thoughts that shake mankind.
Hark! my merry comrades call me, sound-	There the passions cramp'd no longer shall
ing on the bugle-horn,	have scope and breathing-space,
They to whom my foolish passion were a	I will take some savage woman, she shall
target for their scorn;	'rear my dnsky race.
Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such	Iron-jointed, supple-sinew'd, they shall
a moulder d string?	dive, and they shall run,
I am shamed thro' all my nature to have	Catch the wild-goat by the hair, and hurl
loved so slight a thing.	their lances in the sun;
Weakness to be wroth with weakness!	Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the
woman's pleasure, woman's pain,—	rainbows of the brooks,
Nature made them blinder motions bound-	Not with blinded eyesight poring over
ed in a shallower brain;	miserable books—

- Fool, again the dream, the fancy ! but I know my words are wild,
- But I count the gray barbarian lower than the Christian child.
- I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains,
- Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains!
- Mated with a squalid savage-what to me were sun or clime?
- I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time-
- I that rather held it better men should perish one by one,
- Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's moon in Ajalon !
- Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range,
- Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change.
- Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day:
- Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.
- Mother-Age (for mine I knew not), help me as when life begun:
- Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh the Sun.
- Oh, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set.
- Ancient founts of inspiration well thro' all my fancy yet.
- Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Locksley Hall!
- Now for me the woods may wither, now for me the roof-tree fall.
- Comes a vapor from the margin, blackening over heath and holt,
- Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a thunderbolt.
- Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail, or fire or snow;
- For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and I go. ALFRED TENNYSON.

I'm no slave to such as you be; Neither shall that snowy breast, Rolling eye, and lip of ruby, Ever rob me of my rest; Go, go, display Thy beauty's ray To some more soon enamor'd swain: Those common wiles, Of sighs and smiles, Are all bestow'd on me in vain.

I have elsewhere vow'd a duty; Turn away thy tempting eye; Show not me a painted beauty; These impostures I defy: My spirit loathes Where gaudy clothes And feigned oaths may love obtain: Flove her so Whose look swears no. That all your labors will be vain

Can he prize the tainted posies, Which on every breast are worn ; That may pluck the virgin roses From their never-touched thorn? I can go rest On her sweet breast That is the pride of Cynthia's train; Then stay thy tongue; Thy mermaid song Is all bestow'd on me in vain.

He's a fool that basely dallies Where each peasant mates with him : Shall I haunt the thronged valleys, Whilst there's noble hills to climb?

No, no, though clowns Are scared with frowns,

THE STEADFAST SHEPHERD.

HENCE away, thou Syren ; leave me. Pish ! nnclasp these wanton arms; Sugar'd words can ne'er deceive me-Though thou prove a thousand charms. Fie, fie, forbear: No common snare Can ever my affection chain: Thy painted baits, And poor deceits. Are all bestow'd on me in vain.

I know the best can but disdain: And those I'll prove, So will thy love Be all bestow'd on me in vain.

I do scorn to vow a duty, Where each lustful lad may woo; Give me her whose sunlike beauty Buzzards dare not soar unto: She, she it is Affords that bliss, For which I would refuse no pain; But such as you, Fond fools, adieu, You seek to captive me in vain.

Leave me, then, thou Syren, leave me; Seek no more to work my harms; Crafty wiles cannot deceive me, Who am proof against your charms: You labor may To lead astray The heart, that constant shall remain; And I the while Will sit and smile To see you spend your time in vain. GEORGE WITHER.

FAREWELL TO NANCY.

AE fond kiss and then we sever! Ae fareweel, alas! for ever! Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee; Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee. Who shall say that fortune grieves him, While the star of hope she leaves him? Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me; Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy— Naething could resist my Nancy: But to see her was to love her, Love but her and love for ever. Had we never loved sae kindly, Had we never loved sae blindly, Never met—or never parted, We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest! Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest! Thine be ilka joy and treasure, Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure! Ae fond kiss, and then we sever! Ae fareweel, alas! for ever! Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee; Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee. ROPERT BURSS.

A PRAISE OF HIS LOVE.

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

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

I could rehearse, if that I would, The whole effect of Nature's plaint, When she had lost the perfect mould, The like to whom she could not paint.

With wringing hands, how did she ery! And what she said, I know it aye.

I know she swore, with raging mind, Her kingdom only set apart, There was no loss by law of kind

That could have gone so near her heart; And this was chiefly all her pain— "She could not make the like again."

Sith Nature thus gave her the praise To be the chiefest work she wrought, In faith, methink, some better ways On your behalf might well be sought, Than to compare, as ye have done, To match the candle with the sun. HERRY HOWARP (Earl of Surrey).

SWEET ARE THE CHARMS.

SWEET are the charms of her I love: More fragrant than the damask rose, Soft as the down of turtle dove,

Gentle as air when Zephyr blows, Refreshing as descending rains To sunburnt climes and thirsty plains.

True as the needle to the pole, Or as the dial to the sun ; Constant as gliding waters roll,

Whose swelling tides obey the moon-From every other charmer free, My life and love shall follow thee.

The lamb the flowery thyme devours, The dam the tender kid pursues;

Sweet Philomel in shady bowers Of verdant spring her note renews : All follow what they most admire, As I pursue my soul's desire.

Nature must change her beauteous face, And vary as the seasons rise,

As winter to the spring gives place, Summer th' approach of autumn flies : No change on love the seasons bring,— Love only knows perpetual spring.

Devouring Time with stealing pace, Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow;

And marble towers and gates of brass In his rude march he levels low; But Time, destroying far and wide,

But Time, destroying far and wide, Love from the soul can ne'er divide.

Death only, with his cruel dart,

The gentle godhead can remove, And drive him from the bleeding heart,

To mingle with the blest above, Where, known to all his kindred train, He finds a lasting rest from pain.

Love and his sister fair, the Soul,

Twin born, from heaven together came; Love will the universe control

When dying seasons lose their name; Divine abodes shall own his power, When Time and Death shall be no more. BARTON BOOTH.

GENEVIEVE.

MAID of my love, sweet Genevieve; In beauty's light you glide along;

Your eye is like the star of eve,

And sweet your voice as seraph's song. Yet not your heavenly beauty gives

This heart with passion soft to glow; Within your soul a voice there lives,

It bids you hear the tale of woe.

When sinking low the sufferer wan Beholds no hand outstretch'd to save; Fair as the bosom of the swan

That rises graceful o'er the wave, I've seen your breast with pity heave, And therefore love I you, sweet Genevieve. SAMUEL TAYLOR COLENDOR.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

It is the miller's daughter, And she is grown so dear, so dear, That I would be the jewel That trembles in her car; For hid in ringlets day and night, I'd tonch her neck so warm and white.

And I would be the girdle About her dainty dainty waist, And her heart would beat against me, In sorrow and in rest; And I should know if it beat right, I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

And I would be the necklace, And all day long to fall and rise Upon her balmy bosom, With her laughter or her sighs,

And I would lie so light, so light, I scarce should be unclasp'd at night, ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL.

THE lass of Patie's mill, Sae bonnie, blithe, and gay, In spite of all my skill She stole my heart away. When tedding of the hay, Bareheaded on the green, Love 'midst her locks did play, And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms white, round, and smooth; Breasts rising in their dawn; To age it would give youth To press them with his hand. Through all my spirits ran An ecstasy of bliss, When I such sweetness fand Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art, Like flow'rs which grace the wild, She did her sweets impart, Whene'er she spoke or smiled; Her looks they were so mild, Free from affected pride, She me to love beguiled;— I wish'd her for my bride.

Oh, had I a' the wealth Hopetoun's high mountains fill, Insured lang life and health, And pleasure at my will, I'd promise and fulfil That none but bonnie she, The lass of Patie's mill, Should share the same with me. ALLAN RAMSAY.

ROSADER'S SONETTO.

TURN I my looks unto the skies, Love with his arrows wounds mine eyes; If so I look upon the ground, Love then in every flower is found; Search I the shade to flee my pain, Love meets me in the shades again : Want I to walk in secret grove, E'en there I meet with saered love; If so I bathe me in the spring. E'en on the brink I hear him sing: If so I meditate alone, He will be partner of my moan : If so I mourn, he weeps with me, And where I am there will he be; When as I talk of Rosalind, The god from coyness waxeth kind, And seems in self-same frame to fly, Because he loves as well as I. Sweet Rosalind, for pity rue, For why, than love I am more true: He, if he speed, will quickly fly, But in thy love I live and die. THOMAS LODGE.

KISSES.

My love and I for kisses play'd :

She would keep stakes—I was content; But when I wou, she would be paid;

This made me ask her what she meant. "Pray, since I see," quoth she, "your wrangling vein,

Take your own kisses; give memine again." WILLIAM STRODE.

A STOLEN KISS.

- Now gentle sleep hath closed up those eyes
 - Which, waking, kept my boldest thoughts in awe;

And free access unto that sweet lip lies,

- From whence I long the rosy breath to draw.
- Methinks no wrong it were, if I should steal
 - From those melting rubies, one poor kiss;
- None sees the theft that would the theft reveal,
- Nor rob I her of aught what she can miss:

Nay, should I twenty kisses take away,

- There would be little sign I would do so;
- Why, then, should I this robbery delay?
- Oh, she may wake, and therewith angry grow !

Well, if she do, I'll back restore that one,

And twenty hundred thousand more for loan.

GEORGE WITHER.

CUPID CARRYING PROVISIONS.

THERE was once a gentle time Whenne the world was in its prime; And everie day was holydaye, And everie monthe was lovelie Maye,— CUPIDE thenne hadde but to goe With his purple winges and bowc; And in blossomede vale and grove Everie shepherde kneite to Love.

Then a rosie, dimplede cheeke, And a blue eye fonde and meeke; And a ringlette-wreathenne browe, Like hyacynthes on a bed of snowe; And a lowe voice silverre sweete From a lippe without deceite : Onlie those the heartes could move Of the simple swaines to love.

But thatte time is gone and paste; Canne the summerre alwayes laste! And the swaines are wiser growne, And the hearte is turnede to stone, And the maidenne's rose may witherre! CUTIDE's fled, no manne knowes whitherre!

But anotherre CUPIDE's come, With a browe of care and gloome; Fixede upon the earthlie moulde, Thinkinge of the sullenne golde : In his hande the bowe no more, At his backe the householde store, That the bridalle colde muste buye; Uselesse nowe the smile ande sighe : But he weares the pinion stille, Flyinge at the sighte of ille. Oh, for the olde true-love time, Whenne the worlde was in its prime ! GEORGE CROLY.

Oh, my Luve's like a Red, Red Rose.

OH, my Luve's like a red, red rose That's newly sprung in June; Oh, my Luve's like the melodie That's sweetly play'd in tune. As fair art thou, my honnie lass,

So deep in luve am I, And I will luve thee still, my dear.

Till a' the seas gang dry;

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear, And the rocks melt wi' the sun;

I will luve thee still, my dear, While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only Luve! And fare thee weel a while,

And I will come again, my Luve, Tho' it were ten thousand mile. ROBERT BURNS.

STANZAS.

- OH, talk not to me of a name great in story;
- The days of our youth are the days of our glory,
- And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and twenty
- Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.
- What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is wrinkled?

'Tis but as a dead flower with May-dew besprinkled;

- Then away with all such from the head that is hoary,---
- What care I for the wreaths that can only give glory?
- O Fame! if I e'er took delight in thy praises,
- 'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases
- Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover
- She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.
- There chiefly I sought thee, there only I found thee;
- Her glance was the best of the rays that surround thee;
- When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my story,
- I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.

LORD BYRON.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

THERE be none of Beauty's daughters With a magie like thee,

And like music on the waters Is thy sweet voice to me; When, as if its sound were causing The charmèd ocean's pausing, The waves lie still and gleaning,

And the lull'd winds seem dreaming.

And the midnight moon is weaving Her bright chain o'er the deep, Whose breast is gently heaving As an infant's asleep; So the spirit bows before thee To listen and adore thee, With a full but soft emotion, Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

LORD BYRON.

THOU MAST SWORN BY THY GOD, MY JEANIE.

THOU hast sworn by thy God, my Jeanie, By that pretty white hand o' thine,

- And by a' the lowing stars in heaven, That thou wad ay be mine;
- And I hae sworn by my God, my Jeanie, And by that kind heart o' thine,

- By a' the stars sown thick owre heaven, That thou shalt ay be mine. Then foul fa' the hands that wad loose sic bands. An' the heart that wad part sic love; But there's nae hand can loose the band, Save the finger o' God above. Though the wee wee cot maun be my bield. An' my claithing e'er sae mean, I wad lap me up rich i' the faulds o' luve, Heaven's armfn' o' my Jean. Her white arm wad be a pillow to me Fu' safter than the down : An' Love wad winnow owre us his kind kind wings, An' sweetly I'd sleep, an' soun'. Come here to me, thou lass o' my luve, Come here, an' kneel wi' me, The morning is fn' o' the presence o' God. An' I canna pray but thee. The morn-wind is sweet 'mang the beds o' new flowers. The wee birds sing kindlie an' hie, Our gudeman leans owre his kail-yard dyke, An' a blythe auld hody is he. The Book maun he ta'en when the carl comes hame, Wi' the holie psalmodie. An' thou maun speak o' me to thy God, An' I will speak o' thee. Allan Cunningham. THE WELCOME. Τ. COME in the evening, or come in the morning;
- Come when you're looked for, or come without warning;
- Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
- And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you !
 - Light is my heart since the day we were plighted;
 - Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;

- The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
- And the linnets are singing, "True lovers don't sever!"

II.

- I'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear if you choose them!
- Or, after you've kiss'd them, they'll lie on my bosom;
- I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you;
- I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you.
 - Oh, your step's like the rain to the summer-vex'd farmer,
 - Or sabre and shield to a knight without armor;
 - I'll sing yon sweet songs till the stars rise above me,
- Then, wandering, I'll wish you in silence to love me.

III.

- We'll look through the trees at the cliff and the eyrie;
- We'll tread round the rath on the track of the fairy;
- We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to the river,
- Till you ask of your darling what gift you can give her.
 - Oh, she'll whisper you,—"Love, as unchangeably beaming,
 - And trust, when in secret, most tunefully streaming;
 - Till the starlight of heaven above us shall quiver,
 - As our souls flow in one down eternity's river."

IV.

- So come in the evening, or come in the morning;
- Come when you're look'd for, or come without warning;
- Kisses and welcome you'll find here before ' you,
- And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore yon !
 - Light is my heart since the day we were plighted;
 - Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;

- The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
- And the linnets are singing, "True lovers don't sever!"

THOMAS OSBORNE DAVIS.

THE HERMIT.

"TURN, gentle hermit of the dale, And guide my lonely way To where yon taper cheers the vale With hospitable ray.

" For here forlorn and lost I tread, With fainting steps and slow;

- Where wilds, immeasurably spread, Seem lengthening as I go."
- "Forbear, my son," the hermit cries, "To tempt the dangerous gloom; For yonder faithless phantom flies To lure thee to thy doom.

"Here to the houseless child of want My door is open still;

And though my portion is but scant, I give it with good will.

"Then turn to-night, and freely share Whate'er my cell bestows;

My rushy couch and frugal fare, My blessing and repose.

"No flocks that range the valley free To slaughter I condemn;

Taught by that power that pities me, I learn to pity them;

"But from the mountain's grassy side A guiltless feast I bring;

- A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied, And water from the spring.
- "Then, pilgrim, turn; thy cares forego; All earth-born cares are wrong;

Man wants but little here below, Nor wants that little long."

- Soft as the dew from heaven descends, His gentle accents fell;
- The modest stranger lowly bends, And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure The lonely mansion lay; A refuge to the neighboring poor, And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch Required a master's care : The wicket, opening with a latch,

Received the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire To take their evening rest, The hermit trimm'd his little fire, And cheer'd his pensive guest;

And spread his vegetable store, And gaily prest and smiled; And, skill'd in legendary lore,

The lingering hours beguiled. Around, in sympathetic mirth,

Its tricks the kitten tries; The cricket chirrups on the hearth; The crackling fagot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart To soothe the stranger's woe; For grief was heavy at his heart, And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spied, With answering care opprest:

"And whence, unhappy youth," he cried, "The sorrows of thy breast?

"From better habitations spurn'd, Reluctant dost thou rove? Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,

Or unregarded love?

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings Are trifling, and decay;

- And those who prize the paltry things, More trifling still than they.
- " And what is friendship but a name, A charm that lulls to sleep;
- A shade that follows wealth or fame, And leaves the wretch to weep?
- " And love is still an emptier sound, The modern fair one's jest;
- On earth unseen, or only found To warm the turtle's nest.
- "For shame, fond youth! thy sorrows hush And spurn the sex," he said ;
- But, while he spoke, a rising blush His lovelorn guest betray'd.

Surprised, he sees new beauties rise, Swift mantling to the view; Like colors o'er the morning skies, As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast, Alternate spread alarms : The lovely stranger stands confest, A maid in all her charms.

"And, ah ! forgive a stranger rude, A wretch forlorn," she cried;

" Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude Where heaven and you reside.

"But let a maid thy pity share, Whom love has taught to stray; Who seeks for rest, but finds despair Companion of her way.

" My father lived beside the Tyne,

A wealthy lord was he; And all his wealth was mark'd as mine, He had but only me.

"To win me from his tender arms, Unnumber'd suitors came; Who praised me for imputed charms,

And felt, or feign'd, a flame.

- "Each hour a mercenary crowd With richest proffers strove: Among the rest young Edwin bow'd, But never talk'd of love.
- "In humble, simplest habit clad, No wealth nor power had he; Wisdom and worth were all he had, But these were all to me.
- "And when beside me in the dale He caroll'd lays of love, His breath lent fragrance to the gale, And music to the grove.

"The blossom opening to the day, The dews of heaven refined, Could naught of purity display To emulate his mind.

"The dew, the blossom on the tree, With charms inconstant shine;

Their charms were his, but, woe to me ! Their constancy was mine. " For still I tried each fickle art, Importunate and vain;

- And while his passion touch'd my heart, I triumph'd in his pain:
- " Till, quite dejected with my scorn, He left me to my pride;

And sought a solitude forlorn, In secret, where he died.

"But mine the sorrow, mine the fault, And well my life shall pay;

I'll seek the solitude he sought, And stretch me where he lay.

" And there forlorn, despairing, hid, I'll lay me down and die;

'Twas so for me that Edwin did, And so for him will I.''

" Forbid it, Heaven !" the hermit cried, And clasp'd her to his breast;

The wondering fair one turn'd to chide,-'Twas Edwin's self that prest.

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear, My charmer, turn to see Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here, Restored to love and thee.

- "Thus let me hold thee to my heart, And every care resign;
- And shall we never, never part, My life—my all that's mine?

" No, never from this hour to part, We'll live and love so true; The sigh that rends thy constant heart Shall break thy Edwin's too." OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE TRIUMPH OF CHARIS.

SEE the chariot at hand here of Love ! Wherein my lady rideth ! Each that draws is a swan, or a dove— And well the car Love guideth. As she goes, all hearts do duty Unto her beauty ; And, enamor'd, do wish, so they might But enjoy such a sight, That they still were to run by her side Through swords, through seas, whither she would ride.

Do but look on her eyes! they do light All that Love's world compriseth ;

Do but look on her hair ! it is bright As Love's star when it riseth !

Do but mark-her forehead's smoother Than words that soothe her! And from her arch'd brows such a grace Sheds itself through the face, As alone there triumphs to the life, All the gain, all the good, of the elements'

Have you seen but a bright lily grow, Before rude hands have touch'd it?

strife.

Have you mark'd but the fall of the snow, Before the soil hath smutch'd it?

Have you felt the wool of the beaver? Or swan's down ever? Or have smelt o' the bud of the brier?

Or the nard i' the fire?

Or have tasted the bag of the bee? Oh, so white! oh, so soft ! oh, so sweet is she! BEN JONSON.

TELL ME HOW TO WOO THEE.

IF doughty deeds my lady please, Right soon I'll mount my steed; And strong his arm, and fast his seat That bears frae me the meed. I'll wear thy colors in my cap, Thy picture at my heart; And he that bends not to thine eve Shall rue it to his smart ! Then tell me how to woo thee, Love ; Oh tell me how to woo thee ! For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take, Tho' ne'er another trow me.

If gay attire delight thine eve I'll dight me in array;

I'll tend thy chamber door all night, And squire thee all the day.

If sweetest sounds can win thine ear. These sounds I'll strive to catch ;

Thy voice I'll steal to woo thysell, That voice that nane can match.

- But if fond love thy heart can gain, I never broke a vow;
- Nae maiden lays her skaith to me, I never loved but you.

For you alone I ride the ring, For you I wear the blue; 11 ,

For you alone I strive to sing,

Oh tell me how to woo!

Then tell me how to woo thee, Love ; Oh tell me how to woo thee,

For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take, Tho' ne'er another trow me. ROBERT GRAHAM OF GARTMORE.

O NANNY, WILT THOU GO WITH ME.

O NANNY, wilt thou go with me, Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town? Can silent glens have charms for thee,-The lowly cot and russet gown? No longer drest in silken sheen, No longer deck'd with jewels rare,-Say, canst thou guit each courtly scene, Where thou wert fairest of the fair? O Nanny, when thou'rt far away, Wilt thon not cast a wish behind? Say, canst thou face the parching ray, Nor shrink before the wintry wind? Oh, can that soft and gentle mien Extremes of hardship learn to bear, Nor sad regret each courtly scene, Where thou wert fairest of the fair? O Nanny, canst thou love so true, Through perils keen with me to go; Or when thy swain mishap shall rue, To share with him the pang of woe? Say, should disease or pain befall, Wilt thou assume the nurse's care, Nor wistful those gay scenes recall. Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die, Wilt thon receive his parting breath, Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh, And cheer with smiles the bed of death? And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay Strew flowers and drop the tender tear, Nor then regret those scenes so gay, Where thou wert fairest of the fair? THOMAS PERCY.

WHEN MAGGY GANGS AWAY. OH, what will a' the lads do When Maggy gangs away? Oh, what will a' the lads do When Maggy gangs away?

There's no a heart in a' the glen That disna dread the day : Oh, what will a' the lads do When Maggy gangs away?

Young Jock has ta'en the hill for't, A waefu' wight is he; Poor Harry's ta'en the bed for't, An' laid him down to dee; An' Sandy's gane unto the kirk, An' learnin' fast to pray: And oh, what will the lads do When Maggy gangs away?

The young laird o' the Lang-Shaw Has drunk her health in wine; The priest has said—in confidence— The lassie was divine, And that is mair in maiden's praise Than ony priest should say: But oh, what will the lads do When Maggy gangs away?

The wailing in our green glen That day will quaver high; 'Twill draw the redbreast frae the wood, The laverock frae the sky; The fairies frae their beds o' dew Will rise an' join the lay: An' hey! what a day 'twill be When Maggy gangs away! JAMES Hooe,

Believe me, if All those Endearing Young Charms.

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young charms,

Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,

Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,

Like fairy-gifts fading away,

Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thon art,

Let thy loveliness fade as it will,

And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart

Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,

And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,

- That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
 - To which time will but make thee more dear;
- No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,

But as truly loves on to the elose,

- As the sun-flower turns on hcr god, when he sets.
 - The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

THE young May moon is beaming, love, The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love, How sweet to rove Through Morna's grove When the drowsy world is dreaming, love ! Then awake! the heavens look bright, my dear.

'Tis never too late for delight, my dear, " And the best of all ways

To lengthen our days

Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear.

Now all the world is sleeping, love,

But the sage, his star-watch keeping, love, And I, whose star,

More glorious far,

Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.

Then awake ! till rise of sun, my dear,

The sage's glass we'll shun, my dear,

Or, in watching the flight

Of bodies of light,

He might happen to take thee for one, my dear.

THOMAS MOORE.

GO, PRETTY BIRDS.

YE little birds that sit and sing Amidst the shady valleys, And see how Phillis sweetly walks Within her garden-alleys,—

Go, pretty birds, about her bower; Sing, pretty birds, she may not lower; Ah me! methinks I see her frown!

Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go tell her through your chirping bills, As you by me are bidden,

To her is only known my love, Which from the world is hidden,-Go, pretty birds, and tell her so; See that your notes strain not too low, For still, methinks, I see her frown. Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go, tune your voices' harmony, And sing I am her lover; Strain loud and sweet, that every note With sweet content may move her; And she that hath the sweetest voice, Tell her I will not change my choice; Yet still, methinks, I see her frown. Ye pretty wantons, warble,

Oh fly! make haste! see, see, she falls Into a pretty slumber; Sing round about her rosy bed, That, waking, she may wonder; Say to her 'tis her lover true That sendeth love to you, to you; And when you hear her kind reply Return with pleasant warblings. THOMAS HEYWOOD.

TOUJOURS AMOUR.

PRITHEE tell me, Dimple-Chin, At what age does Love begin? Your blue eyes have scarcely seen Summers three, my fairy queen, But a miracle of sweets, Soft approaches, sly retreats, Show the little archer there, Hidden in your pretty hair; When didst learn a heart to win? Prithee tell me, Dimple-Chin I

- "Oh !" the rosy lips reply,
- "I can't tell you if I try.

'Tis so long I can't remember: Ask some younger lass than I !"

Tell, oh tell me, Grizzled-Face, Do your heart and head keep pace? When does hoary Love expire, When do frosts put out the fire? Can its embers burn below All that chill December snow? Care you still soft hands to press, Bonny heads to smooth and bless?

When does Love give up the chase? Tell, oh tell me, Grizzled-Face!

"Ah !" the wise old lips reply, "Youth may pass, and strength may die; But of Love I can't foretoken : Ask some older sage than I !" EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

SWEET-AND - TWENTY.

O, MISTRESS mine, where are you roaming? Oh, stay and hear; your true love's coming,

That can sing both high and low: Trip no farther, pretty sweeting; Journeys end in lovers' meeting, Every wise man's son doth know,

What is love? 'tis not hereafter; Present mirth hath present laughter;

What's to come is still unsure:

In delay there lies no plenty;

Then come kiss me, Sweet-and-Twenty, Youth's a stuff will not endure.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

- THE sun has gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond,
 - And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene.
- While lanely I stray in the calm simmer gloamin'.
 - To muse on sweet Jessie, the Flow'r o' Dumblane.

How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft fanldin' blossom.

- And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green;
- Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom.
 - Is lovely young Jessie, the Flow'r o' Dumblane.
- She's modest as ony, and blithe as she's bonnie,-
 - For guileless simplicity marks her its ain:
- And far be the villain, divested of feeling,
 - Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet Flow'r o' Dumblane.

- Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening!—
 Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen:
 Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
 Is charming young Jessie, the Flow'r o' Dumblane.
- How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie !
 - The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain:
- I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie
 - Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the Flow'r o' Dumblane.
- Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
 - Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
- And reekon as naething the height o' its splendor,
 - If wanting sweet Jessie, the Flow'r o' Dumblane.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

MARY OF CASTLE CARY.

- "SAW ye my wee thing, saw ye my ain thing, Saw ye my true love down on yon lea? Cross'd she the meadow yestreen at the gloaming, Sought she the burnie where flowers the haw tree? Her hair it is lint-white, her skin it is milk-white. Dark is the blue of her saft-rolling ee; Red, red are her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses-Where could my wee thing wander frae me?" "I saw nae your wee thing, I saw nae your ain thing, Nor saw I your true love down by yon lea;
 - But I met my bonny thing late in the gloaming,
 - Down by the burnie where flowers the haw tree:

Her hair it was lint-white, her skin it was milk-white,

Dark was the blue of her saft-rolling ee; Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses—

- "It was nae my wee thing, it was nae my ain thing,
 - It was nae my true love ye met by the tree;
 - Proud is her leal heart, and modest her nature;
 - She never loved ony till ance she lo'ed me.
 - Her name it is Mary; she's frae Castle Cary;
 - Aft has she sat when a bairn on my knee:
- Fair as your face is, were't fifty times fairer,
 - Young bragger, she ne'er wad gie kisses to thee."
- "It was then your Mary; she's frae Castle Cary;
 - It was then your true love I met by the tree;
 - Prond as her heart is, and modest her nature,
 - Sweet were the kisses that she gave to me."
 - Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,
 - Wild flash'd the fire frae his red-rolling ee;
- "Ye'se rue sair this morning your boasts and your seorning,
 - Defend ye, fanse traitor; fu' loudly ye lie."
- "Away wi' beguiling !" cried the youth, smiling-
 - Off went the bonnet, the lint-white locks flee,
 - The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
 - Fair stood the loved maid wi' the darkrolling ee.
- " Is it my wee thing, is it my ain thing, Is it my true love here that I see?"

Sweet were the kisses that she gave to me."

- "O Jamie, forgie me; your heart's constant to me;
 - I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee."

HECTOR MACNEILL.

RORY O'MORE.

- Young Rory O'More courted Kathleen bawn;
- He was bold as the hawk, and she soft as the dawn;
- He wish'd 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."
- "Och! jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way
- You've thrated my heart for this many a day;
- And 'tis plased 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 soothering 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 dhrame every night that I'm hating you so."
- "Och !" says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,
- For dhrames always go by conthraries, my dear.
- So, jewel, keep dhramin' that same till you die,
- And bright mornin' will give dirty night the black lie;

- And 'tis plased 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, dhrinkin' 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 freekle 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 that you've kiss'd me before."
- "Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,
- For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

SAMUEL LOVER.

THE LOW-BACKED 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 With the blooming girl I sing.

As she sat in the 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 tithes Of death—in warlike cars;

While Peggy, peaceful goddess, Has darts in her bright eye

That knock men down in the market-town, As right and left they fly; While she sits in her low-back'd car, Than battle more dangerous far,-For the doctor's art Cannot cure the heart That is hit from that low-back'd car. Sweet Peggy round her car, sir, Has strings of ducks and geese, But the scores of hearts she slaughters By far outnumber these: While she among her poultry sits, Just like a turtle-dove, Well worth the cage, I do engage, Of the blooming god of love; While 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 her low-back'd car.

Oh, I'd rather own that car, sir, With Peggy by my side, Than a coach and four, and gold galore, And a lady for my bride; For the lady would sit forninst me, On a cushion made with taste, While Peggy would sit beside me, With my arm around her waist, While we drove in the low-back'd car To be married by Father Maher; Oh, my heart would beat high At her glance and her sigh, Though it beat in a low-back'd car. SAMUEL LOVER.

JESSY.

HERE's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as the parting tear, Jessy!
Altho' thou maun never be mine,
Altho' even hope is denied,

'Tis sweeter for thee despairing Than aught in the world beside, Jessy.

I mourn thro' the gay, gaudy day, As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms, But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber, For then I am lock'd in thy arms, Jessy. I guess by the dear angel smile, I guess by thy love-rolling ee; But why urge the tender confession 'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree, Jessy?

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear, Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear; Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet, And soft as their parting tear, Jessy.

Robert Burns.

The Dule's I' this Bonnet o' Mine.

THE dule's i' this bonnet o' mine: My ribbins'll never be reet; Here, Mally, aw'm like to be fine, For Jamie'll be comin' to-neet; He met me i' th' lone t' other day (Aw wur gooin' for wayter to th' well), An' he begg'd that aw'd wed him i' May, Bi th' mass, if he'll let me, aw will ! When he took my two honds into his, Good Lord, heaw they trembled between ! An' aw durstn't look up in his face, Becose on him seein' my e'en. My cheek went as red as a rose; There's never a mortal con tell Heaw happy aw felt,-for, that knows, One couldn't ha' ax'd him theirsel'.

But th' tale wur at th' end o' my tung: To let it eawt wouldn't be reet,

For aw thought to seem forrud wur wrung, So aw towd him aw'd tell him to-neet.

But, Mally, that knows very weel, Though it isn't a thing one should owu,

Iv aw'd th' pikein' o' th' world to mysel', Aw'd oather ha' Jamie or noan.

Neaw, Mally, aw've towd thae my mind; What would to do iv it wur thee?

"Aw'd tak him just while he'se inclined, An' a farrantly bargain he'll be;

For Jamie's as greadly a lad As ever stept eawt into th' sun.

Go, jump at thy chance, an' get wed;

An' mak th' best o' th' job when it's done l'"

Eh, dear! but it's time to be gwon: Aw shouldn't like Jamie to wait;

Aw connut for shame be too soon, An' aw wouldn't for th' wuld be too late.

Aw'm o' ov a tremble to th' heel; Dost think 'at my bounet 'll do?

" Be off, lass,—thae looks very weel; He wants noan o' th' bonnet, thac foo!" EDWIN WAUGH.

WHEN THE KYE COMES HAME.

COME, all ye jolly shepherds, That whistle through the glen, I'll tell ye of a secret That courtiers dinna ken; What is the greatest bliss That the tongue o' man can name? 'Tis to woo a bonny lassie When the kye comes hame, When the kye comes hame, 'Tween the gloaming and the mirk, When the kye comes hame.

 'Tis not beneath the coronet, Nor canopy of state,
 'Tis not on couch of velvet, Nor arbor of the great—
 'Tis beneath the spreading birk,

In the glen without the name, Wi' a bonny bonny lassie, When the kye comes hame.

There the blackbird bigs his nest, For the mate he lo'es to see, And on the topmost bough

Oh, a happy bird is he! Where he pours his melting ditty, And love is a' the theme, And he'll woo his bonny lassie,

When the kye comes hame.

When the blewart bears a pearl, And the daisy turns a pea, And the bonny lucken gowan

Has fauldit up her ee, Then the laverock, frae the blue lift, Drops down and thinks nae shame

To woo his bonny lassie When the kye comes hame.

See yonder pawkie shepherd, That lingers on the hill, His ewes are in the fauld, An' his lambs are lying still, Yet he downa gang to bed, For his heart is in a flame, To meet his bonny lassie When the kye comes hame. When the little wee bit heart Rises high in the breast, An' the little wee bit starn

Rises red in the east, Oh, there's a joy sae dear That the heart can hardly frame, Wi' a bonny bonny lassie, When the kye comes hame.

Then since all Nature joins In this love without alloy, Oh, wha wad prove a traitor To Nature's dearest joy? Or wha wad choose a crown, Wi' its perils and its fame, And miss his bonny lassie, When the kye comes hame?

JAMES HOGG.

MAUD MULLER.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day, Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glow'd the wealth Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee The mockbird echo'd from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town, White from its hillslope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest And a nameless longing fill'd her breast,--

A wish, that she hardly dared to own, For something better than she had known.

The judge rode slowly down the lane, Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade Of the apple trees to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flow'd

Through the meadow across the road.

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,			
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues, "But low of cattle and song of birds, And health and quiet and loving words." But he thought of his sisters proud and cold,			
			And his mother vain of her rank and gold.
			So, closing his heart, the judge rode on, And Maud was left in the field alone.
			But the lawyers smiled that afternoon, When he humm'd in court an old love- tune:
And the young girl mused beside the well,			
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.			
He wedded a wife of richest dower,			
Who lived for fashion, as he for power. Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,			
He watch'd a picture come and go;			
And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes			
Look'd out in their innocent surprise.			
Oft, when the wine in his glass was red, He long'd for the wayside well instead;			
And closed his eyes on his garnish'd rooms, To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.			
And the proud man sigh'd, with a secret pain, "Ah, that I were free again !—			
			"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."			
She wedded a man unlearn'd and poor, And many children play'd round her			
door.			
But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain, Left their traces on heart and brain.			
And oft, when the summer sun shone hot On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,			
And she heard the little spring brook fall Over the roadside, through the wall,			
In the shade of the apple tree again She saw a rider draw his rein.			

And, gazing down with timid grace, She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls Stretch'd away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turn'd, The tallow candle an astral burn'd,

And for him who sat by the ehimney lug, Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw, And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again, Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for judge, For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both ! and pity us all, Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen, The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may Roll the stone from its grave away! JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER,

THE POWER OF LOVE.

HEAR ye, ladies that despise What the mighty Love has done; Fear examples and be wise: Fair Calisto was a nun : Leda, sailing on a stream, To deceive the hopes of man, Love accounting but a dream, Doted on a silver swan; Danaë in a brazen tower, Where no love was, loved a shower. Hear ye, ladies that are coy, What the mighty Love can do; Fear the freeeness of the boy; The chaste moon he makes to woo;

Vesta, kindling holy fires, Circled round about with spies, Never dreaming loose desires, Doting at the altar dies; Ilion, in a short hour, higher He can build, and once more fire. BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

THE BROOKSIDE.

I WANDER'D by the brookside, I wander'd by the mill; I could not hear the brook flow, The noisy wheel was still : There was no burr of grasshopper. No chirp of any bird; But the beating of my own heart Was all the sound I heard. I sat beneath the elm tree, I watch'd the long, long shade, And as it grew still longer I did not feel afraid ; For I listen'd for a footfall. I listen'd for a word: But the beating of my own heart Was all the sound I heard, He came not-no, he came not,-The night eame on alone,-The little stars sat one by one, Each on his golden throne; The evening air pass'd by my cheek, The leaves above were stirr'd; But the beating of my own heart Was all the sound I heard. Fast, silent tears were flowing, When something stood behind;

A hand was on my shoulder, I knew its touch was kind; It drew me nearer, nearer— We did not speak one word; But the beating of our own hearts Was all the sound we heard. RICITARD MONEKTON MILLIES (LODE HOCHTORN).

THE SHEPHERD'S RESOLUTION.

SHALL I, wasting in despair, Die because a woman's fair? Or my cheeks make pale with care 'Cause another's rosy are? Be she fairer than the day Or the flowery meads in May, If she be not so to me What care I how fair she be? Shall my foolish heart be pined 'Cause I see a woman kind; Or a well-disposèd nature Joinèd with a lovely féature? Be she meeker, kinder than Turtle-dove or pelican, If she be not so to me What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move Me to perish for her love? Or her merit's value known Make me quite forget mine own? Be she with that goodness blest, Which may gain her name of Best ; If she seem not such to me, What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high, Shall I play the fool and die? Those that bear a noble mind Where they want of riches find, Think what with them they would do Who without them dare to woo; And unless that mind I see, What care I though great she be?

Great or good, or kind or fair, I will ne'er the more despair; If she love me, this believe, I will die ere she shall grieve; If she slight me when I woo, I can seorn and let her go;

For if she be not for me, What care I for whom she be? GEORGE WITHER.

SONNET.

- SINCE there's no help, come, let us kiss and part,---
 - Nay, I have done, you get no more of me,
- And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,

That thus so clearly I myself can free;

Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows, And, when we meet at any time again,

- Be it not seen in either of our brows, That we one jot of former love retain.
- Now, at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
 - When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,

When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,

And Innocence is closing up his eyes,

Now, if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,

From death to life thou mightst him yet recover.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

SONG.

DAY, in melting purple dying, Blossoms all around me sighing, Fragrance, from the lilies straying, Zephyr, with my ringlets playing, Ye but waken my distress: I am sick of loneliness.

Thou to whom I love to hearken, Come, ere night around me darken; Though thy softness but deceive me, Say thou'rt true, and I'll believe thee; Veil, if ill, thy soul's intent! Let me think it innocent!

Save thy toiling, spare thy treasure : All I ask is friendship's pleasure : Let the shining ore lie darkling, Bring no gem in lustre sparkling ; Gifts and gold are nanght to me : I would only look on thee!

Tell to thee the high-wrought feeling, Ecstasy hut in revealing; Paint to thee the deep sensation, Rapture in participation,

> Yet but torture, if comprest In a lone unfriended breast.

Absent still? Ah! come and bless me! Let these eyes again caress thee; Once, in caution, I could fly thee: Now, I nothing could deny thee:

> In a look if death there be, Come and I will gaze on thee ! MARIA BROOKS.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

YE banks and bracs o' bonnie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair ? How can ye chant, ye little birds, And I sae weary fu' o' care : Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling hird, That wantons thro' the flowering thorn :

Thou minds me o' departed joys, Departed never to return.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon, To see the rose and woodbine twine;

And ilka bird sang o' its luve, And fondly sae did I o' mine;

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose, Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree!

And my fause luver staw my rose, But ah! he left the thorn w.' me.

ROBERT BURNS.

FLORENCE VANE.

I LOVED thee long and dearly, Florence Vane; My life's bright dream and early Hath come again; I renew in my fond vision My heart's dear pain, My hopes and thy derision, Florence Vane!

The ruin, lone and hoary, The ruin old, Where thou didst hark my story, At even told, That spot, the hues elysian Of sky and plain I treasure in my vision, Florence Vane !

Thou wast lovelier than the roses In their prime; Thy voice excell'd the closes Of sweetest rhyme; Thy heart was as a river Without a main, Would I had loved thee never, Florence Vane.

But fairest, coldest wonder! Thy glorious clay Lieth the green sod under; Alas the day ! And it boots not to remember Thy disdain, To quicken love's pale ember, Florence Vane!

The lilies of the valley By young graves weep, The daisies love to dally Where maidens sleep. May their bloom, in beauty vying, Never wane Where thine earthly part is lying, Florence Vane. PHILF PENDLETO COOKE.

1 Prithee send me back my Heart,

I PRITHEE send me back my heart, Since I cannot have thine, For if from yours you will not part, Why, then, shouldst thou have mine?

Yct now I think on't, let it lie; To find it were in vain; For thou'st a thief in either eye Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie, And yet not lodge together?

O Love! where is thy sympathy, If thus our breasts thou sever?

But love is such a mystery, I cannot find it ont; For when I think I'm best resolved, I then am in most doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe, I will no longer pine; For I'll believe I have her heart, As much as she has mine.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

THE NUN.

IF you become a nun, dear, A friar I will bc; In any cell you run, dear, Pray look behind for me. The roses all turn pale, too; The doves all take the veil, too; The blond will see the show: What! you become a nun, my dear? I'll not believe it, no!

If you become a nun, dear, The hishop Love will be; The Cupids every one, dear, Will chant, "We trust in thee!" The incense will go sighing, The candles fall a-dying, . The water turn to wine: What! you go take the vows, my dear? You may—but they'll be mine. LETON HENT.

She is not fair to Outward View,

SHE is not fair to outward view As many maidens be; Her loveliness I never knew Until she smiled on me. Oh then I saw her eye was bright, A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold, To mine they ne'er reply, And yet I cease not to behold The love-light in her eye: Her very frowns are fairer far Than smiles of other maidens are. HARTLER COLERIDGE,

Sonnet.

- TIME wasteth years, and months, and hours;
 - Time doth consume fame, honor, wit, and strength;
- Time kills the greenest herbs and sweetest flowers;
 - Time wears out Youth and Beauty's looks at length;
 - Time doth convey to ground both foe and friend,
 - And each thing else but Love, which hath no end.
- Time maketh every tree to die and rot;
- Time turneth oft our pleasure into pain;
- Time causeth wars and wrongs to be forgot;
 - Time clears the sky which first hung full of rain;

Time makes an end of all humane desire,

- But only this which sets my heart on fire.
- Time turneth into naught each princely state;
 - Time brings a flood from new-resolved snow;
- Time calms the sea where tempest was of late;
 - Time eats whate'er the moon can see below:
 - And yet no time prevails in my hehoof,
 - Nor any time can make me cease to love!

THOMAS WATSON.

The Awakening of Endymion.

- LONE upon a mountain, the pine trees wailing round him,
- Lone upon a mountain the Grecian youth is laid;
- Sleep, mystic sleep, for many a year has bound him,

Yet his beauty, like a statue's, pale and fair, is undecay'd.

When will he awaken?

- When will he awaken? a loud voice hath been crying,
 - Night after night, and the cry has been in vain;
- Winds, woods, and waves found echoes for replying,

But the tones of the beloved one were never heard again.

When will he awaken? Asked the midnight's silver queen.

Never mortal eye has look'd upon his sleeping;

Parents, kindred, comrades, have mourn'd for him as dead;

By day the gather'd clouds have had him in their keeping,

And at night the solemn shadows round his rest are shed.

When will he awaken?

Long has been the cry of faithful love's imploring;	Lovely is the green earth,—she knows the hour is holy;
Long has hope been watching with soft eyes fix'd above;	Starry are the heavens, lit with eternal joy;
When will the fates, the life of life restor-	Light like their own is dawning sweet and
ing, Own themselves vanquish'd by much-	slowly O'er the fair and sculptured forehead of
enduring love?	that yet dreaming boy.
When will he awaken?	Soon he will awaken !
Asks the midnight's weary queen.	Red as the red rose toward the morning
Beautiful the sleep that she has watch'd	turning,
untiring,	Warms the youth's lip to the watcher's
Lighted up with visions from yonder ra-	near his own;
diant sky,	While the dark eyes open, bright, intense, and burning
Full of an immortal's glorious inspiring, Soften'd by the woman's meek and lov-	With a life more glorious than, ere they
ing sigh.	closed, was known.
When will he awaken?	Yes, he has awaken'd
	For the midnight's happy queen!
He has been dreaming of old heroic	What is this old history, but a lesson
stories, And the poet's passionate world has	given,
enter'd in his soul;	How true love still conquers by the
He has grown conscious of life's ancestral	deep strength of truth— How all the impulses, whose native home
glories, When sages and when kings first upheld	is heaven,
the mind's control.	Sanctify the visions of hope, and faith,
When will he awaken?	and yonth? 'Tis for such they waken!
Asks the midnight's stately queen.	The for such they waken:
Lo, the appointed midnight! the present	When every worldly thought is utterly for-
hour is fated !	saken, Comes the starry midnight, felt by life's
It is Endymion's planet that rises on the air.	gifted few;
How long, how tenderly his goddess-love	Then will the spirit from its earthly sleep
has waited,	awaken To a being more intense, more spiritual,
Waited with a love too mighty for despair!	and true.
Soon he will awaken.	So doth the soul awaken,
	Like that youth to night's fair queen ! LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON MACLEAN.
Soft amid the pines is a sound as if of sing-	
ing,	A PASTORAL.
Tones that seem the lute's from the breathing flowers depart;	
Not a wind that wanders o'er Mount Latmos	My time, O ye Muses, was happily spent, When Phœbe went with me wherever I
but is bringing	went;
Music that is murmur'd from nature's	Ten thousand sweet pleasures I felt in my
inmost heart. Soon he will awaken	breast; Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was
To his and midnight's queen !	blest.

But now she is gone, and has left me behind. What a marvellous change on a sudden I me: find ! When things were as fine as could possibly said. be. I thought 'twas the spring; but, alas! it was head. she. look With such a companion, to tend a few sheep, crook. To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep. I was so good-humor'd, so cheerful and gay, My heart was as light as a feather all day. away? But now I so cross and so peevish am grown, So strangely uneasy as never was known. My fair one is gone, and my joys are all drown'd, green! And my heart-I am sure it weighs more than a pound. The fountain that wont to run sweetly along, And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among; Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phæbe were there. eyes, 'Twas pleasure to look at, 'twas music to hear, But now she is absent, I walk by its side, And still as it murmurs do nothing but chide. Must you be so cheerful while I go in too: pain? Peace there with your bubbling, and hear bleat. me complain. feet. When my lambkins around me would oftentimes play, And when Phœbe and I were as joyful as they, gone: How pleasant their sporting, how happy the time, found. When spring, love, and beauty were all in their prime? But now in their frolics when by me they pass. I fling at their fleeces a handful of grass: Be still, then I cry; for it makes me quite mad. To see you so merry while I am so sad.

My dog I was ever well pleased to see

- Come wagging his tail at my fair one and me:
- And Phœbe was pleased too, and to my dog said,
- "Come hither, poor fellow;" and patted his head.
- But now, when he's fawning, I with a sour look
- Cry, Sirrah! and give him a blow with my crook.
- And I'll give him another; for why should not Tray
- Be as dull as his master, when Phœbe's away?
- When walking with Phœbe, what sights have I seen !
- How fair was the flower, how fresh was the green !
- What a lovely appearance the trees and the shade,
- The corn-fields and hedges, and everything made!
- But now she has left me, though all are still there,
- They none of them now so delightful appear:
- 'Twas naught but the magic, I find, of her eyes,
- Made so many beautiful prospects arise.
- Sweet music went with us both all the wood through,
- The lark, linnet, throstle and nightingale too;
- Winds over us whisper'd, floeks by us did bleat,
- And chirp! went the grasshopper under our feet.
- But now she is absent, though still they sing on,
- The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone:
- Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,
- Gave everything else its agreeable sound.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate hue? And where is the violet's beautiful blue?

Does aught of its sweetness the blossom beguile?

That meadow, those daisies, why do they not smile?

 Ah! rivals, I see what it was that you dress'd And made yourselves fine for—a place in her breast; You put on your colors to pleasure her eye, To be pluck'd by her hand, on her bosom to die. 	So shall the fairest face appear, When youth and years are flown: Such is the robe that kings must wear, When death has reft their crown. Her bloom was like the springing flower, That sips the silver dew; The rose was budded in her cheek, Just opening to the view.
 How slowly Time creeps, till my Phœbe return ! While amidst the soft zephyr's cool breezes I burn ! Methinks if I knew whereabouts he would tread, I could breathe on his wings, and 'twould melt down the lead. Fly swifter, ye minutes, bring hither my 	But love had, like the canker-worm, Consumed her early prime; The rose grew pale, and left her cheek She died before her time. "Awake," she cried, "thy true love calls, Come from her midnight grave; Now let thy pity hear the maid, Thy love refused to save.
dear, And rest so much longer for't when she is here. Ah, Colin! old Time is full of delay, Nor will budge one foot faster for all thou canst say.	"This is the dark and dreary hour, When injured ghosts complain; When yawning graves give up their dead, To haunt the faithless swain.
 Will no pitying power that hears me complain, Or cure my disquiet or soften my pain? To be cured thou must, Colin, thy passion remove; But what swain is so silly to live without love? No, deity, bid the dear nymph to return, For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn. Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with despair! Take heed, all ye swains, how ye part with your fair. 	 "Bethink thee, William, of thy fault, Thy pledge and broken oath! And give me back my maiden vow, And give me back my troth. "Why did you promise love to me, And not that promise keep? Why did you swear my eyes were bright, Yet leave those eyes to weep? "How could yon say my face was fair, And yet that face forsake? How could you win my virgin heart, Yet leave that heart to break? "Why did you say my lip was sweet,
William and Margaret.	And made the scarlet pale? And why did I, young witless maid! Believe the flatt'ring tale?
'Twas at the silent, solemn hour, When night and morning meet; In glided Margaret's grimly ghost, And stood at William's feet.	"That face, alas! no more is fair, Those lips no longer red ; Dark are my eyes now closed in death, And every charm is fled.
Her face was like an April morn, Clad in a wintry cloud; And clay-cold was her lily hand, That held her sable shroud.	"The hungry worm my sister is; This winding-sheet I wear: And cold and weary lasts our night, Till that last morn appear.

"But hark! the cock has warn'd me hence; A long and last adieu! Come see, false man, how low she lies,

Who died for love of you."

The lark sung loud; the morning smiled With beams of rosy red; Pale William quaked in every limb, And raving left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place, Where Margaret's body lay; And stretch'd him on the green grass turf, That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name, And thrice he wept full sore; Then laid his check to her cold grave, And word spake never more. DAVID MALLET.

WHERE SHALL THE LOVER REST?

WHERE shall the lover rest Whom the Fates sever From his true maiden's breast Parted for ever? Where, through groves deep and high Sounds the far billow, Where early violets die Under the willow. Eleu loro Soft shall be his pillow.

There, through the summer day Cool streams are laving, There, while the tempests sway, Scarce are boughs waving; There thy rest shalt thou take, Parted for ever, Never again to wake Never, oh never! Eleu loro Never, oh never!

Where shall the traitor rest, He, the deceiver, Who could win maiden's breast, Ruin, and leave her? In the lost battle, Borne down by the flying, Where mingles war's rattle With groans of the dying; Eleu loro There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap O'er the false-hearted; His warm blood the wolf shall lap Ere life be parted: Shame and dishonor sit By his grave ever; Blessing shall hallow it Never, oh never! Eleu loro Never, oh never!

THE OUTLAW.

OH, Brignall banks are wild and fair, And Greta woods are green, And you may gather garlands there Would grace a summer queen. And as I rode by Dalton Hall Beneath the turrets high, A Maiden on the castle-wall Was singing merrily: "Oh Brignall banks are fresh and fair, And Greta woods are green; I'd rather rove with Edmund there Than reign our English queen." " If, Maiden, thou wouldst wend with me, To leave both tower and town, Thou first must guess what life lead we That dwell by dale and down. And if thou canst that riddle read, As read full well you may, Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed As blithe as Queen of May." Yet sung she "Brignall banks are fair, And Greta woods are green; I'd rather rove with Edmund there Than reign our English queen. "I read you by your bugle-horn And by your palfrey good, I read you for a Ranger sworn

To keep the king's greenwood." "A Ranger, lady, winds his horn, And 'tis at peep of light;

His blast is heard at merry morn, And mine at dead of night."

Yet sung she "Brignall banks are fair, And Greta woods are gay;

I would I were with Edmund there To reign his Queen of May!

- "With burnish'd brand and musketoon So gallantly you come,
- I read you for a bold Dragoon, That lists the tuck of drum."
- " I list no more the tuck of drum, No more the trumpet hear;
- But when the beetle sounds his hum My comrades take the spear.
- And oh! though Brignall banks be fair And Greta woods be gay,

Yet mickle must the maiden dare Would reign my Queen of May.

- "Maiden ! a nameless life I lead, A nameless death I'll die ! The fiend whose lantern lights the mead
- Were better mate than I! And when I'm with my comrades met
- Beneath the greenwood bough,
- What once we were we all forget, Nor think what we are now."
- Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair, And Greta woods are green,
- And you may gather garlands there Would grace a summer queen.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BEDOUIN SONG.

FROM the desert I come to thee, On a stallion shod with fire; And the winds are left behind In the speed of my desire, Under thy window I stand, And the midnight hears my cry: I love thee, I love but thee, With a love that shall not die Till the sun grows cold, And the stars are old, And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold!

Look from thy window, and see My passion and my pain; I lie on the sands below, And I faint in thy disdain. Let the night-winds touch thy brow With the heat of my burning sigh, And melt thee to hear the vow Of a love that shall not die Till the sun grows cold, And the stars are old, And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold !

My steps are nightly driven, By the fever in my breast, To hear from thy lattice breathed The word that shall give me rest. Open the door of thy heart, And open thy chamber door, And my kisses shall teach thy lips The love that shall fade no more Till the sun grows cold, And the stars are old, And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.

COME into the garden, Maud,

For the black bat, night, has flown ! Come into the garden, Maud,

- I am here at the gate alone ;
- And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad, And the musk of the rose is blown.

For a breeze of morning moves, And the planet of Love is on high,

Beginning to faint in the light that she loves,

On a bed of daffodil sky,-

To faint in the light of the sun she loves, To faint iu his light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard The flute, violin, bassoon;

- All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd To the dancers dancing in tune,—
- Till a silence fell with the waking bird, And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is but one With whom she has heart to be gay. When will the dancers leave her alone? She is weary of dance and play." Now half to the setting moon are gone, And half to the rising day; Low on the sand and loud on the stone The last wheel echoes away.

- I said to the rose, "The brief night goes In babble and revel and wine.
- O young lord-lover, what sighs are those For one that will never be thine?
- But mine, but mine," so I sware to the rose, "For ever and ever mine !"
- And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
 - As the music clash'd in the hall;

And long by the garden lake I stood, For I heard your rivulet fall

- From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,
 - Our wood, that is dearer than all;
- From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
- That whenever a March wind sighs, He sets the jewel-print of your fect
- In violets blue as your eyes, To the woody hollows in which we meet, And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake One long milk-bloom on the tree; The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,

As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;

- But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
- Knowing your promise to me; The lilies and roses were all awake, They sigh'd for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls, Come hither, the dances are done,

In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls, Qneen lily and rose in one;

Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,

To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear From the passion-flower at the gate. She is coming, my dove, my dear; She is coming, my life, my fate !

The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near:"

And the white rose weeps, "She is late;" The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear;" And the lily whispers, "I wait." She is coming, my own, my sweet ! Were it ever so airy a tread,

My heart would hear her and beat, Were it earth in an earthy bed :

My dust would hear her and beat, Had I lain for a century dead;

Would startle and tremble under her feet, And blossom in purple and red.

Alfred Tennyson.

THE CALL.

AWAKE thee, my lady-love, Wake thee and rise; The sun through the bower peeps Into thine eyes.

Behold how the early lark Springs from the eorn; Hark, hark! how the flower-bird Winds her wee horn.

The swallow's glad shriek is heard All through the air,

The stock-dove is murmuring Loud as she dare.

Apollo's wing'd bugleman Cannot contain,

But peals his loud trumpet-call Once and again.

Then wake thee, my lady-love, Bird of my bower,

The sweetest and sleepiest Bird at this hour.

GEORGE DARLEY.

A HEALTH.

- I FILL this cup to one made up Of loveliness alone,
- A woman, of her gentle sex The seeming paragon;
- To whom the better elements And kindly stars have given
- A form so fair, that, like the air, 'Tis less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own, Like those of morning birds, And something more than melody

Dwells ever in her words;

The coinage of her heart are they, And from her lips each flows, As one may see the burden'd bee Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her, The measures of her hours,

Her feelings have the fragrancy, The freshness of young flowers;

And lovely passions, changing oft, So fill her, she appears

The image of themselves by turns,— The idol of past years!

Of her bright face one glance will trace A picture on the brain,

And of her voice in echoing hearts A sound must long remain;

But memory, such as mine of her, So very much endears,

When death is nigh my latest sigh Will not be life's, but hers.

I fill this cup to one made up Of loveliness alone,

A woman, of her gentle sex The seeming paragon ;—

Her health ! and would on earth there stood Some more of such a frame,

That life might all be poetry, And weariness a name. EDWARD COATE PINKNEY.

CASTARA.

LIKE the violet, which alone Prospers in some happy shade, My Castara lives unknown,

To no ruder eye betray'd ; For she's to herself untrue Who delights i' the public view.

Such is her beauty as no arts Have enrich'd with borrow'd grace.

Her high birth no pride imparts, For she blushes in her place. Folly boasts a glorious blood,— She is noblest being good.

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

She obeys with speedy will

Her grave parents' wise commands; And so innocent, that ill

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

She sails by that rock, the court, Where oft virtue splits her mast; And retiredness thinks the port,

Where her fame may anchor cast. Virtue safely cannot sit Where vice is enthroned for wit.

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

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

ANNABEL LEE.

IT was many and many a year ago, In a kingdom by the sea, That a maiden there lived, whom you may know By the name of Annabel Lee; And this maiden she lived with no other thought Than to love, and be loved by me. I was a child and she was a child, In this kingdom by the sea; But we loved with a love that was more than love, I and my Annabel Lee-With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago, In this kingdom by the sea,

A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling No tears, Celia, now shall win My beautiful Annabel Lee; My resolved heart to return : So that her high-born kinsman came I have search'd thy soul within, And bore her away from me, And find naught but pride and scorn ; To shut her up in a sepulchre I have learn'd thy arts, and now In this kingdom by the sea. Can disdain as much as thou. Some power, in my revenge, convey The angels, not half so happy in heaven, That love to her I cast away. Went envying her and me, THOMAS CAREW. Yes! that was the reason (as all men know. AUX ITALIENS. In this kingdom by the sea) That the wind came out of the cloud by AT Paris it was, at the opera there;night. And she look'd like a queen in a book Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee. that night, With the wreath of pearl in her raven But our love it was stronger by far than hair. the love And the brooch on her breast so bright. Of those who were older than we, Of many far wiser than we; Of all the operas that Verdi wrote, And neither the angels in heaven above, The best, to my taste, is the Trovatore; Nor the demons down under the sea, And Mario can soothe, with a tenor note, Can ever dissever my soul from the soul The souls in purgatory. Of the beautiful Annabel Lee. The moon on the tower slept soft as snow; For the moon never beams without bring-And who was not thrill'd in the straning me dreams gest way, Of the beautiful Annabel Lee. As we heard him sing, while the gas And the stars never rise, but I feel the burn'd low, bright eves " Non ti scordar di me"? Of the beautiful Annabel Lee; And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by The emperor there, in his box of state, the side Look'd grave, as if he had just then Of my darling-my darling-my life and seen my bride, The red flag wave from the city gate, In the sepulchre there by the sea, Where his eagles in bronze had been. In her tomb by the sounding sea. EDGAR ALLAN POE. The empress, too, had a tear in her eye: You'd have said that her fancy had gone DISDAIN RETURNED. back again, For one moment, under the old blue sky, HE that loves a rosy check, To the old glad life in Spain. Or a coral lip admires, Or from star-like eyes doth seek Well, there in our front-row box we sat Fuel to maintain his fires. -Together, my bride hetroth'd and I; As old Time makes these decay,

So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,

Hearts with equal love combined, Kindle never-dying fires.

Where these are not, I despise

Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

Gentle thoughts and calm desires,

My gaze was fixed on my opera-hat, And hers on the stage hard by.

And both were silent, and both were sad; Like a queen she lean'd on her full white arm,

With that regal, indolent air she had, So confident of her charm!

POE	US .	OF	L	01	E.
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- I have not a doubt she was thinking then Of her former lord, good soul that he was,
- Who died the richest and roundest of men,

The Marquis of Carabas.

- I hope that, to get to the kingdom of heaven,
 - Through a needle's eye he had not to pass;
- I wish him well, for the jointure given To my lady of Carabas.
- Meanwhile, I was thinking of my first love,
 - As I had not been thinking of aught for years,
- Till over my eyes there began to move Something that felt like tears.
- I thought of the dress that she wore last time,
- When we stood 'neath the cypress trees together,
- In that lost land, in that soft clime, In the crimson evening weather;
- Of that muslin dress (for the eve was hot),
 - And her warm white neck in its golden chain,
- And her full, soft hair, just tied in a knot, And falling loose again;
- And the jasmine flower in her fair young breast,
 - (Oh, the faint, sweet smell of that jasmine flower !)
- And the one bird singing alone to his nest, And the one star over the tower.
- I thought of our little quarrels and strife, And the letter that brought me hack my ring;
- And it all seem'd then, in the waste of life,

Such a very little thing !

- For I thought of her grave below the hill, Which the sentinel cypress tree stands over,
- And I thought, "Were she only living still,

How I could forgive her, and love her !"

- And I swear, as I thought of her thus, in that hour,
- And of how, after all, old things were best,
- That I smelt the smell of that jasmine flower

Which she used to wear in her breast.

- It smelt so faint, and it smelt so sweet, It made me creep, and it made me cold;
- Like the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet

Where a mummy is half unroll'd.

- And I turn'd and look'd: she was sitting there,
 - In a dim box over the stage, and drest
- In that muslin dress, with that full, soft hair,

And that jasmine in her breast.

- I was here: and she was there: And the glittering horse-shoe curved between,
- From my bride betroth'd, with her raven hair,

And her sumptuous, scornful mien,

- To my early love, with her eyes downcast, And over her primrose face the shade.
- (In short, from the future back to the past

There was but a step to be made.)

- To my early love from my future bride
- One moment I look'd. Then I stole to the door,
- I traversed the passage, and down at her side

I was sitting, a moment more.

- My thinking of her, or the music's strain, Or something which never will be exprest.
- Had brought her back from the grave again,

With the jasmine in her breast.

She is not dead, and she is not wed,

- But she loves me now, and she loved me then !
- And the very first word that her sweet lips said,
 - My heart grew youthful again.

- The Marchioness there, of Carabas, She is wealthy, and young, and handsome still,
- And but for her,—well, we'll let that pass—

She may marry whomever she will.

- But I will marry my own first love,
 - With her primrose face, for old things are best,
- And the flower in her bosom, I prize it above

The brooch in my lady's breast.

- The world is fill'd with folly and sin,
 - And love must cling where it can, I say,

For beauty is easy enough to win, But one isn't loved every day.

- And I think, in the lives of most women and men,
 - There's a moment when all would go smooth and even,

If only the dead could find out when To come back and be forgiven.

But oh, the smell of that jasmine flower! And oh, that music! and oh, the way

That voice rang out from the donjon tower:

Non ti scordar di me, Non ti scordar di me ! ROBERT BULWER LYTTON.

TO SIGH, YET FEEL NO PAIN.

To sigh, yet feel no paiu, To weep, yet scarce know why; To sport an hour with beauty's chain, Then throw it idly by; To kneel at many a shrine, Yet lay the heart on none; To think all other charms divine, But those we just have won; This is love, faithless love, Such as kindleth hearts that rove.

To keep one sacred flame, Through life unchill'd, nnmoved, To love in wintry age the same As first in youth we loved; To feel that we adore, Ev'n to such fond excess, That, though the heart would break with more,

It could not live with less ; This is love, faithful love, Such as saints might feel above. THOMAS MOORE.

A PASTORAL.

On a hill there grows a flower, Fair befall the dainty sweet l By that flower there is a bower, Where the heavenly Muses meet.

In that bower there is a chair, Fringèd all about with gold, Where doth sit the fairest fair That ever eye did yet behold.

It is Phillis, fair and bright, She that is the shepherds' joy, She that Venus did despite, And did blind her little boy.

This is she, the wise, the rich, That the world desires to see; This is *ipsa quae*, the which There is none but only she.

Who would not this face admire? Who would not this saint adore? Who would not this sight desire, Though he thought to see no more?

O fair eyes, yet let me see One good look, and I am gone: Look on me, for I am he, The poor silly Corydon.

Thou that art the shepherds' queen, Look upon thy silly swain ; By thy comfort have been seen Dead men brought to life again. Nicrotas BRETON.

THE SILENT LOVER.

PASSIONS are likened best to floods and streams,

The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb;

So when affection yields discourse, it seems The bottom is but shallow whence they come;

They that are rich in words must needs discover	By the solemn rites' permission, To his heart his true love took,
They are but poor in that which makes	And the destinies recorded
a lover.	Other two within their book.
Wrong not, sweet mistress of my heart,	
The merit of true passion,	While the priest fulfill'd his office,
With thinking that he feels no smart	Still the ground the lovers eyed,
Who sues for no compassion.	And the parents and the kinsmen
	Aim'd their glances at the bride ; But the groomsmcn eyed the virgins
Since if my plaints were not t' approve The conquest of thy beauty,	Who were waiting at her side.
It comes not from defect of love,	who were waiting at her side.
But fear t' exceed my duty.	Three there were that stood beside her;
survey vereced my daty.	One was dark, and one was fair ;
For, knowing that I sue to serve	But nor fair nor dark the other,
A saint of such perfection	Save her Arab eyes and hair;
As all desire, but none deserve	Neither dark nor fair I call her,
A place in her affection,	Yet she was the fairest there.
I rather choose to want relief	
Than venture the revealing :	While the groomsman—shall I own it?
Where glory recommends the grief,	Yes to thee, and only thee—
Despair disdains the healing.	Gazed upon this dark-eyed maiden Who was fairest of the three,
Thus those desires that boil so high	Thus he thought: "How blest the bridal
In any mortal lover,	Where the bride were such as she !"
When reason cannot make them die,	where the bride were such as she.
Discretion them must cover.	Then I mused upon the adage,
37.4 1.4 17.4 17.1 1.41.1	Till my wisdom was perplex'd,
Yet when discretion doth bereave The plaints that I should utter,	And I wonder'd, as the churchman
Then your discretion may perceive	Dwelt upon his holy text,
That silence is a suitor.	Which of all who heard his lesson
	Should require the service next.
Silence in love bewrays more woe	
Than words, though ne'er so witty : A beggar that is dumb, you know,	Whose will be the next occasion For the flowers, the feast, the wine?
May challenge double pity.	Thine, perchance, my dearest lady;
may chancinge double pity.	Or, who knows?—it may be mine,
Then wrong not, dearest to my heart,	What if 'twere-forgive the fancy-
My love, for secret passion :	What if 'twere-both mine and thine?
He smarteth most that hides his smart,	THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.
And sues for no compassion. SIR WALTER RALEIGH.	
THE GROOMSMAN TO THE BRIDES-	
MAID.	ZARA'S EAR-RINGS.
EVERY wedding, says the proverb,	My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they've
Makes another, soon or late;	dropp'd into the well,
Never yet was any marriage	And what to say to Muça, I cannot, cannot
Enter'd in the book of fate, But the names were also written	tell—
Of the patient pair that wait.	'Twas thus, Granada's fountain by, spoke
	Albuharez' daughter :
Blessings, then, upon the morning	The well is deep-far down they lie, be-
When my friend, with fondest look,	neath the cold blue water;

- To me did Muça give them when he spake his sad farewell,
- And what to say when he comes back, alas! I cannot tell.
- My car-rings ! my car-rings !- they were pearls in silver set,
- That, when my Moor was far away, I ne'er should him forget;
- That I ne'er to other tongues should list, nor smile on other's tale,
- But remember he my lips had kiss'd, pnre as those ear-rings pale.
- When he comes back, and hears that I have dropp'd them in the well,
- Oh, what will Muça think of me?—I cannot, cannot tell !
- My ear-rings! my ear-rings!—he'll say they should have been,
- Not of pearl and of silver, but of gold and glittering sheen,
- Of jasper and of onyx, and of diamond shining elear,
- Changing to the changing light, with radiance insincere;
- That changeful mind unchanging gems are not befitting well,
- Thus will he think—and what to say, alas! 1 cannot tell.
- He'll think when I to market went I loiter'd by the way;
- He'll think a willing ear 1 lent to all the lads might say;
- He'll think some other lover's hand, among my tresses noosed,
- From the ears where he had placed them my rings of pearl nnloosed;
- He'll think when I was sporting so beside this marble well
- My pearls fell in—and what to say, alas! 1 cannot tell.
- He'll say 1 am a woman, and we are all the same;
- He'll say I loved when he was here to whisper of his flame—
- But when he went to Tunis, my virgin troth had broken,
- And thought no more of Muça, and cared not for his token.

- My ear-rings! my ear-rings! O luckless, luckless well,-
- For what to say to Muça—alas! I cannot tell.
- I'll tell the truth to Muça—and I hope he will believe—
- That I thought of him at morning and thought of him at eve;
- That, musing on my lover, when down the sun was gone,
- His ear-rings in my hand I held, by the fonntain all alone;
- And that my mind was o'er the sea, when from my hand they fell,
- And that deep his love lies in my heart, as they lie in the well.

(From the Spanish.) JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

LOOK OUT, BRIGHT EYES.

LOOK out, bright eyes, and bless the air! Even in shadows you are fair. Shut-up beauty is like fire, That breaks out clearer still and higher. Though your beauty be confined,

And soft Love a prisoner bound, Yet the beauty of your mind

Neither check nor chain hath found. Look out nobly, then, and dare Even the fetters that you wear.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

TAKE, OH TAKE THOSE LIPS A WAY.

TAKE, oh take those lips away That so sweetly were forsworn,

And those eyes, the break of day,

Lights that do mislead the morn ! But my kisses bring again,

Seals of love, though seal'd in vain.

Hide, oh hide those hills of snow Which thy frozen bosom bears,

On whose tops the pinks that grow Are yet of those that April wears.

But first set my poor heart free, Bound in those icy chains by thee. BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

POEMS OF LOYE.

GO, LOVELY ROSE.

"Go, lovely rose ! Tell her that wastes her time and me, That now she knows When I resemble her to thee,

How sweet and fair she seems to be.

- " Tell her that's young, And shuns to have her graces spied, That hadst thou sprung In deserts, where no men abide, Thou must have uncommended died.
- "Small is the worth Of beauty from the light retired : Bid her come forth,

Suffer herself to be desired, And not blush so to be admired.

"Then die ! that she The common fate of all things rare May read in thee,

How small a part of time they share That are so wondrous sweet and fair." EDMUND WALLER.

MUSIC, WHEN SOFT VOICES DIE.

MUSIC, when soft voices die, Vibrates in the memory— Odors, when sweet violets sicken, Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose-leaves, when the rose is dead, Are heap'd for the beloved's bed; And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone, Love itself shall slumber on.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

To his Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia.

You meaner beauties of the night, That poorly satisfy our eyes

More by your number than your light— You common people of the skies— What are you when the moon shall rise?

You curious chanters of the wood, That warble forth dame Nature's lays, Thinking your passions understood By your weak accents --- what's your praise

When Philomel her voice shall raise?

You violets that first appear, By your pure purple mantles known, Like the proud virgins of the year, As if the spring were all your own—

What are you when the rose is blown?

So when my mistress shall be seen In form and beauty of her mind; By virtue first, then choice, a queen— Tell me, if she were not design'd Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

ON A GIRDLE.

THAT which her slender waist confined Shall now my joyful temples bind; No monarch bnt wonld give his crown, His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere, The pale which held that lovely deer: My joy, my grief, my hope, my love, Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass! and yet there Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair.

Give me but what this ribbon bound, Take all the rest the sun goes round ! EDMUND WALLER.

THERE IS A GARDEN IN HER FACE.

THERE is a garden in her face, Where roses and white lilies blow;

A heavenly paradise is that place, Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow;

There cherries grow that none may buy, Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose Of orient pearl a double row,

Which when her lovely laughter shows, They look like rosebuds filled with snow;

Yet them no peer nor prince may buy, Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still, Her brows like bended bows do stand,

Threatening with piercing frowns to kill All that approach with eye or hand These sacred cherries to come nigh, Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry. Bichard ALISON.

JENNY KISSED ME.

JENNY kiss'd me when we met, Jumping from the chair she sat in;

Time, you thief! who love to get Sweets into your list, put that in.

Say I'm weary, say I'm sad;

Say that health and wealth have miss'd me;

Say I'm growing old, but add-

Jenny kiss'd me! LEIGH HUNT.

ALLEN-A-DALE.

ALLEN-A-DALE has no fagot for burning, Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning, Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning, Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning.

Come, read me my riddle ! come, hearken my tale !

And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride, And he views his domains upon Arkindale side,

- The mere for his net, and the land for his game,
- The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame;

Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale,

Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale!

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,

Though his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as bright;

Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,

- Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word;
- And the best of our nobles his bonnet will veil,

Who at Rere-cross on Stanmore meets Allen-a-Dale. Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come;

- The mother, she ask'd of his household and home:
- "Though the castle of Richmond stand fair on the hill,
- My hall," quoth bold Allen, "shows gallanter still;
- 'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale,

And with all its bright spangles!" said Allen-a-Dale.

- The father was steel, and the mother was stone;
- They lifted the latch, and they bade him be gone;
- But loud, on the morrow, their wail and their cry;
- He had laugh'd on the lass with his bonny black eye,
- And she fled to the forest to hear a lovetale,

And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale! SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE HEATH THIS NIGHT MUST BE MY BED.

THE heath this night must be my bed, The bracken curtain for my head, My lullaby the warder's tread,

Far, far from love and thee, Mary; To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,

My couch may be my bloody plaid,

My vesper song thy wail, sweet maid ! It will not waken me, Mary!

I may not, dare not, fancy now The grief that clouds thy lovely brow; I dare not think upon thy vow,

And all it promised me, Mary. No fond regret must Norman know; When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe, Ilis heart must be like bended bow,

His foot like arrow free, Mary.

A time will come with feeling fraught! For, if I fall in battle fought, Thy hapless lover's dying thought Shall be a thought on thec, Mary.

And if return'd from conquer'd foes, How blithely will the evening close, How sweet the linnet sing repose To my young bride and me, Mary !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SIGH NO MORE, LADIES.

SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more; Men were deceivers ever; One foot in sea, and one on shore, To one thing constant never : Then sigh not so, But let them go, And be you blythe and bonny; Converting all your sounds of woe Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo Of dumps so dull and heavy; The fraud of men was ever so, Since summer first was leavy : Theu sigh not so, But let them go, And he yon blythe and bonny; Converting all your sounds of wee Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

LOVE NOT.

- LOVE not, love not! ye hapless sons of clay!
 - Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flowers—
- Things that are made to fade and fall away 'Ere they have blossom'd for a few short
- hours.

more not.

- Love not ! the thing ye love may change ! The rosy lip may cease to smile on you,
- The kindly-beaming eye grow cold and strange,

The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true. Love not !

Love not! the thing you love may die— May perish from the gay and gladsome earth;

The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky, Beam o'er its grave, as once upon its birth. Love not! Love not! oh, warning vainly said

- In present hours as in years gone by; Love flings a halo round the dear one's
- head,
 - Faultless, immortal, till they change or die.

Love not ! CAROLINE NORTON.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

BEFORE I trust my Fate to thee, Or place my hand in thine, Before I let thy Future give Color and form to mine,

- Before I peril all for thee, question thy soul to-night for me.
 - I break all slighter bonds, nor feel A shadow of regret :

Is there one link within the Past That holds thy spirit yet?

Or is thy Faith as clear and free as that which I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams A possible future shine,

Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,

Untouch'd, unshared by mine?

If so, at any pain or cost, oh tell me before all is lost.

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel Within thy inmost soul,

That thou hast kept a portion back, While I have staked the whole;

Let no false pity spare the blow, but in true mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need That mine cannot fulfil? One chord that any other hand

Could better wake or still?

Speak now—lest at some future day my whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid The demon-spirit Change, Shedding a passing glory still

On all things new and strange? It may not be thy fault alone—but shield my heart against thy own.

FIRESIDE	ENCI	CLOP_EDIA	OF POETRY.
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Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day And answer to my claim, That Fate, and that to-day's mistake— Not thou—had been to blame ? Some soothe their conscience thus; but thou wilt surely warn and save me now. Nay, answer not,—I dare not hear, The words would come too late; Yet I would spare thee all remorse, So comfort thee, my Fate— Whatever on my heart may fall—remem- ber, I would risk it all! ADELADE ANNE PROCTER.	 I love the flowers; happy hours lie Shut up within their petals close and fast: You have forgotten, dear; but they and I Keep every fragment of the golden past. I love, too, to be loved; all loving praise Seems like a crown upon my life,—to make It better worth the giving, and to raise Still nearer to your own the heart you take. I love all good and noble souls;—I heard One speak of you but lately, and for days, Only to think of it my sonl was stire'd
A WOMAN'S ANSWER.	Only to think of it, my soul was stirr'd In tender memory of such generous
I WILL not let you say a woman's part Must be to give exclusive love alone; Dearest, although I love you so, my heart Answers a thousand claims besides your own.	praise. I love all those who love you ; all who owe Comfort to you ; and I can find regret Even for those poorer hearts who once could know,
I love—what do I not love? Earth and air	And once could love you, and can now forget.
Find space within my heart, and myriad things You would not deign to heed are cherish'd there, And where an its very innect strings	Well, is my heart so narrow,—I, who spare Love for all these? Do I not even hold My favorite books in special tender care, And prize them as a miser does his gold?—
And vibrate on its very inmost strings. I love the Summer, with her ebb and flow Of light, and warmth, and music, that have nursed	The poets that you used to read to me While summer twilights faded in the sky; But most of all I think Aurora Leigh,
Her tender buds to blossoms and you know	Because — because — do you remember why?
It was in summer that I saw you first. I love the Winter dearly too, but then I owe it so much; on a winter's day, Bleak, cold, and stormy, you return'd again, When you had been those weary mouths	 Will you be jealous? Did you guess before I loved so many things?—Still you the best:— Dearest, remember that I love you more, Oh more a thousand times, than all the
away. I love the Stars like friends; so many	rest !" Adelaide Anne Procter.
nights I gazed at them, when you were far from	MAUDE CLARE.
me, Till I grew blind with tears; those far- off lights Could watch you, whom I long'd in vain to see.	Our of the church she follow'd them With a lofty step and mien: His bride was like a village maid, Maude Clare was like a queen.

- "Son Thomas," his lady mother said, With smiles, almost with tears:
- "May Nell and you but live as true As we have done for years;
- "Your father thirty years ago Had just your tale to tell; But he was not so pale as you,

Nor I so pale as Nell."

- My lord was pale with inward strife, And Nell was pale with pride;
- My lord gazed long on pale Maude Clare Or ever he kiss'd the bride.
- "Lo, I have brought my gift, my lord, Have brought my gift," she said :
- "To bless the hearth, to bless the board, To bless the marriage-bed.
- "Here's my half of the golden chain You wore about your neck,
- That day we waded ankle-deep For lilies in the beck:
- "Here's my half of the faded leaves We pluck'd from budding bough,
- With feet amongst the lily-leaves,-The lilies are budding now."
- He strove to match her scorn with scorn, He falter'd in his place:
- "Lady," he said,—" Maude Clare," he said,—
 - "Maude Clare:"-aud hid his face.
- She turn'd to Nell: "My Lady Nell, I have a gift for you;
- Though were it fruit, the bloom were goue, Or, were it flowers, the dew.
- "Take my share of a fickle heart, Mine of a paltry love:
- Take it or leave it as you will, I wash my hands thereof."
- "And what you leave," said Nell, "I'll take, And what you spurn, I'll wear;
- For he's my lord for better and worse, And him I love, Maude Clare.
- "Yea, though you're taller by the head, More wise, and much more fair;
- I'll love him till he loves me best, Me best of all, Maude Clare." CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

A SERENADE.

AH ! County Guy, the hour is nigh, The sun has left the lea,
The orange-flower perfumes the bower, The breeze is on the sea.
The tark, his lay who trill'd all day,
Sits hush'd his partner nigh;
Breeze, bird, and flower confess the hour, But where is County Guy?
The village maid steals through the shade, Her shepherd's suit to hear;
To beauty shy, by lattice high, Sings high-born cavalier.
The star of Love, all stars above, Now reigns o'er earth and sky,

And high and low the influence know, But where is County Guy?

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

TO A VERY YOUNG LADY.

AH, Chloris! could I now but sit As unconcern'd as when
Your infant beauty could beget No happiness or pain !
When I the dawn used to admire, And praised the coming day,
I little thought the rising fire Would take my rest away.
Your charms in harmless childhood lay

Four entrins in narniess entimoded by Like metals in a mine;
Age from no face takes more away Than youth conceal'd in thine.
But as your charms insensibly To their perfection prest,
So love as unperceived did fly, And centred in my breast.
My passion with your beauty grew.
While Cupid at my heart
Still as his mother favor'd you Threw a new flaming dart;
Each gloried in their wanton part;
To make a lover he

- Employ'd the utmost of his art— To make a beauty, she.
- Though now I slowly bend to love Uncertain of my fate,
- If your fair self my chains approve, I shall my freedom hate.

Lovers, like dying men, may well At first disorder'd be, Since none alive can truly tell What fortune they must see. SIR CHARLES SEDLEY,

Sonnet.

- LIKE as the culver, on the bared bough, Sits mourning for the absence of her mate,
- And in her songs sends many a wishful vow

For his return that seems to linger late; So I alone, now left disconsolate,

- Mourn to myself the absence of my love,
- And, wand'ring here and there, all desolate,
 - Seek with my plaints to match that mournful dove;
- Ne joy of aught that under heaven doth hove
 - Can comfort me but her own joyous sight,
- Whose sweet aspect both God and men can move,

In her unspotted pleasures to delight.

- Dark is my day, whiles her fair light I miss,
- And dead my life, that wants such lively bliss.

EDMUND SPENSER.

SONNET.

SINCE I did leave the presence of my love,

Many long, weary days I have outworn, And many nights that slowly seem'd to

move Their sad protract from evening until morn.

For, when as day the heaven doth adorn,

- I wish that night the noyous day would end,
- And when as night hath us of light forlorn,

• I wish that day would shortly reascend. Thus I the time with expectation spend,

And fain my grief with changes to beguile, That further seems his term still to extend,

And maketh every minute seem a mile. So sorrow still doth seem too long to last, But joyous hours do fly away too fast.

EDMUND SPENSER.

A RENUNCIATION.

- IF women could be fair, and yet not fond, Or that their love were firm, not fickle still.
- I would not marvel that they make men hond
 - By service long to purchase their goodwill,
- But when I see how frail those creatures are,
- I muse that men forget themselves so far.
- To mark the choice they make, and how they change,
 - How off from Phœbus they do flee to Pan,
- Unsettled still, like haggards wild they range,
 - These gentle birds that fly from man to man;
- Who would not scorn and shake them from the fist,
- And let them fly, fair fools, which way they list.

Yet for disport we fawn and flatter both,

- To pass the time when nothing else can please,
- And train them to our lure with subtle oath,
 - Till, weary of their wiles, ourselves we ease;
- And then we say when we their fancy try,
- To play with fools, oh, what a fool was I! EDWARD VERE, Earl of Oxford.

BLAME NOT MY LUTE.

BLAME not my Lute! for he must sound Of this or that as liketh me;

For lack of wit the Lute is bound To give such tunes as pleaseth me;

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Though my songs be somewhat strange, And speak such words as touch my change, Blame not my Lute!

My Lute, alas ! doth not offend, Though that perforce he must agree To sound such tunes as I intend

To sing to them that heareth me; Then though my songs be somewhat plain, And toucheth some that use to feign, Blame not my Lute !

My Lute and strings may not deny, But as I strike they must obey; Break not them so wrongfully,

But wreak thyself some other way; And though the songs which I indite Do quit thy change with rightful spite, Blame not my Lute!

Spite asketh spite, and changing change, And falsed faith must needs be known; The faults so great, the case so strange; Of right it must abroad be blown : Then since that by thine own desert My songs do tell how true thou art, Blame not my Lute !

Blame but thyself that hast misdone, And well deserved to have blame; Change thou thy way, so evil begone, And then my Lute shall sound that same ! But if till then my fingers play, By thy desert their wonted way,

Blame not my Lute !

Farewell, unknown; for though thou break My strings in spite with great disdain, Yet have I found out, for thy sake, Strings for to string my Lute again : And if perchance this silly rhyme Do make thee blush at any time, Blame not my Lute !

Sir Thomas Wyatt.

SONNET.

- O HAPPY Thames that didst my Stella bear!
- I saw myself with many a smiling line Upon thy cheerful face, joy's livery wear,
- While those fair planets on thy streams did shine;

- The boat for joy could not to dance forbear;
 - While wanton winds, with beauties so divine
 - Ravish'd, staid not till in her golden hair They did themselves, O sweetest prison! twine;
 - And fain those Eol's youth there would their stay
 - Have made, but forced by Nature still to fly,
 - First did with puffing kiss those locks display.
 - She so dishevell'd, blush'd :-- from window I,
 - With sight thereof, cried out, O fair disgrace!
 - Let honor's self to thee grant highest place. SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

The Re-cured Lover Exulteth in his Freedom.

I AM as I am, and so will I be: But how that I am none knoweth truly. Be it ill, be it well, be I bond, be I free, I am as I am, and so will I be.

I lead my life indifferently; I mean nothing but honesty; And though folks judge full diversely, I am as I am, and so will I die.

I do not rejoice nor yet complain, Both mirth and sadness I do refrain, And use the means since folks will feign; Yet I am as I am, be it pleasant or pain.

Divers do judge as they do trow, Some of pleasure and some of woe, Yet for all that, nothing they know; But I am as I am, wheresoever I go.

But since judgers do thus decay, Let every man his judgment say; I will it take in sport and play, For I am as I am, whosoever say nay.

Who judgeth well, well God them send; Who judgeth evil, God them amend; To judge the best therefore intend, For I am as I am, and so will I end.

Yet some there be that take delight, To judge folks' thought for envy and spite; But whether they judge me wrong or right, I am as I am, and so do I write.

Praying you all that this do read, To trust it as you do your creed; And not to think I change my weed, For I am as I am, however I speed.

But how that is I leave to you; Judge as ye list, false or true, Ye know no more than afore ye knew, Yet I am as I am, whatever ensue.

And from this mind I will not flee, But to you all that misjudge me, I do protest, as ye may see, That I am as I am, and so will he. SIB THOMAS WYATT.

Sonnet.

HAVING this day my horse, my hand, my lance

Guided so well, that I obtain'd the prize, Both by the judgment of the English eyes,

And of some sent from that sweet enemy France;

- Horsemen my skill in horsemanship advance;
 - Townfolks my strength; a daintier judge applies
 - His praise to sleight which from good use doth rise;

Some lucky wits impute it but to chance; Others, because of both sides I do take

My blood from them who did excel in this, Think Nature me a man of arms did make.

How far they shot awry! the true cause is Stella look'd on, and from her heavenly face

Sent forth the beams which made so fair my race.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY,

A FRAGMENT FROM SAPPHO.

BLEST as the immortal gods is he, The youth who fondly sits by thee, And hears and sees thee all the while Softly speak and sweetly smile. 'Twas this deprived my soul of rest, And raised such tumults in my breast : For while I gazed, in transport tost, My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd; the subtle flame Ran quick through all my vital frame: O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung; My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd; My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd My feeble pulse forgot to play— I fainted, sunk, and died away.

Ambrose Philips.

ASK ME NO MORE.

Ask me no more: the moon may draw the sea;

The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape,

With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape; But, oh too fond, when have I answer'd thee?

Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: what answer should I give?

I love not hollow check or faded eye;

- Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!
- Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live;

Ask me no more.

- Ask me no more: thy fate and mine are seal'd.
 - I strove against the stream, and all in vain.

Let the great river take me to the main. No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;

Ask me no more !

Alfred Tennyson.

Ask me no More where Jove Bestows.

Ask me no more, where Jove bestows, When June is past, the fading rose; For in your beauties, orient deep, These flow'rs, as in their causes, sleep.

POEMS OF LOVE.

Ask me no more, whither do stray The golden atoms of the day; For, in pure love, heaven did prepare Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more, whither doth haste The nightingale, when May is past; For in your sweet dividing throat She winters, and keeps warm her note:

Ask me no more, where those stars light, That downward fall in dead of night; For in your eyes they sit, and there Fixèd become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west The Phœnix builds her spicy nest; For unto you at last she flies, And in your fragrant bosom dies. THOMAS CAREW.

MY DEAR AND ONLY LOVE.

PART FIRST.

My dear and only love, I pray, This noble world of thee Be govern'd by no other sway But purest monarchie.

For if confusion have a part, Which virtuous souls abhore, And hold a synod in thy heart, I'll never love thee more.

I if never love thee more,

Like Alexander I will reign, And I will reign alone,

My thoughts shall evermore disdain A rival on my throne.

He either fears his fate too much, Or his deserts are small,

That puts it not unto the touch, To win or lose it all.

But I must rule and govern still, And always give the law,

And have each subject at my will, And all to stand in awe.

But 'gainst my battery if I find Thou shun'st the prize so sore

As that thou set'st me up a blind, I'll never love thee more.

If in the empire of thy heart, Where I should solely be, 13 Another do pretend a part, And dares to vie with me; Or if committees thou erect.

And go on such a score, I'll sing and laugh at thy neglect,

And never love thee more.

But if thou wilt be constant then, And faithful of thy word, I'll make thee glorious by my pen,

And famous by my sword.

I'll serve thee in such noble ways Was never heard before;

I'll crown and deck thee all with bays, And love thee evermore.

PART SECOND.

My dear and only love, take heed, Lest thou thyself expose, And let all longing lovers feed Upon such looks as those. A marble wall then build about, Beset without a door; But if thou let thy heart fly out, I'll never love thee more.

Let not their oaths, like volleys shot, Make any breach at all; Nor smoothness of their language plot Which way to scale the wall; Nor balls of wild-fire love consume The shrine which I adore; For if such smoke about thee fume, I'll never love thee more.

I think thy virtues be too strong To suffer by surprise; Those victuall'd by my love so long, The siege at length must rise. And leave thee ruled in that health And state thou wast before; But if thou turn a commonwealth, I'll never love thee more.

Or if by fraud, or by consent, Thy heart to ruine come, I'll sound no trumpet as I wont, Nor march by tuck of drum; But hold my arms, like ensigns, up, Thy falsehood to deplore, And bitterly will sigh and weep, And never love thee more.

I'll do with thee as Nero did, When Rome was set on fire, Not only all relief forbid, But to a hill retire, And scorn to shed a tear to see Thy spirit grown so poor; But smiling sing, until I die, I'll never love thee more.

Yet, for the love I bare thee once, Lest that thy name should die, A monument of marble-stone The truth shall testifie: That every pilgrim passing by May pity and deplore My case, and read the reason why I can love thee no more.

The golden laws of love shall be Upon this pillar hung,— A simple heart, a single eye, A true and constant tongue ; Let no man for more love pretend Than he has hearts in store; True love begnn shall never end ; Love one and love no more.

Then shall thy heart be set by mine, But in far different case; But mine was true, so was not thine, But lookt like Janus' face. For as the waves with every wind,

So sail'st thou every shore, And leav'st my constant heart behind,-

How can I love thee more?

My heart shall with the sun be fix'd For constancy most strange, And thine shall with the moon be mix'd, Delighting ave in change.

Thy beauty shined at first more bright, And woe is me therefore,

That ever I found thy love so light I could love thee no more!

The misty mountains, smoking lakes, The rocks' resounding echo, The whistling wind that murmur makes Shall with me sing hey ho!

The tossing seas, the tumbling boats, Tears dropping from each shore,

Shall tune with me their turtle notes— I'll never love thee more. As doth the turtle, chaste and true, Her fellow's death regrete, And daily mourns for his adieu, And ne'er renews her mate; So, though thy faith was never fast, Which grieves me wondrous sore, Yet I shall live in love so chast, That I shall love no more.

And when all gallants ride about These monuments to view, Whereon is written, in and out, Thou traitorous and untrue; Then in a passion they shall pause, And thus say, sighing sore, "Alas! he had too just a cause,

Never to love thee more."

And when that tracing goddess Fame From east to west shall flee, She shall record it to thy shame, How thou hast loved me; And how in odds our love was such As few have been before: Thou loved too many, and I too much, So I can love no more.

JAMES GRAHAM, Marquis of Montrose.

OH, HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE OF OUR OWN!

OH, had we some bright little isle of our own,

In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone,

Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,

And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers;

> Where the sun loves to pause With so fond a delay,

That the night only draws

A thin yeil o'er the day.

- Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
- Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give.

There, with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,

We should love as they loved in the first golden time; The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air, Would steal to our hearts and make all summer there.

With affection as free

From decline as the bowers,

And with hope, like the hee, Living always on flowers,

Our life should resemble a long day of light, And our death come on, holy and calm as

the night.

THOMAS MOORE.

TO CELIA.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine; Or leave a kiss but in the cup, And I'll not look for wine. The thirst that from the soul doth rise Doth ask a drink divine; But might I of Jove's nectar sup, I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath, Not so much honoring thee

As giving it a hope that there

It could not wither'd be; But thou thereon didst only breathe

And sent'st it back to me;

Since when it grows, and smells, I swear, Not of itself, but thee!

(From the Greek.) BEN JONSON.

AT SETTING DAY AND RISING MORN.

AT setting day and rising morn, With soul that still shall love thee, I'll ask of Heaven thy safe return,

With all that can improve thee. I'll visit aft the birken hush.

Where first thou kindly told me Sweet tales of love, and hid thy blush,

Whilst round thou didst enfold me. To all our haunts I will repair,

By greenwood shaw or fountain, Or where the summer day I'd share

With thee upon you mountain; There will I tell the trees and flowers,

From thoughts unfeign'd and tender, By vows you're mine, by love is yours

A heart that cannot wander.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

SONG OF MARGARET.

Ay, I saw her, we have met ;--Married eyes, how sweet they be! Are you happier, Margaret, Than you might have been with me? Silence! make no more ado! Did she think I should forget? Matters nothing, though I knew, Margaret, Margaret. Once those eyes, full sweet, full shy, Told a certain thing to mine; What they told me 1 put by, Oh, so careless of the sign. Such an easy thing to take, And I did not want it then; Fool! I wish my heart would break; Scorn is hard on hearts of men. Scorn of self is bitter work,-Each of us has felt it now; Bluest skies she counted mirk. Self-betrav'd of eyes and brow; As for me, I went my way, And a better man drew nigh, Fain to earn, with long essay, What the winner's hand threw by.

what the winner's hand threw i

Matters not in deserts old,

What was born, and wax'd, and yearu'd, Year to year its meaning told,

I am come,—its deeps are learn'd; Come, but there is naught to say,—

Married eyes with mine have met. Silence! Oh, I had my day,

Margaret, Margaret.

JEAN INGELOW.

LOCHABER NO MORE.

FAREWELL to Lochaber, and farewell, my Jean,

Where heartsome with thee I hae mony day been !

For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more, We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more! These tears that I shed, they are a' for my dear,

And no for the dangers attending on war,

Though borne on rough seas to a far bloody shore.

Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

stead.

Though hurricanes rise, and rise every	EVELYN HOPE.
wind,	BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead!
They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in	Sit and watch by her side an hour.
my mind;	That is her book-shelf, this her bed;
Though loudest of thunder on louder	She pluck'd that piece of geranium-
waves roar,	flower,
That's naething like leaving my love on	Beginning to die, too, in the glass.
the shore.	Little has yet been changed, I think;
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair	The shutters are shut—no light may pass,
pain'd ;	Save two long rays thro' the hinges'
By ease that's inglorious no fame can be	chink.
gain'd;	CHIIR,
And beauty and love's the reward of the	Sixteen years old when she died!
brave,	Perhaps she had scarcely heard my
And I must deserve it before I can crave.	name—
	It was not her time to love; beside,
	Her life had many a hope and aim,
Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my ex-	Duties enough and little cares;
cuse;	And now was quiet, now astir—
Since honor commands me, how can I re-	Till God's hand beckon'd unawares,
fuse?	And the sweet white brow is all of her.
Without it I ne'er can have merit for	T '44 1 (c they Furley Here?
thee,	Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope?
And without thy favor I'd better not be.	What! your soul was pure and true;
I gae then, my lass, to win honor and	The good stars met in your horoscope, Made you of spirit, fire, and dew;
fame,	And just because I was thrice as old,
And if I should luck to come gloriously	
hame,	And our paths in the world diverged so wide.
I'll bring a heart to thee with love run-	Each was naught to each, must I be told?
ning o'er, And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no	We were fellow-mortals—naught beside?
more.	We were renow mortane mangat bestaet
Allan Ramsay,	No, indeed! for God above
	Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
	And creates the love to reward the love;
TERNISSA.	I claim you still, for my own love's sake !
	Delay'd, it may be, for more lives yet,
TERNISSA, you are fled !	Through worlds I shall traverse, not a
I say not to the dead,	few;
But to the happy ones who rest below;	Much is to learn and much to forget
For, surely, surely, where	Ere the time be come for taking you.
Your voice and graces are,	
Nothing of death can any feel or know.	But the time will come-at last it will-
Girls who delight to dwell	When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall
Where grows most asphodel,	say,
Gather to their calm breasts each word you	In the lower earth-in the years long still-
speak;	That hody and soul so gay?
The mild Persephone	Why your hair was amber I shall divine,
Places you on her knee, And your cool palm smooths down stern	And your mouth of your own geranium's
Pluto's cheek.	red—
FILLO S CHEEK. WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.	And what you would do with me, in fine, In the new life come in the old one's
WALTER DAVAGE LANDOR.	in the new life come in the old one's

POEMS OF LOVE.

I have lived, I shall say, so much since	Till luckless love and pining care Impair'd her rosy hue,
then, Given up myself so many times,	Her coral lip, and damask cheek,
Gain'd me the gains of various men, Ransack'd the ages, spoil'd the climes;	And eyes of glossy blue.
Yet one thing-one-in my soul's full	Oh, have you seen a lily pale,
scope, Either I miss'd or itself miss'd me—	When beating rains descend? So droop'd the slow-consuming maid;
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!	Her life now near its end.
What is the issue? let us see!	By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains
I loved you, Evelyn, all the while; My heart seem'd full as it could hold—	Take heed, ye easy fair;
There was place and to spare for the frank	Of vengeance due to broken vows Ye perjured swains beware.
young smile And the red young mouth and the hair's	Three times, all in the dead of night,
young gold.	A bell was heard to ring;
So hush! I will give you this leaf to keep; See, I shut it inside the sweet, cold	And at her window, shrieking thrice, The raven flapp'd his wing.
hand.	
There, that is our secret! go to sleep; You will wake, and remember, and un-	Too well the love-lorn maiden knew That solemn boding sound;
derstand.	And thus in dying words bespoke
Robert Browning,	The virgins weeping round :
Come Away, Come Away, Death.	" I hear a voice you cannot hear, Which says I must not stay;
COME away, come away, Death,	I see a hand you cannot see,
And in sad cypres let me be laid;	Which beckons me away.
Fly away, fly away, breath ; I am slain by a fair cruel maid.	"By a false heart and broken vows,
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,	In early youth I die. Am I to blame because his bride
Oh prepare it ! My part of death no one so true	Is thrice as rich as I?
Did share it.	"Ah, Colin! give not her thy vows,
Not a flower, not a flower sweet	Vows due to me alone:
On my black coffin let there be strown; Not a friend, not a friend greet	Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss, Nor think him all thy own.
My poor corpse, where my bones shall	"To-morrow in the church to wed,
be thrown : A thousand thousand sighs to save,	Impatient, both prepare,
Lay me, oh where	But know, fond maid, and know, false youth, That Lucy will be there.
Sad true lover never find my grave, To weep there.	·
William Shakespeare.	"Then bear my corse, ye comrades, bear, The bridegroom blithe to meet;
+0+	He in his wedding-trim so gay,
COLIN AND LUCY.	I in my winding-sheet."
OF Leinster, famed for maidens fair, Bright Lucy was the grace;	She spoke, she died;—her corse was borne The bridegroom blithe to meet;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream	He in his wedding-trim so gay,
Reflect so fair a face.	She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjured Colin's thoughts?	But he had not been gone a year and a
How were those nuptials kept?	day,
The bride-men flock'd round Lucy dead,	Strange countries for to see,
And all the village wept.	When languishing thoughts came into his
Configuration shame remove despeir	head,
Confusion, shame, remorse, despair, At once his bosom swell;	Lady Nancy Belle he would go see, see,
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,	Lady Nancy Belle he would go see.
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.	So he rode and he rode on his milk-white
he shook, he groan d, he fell.	steed.
From the vain bride (ah, bride no more!)	Till he came to London town,
The varying crimson fled,	And there he heard St. Pancras' bells,
When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,	And the people all mourning, round,
She saw her husband dead.	round,
	And the people all mourning round.
Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,	
Convey'd by trembling swains,	"Oh ! what is the matter ?" Lord Lovel he
One mould with her beneath one sod, For ever now remains.	said,
r or ever now remains.	"Oh! what is the matter?" said he; "A lord's lady is dead," a woman replied,
Oft at their grave the constant hind	"And some call her Lady Nancy-cy,
And plighted maid are seen;	And some call her Lady Nancy-cy,
With garlands gay, and true-love knots	And some can net Lady Maney.
They deck the sacred green.	So he order'd the grave to be open'd wide,
	And the shroud he turned down,
But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thon art,	And there he kiss'd her clay-cold lips,
This hallow'd spot forbear,	Till the tears came trickling down, down,
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,	Till the tears came trickling down.
And fear to meet him there. THOMAS TICKELL.	Lady Nancy she died as it might be to-day,
THOMAS TICKELL.	Lord Lovel he died as to-morrow;
	Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure
LORD LOVEL.	grief,
	Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow, sor-
LORD LOVEL he stood at his castle-gate	row,
Combing his milk-white steed;	Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow.
When up came Lady Nancy Belle,	T 1 N. 1.11 / CL D. /
To wish her lover good speed, speed,	Lady Nancy was laid in St. Paneras'
To wish her lover good speed.	church, Lord Lovel was laid in the choir;
"Where are you going, Lord Lovel?" she	And out of her bosom there grew a red
said,	rose,
"Oh! where are you going?" said she;	And out of her lover's a brier, brier,
"I'm going, my Lady Nancy Belle,	And out of her lover's a brier.
Strange countries for to see, to see,	
Strange countries for to see."	They grew, and they grew, to the church-
·	steeple top,
"When will you be back, Lord Lovel?"	And then they could grow no higher:
she said;	So there they entwined in a true-lover's
"Oh! when will you come back ?" said	knot,
she;	For all lovers true to admirc-mire,
" In a year or two—or three, at the most,	For all lovers true to admire. AUTHOR UNKNOWN.
I'll return to my fair Nancy-cy, I'll return to my fair Nancy."	in the CARNOW AT
A II TELUTI LO INV BUT NAICY.	

POEMS OF LOVE.

ANNIE LAURIE.

MAXWELTON braes are bonnie Where early fa's the dew, And it's there that Annie Laurie Gie'd me her promise true— Gie'd me her promise true, Which ne'er forgot will be; And for bonnie Annie Laurie I'd lay me donne and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift; Her throat is like the swan; Her face it is the fairest That e'er the sun shone on— That e'er the sun shone on— And dark blue is her ee;

And for bonnie Annie Laurie I'd lay me doune and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying Is the fa' o' her fairy feet; And like the winds in summer sighing, Her voice is low and sweet— Her voice is low and sweet— And she's a' the world to me; And for bonnie Annie Laurie I'd lay me donne and dee. Atruos UNESOUS.

WHAT AILS THIS HEART O' MINE?

WHAT ails this heart o' mine? What ails this watery ee? What gars me a' turn pale as death When I take leave o' thee? When thou art far awa', Thou'lt dearer grow to me; But change o' place and change o' folk May gar thy faney jee. When I gae out at e'en, Or walk at morning air,

Ilka rustling bush will seem to say, I used to meet thee there.

Then I'll sit down and cry, And live aneath the tree, And when a leaf fa's i' my lap,

I'll ca' 't a word frae thee.

I'll hie me to the bower That thou wi' roses tied, And where wi' mony a blushing bud I strove myself to hide. I'll doat on ilka spot Where I hae been wi' thee; And ca' to mind some kindly word, By ilka burn and tree.

Susanna Blamire.

THE PORTRAIT.

MIDNIGHT past! Not a sound of aught Through the silent house, but the wind at his prayers.

- I sat by the dying fire, and thought Of the dear dead woman up stairs.
- A night of tears! for the gusty rain Had ceased, but the eaves were dripping vet:
- And the moon look'd forth, as though in pain,

With her face all white and wet:

- Nobody with me, my watch to keep, But the friend of my bosom, the man I love:
- And grief had sent him fast to sleep In the chamber up above.
- Nobody else, in the country place All round, that knew of my loss beside,
- But the good young Priest with the Raphael-face,
 - Who confess'd her when she died.
- That good young Priest is of gentle nerve, And my grief had moved him beyond control;
- For his lip grew white, as I could observe, When he speeded her parting soul.

I sat by the dreary hearth alone: I thought of the pleasant days of yore: I said, "The staff of my life is gone: The woman I loved is no more.

- "On her cold dead bosom my portrait lies, Which next to her heart she used to wear--
- Haunting it o'er with her tender eyes When my own face was not there.

" It is set all round with rubies red, And pearls which a Peri might have kept. For each ruby there my heart hath Led : For each pearl my eyes have wept."

And I said—"The thing is precious to me: They will bury her soon in the church-	"
yard clay ; It lies on her heart, and lost must be If I do not take it away."	
I lighted my lamp at the dying flame, And crept up the stairs that creak'd for	" j
fright, Till into the chamber of death I came, Where she lay all in white.	11
The moon shone over her winding-sheet, There stark she lay on her carven bed : Seven burning tapers about her feet,	W
And seven about her head. As I stretch'd my hand, I held my breath ;	"
As I stretch a my hand, I here my oreatt; I turn'd as I drew the curtains apart: I dared not look on the face of death: I knew where to find her heart.	<i></i>
I thought at first, as my touch fell there, It had warm'd that heart to life, with love;	T
For the thing I touch'd was warm, I swear, And I could feel it move.	F
Twas the hand of a man, that was moving slow	
O'er the heart of the dead,—from the other side: And at once the sweat broke over my	М
brow: "Who is robbing the corpse?" I cried.	A
Opposite me by the tapers' light, The friend of my bosom, the man I	N
loved, Stood over the corpse, and all as white, And neither of us moved.	F
"What do you here, my friend?" The man	
Look'd first at me, and then at the dead. "There is a portrait here," he began; "There is. It is mine," I said.	
Said the friend of my bosom, "Yours, no doubt,	Т
The portrait was, till a month ago, When this suffering angel took that out, And placed mine there, I know.	A

"This woman, she loved me well," said I. "A month ago," said my friend to me:

"And in your throat," I groan'd, "you lie!"

He answer'd, . . . " Let us see."

"Enough!" I return'd, "let the dead decide:

And whose soever the portrait prove, It is shall it be, when the cause is tried,

Where Death is arraign'd by Love."

We found the portrait there, in its place: We open'd it by the tapers' shine:

The gems were all unchanged : the face Was-neither his nor mine.

- "One nail drives out another, at least! The face of the portrait there," I cried,
- "Is our friend's the Raphael-faced young Priest,

The setting is all of rubies red, And pearls which a Peri might have kept.

For each ruby there my heart hath bled: For each pearl my eyes have wept. ROBERT BULWER LYTTON.

(Owen Meredith.)

AMYNTA.

- My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheephook,
- And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook;
- No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove:

For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.

- Oh, what had my youth with ambition to do?
- Why left I Amynta? Why broke I my vow?
- Oh, give me my sheep, and my sheephook restore,
- And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.
- Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
- And bid the wide ocean secure me from love!

Who confess'd her when she died."

- O fool ! to imagine that aught could subdue
- A love so well founded, a passion so true! Oh, what had my youth with ambition to do?
 - Why left I Amynta? Why broke I my vow?
 - Oh, give me my sheep, and my sheephook restore,
 - And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

Alas ! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine ;

- Poor shepherd, Amynta can never be thine:
- Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,

The moments neglected return not again.

- Oh, what had my youth with ambition to do?
 - Why left I Amynta? Why broke I my vow?
 - Oh, give me my sheep, and my sheephook restore,

And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

SIR GILBERT ELLIOT.

THE LORD OF BURLEIGH.

IN her ear he whispers gayly, "If my heart by signs can tell, Maiden, I have watch'd thee daily. And I think thou lov'st me well," She replies, in accents fainter, " There is none I love like thee." He is but a landscape-painter, And a village maiden she. He to lips, that fondly falter, Presses his without reproof: Leads her to the village altar, And they leave her father's roof. "I can make no marriage present; Little can I give my wife. Love will make our cottage pleasant, And I love thee more than life." They by parks and lodges going See the lordly castles stand; Summer woods, about them blowing, Made a murmur in the land. From deep thought himself he rouses, Says to her that loves him well, "Let us see these handsome houses Where the wealthy nobles dwell."

So she goes, by him attended, Hears him lovingly converse, Sees whatever fair and splendid Lay betwixt his home and hers: Parks with oak and chestnut shady, Parks and order'd gardens great, Ancient homes of lord and lady, Built for pleasure and for state. All he shows her makes him dearer : Evermore she seems to gaze On that cottage growing nearer, Where they twain will spend their days. Oh but she will love him truly ! He shall have a cheerful home; She will order all things duly, When beneath his roof they come. Thus her heart rejoices greatly, Till a gateway she discerns With armorial bearings stately, And beneath the gate she turns; Sees a mansion more majestic Than all those she saw before : Many a gallant gay domestic Bows before him at the door. And they speak in gentle murmur, When they answer to his call, While he treads with footstep firmer, Leading on from hall to hall. And, while now she wonders blindly, Nor the meaning can divine, Proudly turns he round and kindly, " All of this is mine and thine." Here he lives in state and bounty, Lord of Burleigh, fair and free, Not a lord in all the county Is so great a lord as he. All at once the color flushes Her sweet face from brow to chin . As it were with shame she blushes, And her spirit changed within. Then her countenance all over Pale again as death did prove; But he clasp'd her like a lover, And he cheer'd her soul with love. So she strove against her weakness, Tho' at times her spirit sank : Shaped her heart with woman's meekness To all duties of her rank : And a gentle consort made he, And her gentle mind was such That she grew a noble lady,

And the people loved her much.

But a trouble weigh'd upon her, And perplex'd her, night and morn, With the burden of an honor Unto which she was not born. Faint she grew, and ever fainter, As she murmur'd, "Oh, that he Were once more that landscape-painter Which did win my heart from me !" So she droop'd and droop'd before him, Fading slowly from his side: Three fair children first she bore him. Then before her time she died. Weeping, weeping late and early, Walking up and pacing down, Deeply mourn'd the Lord of Burleigh, Burleigh-house by Stamford-town. And he came to look upon her. And he look'd at her and said, "Bring the dress and put it on her, That she wore when she was wed." Then her people, softly treading, Bore to earth her body, drest In the dress that she was wed in, That her spirit might have rest.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

MY ONLY JO AND DEARIE, O. THY cheek is o' the rose's hue, My only jo and dearie, O; Thy neck is like the siller dew Upon the banks sae briery, O; Thy teeth are o' the ivory. Oh, sweet's the twinkle o' thine ee! Nae joy, nae pleasure, blinks on me, My only jo and dearie, O.

The birdie sings upon the thorn Its sang o' joy, fu' cheerie, O, Rejoicing in the summer morn, Nae care to make it eerie, O; But little kens the sangster sweet Aught o' the cares I hae to meet, That gar my restless bosom beat, My only jo and dearie, O.

Whan we were bairnies on yon brae, And youth was blinking bonny, O,

Aft we wad daff the lee-lang day, Our joys fu' sweet and mony, O; Aft I wad chase thee o'er the lee, And round about the thorny tree, Or pu' the wild-flowers a' for thee,

My only jo and dearie, O.

I hae a wish I canna tine

'Mang a' the cares that grieve me, O; I wish thou wert for ever mine,

And never mair to leave me, O: Then I wad daut thee night and day, Nor ither warldly care wad hae,

Till life's warm stream forgot to play, My only jo and dearie, O.

RICHARD GALL.

LUCY'S FLITTIN'.

- 'Twas when the wan leaf frae the birk tree was fa'in,
 - And Martinmas dowie had wound up the year,
- That Lncy rowed up her wee kist wi' her a' in't.
 - And left her auld maister and neibours sae dear:
- For Lucy had served i' the glen a' the simmer:
 - She cam there afore the bloom cam on the pea;
- An orphan was she, and they had been gude till her,
 - Sure that was the thing brocht the tcar to her ee.
- She gaed by the stable where Jamie was stannin';
 - Richt sair was his kind heart her flittin' to see.
- "Fare ye weel, Lucy!" quo' Jamie, and ran in;
 - The gatherin' tears trickled fast frae her ee.
- As down the burnside she gaed slow wi' her flittin',
 - "Fare ye weel, Lucy !" was ilka bird's sang;
- She heard the craw sayin't, high on the tree sittin'.
 - And the robin was chirpin't the brown leaves amang.
- "Oh, what is't that pits my puir heart in a flutter?
 - And what gars the tears come sae fast to my ee?
- If I wasna ettled to be ony better,
- Then what gars me wish ony better to be?

POEMS OF LOVE.

I'm just like a lammie that loses its mither;

Nae mither or friend the puir lammie can see;

- I fear I hae tint my puir heart a'thegither, Nae wonder the tear fa's sae fast frae my ee.
- "Wi' the rest o' my class I has rowed up the ribbon,
 - The bonnie blue ribbon that Jamie gae me;
- Yestreen, when he gae me't, and saw I was sabbin',

I'll never forget the wae blink o' his ce.

- Though now he said naething but 'Fare ye weel, Lucy!'
 - It made me I neither could speak, hear, nor see :
- He couldna say mair but just, 'Fare ye weel, Lucy !'
 - Yet that I will mind till the day that I dee."
- The lamb likes the gowan wi' dew when it's droukit;
 - The hare likes the brake and the braird on the lea;
- But Lucy likes Jamie;—she turn'd and she lookit,
 - She thocht the dear place she wad never mair see.
- Ah, weel may young Jamie gang dowie and cheerless!
 - And weel may he greet on the bank o' the burn!
- For bonnie sweet Lucy, sae gentle and peerless,
 - Lies cauld in her grave, and will never return!

WILLIAM LAIDLAW.

LILIAN.

AIRY, fairy Lilian, Flitting, fairy Lilian, When I ask her if she love me, Clasps her tiny hands above me, Laughing all she can : She'll not tell me if she love me, Cruel little Lilian.

When my passion seeks Pleasance in love-sighs, She, looking thro' and thro' me Thoroughly to undo me, Smiling, never speaks: So innocent-arch, so cunning-simple, From beneath her gather'd wimple Glancing with black-beaded eyes, Till the lightning laughters dimple The baby-roses in her cheeks: Then away she flies. Prythee weep, May Lilian! Gayety without eclipse Wearieth me, May Lilian : Thro' my very heart it thrilleth When from crimson-threaded lips

Silver-treble laughter trilleth : Prythee weep, May Lilian.

Praying all I can, If prayers will not hush thee, Airy Lilian,

Alfred Tennyson.

LOVE AND DEATH.

GLORIES, pleasures, pomps, delights, and ease,

Can but please

The outward senses, when the mind Is or untroubled, or by peace refined. Crowns may flourish and decay, Beauties shine, but fade away. Youth may revel, yet it must Lie down in a bed of dust. Earthly honors flow and waste, Time alone doth change and last. Sorrows mingled with contents, prepare Rest for care; Love only reigns in death; though art

Love only reigns in death; though art Can find no comfort for a broken heart. JOHN FORD.

LANGLEY LANE.

In all the land, range up, range down,

Is there ever a place so pleasant and sweet

As Langley Lane, in London town,

Just out of the bustle of square and street?

Like a rose-leaf I will crush thee, Fairy Lilian.

Little white cottages, all in a row,	Hath not the dear little hand a tongue,
Gardens, where bachelors'-buttons grow,	When it stirs on my palm for the love of
Swallows' nests in roof and wall,	me?
And up above the still blue sky,	Do I not know she is pretty and young?
Where the woolly-white clouds go sailing	Hath not my soul an eye to see?
by,—	'Tis pleasure to make one's bosom stir,
I seem to be able to see it all!	To wonder how things appear to her,
	That I only hear as they pass around;
For now, in summer, I take my chair,	And as long as we sit in the music and
And sit outside in the sun, and hear	light,
The distant murmur of street and square,	She is happy to keep God's sight,
And the swallows and sparrows chirping	And I am happy to keep God's sound.
near;	And I am mappy to neep olde bound
And Fanny, who lives just over the way,	
Comes running many a time each day,	Why, I know her face, though I am
With her little hand's-touch so warm	blind
and kind;	I made it of music long ago:
·	Strange large eyes, and dark hair twined
And I smile and talk, with the sun on my	Round the pensive light of a brow of
cheek,	snow;
And the little live hand seems to stir and	And when I sit by my little one,
speak,	And hold her hand, and talk in the sun,
For Fanny is dumb and I am blind.	And hear the music that haunts the
Denve is sweet thinteen and she	place,
Fanny is sweet thirteen, and she	I know she is raising her eyes to me,
Has fine black ringlets, and dark eyes	And guessing how gentle my voice must
clear,	be,
And I am older by summers three,—	,
Why should we hold one another so	And seeing the music upon my face.
dear?	
Because she cannot utter a word,	Though, if ever Lord God should grant
Nor hear the music of bee or bird,	me a prayer
The water-cart's splash, or the milkman's	(I know the fancy is only vain),
call.	I should pray : Just once, when the weather
Because I have never seen the sky,	is fair,
Nor the little singers that hum and fly,—	To see little Fanny and Langley Lane;
Yet know she is gazing upon them all.	Though Fanny, perhaps, would pray to
	hear
For the sun is shining, the swallows fly,	The voice of the friend that she holds so
The bees and the blue-flies murmur low,	dear,
And I hear the water-cart go by,	The song of the birds, the hum of the
With its cool splash-splash down the	street,—
dusty row;	It is better to be as we have been,—
And the little one, close at my side, per-	Each keeping up something, unheard, un-
ceives	seen,
Mine eyes upraised to the cottage eaves,	To make God's heaven more strange and
Where birds are chirping in summer	sweet.
shine,	sweet.
And I hear, though I cannot look, and	
she,	Ah! life is pleasant in Langley Lane!
Though she cannot hear, can the singers	There is always something sweet to
see,—	hear!
And the little soft fingers flutter in	Chirping of birds, or patter of rain;
mine.	And Fanny, my little one, always near;

- And though I am weak, and cannot live long,
- And Fanny, my darling, is far from strong, And though we can never married be,-
- What then ?---since we hold one another so dear,
- For the sake of the pleasure one cannot hear,

And the pleasure that only one can see? ROBERT BUCHANAN.

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

IN FOUR PARTS.

I. ABSENCE.

YE shepherds so cheerful and gay, Whose flocks never carelessly roam;

- Should Corydon's happen to stray, Oh eall the poor wanderers home.
- Allow me to muse and to sigh, Nor talk of the change that ye find;

None once was so watchful as I: I have left my dear Phillis behind.

Now I know what it is, to have strove With the torture of doubt and desire ;

What it is, to admire and to love, And to leave her we love and admire.

Ah lead forth my flock in the morn,

And the damps of each ev'ning repel; Alas! I am faint and forlorn:

I have bade my dear Phyllis farewell.

- Since Phillis vouchsafed me a look, I never once dreamt of my vine;
- May I lose both my pipe and my crook, If I knew of a kid that was mine.

I prized every hour that went by, Beyond all that had pleased me before:

But now they are past, and I sigh; And I grieve that I prized them no more.

But why do I languish in vain? Why wander thus pensively here?

Oh, why did I come from the plain,

- Where I fed on the smiles of my dear? They tell me my favorite maid,
- The pride of that valley, is flown; Alas! where with her I have stray'd, I could wander with pleasure, alone.

When forced the fair nymph to forego, What anguish I felt at my heart! Yet I thought-but it might not be so-'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.

She gazed, as I slowly withdrew;

My path I could hardly discern; So sweetly she bade me adieu, I thought that she bade me return.

i thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day To visit some far-distant shrine,

If he bear but a relic away, Is happy, nor heard to repine.

Thus widely removed from the fair, Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,

Soft hope is the relic I bear,

And my solace wherever I go.

II. HOPE.

My banks they are furnish'd with bees, Whose murmur invites one to sleep;

My grottos are shaded with trees, And my hills are white-over with sheep.

I seldom have met with a loss, Such health do my fountains bestow—

My fountains all border'd with moss, Where the harebells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen, But with tendrils of woodbine is bound: Not a beech's more beautiful green, But a sweetbrier entwines it around. Not my fields, in the prime of the year, More charms than my cattle unfold: Not a brook that is limpid and clear, But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire To the bow'r I have labor'd to rear; • Not a shrub that I heard her admire, But I hasted and planted it there. Oh how sudden the jessamine strove With the lilae to render it gay! Already it calls for my love, To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,

What strains of wild melody flow? How the nightingales warble their loves From the thickets of roses that blow!

And when her bright form shall appear, Each bird shall harmoniously join

In a concert so soft and so clear, As—she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair; I have found where the wood-pigeons town breed: But let me that plunder forbear, She will say 'twas a barbarous deed. For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd, Who could rob a poor bird of its young; And I loved her the more, when I heard Such tenderness fall from her tongue. I have heard her with sweetness unfold How that pity was due to-a dove: That it ever attended the bold, And she called it the sister of Love. But her words such a pleasure convey. So much I her accents adore, Let her speak, and whatever she say, Methinks I should love her the more. Can a bosom so gentle remain Unmoved when her Corydon sighs? Will a nymph that is fond of the plain, These plains and this valley despise? Dear regions of silence and shade! Soft scenes of contentment and ease! Where I could have pleasingly stray'd. If aught, in her absence, could please. But where does my Phyllida stray? And where are her grots and her bo'wrs? Are the groves and the valleys as gay, And the shepherds as gentle as ours? The groves may perhaps be as fair, And the face of the valleys as fine; The swains may in manners compare, But their love is not equal to mine. III. SOLICITUDE. fume." WHY will you my passion reprove? Why term it a folly to grieve? Ere I show you the charms of my love, She is fairer than you can believe. With her mien she enamors the brave; With her wit she engages the free; With her modesty pleases the grave; She is ev'ry way pleasing to me. O you that have been of her train, Come and join in my amorous lays; I could lay down my life for the swain That will sing but a song in her praise.

When he sings, may the nymphs of the town

Come trooping, and listen the while; Nay, on him let not Phyllida frown; —But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance Any favor with Phyllis to find, Oh how, with one trivial glance, Might she ruin the peace of my mind ! In ringlets he dresses his hair, And his crook is bestudded around : And his pipe-oh may Phyllis beware Of a magic there is in the sound! 'Tis his with mock passion to glow; 'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold. "How her face is as bright as the snow, And her bosom, be sure, is as cold ! How the nightingales labor the strain, With the notes of his charmer to vie; How they vary their accents in vain, Repine at her triumphs, and die." To the grove or the garden he strays, And pillages every sweet; Then, suiting the wreath to his lays, He throws it at Phyllis's feet. "O Phyllis," he whispers, "more fair, More sweet than the jessamine's flow'r! What are pinks, in a morn, to compare? What is eglantine, after a show'r?

"Then the lily no longer is white, Then the rose is deprived of its bloom, Then the violets die with despite,

And the woodbines give up their perfume."

Thus glide the soft numbers along, And he fancies no shepherd his peer, Yet I never should envy the song,

Were not Phyllis to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound, So Phyllis the trophy despise;

Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd, So they shine not in Phyllis's eyes.

The language that flows from the heart Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue,

Yet may she beware of his art, Or sure I must envy the song.

IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

YE shepherds, give ear to my lay, And take no more heed of my sheep; They have nothing to do but to stray,— I have nothing to do but to weep. Yet do not my folly reprove; She was fair—and my passion begun; She smiled—and I could not but love; She is faithless—and I am undone.

- Perhaps I was void of all thought; Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
- That a nymph so complete would be sought
- By a swain more engaging than me. Ah! love every hope can inspire;

It banishes wisdom the while, And the lip of the nymph we admire Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile,

She is faithless, and I am undone; Ye that witness the woes I endure,

Let reason instruct you to shnn What it cannot instruct you to cure.

Beware how ye loiter in vain

Amid nymphs of a higher degree; It is not for me to explain

How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met, What hope of an end to my woes, When I cannot endure to forget

The glance that undid my repose? Yet time may diminish the pain;

- The flow'r, and the shrub, and the tree, Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,
- In time may have comfort for me.
- The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose, The sound of a murmuring stream,

The peace which from solitnde flows, Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.

High transports are shown to the sight, But we are not to find them our own; Fate never hestow'd such delight

- As I with my Phyllis had known.
- O ye woods, spread your branches apace; To your deepest recesses I fly;
- I would hide with the beasts of the chase; I would vanish from every eye.

Yet my reed shall resound thro' the grove

With the same sad complaint it begun; How she smiled, and I could not but love;

Was faithless, and I am undone ! WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

HER LETTER. I'm sitting alone by the fire. Dress'd just as I came from the dance, In a robe even you would admire-It cost a cool thousand in France; I'm be-diamonded out of all reason, My hair is done np in a cue: In short, sir, "the belle of the season" Is wasting an honr on you. A dozen engagements I've broken; I left in the midst of a set; Likewise a proposal, half spoken, That waits-on the stairs-for me yet. They say he'll be rich-when he grows up-And then he adores me indeed; And you, sir, are turning your nose up, Three thousand miles off, as you read. "And how do I like my position ?" "And what do I think of New York?" "And now, in my higher ambition, With whom do I waltz, flirt, or talk ?" "And isu't it nice to have riches, And diamonds and silks, and all that?" "And aren't it a change to the ditches And tunnels of Poverty Flat ?" Well, yes-if you saw us out driving Each day in the park, four-in-hand-If you saw poor dear mamma contriving To look supernaturally grand-If you saw papa's picture, as taken By Brady, and tinted at that,-You'd never suspect he sold bacon And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet just this moment, when sitting In the glare of the grand chandelier— In the bustle and glitter befitting The "finest *soireé* of the year,"

In the mists of a gaze de Chambéry, And the hum of the smallest of talk-Somehow, Joe, I thought of the "Ferry," And the dauce that we had on "The Fork;" Of Harrison's barn, with its muster Of flags festoon'd over the wall: Of the candles that shed their soft lustre And tallow on head-dress and shawl; Of the steps that we took to one fiddle: Of the dress of my queer vis-à-vis, And how I once went down the middle With the man that shot Sandy McGee; Of the moon that was quietly sleeping On the hill, when the time came to go; Of the few baby peaks that were peeping From under their bedclothes of snow ; Of that ride-that to me was the rarest : Of-the something you said at the gate : Ah, Joe, then I wasn't an heiress To "the best-paying lead in the State." Well, well, it's all past; yet it's funny To think, as I stood in the glare Of fashion and beauty and money, That I should be thinking, right there, Of some one who breasted high water, And swam the North Fork, and all that, Just to dance with old Folinsbee's daughter, The Lily of Poverty Flat. But goodness! what nonsense I'm writing ! (Mamma says my taste still is low), Instead of my triumphs reciting, I'm spooning on Joseph-heigh-ho! And I'm to be "finish'd" by travel-Whatever's the meaning of that-Oh, why did papa strike pay gravel In drifting on Poverty Flat? Good-night-here's the end of my paper; Good-night-if the longitude please-For maybe, while wasting my taper, Your sun's climbing over the trees. But know, if you haven't got viches, And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that, That my heart's somewhere there in the ditches, And you've struck it-on Poverty Flat. F. BRET HARTE.

MY LOVE.

Not as all other women are Is she that to my soul is dear; ' Her glorious fancies come from far, Beneath the silver evening-star; And yet her breast is ever near.

Great feelings hath she of her own, Which lesser sonls may never know; God giveth them to her alone, And sweet they are as any tone Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

Yet in herself she dwelleth not, Although no home were half so fair; No simplest duty is forgot; Life hath no dim and lowly spot That doth not in her sunshine share.

She doeth little kindnesses,

Which most leave undone or despise; For naught that sets one heart at ease, And giveth happiness or peace, Is low-esteemèd in her eyes.

She hath no scorn of common things; And, though she seem of other birth, Round us her heart entwines and clings, And patiently she folds her wings To tread the humble paths of earth.

Blessing she is; God made her so; And deeds of week-day holiness Fall from her noiseless as the snow; Nor hath she ever chanced to know That aught were easier than to pless.

She is most fair, and thereunto Her life doth rightly harmonize; Feeling or thought that was not true Ne'er made less beautiful the blue, Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

She is a woman—one in whom The spring-time of her childish years Hath never lost its fresh perfume, Though knowing well that life hath room For many blights and many tears.

I love her with a love as still As a broad river's peaceful might, Which, by high tower and lowly mill, Goes wandering at its own will, And yet doth ever flow aright.

And, on its full, deep breast serene, Like quiet isles, my duties lie;

- It flows around them and between,
- And makes them fresh and fair and green-
- Sweet homes wherein to live and die. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE BRIDAL OF ANDALLA.

- "RISE up, rise up, Xarifa! lay the golden eushion down;
- Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the town!
- From gay guitar and violin the silver notes are flowing,
- And the lovely lute doth speak between the trumpet's lordly blowing,
- And banners bright from lattice light are waving everywhere,
- And the tall, tall plume of our cousin's bridegroom floats proudly in the air.
- Rise up, rise up, Xarifa! lay the golden eushion down;
- Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the town !
- "Arise, arise, Xarifa! I see Andalla's face-
- He bends him to the people with a calm and princely grace;
- Through all the land of Xeres and banks of Guadalquiver
- Rode forth bridegroom so brave as he, so brave and lovely, never.
- Yon tall plume waving o'er his brow, of purple mixed with white,
- I guess 'twas wreath'd by Zara, whom he will wed to-night.
- Rise up, rise up, Xarifa! lay the golden cushion down;
- Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the town !
- "What aileth thee, Xarifa--what makes thine eyes look down?
- Why stay ye from the window far, nor gaze with all the town?
- I've heard you say on many a day—and sure you said the truth—
- Andalla rides without a peer among all Granada's youth:

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- Without a peer he rideth, and yon milk, white horse doth go
- Beneath his stately master with a stately step and slow:—
- Then rise-oh rise, Xarifa, lay the golden eushion down;
- Unseen here through the lattice you may gaze with all the town!"
- The Zegri lady rose not, nor laid her eushion down,
- Nor came she to the window to gaze with all the town;
- But though her eyes dwelt on her knee, in vain her fingers strove,
- And though her needle press'd the silk, no flower Xarifa wove;
- One bonny rosebud she had traced before the noise drew nigh-
- That bonny bud a tear effaced, slow drooping from her eye-
- "No-no!" she sighs-" bid me not rise, nor lay my cushion down,
- To gaze upon Andalla with all the gazing town!"
- "Why rise ye not, Xarifa, nor lay your eushion down?
- Why gaze ye not, Xarifa, with all the gazing town?
- Hear, hear the trumpet how it swells, and how the people cry;
- He stops at Zara's palace-gate-why sit ye still-oh, why?"
- —"At Zara's gate stops Zara's mate; in him shall I discover
- The dark-eyed youth pledged me his truth with tears, and was my lover?
- I will not rise, with weary eyes, nor lay my cushion down,
- To gaze on false Andalla with all the gazing town !"

From the Spanish. JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART,

THE CAPTIVE BEE.

As Julia once a-slumbering lay, It chanced a bee did fly that way, After a dew, or dew-like shower, To tipple freely in a flower. For some rich flower he took the lip Of Julia, and began to sip:

But when he felt he suck'd from thence Honey, and in the quintessence, He drank so much he scarce could stir; So Julia took the pilferer— And thus surprised, as filchers use, He thus began himself t' excuse:

"Sweet Lady-flower, I never brought Hither the least one thieving thought; But, taking those rare lips of yours For some fresh, fragrant, luscious flowers, I though I might there take a taste Where so much syrup ran at waste. Besides, know this,—I never sting The flower that gives me nourishing. But with a kiss or thanks, do pay For honey that I bear away."

This said, he laid his little scrip Of honey 'fore her ladyship; And told her, as some tears did fail, That that he took, and that was all. At which she smiled, and bade him go And take his bag, but thus much know: When next he came a-pilfering so, He should from her full lips derive Honey enough to fill his hive. Robert HERRICK.

TO DIANEME.

SWEET, be not proud of those two eyes, Which, star-like, sparkle in their skies; Nor be you proud, that you can see All hearts your captives, yours yet free; Be you not proud of that rich haire, Which wantons with the love-sick aire; When as that rubie which you weare, Sauk from the tip of your soft eare, Will last to be a precious stone, When all your world of beautie's gone. Report Herrick.

THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

GENTEEL in personage, Conduct and equipage; Noble by heritage; Generous and free;

Brave, not romantic; Learn'd, not pedantic; Frolic, not frantic— This must he be.

Honor maintaining, Meanness disdaining, Still entertaining, Engaging, and new;

Neat, but not finical; Sage, but not cynical; Never tyrannical, But ever true,

HENRY CAREY.

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.

LADY Clara Vere de Vere, Of me you shall not win renown; You thought to break a country heart For pastime, ere you went to town. At me you smiled, but unbeguiled I saw the snare, and I retired: The daughter of a hundred Earls, You are not one to be desired.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere, I know you proud to bear your name, Your pride is yet no mate for mine, Too proud to care from whence I came. Nor would I break for your sweet sake A heart that doats on truer charms. A simple maiden in her flower Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms. Lady Clara Vere de Vere, Some meeker pupil you must find, For were you gueen of all that is, I could not stoop to such a mind. You sought to prove how I could love, And my disdain is my reply. The lion on your old stone gates Is not more cold to you than I.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere, You put strange memories in my head. Not thrice your branching limes have blown Since I beheld young Laurence dead. Oh, your sweet eyes, your low replies: A great enchantress you may be; But there was that across his throat

Which you had hardly cared to see.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere, When thus he met his mother's view, She had the passions of her kind, She spake some certain truths of you. Indeed, I heard one bitter word That scarce is fit for you to hear: Her manners had not that repose Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere. Lady Clara Vere de Vere, There stands a spectre in your hall: The gnilt of blood is at your door : You changed a wholesome heart to gall. You held your conrse without remorse, To make him trust his modest worth, And, last, you fixed a vacant stare, And slew him with your noble birth. Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere, From yon blue heavens above us bent, The grand old gardener and his wife Smile at the claims of long descent. Howe'er it be, it seems to me, 'Tis only noble to be good. Kind hearts are more than coronets, And simple faith than Norman blood. I know you, Clara Vere de Vere: You pine among your halls and towers: The languid light of your proud eyes Is wearied of the rolling hours. In glowing health, with boundless wealth, But sickening of a vague disease, Yon know so ill to deal with time, You needs must play such pranks as these. Clara, Clara Vere de Vere, If time be heavy on your bands, Are there no beggars at your gate, Nor any poor about your lands? Oh teach the orphan boy to read, Or teach the orphan girl to sew, Pray heaven for a human heart, And let the foolish yeoman go. ALFRED TENNYSON.

AT THE CHURCH GATE.

ALTHOUGH I enter not, Yet round about the spot Ofttimes I hover ; · And near the sacred gate, With longing eyes I wait, Expectant of her. The minster bell tolls out Above the city's rout, And noise and humming ; They've hush'd the minster bell : The organ 'gins to swell : She's coming, she's coming !

My lady comes at last, Timid, and stepping fast, And hastening hither, With modest eyes downcast: She comes—she's here—she's past— May Heaven go with her!

Kneel undisturb'd, fair saint ! Pour out your praise or plaint Meekly and duly ; I will not enter there, To sully your pure prayer With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace Round the forbidden place, Lingering a minute, Like outcast spirits who wait And see through beayen's gate Angels within it. WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

IN A YEAR.

NEVER any more While I live, Need I hope to see his face As before. Once his love grown chill, Mine may strive,— Bitterly we re-embrace, Single still.

Was it something said, Something done, Vex'd him? was it touch of hand, Turn of head? Strange! that very way Love begun. I as little understand Love's decay.

When I sew'd or drew, I recall How he look'd as if I sang —Sweetly too.

If 1 spoke a word, First of all Up his check the color sprang, Then he heard.

Sitting by my side, At my feet, So he breathed the air I breathed, Satisfied ! I, too, at love's brim Touch'd the sweet. I would die if death bequeath'd Sweet to him.

"Speak,—I love thee best !" He exclaim'd,— " Let thy love my own foretell." I confess'd : " Clasp my heart on thine Now unblamed, Since upon thy soul as well Hangeth mine !"

Was it wrong to own, Being truth ? Why should all the giving prove His alone ? I had wealth and ease, Beauty, youth,— Since my lover gave me love, I gave these.

That was all I meant, —To be just, And the passion I had raised To content. Since he chose to change Gold for dust, If I gave him what he praised, Was it strange?

Would he loved me yet, On and on,
While I found some way undream'd, —Paid my debt!
Gave more life and more, Till, all gone,
He should smile, "She never seem'd Mine before.

"What—she felt the while, Must I think ? Love's so different with us men," He should smile. " Dying for my sake— White and pink ! Can't we touch these bubbles then But they break ?"

Dear, the pang is brief. Do thy part, Have thy pleasure. How perplext Grows belief? Well, this cold clay clod Was man's heart. Crumble it,—and what comes next?

Is it God ? ROBERT BROWNING.

SONG.

LAY a garland on my hearse Of the dismal yew: Maideus, willow branches bear; Say I died true. My love was false, but I was firm, From my hour of birth; Upon my buried body, lie Lightly, gentle earth ! BEALMONT AND FLETCHER.

Sonnet.

To live in hell, and heaven to behold, To welcome life, and die a living death, To sweat with heat, and yet be freezing cold. To grasp at stars, and lie the earth beneath. To tread a maze that never shall have end, To burn in sighs, and starve in daily tears. To climb a hill, and never to descend, Giants to kill, and quake at childish fears. To pine for food, and watch the Hesperian tree, To thirst for drink, and nectar still to draw, To live accursed, whom men hold blest to he. And weep those wrongs, which never creature saw; If this be love, if love in these be founded, My heart is love, for these in it are grounded. HENRY CONSTADLE.

POEMS OF LOVE.

TO LANTHE. IANTHE! you are call'd to cross the sea! " A path forbidden me ! Remember, while the sun his blessing sheds Upon the mountain-heads, How often we have watcht him laying down His brow, and dropt our own Against each other's, and how faint and short And sliding the support ! What will succeed it now? Mine is unblest. Ianthe! nor will rest But on the very thought that swells with pain. Oh bid me hope again ! Oh give me back what Earth, what (without you) Not Heaven itself can do, One of the golden days that we have past; And let it be my last! Or else the gift would be, however sweet, Fragile and incomplete. WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. -----

EUPHROSYNE,

I WILL not say that thou wast true, Yet let me say that thou wast fair ! And they that lovely face who view, They should not ask if truth be there.

Truth—what is truth? Two bleeding hearts Wounded by men, by Fortune tried, Out-wearied with their lonely parts,

Vow to beat henceforth side by side.

The world to them was stern and drear, Their lot was hut to weep and moan; Ah, let them keep their faith sincere,

For neither could subsist alone !

But souls whom some benignant breath Has charm'd at birth from gloom and eare,

These ask no love, these plight no faith, For they are happy as they are.

The world to them may homage make, And garlands for their forehead weave; They smile upon the world. Their ears To one demand alone are eoy;

They will not give us love and tears— They bring us light, and warmth, and joy.

On one she smiled, and he was blest! She smiles elsewhere—we make a din! But 'twas not love which heaved her breast,

Fair child !---it was the bliss within. . MATTHEW ARNOLD.

JEALOUSY, THE TYRANT OF THE MIND.

WHAT state of life can be so blest As love, that warms a lover's breast? Two souls in one, the same desire To grant the bliss, and to require! But if in heaven a hell we find, 'Tis all from thee, O Jealousy! 'Tis all from thee, O Jealousy! Thou tyrant, tyrant Jealousy, Thou tyrant of the mind!

All other ills though sharp they prove, Serve to refine and perfect love: In absence, or unkind disdain, Sweet hope relieves the lover's pain. But, ah! no eure but death we find, To set us free from Jealousy: O Jealousy! Thou tyrant, tyrant Jealousy, Thou tyrant of the mind!

False in thy glass all objects are, Some set too near, and some too far; Thou art the fire of endless night, The fire that burns, and gives no light. All torments of the damn'd we find In only thee, O Jealousy ! Thou tyrant, tyrant Jealousy, Thou tyrant of the mind.

JOHN DRYDEN.

SIXTEEN.

IN Clementina's artless mien Lucilla asks me what I see,— And are the roses of sixteen Enough for me?

Lucilla asks, if that be all, Have I not cull'd as sweet before? Ah yes, Lucilla! and their fall I still deplore.

I now behold another scene, Where pleasure beams with heaven's own light,---

More pure, more constant, more serene, And not less bright:

Faith, on whose breast the Loves repose, Whose chain of flowers no force can sever;

And Modesty, who, when she goes, Is gone for ever.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE.

Gin a body meet a body Comin' frae the town, Gin a body greet a body, Need a body frown ? Every lassie has her laddie— Ne'er a ane hae I ; Yct a' the lads they smile at me When comin' through the ryc. Amang the train there is a swain • I dearly lo'e mysel' ; But whaur his hame, or what his name, I dinna care to tell.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

CHERRY-RIPE.

CHERRY-RIPE, ripe, I cry, Full and fair ones; come and buy; If so be you ask me where They do grow, I answer, there, Where my Julia's lips do smile, There's the land, or cherry isle, Whose plantations fully show All the year where cherries grow. ROBERT HERMON.

THE WHITE ROSE.

SENT BY A YORKISH LOVER TO HIS LANCAS-TRIAN MISTRESS.

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

> But if thy ruby lip it spy, As kiss it thou mayst deign, With envy pale 'twill lose its dye, And Yorkish turn again. Aurnor UNEROWS.

THE PRIMROSE.

Ask me why I send you here This sweet Infanta of the year? Ask me why I send to you This primrose, thus bepearl'd with dew? I will whisper to your ears, The sweets of love are mixt with tears.

Ask me why this flower does show So yellow-green, and sickly, too? Ask me why the stalk is weak And bending, yet it doth not break? I will answer: these discover What fainting hopes are in a lover. ROBERT HEREICK.

Here's to Thee, my Scottish Lassie.

HERE's to thee, my Scottish lassie! here's a hearty health to thee!

For thine eye so bright, thy form so light, and thy step so firm and free; Not at 1 11 hours there are

the sunshine of thy face; For thy guileless look and speech sincere, yet sweet as speech can be,— Here's a health, my Scottish lassie! here's a hearty health to thee! Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie! Though my glow of youth is o'er, And I, as once I felt and dream'd, must feel and dream no more; Though the world, with all its frosts and storms, has chill'd my soul at last, And genius with the foodful looks of youthful friendship pass'd; Though my path is dark and lonely, now, o'er this world's dreary sea, Here's a health, my Scottish lassie! here's	 wither'd autumn leaves; In the gloom of the wild forest, in the stillness of the sea, I shall think, my Scottish lassie, I shall often think of thee! Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie! In my sad and lonely hours, The thought of thee comes o'er me like the breath of distant flowers: Like the music that enchants mine ear, the sights that bless mine eye, Like the verdure of the meadow, like the aznre of the sky, Like the rainbow in the evening, like the blossoms on the tree, Is the thought, my Scottish lassie, is the lonely thought of thee.
a hearty health to thee! Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie! though I know that not for me Is thine eye so bright, thy form so light, and thy step so firm and free; Though thou, with cold and eareless looks, wilt often pass me by, Unconscious of my swelling heart and of my wistful eye; Though thou wilt wed some Highland love, nor waste one thought on me, Here's a health, my Scottish lassie! here's a hearty health to thee!	Still a health, my Scottish lassie! still a
 Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie! when I meet thee in the throng Of merry youths and maidens dancing lightsomely along, I'll dream away an hour or twain, still gazing on thy form, As it flashes through the baser erowd, like lightning through a storm; And I, perhaps, shall touch thy hand, and share thy looks of glee, And for once, my Scottish lassie, dance a giddy dance with thee! Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie! I shal 	 GOD.MORROW SONG. PACK, clouds, away, and welcome, day, With night we banish sorrow; Sweet air, blow soft, mount, larks, aloft, To give my Love good-morrow! Wings from the wind to please her mind, Notes from the lark I'll borrow; Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale, sing, To give my Love good-morrow; To give my Love good-morrow; Notes from them both I'll borrow.
think of thee at even, When I see its first and fairest star com- smiling up through heaven;	Sing, birds, in every furrow;

Blackbird and thrush in every bush, Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow! You pretty elves, amongst yourselves Sing my fair Love good-morrow; To give my Love good-morrow Sing, birds, in every furrow! THOMAS HEYWOOD.

The Song of the Camp.

" Give us a song !" the soldiers cried, The outer trenches guarding, When the heated guns of the camps allied Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff, Lay grim and threatening under; And the tawny mound of the Malakoff No longer belch'd its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said : "We storm the forts to-morrow; Sing while we may, another day Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side, Below the smoking cannon : Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde, And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame; Forgot was Britain's glory: Each heart recall'd a different name, But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song, Until its tender passion Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,— Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak, But as the song grew louder, Something upon the soldier's cheek Wash'd off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burn'd The bloody sunset's embers, While the Crimean valleys learn'd How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell Rain'd on the Russian quarters, With scream of shot, and burst of shell, And hellowing of the mortars ! And Irish Nora's eyes are dim For a singer dumb and gory ; And English Mary mourns for him Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers ! still in honor'd rest Your truth and valor wearing : The bravest are the tenderest,— The loving are the daring.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

URANIA.

SHE smiles and smiles, and will not sigh, While we for hopeless passion die; Yet she could love, those eyes declare, Were but men nobler than they are.

Eagerly once her gracious ken Was turn'd upon the sons of men; But light the serious visage grew— She look'd, and smiled, and saw them through.

Our petty souls, our strutting wits, Our lahor'd, puny passion-fits— Ah, may she scorn them still, till we Scorn them as bitterly as she!

Yet show her once, ye heavenly powers, One of some worthier race than ours! One for whose sake she once might prove How deeply she who scorns can love.

His eyes he like the starry lights— His voice like sounds of summer nights— In all his lovely mien let pierce The magic of the universe!

And she to him will reach her hand, And gazing in his eyes will stand, And know her friend, and weep for glee. And cry, "Long, long I've look'd for thee."

Then will she weep !-- with smiles, till then,

Coldly she mocks the sons of men. Till then her lovely eyes maintain Their pure, uuwavering, deep disdain. Martuew ARNOLD.

POEMS OF LOVE.

TO EVA.

O FAIR and stately maid, whose eyes Were kindled in the upper skies At the same torch that lighted mine; For so I must interpret still Thy sweet dominion o'er my will,

A sympathy divine.

Ah, let me blameless gaze upon Features that seem at heart my own;

Nor fear those watchful sentinels, Who charm the more their glance forbids, Chaste-glowing, underneath their lids,

With fire that draws while it repels. RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

WHO IS SYLVIA?

WHO is Sylvia? what is she, That all the swains commend her? Holy, fair, and wise is she;

The heavens such grace did lend her That she might adored be.

Is she kind, or is she fair?

For beauty lives with kindness. Love does to her eves repair

To help him of his blindness-And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Sylvia let us sing That Sylvia is excelling;

She excels each mortal thing

Upon the dull earth dwelling ; To her let us garlands bring.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN-SUMMER.

THE little gate was reach'd at last, Half hid in lilacs down the lane; She push'd it wide, and, as she past, A wistful look she backward cast, And said, "Auf Wiederschen !"

With hand on latch, a vision white Lingered reluctant, and again, Half doubting if she did aright, Soft as the dews that fell that night, She said, "Auf Wiederschen P" The lamp's clear gleam flits up the stair; I linger in delicious pain; Ah, in that chamber, whose rich air To breathe in thought I searcely dare, Thinks she, "Auf Wiederschen !"

"Tis thirteen years : once more I press The turf that silences the lane; I hear the rustle of her dress, I smell the lilacs, and—ah yes, I hear, "Auf Wiederschen !"

Sweet piece of bashful maiden art! The English words had seem'd too fain! But these—they drew us heart to heart, Yet held us tenderly apart;

She said, "Auf Wiederschen !" JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE LOVE-KNOT.

TYING her bonnet under her chin, She tied her raven ringlets in; But not alone in its silken snare Did she eatch her lovely floating hair, For, tying her bonnet under her chin, She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the hill, Where the wind comes blowing merry and chill:

And it blew the curls a froliesome race All over the happy peach-color'd face, Till, scolding and laughing, she tied them in.

Under her beautiful dimpled chin.

And it blew a color, bright as the bloom Of the pinkest fuschia's tossing plume, All over the checks of the prettiest girl That ever imprison'd a romping curl, Or, in tying her bonnet under her chin, Tied a young man's heart within.

Steeper and steeper grew the hill— Madder, merrier, chillier still The western wind blew down and play'd The wildest tricks with the little maid, As, tying her bonnet under her chin, She tied a young man's heart within.

O western wind, do you think it was fair To play such tricks with her floating hair? To gladly, gleefully do your best To blow her against the young man's breast? Where he as gladly folded her in;

He kiss'd her mouth and dimpled chin.

Oh, Ellery Vane, you little thought, An hour ago, when you besought This country lass to walk with you, After the sun had dried the dew, What perilous danger you'd be in, As she tied her bonnet under her chin. NORA PERRY.

WHEN STARS ARE IN THE QUIET SKIES.

WHEN stars are in the quiet skies, Then most I pine for thee; Bend on me then thy tender eyes, As stars look on the sea! For thoughts, like waves that glide by night, Are stillest when they shine ; Mine earthly love lies hush'd in light Beneath the heaven of thine.

There is an hour when angels keep Familiar watch o'er men, When coarser souls are wrapt in sleep-Sweet spirit, meet me then ! There is an hour when holy dreams Through slumber fairest glide; And in that mystic hour it seems Thou shouldst be by my side.

My thoughts of thee too sacred are For daylight's common beam: I can but know thee as my star, My angel and my dream; When stars are in the quiet skies, Then most I pine for thee; Bend on me then thy tender eyes, As stars look on the sea! EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

SHE'S GANE TO DWALL IN HEAVEN.

SHE's gane to dwall in heaven, my lassie, She gane to dwall in heaven;

Ye're owre pure, quo' the voice o' God, For dwalling out o' heaven.

Oh, what'll she do in heaven, my lassie, Oh, what'll she do in heaven?

She'll mix her ain thoughts wi' angels' sangs.

An' make them mair meet for heaven.

She was beloved by a', my lassie, She was beloved by a', But an angel fell in love wi' her, An' took her frae us a'.

Lowly there thou lies, my lassie, Lowly there thou lies;

A bonnier form ne'er went to the yird, Nor frae it will arise.

Fu' soon I'll follow thee, my lassie, Fu' soon I'll follow thee;

Thou left me naught to covet ahin', But took gudeness sel' wi' thee.

I look'd on thy death-cold face, my lassie, I look'd on thy death-cold face;

Thou seem'd a lily new cut i' the bud, An' fading in its place.

I look'd on thy death-shut eye, my lassie, I look'd on thy death-shut eye;

An' a lovelier light in the brow of heaven Fell Time shall ne'er destroy.

Thy lips were ruddy and calm, my lassie, Thy lips were ruddy and calm; But gane was the holy breath o' heaven,

That sing the evening psalm.

There's naught but dust now mine, lassie, There's naught but dust now mine; My soul's wi' thee i' the cauld grave, An' why should I stay behin'?

Allan Cunningham.

Sonnet.

LET me not to the marriage of true minds Admit impediments; love is not love

Which alters when it alteration finds, Or bends with the remover to remove. Oh no! it is an ever-fixed mark,

That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;

It is the star to every wandering bark, Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.

- Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
 - Within his bending sickle's compass come;
- Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,

But bears it out even to the edge of doom. If this be error, and upon me proved,

I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Sonnet.

- TIRED with all these, for restful death I cry,
- As to behold desert a beggar born, And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
- And purest faith unhappily forsworn, And gilded honor shamefully misplaced,
- And maiden virtne rudely strumpeted, And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
- And strength by limping sway disabled, And art made tongne-tied by authority,
- And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill, And simple truth miscall'd simplicity.
 - And captive Good attending Captain Ill:--
- Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,

Save that, to die, I leave my Love alone. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

SONNET.

- No longer mourn for me when I am dead, Than you shall hear the surly, sullen bell
- Give warning to the world that I am fled From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell.
- Nay, if you read this line, remember not The hand that writ it, for I love you so,
- That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
 - If thinking on me then should make you woe.
- Oh, if, I say, you look upon this verse
 - When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
- Do not so much as my poor name rehearse, But let your love even with my life decay,

Lest the wise world should look into your moan,

And mock you with me after I am gone. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Sonnet.

- THAT time of year thou may'st in me behold,
 - When yellow leaves, or uone, or few do hang
- Upon those bonghs which shake against the cold,
 - Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.

In me thou seest the twilight of such day As after sunset fadeth in the west,

- Which by and by black night doth take away,
 - Death's second self, that seals up all in rest;

In me thou seest the glowing of such fire That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,

As the deathbed whereon it must expire, Consumed with that which it was nour-

ish'd by.

This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,

To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

Sonnet.

WHEN in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,

I all alone beweep my outcast state,

- And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries.
 - And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
- Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
 - Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,
- Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,

With what I most enjoy contented least;

Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,

Haply I think on thee, and then my state

- (Like to the lark at break of day arising From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate:
- For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,
- That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

William Shakespeare.

Sonnet.

WHEN in the chronicle of wasted time

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

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Sonnet.

- SHALL I compare thee to a summer's day? Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
- Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
 - And summer's lease hath all too short a date.
- Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines, And often is his gold complexion dimm'd,
- And every fair from fair sometime declines,
 - By chance, or Nature's changing course, untrimm'd.
- But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
- Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest,
- Nor shall death brag thou wanderest in his shade,
 - When in eternal lines to time thon growest.

So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,

So long lives this, and this gives life to thee. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

EPITHALAMIUM.

I SAW two clouds at morning, Tinged by the rising sun,

And in the dawn they floated on,

And mingled into one;

I thought that morning cloud was bless'd, It moved so sweetly to the west.

to moved so sweetly to the west

I saw two summer currents Flow smoothly to their meeting,

And join their course, with silent force, In peace each other greeting;

Calm was their course through banks of green,

While dimpling eddies play'd between.

Such be your gentle motion,

Till life's last pulse shall beat;

Like snmmer's beam, and summer's stream, Float on, in joy, to meet

A calmer sea, where storms shall cease-

A purer sky, where all is peace. John G. C. BRAINARD.

BRIDAL SONG.

To the sound of timbrels sweet Moving slow our solemn feet, We have borne thee on the road To the virgin's hlest abode; With thy yellow torches gleaming, And thy scarlet mantle streaming, And the carlopy above Swaying as we slowly move.

Thon hast left the joyous feast, And the mirth and wine have ceased; And now we set thee down before The jealonsly-unclosing door, That the favor'd youth admits Where the veilèd virgin sits In the bliss of maiden fear, Waiting our soft tread to hear, And the music's brisker din At the bridegroom's entering in— Entering in, a welcome guest, To the chamber of his rest. HEREY HART MILMAN.

PART IV.

Personal Poems.





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THE GRAVE OF MACAURA.

AND this is thy grave, Macaura, Here by the pathway lone, Where the thorn-blossoms are bending Over thy moulder'd stone. Alas! for the sons of glory; O thou of the darken'd brow, And the eagle plume, and the belted clans, Is it here thou art sleeping now? Oh wild is the spot, Macaura, In which they have laid thee low-The field where thy people triumph'd Over a slaughter'd foe; And loud was the banshee's wailing, And deep was the clansmen's sorrow, When, with bloody hands and burning tears.

They buried thee here, Macaura !

And now thy dwelling is lonely, King of the rushing horde; And now thy battles are over, Chief of the shning sword; And the rolling thunder echoes O'er torrent and mountain free, Bint alas! and alas! Macaura, It will not awaken thee.

Farewell to thy grave, Macaura, Where the slanting sunbeams shine, And the brier and waving fern Over thy slumbers twine; Thou whose gathering summons Could waken the sleeping glen;

Macaura, alas for thee and thine, 'Twill never be heard again !

MARY DOWNING.

ON A BUST OF DANTE.

SEE, from this counterfeit of him Whom Arno shall remember long, How stern of lineament, how grim, The father was of Tuscan song! There but the burning sense of wrong, Perpetual care, and scorn, abide— Small friendship for the lordly throng, Distrust of all the world beside.

Faithful if this wan image be, No dream his life was—but a fight; Could any Beatrice see A lover in that anchorite? To that cold Ghibeline's gloomy sight Who could have guessed the visions came Of beauty, veiled with heavenly light, In circles of eternal flame?

The lips as Cumæ's cavern close, The checks with fast and sorrow thin, The rigid front, almost morose, But for the patient hope within, Declare a life whose course hath been Unsullied still, though still severe, Which, through the wavering days of sin, Kept itself icy-chaste and clear.

Not wholly such his haggard look Whenwandering once, forlorn, he strayed, With no companion save his book, To Corvo's hushed monastic shade; Where, as the Benedictine laid His palm upon the pilgrim guest, The single boon for which he prayed The convent's charity was rest.

Peace dwells not here—this rugged face Betrays no spirit of repose; The sullen warrior sole we trace, The marble man of many woes.

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Such was his mien when first arose The thought of that strange talé divine— When hell he peopled with his foes, The scourge of many a guilty line.

War to the last he waged with all The tyrant canker-worms of earth; Baron and duke, in hold and hall,

Cursed the dark hour that gave him birth. He used Rome's harlot for his mirth :

Plucked bare hypoerisy and crime; But valiant souls of knightly worth Transmitted to the rolls of Time.

O Time I whose verdicts mock our own, The only righteous judge art thou;

That poor, old exile, sad and lone, Is Latium's other Virgil now.

Before his name the nations bow; His words are parcel of mankind,

Deep in whose hearts, as on his brow,

The marks have sunk of Dante's mind. THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.

PRISONED IN WINDSOR, HE RE-COUNTETH HIS PLEASURE THERE PASSED.

So cruel prison how could betide, alas! As proud Windsor? where I in lust and joy,

- With a King's son, my childish years did pass,
 - In greater feast than Priam's sons of Troy.
- Where each sweet place returns a taste full sour,
- The large green courts, where we were wont to hove,
- With eyes cast up into the Maiden's Tower, And casy sighs, such as folk draw in love.

The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue, The dances short, long tales of great delight;

- With words, and looks, that tigers could but rue,
 - Where each of us did plead the other's right,
- The palme-play, where despoiled for the game,

With dazèd eyes oft we by gleams of love

- Have miss'd the ball, and got sight of our dame,
- To bait her eyes, which kept the leads above.
- The gravel'd ground, with sleeves tied on the helm,
 - On foaming horse, with swords and friendly hearts;
- With chere, as though one should another whelm,
- Where we have fought, and chased oft with darts.
- With silver drops the mead yet spread for ruth,
 - In active games of nimbleness and strength,
- Where we did strain, trainèd with swarms of youth,
- Our tender limbs, that yet shot up in length.
- The secret groves, which oft we made resound
 - Of pleasant plaint, and of our ladies' praise;
- Recording oft what grace each one had found,
 - What hope of speed, what dread of long delays:
- The wild forèst, the clothèd holts with green; With reins avail'd, and swift-ybreathèd horse.
- With cry of hounds and merry blasts between,
 - Where we did chase the fearful hart of force.
- The void vales, eke, that harbor'd us each night;

Wherewith, alas! reviveth in my breast

The sweet accord, such sleeps as yet delight; The pleasant dreams, the quiet bed of rest;

- The secret thoughts, imparted with such trust;
 - The wanton talk, the divers change of play;
- The friendship sworn, each promise kept so just,
 - Wherewith we past the winter night away.
- And with this thought the blood forsakes the face,
 - The tears berain my cheeks of deadly hue:

The which, as soon as sobbing sighs, alas,

Upsuppèd have, thus I my plaint renew :

- O place of bliss! renewer of my woes! Give me account, where is my noble fere?
- Whom in thy walls thou dost each night enclose;

To other lief; but unto me most dear: Echo, alas! that doth my sorrow rue,

Returns thereto a hollow sound of plaint. Thus I alone, where all my freedom grew,

In prison pine with bondage and restraint. And with remembrance of the greater grief, To banish the less, I find my chief relief.

HENRY HOWARD, Earl of Surrey.

THE GOOD LORD CLIFFORD.

Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle upon the Restoration of Lord Clipford, the Shepherd, to the Estates and Honors of his Ancestors.

HIGH in the breathless hall the minstrel sate, And Emont's murmur mingled with the song.

The words of ancient time I thus translate, A festal strain that hath heen silent long. "From town to town, from tower to tower, The red rose is a gladsome flower. Her thirty years of winter past, The red rose is revived at last; She lifts her head for endless spring, For everlasting blossoming: Both roses flourish, red and white, In love and sisterly delight The two that were at strife are blended, And all old troubles now are ended. Joy ! joy to both ! but most to her Who is the flower of Lancaster ! Behold her how she smiles to-day On this great throng, this bright array! Fair greeting doth she send to all From every corner of the Hall; But, chiefly, from above the board Where sits in state our rightful lord, A Clifford to his own restored !

"They came with banner, spear, and shield: And it was proved in Bosworth field. Not long the avenger was withstood— Earth help'd him with the erv of blood St. George was with us, and the might Of blessed angels crown'd the right. Loud voice the land has utter'd forth, We loudest in the faithful north : Our fields rejoice, our mountains ring, Our streams proclaim a welcoming; Our strong abodes and castles see The glory of their loyalty.

"How glad is Skipton at this hour-Though she is but a lonely tower! To vacancy and silence left; Of all her guardian sons bereft-Knight, squire, or yeoman, page or groom : We have them at the feast of Brougham. How glad Pendragon-though the sleep Of years be on her !--She shall reap A taste of this great pleasure, viewing As in a dream her own renewing. Rejoiced is Brough, right glad, I deem, Beside her little humble stream : And she that keepeth watch and ward Her statelier Eden's course to guard ; They both are happy at this hour, Though each is but a lonely tower :---But here is perfect joy and pride For one fair House by Emont's side, This day, distinguish'd without peer. To see her Master, and to cheer Him and and his Lady Mother dear !

"Oh! it was a time forlorn, When the fatherless was born-Give her wings that she may fly, Or she sees her infant die ! Swords that are with slaughter wild Hunt the mother and the child. Who will take them from the light? -Yonder is a man in sight-Yonder is a house-but where? No, they must not enter there. To the caves, and to the brooks, To the clouds of heaven she looks; She is speechless, but her eyes Pray in ghostly agonies. Blissful Mary, mother mild, Maid and mother undefiled. Save a mother and her child!

"Now who is he that bounds with joy On Carrock's side—a Shepherd Boy? No thoughts hath he but thoughts that pass Light as the wind along the grass.

Can this be he who hither came In secret, like a smother'd flame? O'er whom such thankful tears were shed For shelter, and a poor man's bread! God loves the child, and God hath will'd That those dear words should be fulfill'd, The lady's words, when forced away, The last she to her babe did say, ' My own, my own, thy fellow-guest I may not be; hut rest thee, rest, For lowly shepherd's life is best!'

"Alas! when evil men are strong No life is good, no pleasure long. The boy must part from Mosedale's groves And leave Blencathara's rugged coves. And quit the flowers that summer brings To Glenderamakin's lofty springs; Must vanish, and his careless cheer Be turn'd to heaviness and fear. —Give Sir Lancelot Threlkeld praise! Hear it, good man, old in days! Thou free of covert and of rest For this young bird that is distrest; Among the branches safe he lay, And he was free to sport and play When falcons were abroad for prey.

"A recreant harp, that sings of fear And heaviness in Clifford's ear! I said, when evil men are strong, No life is good, no pleasure long,-A weak and cowardly untruth ! Our Clifford was a happy youth, And thankful through a weary time That brought him up to manhood's prime. -Again he wanders forth at will And tends a flock from hill to hill: His garb is humble : ne'er was seen Such garb with such a noble mien : Among the Shepherd-grooms no mate Hath he, a child of strength and state! Yet lacks not friends for solemn glee, And a cheerful company, That learn'd of him submissive ways, And comforted his private days. To his side the fallow-deer Came, and rested without fear; The cagle, lord of land and sea, Stoop'd down to pay him fealty; And both the undying fish that swim Through Bowscale Tarn did wait on him, The pair were servants of his eye In their immortality : They moved about in open sight, To and fro, for his delight. He knew the rocks which angels haunt On the mountains visitant; He hath kenn'd them taking wing: And the caves where faëries sing He hath enter'd ;-and been told By voices how men lived of old. Among the heavens his eye can see Face of thing that is to be; And, if men report him right, He could whisper words of might. -Now another day is come, Fitter hope, and nobler doom : He hath thrown aside his crook, And hath buried deep his book; Armor rusting in his halls On the blood of Clifford calls :--'Quell the Scot,' exclaims the lance-Bear me to the heart of France, Is the longing of the shield-Tell thy name, thou trembling field; Field of death, where'er thou be, Groan thou with our victory ! Happy day, and mighty hour, When our Shepherd, in his power, Mail'd and horsed, with lance and sword, To his ancestors restored, Like a re-appearing star, Like a glory from afar; First shall head the flock of war !"

- Alas! the fervent harper did not know That for a tranquil soul the lay was framed,
- Who, long compell'd in humble walks to go, Was soften'd into feeling, soothed, and tamed.
- Love had he found in huts where poor men lie;
 - His daily teachers had been woods and rills,

The silence that is in the starry sky,

- The sleep that is among the lonely hills.
- In him the savage virtue of the race, Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts were dead :
- Nor did he change; but kept in lofty place
 - The wisdom which adversity had bred.

Glad were the vales, and every cottage hearth;

The Shepherd Lord was honor'd more and more:

And ages after he was laid in earth,

"The good Lord Clifford " was the name he bore.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

INSCRIPTION FOR A STATUE OF CHAUCER AT WOODSTOCK.

- SUCH was old Chaucer: such the placid mien
- Of him who first with harmony inform'd
- The language of our fathers. Here he dwelt For many a cheerful day. These ancient walls
- Have often heard him, while his legends blithe
- He sang; of love, or knighthood, or the wiles
- Of homely life; through each estate and age,

The fashions and the follies of the world

With cunning hand portraying. Though perchance

From Blenheim's towers, O stranger, thou art come

- Glowing with Churchill's trophies; yet in vain
- Dost thou applaud them, if thy breast be cold

To him, this other hero; who in times

Dark and untaught, began with charming verse

- To tame the rudeness of his native land. MARK AKENSIDE,
- TO MISTRESS MARGARET HUSSEY.

MERRY Margaret, As midsummer flower, Gentle as falcon, Or hawk of the tower; With solace and gladness, Much mirth and no madness, All good and no badness; So joyously, So maidenly, So womanly Her demeaning,— In everything Far, far passing 15

That I can indite, Or suffice to write, Of merry Margaret, As midsummer flower, Gentle as falcon Or hawk of the tower; As patient and as still, And as full of good-will. As fair Isiphil, Coliander. Sweet Pomander, Good Cassander: Steadfast of thought, Well made, well wrought; Far may be sought Ere you can find So courteous, so kind, As merry Margaret, This midsummer flower, Gentle as falcon, Or hawk of the tower.

JOHN SEELTON.

EPIGRAM ON SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

THE stars above will make thee known, If man were silent here:

The sun himself cannot forget His fellow-traveller.

BEN JONSON.

AN ODE-TO HIMSELF.

WHERE dost thou careless lie Buried in ease and sloth? Knowledge that sleeps, doth die: And this security,

It is the common moth,

That eats on wits and arts, and so destroys them both.

Are all the Aonian springs Dried up? lies Thespia waste? Doth Clarius' harp want strings, That not a nymph now sings?

Or droop they as disgraced

To see their seats and bowers by chattering pies defaced?

If hence thy silence be, As 'tis too just a cause-

Let this thought quicken thee;

Minds that are great and free

Should not on fortune pause?

'Tis crown enough to virtue still, her own applause.

What though the greedy fry Be taken with false baits Of worded balladry, And think it poesy ? They die with their conceits, And only pitcous scorn upon their folly waits.

Then take in hand thy lyre, Strike in thy proper strain; With Japhet's line aspire Sol's chariot for new fire To give the world again; Who aided him, will thee, the issue of Jove's brain.

And since our dainty age Cannot indure reproof, Make not thyself a page To that strumpet, the stage; But sing high and aloof Safe from the wolf's black jaw, and the dull as's hoof.

BEN JONSON.

Sonnet.

On his Being Arrived to the Age of Twenty-three.

- How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
 - Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year !

My hasting days fly on with full career, But my late spring no bud or blossom show'th.

Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,

That I to manhood am arrived so near; And inward ripeness doth much less ap-

pear That some more timely-happy spirits en-

du'th.

Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,

It shall be still in strictest measure even To that same lot, however mean or high,

Toward which Time leads me, and the will of heaven :

All is, if I have grace to use it so, As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

JOHN MILTON.

EPITAPH ON A LIVING AUTHOR.

HERE, passenger, beneath this shed, Lies Cowley, tho' entomb'd, not dead; Yet freed from human toil and strife, And all th' impertinence of life.

Who in his poverty is neat, And even in retirement great. With Gold, the people's idol, he Holds endless war and enmity.

Can you not say, he has resigned His breath, to this small cell confined? With this small mansion let him have The rest and silence of the grave:

Strew roses here as on his hearse, And reckon this his funeral verse: With wreaths of fragrant herbs adorn The yet surviving poet's urn.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

ON MY DEAR SON, GERVASE BEAU-MONT.

CAN I, who have for others oft compiled

The songs of death, forget my sweetest child,

- Which like a flower crushed with a blast is dead,
- And ere full time hangs down his smiling head,

Expecting with clear hope to live anew,

Among the angels fed with heavenly dew? We have this sign of joy, that many days,

While on the earth his struggling spirit stays,

The name of Jesus in his mouth contains

His only food, his sleep, his ease from pains.

Oh, may that sound be rooted in my mind, Of which in him such strong effect I find !

Dear Lord, receive my son, whose winning love

To me was like a friendship, far above

The course of nature or his tender age;

Whose looks could all my bitter griefs assuage :

Let his pure soul—ordain'd seven years to be

In that frail body, which was part of me-

PERSONAL POEMS. 227	
Remain my pledge in heaven, as sent to show How to this port at every step I go. SIR JOHN EEAUMONT. AN EPITAPH UPON THE RIGHT	Great gifts and wisedom rare imployd thee thence, To treat from kings with those more great than kings; Such hope men had to lay the highest things
HONOURABLE SIR PHILLIP SIDNEY.	On thy wise youth, to be transported hence.
To praise thy life, or waile thy worthie death, And want thy wit, thy wit high, pure, divine, Is far beyond the powre of mortall line, Nor any one hath worth that draweth breath.	 Whence to sharpe wars sweet honor did thee call, Thy countries love, religion, and thy friends: Of worthy men the marks, the lives, and ends, And her defence, for whom we labor all.
Yet rich in zeale, though poore in learn- ings lore, And friendly care obscurde in secret brest, And love that envie in thy life supprest, Thy deere life done, and death hath doubled more.	There didst thou vanquish shame and tedious age, Griefe, sorrow, sicknes, and base fortunes might: Thy rising day saw never wofull night, But past with praise from off this worldly
And I, that in thy time and living state,Did onely praise thy vertues in my thought,As one that feeld the rising sun hath songht,With words and teares now waile thy timelesse fate.	stage. Back to the campe, by thee that day was brought, First thine owne death, and after thy long fame; Teares to the soldiers, the proud Castil- ians shame,
Drawne was thy race aright from princely line, Nor lesse than such (by gifts that nature	Vertue exprest, and honor truly taught. What hath he lost that such great grace
gave, The common mother that all creatures have)	hath won ? Yoong yeeres for endless yeeres, and hope unsure Of fortunes gifts for wealth that still
Doth vertne shew, and princely linage shine. A king gave thee thy name: a kingly minde That God thee gave; who found it now too deere For this base world, and hath resumde it neere, To sit in skies, and sort with powres divine.	shall dure : Oh, happie race with so great praises run ! England doth hold thy lims that bred the same, Flaunders thy valure where it last was tried,
Kent thy birth daies, and Oxford held thy youth; The heavens made hast, and staid nor yeers, nor time: The fruits of age grew ripe in thy first prime;	The campe thy sorrow where thy bodie died, Thy friends thy want; the world thy ver- tues fame : Nations thy wit, our mindes lay up thy love;
Thy will, thy words; thy words the seales of truth.	Letters thy learning, thy losse yeeres long to come:

- In worthy harts sorrow hath made thy tombe;
- Thy soule and spright enrich the heavens above.
- Thy liberall hart imbalmd in gratefull teares,
 - Yoong sighes, sweet sighes, sage sighes, bewaile thy fall;
 - Envie her sting, and Spite hath left her gall,
- Malice her selfe a mourning garment weares.
- That day their Hanniball died, our Scipio fell!

Scipio, Cicero, and Petrarch of our time! Whose vertues, wounded by my worthlesse rime,

Let Angels speake, and heaven thy praises tell.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

LAMENT FOR ASTROPHEL. (SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.)

You knew,—who knew not Astrophel? That I should live to say I knew, And have not in possession still!— Things known permit me to renew. Of him you know his merit such I cannot say—you hear—too much.

Within these woods of Arcady He chief delight and pleasure took; And on the mountain Partheny,

Upon the crystal liquid brook, The Muses met him every day,— Taught him to sing, and write, and say.

When he descended down the mount His personage seem'd most divine;

A thousand graces one might countUpon his lovely, cheerful eyne.To hear him speak, and see him smile,You were in Paradise the while.

A sweet, attractive kind of grace; A full assurance given by looks; Continual comfort in a face; The lineaments of gospel books: I trow that countenance cannot lie

Whose thoughts are legible in the eye.

Above all others this is he Who erst approved in his song, That love and honor might agree,

And that pure love will do no wrong. Sweet saints, it is no sin or blame To love a man of virtuous name.

Did never love so sweetly breathe In any mortal breast before :

Did never muse inspire beneath A poet's brain with finer store.

He wrote of love with high conceit And beauty rear'd above her height. MATHEW ROYDON.

LINES.

WRITTEN THE NIGHT BEFORE HIS EXE-CUTION.

E'EN such is time; which takes on trust Our youth, our joys, our all we have,

And pays us but with earth and dust; Which in the dark and silent grave, When we have wander'd all our ways, Shuts up the story of our days: But from this earth, this grave, this dust, My God shall raise me up, I trust. Sir Wattree RALEIGH.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BE-LOVED, THE AUTHOR, MR. WIL-LIAN SHAKESPEARE, AND WHAT HE HATH LEFT US.

To draw no envy (Shakespeare) on thy name,

Am I thus ample to thy book, and fame; While I confess thy writings to be such,

As neither man, nor muse, can praise too much;

'Tis true, and all men's suffrage; but these ways

Were not the path I meant unto thy praise: For seeliest ignorance on these may light,

Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right,

Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance The trnth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;

Or crafty malice might pretend this praise, And think to ruin, where it seem'd to raise:

These are, as some infamous bawd, or	Nature herself was proud of his designs,
whore,	And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines:
Should praise a matron: what could hurt her more?	Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
But thou art proof against them; and, in- deed,	As since she will vouchsafe no other wit. The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Above th' ill fortune of them, or the need.	Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not
I therefore will begin :-Soul of the age,	please;
The applause, delight, the wonder of our	But antiquated and deserted lie,
stage,	As they were not of Nature's family.
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge	Yet must I not give Nature all; thy art,
thee by Changes of Strengers of hid Recomment lie	My gentle Shakespeare, must eujoy a part:
Chaucer, or Spenser; or bid Beaumont lie A little further, to make thee a room;	For though the poet's matter nature be, His art doth give the fashion; and that
Thou art a monument without a tomb;	he.
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,	Who casts to write a living line, must
And we have wits to read, and praise to	sweat
give.	(Such as thine are), and strike the second
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses;	heat
I mean, with great but disproportion'd	Upon the muses' anvil; turn the same
muses:	(And himself with it) that he thinks to
For, if I thought my judgment were of	frame;
years,	Or for the laurel he may gain a scorn,
I should commit thee surely with thy	For a good poet's made as well as born :
peers;	And such wert thou. Look, how the fa-
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly out-	ther's face
shine,	Lives in his issue; even so the race
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line :	Of Shakespeare's mind, and manners,
And though thou hadst small Latin, and less Greek,	brightly shines In his well-turnèd and true-filed lines;
From thence to honor thee, I would not	In each of which he seems to shake a
seek	lance,
For names; but call forth thundering	As brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance.
Æschylus,	Sweet Swan of Avon, what a sight it
Euripides, and Sophocles, to us,	were,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,	To see thee in our water yet appear;
To live again, to hear thy buskin tread	And make those flights upon the banks of
And shake a stage; or, when thy socks were	Thames,
on,	That so did take Eliza, and our James.
Leave thee alone, for the comparison	But stay; I see thee in the hemisphere
Of all that insolent Greece, or haughty	Advanced, and made a constellation
Rome,	there:
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.	Shine forth, thou star of poets; and with
Triumph, my Britain! thou hast one to	rage, Or influence, chide, or cheer, the drooping
show.	stage;
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.	Which, since thy flight from hence, hath
He was not of an age, but for all time;	mourn'd like night,
And all the muses still were in their	And despairs day, but for thy volume's
prime,	light.
When like Apollo he came forth to warm	BEN JONSON.
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm.	+>+

Fierce from the frozen north, AN EPITAPH ON THE ADMIRABLE When Havoc led his legions forth, DRAMATIC POET, W. SHAKESPEARE, O'er Learning's sunny groves the dark de-WHAT need my Shakespeare for his stroyers spread : honour'd bones, In dust the sacred statue slept, The labour of an age in piled stones; Fair Science round her altars wept, Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid And Wisdom cowl'd his head. Under a star-ypointed pyramid? Dear son of memory, great heir of fame, At length, Olympian lord of moru, What need'st thou such dull witness of thy The rayen veil of night was torn, name? When, through golden clouds descending, Thou, in our wonder and astonishment, Thou didst hold thy radiant flight, Hast built thyself a lasting monument : O'er Nature's lovely pageant bending, For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeav-Till Avon roll'd, all sparkling, to thy ouring art, sight! Thy easy numbers flow; and that each part There, on its bank, beneath the mul-Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued berry's shade, book, Wrapp'd in young dreams, a wild-eyed Those Delphic lines with deep impression minstrel stray'd. took: Lighting there and lingering long, Then thou, our fancy of herself bereaving. Thou didst teach the bard his song; Dost make us marble with too much con-Thy fingers strung his sleeping shell, ceiving; And round his brows a garland curl'd; And, so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie, On his lips thy spirit fell, That kings for such a tomb would wish to And bid him wake and warm the world. die. JOHN MILTON. Then Shakespeare rose! Across the trembling strings LINES ON THE PORTRAIT OF His daring hand he flings, SHAKESPEARE. And lo! a new creation glows! THIS figure, that thou here seest put, There, clustering round, submissive to his It was for gentle Shakespeare cut; will. Wherein the Graver had a strife Fate's vassal train his high commands

fulfil.—

Madness, with his frightful scream, Vengeance, leaning on his lance, Avarice, with his blade and beam, Hatred, blasting with a glance, Remorse that weeps, and Rage that roars, And Jealousy that dotes, but dooms and

And Jealousy that dotes, but dooms and murders, yet adores.

Mirth, his face with sunbeams lit, Waking laughter's merry swell, Arm in arm with fresh-eyed Wit,

That waves his tingling lash, while Folly shakes his bell.

Despair, that haunts the gurgling stream, Kiss'd by the virgin moon's cold beam,

BEN JONSON. SHAKESPEARE ODE. GOD of the glorious Lyre Whose notes of old on lofty Pindus rang, While Jove's exulting choir

With Nature to outdo the life:

Oh, could he but have drawn his wit As well in brass, as he hath hit

But since he cannot, Reader, look

Not at his picture, but his book.

His face; the Print would then surpass All that was ever writ in brass.

Caught the glad echoes and responsive sang,-

Come! bless the service and the shrine We consecrate to thee and thine.

Where some lost maid wild chaplets wreathes, And swan-like, there her own dirge breathes,	With pictur'd Folly gazing fools to shame, And guide young Glory's foot along the path of fame.
Then, broken-hearted, sinks to rest, Beneath the bubbling wave that shrouds her maniae breast.	Lo! hand in hand, Hell's juggling sisters stand, To greet their victim from the fight; Group'd on the blasted heath,
Young Love, with eye of tender gloom, Now drooping o'er the hallow'd tomb Where his plighted victims lie,— Where they met, but met to die;	They tempt him to the work of death, Then melt in air, and mock his wondering sight.
And now, when crimson buds are sleep- ing,	In midnight's hallow'd hour He seeks the fatal tower,
Through the dewy arbor peeping, Where Beauty's child, the frowning world forgot,	Where the lone raven, perch'd on high, Pours to the sullen gale Her hoarse, prophetic wail,
To Youth's devoted tale is listening, Rapture on her dark lash glistening, While fairies leave their cowslip cells and	And croaks the dreadful moment nigh. See, by the phantom dagger led, Pale, guilty thing !
guard the happy spot.	Slowly he steals, with silent tread, And grasps his coward steel to smite his sleeping king!
Thus rise the phantom throng, Obedient to their Master's song, And lead in willing chains the wonder-	Hark! 'tis the signal bell,
ing soul along. For other worlds war's Great One sigh'd	Struck by that bold and unsex'd one Whose milk is gall, whose heart is stone;
in vain,— O'er other worlds see Shakespeare rove and reign!	His ear hath caught the knell,— 'Tis done! 'tis done! Behold him from the chamber rushing
The rapt magician of his own wild lay, Earth and her tribes his mystic wand	Where his dead monarch's blood is gush- ing ! Look where he trembling stands,
obey. Old Ocean trembles, Thunder cracks the skies,	Sad gazing there, Life's smoking crimson on his hands,
Air teems with shapes, and tell-tale spectres rise; Night's paltering hags their fearful orgies	And in his felon heart the worm of wild despair!
keep, And faithless Guilt unseals the lip of	Mark the sceptred traitor slumbering! There flit the slaves of conscience round,
Sleep ; Time yields his trophies up, and Death restores	With boding tongue foul murders num- bering; Sleep's leaden portals catch the sound.
The moulder'd victims of his voiceless shores. The fireside legend and the faded page,	In his dream of blood for mercy quaking, At his own dull scream behold him wak- ing!
The crime that cursed, the deed that bless'd an age,	Soon that dream to fate shall turn : For him the living furies burn ;
All, all come forth,—the good to charm and cheer,To scourge bold Vice, and start the gen-	For him the vulture sits on yonder misty peak, 'And chides the lagging night, and whets
erous tear;	her hungry beak.

Hark ! the trumpet's warning breath	That throne is cold—that lyre in death
Echoes round the vale of death.	unstrung
Unhorsed, unhelm'd, disdaining shield,	On whose proud note delighted Wonder
The panting tyrant scours the field.	hung.
Vengeance! he meets thy dooming blade!	Yet old Oblivion, as in wrath he sweeps,
The scourge of earth, the scorn of Heaven,	One spot shall spare,-the grave where
He falls! unwept and unforgiven,	Shakespeare sleeps.
And all his guilty glories fade.	Rulers and ruled in common gloom may lic,
Like a crush'd reptile in the dust he lies,	But Nature's laureate bards shall never
And Hate's last lightning quivers from his	die.
eyes!	Art's chisell'd hoast and Glory's trophied shore
Behold yon crownless king,—	Must live in numbers, or can live no more.
Yon white-lock'd, weeping sire,-	While sculptured Jove some nameless
Where heaven's unpillar'd chambers ring,	waste may claim,
And burst their streams of flood and fire !	Still rolls the Olympic car in Pindar's
He gave them all,-the daughters of his	fame;
love :	Troy's doubtful walls in ashes pass'd away,
That recreant pair! they drive him forth	Yet frown on Greece in Homer's deathless
to rove	
In such a night of woe,	lay;
The cubless regent of the wood	Rome, slowly sinking in her crumbling
Forgets to bathe her fangs in blood,	fanes, Stands all immortal in her Maro's strains;
And caverns with her foe!	So, too, yon giant empress of the isles,
Yet one was ever kind ;	On whose broad sway the sun for ever
Why lingers she behind?	smiles.
Oh pity !- view him by her dead form	To Time's unsparing rage one day must
kneeling	hend,
Even in wild frenzy holy nature feeling.	And all her triumphs in her Shakespeare
His aching eyeballs strain	end!
To see those curtain'd orbs unfold,	end:
That beauteous bosom heave again;	O Thou! to whose creative power
But all is dark and cold.	We dedicate the festal hour,
In agony the father shakes;	While Grace and Goodness round the altar
Grief's choking note	stand,
Swells in his throat,	Learning's anointed train, and Beauty's
Each wither'd heartstring tugs and breaks!	rose-lipp'd band—
Round her pale ncck his dying arms he	Realms yet unborn, in accents now un-
wreathes,	known,
And ou her marble lips his last, his death-	Thy song shall learn, and bless it for their
kiss breathes.	own.
	0.01.
Down, trembling wing !-shall insect weak-	
ness keep	Deep in the West, as Independence roves,
The sun-defying eagle's sweep?	His banners planting round the land he
A mortal strike celestial strings,	loves,
And feebly echo what a seraph sings?	Where Nature sleeps in Eden's infant
Who now shall grace the glowing throne	grace,
Where, all unrivall'd, all alone,	In Time's full hour shall spring a glorious
Bold Shakespeare sat, and look'd creation	race.
through,	Thy name, thy verse, thy language, shall
The minstrel monarch of the worlds he	they bear,
drew?	And deck for thee the vaulted temple there.

Our Roman-hearted fathers broke

Thy parent empire's galling yoke;

But thou, harmonious master of the mind, Around their sons a gentler chain shalt bind :

Once more in thee shall Albion's sceptre wave,

And what her monarch lost her Monarch-Bard shall save.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

EPITAPH ON ELIZABETH L. H.

WOULDST thou heare what man can say In a little?---reader, stay ! Underneath this stone doth lye As much beauty as could dye; Which in life did harbor give To more vertue than doth live. If at all she had a fault, Leave it buried in this vault. One name was Elizabeth---Th' other, let it sleep with death : Fitter, where it dyed to tell, Than that it lived at all. Farewell ! BEN JONSON.

EPITAPH ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

UNDERNEATH this sable hearse Lies the subject of all verse, Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother; Death! ere thou hast slain another, Learn'd and fair and good as she, Time shall throw a dart at thee.

BEN JONSON.

TO VINCENT CORBET, MY SON.

WHAT I shall leave thee, none can tell, But all shall say I wish thee well. I wish thee, Vin, before all wealth, Both bodily and ghostly health; Nor too much wealth nor wit come to thee, So much of either may undo thee. I wish thee learning not for show, Enough for to instruct and know; Not such as gentlemen require To prate at table or at fire. I wish thee all thy mother's graces, Thy father's fortunes and his places. I wish thee friends, and one at court, Not to build on, but support; To keep thee not in doing many Oppressions, but from suffering any. I wish thee peace in all thy ways, Nor lazy nor contentious days; And, when thy soul and body part, As innocent as now thou art.

ON LUCY, COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

THIS morning, timely rapt with holy fire, I thought to form unto my zealous Muse,

- What kind of creature I could most desire, To honor, serve, and love: as poets use.
- I meant to make her fair, and free, and wise,
 - Of greatest blood, and yet more good than great;
- I meant the day-star should not brighter rise,
 - Nor lend like influence from his lucent seat.
- I meant she should be courteous, facile, sweet,
 - Hating that solemn vice of greatness, pride;
- I meant each softest virtue there should meet,

Fit in that softer bosom to reside.

Only a learned and a manly soul

- I purposed her; that should, with even powers,
- The rock, the spindle, and the shears control
 - Of Destiny, and spin her own free hours.
- Such when I meant to feign, and wish'd to see,
- My Muse bade, Bedford write, and that was she.

BEN JONSON.

OF MYSELF.

THIS only grant me, that my means may lie

- Too low for envy, for contempt too high. Some honor I would have,
- Not from great deeds, but good alone;

The unknown are better than ill known: Rumor can ope the grave.

- Acquaintance I would have, but when 't depends
- Not on the number, but the choice, of friends.
- Books should, not business, entertain the light,
- And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, the night.
 - My house a cottage more
- Than palace; and should fitting be

For all my use, no luxury.

My garden painted o'er

- With Nature's hand, not Art's; and pleasures yield,
- Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space; For he that runs it well twice runs his race.

And in this true delight,

These unbought sports, this happy state, I would not fear, nor wish, my fate;

But boldly say each night,

To-morrow let my sun his beams display,

Or in clouds hide them; I have lived today.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

SONNET.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL.

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud

Not of war only, but detractions rude,

Guided by faith and matchless fortitude, To peace and truth thy glorious way hast

- plough'd And on the neck of crownèd fortune proud
- Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his work pursued,
 - While Darwen stream with blood of Scots imbrued,
 - And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
- And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much remains
 - To conquer still; peace hath her victories
 - No less renown'd thau war. New foes arise

Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains:

- Help us to save free conscience from the paw
- Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

JOHN MILTON.

Sonnet.

TO CYRIAC SKINNER.

CYRIAC, this three years day these eyes, tho' clear

To outward view of blemish or of spot, Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot; Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear

Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,

Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not

- Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
- Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
- Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
 - The conscience, friend, t' have lost them overplied

In liberty's defence, my noble task,

Of which all Europe rings from side to side.

This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask.

Content though blind, had I no better guide.

JOHN MILTON.

Sonnet

On his Blindness.

- WHEN I consider how my light is spent, Ere half my days in this dark world and wide.
 - And that one talent which is death to hide,
- Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present My true account, lest He returning chide;

"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied ?"

I fondly ask : but Patience, to prevent

- That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
- Either man's work or his own gifts : who best

PERSONAL POEMS	S.
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Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed, And post o'er land and ocean without rest; They also serve who only stand and wait." JOHN MILTON.	It is noth When heaven is eyes, When airs from F The earth In a pure
MILTON'S PRAYER OF PATIENCE. I AM old and blind ! Men point at me as smitten by God's frown; Afflicted and deserted of my kind, Yet am I not cast down. I am weak, yet strong; I murmur not that I no longer see; Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong, Father Supreme! to Thee.	My being fills w thought Roll in upon my s Break ov Give me I feel the stirrings Within my bosom Lit by no
All-merciful One ! Mhen men are furthest, then art Thou most near; When friends pass by, my weaknesses to shun, Thy chariot I hear.	DAUGHTER to the dent Of England's C Who lived in H or fee, And left them bo tent,
Thy glorious face Is leaning toward me; and its holy light Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,— And there is no more night. On my bended knee I recognize Thy purpose clearly shown: My vision Thou hast dinm'd, that I may see Thyself,—Thyself alone. I have naught to fear;	Till the sad break Broke him, as t At Chæronea, fa Kill'd with report Though later born days Wherein your you, Madam, meth So well your word
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing; Beneath it I am almost sacred; here Can come no evil thing. Oh, I seem to stand Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath	That all both ju true, And to possess - L
been, Wrapp'd in that radiance from the sinless land, Which eye hath never seen ! Visions come and go : Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng; From angel lips I seem to hear the flow Of soft and holy song.	YET once more, more Ye myrtles brown I come to pluck crude, And with forced f Shatter your leav year. Bitter constraint,
or our and norf song.	more constraint,

ning now,

opening on my sightless

Paradise refresh my brow, h in darkness lies.

er clime

with rapture,---waves of

spirit,--strains sublime er me unsought.

now my lyre!

s of a gift divine : glows unearthly fire, skill of mine. ELIZABETH LLOYD HOWELL.

Y MARGARET LEY.

at good earl, once Presi-

ouncil, and her Treasury, ooth, unstain'd with gold

th, more in himself con-

ing of that Parliament hat dishonest victory atal to liberty,

that old man eloquent.

than to have known the

father flourish'd, yet by

inks I see him living yet;

s his noble virtues praise, udge you to relate them

s them, honor'd Margaret. JOHN MILTON.

YCIDAS.

O ye laurels, and once

, with ivy never sere,

your berries harsh and

ingers rude

- es before the mellowing
- and sad occasion dear.

Compels me to disturb your season due;	The willows, and the hazel copses green,
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,	Shall now no more be seen,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his	Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft
peer.	lays.
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he	As killing as the canker to the rose,
knew	Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that
Himself to sing, and build the lofty	graze,
rhyme.	Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe
He must not float upon his watery bier	wear,
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,	When first the white-thorn blows;
Without the meed of some melodious tear.	Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds' ear.
Begin then, sisters of the sacred well,	Where were ye, nymphs, when the re-
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth	morseless deep
spring,	Closed o'er the head of your loved Ly-
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the	cidas?
string.	For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse;	Where your old hards, the famous druids,
So may some gentle muse	lie,
With lucky words favor my destined urn,	Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
And as he passes turn,	Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.	stream.
For we were nursed upon the self-same	Ay me! I fondly dream!
hill,	Had ye been there, for what could that
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade,	have done?
and rill.	What could the muse herself that Orpheus
Together hoth, ere the high lawns ap-	hore,
pear'd	The muse herself for her enchanting son,
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,	Whom universal Nature did lament,
We drove a-field, and both together heard	When, by the rout that made the hideous
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry	roar,
horn,	His gory vision down the stream was sent,
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews	Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian
of night	shore?
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright	Alas! what boots it with incessant care
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his	To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's
west'ring wheel.	trade,
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,	And strictly meditate the thankless muse?
Temper'd to th' oaten flute;	Were it not better done, as others use,
Rough satyrs danced and fauns with cloven	To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
heel	Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
From the glad song would not be absent	Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth
long,	raise
And old Damætus loved to hear our song.	(That last infirmity of noble mind)
But oh, the heavy change, now thou art	To scorn delights and live laborious days;
gone-	But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
5	And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Now thou art gone, and never must re-	
turn! They shapped they the woods, and desert.	Comes the blind fury with th' abhorrèd
Thee, shepherd, thee the woods, and desert	shears,
caves,	And slits the thin-spun life. But not the
With wild thyme and the gadding vine	praise,
o'ergrown,	Phœbus replied, and touch'd my tremb-
And all their echoes, mourn;	1
	ling ears;

e

Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,	How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Nor in the glistering foil	Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumor	Creep, and intrude, and climb into the
lies :	fold?
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure	Of other care they little reckoning make,
eves	Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;	And shove away the worthy bidden gnest;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,	Blind mouths! that scarce themselves
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy	know how to hold
meed.	A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else
O fountain Arethuse, and thou honor'd	the least
flood,	That to the faithful herdsman's art be-
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with	longs !
vocal reeds,	What recks it them ? what need they ? they
That strain I heard was of a higher mood;	are sped;
But now my oat proceeds,	And when they list, their lean and flashy
And listens to the herald of the sea	songs
That came in Neptune's plea;	Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched
He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon	straw;
winds,	The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle	But swoln with wind and the rank mist
swain?	they draw,
And question'd every gust of rugged	Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
wings	Besides what the grim wolf with privy
That blows from off each beaked promon-	paw
tory:	Daily devours apace, and nothing said;
They knew not of his story;	But that two-handed engine at the door
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,	Stands ready to smite once, and smite no
That not a blast was from his dungeon	more.
stray'd;	Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
The air was calm, and on the level brine	That shrunk thy streams : return, Sicilian
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.	muse,
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,	And call the vales, and bid them hither
Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses	cast
dark, That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.	Their bells, and flow'rets of a thousand
Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing	hues.
slow,	Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,	Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the	brooks,
edge	On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparely
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed	looks,
with woe.	Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd
Ah! who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest	eyes,
pledge?	That on the green turf suck the honey'd
Last came, and last did go,	showers,
The pilot of the Galilean Lake;	And purple all the ground with vernal
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain	flowers,
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain);	Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken
He shook his mitred locks, and stern be-	dies,
spake:	The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,

The white pink, and the pansy freak'd	There entertain him all the saints above,
with jet,	In solemn troops and sweet societies,
The glowing violet,	That sing, and singing in their glory move.
The musk-rose, and the well-attired wood-	And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
bine,	Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive	more;
head,	Henceforth thou art the Genius of the
And every flower that sad embroidery	shore,
wears;	In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,	To all that wander in that perilous flood.
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,	Thus sang the uncouth swain to th' oaks
To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid lies.	and rills,
For so to interpose a little ease,	While the still moru went out with sandals
Let our frail thoughts dally with false sur-	gray;
mise.	He touch'd the tender stops of various
Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sound-	quills,
ing seas	
	With eager thought warbling his Doric
Wash far away where'er thy bones are	lay.
hurl'd,	And now the sun had stretch'd out all
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,	the hills,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming	And now was dropt into the western bay;
tide	At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;	blue :
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,	To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,	JOHN MILTON.
Where the great vision of the guarded	
mount	AN HORATIAN ODE.
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's	Upon Cromwell's Return from Ire-
hold;	LAND.
Look homeward angel now, and melt with	THE forward youth that would appear,
ruth !	Must now forsake his Muses dear,
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless	
youth !	Nor in the shadows sing
Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep	His numbers languishing.
no more!	'Tis time to leave the books in dust,
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,	And oil the unused armor's rust,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery	Removing from the wall
floor.	The corslet of the hall.
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,	The consist of the nam.
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,	So restless Cromwell could not cease
And tricks his beams, and with new-	In the inglorious arts of peace,
spangled ore	But through adventurous war
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky;	Urgèd his active star :
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,	
	And like the three-fork'd lightning first,
Through the dear might of Him that	Breaking the clouds where it was nurst,
walk'd the waves,	Did thorough his own side
Where, other groves and other streams	His fiery way divide;
along,	
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,	
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,	For 'tis all one to courage high,
	For 'tis all one to courage high, The emulous, or enemy;
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.	

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Then burning through the air he went, And palaces and temples rent, And Cæsar's head at last Did through his laurels blast.

'Tis madness to resist or blame The face of angry Heaven's flame, And if we would speak true, Much to the Man is due

Who, from his private gardens, where He lived reserved and austere (As if his highest plot To plant the bergamot),

Could by industrious valor climb To ruin the great work of time, And cast the Kingdoms old Into another mould.

Though Justice against Fate complain, And plead the ancient rights in vain— But those do hold or break As men are strong or weak.

Nature, that hateth emptiness, Allows of penetration less, And therefore must make room Where greater spirits come.

What field of all the civil war Where his were not the deepest scar? And Hampton shows what part He had of wiscr art,

Where, twining subtle fears with hope, He wove a net of such a scope That Charles himself might chase To Carisbrook's narrow case;

That thence the royal actor borne The tragic scaffold might adorn, While round the armèd bands Did clap their bloody hands;

He nothing common did or mean Upon that memorable scene, But with his keener eye The axe's edge did try;

Nor call'd the gods, with vulgar spite, To vindicate his helpless right, But bow'd his comely head Down, as upon a bed. This was that memorable hour Which first assured the forced power, So when they did design The Capitol's first line,

A bleeding head, where they begun, Did fright the architects to run; And yet in that the State Foresaw its happy fate!

And now the Irish are ashamed To see themselves in one year tamed; So much one man can do That does both act and know.

They can affirm his praises best, And have, though overcome, confest How good he is, how just, And fit for highest trust;

Nor yet grown stiffer with command, But still in the Republic's hand— How fit he is to sway That can so well obey!

He to the Commons' feet presents A Kingdom for his first year's rents, And (what he may) forbears His fame, to make it theirs;

And has his sword and spoils ungirt, To lay them at the public's skirt. So when the falcon high Falls heavy from the sky,

She, having kill'd, no more does search But on the next green bough to perch, Where, when he first does lure, The falconer has her sure.

What may not then our Isle presume While victory his crest does plume? What may not others fear If thus he crowns each year?

As Cæsar he, ere long, to Gaul, To Italy an Hannibal, And to all states not free Shall climacteric be.

The Pict no shelter now shall find Within his parti-color'd mind, But from this valor, sad Shrink underneath the plaid-

Happy if in the tufted brake The English hunter him mistake, Nor lay his hounds in near The Caledonian deer.

But thou, the War's and Fortune's son, March indefatigably on, And for the last effect Still keep the sword erect.

Besides the force it has to fright The spirits of the shady night, The same arts that did gain A power, must it maintain. ANDREW MARVELL.

THE PICTURE OF T. C.

IN A PROSPECT OF FLOWERS. SEE with what simplicity This nymph begins her golden days!

In the green grass she loves to lie, And there with her fair aspect tames The wilder flowers, and gives them names;

But only with the roses plays, And them does tell

What color best becomes them, and what smell.

Who can foretell for what high cause This darling of the gods was born?

See! this is she whose chaster laws The wanton Love shall one day fear, And, under her command severe, See his bow broke and ensigns torn. Happy who can

Appease this virtuous enemy of man !

Oh, then let me in time compound And parley with those conquering eyes,— Ere they have tried their force to wound,

Ere with their glancing wheels they drive

In triumph over hearts that strive, And them that yield but more despise: Let me be laid

Where I may see the glory from some shade.

Meanwhile, whilst every verdant thing Itself does at thy beauty charm, Reform the errors of the spring:

Make that the tulips may have share Of sweetness, seeing they are fair; And roses of their thorns disarm; But most procure That violets may a longer age endure.

But, O young beauty of the woods, Whom Nature courts with fruit and flowers,

Gather the flowers, but spare the buds, Lest Flora, angry at thy crime

To kill her infants in their prime,

Should quickly make the example yours;

And, ere we see,

Nip in the blossom all our hopes in thee. ANDREW MARVELL.

LINES WRITTEN UNDER THE PIC-TURE OF JOHN MILTON,

BEFORE HIS "PARADISE LOST."

THREE Poets, in three distant ages born, Greece, Italy, and England did adorn. The first in loftiness of ,thought surpass'd;

The next in majesty; in both the last. The force of Nature could no further go; To make a third, she joined the former two. Jour DENDER.

SONNET.

To MILTON.

MILTON ! thou shouldst be living at this hour :

England hath need of thee: she is a fen Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,

Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,

Have forfeited their ancient English dower

Of inward happiness. We are selfish men:

- Oh raise us up, return to us again ;
- And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power!
- Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart; Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
 - Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,

So didst thou travel on life's common way In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart

The lowliest duties on herself did lay. WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

LOYALTY CONFINED.	So he that struck at Jason's life,
BEAT on, proud billows; Boreas blow;	Thinking t' have made his purpose sure,
Swell, curlèd waves, high as Jove's roof:	By a malicious friendly knife
Your incivility doth show,	Did only wound him to a cure: Malice, I see, wants wit; for what is meant
That innocence is tempest proof;	Mance, I see, wants wit, for what is incant Mischief, oft-times proves favour by th'
Though surly Nereus frown, my thoughts	event.
are calm;	
Then strike, Affliction, for thy wounds are	When once my prince affliction hath,
halm.	Prosperity doth treason seem;
That which the world miscalls a jail,	And to make smooth so rough a path,
A private closet is to me:	I can learn patiènce from him : Now not to suffer shows no loyal heart,
Whilst a good conscience is my bail,	When kings want ease subjects must bear
And innocence my liberty:	a part.
Locks, bars, and solitude, together met,	
Make me no prisoner, but an anchoret.	What though I cannot see my king
I, whilst I wisht to be retired,	Neither in person nor in coin;
Into this private room was turn'd;	Yet contemplation is a thing
As if their wisdoms had conspired	That renders what I have not, mine: My king from me what adamant can part,
The salamander should be burn'd:	Whom I do wear engraven on my heart!
Or like those sophists, that would drown a	Whom I do wear engraven on my nearer
fish,	Have you not seen the nightingale,
I am constrain'd to suffer what I wish.	A prisoner like, coopt in a cage,
The cynick loves his poverty:	How doth she chaunt her wonted tale,
The pelican her wilderness;	In that her narrow hermitage!
And 'tis the Indian's pride to be	Even then her charming melody doth
Naked on frozen Caucasus:	prove, That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove.
Contentment cannot smart, Stoicks we see	That an net bars are trees, net cage a grove.
Make torments easie to their apathy.	I am that bird, whom they combine
These manacles upon my arm	Thus to deprive of liberty;
I, as my mistress' favours, wear;	But though they do my corps confine,
And for to keep my ankles warm,	Yet maugre hate, my soul is free; And though immured, yet can I chirp, and
I have some iron shackles there:	sing
These walls are but my garrison; this cell, Which men call jail, doth prove my cit-	Disgrace to rebels, glory to my king.
adel.	Disgrace to reactify group to my marge
	My soul is free, as ambient air,
I'm in the cabinet lockt up,	Although my baser part's immew'd,
Like some high-prized margarite,	Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair
Or, like the great mogul or pope, Am cloyster'd up from publick sight:	T' accompany my solitude: Although rebellion do my body binde,
Retiredness is a piece of majesty,	My king alone can captivate my minde.
And thus, proud sultan, I'm as great as	SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE.
thee.	
	EDITADIL EVERTIDODE
Here sin for want of food must starve,	EPITAPH EXTEMPORE.
Where tempting objects are not seen!	NOBLES and heralds, by your leave,
And these strong walls do only serve To keep vice out, and keep me in :	Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,
Malice of late's grown charitable, sure,	The son of Adam and of Eve;
I'm not committed, but am kept secure.	Can Stuart or Nassau claim higher? MATTHEW PRIOR.
16	,

PROLOGUE TO MR. ADDISON'S TRAGEDY OF "CATO."

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,

To raise the genius, and to mend the heart, To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,

- Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
- For this the tragic Muse first trod the stage,
- Commanding tears to stream through every age;

Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,

And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.

Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move

The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;

In pitying love, we but our weakness show, And wild ambition well deserves its woe.

Here tears shall flow from a more generrous cause,

Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:

He bids your breasts with ancient ardor rise,

And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.

Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,

What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was:

No common object to your sight displays, But what with pleasure Heaven itself surveys,

A brave man struggling in the storms of fate.

And greatly falling, with a falling state.

While Cato gives his little senate laws,

What bosom beats not in his country's cause?

Who sees him act, but envies every deed?

- Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
- Even when proud Cæsar, 'midst triumphal cars,
- The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
- Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
- Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state;

As her dead father's reverend image pass'd

The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ereast;

- The triumph ceased, tears gush'd from every eye;
- The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by;
- Her last good man dejected Rome adored,
- And honor'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.
- Britons, attend: be worth like this approved,
- And show you have the virtue to be moved.
- With honest scorn the first famed Cato view'd
- Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdued;
- Your scene precariously subsists too long
- On French translation, and Italian song.
- Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage,
- Be justly warm'd with your own native rage:
- Such plays alone should win a British ear,

As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear. ALEXANDER POPE.

To the Earl of Warwick on the Death of Mr. Addison.

- IF, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stav'd,
- And left her debt to Addison unpaid,
- Blame not her silence, Warwiek, but bemoan,
- And judge, oh judge my bosom by your own.

What mourner ever felt poetie fires?

Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires;

Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,

Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.

- Can I forget the dismal night that gave My soul's best part for ever to the grave?
- How silent did his old companions tread,
- By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
- Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
- Through rows of warriors, and through walks of kings!
- What awe did the slow, solemn knell inspire;

The pealing organ, and the pausing choir ;

- The duties by the lawn-robed prelate paid;
- And the last words, that dust to dust convey'd?
- While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
- Accept these tears, thou dear, departed friend.

Oh, gone for ever! take this long adieu;

- And sleep in peace, next thy loved Montague.
- To strew fresh laurels let the task be mine,

A frequent pilgrim, at thy sacred shrine;

- Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan
- And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stoue.
- If e'er from me thy loved memorial part,

May shame afflict this alienated heart;

- Of thee forgetful, if I form a song,
- My lyre be broken, aud untuned my tongue;

My grief be doubled from thy image free, And mirth a torment, unchastised by thee.

Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone,

Sad lnxury ! to vulgar minds unknown;

- Along the walls where speaking marbles show
- What worthies form the hallow'd mould below;
- Proud names, who once the reins of empire held ;

In arms who triumph'd, or in arts excell'd;

Chiefs, graced with scars, and prodigal of blood:

Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood :

- Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
- And saints who taught, and led, the way to heaven;
- Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
- Since their foundation, came a nobler guest;
- Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convev'd
- A fairer spirit or more welcome shade. In what new region to the just assign'd,
- What new employments please th' unbodied mind?

A winged Virtue, through th' ethereal sky, From world to world unwearied does he fly?

Or curious trace the long, laborious maze

Of Heaven's decrees, where wondering angels gaze?

Does he delight to hear bold scraphs tell How Michael battled, and the dragon fell; Or, mix'd with milder cherubim, to glow

In hymns of love, not ill essay'd below?

Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind ?--

A task well suited to thy gentle mind.

- Oh! if sometimes thy spotless form descend;
- To me, thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend!
- When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
- When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms.
- In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,

And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;

Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,

- Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.
 - That awful form, which, so the heavens decree.

Must still be loved and still deplored by me, In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,

Or, roused by fancy, meets my waking eyes.

If business calls, or crowded courts invite,

Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight ;

If in the stage I seek to soothe my care,

I meet bis soul which breathes in Cato there;

If pensive to the rural shades I rove,

- His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove; 'Twas there of just and good he reason'd strong,
- Clear'd some great truth, or raised some serious song,
- There patient show'd us the wise course to steer,

A candid censor, and a friend severe;

- There taught us how to live; and (oh too high
- The price for knowledge!) taught us how to die.

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Thou	Hill, whose brow the antique struc-	ODE ON THE DEATH OF MR.
Rear'e	tures grace, I by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble	Thomson.
	race,	In yonder grave a Druid lies
Why,	once so loved, whene'er thy bower	Where slowly winds the stealing wave! The year's best sweets shall duteous rise,
O'er	appears, my dim eyeballs glance the sudden	* To deck its poet's sylvan grave!
	tears!	In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
How	sweet were once thy prospects fresh	His airy harp shall now be laid,
Thys	and fair, loping walks, and unpolluted air!	That he whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
	sweet the glooms beneath thy aged	May love through life the soothing shade.
(1)	trees,	
Thy	noontide shadow, and thy evening breezel	Then maids and youths shall linger here, And, while its sounds at distance swell,
His in	nage thy forsaken bowers restore;	Shall sadly seem in pity's ear
Thy v	valks and airy prospects charm no	To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.
Nom	more; ore the summer in thy glooms allay'd,	Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
	evening breezes, and thy noonday	When Thames in summer wreaths is
-	shade.	drest, And oft suspend the dashing oar
	other hills, however Fortune frown'd, refuge in the Muse's art I found ;	To bid his gentle spirit rest!
	tant now I touch the trembling string,	
	of him, who taught me how to sing;	And oft as ease and health retire To breezy lawn or forest deep,
And t	hese sad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,	The friend shall view yon whitening spire,
Betray	y that absence they attempt to	And 'mid the varied landscape weep.
01.1	mourn.	But thou, who own'st that earthly bed,
On! I	nust I then (now fresh my bosom bleeds,	Ah! what will every dirge avail?
	Traggs in death to Addison succeeds)	Or tears which love and pity shed, That mourn beneath the gliding sail?
The v	erse, begun to one lost friend, pro-	0 0
And y	long, veep a second in th' unfinish'd song !	Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering
	se works divine, which, on his death -	near?
T., +b	bed laid	With him, sweet bard, may fancy die,
TO U	ee, O Craggs, th' expiring sage con- vey'd,	And joy desert the blooming year.
	but ill-omen'd, monument of fame,	But theu, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
Nor 1	he survived to give, nor thou to claim.	No sedge-crown'd sisters now attend, Now waft me from the green hill's side
Swift	after him thy social spirit flies,	Whose cold turf hides the buried friend !
And c	lose to his, how soon! thy coffin lies.	And see the folion collour follo
Blest	pair! whose union future bards shall tell	And see, the fairy valleys fade, Dun night has veil'd the solemn view!
In fu	ture tongues; each other's boast!	Yet once again, dear parted shade,
D	farewell,	Meek Nature's child, again adieu!
Farew	ell! whom join'd in fame, in friend- ship tried,	The genial meads assign'd to bless
No cl	hance could sever, nor the grave	Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom ;
	divide. THOMAS TICKELL.	Their hinds and shepherd girls shall dress With simple hands thy rural tomb.
	¢	The second se

Long, long, thy stone and pointed clay Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes, O vales and wild woods, shall he say, In yonder grave your Druid lies! WILLIAM COLLINS.

WILLIAM COLLINS

ON THE DEATH OF DR. LEVETT.

CONDEMN'D to hope's delusive mine, As on we toil from day to day, By sudden blasts, or slow decline, Our social comforts drop away.

Well tried through many a varying year, See Levett to the grave descend,

Officious, innocent, sincere, Of every friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye, Obscurely wise and coarsely kind; Nor, letter'd arrogance, deny Thy praise to merit unrefined.

When fainting Nature call'd for aid, And hovering Death prepared the blow, His vigorous remedy display'd The power of art without the show.

In misery's darkest cavern known, His useful care was ever nigh, Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,

And lonely want retired to die.

No summons mock'd by chill delay, No petty gain disdain'd by pride; The modest wants of every day The toil of every day supplied.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round, Nor made a pause, nor left a void; And sure the Eternal Master found The single talent well employ'd.

The busy day, the peaceful night, Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;

His frame was firm, his powers were bright, Thongh now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then with no fiery throbbing pain, No cold gradations of decay,

Death broke at once the vital chain, And freed his soul the nearest way. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

TO MRS. UNWIN.

MARY! I want a lyre with other strings.

Such aid from heaven as some have feign'd they drew,

An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new

And undebased by praise of meaner things,

That ere through age or woe I shed my wings

I may record thy worth with honor due, In verse as musical as thou art true,

And that immortalizes whom it sings.

But thou hast little need. There is a Book By scraphs writ with beams of heavenly light.

On which the eyes of God not rarely look,

A chronicle of actions just and bright— There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine:

And since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee mine.

WILLIAM COWPER.

TO MARY.

THE twentieth year is well-nigh past Since first our sky was overcast; Ah, would that this might be the last! My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow, I see thee daily weaker grow— 'Twas my distress that brought thee low, My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store, For my sake restless heretofore, Now rust disused, and shine no more; My Mary!

For though thon gladly wouldst fulfil The same kind office for me still, Thy sight now seconds not thy will, My Mary !

But well thou play'dst the housewife's part,

And all thy threads with magic art Have wound themselves about this heart, My Mary! Thy indistinct expressions seem Like language utter'd in a dream ; Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme, My Mary !

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright, Are still more lovely in my sight Than golden beams of Orient light, My Mary !

For could I view nor them nor thee, What sight worth seeing could I see? The sun would rise in vain for me, My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline, Thy hands their little force resign; Yet gently press'd, press gently mine, My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou prov'st That now at every step thou mov'st Upheld by two; yet still thou lov'st, My Mary !

And still to love, though press'd with ill, In wintry age to feel no chill, With me is to be lovely still, My Mary !

But ah ! by constant heed I know How off the sadness that I show Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe, My Mary !

And should my future lot be cast With much resemblance of the past, Thy worn-out heart will break at last—

My Mary ! WILLIAM COWPER.

COWPER'S GRAVE.

It is a place where poets crown'd may feel the heart's decaying ;

- It is a place where happy saints may weep amid their praying,
- Yet let the grief and humbleness as low as silence languish :
- Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she gave her anguish.
- O poets, from a maniac's tongue was pour'd the deathless singing !
- O Christians, at your cross of hope a hopeless hand was clinging !

- O men, this man in brotherhood your weary paths beguiling,
- Groan'd inly while he taught you peace, and died while ye were smiling!
- And now, what time ye all may read through dimming tears his story,
- How discord on the music fell and darkness on the glory,
- And how when, one by one, sweet sounds and wandering lights departed,
- He wore no less a loving face because so broken-hearted,---
- He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation,
- And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adoration;
- Nor ever shall he be, in praise, by wise or good forsaken,
- Named softly as the household name of one whom God hath taken.
- With quiet sadness and no gloom I learn to think upon him,
- With meekness that is gratefulness to God whose heaven hath won him,
- Who suffer'd once the madness-cloud to^t His own love to blind him,
- But gently led the blind along where breath and bird could find him;
- And wrought within his shatter'd brain such quick poetic senses
- As hills have language for, and stars, harmonious influences:
- The pulse of dew upon the grass kept his within its number,
- And silent shadows from the trees refresh'd him like a slumber.
- Wild timid hares were drawn from woods to share his home-caresses,
- Uplooking to his human eyes with sylvan tendernesses:
- The very world, by God's constraint, from falsehood's ways removing,
- Its women and its men became, beside him, true and loving.
- And though, in blindness, he remain'd unconscious of that gniding,
- And things provided came without the sweet sense of providing,

- He testified this solemn truth, while frenzy | That earth's worst frenzies, marring hope, desolated,
- -Nor man nor nature satisfies whom only God created.
- Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother while she blesses.
- And drops upon his burning brow the coolness of her kisses,-
- That turns his fever'd eyes around-" My mother ! where's my mother?"-
- As if such tender words and deeds could come from any other !--
- The fever gone, with leaps of heart he sees her bending o'er him,
- Her face all pale from watchful love, the unweary love she bore him !---
- Thus woke the poet from the dream his life's long fever gave him,
- Beneath those deep pathetic eves which closed in death to save him.
- Thus? oh, not thus! no type of earth can image that awaking,
- Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs, round him breaking,
- Or felt the new immortal throb of soul from body parted,
- But felt those eyes alone, and knew,-"My Saviour ! not deserted !"
- Deserted! Who hath dreamt that when the cross in darkness rested.
- Upon the Victim's hidden face no love was manifested?
- What frantic hands outstretch'd have e'er th' atoping drops averted ?
- What tears have wash'd them from the soul, that one should be deserted?
- Deserted! God could separate from His own essence rather;
- And Adam's sins have swept between the righteous Son and Father:
- Yea, once, Immanuel's orphan'd cry Ilis universe hath shaken-
- lt went up single, echoless, "My God, I am forsaken !"
- It went up from the Holy's lips amid His lost creation.
- That, of the lost, no son should use those words of desolation !

- should mar not hope's fruition.
- And I, on Cowper's grave, should see hisrapture in a vision.
 - ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

ELEGY ON CAPTAIN MATTHEW HENDERSON,

A GENTLEMAN WHO HELD THE PATENT FOR HIS HONORS IMMEDIATELY FROM AL-MIGHTY GOD.

- "Should the poor be flattered ?"-SHAKESPEARE. O DEATH ! thou tyrant fell and bloody ! The meikle devil wi' a woodie
- Haurl thee hame to his black smiddle. O'er hurcheon hides,
- And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie Wi' thy auld sides!
- He's gane ! he's gane ! he's frae us torn, The ae best fellow e'er was born ! Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel' shall mourn By wood and wild,
- Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn, Frae man exiled.
- Ye hills, near neibors o' the starns, That proudly cock your cresting cairns ! Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing earns, Where echo slumbers!
- Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns, My wailing numbers!
- Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens! Ye haz'ly shaws and briery dens ! Ye burnies, wimplin' down your glens, Wi' toddlin' din,
- Or foaming strang, wi' hasty stens, Frae lin to lin!
- Mourn, little harebells o'er the lea; Ye stately foxgloves, fair to see: Ye woodbines, hanging bonnilie,
- In seented bow'rs; Ye roses on your thorny tree, The first o' flow'rs.
- At dawn, when ev'ry grassy blade Droops with a diamond at its head, At ev'n, when beans their fragrance shed I' th' rustling gale, Ye maukins whiddin thro' the glade, Come join my wail.

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood ; Ye grouse that crap the heather bud ; Ye curlews calling thro' a clud ; Ye whistling plover ; An' mourn, ye whirring paitrick brood !— He's gane for ever !

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals; Ye fisher herons, watching eels : Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels Circling the lake; Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels, Rair for his sake.

Mourn, clam'ring craiks, at close o' day, 'Mang fields o' flow'ring clover gay; And when ye wing your annual way Frae our cauld shore, Tell thae far warlds, wha lies in clay, Wham we deplore.

Ye houlets, frae your ivy bow'r, In some auld tree or eldrich tow'r, What time the moon, wi' silent glow'r, Sets up her horn, Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour Till waukrife morn!

O rivers, forests, hills, and plains ! Off have ye heard my cantie strains: But now what else for me remains But tales of woe ? And frae my een the drapping rains Maun ever flow.

Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year ! Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear : Thou Simmer, while each corny spear Shoots up its head, Thy gay, green, flow'ry tresses shear For him that's dead.

Thou Autumn, wi' thy yellow hair, In grief thy sallow mantle tear! Thou, Winter, hurling thro' the air The roaring blast, Wide o'er the naked world declare The worth we've lost!

Mourn him, thou Sun, great source of light ! Mourn, Empress of the silent night ! And you, ye twinkling starnies bright, My Matthew mourn ! For through your orbs he's ta'en his flight, Ne'er to return.

O Henderson ! the man—the brother ! And art thou gone, and gone for ever ? And hast thou crost that unknown river, Life's dreary bound ? Like thee, where shall I find another, The world around ?

Go to your sculptured tombs, ye great, In a' the tinsel trash o' state! But by thy honest turf I'll wait, Thou man of worth ! And weep the ae best fellow's fate E'er lay iu earth.

THE EPITAPH.

STOP, passenger !—my story's brief, And truth I shall relate, man; I tell nae common tale o' grief— For Matthew was a great man.

If thou uncommon merit hast, Yet spurn'd at fortune's door, man, A look of pity hither cast—

For Matthew was a poor man.

If thou a noble sodger art, That passest by this grave, man, There moulders here a gallant heart— For Matthew was a brave man.

If thou on men, their works and ways, Canst throw uncommon light, man, Here lies wha weel had won thy praise-

For Matthew was a bright man.

If thou at Friendship's sacred ca' Wad life itself resign, mau, Thy sympathetic tear maun fa'— For Matthew was a kind man.

If thou art staunch without a stain, Like the unchanging blue, man, This was a kinsman o' thy ain—

For Matthew was a true man.

If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire, And ne'er guid wine did fear, man, This was thy billie, dam, and sire— For Matthew was a queer man.

If ony whiggish whingin sot, To blame poor Matthew dare, man, May dool and sorrow be his lot! For Matthew was a rare man.

But now his radiant course is run, For Matthew's was a bright one ! His soul was like the glorions sun, A matchless, heav'nly light, man. ROBER BURNS

BURNS.

TO A ROSE BROUGHT FROM NEAR ALLO-WAY KIRK, IN AYRSHIRE, IN THE AU-TUMN OF 1822.

WILD rose of Alloway! my thanks: Thou 'mind'st me of that autumn noon When first we met upon "the banks

And braes o' bonny Doon."

Like thine, beneath the thorn tree's bough, My sunny hour was glad and brief;

We've cross'd the winter sea, and thou Art wither'd—flower and leaf.

And wither'd my life's leaf like thine, Wild rose of Alloway?

Not so his memory for whose sake My bosom bore thee far and long—

His, who a humbler flower could make Immortal as his song,

The memory of Burns—a name That calls, when brimm'd her festal cup,

A nation's glory and her shame, In silent sadness up.

- A nation's glory—be the rest Forgot—she's canonized his mind, And it is joy to speak the best We may of humankind.
- I've stood beside the cottage-bed Where the bard-peasant first drew breath;

A straw-thatch'd roof above his head, A straw-wrought couch beneath. And I have stood beside the pile, His monument—that tells to Heaven The homage of earth's proudest isle To that bard-peasant given.

Bid thy thoughts hover o'er that spot, Boy-minstrel, in thy dreaming hour; And know, however low his lot, A poet's pride and power;

The pride that lifted Burns from earth, The power that gave a child of song Ascendency o'er rank and birth, The rich, the brave, the strong;

And if despondency weigh down Thy spirit's fluttering pinions then, Despair—thy name is written on The roll of common men.

There have been loftier themes than his, And longer scrolls, and louder lyres, And lays lit up with Poesy's Purer and holier fires;

Yet read the names that know not death; Few nobler ones than Burns are there; And few have won a greener wreath Than that which binds his hair.

His is that language of the heart In which the answering heart would speak,

Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,

Or the smile light the check;

And his that music to whose tone The common pulse of man keeps time, In cot or castle's mirth or moan,

In cold or sunny clime.

And who hath heard his song, nor knelt Before its spell with willing knee, And listen'd and believed, and felt The poet's mastery

O'er the mind's sea, in calm and storm, O'er the heart's sunshine and its showers, O'er Passion's moments, bright and warm, O'er Reason's dark, cold hours;

On fields where brave men "die or do," In halls where rings the banquet's mirth, Where mourners weep, where lovers woo, From throne to cottage hearth?

And will not thy death-doom be mine— The doom of all things wrought of clay?

And still, as on his funeral-day, Men stand his cold earth-couch around, With the mute homage that we pay To consecrated ground.
And consecrated ground it is, The last, the hallow'd home of one Who lives upon all memories, Though with the buried gone.
Such graves as his are pilgrim-shrines, Shrines to no code or creed confined— The Delphian vales, the Palestines, The Meccas, of the mind.
Sages, with Wisdom's garland wreath'd, Crowu'd kings, and mitred priests of power, And warriors with their bright swords sheath'd,
The mightiest of the hour; And lowlier names, whose humble home Is lit by Fortune's dimmer star, Are there—o'er wave and mountain come, From countries near and far;
Pilgrims, whose wandering feet have press'd The Switzer's snow, the Arab's sand, Or trod the piled leaves of the West, My own green forest-land.
All ask the cottage of his birth, Gaze on the scenes he loved and sung, And gather feelings not of earth His fields and streams among.
They linger by the Doon's low trees, And pastoral Nith, and wooded Ayr, And round thy sepulchres, Dumfries! The Poet's tomb is there.
But what to them the sculptor's art, His funeral columns, wreaths, and urns? Wear they not graven on the heart The name of Robert Burns?
Fitz-Greene Halleck.
WE hail this morn A century's noblest birth ; A Poet peasant-born, Who more of Fame's immortal dower

Unto his country brings Than all her kings ! As lamps high set Upon some earthly eminence-And to the gazer brighter thence Than the sphere-lights they flout-Dwindle in distance and die out, While no star waneth yet; So through the past's far-reaching night Only the star-souls keep their light. · A gentle boy. With moods of sadness and of mirth, Quick tears and sudden joy, Grew up beside the peasant's hearth. His father's toil he shares ; But half his mother's cares From his dark, searching eyes, Too swift to sympathize, Hid in her heart she bears. At early morn His father calls him to the field; Through the stiff soil that clogs his feet, Chill rain, and harvest heat, He plods all day; returns at eve outworn, To the rude fare a peasant's lot doth vield-To what else was he born? The God-made king Of every living thing (For his great heart in love could hold them all): The dumb eyes meeting his by hearth and stall-Gifted to understand !---Knew it and sought his hand ; And the most timorous creature had not fled Could she his heart have read, Which fain all feeble things had bless'd and sheltered. To Nature's feast. Who knew her noblest guest And entertain'd him best, Kingly he came. Her chambers of the east She draped with crimson and with gold, And pour'd her pure joy-wines

For him, the poet-soul'd;

For him her anthem roll'd

From the storm-wind among the winter pines,

Down to the slenderest note Of a love-warble from the linnet's throat. But when hegins The array for battle, and the trumpet blows. A king must leave the feast and lead the fight : And with its mortal foes, Grim gathering hosts of sorrows and of sins. Each human soul must close; And Fame her trumpet blew Before him, wrapp'd him in her purple state, And made him mark for all the shafts of Fate That henceforth round him flew. Though he may yield, Hard-press'd, and wounded fall Forsaken on the field : His regal vestments soil'd ; His crown of half its jewels spoil'd; He is a king for all. Had he but stood aloof! Had he array'd himself in armor proof Against temptation's darts ! So yearn the good-so those the world calls wise. With vain, presumptuous hearts, Triumphant moralize. Of martyr-woe A sacred shadow on his memory rests-Tears have not ceased to flow-Indignant grief vet stirs impetuous breasts, To think-above that noble soul brought low. That wise and soaring spirit fool'd, enslaved-Thus, thus he had been saved ! It might not be ! That heart of harmony Had heen too rudely rent;

Its silver chords, which any hand could wound,

By no hand could be tuned,

Save by the Maker of the instrument,

Its every string who knew,

And from profaning touch his heavenly gift withdrew.

47%

Regretful love	No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
His country fain would prove,	Not in sheet or in shrond we wound
By grateful honors lavish'd on his grave ;	him :
Would fain redeem her blame	But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
That he so little at her hands can claim,	With his martial cloak around him.
Who unrewarded gave	the matcher croat around man.
To her his life-bought gift of song and	Few and short were the prayers we said,
fame.	And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
Rune.	But we steadfastly gazed on the face that
The land he trod	-was dead,
Hath now become a place of pilgrimage;	And we bitterly thought of the morrow.
Where dearer are the daisies of the sod	
That could his song engage.	We thought as we hollow'd his narrow
The hoary hawthorn, wreath'd	bed,
Above the bank on which his limbs he	And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
flung	That the foe and the stranger would tread
While some sweet plaint he breath'd;	o'er his head,
The streams he wander'd near ;	And we far away on the billow!
The maidens whom he loved; the songs he	Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's
sung	gone,
All, all are dear !	And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
	But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
The arch blue eyes-	In the grave where a Briton has laid
Arch but for love's disguise-	him.
Of Scotland's daughters, soften at his	intit.
strain;	But half of our heavy task was done
Her hardy sons, sent forth across the main	When the clock struck the hour for
To drive the ploughshare through earth's	rețiring;
virgin soils,	And we heard the distant and random gun
Lighten with it their toils :	That the foe was sullenly firing.
And sister-lands have learn'd to love the	Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
tongne	From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
In which such songs are sung.	We carved not a line, and we raised not a
For doth not song	stone—
To the whole world belong?	
Is it not given wherever tears can fall,	But we left him alone with his glory. CHARLES WOLFE,
Wherever hearts can melt, or blushes glow,	changes tropper
Or mirth and sadness mingle as they flow,	
A heritage to all?	OH, BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.
Isa CRAIG KNOX.	ROBERT EMMETT.
	OH, breathe not his name! let it sleep in
	the shade,
BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.	Where cold and unhonor'd his relics are
Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,	laid:
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;	Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot	shed,
O'er the grave where our hero we	As the night-dew that falls on the grave
buried.	o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in

Shall brighten with verdure the grave

silence it weeps,

where he sleeps;

We buried him darkly, at dead of night, The sods with our bayonets turning;

By the struggling moonheam's misty light, And the lantern dimly burning.

And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,	Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be
Shall long keep his memory green in our	An echo and a light unto eternity!"
Souls. Thomas Moore.	Where wert thou, mighty mother, when he lay,
ON THE DEATH OF JOSEPH ROD- MAN DRAKE.	When thy son lay, pierced by the shaft which flies
GREEN be the turf above thee, Friend of my better days! None knew thee but to love thee, Nor named thee but to praise.	In darkness? where was lorn Urania When Adonais died? With veilèd eyes, 'Mid listening echoes, in her paradise She sate, while one, with soft enamor'd breath,
Tears fell, when thou wert dying, From eyes unused to weep, And long, where thou art lying, Will tears the cold turf steep.	Rekindled all the fading melodies, With which, like flowers that mock the corse beneath, He had adorn'd and hid the coming bulk of death.
When hearts, whose truth was proven, Like thine, are laid in earth, There should a wreath be woven To tell the world their worth;	Oh, weep for Adonais—he is dead ! Wake, mclancholy mother, wake and weep !
And I, who woke each morrow To clasp thy hand in mine, Who shared thy joy and sorrow, Whose weal and woe were thine,—	Yet wherefore? Quench within their burning bed Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart keep, Like his, a mute and uncomplaining
It should be mine to braid it Around thy faded brow, But I've in vain essay'd it,	sleep; For he is gone, where all things wise and fair
And feel I cannot now.	Descend :oh, dream not that the amor
While memory bids me weep thee, Nor thoughts nor words are free, The grief is fix'd too deeply That mourns a man like thee.	Will yet restore him to the vital air; Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our despair.
FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.	Most musical of mourners, weep again!
ADONAIS.	Lament anew, Urania !—He died, Who was the sire of an immortal strain, Blind, old, and lonely, when his coun-
An Elegy on the Death of John Keats.	try's pride The priest, the slave, and the liberticide,
I WEEP for Adonais—he is dead! Oh, weep for Adonais! though our tears	Trampled and mock'd with many a loathed rite
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head!	Of lust and blood; he went, unterrified, Into the gulf of death; but bis clear
And thou, sad Hour, selected from all years To mourn our loss, rouse thy obseure	sprite Yet reigns o'er earth; the third among the sons of light.
compeers, And teach them thine own sorrow: say, "With me Died Adonais; till the Future dares	Most musical of mourners, weep anew! Not all to that bright station dared to climb;

Whose tapers yet burn through that night of time Invisible Corruption waits to trace His extreme way to her dim dwell	
In which suns perish'd; others more place;	
sublime, The eternal Hunger sits, but pity	and
Struck by the envious wrath of man or God, awe Soothe her pale rage, nor dares sh	e to
Have sunk, extinct in their refulgent deface	
prime; So fair a prey, till darkness and the law And some yet live, treading the thorny Of change, shall o'er his sleep the mo	
road, curtain draw.	itai
Which leads, through toil and hate, to Fame's serene abode. Oh, weep for Adonais !—the quick Drea	ms
The passion-winged ministers of Thou	ght,
But now, thy youngest, dearest one, has Who were his flocks, whom near the lives streams	ing
perish'd, The nursling of thy widowhood, who Of his young spirit he fed, and whon	ı he
grew	,
Like a pale flower by some sad maiden The love which was its music, was not-	ider
And fed with true love tears instead of Wander no more, from kindling b	rain
dew; Most musical of mourners, weep anew! But droop there, whence they spru	ng:
Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the and mourn their lot	-
last, The bloom whose netals nint before they sweet pain,	heir
The bloom, whose petals nipt before they blew sweet pain, They ne'er will gather strength, nor	find
Died on the promise of the fruit, is a home again.	
waste; The broken lily lies—the storm is over-	his
past. cold head, And fans him with her moonlight wi	nore
and cries,	~ .
To that high capital, where kingly Death Keeps his pale court in beauty and "Our love, our hope, our sorrow, is dead;	not
decay, He came: and hought with price of See, on the silken fringe of his f	aint
purest breath, Like dew upon a sleeping flower, th	iere
A grave among the eternal.—Come lies	
Haste, while the vault of blue Italian A tear some Dream has loosen'd from brain."	his
day Le not his fitting chargel most while Lost angel of a ruin'd paradise!	
still stain	no
He lies, as if in dewy sleep he lay; Awake him not! surely he takes his fill its rain	rept
Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all	
ill, One from a lucid urn of starry dew Wash'd his light limbs, as if emba	lm-
He will awake no more, oh, never more! ing them;	
Within the twilight chamber spreads Another clipt her profuse locks, and the apace The wreath upon him, like an anade	
apace (The wreath upon him, like an anade	,

Which frozen tears instead of pearls begem;	Dimm'd the aërial eyes that kindle day; Afar the melancholy Thunder moan'd,
Another in her wilful grief would break	Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay,
Her bow and winged reeds, as if to	And the wild Winds flew around, sobbing
stem	in their dismay.
A greater loss with one which was more	Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless monntains,
weak:	And feeds her grief with his remember'd
And dull the barbèd fire against his frozen	
cheek.	lay,
CHCCK.	And will no more reply to winds or foun-
Another Splendor on his mouth ali*.	tains,
That mouth whence it was wont to draw	Or amorous birds perch'd on the young
	green spray,
the breath	Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing day,
Which gave it strength to pierce the	Since she can mimic not his lips, more dear
guarded wit,	Than those for whose disdain they pined
And pass into the panting heart be-	away
neath	Into a shadow of all sounds :a drear
With lightning and with music: the	Murmur, between their songs, is all the
damp death	woodmen hear.
Quench'd its caress upon its icy lips;	noodiitte
And as a dving meteor stains a wreath	Grief made the young Spring wild, and she
Of moonlight vapor, which the cold night	threw down
elips.	Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn
It flush'd through his pale limbs, and	were,
pass'd to its eelipse.	Or they dead leaves; since her delight is
I	flown,
And others came,-Desires and Adora-	For whom should she have waked the
tions,	sullen vear?
Winged Persuasions, and veil'd Desti-	To Phæbus was not Hyacinth so dear,
nies,	Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both
Splendors, and Glooms, and glimmering	Thou, Adonais: wan they stand and sere
Incarnations	Amid the faint companions of their
Of hopes and fears, and twilight Phan-	
tasies;	youth,
And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs,	With dew all turn'd to tears; odor, to
And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the	sighing ruth.
	Thy spirit's sister, the lorn nightingale,
gleam	Mourns not her mate with such melo-
Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,	
Came in slow pomp;-the moving pomp	dious pain ;
might seem	Not so the eagle, who like thee could scale
Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal	
stream.	domain
	Her mighty youth with morning, doth
All he had loved, and moulded into	eomplain,
thought	Soaring and screaming round her empty
From shape, and hue, and odor, and	nest,
sweet sound,	As Albion wails for thee: the curse of
Lamented Adonais. Morning sought	Cain
Her eastern watch-tower, and her hair	Light on his head who pierced thy inno-
unbound.	cent breast,
Wet with the tears which should adorr	And seared the angel soul that was its
the ground,	earthly guest!
the ground,	

- Ah, woe is me! Winter is come and gone, But grief returns with the revolving year;
- The airs and streams renew their joyous tone;
 - The ants, the bees, the swallows reappear; Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead Seasons' bier;
- The amorous birds now pair in every brake, And build their mossy homes in field and brere:

And the green lizard, and the golden snake,

Like unimprison'd flames, out of their trance awake.

- Through wood, and stream, and field, and hill and ocean,
 - A quickening life from the Earth's heart has burst,
- As it has ever done, with change and motion,
 - From the great morning of the world when first
 - God dawn'd on Chaos; in its stream immersed,
- The lamps of Heaven flash with a softer light;
 - All baser things pant with life's sacred thirst;
- Diffuse themselves; and spend in love's delight,
- The beauty and the joy of their renewed might.
- The leprous corpse, touch'd by this spirit tender,
- Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath;
- Like incarnations of the stars, when splendor
 - Is changed to fragrance, they illumine death,
 - And mock the merry worm that wakes beneath;
- Naught we know dies. Shall that alone which knows

Be as a sword consumed before the sheath

- By sightless lightning? th' intense atom glows
- A moment, then is quench'd in a most cold repose.
- Alas! that all we loved of him should be, But for our grief, as if it had not been,

And grief itself be mortal! Woe is me! Whence are we, and why are we? of

- whence are we, and why are we? of what seene
- The actors or spectators? Great and mean
- Meet mass'd in death, who lends what life must borrow.
 - As long as skies are blue, and fields are green,
- Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow,
- Month follow month with woe, and year wake year to sorrow.
- He will awake no more, oh, never more!
- "Wake thou !" cried Misery, "childless mother, rise
- Out of thy sleep, and slake, in thy heart's core,
 - A wound more fierce than his tears and sighs."
 - And all the Dreams that watch'd Urania's eyes,
- And all the Echoes whom their sister's song

Had held in holy silence, cried "Arise!"

Swift as a Thought by the snake Memory stung,

- From her ambrosial rest the fading Splendor sprung.
- She rose like an autumnal Night, that springs
 - Out of the East, and follows wild and drear

The golden Day, which, on eternal wings, Even as a ghost abandoning a bier,

Has left the Earth a corpse. Sorrow and fear

So struck, so roused, so rapt, Urania,

- So sadden'd round her like an atmosphere
- Of stormy mist; so swept her on her way,
- Even to the mournful place where Adonais lay.

Out of her secret paradise she sped,

Through camps and cities rough with stone, and steel,

And human hearts, which to her aëry tread

Yielding not, wounded the invisible

PE	RSC	NAL	P0.	EMS.
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"The herded wolves, hold only to pur- sue;
The obseene ravens, clamorous o'er the dead :
The vultures, to the conqueror's banner
true,
Who feed where Desolation first has
fed,
And whose wings rain contagion ;—how they fled,
When, like Apollo, from his golden bow,
The Pythian of the age one arrow sped
And smiled !- The spoilers tempt no see-
ond blow,
They fawn on the proud feet that spurn
them lying low.
"The sun comes forth, and many reptiles
spawn ;
He sets, and each ephemeral insect then
Is gather'd into death without a dawn, And the immortal stars awake again ;
So it is in the world of living men:
A godlike mind soars forth, in its delight
Making earth bare and veiling heaven,
and when
It sinks, the swarms that dimm'd or shared its light
Leave to its kindred lamps the spirit's aw-
ful night."
Thus ceased she: and the mountain-shep-
herds came, Their garlands sere, their magic mantles
rent;
The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame
Over his living head like Heaven is
bent,
An early but enduring monument,
Came, veiling all the lightnings of his
In sorrow; from her wilds Ierne sent
The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong,
And love taught grief to fall like music
from his tougue.
'Midst others of less note came one frain
Form,
A phantom among men; companionless
As the last cloud of an expiring storm,
Whose thunder is its knell: he as l
guess, Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness
1 Hau gazed on Nature's naked loveliness

Acteon-like, and now he fled astray With feeble steps o'er the world's wil-	What softer voice is hushed over the dead?
derness,	Athwart what brow is that dark mantle thrown?
And his own thoughts, along that rugged	What form leans sadly o'er the white
way,	deathbed,
Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and their prey.	In mockery of monumental stone, The heavy heart heaving without a
and then prey.	moan?
A pard-like Spirit beautiful and swift-	If it be he, who, gentlest of the wise,
A Love in desolation mask'd ;a power	Taught, soothed, loved, honor'd the de-
Girt round with weakness;—it can scarce uplift	parted one;
The weight of the superincumbent hour;	Let me not vex, with inharmonious sighs, The silence of that heart's accepted sac-
It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,	rifice.
A breaking billow;—even whilst we speak	Our Adonais has drunk poison-oh!
Is it not broken? On the withering flower	What deaf and viperous murderer could
The killing sun smiles brightly: on a	crown
cheek	Life's early cup with such a draught of
The life can burn in blood, even while the	woe? The nameless worm would now itself
heart may break.	disown:
His head was bound with pansies over-	It felt, yet could escape the magic tone
blown,	Whose prelude held all envy, hate, and
And faded violets, white, and pied, and	wrong, But what was howling in one breast
blue;	alone,
And a light spear topp'd with a cypress cone,	Silent with the expectation of the song,
Round whose rude shaft dark ivy-tresses	Whose master's hand is cold, whose silver
grew,	lyre unstrung.
Yet dripping with the forest's noonday	Live thou, whose infamy is not thy fame!
dew, Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart	Live! fear no heavier chastisement from
Shook the weak hand that grasp'd it; of	They noteless blot on a remember'd
that crew	Thou noteless blot on a remember'd name!
He came the last, neglected and apart;	But be thyself, and know thyself to be!
A herd-abandon'd deer, struck by the hunter's dart.	And ever at thy season be thou free
Hunter 5 days.	To spill the venom when thy fangs o'er- flow:
All stood aloof, and at his partial moan	Remorse and self-contempt shall cling to
Smiled through their tears; well knew	thee;
that gentle band	Hot shame shall burn upon thy secret brow,
Who in another's fate now wept his own; As in the accents of an unknown land	And like a beaten hound tremble thou shalt—as now.
He sang new sorrow; sad Urania scann'd	shan-as now.
The Stranger's mien, and murmur'd:	Nor let us weep that our delight is fled
"Who art thou?" He answer'd not, but with a sudden hand	Far from these carrion-kites that scream below:
Made bare his branded and ensanguined	He wakes or sleeps with the enduring
brow,	dead:
Which was like Cain's or Christ's Oh !	Thou canst not soar where he is sitting
that it should be so!	now.

Dust to the dust! but the pure spirit shall flow	He is made one with Nature: there is heard
Back to the burning fountain whence it came,	His voice in all her music, from the moan
A portion of the Eternal, which must glow	Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet
Through time and change, unquenchably	bird;
the same, Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid	He is a presence to be felt and known In darkness and in light, from herb aud
hearth of shame.	stone,
	Spreading itself where'er that Power may
Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep-	move
He hath awaken'd from the dream of	Which has withdrawn his being to its own;
life—	Which wields the world with never-
'Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions, keep	wearied love,
With phantoms an unprofitable strife, And in mad trance strike with our	Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it
spirit's knife	above.
Invulnerable nothings We decay	He is a portion of the loveliness
Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief	Which once he made more lovely: he
Convulse us and consume us day by day, And cold hopes swarm like worms with-	doth bear His part, while the one Spirit's plastic
in our living clay.	stress
	Sweeps through the dull dense world,
He has outsoar'd the shadow of our night; Envy and calumny, and hate and pain,	compelling there
And that unrest which men miscall delight,	All new successions to the forms they wear Torturing th' unwilling dross that checks
Can touch him not and torture not again ;	its flight
From the contagion of the world's slow	To its own likeness, as each mass may
stain He is secure, and now can never mourn	bear;
A heart grown cold, a head grown gray	And bursting in its beauty and its might From trees and beasts and men into the
in vaiu;	Heavens' light.
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to	The solution of the forward of time
burn, With sparkless ashes load an unlamented	The splendors of the firmament of time May be eclipsed, but are extinguish'd
urn.	not:
	Like stars to their appointed height they
He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he :	climb, And death is a low mist which cannot
Mourn not for Adonais-Thou young	blot
Dawn,	The brightness it may veil. When lofty
Turn all thy dew to splendor, for from thee	thought
The spirit thou lamentest is not gone;	Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair, And love and life contend in it, for what
Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan !	Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live
Cease, ye faint flowers and fountains, and	there,
thou Air, Which like a morning veil thy scarf	And move like winds of light on dark
hadst thrown	and stormy air.
O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare	The inheritors of unfulfill'd renown
Even to the joyous stars which smile on	Rose from their thrones, built beyond
its despair !	mortal thought,

Far in the unapparent. Chatterton Rose pale, his solemn agony had not Yet faded from him; Sidney, as he fought,	Who waged contention with their time's decay, And of the past are all that cannot pass away.
And as he fell, and as he lived and loved, Sublimely mild, a Spirit without spot,	Go thou to Rome—at once the paradise, The grave, the city, and the wilderness;
Arose; and Lucan, by his death approved:	And where its wrecks like shatter'd moun- tains rise,
Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing reproved.	And flowering weeds and fragrant copses dress
And many more, whose names on earth are dark,	The bones of Desolation's nakedness, Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,
But whose transmitted effluence cannot die	Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead A light of laughing flowers along the grass
So long as fire outlives the parent spark, Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.	is spread,
"Thou art become as one of us," they cry;	And gray walls moulder round, on which dull Time
"It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long Swung blind in unascended majesty,	Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand : And one keen pyramid with wedge sub- lime,
Silent alone amid a heaven of song. Assumed thy wingèd throne, thou Vesper	Pavilioning the dust of him who plann'd This refuge for his memory, doth stand
of our throng !"	Like flame transform'd to marble: and beneath
Who mourns for Adonais? oh come forth, Fond wretch! and know thyself and him aright.	A field is spread, on which a newer band Have pitch'd in Heaven's smile their camp of death,
Clasp with thy panting soul the pendulous Earth ; As from a centre, dart thy spirit's light	Welcoming him we lose with scarce ex- tinguish'd breath.
Beyond all worlds, until its spacious might	Here pause : these graves are all too young as yet
Satiate the void circumference; then shrink Even to a point within our day and	To have outgrown the sorrow which con- sign'd
night ; And keep thy heart light, lest it make thee	Its charge to each; and if the seal is set, Here, on one fountain of a mourning
sink When hope has kindled hope, and lured thee to the brink.	mind, Break it not thou! too surely shalt thou find
Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre, Oh, not of him, but of our joy: 'tis	Thine own well full, if thou returnest home, Of tears and gall. From the world's
naught That ages, empires, and religions there Lie buried in the ravage they have	bitter wind Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb. What Adonais is, why fear we to become?
wrought; For such as he can lend,—they borrow not	The One remains, the many change and
Glory from those who made the world their prey; And he isgather'd to the kings of thought	pass: Heaven's light for ever shines, Earth's shadows fly;
the house and a to the kings of thought	Sauce in Star y

- Life, like a dome of many-color'd glass, Stains the white radiance of Eternity, Until death tramples it to fragments.—
 - Die,
- If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek !
 - Follow where all is fled !-Rome's azure sky,
- Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words are weak
- The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.
- Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my Heart?
 - Thy hopes are gone before: from all things here
- They have departed; thou shouldst now depart!

A light is past from the revolving year, And man, and woman; and what still is dear

- Attracts to erush, repels to make thee wither.
 - The soft sky smiles,—the low wind whispers near:
- 'Tis Adonais calls ! oh, hasten thither,

No more let Life divide what Death can join together.

- That light whose smile kindles the Universe,
 - That Beauty in which all things work and move,
- That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse
 - Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
 - Which through the web of being blindly wove
- By man and beast, and earth, and air, and sea,

Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of

- The fire for which all thirst, now beams on me,
- Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.
- The breath whose might I have invoked in song

Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven

- Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
 - Whose sails were never to the tempest given,
 - The massy earth and sphered skies are riven!

I am borne darkly, fearfully afar;

Whilst burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,

- The soul of Adonais, like a star,
- Beacons from the abode where the eternal are.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION NEAR NAPLES.

THE sun is warm, the sky is clear, The waves are dancing fast and bright,

Blue isles and snowy mountains wear The purple noon's transparent light: The breath of the moist air is light

Around its unexpanded buds; Like many a voice of one delight,

The winds, the birds, the ocean-floods,

The City's voice itself is soft like Soli-

tude's.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor With green and purple sea-weeds strown;

I see the waves upon the shore Like light dissolved in star-showers

Like light dissolved in star-showers thrown:

I sit upon the sands alone,

The lightning of the noon-tide ocean Is flashing round me, and a tone

Arises from its measured motion,

How sweet ! did any heart now share in my emotion.

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,

Nor peace within nor calm around, Nor that content surpassing wealth

The sage in meditation found, And walk'd with inward glory crown'd---

Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure; Others I see whom these surround—

Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;

To me that cup has been dealt in another measure,

Yet now despair itself is mild Even as the winds and waters are;

I could lie down like a tired child, And weep away the life of care Which I have borne, and yet must bear, Till death like sleep might steal on me, And I might feel in the warm air My check grow cold, and hear the sea Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold, As I, when this sweet day is gone, Which my lost heart, too soon grown old, Insults with this untimely moan;

They might lament—for I am one Whom men love not,—and yet regret,

Unlike this day, which, when the sun Shall on its stainless glory set, Will linger, though enjoy'd, like joy in memory yet.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

O MOTHER EARTH! upon thy lap Thy weary ones receiving, And o'er them, silent as a dream, Thy grassy mantle weaving, Fold softly in thy long embrace That heart so worn and broken. And cool its pulse of fire beneath Thy shadows old and oaken. Shut out from him the bitter word And serpent hiss of scorning; Nor let the storms of yesterday Disturb his quiet morning. Breathe over him forgetfulness Of all save deeds of kindness, And, save to smiles of grateful eves, Press down his lids in blindness. There, where with living ear and eye He heard Potomac's flowing, And, through his tall ancestral trees, Saw autumn's sunset glowing, He sleeps,-still looking to the west, Beneath the dark wood shadow, As if he still would see the sun Sink down on wave and meadow. Bard, Sage, and Tribune !- in himself

All moods of mind contrasting,— The tenderest wail of human woe, The scorn-like lightning blasting; The pathos which from rival eyes Unwilling tears could summon, The stinging taunt, the fiery burst Of hatred scarcely human!

Mirth, sparkling like a diamond shower, From lips of lifelong sadness; Clear picturings of majestic thought Upon a ground of madness; And over all romance and song A classic beauty throwing, And laurell'd Clio at his side Her storied pages showing.

All parties fear'd him: each in turn Beheld its schemes disjointed, As right or left his fatal glance And spectral finger pointed. Sworn foe of Cant, he smote it down With trenchant wit unsparing,

And, mocking, rent with ruthless hand The robe Pretence was wearing.

Too honest or too proud to feign A love he never cherish'd,

Beyond Virginia's border-line His patriotism perish'd.

While others hail'd in distant skies Our eagle's dusky pinion,

He only saw the mountain bird Stoop o'er his Old Dominion!

Still through each change of fortune strange,

Rack'd nerve, and brain all burning, His loving faith in motherland

Knew never shade of turning; By Britain's lakes, by Neva's wave,

Whatever sky was o'er him,

He heard her rivers' rushing sound, Her blue peaks rose before him.

He held his slaves, yet made withal No false and vain pretences,

Nor paid a lying priest to seek For scriptural defences.

His harshest words of proud rebuke, His bitterest taunt and scorning,

Fell fire-like on the Northern brow That bent to him iu fawning.

He held his slaves: yet kept the while His reverence for the human:

In the dark vassals of his will He saw but man and woman ! No hunter of God's outraged poor His Roanoke valley enter'd; No trader in the souls of men Across his threshold ventured. And when the old and wearied man Lay down for his last sleeping, And at his side, a slave no more, His brother-man stood weeping, His latest thought, his latest breath, To freedom's duty giving, With failing tongue and trembling hand The dying blest the living. Oh, never bore his ancient State A truer son or braver! None trampling with a calmer scorn On foreign hate or favor. He knew her faults, yet never stoop'd His proud and manly feeling To poor excuses of the wrong Or meanness of concealing. But none beheld with clearer eye The plague-spot o'er her spreading, None heard more sure the steps of Doom Along her future treading. For her as for himself he spake, When, his gaunt frame upbracing, He traced with dying hand "REMORSE!" And perish'd in the tracing. As from the grave where Henry sleeps, From Vernon's weeping willow, And from the grassy pall which hides The sage of Mouticello, So from the leaf-strewn burial-stone Of Randolph's lowly dwelling, Virginia! o'er thy land of slaves A warning voice is swelling ! And hark! from thy deserted fields Are sadder warnings spoken, From quench'd hearths, where thy exiled sons Their household gods have broken. The curse is on thee,-wolves for men, And briers for corn-sheaves giving! Oh more than all thy dead renown Were now one hero living ! JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE LOST LEADER.

JUST for a handful of silver he left us; Just for a ribbon to stick in his coat—

Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,

Lost all the others she lets us devote.

They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver.

So much was their's who so little allow'd.

- How all our copper had gone for his service !
 - Rags-were they purple, his heart had been proud !
- We that had loved him so, follow'd him, honor'd him,

Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,

- Learn'd his great language, caught his clear accents,
 - Made him our pattern to live and to die!
- Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,

Burns, Shelley, were with us-they watch from their graves !

- He alone breaks from the van and the freemen :
 - He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!
- We shall march prospering-not through his presence ;
- Songs may inspirit us-not from his lyre;
- Deeds will be done-while he boasts his quiescence,
 - Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire.
- Blot out his name, then-record one lost soul more,
 - One task more declined, one more footpath untrod.
- One more triumph for devils, and sorrow for angels,
 - One wrong more to man, one more insult to God !
- Life's night begins: let him never come back to us!
- There would be doubt, hesitation, and pain,
- Forced praise on our part-the glimmer of twilight,

Never glad, confident morning again !

- Best fight on well, for we taught himstrike gallantly,
 - Aim at our heart ere we pierce through his own;
- Then let him receive the new knowledge aud wait us,
 - Pardon'd in heaven, the first by the throne!

ROBERT BROWNING.

CHARADE.

CAMP-BELL.

COME from my first, ay, come ! The battle-dawn is nigh ; And the screaming trump and the thundering drum Are calling thee to die !

Fight as thy father fought; Fall as thy father fell; Thy task is taught; thy shroud is wrought; So forward and farewell!

Toll ye my second ! toll ! Fling high the flambeau's light, And sing the hymn for a parted soul Beneath the silent night ! The helm upon his head, The cross upon his breast; Let the prayer be said and the tear be

shed; Now take him to his rest]

Call ye my whole,—go, call The lord of lute and lay; And let him greet the sable pall With a noble song to-day.

Ay, eall him by his name ; No fitter hand may crave

To light the flame of a soldier's fame On the turf of a soldier's grave ! WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

DRYBURGH ABBEY.

And Scott—that Ocean 'mid the stream of men! That Alp, amidst all mental greatness reared !—

- 'Twas morn—but not the ray which falls the summer boughs among,
- When Beauty walks in gladness forth, with all her light and song;

- 'Twas morn-but mist and cloud hung deep upon the lonely vale,
- And shadows, like the wings of death, were out upon the gale.
- For He whose spirit woke the dust of nations into life-
- That o'er the waste and barren earth spread flowers and fruitage rife—
- Whose genius, like the sun, illumed the mighty realms of mind-
- Had fled for ever from the fame, love, friendship of mankind!
- To wear a wreath in glory wrought his spirit swept afar,
- Beyond the soaring wing of thought, the light of moon or star;
- To drink immortal waters, free from every taint of earth--
- To breathe before the shrine of life, the source whence worlds had birth !

There was wailing on the early breeze, and darkness in the sky,

- When with sable plume, and cloak, and pall, a funeral train swept by;
- Than those of mortal brotherhood, the noble, young, and fair !
- Was it a dream ? how oft, in sleep, we ask, "Can this be true?"
- Whilst warm Imagination paints her marvels to our view ;—
- Earth's glory seems a tarnish'd crown to that which we behold,
- When dreams enchant our sight with things whose meanest garb is gold !
- Was it a dream ?---Methought the dauntless Harold pass'd me by----
- The proud Fitz-James, with martial step, and dark intrepid eye;
- That Marmion's haughty crest was there. a mourner for his sake;
- And she,—the bold, the beautiful !—sweet Lady of the Lake.
- The Minstrel whose *last lay* was o'er, whose broken harp lay low,
- And with him glorious Waverley, with glance and step of woe;

- Aud Stuart's voice rose there, as when, 'mid fate's disastrous war,
- He led the wild, ambitious, proud, and brave Vich Ian Vohr.
- Next, marvelling at his sable suit, the Dominie stalk'd past,
- With Bertram, Julia by his side, whose tears were flowing fast;
- Guy Mannering, too, moved there, o'erpower'd by that afflicting sight;
- And Merrilies, as when she wept on Ellangowan's height.
- Solemn and grave, Monkbarns appear'd, amidst that burial line ;
- And Ochiltree leant o'er his staff, and mourn'd for "Auld lang syne!"
- Slow march'd the gallant McIntyre, whilst Lovel mused alone ;
- For once, Miss Wardour's image left that bosom's faithful throue.
- With coronach, and arms reversed, forth came MacGregor's clan—
- Red Dougal's cry peal'd shrill and wild-Rob Roy's bold brow look'd wan:
- The fair Diana kiss'd her cross, and bless'd its sainted ray;
- And "Wae is me!" the Baillie sigh'd, "that I should see this day !"
- Next rode, in melancholy guise, with sombre vest and scarf,
- Sir Edward, Laird of Ellieslaw, the far-renown'd Black Dwarf;
- Upon his left, in bonnet blue, and white locks flowing free-
- The pious sculptor of the grave—stood Old Mortality!
- Balfour of Burley, Claverhouse, the Lord of Evandale,
- And stately Lady Margaret, whose woe might naught avail !
- Fierce Bothwell on his charger black, as from the conflict won;
- And pale Habakkuk Mucklewrath, who cried "God's will be done !"
- And like a rose, a young white rose, that blooms 'mid wildest scenes,
- Pass'd she,-the modest, eloquent, and virtuous Jeanie Deans;

- And Dumbiedikes, that silent laird, with love too deep to smile,
- And Effie, with her noble friend, the good Duke of Argyle.
- With lofty brow, and bearing high, dark Ravenswood advanced,
- Who on the false Lord Keeper's mien with eve indignant glanced :---
- Whilst graceful as a lonely fawn, 'neath covert close and sure,
- Approach'd the beauty of all hearts-the Bride of Lammermoor!
- Then Annot Lyle, the fairy queen of light and song, stepp'd near,
- The Knight of Ardenvohr, and he, the gifted Hieland Seer;
- Dalgetty, Duncan, Lord Menteith, and Ranald met my view ;
- The hapless Children of the Mist, and bold Mhichconnel Dhu !
- On swept Bois-Guilbert—Front de Bœuf —De Bracy's plume of woe;
- And Cœur de Lion's crest shone near the valiant Ivanhoe;
- While soft as glides a summer cloud Rowena closer drew,
- With beautiful Rebecca, peerless daughter of the Jew !
- I saw the courtly Euphuist, with Halbert of the Dell,
- And, like a ray of moonlight, pass'd the White Maid of Avenel;
- Lord Morton, Douglas, Bolton, and the Royal Earl march'd there,
- To the slow and solemn funeral chant of the monks of Kennaquhair.
- And she, on whose imperial brow a god had set his seal,
- The glory of whose loveliness grief might not all conceal;
- The loved in high and princely halls, in lone and lowly cots,
- Stood Mary, the illustrious, yet helpless Queen of Scots.
- The firm, devoted Catherine, the sentimental Graeme,
- Lochleven, whose worn brow reveal'd au early-blighted name,

- The enthusiastic Magdalen, the pilgrim of that shrine,
- Whose spirit triumphs o'er the tomb and makes its dust divine.
- With Leicester, Lord of Kenilworth, in mournful robes, was seen
- The gifted, great Elizabeth, high England's matchless queen.
- Tressilian's wild and manly glance, and Varney's darker gaze,
- Sought Amy Robsart's brilliant form, too fair for earthly praise.
- Next Norna of the Fitful-head, the wild Reim-kennar, came,
- But shiver'd lay her magic wand, and dim her eye of flame;
- Young Minna Troil the lofty-soul'd, whom Cleveland's love betray'd,
- The generous old Udaller, and Mordaunt's sweet island maid.
- Slow follow'd Lord Glenvarloch, first of Scotia's gallant names,
- With the fair, romantic Margaret, and the erudite King James;
- The woo'd and wrong'd Hermione, whose lord all hearts despise,
- Sarcastic Malagrowther, and the faithful Moniplies.
- Then stout Sir Geoffrey of the Peak, and Peveril swept near;

Stern Bridgenorth, and the fiery Duke, with knight and cavalier;

The fairest of fantastic elves, Fenella, glided on,

And Alice, from whose beauteous lip the light of joy was gone.

- And Quentin's haughty helm flash'd there; Le Balafrè's stout lance;
- Orleans, Crevecœur, the brave Dunois, the noblest knight of France;
- The wild Hayraddin, follow'd by the silent Jean de Troyes,
- The mournful Lady Hameline, and Isabelle de Croyes.
- Pale sorrow mark'd young Tyrrell's mien, grief dimm'd sweet Clara's eye,
- And Ronan's laird breathed many a prayer for days and friends gone by;

- Oh, mourn not, pious Cargill cried; should his death woe impart,
- Whose cenotaph's the universe, whose elegy's the heart!
- Forth bore the noble Fairford his fascinating bride,
- The lovely Lilias, with the brave Redgauntlet by her side;
- Black Campbell, and the bold redoubted Maxwell met my view,
- And Wandering Willie's solemn wreath of dark funereal yew.
- As foes who meet upon some wild, some far and foreign shore,
- Wreck'd by the same tempestuous surge, recall past feuds no more,
- Thus prince and peasant, peer and slave, thus friend and foe combine,
- To pour the homage of their heart upon one common shrine.

There Lacey, famed Cadwallon, and the fierce Gwenwyn march'd on,

- Whilst horn and halbert, pike and bow, dart, glaive, and javelin shone;
- Sir Damian and the elegant young Eveline pass'd there,
- Stout Wilkin, and the hopeless Rose, with wild, dishevell'd hair.
- Around, in solemn grandeur, swept the banners of the brave,
- And deep and far the clarions waked the wild dirge of the glave;
- On came the Champion of the Cross, and near him, like a star,

The regal Berengaria, beauteous daughter of Navarre;

- The high, heroic Saladin, with proud and haughty mien,
- The rich and gorgeous Saracen, and the fiery Nazarene;
- There Edith and her Nubian slave breathed many a thought divine,

Whilst rank on rank—a glorious train rode the Knights of Palestine.

Straight follow'd Zerubbabel and Joliffe of the Tower,

Young Wildrake, Markham, Hazeldine, and the forest nymph Mayflower;

- The democratic Cromwell, stern, resolute, and free,
- The knight of Woodstock and the light and lovely Alice Lee.
- And there the crafty Proudfute for once true sorrow felt;
- Craigdallie, Chartres, and the recreant Cohachar the Celt,
- And he whose chivalry had graced a more exalted birth,
- The noble-minded Henry, and the famed Fair Maid of Perth.
- The intrepid Anne of Geierstein, the false Lorraine stepp'd near;
- Proud Margaret of Anjou, and the faithful, brave De Vere;
- There Arnold, and the King René; and Charles the Bold had met
- The dauntless Donnerkugel and the graceful young Lizette.
- Forth rode the glorions Godfrey, by the gallant Hugh the Great,
- While wept the brave and beautiful their noble minstrel's fate;
- Then Hereward the Varangian, with Bertha at his side,
- The valorous Count of Paris and his Amazonian bride.
- At last, amidst that princely train, waved high De Walton's plume,
- Near fair Augusta's laurel-wreath, which Time shall ne'er consume,
- And Anthony, with quiver void, his last fleet arrow sped,
- Leant, mourning o'er his broken bow, and mused upon the dead.
- Still onward like the gathering night advanced that funeral train---
- Like billows when the tempest sweeps across the shadowy main;
- Where'er the eager gaze might reach, in noble ranks were seen
- Dark plume, and glittering mail and crest, and woman's beauteous mien!
- A sound thrill'd through that length'ning host! methought the vault was closed,
- Where, in his glory and renown, fair Scotia's bard reposed !

A sound thrill'd through that length'ning host ! and forth my vision fied !

- The vision and the voice are o'er! their influence waned away,
- Like music o'er a summer lake at the golden close of day :
- The vision and the voice are o'er !--but when will be forgot
- The buried Genins of Romance-the imperishable Scott?

CHARLES SWAIN.

ICHABOD.

So fallen ! so lost ! the light withdrawn Which once he wore !

The glory from his gray hairs gone For evermore !

- Revile him not—the tempter hath A snare for all ; And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,
- Befit his fall !

Oh! dumb be passion's stormy rage, When he who might

Have lighted up and led his age, Falls back in night.

Scorn ! Would the angels laugh, to mark A bright soul driven,

Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark, From hope and Heaven?

Let not the land, once proud of him, Insult him now;

But let its humbled sons, instead, From sea to lake, A long lament, as for the dead,

In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honor'd, naught Save power remains—

A fallen angel's pride of thought, Still strong in chains.

Nor brand with deeper shame his dim, Dishonor'd brow.

All else is gone; from those great eyes The soul has fled: When faith is lost, when honor dies,

The man is dead !

Then, pay the reverence of old days To his dead fame ; Walk backward, with averted gaze, And hide the shame ! Join GreesLeaf Whittler.

NAPOLEON.

THE mighty sun had just gone down Into the chambers of the deep, The ocean birds had upward flown, Each in his cave to sleep, And silent was the island shore, And breathless all the broad red sea. And motionless beside the door Our solitary tree. Our only tree, our ancient palm, Whose shadow sleeps our door beside, Partook the universal calm When Buonaparte died. An ancient man, a stately man, Came forth beneath the spreading tree; His silent thoughts I could not scan, His tears I needs must see. A trembling hand had partly cover'd The old man's weeping countenance. Yet something o'er his sorrow hover'd. That spake of war and France; Something that spake of other days, When trumpets pierced the kindling air, And the keen eye could firmly gaze Through battle's crimson glare. Said I, "Perchance this faded hand, When life beat high and hope was young, By Lodi's wave, or Syria's sand, The bolt of death had flung. Young Buonaparte's battle-erv Perchance hath kindled this old cheek; It is no shame that he should sigh-His heart is like to break ! He hath been with him young and old, He climb'd with him the Alpine snow, He heard the cannon when they roll'd Along the river Po. His soul was as a sword, to leap At his accustom'd leader's word ;

I love to see the old man weep--He knew no other lord. As if it were but yesternight, This man remembers dark Eylau; His dreams are of the eagle's flight Victorious long ago. The memories of worser time Are all as shadows unto him; Fresh stands the picture of his prime-The later trace is dim." I enter'd, and I saw him lie Within the chamber all alone : I drew near very solemnly To dead Napoleon. He was not shrouded in a shroud. He lay not like the vulgar dead, Yet all of haughty, stern, and proud, From his pale brow was fled. He had put harness on to die; The eagle star shone on his breast, His sword lay bare his pillow nigh, The sword he liked the best. But calm, most calm, was all his face, A solemn smile was on his lips, His eyes were closed in pensive grace,-A most serene eclipse! Ye would have said some sainted sprite Had left its passionless abode,-Some man, whose prayer at morn and night Had duly risen to God. What thoughts had calm'd his dying breast (For calm he died) cannot be known: Nor would I wound a warrior's rest,-Farewell, Napoleon!

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

The Return of Napoleon from St. Helena.

Ho! city of the gay! Paris! what festal rite Doth call thy thronging million forth, All eager for the sight? Thy soldiers line the streets In fix'd and stern array, With buckled helm and bayonet, As on the battle-day.

By square, and fountain side, Heads in dense masses rise,

And tower and battlement and tree	The soaring eagle of the Alps,
Are studded thick with eyes.	The crush'd at Waterloo:
Comes there some conqueror home	The banish'd who return'd,
In triumph from the fight,	The dead who rose again,
With spoil and captives in his train,	And rode in his shroud the billows proud
The trophies of his might?	To the sunny banks of Seine.
The "Arc de Triomphe" glows!	They laid him there in state,
A martial host are nigh,	That warrior strong and bold,
France pours in long succession forth	The imperial erown, with jewels bright,
Her pomp of chivalry.	Upon his ashes cold,
No clarion marks their way,	While round those columns proud
No victor trump is blown;	The blazon'd banners wave,
Why march they on so silently,	That on a hundred fields he won,
Told by their tread alone?	With the heart's blood of the brave;
Behold! in glittering show,	And sternly there kept guard
A gorgeous car of state!	His veterans scarr'd and old,
The white-plumed steeds, in cloth of gold,	Whose wounds of Lodi's cleaving bridge
Bow down beneath its weight;	Or purple Leipsic told.
And the noble war-horse, led	Yes, there, with arms reversed,
Caparison'd along,	Slow pacing, night and day,
Seems fiercely for his lord to ask,	Close watch beside the coffin kept
As his red eye scans the throng.	Those veterans grim and gray.
Who rideth on yon car?	A cloud is on their brow,—
The incense flameth high,—	Is it sorrow for the dead?
Comes there some demigod of old?	Or memory of the fearful strife
No answer!—No reply !	Where their country's legions fled?
Who rideth on yon car?—	Of Borodino's blood?
No shout his minions raise,	Of Beresina's wail?
But by a lofty chapel dome	The horrors of that dire retreat,
The muffled hero stays.	Which turn'd old 11istory pale?
A king is standing there,	A cloud is on their brow,—
And with uncover'd head	Is it sorrow for the dead?
Receives him in the name of France:	Or a shuddering at the wintry shaft
Receiveth whom?— <i>The dead !</i>	By Russian tempests sped?
Was he not buried deep	Where countless mounds of snow
In island-cavern drear;	Mark'd the poor conscripts' grave,
Girt by the sounding ocean surge?	And, pierced by frost and famine, sank
How came that sleeper here?	The bravest of the brave.
Was there no rest for him	A thousand trembling lamps
Beneath a peaceful pall,	The gather'd darkness mock,
That thus he brake his stony tomb,	And velvet drapes his hearse, who died
Ere the strong angel's call?	On bare Helena's rock;
Hark! hark! the requiem swells,	And from the altar near
A deep, soul-thrilling strain !	A never-ceasing hymn
An echo, never to be heard	Is lifted by the chanting priests
By mortal ear again.	Beside the taper dim.

A require for the chief, Whose fiat millions slew, Mysterious one, and proud l In the land where shadows reign,

Hast thou met the flocking ghosts of those Who at thy nod were slain? Oh, when the cry of that spectral host Like a rushing blast shall be, What will thine answer be to them? And what thy God's to thee? LYDIA HUNTLEY STOOURNEY.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

1.

BURY the Great Duke With an empire's lamentation, Let us bury the Great Duke To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation, Mourning when their leaders fall,

Warriors carry the warrior's pall, And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

11.

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?

Here, in streaming London's central roar. Let the sound of those he wrought for, And the feet of those he fought for, Echo round his bones for evermore.

III.

Lead out the pageant: sad and slow, As fits an universal woe, Let the long, long procession go, And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow.

And let the mournful martial music blow; The last great Englishman is low.

IV.

Mourn, for to us he seems the last, Remembering all his greatness in the past.

No more in soldier fashion will he greet With lifted hand the gazer in the street. O friends, our chief state-oracle is dead: Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood, The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute, Whole in himself, a common good. Mourn for the man of amplest influence, Yet clearest of ambitious crime, Our greatest yet with least pretence, Great in council and great in war, Foremost captain of his time, Rich in saving common-sense, And, as the greatest only are, In his simplicity sublime. O good gray head which all men knew, O voice from which their omens all men drew. O iron nerve to true occasion true. Oh fall'n at length that tower of strength Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew ! Such was he whom we deplore. The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er. The great World-victor's victor will be seen no more.

v.

All is over and done: Render thanks to the Giver. England, for thy son. Let the bell be toll'd. Render thanks to the Giver, And render him to the mould, Under the cross of gold That shines over city and river. There he shall rest for ever Among the wise and the bold. Let the bell be toll'd: And a reverent people behold The towering car, the sable steeds: Bright let it be with his blazon'd deeds, Dark in its funeral fold. Let the bell be toll'd : And a deeper knell in the heart be knoll'd; And the sound of the sorrowing anthem roll'd Through the dome of the golden cross; And the volleying cannon thunder his loss: He knew their voices of old. For many a time in many a clime His captain's ear has heard them boom Bellowing victory, bellowing doom : When he with those deep voices wrought, Guarding realms and kings from shame; With those deep voices our dead captain taught The tyrant, and asserts his claim In that dread sound to the great name,

Which he has worn so pure of blame,

In praise and in dispraise the same,	And England pouring on her foes.
A man of well-attemper'd frame.	Such a war had such a close.
O civic muse, to such a name,	Again their ravening eagle rose
To such a name for ages long,	In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing
To such a name,	wings,
Preserve a broad approach of fame,	And barking for the thrones of kings;
And ever-echoing avenues of song.	Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown
	On that loud Sahbath shook the spoiler down;
VI.	A day of onsets of despair!
Who is he that cometh, like an houor'd	Dash'd on every rocky square
guest,	Their surging charges foam'd themselves
With banner and with music, with soldier	away;
aud with priest,	Last, the Prussian trumpet blew;
With a nation weeping, and breaking on	Through the long tormented air
my rest?	Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray,
Mighty seaman, this is he	And down we swept and charged and over-
Was great by land as thou by sea.	threw.
Thine island loves thee well, thou famous	So great a soldier taught us there,
man, The greatest seiler sizes and like	What long-enduring hearts could do
The greatest sailor since our world be-	In that world-earthquake, Waterloo! Mighty seaman, tender and true,
gan. Now, to the roll of muffled drums,	And pure as he from taint of craven guile,
To thee the greatest soldier comes;	O savior of the silver-coasted isle,
For this is he	O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
Was great by land as thou by sea:	If aught of things that here hefall
His foes were thine; he kept us free;	Touch a spirit among things divine,
Oh give him welcome, this is he,	If love of country move thee there at all,
Worthy of our gorgeous rites,	Be glad, because his bones are laid by
And worthy to be laid by thee;	thine!
For this is England's greatest son,	And through the centuries let a people's
He that gain'd a hundred fights,	voice
Nor ever lost an English gun;	In full acclaim,
This is he that far away	A people's voice,
Against the myriads of Assaye	The proof and echo of all human fame,
Clash'd with his fiery few and won;	A people's voice, when they rejoice
And underneath another sun, Warring on a later day,	At civic revel and pomp and game, Attest their great commander's claim
Round affrighted Lisbon drew	With honor, honor, honor, honor to him,
The treble works, the vast designs	Eternal honor to his name.
Of his labor'd rampart-lines,	and here to his hade.
Where he greatly stood at bay,	VII.
Whence he issued forth anew,	A people's voice! we are a people yet.
And ever great and greater grew,	Though all men else their nobler dreams
Beating from the wasted vines	forget,
Back to France her banded swarms,	Confused by brainless mobs and lawless
Back to France with countless blows,	powers;
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew	Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly
Past the Pyrenean pines;	set
Follow'd up in valley and glen	His Briton in blown seas and storming
With blare of bugle, clamor of men,	showers,
Roll of cannon and clash of arms,	We have a voice, with which to pay the debt

Of hour diamater and a second second	
Of boundless love and reverence and regret	Follow'd by the brave of other lands,
To those great men who fought, and kept	He, on whom from both her open hands
it ours.	Lavish Honor shower'd all her stars,
And keep it ours, O God, from brute con-	And affluent Fortune emptied all her
trol;	horn.
O statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the	Yea, let all good things await
soul	Him who cares not to he great,
Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,	But as he saves or serves the state.
And save the one true seed of freedom	Not once or twice in our rough island-
sown	story,
Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,	The path of duty was the way to glory :
That sober freedom out of which there	He that walks it, only thirsting
springs	For the right, and learns to deaden
Our loyal passion for our temperate kings;	Love of self, before his journey closes,
For, saving that, ye help to save mankind	He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Till public wrong be erumbled into dust,	Into glossy purples, which outredden
And drill the raw world for the march of	All voluptuous gar len-roses.
mind,	Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
Till crowds at length be sane and crowns	The path of duty was the way to glory :
be just.	He, that ever following her commands,
But wink no more in slothful overtrust;	On with toil of heart and knees and hands
Remember him who led your hosts ;	Through the long gorge to the far light
He bade you guard the sacred coasts.	has won
Your cannons moulder on the seaward	His path upward, and prevail'd,
wall;	Shall find the toppling crags of Duty
His voice is silent in your council-hall	scaled
For ever; and whatever tempests lower	Are close upon the shining table-lands
For ever silent; even if they broke	To which our God Himself is moon and
In thunder, silent; yct remember all	sun.
He spoke among you, and the Man who	Such was he: his work is done.
spoke;	But while the races of mankind endure,
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,	Let his great example stand
Nor palter'd with eternal God for power;	Colossal, seen of every land,
Who let the turbid streams of rumor flow	And keep the soldier firm, the statesman
Through either babbling world of high and	pure;
low;	Till in all lands and through all human
Whose life was work, whose language rife	story
With rugged maxims hewn from life;	The path of duty be the way to glory :
Who never spoke against a foe;	And let the land whose hearths he saved
Whose eighty winters freeze with one re-	from shame
buke	For many and many an age proclaim
All great self-seekers trampling on the	At civic revel and pomp and game,
right:	And when the long-illumined cities flame,
Trnth-teller was our England's Alfred	Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,
named ;	With honor, honor, honor, honor to him,
Truth-lover was our English Duke;	Eternal honor to his name.
Whatever record leap to light	
He never shall be shamed.	IX.
	Peace his triumph will be sung
VIII.	Peace, his triumph will be sung By some yet unmoulded tongne
Lo, the leader in these glorious wars	Far on in summers that we shall not see:
Now to glorious burial slowly borne,	Peace, it is a day of pain
trow to grotious buriar slowly borne,	reace, it is a day or pain

For one about whose patriarchal knee Late the little children clung: O peace, it is a day of pain For one upon whose hand and heart and brain Once the weight and fate of Europe hung. Ours the pain, be his the gain! More than is of man's degree Must be with us, watching here At this, our great solemnity. Whom we see not we revere. We revere, and we refrain From talk of battles loud and vain, And brawling memories all too free For such a wise humility As befits a solemn fane: We revere, and while we hear The tides of Music's golden sea Setting toward eternity, Uplifted high in heart and hope are we, Until we doubt not that for one so true There must be other nobler work to do Than when he fought at Waterloo, And Victor he must ever be. For though the Giant Ages heave the hill And break the shore, and evermore Make and break, and work their will; Though world on world in myriad myriads roll Round us, each with different powers, And other forms of life than ours, What know we greater than the soul? On God and godlike men we build our trust. Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears: The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears: The black earth vawns: the mortal disappears; Ashes to ashes, dust to dust; He is gone who seem'd so great .---Gone: but nothing can bereave him Of the force he made his own Being here, and we believe him Something far advanced in state, And that he wears a truer crown Than any wreath that man can weave him. Speak no more of his renown, Lay your earthly fancies down, And in the vast cathedral leave him. God accept him, Christ receive him.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

TO THE SISTER OF ELLt.

COMFORT thee, O thou mourner, yet a while ! Again shall Elia's smile

Refresh thy heart, where heart can ache no more.

What is it we deplore?

He leaves behind him, freed from griefs and years,

Far worthier things than tears.

The love of friends without a single foe: Unequall'd lot below!

His gentle soul, his genius, these are thine; For these dost thou repine?

He may have left the lowly walks of men; Left them he has; what then?

Are not his footsteps follow'd by the eyes Of all the good and wise?

Tho' the warm day is over, yet they seek Upon the lofty peak

Of his pure mind the roseate light that glows

O'er death's perennial snows.

Behold him ! from the region of the blest He speaks : he bids thee rest.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE NIGHT OF THE 30TH OF JULY, 1847.

At the Close of an Unsuccessful Contest for Edinburgh.

THE day of tumult, strife, defeat, was o'er; Worn out with toil, and noise, and scorn, and spleen,

I slumber'd, and in slumber saw once more A room in an old mansion, long unseen.

That room, methought, was curtain'd from the light;

Yet through the curtains shone the moon's cold ray

Full on a cradle, where, in linen white, Sleeping life's first soft sleep, an infant lay.

Pale flicker'd on the hearth the dying flame,

And all was silent in that ancient hall,

Save when by fits on the low night-wind came

The murmur of the distant waterfall.

- And lo! the fairy queens who rule our birth
 - Drew nigh to speak the new-born baby's doom:
- With noiseless step, which left no trace on earth,
 - From gloom they came, and vanish'd into gloom.
- Not deigning on the boy a glance to east, Swept careless by the gorgeous Queen of Gain ;
- More scornful still, the Queen of Fashion pass'd
 - With mincing gait and sneer of cold disdain.
- The Queen of Power toss'd high her jewell'd head,
 - And o'er her shoulder threw a wrathful frown :

The Queen of Pleasure on the pillow shed Scarce one stray rose-leaf from her fragrant crown.

- Still Fay in long procession follow'd Fay; And still the little couch remain'd unblest:
- But, when those wayward sprites had pass'd away,
 - Came One, the last, the mightiest, and the best.
- O glorious lady, with the eyes of light,
 - And laurels clustering round thy lofty brow,
- Who by the eradle's side didst watch that night,

Warbling a sweet, strange music, who wast thou?

- "Yes, darling; let them go;" so ran the strain;
 - " Yes; let them go, Gain, Fashion, Pleasure, Power,

And all the busy elves to whose domain Belongs the nether sphere, the fleeting hour.

"Without one envious sigh, one anxious scheme,

The nether sphere, the flecting hour resign,

- Mine is the world of thought, the world of dream,
 - Mine all the past, and all the future mine.
- "Fortune, that lays in sport the mighty low,
 - Age, that to penance turns the joys of vouth.
- Shall leave untouch'd the gifts which I bestow,
 - The sense of beauty and the thirst of truth.
- "Of the fair brotherhood who share my grace,
 - I, from thy natal day, pronounce thee free;

And, if for some I keep a nobler place,

I keep for none a happier than for thee.

"There are who, while to vulgar eyes they seem

Of all my bounties largely to partake,

Of me as of some rival's handmaid deem, And court me but for Gain's, Power's, Fashion's sake.

- "To such, though deep their lore, though wide their fame,
 - Shall my great mysteries be all unknown;
- But thou, through good and evil, praise and blame,

Wilt not thou love me for myself alone?

"Yes, thou wilt love me with exceeding love,

And I will tenfold all that love repay,

- Still smiling, though the tender may reprove,
 - Still faithful, though the trusted may betray.
- " For aye mine emblem was, and aye shall be,
 - The ever-during plant whose bough I wear,

Brightest and greenest then when every tree

That blossoms in the light of Time is bare.

 "In the dark hour of shame I deign'd to stand Before the frowning peers at Bacon's side: On a far shore I smoothed with tender hand, Through months of pain, the sleepless bed of Hyde: "I brought the wise and brave of ancient days To cheer the cell where Raleigh pined alone: I lighted Miltou's darkness with the blaze Of the bright ranks that guard the eternal throne. "And even so, my child, it is my pleasure That thou not then alone shouldst feel me nigh, When in domestic bliss and studious leisure, Thy weeks uncounted come, uncounted 	 Thine when, through forests breathing death, thy way All night shall wind by many a tiger's lair; "Thine most when friends turn pale, when traitors fly, When, hard beset, thy spirit, justly proud, For truth, peace, freedom, mercy, dares defy A sullen priesthood and a raving crowd. "Amidst the din of all things fell and vile, Hate's yell, and Envy's hiss, and Folly's bray, Remember me, and with an unforced smile See riches, baubles, flatterers, pass away. "Yes, they will pass away, nor deem it strange;
 Thy weeks uncounted come, uncounted fly; "Not then alone, when myriads, closely press'd Around thy car, the shout of triumph ' raise, Nor when, in gilded drawing-rooms, thy breast Swells at the sweeter sound of woman's praise. 	They come and go, as comes and goes the sea; And let them come and go; thou, through all ehange, Fix thy firm gaze on Virtue and on me." THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND. SHE is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
 "No: when on restless night dawns cheerless morrow, When weary soul and wasting body pine, Thine am I still, in danger, sickness, sorrow, In conflict, obloquy, want, exile, thine; "Thine, where on mountain-waves the snow-birds scream, Where more than Thule's winter barbs the breeze, Where scarce, through lowering clouds, one sickly gleam Lights the drear May-day of Antaretic seas; "Thine, when around thy litter's track all 	 And lovers are round her sighing; But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps, For her heart in his grave is lying. She sings the wild song of her dear native plains, Every note which he loved awaking;— Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains, How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking. He had lived for his love, for his country he died, They were all that to life had entwined him;
day White sandhills shall reflect the blind- ing glare;	Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried, Nor long will his love stay behind him.

FIRESIDE	ENCYCLOPÆDIA	OF POETRY.
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Oh make her a grave where the sunbeams rest	In vain, in vain beneath his feet we flung The reddening roses! All in vain we
When they promise a glorious morrow;	pour'd
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,	The golden wine, and round the shining board
From her own loved island of sorrow.	Sent the toast circling, till the rafters
Thomas Moore.	rung
	With the thrice-tripled honors of the
KANE.	feast! Scarce the buds wilted and the voices
DIED FEBRUARY 16, 1857.	ceased
ALOFT upon an old basaltic crag,	Ere the pure light that sparkled in his
Which, scalp'd by keen winds that de-	eyes,
fend the Pole,	Bright as auroral fires in Southern skies,
Gazes with dead face on the seas that roll	Faded and faded ! And the brave young heart
Around the secret of the mystic zone,	That the relentless Arctic winds had
A mighty nation's star-bespangled flag	robb'd
Flutters alone,	Of all its vital heat, in that long quest
And underneath, upon the lifeless front	For the lost captain, now within his
Of that drear cliff, a simple name is	breast
traced;	More and more faintly throbb'd.
Fit type of him who, famishing and	His was the victory; but as his grasp
gaunt, But with a scalar sum and in his could	Closed on the laurel crown with eager
But with a rocky purpose in his soul, Breasted the gathering snows,	clasp,
Clung to the drifting floes,	Death launch'd a whistling dart;
By want beleaguer'd, and by winter	And ere the thunders of applause were
chased,	done
Seeking the brother lost amid that frozen	His bright eyes closed for ever on the sun! Too late, too late the splendid prize he won
waste.	In the Olympic race of Science and of
	Art!
Not many months ago we greeted him,	Like to some shatter'd berg that, pale and
Crown'd with the icy honors of the	lone,
North, Across the land his hard-won fame went	Drifts from the white North to a tropic
forth,	zone,
And Maine's deep woods were shaken	And in the burning day
limb by limb;	Wastes peak by peak away,
His own mild Keystone State, sedate and	Till on some rosy even
prim,	It dies with sunlight blessing it; so he
Burst from decorous quiet as he came;	Tranquilly floated to a Southern sea, And melted into heaven.
Hot Southern lips with eloquence aflame	And mered into neaven.
Sounded his triumph. Texas, wild and	
grim,	He needs no tears, who lived a noble life;
Proffer'd its horny hand. The large-	We will not weep for him who died so
lung'd West,	well, But we will gather round the hearth,
From out its giant breast, Yell'd its frank welcome. And from	and tell
fell'd its frank welcome. And from main to main,	The story of his strife;
Jubilant to the sky,	Such homage suits him well,
Thunder'd the mighty cry,	Better than funeral pomp or passing
HONOR TO KANE!	bell.

What tale of peril and self-sacrifice !

Prison'd amid the fastnesses of ice,

With hunger howling o'er the wastes of snow!

Night lengthening into months, the ravenous floe

Crunching the massive ships, as the white bear

Crunches his prey. The insufficient share Of loathsome food,

- The lethargy of famine, the despair Urging to labor, nervelessly pursued,
 - Toil done with skinny arms, and faces hned

Like pallid masks, while dolefully behind

Glimmer'd the fading embers of a mind!

That awful hour, when through the prostrate band

Delirium stalk'd, laying his burning hand Upon the ghastly foreheads of the crew. The whispers of rebellion, faint and few

- At first, but deepening ever till they grew
- Into black thoughts of murder; such the throng

Of horrors bound the hero. High the song

Should be that hymns the noble part he play'd!

Sinking himself, yet ministering aid To all around him. By a mighty will Living defiant of the wants that kill.

Because his death would seal his comrades' fate;

Cheering with ceaseless and inventive skill

Those Polar waters, dark and desolate.

Equal to every trial, every fate,

He stands, until Spring, tardy with relief,

Unlocks the icy gate,

And the pale prisoners thread the world once more,

To the steep cliffs of Greenland's pastoral shore

Bearing their dying chief.

- Time was when he should gain his spurs of gold
 - From royal hands, who woo'd the knightly state;

The knell of old formalities is toll'd,

And the world's knights are now selfconsecrate. No grander episode doth chivalry hold

In all its annals, back to Charlemagne,

- Than that lone vigil of unceasing pain,
- Faithfully kept through hunger and through cold,
 - By the good Christian knight, ELISHA KANE!

FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF JOSEPH Sturge.

In the fair land o'erwatch'd by Ischia's mountains,

Across the charmed bay

Whose blue waves keep with Capri's silver fountains

Perpetual holiday,

A king lies dead, his wafer duly eaten, His gold-bought masses given;

And Rome's great altar'smokes with gums to sweeten

Her foulest gift to Heaven.

And while all Naples thrills with mute thanksgiving,

The conrt of England's queen

For the dead monster, so abhorr'd while living,

In mourning garb is seen.

With a true sorrow God rebukes that feigning;

By lone Edgbaston's side

Stands a great city in the sky's sad raining, Bare-headed and wet-eyed !

Silent for once the restless hive of labor, Save the low funeral tread,

Or voice of craftsman whispering to his neighbor

The good deeds of the dead.

For him no minster's chant of the immortals

Rose from the lips of sin;

No mitred priest swung back the heavenly portals

To let the white soul in.

But Age and Sickness framed their tearful faces

In the low hove I's door,

And prayers went up from all the dark by- places And Ghettos of the poor.	And heard with tender ear the spirit sighing As from its prison cell, Praying for pity, like the mournful crying Of Jonah out of hell.
The pallid toiler and the negro chattel, The vagrant of the street, The human dice wherewith in games of battle The lords of Earth compete,	Not his the golden pen's or lip's persuasion, But a fine sense of right, And Truth's directness, meeting each oc- casion
Touch'd with a grief that needs no outward	Straight as a line of light.
draping,	His faith and works, like streams that in-
All swell'd the long lament,	termingle,
Of grateful hearts, instead of marble,	In the same channel ran :
shaping	The crystal clearness of an eye kept single
His viewless monument!	Shamed all the frands of man.
For never yet, with ritual pomp and splen-	The very gentlest of all human natures
dor,	He join'd to courage strong,
In the long heretofore,	And love outreaching unto all God's crea-
A heart more loyal, warm, and true, and tender,	tures With sturdy hate of wrong.
Has England's turf closed o'er.	Tender as woman; manliness and meekness
And if there fell from out her grand old	In him were so allied
steeples	That they who judged him by his strength
No crash of brazen wail,	or weakness
The murmurous woe of kindreds, tongues,	Saw but a single side.
and peoples	Men fail'd, betray'd him, but his zeal
Swept in on every gale.	seem'd nourish'd
It came from Holstein's birchen-belted	By failure and by fall;
meadows,	Still a large faith in human-kind he cher-
And from the tropic calms	ish'd,
Of Indian islands in the sun-smit shadows	And in God's love for all.
Of Occidental palms;	And now he rests : his greatness and his
From the lock'd roadsteads of the Both-	sweetness
nian peasants,	No more shall seem at strife;
And harbors of the Finn,	And Death has moulded into calm com-
Where war's worn victims saw his gentle	pleteness
presence	The statue of his life.
Come sailing, Christ-like, in,	Where the dews glisten and the song-birds
To seek the lost, to build the old waste places,	warble,
To link the hostile shores	His dust to dust is laid,
Of severing seas, and sow with England's	In Nature's keeping, with no pomp of
daisies	marble
The moss of Finland's moors.	To shame his modest shade.
Thanks for the good man's beautiful ex-	The forges glow, the hammers all are ring-
ample,	ing :
Who in the vilest saw	Beneath its smoky vale,
Some sacred crypt or altar of a temple	Hard by, the city of his love is swinging
Some sacred crypt of anal of a temple Still vocal with God's law:	Its clamorous iron flail.

But round his grave are quietude and beauty,

Transfigured into love ! JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTEE

BROWN OF OSSAWATOMIE.

- JOHN BROWN of Ossawatomie spake on his dying day :
- "I will not have to shrive my soul a priest in Slavery's pay.
- But let some poor slave-mother whom I have striven to free,
- With her children, from the gallows-stair put up a prayer for me!"
- John Brown of Ossawatomie, they led him out to die;
- And lo! a poor slave-mother with her little child press'd nigh.

Then the bold blue eye grew tender, and the old harsh face grew mild,

As he stoop'd between the jeering ranks and kiss'd the negro's child !

- The shadows of his stormy life that moment fell apart;
- And they who blamed the bloody hand forgave the loving heart.
- That kiss from all its guilty means redeem'd the good intent,
- And round the grisly fighter's hair the martyr's aureole bent!
- Perish with him the folly that seeks through evil good !
- Long live the generous purpose unstain'd with human blood !
- Not the raid of midnight terror, but the thought which underlies;
- Not the borderer's pride of daring, but the Christian's sacrifice.
- Nevermore may yon Blue Ridges the Northern rifle hear,
- Nor see the light of blazing homes flash on the negro's spear.
- But let the free-wing'd angel Truth their guarded passes scale,
- To teach that right is more than might, and justice more than mail!

So vainly shall Virginia set her battle in array:

- In vain her trampling squadrons knead the winter snow with clay.
- She may strike the pouncing eagle, but she dares not harm the dove ;
- And every gate she bars to Hate shall open wide to Love!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER,

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER.

IN MEMORY OF GEN. PHILIP KEARNEY, KILLED SEPT. 1, 1862.

CLOSE his eyes, his work is done! What to him is friend or foeman,

Rise of moon, or set of sun,

Hand of man, or kiss of woman? Lay him low, lay him low, In the clover or the snow! What cares he? he cannot know: Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight, Proved his truth by his endeavor; Let him sleep in solemn night, Sleep for ever and for ever. Lay him low, lay him low, In the clover or the snow! • What cares he ? he cannot know: Lay him low !

Fold him in his country's stars, Roll the drum and fire the volley ! What to him are all our wars, What but death bemoeking folly ? Lay him low, lay him low, In the clover or the snow ! What eares he? he cannot know : Lay him low !

Leave him to God's watching eye, Trust him to the Hand that made him. Mortal love sweeps idly by :

God alone has power to aid him. Lay him low, lay him low, In the clover or the snow ! What cares he? he cannot know : Lay him low !

George H. Boker.

DEDICATION.

TO IDYLLS OF THE KING.

THESE to His memory-since he held them dear. Perchance as finding there unconsciously Some image of himself-I dedicate, I dedicate. I consecrate with tears-These Idylls. And indeed He seems to me Scarce other than my own ideal knight, "Who reverenced his conscience as his king; Whose glory was redressing human wrong; Who spake no slander, no, nor listen'd to it; Who loved one only, and who clave to her-" Her-over all whose realms to their last isle. Commingled with the gloom of imminent war, The shadow of His loss drew like eclipse, Darkening the world. We have lost him: he is gone: We know him now: all narrow jealonsies Are silent; and we see him as he moved, How modest, kindly, all-accomplish'd, wise, With what sublime repression of himself, And in what limits, and how tenderly; Not swaying to this faction or to that ; Not making his high place the lawless perch Of wing'd ambitions, nor a vantageground For pleasure; but thro' all this tract of years Wearing the white flower of a blameless life. Before a thousand peering littlenesses, In that fierce light which beats upon a throne. And blackens every blot: for where is he, Who dares foreshadow for an only son A lovelier life, a more unstain'd, than his? Or how should England, dreaming of his sons. Hope more for these than some inheritance Of such a life, a heart, a mind as thine,

Thou noble Father of her Kings to be, Laborions for her people and her poor— Voice in the rich dawn of an ampler day— Far-sighted summoner of War and Waste To fruitful strifes and rivalries of peace— Sweet Nature gilded by the gracious gleam Of letters, dear to Science, dear to Art,

Dear to thy land and ours, a Prince indeed,

Beyond all titles, and a household name, Hereafter, thro' all times, Albert the Good?

Break not, O woman's heart, but still endnre;

Break not, for thou art Royal, hut endnre, Remembering all the beauty of that star

Which shone so close beside Thee, that ye' made

One light together, but has pass'd, and leaves The Crown a lonely splendor.

May all love,

His love, unseen but felt, o'ershadow Thee,

The love of all Thy sons encompass Thee,

The love of all Thy daughters cherish Thee,

The love of all Thy people comfort Thee, Till God's love set Thee at his side again. ALFRED TENNYSON.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

- You lay a wreath on murder'd Lincoln's bier,
 - You, who with mocking pencil wont to trace,
- Broad for the self-complaisant British sneer.
 - His length of shambling limb, his furrow'd face,
- His gannt, gnarl'd hands, his unkempt. bristling hair,

His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease, His lack of all we prize as debonair,

Of power or will to shine, of art to please;

You, whose smart pen back'd up the pencil's laugh,

Judging each step as though the way were plain;"

Reckless, so it could point its paragraph, Of chief's perplexity or people's pain,— Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-	The rapid that o'erbears the boatman's toil, The prairie hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,
sheet The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,	The ambush'd Indian, and the prowling bear,—
Between the mourners at his head and feet, Say, scurrile jester, is there room for <i>you</i> ?	Such were the deeds that help'd his youth to train:
Yes: he had lived to shame me from my sneer,	Rough culture, but such trees large fruit may bear, If but their stocks be of right girth and
To lame my pencil and confute my pen; To make me own this hind of princes peer,	grain.
This rail-splitter, a true-born king of men.	So he grew up, a destined work to do, And lived to do it; four long-suffering
My shallow judgment I had learn'd to rue, Noting how to occasion's height he rose; How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true;	years' III fate, ill feeling, ill report lived through, And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows;	The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise, And took both with the same nnwaver-
How humble, yet how hopeful he could be; How in good fortune and in ill the same; Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,	ing mood,— Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.	And seem'd to touch the goal from where he stood,
He went about his work, such work as few Ever had laid on head and heart and hand, As one who knows, where there's a task to	A felon hand, between the goal and him, Reach'd from behind his back, a trigger
do, Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command;	prest, And those perplex'd and patient eyes were dim, Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were
Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,	laid to rest.
That God makes instruments to work his will,	The words of mercy were upon his lips, Forgiveness in his heart and on his
If but that will we can arrive to know, Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.	pen, When this vile murderer brought swift celipse To thoughts of peace on earth, good will
So he went forth to battle, on the side That he felt clear was Liberty's and	to men. The Old World and the New, from sea to
Right's, As in his pleasant boyhood he had plied His warfare with rude Nature's thwart- ing mights	sea, Utter one voice of sympathy and shame.
The unclear'd forest, the unbroken soil, The iron bark that turns the lumberer's axe,	Sore heart, so stopp'd when it at last beat high ! Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came !

- A deed accursed! Strokes have been struck before
 - By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
- If more of horror or disgrace they bore; But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out,
- Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
 - Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven,
- And with the martyr's crown crownest a life
 - With much to praise, little to be forgiven.

TOM TAYLOR.

DICKENS IN CAMP.

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,

The river sang below;

- The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting Their minarets of snow.
- The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted

The ruddy tints of health

On haggard face and form that droop'd and fainted

In the fierce race for wealth;

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure

A hoarded volume drew,

And cards were dropp'd from hands of listless leisure

To hear the tale anew;

And then, while round them shadows gather'd faster, And as the firelight fell, He read aloud the book wherein the Master

Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy, - for the reader

Was youngest of them all,---

But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar

A silence seem'd to fall;

The fir trees, gathering closer in the shadows,

Listen'd in every spray,

While the whole camp, with "Nell" on English meadows,

Wander'd and lost their way.

- And so in mountain solitudes—o'ertaken As by some spell divine—
- Their cares dropp'd from them like the needles shaken

From out the gusty pine.

- Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire: And he who wrought that spell?—
- Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,

Ye have one tale to tell !

Lost is that camp! but let its fragrant story

Blend with the breath that thrills

With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory

That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly

And laurel leaves entwine,

Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly,-This spray of Western pine!

FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

PART V.

HISTORICAL POEMS.



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HISTORICAL POEMS.

The Destruction of Sennacherib.

- THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
- And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
- And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
- When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.
- Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
- That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
- Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
- That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.
- For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
- And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;
- And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
- And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!
- And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
- But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride;
- And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
- And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.
- And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
- With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;

The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

- And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail;
- And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
- And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
- Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

LORD BYRON,

HORATIUS.

LARS PORSENA of Clusium, By the nine gods he swore That the great house of Tarquin Should suffer wrong no more. By the nine gods he swore it, And named a trysting-day, And bade his messengers ride forth. East and west and south and north, To summon his array. East and west and south and north The messengers ride fast, And tower and town and cottage Have heard the trumpet's blast. Shame on the false Etruscan Who lingers in his home, When Porsena of Clusium Is on the march for Rome ! The horsemen and the footmen Are pouring in amain From many a stately market-place,

From many a fruitful plain, From many a lonely hamlet,

Which, hid by beech and pine,

Like an eagle's nest hangs on the crest Of purple Apennine;

From lordly Vollaterræ, Where scowls the far-famed hold Piled by the hands of giants For godlike kings of old; From sea-girt Populonia, Whose sentinels descry Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops Fringing the southern sky;

From the proud mart of Pise, Queen of the western waves, Where ride Massilia's triremes, Heavy with fair-hair'd slaves; From where sweet Clanis wanders Through corn and vines and flowers; From where Cortona lifts to heaven Her diadem of towers.

Tall are the oaks whose acorns Drop in dark Auser's rill; Fat are the stags that champ the boughs Of the Ciminian hill; Beyond all streams, Clitumnus Is to the herd-sman dear; Best of all pools the fowler loves The great Volsinian mere,

But now no stroke of woodman Is heard by Auser's rill; No hunter tracks the stag's green path Up the Ciminian hill; Unwatch'd along Clitumnus Grazes the milk-white steer; Unharm'd the water-fowl may dip In the Volsinian mere.

The harvests of Arretium, This year, old men shall reap; This year, young boys in Umbro Shall plunge the struggling sheep; And in the vats of Luna, This year, the must shall foam Round the white feet of laughing girls Whose sires have march'd to Rome.

There be thirty chosen prophets, The wisest of the land, Who, always by Lars Porsena Both morn and evening stand. Evening and morn the thirty Have turn'd the verses o'er, Traced from the right on linen white By mighty seers of yore; And with one voice the thirty Have their glad answer given : "Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena— Go forth, beloved of heaven! Go, and return in glory To Clnsium's royal dome, And hang round Nurseia's altars The golden shields of Rome!"

And now hath every city Sent up her tale of men; The foot are fourscore thousand, The horse are thousands ten. Before the gates of Sutrium Is met the great array;

A proud man was Lars Porsena Upon the trysting-day.

For all the Etruscan armies Were ranged beneath his eye, And many a banish'd Roman, And many a stout ally; And with a mighty following, To join the muster, came The Tusculan Mamilius, Prince of the Latian name.

But by the yellow Tiber Was tumult and affright ; From all the spacious champaign To Rome men took their flight. A mile around the city The throng stopp'd up the ways; A fearful sight it was to see Through two long nights and days. For aged folk on crutches, And women great with child, And mothers sobbing over babes That hung to them and smiled, And sick men borne in litters High on the necks of slaves, And troops of sunburn'd husbandmen With reaping-hooks and staves, And droves of mules and asses Laden with skins of wine, And endless flocks of goats and sheep, And endless herds of kine, And endless trains of wagons, That creak'd beneath the weight

Of corn-sacks and of household goods, Choked every roaring gate.

HISTORICAL POEMS.

Far to left and far to right, Now, from the rock Tarpeian, Could the wan burghers spy In broken gleams of dark-blue light, The long array of helmets bright, The line of blazing villages Red in the midnight sky. The long array of spears. The fathers of the city, They sat all night and day. And plainly and more plainly, For every hour some horseman came Above that glimmering line, With tidings of dismay. Now might ye see the banners Of twelve fair cities shine; To eastward and to westward But the banner of proud Clusium Was highest of them all-Have spread the Tuscan bands, Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecote The terror of the Umbrian, In Crustumerium stands. The terror of the Gaul. Verbenna down to Ostia And plainly and more plainly Hath wasted all the plain; Now might the burghers know, Astur hath storm'd Janiculum. By port and vest, by horse and crest, And the stout guards are slain. Each warlike Lucumo : I wis, in all the Senate, There Cilnius of Arretium . There was no heart so hold On his fleet roan was seen; And Astur of the fourfold shield, But sore it ached, and fast it beat, When that ill news was told. Girt with the brand none else may Forthwith up rose the consul, wield: Up rose the fathers all; Tolumnius with the belt of gold, In haste they girded up their gowns, And dark Verbenna from the hold And hied them to the wall. By reedy Thrasymene. They held a council standing, Fast by the royal standard, O'erlooking all the war, Before the river-gate; Short time was there, ye may well guess, Lars Porsena of Clusium For musing or debate. Sat in his ivory ear. Out spake the consul roundly : By the right wheel rode Mamilius "The bridge must straight go down; Prince of the Latian name : For, since Janiculum is lost, And by the left false Sextus, Naught else can save the town." That wrought the deed of shame But when the face of Sextus Just then a scout came flying, All wild with haste and fear ; Was seen among the foes, "To arms! to arms! sir consul-A yell that rent the firmament Lars Porsena is here." From all the town arose. On the low hills to westward On the housetops was no woman The consul fix'd his eye, But spat toward him and hiss'd, And saw the swarthy storm of dust No child but scream'd out curses, And shook its little fist. Rise fast along the sky. And nearer fast and nearer But the consul's brow was sad, Doth the red whirlwind come; And the consul's speech was low, And darkly look'd he at the wall, And louder still, and still more loud, From underneath that rolling cloud, And darkly at the foe: Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud, "Their van will be upon us The trampling and the hum. Before the bridge goes down; And plainly and more plainly And if they once may win the bridge, Now through the gloom appears, What hope to save the town ?"

Then out spake brave Horatius, The captain of the gate : "To every man upon this earth Death cometh soon or late. And how can man die better Than facing fearful odds For the ashes of his fathers And the temples of his gods?

"And for the tender mother Who dandled him to rest, And for the wife who nurses His baby at her breast, And for the holy maidens Who feed the eternal flame, To save them from false Sextus That wrought the deed of shame?

"Hew down the bridge, sir consul, With all the speed ye may; I, with two more to help me, Will hold the foe in play. In yon strait path a thousand May well be stopp'd by three. Now who will stand on either hand, And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius-A Ramnian proud was he:

" Lo, I will stand at thy right hand, And keep the bridge with thee." And out spake strong Herminius-Of Titian blood was he:

"I will abide on thy left side, And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the consul, "As thou sayest, so let it be." And straight against that great array Went forth the dauntless three. For Romans in Rome's quarrel Spared neither land nor gold, Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life.

In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party— Then all were for the state; Then the great man help'd the poor, And the poor man loved the great; Then lands were fairly portion'd; Then spoils were fairly sold: The Romans were like brothers In the brave days of old. Now Roman is to Roman More hateful than a foe, And the tribunes beard the high, And the fathers grind the low. As we wax bot in faction, In battle we wax cold ; Wherefore men fight not as they fought In the brave days of old. Now while the three were tightening Their harness on their backs. The consul was the foremost man To take in hand an axe: And fathers, mix'd with commons, Seized hatchet, bar, and erow, And smote upon the planks above, And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army, Right glorious to behold, Came flashing back the noonday light, Rank behind rank, like surges bright Of a broad sea of gold. Four hundred trumpets sounded A peal of warlike glee, As that great host with measured tread, And spears advanced, and ensigns spread, Roll'd slowly toward the bridge's head, Where stood the duntless three.

The three stood calm and silent. And look'd upon the foes, And a great shout of laughter From all the vanguard rose : And forth three chiefs came spurring Before that deep array ; To earth they sprang, their swords they drew. And lifted high their shields, and flew To win the narrow way. Annus, from green Tifernum, Lord of the hill of vines : And Seins, whose eight hundred slaves Sicken in Ilva's mines ; And Picus, long to Clusium Vassal in peace and war, Who led to fight his Umbrian powers From that gray crag, where, girt with towers. The fortress of Nequinum lowers

O'er the pale waves of Nar.

Stout Lartius hurl'd down Aunus Into the stream beneath; Herminius struck at Seius, And clove him to the teeth; At Picus brave Horatius Darted one fiery thrust, And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms Clash'd in the bloody dust. Then Ocnus of Falerii

Rush'd on the Roman three ; And Lausulus of Urgo , The rover of the sea ; And Aruns of Volsinium, Who slew the great wild boar— The great wild boar that had his den Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen, And wasted fields, and slaughter'd men, Along Albinia's shore.

Herminius smote down Aruns; Lartius laid Ocnus low; Right to the heart of Lausulus Horatius sent a blow.

"Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate ! No more, aghast and pale, From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark The track of thy destroying bark. No more Campania's hinds shall fly

To woods and caverns when they spy Thy thrice-accursed sail."

Thy infice-accurace same

But now no sound of laughter Was heard among the foes.

A wild and wrathful clamor From all the vanguard rose.

Six spears' lengths from the entrance Halted that deep array,

And for a space no man came forth To win the narrow way.

But, hark ! the cry is Astur : And lo ! the ranks divide ; And the great lord of Luna

Comes with his stately stride. Upon his ample shoulders Clangs loud the fourfold shield,

And in his hand he shakes the brand Which none but he can wield.

He smiled on those bold Romans A smile screne and high ; He eyed the flinching Tuscans, And scorn was in his eye. Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter Stand savagely at bay; But will ye dare to follow, If Astur clears the way?" Then, whirling up his broadsword With both hands to the height, He rush'd against Horatius, And smote with all his might. With shield and blade Horatius

Right deftly turn'd the blow. The blow, though turn'd, came yet too nigh,

It miss'd his helm, but gash'd his thigh-The Tuscans raised a joyful ery To see the red blood flow.

He reel'd, and on Herminius He lean'd one breathing space; Then, like a wild-cat mad with wounds, Sprang right at Astur's face. Through teeth, and skull, and helmet, So fierce a thrust he sped, The good sword stood a hand-breadth out

The good sword stood a hand-breadth out Behind the Tusean's head.

And the great lord of Luna Fell at that deadly stroke, As falls on Mount Alvernus A thunder-smitten oak. Far o'er the crashing forest The giant arms lie spread;

And the pale augurs, muttering low, Gaze on the blasted head.

On Astur's throat Horatius Right firmly press'd his heel, And thrice and four times tugg'd amain, Ere he wrench'd out the steel. "And see," he cried, "the welcome, Fair guests, that wait you here ! What noble Lucumo comes next To taste our Roman cheer ?" But at his haughty challenge A sullen murmur ran, Mingled with wrath, and shame, and dread. Along that glittering van. There lack'd not men of prowess, Nor men of lordly race: For all Etruria's noblest Were round the fatal place.

But all Etruria's noblest Felt their hearts sink to see On the earth the bloody corpses, In the path the dauntless three, And from the ghastly entrance, Where those bold Romans stood, All shrank-like boys who, unaware, Ranging the woods to start a hare. Come to the mouth of the dark lair Where, growling low, a fierce old bear Lies amidst bones and blood. Was none who would be foremost To lead such dire attack : But those behind cried "Forward !" And those before cried "Back !" And backward now, and forward, Wavers the deep array; And on the tossing sea of steel To and fro the standards reel And the victorious trumpet-peal Dies fitfully away. Yet one man for one moment Strode out before the crowd · Well known was he to all the three,

And they gave him greeting loud : "Now welcome, welcome, Sextus ! Now welcome to thy home ! Why dost thou stay, and turn away ? Here lies the road to Rome."

Thrice look'd he at the city; Thrice look'd he at the dead; And thrice came on in fury, And thrice turn'd back in dread; And, white with fear and hatred, Scowl'd at the narrow way Where, wallowing in a pool of blood, The bravest Tuscans lay.

But meanwhile axe and lever Have manfully been plied; And now the bridge hangs tottering Above the boiling tide. "Come back, come back, Horatius!" Loud cried the fathers all— "Back, Lartins! back, Herminius! Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius; Herminius darted back; And, as they pass'd, beneath their feet They felt the timbers crack. But when they turn'd their faces, And on the farther shore Saw brave Horatius stand alone, They would have cross'd once more;

But with a crash like thunder Fell every loosen'd beam, And, like a dam, the mighty wreck Lay right athwart the stream; And a long shout of triumph Rose from the walls of Rome, As to the highest turret-tops Was splash'd the yellow foam.

And like a horse unbroken, When first he feels the rein, The furions river struggled hard, And toss'd his tawny mane, And burst the curb, and bounded, Rejoicing to be free; And whirling down, in fieree career, Battlement, and plank, and pier, Rush'd headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius, But constant still in mind— Thrice thirty thousand foes before, And the broad flood behind. "Down with him !" cried false Sextus, With a smile on his pale face; "Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena, "Now yield thee to our grace!"

Round turn'd he, as not deigning Those craven ranks to see; Naught spake he to Lars Porsena, To Sextus naught spake he; But he saw on Palatinus The white porch of his home; And he spake to the noble river That rolls by the towers of Rome:

"O Tiber! father Tiber! To whom the Romans pray, A Roman's life, a Roman's arms, Take thou in charge this day!" So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed The good sword by his side, And, with his harness on his back, Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow Was heard from either bank,

But friends and foes in dumb surprise, With parted lips and straining eyes,	It stands in the comitium, Plain for all folk to see,—
Stood gazing where he sank;	Horatius in his harness,
And when above the surges	Halting upon one knee;
They saw his crest appear,	And underneath is written,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous ery,	In letters all of gold,
And even the ranks of Tuscany	How valiantly he kept the bridge
Could scarce forbear to cheer.	In the brave days of old.
But fiercely ran the current, Swollen high by months of rain, And fast his blood was flowing; And he was sore in pain, And heavy with his armor, And spent with changing blows;	And still his name sounds stirring Unto the men of Rome, As the trumpet-blast that cries to them To charge the Volscian home : And wives still pray to Juno For boys with hearts as bold
And oft they thought him sinking,	As his who kept the bridge so well
But still again he rose.	In the brave days of old,
Never, I ween, did swimmer In such an evil case,	And in the nights of winter, When the cold north winds blow, And the long howling of the wolves
Struggle through such a raging flood	Is heard amidst the snow;
Safe to the landing-place;	When round the lonely cottage
But his limbs were borne up bravely	Roars loud the tempest's din,
By the brave heart within,	And the good logs of Algidus
And our good father Tiber	Roar louder yet within;
Bare bravely up his chin.	When the oldest eask is open'd,
"Curse on him !" quoth false Sextus,-	And the largest lamp is lit;
"Will not the villain drown?	When the chestnuts glow in the embers
But for this stay, ere close of day	And the kid turns on the spit;
We should have sack'd the town!"	When young and old in circle
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,	Around the firehrands close;
"And bring him safe to shore;	When the girls are weaving baskets,
For such a gallant feat of arms	And the lads are shaping bows;
Was never seen before."	1 MTL the second second shift second
And now he feels the bottom;	When the goodman mends his armor,
Now on dry earth he stands;	And trims his helmet's plume; When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Now ound him throng the fathers	Goes flashing through the loom;
. To press his gory hands;	With weeping and with laughter
And now, with shouts and elapping,	Still is the story told,
And noise of weeping loud,	How well Horatius kept the bridge
He enters through the river-gate,	In the brave days of old.
Borne by the joyous crowd.	THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULA
v <i>v</i> v	+0+
They gave him of the corn-land, That was of public right,	PERICLES AND ASPASIA.
As much as two strong oxen	THIS was the ruler of the land
Could plough from morn till night;	When Athens was the land of fame;
And they made a molten image,	This was the light that led the band
And set it up on high-	When each was like a living flame;
And there it stands unto this day	The centre of earth's noblest ring,
To witness if I lie.	Of more than men the more than king.
1.9	

Yet not by fetter, nor by spear, His sovereignty was held or won; Fear'd.--but alone as freemen fear.

Loved,—but as freemen love alone; He waved the sceptre o'er his kind By Nature's first great title—mind!

Resistless words were on his tongue; Then eloquence first flash'd below;

Full arm'd to life the portent sprung— Minerva from the Thunderer's brow ! And his the sole, the sacred hand That shook her ægis o'er the land.

And throned immortal, by his side, A woman sits, with eye sublime, — Aspasia, all his spirit's bride ;

But, if their solemn love were crime, Pity the beauty and the sage,— Their crime was in their darken'd age.

He perish'd, but his wreath was won,— He perish'd on his height of fame;

Then sank the cloud on Athens' sun, Yet still she conquer'd in his name. Fill'd with his soul, she could not die ; Her conquest was posterity !

GEORGE CROLY.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

I AM dying, Egypt, dying, Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast, And the dark Plutonian shadows Gather on the evening blast; Let thine arms, O Queen, enfold me, Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear; Listen to the great heart-secrets, Thou, and thou alone, must hear. Though my scarr'd and veteran legions Bear their eagles high no more,

And my wreck'd and scatter'd galleys Strew dark Actium's fatal shore, Though no glittering guards surround me, Prompt to do their master's will,

I must perish like a Roman, Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions Mock the lion thus laid low; 'Twas no foeman's arm that fell'd him, 'Twas his own that struck the blow; His who, pillow'd on thy bosom, Turn'd aside from glory's ray, His who, drunk with thy earesses, Madly threw a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble Dare assail my name at Rome, Where my noble spouse, Octavia, Weeps within her widow'd home, Seek her; say the gods bear witness— Altars, augurs, circling wings— That her blood, with mine commingled, Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

As for thee, star-eyed Egyptian, Glorious sorceress of the Nile, Light the path to Stygian horrors With the splendors of thy smile. Give the Cæsar crowns and arches, Let his brow the laurel twine; I can scorn the Senate's triumphs, Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying; Hark! the insulting forman's cry. They are coming! quick, my falchion, Let me front them ere I die. Ah! no more amid the battle Shall my heart exulting swell; Isis and Osiris guard thee! Cleopatra, Rome, farewell! WILLAN HAINES LYTLE.

THE LAMENTATION OF DON RODERICK.

- THE hosts of Don Rodrigo were scatter'd in dismay,
- When lost was the eighth battle, nor heart nor hope had they;
- He, when he saw that field was lost, and all his hope was flown,
- He turn'd him from his flying host, and took his way alone.

His horse was bleeding, blind, and lame he could no farther go;

Dismounted, without path or aim, the king stepp'd to and fro:

It was a sight of pity to look on Roderick, For, sore athirst and hungry, he stagger'd faint and sick.

HISTO	RICAL	POEMS
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All stain'd and strew'd with dust and blood, Harmosan, the last and boldest the invader like to some smouldering brand to defy. Pluck'd from the flame, Rodrigo show'd : Captive, overborne by numbers, they were his sword was in his hand. bringing forth to die. But it was hack'd into a saw of dark and purple tint; Then exclaim'd that noble captive: "Lo, His jewell'd mail had many a flaw, his I perish in my thirst; helmet many a dint. Give me hut one drink of water, and let then arrive the worst !" He climb'd unto a hill-top, the highest he could see-In his hand he took the goblet : but a while Thence all about of that wide rout his the draught forbore, last long look took he; Securing doubtfully the purpose of the He saw his royal banners, where they lay foeman to explore. drench'd and torn. He heard the cry of victory, the Arab's Well might then have paused the bravest shout of scorn. -for around him angry foes He look'd for the brave captains that led With a hedge of naked weapons did that the hosts of Spain, lonely man enclose. But all were fled except the dead, and who could count the slain? "But what fearest thou?" cried the caliph, Where'er his eye could wander, all bloody " is it, friend, a secret blow? was the plain, Fear it not ! our gallant Moslems no such And, while thus he said, the tears he shed treacherous dealing know. ran down his cheeks like rain :---"Thou may'st quench thy thirst securely, "Last night I was the king of Spain-tofor thou shalt not die before day no king am I: Thou hast drunk that cup of water-this Last night fair castles held my train-toreprieve is thine-no more !" night where shall I lie? Last night a hundred pages did serve me Quick the satrap dash'd the goblet down on the knee,to earth with ready hand, To-night not one I call mine own :---not And the liquid sank for ever, lost amid the one pertains to me. burning sand. "Oh, luckless, luckless was the hour, and "Thon hast said that mine my life is, till cursèd was the day, the water of that cup When I was born to have the power of I have drain'd; then bid thy servants that this great seniory ! spill'd water gather up !" Unhappy me that I should see the sun go down to-night ! For a moment stood the caliph as by doubt-O Death, why now so slow art thou, why ful passions stirr'dfearest thou to smite?" Then exclaim'd, "For ever sacred must (From the Spanish.) remain a monarch's word. JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART. -----" Bring another cup, and straightway to HARMOSAN. the noble Persian give : Drink, I said before, and perish-now I Now the third and fatal conflict for the bid thee drink and live !" Persian throne was done, RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH. And the Moslem's fiery valor had the crowning victory won.

CRESCENTIUS.

I LOOK'D upon his brow; no sign Of guilt or fear was there; He stood as proud by that death-shrine As even o'er despair He had a power. In his eye There was a quenchless energy, A spirit that could dare The deadliest form that death could take. And dare it for the daring's sake. He stood, the fetters on his hand; He raised them haughtily; And had that grasp been on the brand, It could not wave on high With freer pride than it waved now. Around he look'd with changeless brow On many a torture nigh; The rack, the chain, the axe, the wheel, And, worst of all, his own red steel. I saw him once before: he rode Upon a coal-black steed, And tens of thousands throng'd the road, And bade their warrior speed. His helm, his breast-plate, were of gold, And graved with many a dent, that told Of many a soldier's deed: The sun shone on his sparkling mail, And danced his snow-plume ou the gale. But now he stood chain'd and alone, The headsman by his side, The plume, the helm, the charger gone; The sword which had defied The mightiest lay broken near: And yet no sign or sound of fear Came from that lip of pride, And never king's or conqueror's brow Wore higher look than his did now. He bent beneath the headsman's stroke With an uncover'd eve; A wild shout from the numbers broke Who throng'd to see him die. It was a people's loud acelaim, The voice of anger and of shame, A nation's funeral ery, Rome's wail above her only son, Her patriot, and her latest one. LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON MACLEAN. -----

THE VENGEANCE OF MUDARA.

- To the chase goes Rodrigo, with hound and with hawk;
- But what game he desires is reveal'd in his talk:
- "Oh, in vain have I slaughter'd the Infants of Lara:
- There's an heir in his hall,-there's the bastard Mudara---
- There's the son of the renegade, spawn of Mahoun—
- If I meet with Mudara, my spear brings him down."
- While Rodrigo rides on in the heat of his wrath,
- A stripling, arm'd cap-à-pie, crosses his path:
- "Good morrow, young esquire." "Good morrow, old knight."
- "Will you ride with our party and share our delight?"
- "Speak your name, courteous stranger," the stripling replied;
- "Speak your name and your lineage, ere with you I ride."
- "My name is Rodrigo," thus answer'd the knight;
- "Of the line of old Lara, though harr'd from my right,
- For the kinsman of Salas proclaims for the heir
- Of our ancestor's castles and forestries fair
- A bastard, a renegade's offspring-Mudara-

Whom I'll send, if I can, to the Infants of Lara."

- I behold thee, thou murderer!" answer'd the boy;
- "The bastard you curse, you behold him in me,
- But his brothers' avenger that hastard shall be!
- Draw! for I am the renegade's offspring, Mudara;
- We shall see who inherits the life-blood of Lara."

- "I am arm'd for the forest-chase, not for the fight;
- Let me go for my shield and my sword," cries the knight.
- "Now the mercy you dealt to my brothers of old,
- Be the hope of that mercy the comfort you hold;
- Die, foeman to Sancha,—die, traitor to Lara !"

As he spake, there was blood on the spear of Mudara.

(From the Spanish.) JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

THE BARD.

A PINDARIC ODE.

"RUIN seize thee, ruthless King! Confusion on thy hanners wait!

The' fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing, They mock the air with idle state.

Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,

Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail

To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,

- From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!"
- -Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
 - Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
- As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
 - He wound with toilsome march his long array.
- Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance;
- "To arms!" cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quiv'ring lance.

On a rock whose haughty brow

Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,

Robed in the sable garb of woe,

With haggard eyes the poet stood :

- (Loose his beard and hoary hair
- Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled air), And with a master's hand and prophet's
- fire

Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre:

"Hark, how each giant oak and desert cave Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!

- O'er thee, O King! their hundred arms they wave,
 - Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
- Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
- To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue, That hush'd the stormy main :

Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed : Mountains, ye mourn in vain

Modred, whose magic song

Made huge Pfinlimmon bow his cloud-topt head.

On dreary Arvon's shore they lie

Smear'd with gore and ghastly pale:

Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail;

- The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.
- Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
 - Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
- Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
 - Ye died amidst your dying country's crics-

No more I weep. They do not sleep. On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,

I see them sit; they linger yet, Avengers of their native land:

With me in dreadful harmony they join,

And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

"Weave the warp and weave the woof, The winding-sheet of Edward's race:

Give ample room and verge enough The characters of hell to trace.

Mark the year and mark the night

When Severn shall re-echo with affright

The shrieks of death thro' Berkley's root that ring,

Shrieks of an agonizing king!

- She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
- That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,

From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs

The scourge of Heaven! What terrors round him wait!

Amazement in his van, with flight com- bined,	Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursèd loom,
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.	Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.
"Mighty victor, mighty lord, Low on his funeral couch he lies!	"Edward, lo! to sudden fate (Weave we the woof. The thread is
No pitying heart, no eye, afford	spun).
A tear to grace his obsequies.	Half of thy heart we consecrate.
Is the sable warrior fled?	(The web is wove. The work is done.)
Thy son is gone. He rests among the	Stay, oh, stay! nor thus forlorn
dead.	Leave me unbless'd, unpitied, here to
The swarm that in thy noontide beam	mourn:
were born?	In yon bright track that fires the western
-Gone to salute the rising morn.	skies
Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the zephyr	They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
blows, While proudly riding eler the empre-	But oh, what solemn scenes on Snowdon's
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm	height
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes :	Descending slow their glittering skirts
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the	unroll? Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
helm:	Ye unborn ages, crowd not ou my soul!
Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's	No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail:-
sway,	All hail, ye genuine kings! Britannia's
That hush'd in grim repose expects his	issue, hail!
evening prey.	
"Fill high the sparkling bowl,	"Girt with many a baron bold
The rich repast prepare;	Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
Reft of a erown, he yet may share the	And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
feast :	In bearded majesty, appear. In the midst a form divine!
Close by the regal chair	Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line:
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl	Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face
A baleful smile upon their baffled	Attemper'd sweet to virgin grace.
gnest,	What strings symphonious tremble in the
Heard ye the din of battle bray,	air,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse?	What strains of vocal transport round
Long years of havoc urge their destined course,	her play !
And thro' the kindred squadrons mow	Hear from the grave, great Taliessin,
their way.	hear;
Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting	They breathe a soul to animate thy clay. Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she
shame,	sings,
With many a foul and midnight murder	Waves in the eve of Heaven her many-
fed,	color'd wings.
Revere his Consort's faith, his Father's	
fame,	"The verse adorn again Figure War and faithful Love
And spare the meek usurper's holy head.	Fierce War and faithful Love, And Truth severe by fairy Fiction drest.
Above, below, the rose of snow, Twined with her blushing foe, we	In buskin'd measures move
spread:	Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
The bristled boar in infant gore	With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.	breast.

A voice as of the cherub-choir

Gales from blooming Eden bear, And distant warblings lessen on my ear

That lost in long futurity expire.

- Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud
 - Raised by thy breath has quench'd the orb of day?

To-morrow he repairs the golden flood And warms the nations with redoubled ray.

Enough for me: with joy I see

The diff'rent doom our fates assign: Be thine Despair and sceptred Care;

To triumph and to die are mine."

-He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height

Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.

THOMAS GRAY.

BANNOCKBURN.

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled— Scots, wham Bruce has aften led— Welcome to your gory bed, Or to victorie!

Now's the day and now's the hour; See the front o' battle lower; See approach proud Edward's power— Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave? Wha ean fill a coward's grave? Wha sae base as be a slave? Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law Freedom's sword will strongly draw, Freeman stand or freeman fa'— Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains ! By your sons in servile chains ! We will drain our dearest veins, But they shall be free !

Lay the proud usurpers low! Tyrants fall in every foe! Liberty's in every blow! Let us do, or die!

ROBERT BURNS.

A VERY MOURNFUL BALLAD.

THE Moorish king rides up and down Through Granada's royal town; From Elvira's gates to those Of Bivarambla on he goes. Woe is me, Alhama t

Letters to the monarch tell How Alhann's city fell: In the fire the scroll he threw, And the messenger he slew. Woe is me, Alhama!

He quits his mule, and mounts his horse, And through the street directs his course; Through the street of Zacatin To the Alhambra spurring in. Woe is me, Alhamal

When the Alhambra walls he gain'd, On the moment he ordain'd That the trumpet straight should sound With the silver clarion round. Woe is me, Alhama !

And when the hollow drums of war Beat the loud alarm afar, That the Moors of town and plain Might answer to the martial strain, Woe is me, Alhama !

Then the Moors, by this aware That bloody Mars recall'd them there, One by one, and two by two, To a mighty squadron grew. Woe is me, Alhama!

Out then spake an aged Moor In these words the king before : "Wherefore call on us, O king? What may mean this gathering?" Woe is me, Alhama!

"Friends! ye have, alas! to know Of a most disastrous blow, That the Christians, stern and bold, Have obtain'd Alhanna's hold." Woe is me, Alhanna!

Out then spake old Alfaqui, With his beard so white to see, "Good king, thou art justly served, Good king, this thou hast deserved. Woe is me, Alhama!

" By thee were slain, in evil hour, The Abeneerrage, Granada's flower; And strangers were received by thee Of Cordova the chivalry. Woe is me, Alhama!

"And for this, O king! is sent On thee a double chastisement, Thee and thine, thy crown and realm, One last wreck shall overwhelm. Woe is me, Alhama!

"He who holds no laws in awe, He must perish by the law; And Granada must be won, And thyself with her undone." Woe is me, Alhama !

Fire flash'd from out the old Moor's eyes, The monarch's wrath began to rise, Because he answer'd, and because He spake exceeding well of laws. Woe is me, Alhama!

"There is no law to say such things As may disgust the ear of kings:"— Thus, snorting with his choler, said The Moorish king, and doom'd him dead. Woe is me, Alhama!

Moor Alfaqui! Moor Alfaqui! Though thy beard so hoary be, The king hath sent to have thee seized, For Alhama's loss displeased. Woe is me, Alhama!

And to fix thy head upon High Alhambra's loftiest stone; That this for thee should be the law, And others tremble when they saw. Woe is me, Alhama !

"Cavalier! and man of worth! Let these words of mine go forth; Let the Moorish monarch know, That to him I nothing owe: Woe is me, Alhama!

"But on my soul Alhama weighs, And on my inmost spirit preys; And if the king his land hath lost, Yet others may have lost the most. Woe is me, Alhama ! "Sires have lost their children, wives Their lords, and valiant men their lives; One what best his love might claim Hath lost, another wealth or fame. Woe is me, Alhama l

" I lost a damsel in that hour, Of all the land the loveliest flower; Doubloons a hundred I would pay, And think her ransom cheap that day." Woe is me, Alhana!

And as these things the old Moor said, They sever'd from the trunk his head; And to the Alhamhra's wall with speed 'Twas carried, as the king decreed. Woe is me, Alhama!

And men and infants therein weep Their loss, so heavy and so deep; Granada's ladies, all she rears Within her walls, burst into tears. Woe is me, Alhama!

And from the windows o'er the walls The sable web of mourning falls; The king weeps as a woman o'er His loss, for it is much and sore. Woe is me, Alhama! (From the Spanish.) Loop Byros.

THE LORD OF BUTRAGO.

"Your horse is faint, my King-my Lord! your gallant horse is sick-

His limbs are torn, his breast is gored, on his eye the film is thick ;

Mount, mount on mine, oh, mount apace, I pray thee, mount and fly!

Or in my arms I'll lift Your Grace-their trampling hoofs are nigh !

" My King—my King! you're wounded sore—the blood runs from your feet;

But only lay a hand before, and I'll lift you to your seat:

Mount, Juan, for they gather fast !-- I hear their coming cry--

Mount, mount, and ride for jeopardy-I'll save you though I die !

"Stand, noble steed ! this hour of need-	Which the first stroke of eoming strife
be gentle as a lamb :	Would startle into hideous life;
I'll kiss the foam from off thy mouth-thy	So dense, so still, the Austrians stood,
master dear I am—	A living wall, a human wood !
Mount, Juan, mount! whate'er betide,	Impregnable their front appears,
away the bridle fling,	All horrent with projected spears,
And plunge the rowels in his side My	Whose polish'd points before them shine,
horse shall save my King !	From flank to flank, one brilliant line,
	Bright as the breakers' splendors run
"Nay, never speak; my sires, Lord King,	Along the billows, to the Sun.
received their land from yours,	Opposed to these, a hovering band
And joyfnlly their blood shall spring, so	Contended for their native land:
be it thine secures : If I should fly, and thou, my King, be	Peasants, whose new-found strength had
found among the dead,	broke
How could I stand 'mong gentlemen, such	From manly necks the ignoble yoke,
scorn on my gray head?	And forged their fetters into swords,
	On equal terms to fight their lords :
"Castile's proud dames shall never point	And what insurgent rage had gain'd,
the finger of disdain,	In many a mortal fray maintain'd;
And say there's ONE that ran away when	Marshall'd once more at Freedom's call,
our good lords were slain !	They eame to conquer or to fall,
I leave Diego in your care-you'll fill his	Where he who conquer'd, he who fell,
father's place :	Was deem'd a dead or living Tell !
Strike, strike the spur, and never spare-	Such virtue had that patriot breathed,
God's blessing on Your Grace !"	So to the soil his soul bequeathed,
So spake the brave Montañez, Butrago's	That wheresoe'er his arrows flew,
lord was he;	Heroes in his own likeness grew, And warriors sprang from every sod
And turn'd him to the coming host in	Which his awakening footstep trod,
steadfastness and glee;	which his awakening lootstep trou,
He flung himself among them, as they	And now the work of life and death
came down the hill-	Hung on the passing of a breath ;
He died, God wot! but not before his	The fire of conflict burnt within,
sword had drunk its fill.	The battle trembled to begin :
(From the Spanish.)	Yet while the Austrians held their ground,
JOHN GIESON LOCKHART.	Point for attack was nowhere found.
+>+>+	Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,
MAKE WAY FOR LIBERTY.	The unbroken line of lances blazed;
"MAKE way for liberty !"-he eried;	That line 'twere suicide to meet,
Made way for liberty, and died!	And perish at their tyrants' feet,-
and the second second second	How could they rest within their graves,
In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,	And leave their homes the homes of slaves?
A living wall, a human wood !	Would they not feel their children tread
A wall, where every conscious stone	With clanging chains above their head?

Seem'd to its kindred thousands grown; A rampart all assaults to bear,

A wood, like that enchanted grove

Where every silent tree possess'd

A spirit prison'd in its breast,

In which with fiends Rinaldo strove,

Till time to dust their frames should wear;

It must not be: this day, this hour, Annihilates the oppressor's power; All Switzerland is in the field, She will not fly, she cannot yield— She must not fall; her better fate Here gives her an immortal date.

Few were the number she could boast ; But every freeman was a host, And felt as though himself were he On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on *one*, indeed ; Behold him—Arnold Winkelried ! There sounds not to the trump of fame The echo of a nobler name. Unmark'd, he stood amid the throng, In rumination deep and long, Till you might see, with sudden grace, The very thought come o'er his face, And by the motion of his form Anticipate the bursting storm; And by the uplifting of his brow Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.

But 'twas no sooner thought than done, The field was in a moment won :---

"Make way for Liberty !" he cried, Then ran, with arms extended wide, As if his dearest friend to elasp; Ten spears he swept within his grasp.

"Make way for Liberty!" he cried : Their keen points met from side to side; He bow'd amongst them like a tree, And thus made way for Liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly; "Make way for Liberty!" they cry, And through the Austrian phalanx dart, As rush'd the spears through Arnold's heart;

While, instantaneous as his fall, Ront, ruin, panie scatter'd all: An earthquake could not overthrow A city with a surer blow.

Thus Switzerland again was free: Thus death made way for liberty! JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE BALLAD OF AGINCOURT.

FAIR stood the wind for France When we our sails advance, Nor now to prove our chance Longer will tarry; But putting to the main, At Kaux, the mouth of Seine, With all his martial train, Landed King Harry. And taking many a fort, Fnrnish'd in warlike sort, Mareh'd toward Agincourt

In happy hour— Skirmishing day by day With those that stopp'd his way, Where the French gen'ral lay With all his power,

Which in his height of pride, King Henry to deride, His ransom to provide To the king sending; Which he neglects the while, As from a nation vile, Yet, with an angry smile,

Their fall portending.

And turning to his men, Quoth our brave Henry then; Though they to one be ten, Be not annazed; Yet have we well begun— Battles so bravely won Have ever to the sun

By fame been raised.

And for myself, quoth he, This my full rest shall be; England, ne'er mourn for me, Nor more esteem me. Victor I will remain, Or on this earth lie slain; Never shall she sustain Loss to redeem me.

Poitiers and Cressy tell, When most their pride did swell, Under our swords they fell; No less our skill is Than when our grandsire great, Claiming the regal seat, By many a warlike feat Loop'd the French lilies.

The duke of York so dread The eager vaward led; With the main Henry sped, Amongst his henchmen. Excester had the rear— A braver man not there: O Lord! how hot they were On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone; Armor on armor shone; Drum now to drum did groan— To hear was wonder; That with the cries they make The very earth did shake; Trumpet to trumpet spake, Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age heeame, O noble Expingham! Which did the signal aim To our hid forces; When, from a meadow by, Like a storm suddenly, The English archery Struck the French horses,

With Spanish yew so strong, Arrows a cloth-yard long, That like to serpents stung, Piercing the weather; None from his fellow starts, But playing manly parts, And like true English hearts, Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw, And forth their biblows drew, And on the French they flew, Not one was tardy: Arms were from shoulders sent; Scalps to the teeth were rent; Down the French peasants went; Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king, His broadsword brandishing, Down the French host did ding, As to o'erwhelm it; And many a deep wound lent, His arms with blood besprent, And many a cruel dent Bruised his helmet.

Glo'ster, that duke so good, Next of the royal blood, For famous England stood,

With his brave brother-Clarence, in steel so bright, Though but a maiden knight, Yet in that furious fight Scarce such another. Warwiek in blood did wade; Oxford the foe invade, And cruel slaughter made,

Still as they ran up. Suffolk his axe did ply; Beaumont and Willoughby Bare them right doughtily, Ferrers aud Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day Fought was this noble fray, Which fame did not delay To England to carry; Oh, when shall Englishmen With such acts fill a pen, Or England breed again Such a King Harry? MICHAEL DEAYTON.

THE BALLAD OF CHEVY-CHACE.

GOD prosper long our noble king, Our lives and safetyes all; A woefull hunting once there did In Chevy-Chace befall;

To drive the deere with hound and horne, Erle Percy took his way, The child may rue that is unborne, The hunting of that day.

The stout Erle of Northumberland A vow to God did make, His pleasure in the Scottish woods Three summers days to take;

The cheefest harts in Chevy-Chace To kill and beare away. These tydings to Erle Douglas came, In Scottland where he lay:

Who sent Erle Percy present word, He would prevent his sport. The English Erle, not fearing that, Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bow-men bold; All chosen men of might, Who knew full well in time of neede To ayme their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran, To chase the fallow deere : On Munday they began to hunt,

Ere daylight did appeare;

And long before high noone they had An hundred fat buckes slaine; Then having dined, the drovyers went To rouze the deare againe.

The bow-men muster'd on the hills, Well able to endure; And all their rear, with speciall care, That day was guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods, The nimble deere to take, That with their cryes the hills and dales An ecche shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went, To view the slaughter'd deere; Quoth he, Erle Douglas promisèd This day to meet me heere:

But if I thought he wold not come, Noe longer wold I stay. With that, a brave younge gentleman Thus to the Erle did say :

Loe, yonder doth Erle Douglas come, His men in armour bright; Full twenty hundred Scottish speres All marching in our sight;

All men of pleasant Tivydale, Fast by the river Tweede :

O cease your sports, Erle Percy said, And take your bowes with speede.

And now with me, my countrymen, Your courage forth advance; For there was never champion yett

In Scotland or in France,

That ever did on horsebacke come, But if my hap it were,

I durst encounter man for man, With him to break a spere.

Erle Douglas on his milke-white steede, Most like a baron bold, Rode formost of his company,

Whose armour shone like gold.

Show me, sayd hee, whose men you bee, That hunt soe boldly heere, That, without my consent, doe chase And kill my fallow-deere. The first man that did answer make Was noble Percy hee; Who sayd, Wee list not to declare, Nor shew whose men we bee.

Yet wee will spend our deerest blood, Thy cheefest harts to slay. Then Douglas swore a solempne oathe, And thus in rage did say,

Ere thus I will out-braved bee, One of us two shall dye:

I know thee well, an erle thou art; Lord Percy, soe am I.

But trust me, Percy, pittye it were And great offence to kill Any of these our guiltlesse men, For they have done no ill.

Let thou and I the battell trye, And set our men aside. Accurst bee he, Erle Percy sayd, By whom this is deny'd.

Then stept a gallant squier forth, Witherington was his name, Who said, I wold not have it told To Henry our king for shame,

That ere my captaine fought on foote And I stood looking on. You bee two erles, sayd Witherinton, And I a squier alone:

Ile doe the best that doe I may, While I have power to stand: While I have power to weeld my sword, Ile fight with heart and hand.

Our English archers bent their bowes, Their hearts were good and trew; Att the first flight of arrowes sent, Full four-score Scots they slew.

[Yet bides Earl Douglas on the bent, As Chieftan stout and good. As valiant Captain, all unmoved The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three, As Leader ware and try'd, And soon his spearmen on their foes Bare down on every side.

To drive the deere with hound and horne,	Who never spake more words than these,
Douglas bade on the bent ;	Fight on, my merry men all;
Two captaines moved with mickle might	For why, my life is at an end;
Their speares to shivers went.	Lord Percy sees my fall.
Throughout the English archery	Then leaving liffe, Erle Percy tooke
They dealt fuil many a wound :	The dead man by the hand;
But still our valiant Englishmen	And said, Erle Douglas, for thy life
All firmly kept their ground :	Wold I had lost my land.
And throwing strait their bows away,	O Christ! my verry hert doth bleed
They grasp'd their swords so bright:	With sorrow for thy sake;
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,	For sure, a more redoubted knight
On shields and helmets light.]	Mischance cold never take.
They closed full fast on everye side,	A knight amongst the Scotts there was,
Noe slacknes there was found;	Which saw Erle Douglas dye,
And many a gallant gentleman	Who streight in wrath did vow revenge
Lay gasping on the ground.	Upon the Lord Pereye:
O Christ! it was a griefe to see,	Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he call'd,
And likewise for to heare,	Who with a speare most bright,
The cries of men lying in their gore,	Well-mounted on a gallant steed,
And scatter'd here and there.	Ran fiercely through the fight ;
At last these two stout erles did meet,	And past the English archers all,
Like captaines of great might:	Without all dread or feare;
Like lyons wood, they layd on lode,	And through Erle Pereyes body then
And made a cruell fight:	Ile thrust his hatefull speare;
They fought untill they both did sweat,	With such a vehement force and might
With swords of temper'd steele;	He did his body gore,
Until the blood, like drops of rain,	The staff ran through the other side
They trickling downe did feele.	A large cloth-yard, and more.
Yeeld thee, Lord Percy, Douglas sayd;	So thus did both these nobles dye,
In faith I will thee bringe,	Whose courage none could staine ·
Where thou shalt high advanced bee	An English archer then perceived
By James our Scottish king:	The noble erle was slaine ;
Thy ransome I will freely give,	He had a bow bent in his hand,
And this report of thee,	Made of a trusty tree;
Thou art the most courageous knight	An arrow of a cloth-yard long
That ever I did see.	Up to the head drew hee:
Noe, Douglas, quoth Erle Percy then,	Against Sir Hugh Mountgomerye,
Thy proffer I doe scorne;	So right the shaft he sett,
I will not yeelde to any Scott,	The gray goose-wing that was thcreon,
That ever yett was borne.	In his harts blood was wett.
With that, there came an arrow keene	This fight did last from break of day
Out of an English bow,	Till setting of the sun,
Which struck Erle Douglas to the heart,	For when they rung the evening bell,
A deepe and deadlye blow:	The battle scarce was done.

- With stout Erle Percy, there was slaine Sir John of Egerton, Sir Robert Rateliff, and Sir John, Sir James that bold barrón;
- And with Sir George and stout Sir James, Both knights of good account, Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slaine, Whose provesse did surmonnt.

For Witherington needs must I wayle As one in doleful dumpes, For when his legs were smitten off, He fought upon his stumpes.

And with Erle Douglas, there was slaine Sir Hugh Mountgomerye, Sir Charles Murray, that from the feeld

One foote wold never flee.

Sir Charles Murray, of Ratcliff, too, His sisters sonne was hee; Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd, Yet savèd cold not bee.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case Did with Erle Douglas dye; Of twenty hundred Scottish speres, Scarce fifty-five did flye.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen, Went home but fifty-three; The rest were slaine in Chevy-Chace, Under the greene woode tree.

Next day did many widowes come, Their husbands to bewayle;

They washt their wounds in brinish teares, But all wold not prevayle.

Theyr bodies, bathed in purple gore, They bare with them away, They kist them dead a thousand times, Ere they were cladd in clay.

The newes was brought to Eddenborrow, Where Scotlands king did raigne,

That brave Erle Douglas suddenlye Was with an arrow slaine.

O heavy newes, King James did say, Scotland may witnesse hee,

I have not any captaine more Of such account as hee. Like tydings to King Henry came, Within as short a space, That Percy of Northumberland Was slaine in Chevy-Chace.

Now God be with him, said our king, Sith it will noe better bee; I trust I have within my realme

Five hundred as good as he;

Yett shall not Scotts nor Scotland say, But I will vengeance take; Ile be revengèd on them all, For brave Erle Percyes sake.

This vow full well the king perform'd After, at Humbledowne; In one day fifty knights were slayne, With lords of great renowne;

And of the rest, of small account, Did many thousands dye; Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chace, Made by the Erle Pereye.

God save our king, and bless this land With plentye, joy, and peace; And grant henceforth, that foule debate 'Twixt noblemen may cease. Author UNENOWS.

EDINBURGH AFTER FLODDEN,

NEWS of battle !- news of battle ! Hark ! 'tis ringing down the street ; And the archways and the pavement Bear the clang of hurrying feet. News of battle ! who hath brought it ? News of triumph? Who should bring Tidings from our noble army, Greetings from our gallant King? All last night we watch'd the beacons Blazing on the hills afar, Each one bearing, as it kindled, Message of the open'd war, All night long the northern streamers Shot across the trembling sky: Fearful lights that never beckon Save when kings or heroes die.

News of battle? Who hath brought it? All are thronging to the gate; "Warder-warder! open quickly! Man-is this a time to wait?"

And the heavy gates are open'd :	Then man the walls like burghers stout,
Then a murmur long and lond,	And fight while fight you may.
And a cry of fear and wonder	'Twere better that in fiery flame
Bursts from out the bending crowd.	The roofs should thunder down,
For they see in batter'd harness	Than that the foot of foreign foe
Only one hard-stricken man;	Should trample in the town !"
And his weary steed is wounded,	Then in came Randolph Murray,—
And his cheek is pale and wan:	His step was slow and weak,
Spearless hangs a bloody banner	And, as he doff'd his dinted helm,
In his weak and drooping hand—	The tears ran down his cheek:
God! can that be Randolph Murray,	They fell upon his corstet
Captain of the city band?	And on his mailed hand,
Pound him or which the poor la or wing	As he gazed around him wistfully,
Round him crush the people, crying, "Tell us all—oh, tell us true!	Leaning sorely on his brand.
	And none who then beheld him
Where are they who went to battle, Bandoluh Numer, sworn to you?	But straight were smote with fear,
Randolph Murray, sworn to you?	For a bolder and a sterner man
Where are they, our brothers-children?	Had never couch'd a spear.
Have they met the English foe? Why art thou alone, unfollow'd?	They knew so sad a messenger
Is it weal or is it woe?"	Some ghastly news must bring ;
	And all of them were fathers,
Like a corpse the grisly warrior	And their sons were with the King.
Looks from out his helm of steel;	And then sons were with the King.
But no word he speaks in answer—	And up then rose the Provost-
Only with his armèd heel Chida his mean stad, and annead	A brave old man was he,
Chides his weary steed, and onward Up the city streets they ride;	Of ancient name, and knightly fame,
Fathers, sisters, mothers, children,	And chivalrous degree.
Shrieking, praying by his side.	He ruled our city like a lord
"By the God that made thee, Randolph !	Who brook'd no equal here,
Tell us what mischance hath come."	And ever for the townsman's rights
Then he lifts his riven banner,	Stood up 'gainst prince and peer.
And the asker's voice is dumb.	And he had seen the Scottish host
The the issuer 5 volce to dumb.	March from the borough-muir,
The elders of the city	With music-storm and elamorous shout,
Have met within their hall-	And all the din that thunders out
The men whom good King James had	When youth's of vietory sure.
charged	But yet a dearer thought had he,-
To watch the tower and wall.	For, with a father's pride,
"Your hands are weak with age," he said,	He saw his last remaining son
"Your hearts are stout and true;	Go forth by Randolph's side,
So bide ye in the Maiden Town,	With casque on head and spur on heel,
While others fight for you.	All keen to do and dare;
My trumpet from the Border-side	And proudly did that gallant boy
Shall send a blast so clear,	Dunedin's banner bear.
That all who wait within the gate	Oh, woeful now was the old man's look,
That stirring sound may hear.	And he spake right heavily—
Or, if it be the will of Heaven	"Now, Randolph, tell thy tidings,
That back I never come,	However sharp they be !
And if, instead of Scottish shouts,	Woe is written on thy visage,
Ye hear the English drum-	Death is looking from thy face :
Then let the warning bells ring out,	Speak ! though it be of overthrow-
Then gird you to the fray,	I It cannot be disgrace !"

Right bitter was the agony That wrung that soldier proud : Thrice did he strive to answer. And thrice he groan'd aloud. Then he gave the riven banner To the old man's shaking hand, Saving, "That is all I bring ve From the bravest of the land ! Av! ve may look upon it-It was guarded well and long By your brothers and your children, By the valiant and the strong. One by one they fell around it, As the archers laid them low, Grimly dying, still unconquer'd, With their faces to the foe. Av, ye may well look upon it-There is more than honor there, Else, be sure, I had not brought it From the field of dark despair. Never yet was royal banner Steep'd in such a costly dye; It hath hain upon a bosom Where no other shroud shall lie. Sirs, I charge you, keep it holy; Keep it as a sacred thing, For the stain ye see upon it Was the life-blood of your King!"

Woe, and woe, and lamentation ! What a pitcous cry was there ! Widows, maidens, mothers, children, Shricking, sobbing in despair! Through the streets the death-word rushes, Spreading terror, sweeping on-"Jesu Christ! our King has fallen-O Great God, King James is gone ! Holy Mother Mary, shield us, Thou who erst didst lose thy Son ! O the blackest day for Scotland That she ever knew before ! O our King-the good, the noble, Shall we see him never more? Woe to us, and woe to Scotland ! O our sons, our sons and men ! Surely some have 'scaped the Southron, Surely some will come again !" Till the oak that fell last winter Shall uprear its shatter'd stem-Wives and mothers of Dunedin-Ye may look in vain for them !

But within the Council Chamber All was silent as the grave, Whilst the tempest of their sorrow Shook the bosons of the brave. Well indeed might they be shaken With the weight of such a blow : He was gone—their prince, their idol, Whom they loved and worshipp'd so ! Like a knell of death and judgment Rung from heaven by angel hand, Fell the words of desolation On the elders of the land. Hoary heads were bow'd and trembling, Wither'd hands were clasp'd and wrung; God had left the old and feeble,

He had ta'en away the young.

Then the Provost he uprose, And his lip was ashen white; But a flush was on his brow, And his eye was full of light. "Thou hast spoken, Randolph Murray, Like a soldier stout and true; Thou hast done a deed of daring Had been perill'd but by few. For thou hast not shamed to face us, Nor to speak thy ghastly tale, Standing-thou a knight and eaptain-Here, alive within thy mail! Now, as my God shall judge me, I hold it braver done, Than hadst thou tarried in thy place, And died above my son! Thou needst not tell it: he is dead. God help us all this day! But speak-how fought the citizens Within the furious fray? For, by the might of Mary ! 'Twere something still to tell That no Scottish foot went backward When the Royal Lion fell !"

"No one fail'd him ! He is keeping Royal state and semblance still; Knight and noble lie around him, Cold on Flodden's fatal hill. Of the brave and gallant-hearted, Whom ye sent with prayers away, Not a single man departed From his Monarch vesterday.

Had you seen them, O my masters ! When the night began to fall, And the English spearmen gather'd Round a grim and ghastly wall! As the wolves in winter circle Round the leaguer on the heath, So the greedy foe glared upward, Panting still for blood and death. But a rampart rose before them, Which the boldest dare not scale ; Every stone a Scottish body, Every step a corpse in mail! And behind it lay our Monarch, Clenching still his shiver'd sword; By his side Montrose and Athole, At his feet a Southron lord. All so thick they lay together, When the stars lit up the sky, That I knew not who were stricken, Or who yet remain'd to die. Few there were when Surrey halted, And his wearied host withdrew; None but dying men around me, When the English trumpet blew. Then I stoop'd and took the hanner, As you see it, from his breast, And I closed our hero's eyelids, And I left him to his rest. In the mountains growl'd the thunder, As I leap'd the woeful wall, And the heavy clouds were settling Over Flodden, like a pall."

So he ended. And the others Cared not any answer then; Sitting silent, dumb with sorrow, Sitting anguish-struck, like men Who have seen the roaring torrent Sweep their happy homes away, And yet linger by the margin, Staring wildly on the spray. But, without, the maddening tumult Waxes ever more and more, And the crowd of wailing women Gather round the council-door. Every dusky spire is ringing With a dull and hollow knell, And the Miserere's singing To the tolling of the bell. Through the streets the burghers hurry, Spreading terror as they go; 20

And the rampart's throng'd with watchers For the coming of the foe. From each mountain-top a pillar Streams into the torpid air, Bearing token from the Border That the English host is there. All without is flight and terror, All within is woe and fear-God protect thee, Maiden City, For thy latest hour is near! No! not yet, thou high Dunedin! Shalt thou totter to thy fall; Though thy bravest and thy strongest Are not there to man the wall. No, not yet ! the ancient spirit Of our fathers hath not gone; Take it to thee as a buckler Better far than steel or stone. Oh, remember those who perish'd For thy birthright at the time When to be a Scot was treason, And to side with Wallace crime! Have they not a voice among us, Whilst their hallow'd dust is here? Hear ye not a summons sounding From each buried warrior's bier? Up!---they say---and keep the freedom

Which we won you long ago: Up! and keep our graves unsullied From the insults of the foe! Up! and if ye cannot save them, Come to us in blood and fire: Midst the crash of falling turrets

Let the last of Scots expire!

Still the bells are tolling fiercely, And the ery comes louder in ; Mothers wailing for their children, Sisters for their slaughter'd kin. All is terror and disorder: Till the Provost rises up, Calm as though he had not tasted Of the fell and bitter cup. All so stately from his sorrow. Rose the old undaunted chief. That you had not deem'd, to see him, His was more than common grief. "Rouse ye, sirs!" he said; "we may not Longer mourn for what is done: If our King be taken from us, We are left to guard his son.

We have sworn to keep the city From the foe, whate'er they be, And the oath that we have taken Never shall be broke by me. Death is nearer to us, brethren, Than it seem'd to those who died. Fighting yesterday at Flodden, By their lord and master's side, Let us meet it, then, in patience, Not in terror or in fear: Though our hearts are bleeding vonder, Let our souls be steadfast here. Up, and rouse ye! Time is fleeting, And we yet have much to do ; Up! and haste ye through the city, Stir the burghers stout and true! Gather all our scatter'd people, Fling the banner out once more,-Randolph Murray ! do thon hear it, As it erst was borne before : Never Scottish heart will leave it, When they see their Monarch's gore ! "Let them cease that dismal knelling! It is time enough to ring When the fortress-strength of Scotland Stoops to ruin like its King. Let the bells be kept for warning, Not for terror or alarm ; When they next are heard to thunder. Let each man and stripling arm, Bid the women leave their wailing-Do they think that woeful strain. From the bloody heaps of Flodden Can redeem their dearest slain? Bid them cease,-or rather hasten To the churches every one : There to pray to Mary Mother, And to her anointed Son, That the thunderbolt above us May not fall in ruin vet; That in fire and blood and rapine Scotland's glory may not set. Let them pray,-for never women Stood in need of such a prayer !-England's yeamen shall not find them Clinging to the altars there. No! if we are doom'd to perish, Man and maiden, let us fall, And a common gulf of ruin Open wide to whelm us all ! Never shall the ruthless spoiler Lay his hot insulting hand

On the sisters of our heroes, Whilst we bear a torch or brand ! Up ! and rouse ye, then, my brothers,-But when next ye hear the bell Sounding forth the sullen summons That may be our funeral knell. Once more let us meet together, Once more see each other's face : Then, like men that need not tremble. Go to our appointed place. God, our Father, will not fail us In that last tremendous hour-If all other bulwarks crumble, He will be our strength and tower: Though the ramparts rock beneath us, And the walls go crashing down, Though the roar of conflagration Bellow o'er the sinking town : There is yet one place of shelter, Where the formau cannot come Where the summons never sounded Of the trumpet or the drum, There again we'll meet our children, Who, on Flodden's trampled sod, For their king and for their country Render'd up their souls to God. There shall we find rest and refuge, With our dear departed brave; And the ashes of the city Be our universal grave !" WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUS.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I've heard them lilting at our ewe-milking,

Lasses a' lilting before dawn o' day;

- But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning-
 - The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At bughts, in the morning, nae blythe lads are scorning,

Lasses are lonely and dowie and wae;

Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighing and sabbing,

Ilk ane lifts her leglin and hies her away.

In har'st, at the shearing, use youths now are jecring,

Bandsters are lyart, and runkled, and gray;

- At fair or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching,—
 - The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.
- At e'en, in the gloaming, nae younkers are roaming
 - 'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play;
- But ilk ane sits drearie, lamenting her dearie-
 - The Flowers of the Forest are weded away.
- Dool and wae for the order, sent our lads to the Border!
 - The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;
- The Flowers of the Forest, that fought aye the foremost,
 - The prime of our land, are cauld in the elay.
- We'll hear nae mair lilting at the ewemilking,
- Women and bairns are heartless and wae,
- Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning,---
 - The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

JANE ELLIOT.

IVRY.

A SONG OF THE HUGUENOTS.

- Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are !
- And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre!
- Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
- Through thy cornfields green, and sunny vines, O pleasant land of France !
- And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
- Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters;
- As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
- For cold and stiff and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.

- Hurrah! Hurrah! a single field hath turn'd the chance of war,
- Hurrah ! Hurrah ! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.
- Oh, how our hearts were beating, when at the dawn of day
- We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
- With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
- And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
- There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land;
- And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand :
- And, as we look'd on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
- And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
- And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
- To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.
- The King is come to marshal us, in all his armor drest,
- And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
- He look'd upon his people, and a tear was in his eye ;
- He look'd upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
- Right graciously he smiled on us, as roll'd from wing to wing,
- Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our Lord, the King !"
- "And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
- For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
- Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
- And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."
- Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din,
- Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin.

- The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint
- Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
- Charge for the golden lilies! upon them with the lance!
- A thousand spurs are striking deep, a
- A thousand knights are pressing close heshand the snow-white crest;

And in they burst, and on they rush'd, while, like a guiding star,

Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

- Now, God be praised, the day is ours. Mayenne hath turn'd his rein.
- D'Annale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish count is slain.
- Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;

The field is heap'd with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.

And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van.

- " Remember St. Bartholomew !" was pass'd from man to man.
- But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe:
- Down, down, with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."
- Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,

As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre?

- Right well fought all the Frenchmen who
- And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prev.
- But we of the religion have borne us best
- And the good Lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet white.
- Our own true Maximilian the cornet whitehath ta'en,
- The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.

Up with it high; unfurl it wide; that all the host may know

With all the hire ing chivalry of Guelders How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought his Church such woe.

> Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest point of war,

- Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for Henry of Navarre,
- Ho! maidens of Vienna; ho! matrons of Lucerne :
- Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
- Ho! Philip, send for charity thy Mexican
- That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls.
- 110! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright;
- Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night.
- For our God hath crush'd the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
- And mock'd the counsel of the wise, and the valor of the brave.
- Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are ;
- And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN NEW ENGLIND.

" Look now abroad ;- another re- has filled Those populous horders - wide the wood recedes, And towns shout up and forthle realms are till'd; The land is full of barvests and green meads" BRYANT.

THE breaking waves dash'd high, On a stern and rock-bound coast,

And the woods against a stormy sky Their giant branches toss'd;

And the heavy night hung dark, The hills and waters o'er,

When a band of exiles moor'd their bark On the wild New England shore,

Not as the conqueror comes,

Not with the roll of the stirring drums, And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come, In silence and in fear,— They shook the depths of the desert gloom With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang, And the stars heard, and the sea, And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang

To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soar'd From his nest by the white wave's foam,

And the rocking pines of the forest roar'd--

This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair Amidst that pilgrim band:

Why had they come to wither there, Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye, Lit by her deep love's truth; There was manhood's brow serenely high, And the fierv heart of yonth.

What sought they thus afar? Bright jewels of the mine?

The wealth of seas, the spoils of war? They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,

The soil where first they trod;

They have left unstain'd what there they found—

Freedom to worship God. FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

THE SACK OF BALTIMORE.

- THE summer sun is falling soft on Carbery's hundred isles-
- The summer's sun is gleaning still through Gabriel's rough defiles—
- Old Inisherkin's crumbled fane looks like a moulting bird;
- And in a calm and sleepy swell the ocean tide is heard:
- The hookers lie upon the beach; the children cease their play;

The gossips leave the little inn ; the households kneel to prayAnd full of love, and peace, and rest-its daily labor o'er-

- Upon that cozy creek there lay the town of Baltimore.
- A deeper rest, a starry trance, has come with midnight there;
- No sound, except that throbbing wave, in earth, or sea, or air.
- The massive capes, and ruin'd towers, seem conscious of the calm;
- The fibrous sod and stunted trees are breathing heavy balm.
- So still the night, these two long barques round Dunashad that glide

Must trust their oars-methinks not fewagainst the ebbing tide-

- Oh, some sweet mission of true love must urge them to the shore—
- They bring some lover to his bride, who sighs in Baltimore!
- All, all asleep within each roof along that rocky street,
- And these must be the lover's friends, with gentle gliding feet—
- A stifled gasp! a dreamy noise! "The roof is in a flame!"
- From out their beds, and to their doors, rush maid, and sire, and dame—
- And meet, upon the threshold stone, the gleaming sabre's fall,
- And o'er each black and bearded face the white or crimson shawl—
- The yell of "Allah" breaks above the prayer, and shriek, and roar-

Oh, blessed God! the Algerine is lord of Baltimore.

- Then flung the youth his naked hand against the shearing sword;
- Then sprang the mother on the brand with which her son was gored;
- Then sank the grandsire on the floor, his grandbabes clutching wild;
- Then fled the maiden moaning faint, and nestled with the child;
- But see, yon pirate strangled lies, and crush'd with splashing heel,
- While o'er him in an Irish hand there sweeps his Syrian steel-

Though virtue sink, and courage fail, and misers yield their store,

There's one hearth well avenged in the sack of Baltimore !

- Midsummer morn, in woodland nigh, the birds begin to sing -
- They see not now the milking-maids-deserted is the spring !
- Midsummer day-this gallant rides from distant Bandon's town-

These hookers cross'd from stormy Skull, that skiff from Affadown;

They only found the smoking walls, with neighbors' blood besprent,

And on the strew'd and trampled beach awhile they wildly went-

Then dash'd to sea, and pass'd Cape Cleire, and saw five leagues before

The pirate galleys vanishing that ravaged Baltimore.

Oh! some must tug the galley's oar, and some must tend the steed—

This boy will hear a scheik's chibouk, and that a bey's jerreed.

Oh! some are for the arsenals, by heauteous Dardanelles ;

- And some are in the caravan to Mecca's sandy dells.
- The maid that Bandon gallant sought is chosen for the dev

She's safe—she's dead—she stabb'd him in the midst of his serai,

And, when to die a death of fire, that noble maid they bore,

She only smiled =0'Driscoll's child-she thought of Baltimore.

- "Tis two long years since sunk the town beneath that bloody band,
- And all around its trampled hearths a larger concourse stand,

Where, high upon a gallows tree, a yelling wretch is seen—

- "Tis Hackett of Dungarvan—he who steer'd the Algerine !
- He fell amid a sullen shout, with scarce a passing prayer,

For he had slain the kith and kin of many a hundred thereSome mutter'd of MacMurchadh, who brought the Norman o'er---

Some cursed him with Iscariot, that day in Baltimore. THOMAS OSBORNE DAVIS.

THE COVENANTERS' BATTLE-

CHANT.

To battle! to battle! To slaughter and strife! For a sad, broken Covenant We batter poor life. The great God of Judah Shall smite with our hand, And break down the idols That cumber the land.

Uplift every voice

In prayer and in song; Remember the battle

Is not to the strong;

Lo! the Ammonites thicken, And onward they comp,

To the vain noise of trumpet. Of cymbal, and drum.

They haste to the onslaught, With hagbut and spear;

They lust for a banquet That's deathful and dear.

Now horseman and footman Sweep down the hillside;

They come, like fierce Pharaohs, To die in their pride1

See, long plume and peanon Stream gay in the air! They are given us for shaughter,—

Shall tool's people spare? Nay, nay; lop them off,

Friend, father, and sou; All earth is athirst till

The good work he done,

Brace tight every buckler, And lift high the sword, For biting must blades be That fight for the Lord. Remember, remember, How saints' blood was shed, As free as the rain, and

Homes desolate madel



×.







Among them ! among them ! Unburied bones cry, Avenge us, or, like us, Faith's true martyrs die. Hew! hew down the spoilers ! Slay on, and spare none; Then shout forth in gladness, Heaven's battle is won ! WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

THE CAVALIER'S SONG.

A STEED! a steed of matchlesse speed, A sword of metal keene! All else to noble heartes is drosse, All else on earth is meane. The neighynge of the war-horse prowde, The rowlinge of the drun, The clangor of the trumpet lowde, Be soundes from heaven that come;

And oh the thundering presse of knightes, Whenas their war-cryes swell,

May tole from heaven an angel bright, And rouse a fiend from hell.

Then mounte! then mounte, brave gallants all,

And don your helmes amaine:

Deathe's couriers, fame and honour, call Us to the field againe.

- No shrewish teares shall fill our eye When the sword-hilt's in our hand--
- Heart whole we'll part, and no whit sighe

For the fayrest of the land;

Let piping swaine, and craven wight, Thus weepe and puling crye;

Our business is like men to fight, And hero-like to die!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

NASEBY.

- OH, wherefore come ye forth in triumph from the north,
 - With your hands, and your feet, and your raiment all red?
- And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout?

And whence be the grapes of the winepress which ye tread?

- Oh, evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
 - And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod;
- For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the strong,
 - Who sate in the high places and slew the saints of God.
- It was about the noon of a glorious day of June,
 - That we saw their banners dance and their cuirasses shine,
- And the Man of Blood was there, with his long essenced hair,
 - And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the Rhine.
- Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,
 - The general rode along us to form us for the fight;
- When a murmuring sound broke out, and swell'd into a shout
 - Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right.
- And hark ! like the roar of the billows on the shore,
 - The cry of battle rises along their charging line:
- For God! for the Cause! for the Church! for the Laws!
 - For Charles, king of England, and Rupert of the Rhine!
- The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,
 - His bravoes of Alsatia and pages of Whitehall;
- They are bursting on our flanks! Grasp your pikes! Close your ranks!
 - For Rupert never comes, but to conquer, or to fall.
- They are here—they rush on—we are broken—we are gone—
 - Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.
- O Lord, put forth thy might! O Lord, defend the right!
 - Stand back to back, in God's name! and fight it to the last!

- Stout Skippon hath a wound-the centre Down! down! for ever down with the
 - Hark! hark! what means the trampling of horsemen on our rear?
- Whose banner do 1 see, boys? "Tis he! thank God ! 'tis he, hoys!
 - Bear up another minute ! Brave Oliver
- Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row.
 - Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dikes,
- Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the accurst.
 - And at a shock have scatter'd the forest of his pikes.
- Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide
 - Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple Bar;
- And he-he turns! he flies! shame on those cruel eyes
 - That hore to look on torture, and dare not look on war!
- 110, comrades! sconr the plain; and ere ye strip the slain,
 - First give another stab to make your search secure ;
- Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad-pieces and lockets,
 - The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.
- Fools! your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts were gay and hold,
 - When you kiss'd your lily hands to your lemans to-day;
- And to-morrow shall the fox from her chambers in the rocks
 - Lead forth her tawny cubs to how! above the prey.
- Where be your tongues, that late mock'd at heaven, and hell, and fate?
 - And the fingers that once were so busy with your blades?
- Your perfumed satin clothes, your catches and your oaths?
 - Your stage-plays and your sonnets, your diamonds and your spades?

- mitre and the crown !
- With the Belial of the court, and the Mammon of the Pope!
- There is woe in Oxford halls, there is wail in Durham's stalls;
 - The Jesuit smites his bosom, the bishop rends his cope.
- And she of the seven hills shall mourn her children's ills.
 - And tremble when she thinks on the edge of England's sword ;
- And the kings of earth in fear shall shudder when they hear
 - What the hand of God hath wrought for the Houses and the Word ! THOMAS BABINGTON MACACLAY.
 - ON THE FUNERAL OF CHARLES THE FIRST.
 - AT NIGHT IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPPEL, WINDSOR.
 - THE castle clock had toll'd midnight. With mattock and with spade---
 - And silent by the torches' light-His corse in earth we laid,
 - The coffin bore his name, that those Of other years might know,
 - When earth its secrets should disclose, Whose bones were laid below,
 - " Peace to the dead !" no children sung. Slow pacing up the nave;

No prayers were read, no knell was rung, As deep we dug his grave.

- We only heard the winter's wind, In many a sullen gust,
- As o'er the open grave inclined, We murmur'd, " Dust to dust !"

A moonbeam from the arch's height Stream'd, as we pluced the stone ;

- The long aisles started into light, And all the windows shone.
- We thought we saw the banners then That shook along the walls.
- Whilst the sad shades of mailed men Were gazing on the stalls.

⁹Tis gone !—Again on tombs defaced Sits darkness more profound; And only by the torch we traced The shadows on the ground.

And now the chilling, freezing air Without blew long and loud; Upon our knees we breathed one prayer, Where he slept in his shroud.

We laid the broken marble floor,— No name, no trace appears! And when we closed the sounding door,

We thought of him with tears. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS IN-TENDED TO THE CITY.

CAPTAIN, or colonel, or knight in arms, Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,

If deed of honor did thee ever please,

Guard them, and him within protect from harms.

- He can requite thee; for he knows the charms
 - That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
 - And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
- Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
- Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower:

The great Emathian conqueror bid spare

- The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
 - Went to the ground; and the repeated air

Of sad Electra's poet had the power

To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

JOHN MILTON.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.

- AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
 - Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;

Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old

- When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones.
- Forget not: In thy book record their groans
 - Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
 - Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that roll'd
- Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans

The vales redoubled to the hills, and they

- To Heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
- O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
 - The triple tyrant, that from these may grow
- A hundred-fold, who, having learnt Thy way,

Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

John Milton.

THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE.

Come hither, Evan Cameron! Come, stand behind my knee---

I hear the river roaring down Toward the wintry sea.

There's shouting on the mountain-side, There's war within the blast—

Old faces look upon me, Old forms go trooping past.

I hear the pibroch wailing

Amidst the din of fight,

And my dim spirit wakes again Upon the verge of night.

'Twas I that led the Highland host Through wild Lochaber's snows,

What time the plaided clans came down To battle with Montrose.

- I've told thee how the Southrons fell Beneath the broad elaymore,
- And how we smote the Campbell clan By Inverlochy's shore.

I've told thee how we swept Dundee, And tamed the Lindsays' pride;

But never have I told thee yet How the great Marquis died.

A traitor sold him to his focs ;-O deed of deathless shame! I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet With one of Assynt's name-Be it upon the mountain's side, Or yet within the glen, Stand he in martial gear alone, Or back'd by armed men-Face him as thou wouldst face the man Who wrong'd thy sire's renown ; Remember of what blood thou art, And strike the caitiff down ! They brought him to the Watergate, Hard bound with hempen span, As though they held a lion there, And not a 'fenceless man. They set him high upon a cart-The hangman rode below-They drew his hands behind his back, And bared his noble brow. Then, as a hound is slipp'd from leash, They cheer'd the common throng, And blew the note with yell and shout, And bade him pass along. It would have made a brave man's heart Grow sad and sick that day, To watch the keen, malignant eyes Bent down on that array. There stood the Whig west-country lords In balcony and bow: There sat their gaunt and wither'd dames, And their daughters all a-row. And every open window Was full as full might be With black-robed Covenanting carles, That goodly sport to see! But when he came, though pale and wan, He look'd so great and high,

So noble was his manly front, So calm his steadfast eye ;— The rabble rout forbure to shout, And each man held his breath, For well they knew the hero's soul Was face to face with death. And then a mournful shudder

Through all the people crept, And some that came to scoff at him Now turn'd aside and wept. But onward-always onward, In silence and in gloom, The dreary pageant labor'd, Till it reach'd the house of doom. Then first a woman's voice was heard In jeer and laughter loud, And an angry cry and a hiss arose From the heart of the tossing crowd ; Then, as the Grame looked upward, He saw the ugly smile Of him who sold his king for gold-The master-fiend Argyle ! The Marquis gazed a moment, And nothing did he say, But the check of Argyle grew ghastly pale, And he turn'd his eves away. The painted harlot by his side. She shook through every limb, For a roar like thunder swept the street, And hands were clench'd at him ; And a Saxon soldier cried aloud, "Back, coward, from thy place ! For seven long years thou hast not dared To look him in the face," Had I been there with sword in hand,

And fifty Camerons by, That day through high Dunedin's streets Had peal'd the slogan-ery. Not all their troops of trampling horse, Nor might of mailed men-Not all the rebels in the south Had borne us backward then I Once more his foot on Highland heath Had trod as free as air, Or I, and all who bore my name, Been laid around him there ! It might not he. They placed him next Within the solemn hall, Where once the Scottish kings were through Amidst their nobles all. But there was dust of vulgar feet On that polluted floor, And perjured traitors fill'd the place Where good men sate before. With savage glee came Warriston

To read the murderous doom ;

And then uprose the great Montrose In the middle of the room :

"He is coming ! he is coming !" " Now, by my faith as belted knight And by the name I bear, Like a bridegroom from his room, Came the hero from his prison And by the bright St. Andrew's cross To the scaffold and the doom. That waves above us there-Yea, by a greater, mightier oath-There was glory on his forehead, And oh that such should be !---There was lustre in his eye, By that dark stream of royal blood And he never walk'd to battle That lies 'twixt you and me-More proudly than to die : I have not sought in battle-field There was color in his visage, A wreath of such renown, Though the cheeks of all were wan, And they marvell'd as they saw him pass, Nor dared I hope on my dying day To win the martyr's crown ! That great and goodly man ! He mounted up the scaffold, "There is a chamber far away And he turn'd him to the crowd ; Where sleep the good and brave, But they dared not trust the people, But a better place ye have named for me So he might not speak aloud ; Than by my fathers' grave. But he look'd upon the heavens, For truth and right, 'gainst treason's might, And they were clear and blue, This hand hath always striven, And in the liquid ether And ye raise it up for a witness still The eye of God shone through. In the eve of earth and heaven. Yet a black and murky battlement Then nail my head on yonder tower-Lay resting on the hill, Give every town a limb-As though the thunder slept within-And God who made shall gather them : All else was calm and still. I go from you to Him !" The grim Geneva ministers The morning dawn'd full darkly, With anxious scowl drew near, The rain came flashing down, As you have seen the ravens flock And the jagged streak of the levin-bolt Around the dying deer. Lit up the gloomy town ; He would not deign them word nor sign, The thunder crash'd across the heaven, But alone he bent the knee; The fatal hour was come ; And veil'd his face for Christ's dear grace Yet ave broke in, with muffled beat, Beneath the gallows tree. The 'larum of the drum. Then radiant and serene he rose, There was madness on the earth below And cast his cloak away : And anger in the sky, For he had ta'en his latest look And young and old, and rich and poor. Of earth and sun and day. Came forth to see him die. A beam of light fell o'er him, Ah, God ! that ghastly gibbet ! Like a glory round the shriven, How dismal 'tis to see And he climb'd the lofty ladder The great tall spectral skeleton, As it were the path to heaven. The ladder and the tree ! Then came a flash from out the cloud, Hark ! hark ! it is the clash of arms-And a stunning thunder-roll; The bells begin to toll-And no man dared to look aloft, "He is coming ! he is coming ! For fear was on every soul. God's mercy on his soul !" There was another heavy sound, One last long peal of thunder-A hush and then a groan; The clouds are clear'd away, And darkness swept across the sky-And the glorious sun once more looks down The work of death was done ! Amidst the dazzling day. WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN.

The Bonnets of Bonnie Dundle,

- To the lords of convention 'twas Claverhouse who spoke,
- " Ere the king's crown shall fall there are crowns to be broke;
- So let each cavalier who loves honor and me
- Come follow the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.⁽⁹⁾
 - Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;
 - Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
 - Come open the Westport and let us gang free,
 - And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!
- Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
- The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat;
- But the provost, donce man, said, "Just e'en let him be,
- The gude toun is well quit of that de'il of Dundee!"
 - Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;
 - Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
 - Come open the Westport and let us gang free,
 - And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!
- As he role down the sanctified bends of the Bow
- Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow;
- But the young plants of grace they look'd cowthie and slee,
- Thinking, Luck to thy bonnet, thou bonnie Dundee!
 - Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;
 - Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
 - Come open the Westport and let us gang free,
 - And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee1

- With sour-featured Whigs the Grassmarket was thrang'd
- As if half the west had set tryst to be hang'd;
- There was spite in each look, there was fear in each ce,
- As they watch'd for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee,
 - Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;
 - Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
 - Come open the Westport and let us gang free,
 - And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!
- These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,
- And lang-hafted gullies to kill cavaliers;
- But they shrunk to close-heads, and the canseway was free
- At the toss of the bounct of bonnie Dundee.
 - Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;
 - Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
 - Come open the Westport and let us gang free,
 - And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!
- lle spurr'd to the foot of the proud eastle rock,
- And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke:
- "Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak two words or three,
- For the love of the bonnet of bonnie Dundee,"
 - Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;
 - Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
 - Come open the Westport and let us gang free,
 - And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!
- The Gordon demands of him which way he goes--
- " Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose!

- Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
- Or that low lies the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.
 - Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;
 - Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
 - Come open the Westport and let us gang free,
 - And it's room for the bonnets of honnie Dundee!
- "There are hills beyond Pentland and lands beyond Forth;
- If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs in the north;
- There are wild Duniewassals three thousand times three
- Will cry 'Hoigh!' for the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.
 - Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;
 - Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
 - Come open the Westport and let us gang free,
 - And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!
- "There's brass on the target of harken'd bull-hide,
- There's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside;
- The hrass shall be burnish'd, the steel shall flash free,
- At a toss of the bonnet of bonnie Dundee. Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;
 - Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
 - Come open the Westport and let us gang free,
 - And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!
- "Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks;

Ere I own an usurper I'll couch with the fox;

- And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,
- You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me."

- Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;
- Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
- Come open the Westport and let us gang free,
- And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!
- He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were blown,
- The kettle-drums clash'd, and the horsemen rode on,
- Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lea
- Died away the wild war-notes of bonnie Dundee.
 - Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;
 - Come saddle the horses, and call up the men;
 - Come open your doors and let me gae free,
 - For it's up with the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE BURIAL-MARCH OF DUNDEE.

SOUND fife, and cry the slogan-Let the pibroch shake the air With its wild triumphal music, Worthy of the freight we bear. Let the ancient hills of Scotland Hear once more the battle-song Swell within their glens and valleys As the clansmen march along ! Never from the field of combat, Never from the deadly fray, Was a nobler trophy carried Than we bring with us to-day ; Never since the valiant Douglas On his dauntless bosom bore Good King Robert's heart-the priceless-To our dear Redeemer's shore ! Lo! we bring with us the hero-Lo! we bring the conquering Græme, Crown'd as best beseems a victor From the altar of his fame : Fresh and bleeding from the battle Whence his spirit took its flight, Midst the crashing charge of squadrons, And the thunder of the fight!

Strike, I say, the notes of triumph, As we march o'er moor and lea! Is there any here will venture To bewail our dead Dundee? Let the widows of the traitors Weep until their eyes are dim ! Wail ye may full well for Seotland-Let none dare to mourn for him ! See! above his glorious body Lies the royal banner's fold-See ! his valiant blood is mingled With its crimson and its gold. See how calm he looks and stately. Like a warrior on his shield. Waiting till the flush of morning Breaks along the battle-field ! See-Oh never more, my comrades, Shall we see that falcon eye Redden with its inward lightning. As the hour of fight drew nigh ! Never shall we hear the voice that, Clearer than the trumpet's call, Bade us strike for King and Country, Bade us win the field, or fall ! On the heights of Killieerankie Yester-morn our army lay : Slowly rose the mist in columns From the river's broken way ; Hoarsely roar'd the swollen torrent, And the pass was wrapp'd in gloom, When the elansmen rose together From their lair amidst the broom. Then we belted on our tartans. And our bonnets down we drew. And we felt our broadswords' edges, And we proved them to be true : And we pray'd the prayer of soldiers, And we eried the gathering-ery, And we elasp'd the hands of kinsmen, And we swore to do or die ! Then our leader rode before us On his war-horse black as night-Well the Cameronian rebels Knew that charger in the fight !--And a cry of exultation From the bearded warriors rose : For we loved the h-use of Claver'se. And we thought of good Montrose. But he raised his hand for silence-"Soldiers ! I have sworn a yow : Ere the evening star shall glisten On Schehallion's lofty brow,

Either we shall rest in triumph, Or another of the Græmes Shall have died in battle-harness For his Country and King James ! Think upon the Royal Martyr-Think of what his race endure-Think on him whom hutchers murder'd On the field of Magus Muir : By his sacred blood I charge ye, By the ruin'd hearth and shrine-By the blighted hopes of Scotland, By your injuries and mine— Strike this day as if the anvil Lay beneath your blows the while, Be they Covenanting traitors, Or the brood of false Argyle ! Strike ! and drive the trembling rebels Backward o'er the stormy Forth ; Let them tell their pale Convention How they fared within the North. Let them tell that Highland honor Is not to be bought nor sold, That we seern their prince's anger As we loathe his foreign gold. Strike! and when the fight is over. If you look in vain for me, Where the dead are lying thickest Search for him that was Dundee !" Loudly then the hills re-echoed With our answer to his call, But a deeper echo sounded In the bosoms of us all. For the lands of wide Breadalbane. Not a man who heard him speak Would that day have left the battle. Burning eye and flushing cheek Told the elansmen's fierce emotion, And they harder drew their breath; For their souls were strong within them, Stronger than the grasp of death. Soon we heard a challenge-trumpet Sounding in the pass below, And the distant tramp of horses, And the voices of the foe; Down we erouch'd amid the bracken. Till the Lowland ranks drew near, Panting like the hounds in summer, When they scent the stately deer. From the dark defile emerging, Next we saw the squadrons come, Leslie's foot and Leven's troopers Marching to the tuck of drum ;

Through the scatter'd wood of birehes,

O thou lion-hearted warrior !

Reck not of the after-time : O'er the broken ground and heath, Wound the long battalion slowly, Honor may be deem'd dishonor, Till they gain'd the field beneath; Loyalty be called a crime. Sleep in peace with kindred ashes Judge how look'd the Saxons then, Of the noble and the true, Hands that never failed their country, When they saw the rugged mountain Start to life with armed men ! Hearts that never baseness knew. Like a tempest down the ridges Sleep !--- and till the latest trumpet Swept the hurricane of steel, Wakes the dead from earth and sea. Scotland shall not boast a braver Rose the Slogan of Macdonald-Flash'd the broadsword of Lochiel ! Chieftain than our own Dundee! WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE ATTOUN. Vainly sped the withering volley 'Mongst the foremost of our band-On we pour'd until we met them, Hervé Riel. Foot to foot, and hand to hand. Horse and man went down like drift-On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hunwood dred ninety-two, When the floods are black at Yule, Did the English fight the French,-woe And their carcasses are whirling to France! In the Garry's deepest pool. And the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter Horse and man went down before usthrough the blue, Living foe there tarried none Like a crowd of frighten'd porpoises a On the field of Killiccrankie, shoal of sharks pursue, When that stubborn fight was done! Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance. With the English fleet in view. And the evening star was shining On Schehallion's distant head, 'Twas the squadron that escap'd, with the When we wiped our bloody broadswords victor in full chase : And return'd to count the dead. First and foremost of the drove, in his There we found him gash'd and gory, great ship, Damfreville; Stretch'd upon the cumber'd plain, Close on him fled, great and small, As he told us where to seek him, Twenty-two good ships in all; In the thickest of the slain. And they signall'd to the place, And a smile was on his visage, "Help the winners of a race! For within his dying ear Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us Peal'd the joyful note of triumph, quick; or, quicker still, And the clansmen's clamorous cheer: Here's the English can and will !" So, amidst the battle's thunder. Shot, and steel, and scorching flame, Then the pilots of the place put out brisk, In the glory of his manhood and leap'd on board : Pass'd the spirit of the Græme ! "Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass ?" laugh'd they : Open wide the vaults of Athol, "Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the Where the bones of heroes restpassage scarr'd and scored. Open wide the hallow'd portals Shall the 'Formidable' here with her twelve and eighty guns To receive another gnest! Last of Scots, and last of freemen-Think to make the river-mouth by the Last of all that dauntless race single narrow way, Who would rather die unsullied Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft Than outlive the land's disgrace l of twenty tons,

FIRESIDE ENCYCLOPLEDIA OF POETRY.

And with flow at full beside ? Now 'tis slackest ebb of tide, Reach the mooring ? Rather say, While rock stands, or water runs, Not a ship will leave the bay ?"

Then was call'd a council straight: Brief and bitter the debate. "Here's the English at our heels: would you have then take in tow All that's left us of the fleet, link'd together stern and bow. For a prize to Plymouth Sound? Better run the ships aground?" Ended Damfreville his speech.) "Not a minute more to wait! Let the captains all and each Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach! France must undergo her fate."

"Give the word !" But no such word Was ever spoke or heard : For up stood, for out stepp'd, for in struck, amid all these,— A captain ? a licutenant ? a mate,—first, second, third ? No such man of mark and meet With his betters to compete ! But a simple Breton sailor press'd by Tour-

ville for the fleet,

- A poor coasting-pilot he,—Hervé Riel the Croisickese.
- And "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel.
- "Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?
- Talk to me of rocks and shoals? me, who took the soundings, tell
- On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell,
 - "Twixt the offing here and Grève, where the river disembogues?
- Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?

Morn and eye, night and day,

Have I piloted your bay,

Enter'd free and anchor'd fast at the foot of Solidor.

Burn the fleet, and ruin France? That were worse than fifty Hogues ' Sirs, they know I speak the truth ! Sirs, believe me, there's a way ! Only let me lead the line, Have the biggest ship to steer, Get this 'Formidable' clear, Make the others follow mine, And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well, Right to Solidor, past Grève, And there lay them safe and sound ; And, if one ship misbeliave,-Keel so much as grate the ground,-Why, I've nothing but my life: here's

my head !" eries Hervé Ricl.

Not a minute more to wait. "Steer us in, then, small and great ! Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron !" cried its chief. Captains, give the sailor place! Still the north wind, by God's grace. See the noble fellow's face, As the big ship, with a bound, Clears the entry like a hound, Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's profound ! See, safe through shoal and rock, How they follow in a flock ! Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground, Not a spar that comes to grief1 The peril, see, is past ! All are harbor'd to the last ! And just as Hervé Riel holloas "Anchor!" sure as fate, Up the English come;-too late ! So the storm subsides to calm : They see the green trees wave On the heights o'erlooking Grève ; Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm. "Just our rapture to enhance, Let the English rake the bay, Gnash their teeth and glare askance As they cannonade away ! 'Neath rampir'd Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance !" How hope succeeds despair on each cap-

tain's countenance !

Out burst all with one accord, "This is paradise for hell ! Let France, let France's king, Thank the man that did the thing !" What a shout, and all one word, "Hervé Riel !" As he stepp'd in front once more; Not a symptom of surprise In the frank blue Breton eves,-Just the same man as before. Then said Damfreville, "My friend, I must speak out at the end, Though I find the speaking hard : Praise is deeper than the lips : You have saved the king his ships : You must name your own reward. 'Faith, our sun was near eclipse ! Demand whate'er you will, France remains your debtor still. Ask to heart's content, and have! or my name's not Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke On the hearded mouth that spoke, As the honest heart laugh'd through Those frank eves of Breton blue :---"Since I needs must say my say; Since on board the duty's done,

- And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point what is it but a run ?--
- Since 'tis ask and have, I may; Since the others go ashore,—

Come! A good whole holiday!

- Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore !"
 - That he ask'd, and that he got,-nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost : Not a pillar nor a post

In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;

Not a head in white and black

On a single fishing-smack

- In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
 - All that France sav'd from the fight whence England hore the bell.

Go to Paris; rank on rank Search the heroes flung pell-mell 21 On the Louvre, face and flank : You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.

So, for better and for worse,

Hervé Riel, accept my verse !

In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou onec more

Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife, the Belle Aurore ! ROBERT BROWNING.

FONTENOY.

- THRICE, at the huts of Fontenoy, the English column fail'd,
- And twice the lines of Saint Antoine the Dutch in vain assail'd,
- For town and slope were fill'd with fort and flanking battery,
- And well they swept the English ranks and Dutch auxiliary.
- As vainly, through De Barri's wood, the British soldiers burst,
- The French artillery drove them back, diminish'd and dispersed.

The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with anxious eye,

- And order'd up his last reserve, his latest chance to try;
- On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, how fast his generals ride!
- And mustering come his chosen troops, like clouds at eventide.
- Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread,
- Their cannon blaze in front and flank, Lord Hay is at their head;
- Steady they step adown the slope, steady they climb the hill,
- Steady they load, steady they fire, moving right onward still,
- Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as through a furnace-blast,
- Through rampart, trench, and palisade, and bullets showering fast;
- And on the open plain above they rose, and kept their course,
- With ready fire and grim resolve, that mock'd at hostile force :

FIRESIDE	ENCYCLOI	PÆDIA	OF .	POETRY.
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Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy, while thinner grow their ranks-They break, as broke the Zuvder Zee through Holland's ocean banks. More idly than the summer flies French tirailleurs rush round; As stubble to the lava tide French squadrons strew the ground; Bomb-shell, and grape, and round-shot tore, still on they march'd and fired-Fast, from each volley, grenadier and voltigeur retired. "Push on, my household cavalry!" King Louis madly cried : To death they rush, but rude their shock; not unaveuged they died. On through the camp the column trod-King Louis turns his rein: "Not yet, my liege," Saxe interposed, "the Irish troops remain ;" And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo. Were not these exiles ready then, fresh, vehement, and true. "Lord Clare," he says, "you have your wish, there are your Saxon foes!" The Marshal almost smiles to see, so furiously he goes. How fierce the look these exiles wear, who're wont to be so gay; The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts to-day-The treaty broken, ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ could dry, Their plunder'd homes, their ruin'd shrines, their women's parting cry, Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their country overthrown,-Each looks as if revenge for all were staked on him alone. On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet elsewhere. Rush'd on to fight a nobler band than these proud exiles were. O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting, he commands, "Fix bay'nets"-"Charge;" like mountain-storm rush on these fiery bands.

Thin	is the	English	column	now, and	faint
	their	volleys	grow,		

- Yet, must'ring all the strength they have, they make a gallant show,
- They dress their ranks upon the hill to face that battle-wind,
- Their bayonets the breakers' foam, like rocks the men behind;
- One volley crashes from their line, when, through the surging smoke,
- With empty guns clutch'd in their hands, the headlong Irish broke.
- On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce huzza:

"Revenge! remember Limerick! dash down the Sacsanach !"

- Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hunger's pang,
- Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang;
- Bright was their steel, 'tis bloody now, their guns are fill'd with gore;
- Through shatter'd ranks, and sever'd files, and trampled flags they tore;
- The English strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied, stagger'd, fled,--
- The green hillside is matted close with dying and with dead.
- Across the plain and far away pass'd on that hideous wrack,
- While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track.
- On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,
- With bloody plumes the Irish stand-the field is fought and won !

THOMAS OSBORNE DAVIS.

BATTLE OF FONTENOY.

By our camp-fires rose a murmur At the dawning of the day,

- And the tread of many footsteps Spoke the advent of the fray;
- And as we took our places, Few and stern were our words,

While some were tightening horse-girths, And some were girding swords.

The trumpet-blast has sounded Our footmen to array—

The willing steed has bounded, Impatient for the fray— The green flag is unfolded, While rose the cry of joy— "Heaven speed dear Ireland's banner To-day at Fontenoy !"

We look'd upon that banner, And the memory arose Of our homes and perish'd kindred Where the Lee or Shannon flows; We look'd upon that banner, And we swore to God on high, To smite to-day the Saxon's might— To conquer or to die.

Loud swells the charging trumpet— 'Tis a voice from our own land— God of battles! God of vengeance l Guide to-day the patriot's brand; There are stains to wash away, There are memories to destroy, In the best blood of the Briton To-day at Fontenoy.

Plunge deep the fiery rowels In a thou-and reeking flanks— Down, chivalry of Ireland, Down on the British ranks! Now shall their serricd columns Beneath our sabres reel— Through their ranks, then, with the warhorse— Through their bosoms with the steel. With one shout for good King Louis, And the fair land of the vine, Like the wrathful Alpine tempest,

We swept upon their line— Then rang along the battle-field Trinmphant our hurrah, And we smote them down, still cheering, "*Erin, slanthagal go bragh.*"

As prized as is the blessing From an aged father's lip— As welcome as the haven To the tempest-driven ship— As dear as to the lover The smile of gentle maid— Is this day of long-sought vengeance See their shatter'd forces flying, A broken, routed line— See, England, what brave laurels For your brow to-day we twine. Oh, thrice bless'd the hour that witness'd The Britou turn to flee From the chivary of Erin And France's "fleur de lis."

As we lay beside our camp-fires, When the sun had pass'd away, And thought upon our brethren Who had perish'd in the fray, We pray'd to God to grant us, And then we'd die with joy, One day upon our own dear land Like this of Fontenoy. BARTHOLOMEW DOWLING.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

WIZARD-LOCHIEL.

WIZARD.

LOCHIEL, Lochiel! beware of the day When the Lowlands shall meet thee in hattle-array!

- For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
- And the clans of Culloden are scatter'd in fight.

They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;

- Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!
- Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
- And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
- But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war

What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?

- 'Tis thine, O Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
- Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
- A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
- But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.

Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led— Oh weep! but thy tears cannot number the

FIRESIDE ENCYCLOP.EDIA OF POETRY.

- For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
- Culloden that reeks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL.

- Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling secr?
- Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
- Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight
- This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

WIZARD.

- Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to seorn?
- Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn !

Say, rush'd the bold eagle exultingly forth

- From his home in the dark-rolling clouds of the north?
- Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
- Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
- But down let him stoop from his havoc on high !
- Ah! home let him speed—for the spoiler is nigh.
- Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
- Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
- 'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
- From his cyric, that beacons the darkness of heaven.

Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,

- Whose bauners arise on the battlements' height,
- Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
- Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!
- For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
- And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

LOCHIEL.

- False wizard, avaunt? I have marshall'd my clan;
- Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!

- They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
- And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
- Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock !
- Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock !
- But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
- When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
- When her bonneted chieftains to victory erowd,
- Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
- All plaided and plumed in their tartan array-----

WIZARD.

-Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day;

- For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
- But man cannot cover what God would reveal;
- 'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
- And coming events casts their shadows before,
- I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
- With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
- Lo! anointed by heaven with the vials of wrath,
- Behold, where he flies on his desolate path !

Now in darkness and billows he sweeps from my sight:

- Rise, rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight1
- 'Tis finish'd. Their thunders are hush'd on the moors;
- Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
- But where is the iron-bound prisoner? where?
- For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
- Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banish'd, forlorn,
- Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?

Ah no! for a darker departure is near; The war-drum is muffled and black is the

- bier;
- His death-bell is tolling. Oh! mercy, dispel
- Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
- Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
- And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
- Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet,
- Where his heart shall be thrown ere it ceases to beat,
- With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale-----

LOCHIEL.

——Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale;

For never shall Albin a destiny meet

- So black with dishonor, so foul with retreat.
- Though my perishing ranks should be strew'd in their gore,
- Like ocean-weeds heap'd on the surfbeaten shore,

Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,

While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,

Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,

- With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
- And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
- Look proudly to heaven from the deathbed of fame.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

YOUNG AIRLY.

KEN ye aught of brave Lochiel?

Or ken ye aught of Airly?

They have belted on their bright broad swords,

And off and awa' wi' Charlie.

Now bring me fire, my merry, merry men, And bring it red and yarely—

At mirk midnight there flash'd a light O'er the topmost towers of Airly. What lowe is yon, quo' the gude Lochiel, Which gleams so red and rarely?

- By the God of my kin, quo' yonng Ogilvie, It's my ain bonnie hame of Airly!
- Put up your sword, said the brave Lochiel, And calm your mood, quo' Charlie;

Ere morning glow we'll raise a lowe Far brighter than bonnie Airly.

Oh, yon fair tower's my native tower! Nor will it soothe my mourning,

Were London palace, tower, and town As fast and brightly burning.

- It's no my hame—my father's hame, That reddens my cheek sae sairlie—
- But my wife, and twa sweet babes I left
- To smoor in the smoke of Airly. AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

'Twas on a Monday morning, Right early in the year, That Charlie came to our town, The young Chevalier. An' Charlie is my darling,

My darling, my darling, Charlie is my darling, The young Chevalier.

As Charlie he came up the gate, His face shone like the day;

I grat to see the lad come back That had been lang away.

An' Charlie is my darling, My darling, my darling, Charlie is my darling, The young Chevalier.

Then ilka bonnie lassie sang, As to the door she ran, Our king shall hae his ain again, An' Charlie is the man : For Charlie he's my darling, My darling, my darling, Charlie he's my darling, The young Chevalier.

Out owre yon moory mountain, An' down the craigy glen, Of naething else our lasses sing But Charlie an' his men.

FIRESIDE ENCYCLOP.EDLA OF POETRY.

An' Charlie he's my darling, My darling, my darling, Charlie he's my darling, The young Chevalier.

Our Highland hearts are true an' leal, An' glow without a stain; Our Highland sworls are metal keen, An' Charlie he's our ain. An' Charlie he's my darling, My darling, my darling, Charlie he's my darling, The young Chevalier.

JAMES HOGO.

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE.

CAM ye by Athol, lad wi' the philabeg, Down by the Tummel, or banks o' the Garry;

- Saw ye our lads, wi' their bonnets and white cockades,
 - Leaving their mountains to follow Prince Charlie?
 - Follow thee! follow thee! wha wadna follow thee?
 - Lang hast thou loved and trusted us fairly:
 - Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee,

King o' the Highland hearts, bonny Prince Charlie?

- I hae but ae son, my gallant young Donald; But if I had ten, they should follow Glengary.
- Health to M'Donnel, and gallant Clan-Ronald.
 - For these are the men that will die for their Charlie!
 - Follow thee! follow thee! wha wadna follow thee?
 - Lang hast thou loved and trusted us fairly:
 - Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee,

- I'll to Lochiel and Appin, and kneel to them,
 - Down by Lord Murray, and Roy of Kildarlie;

- Brave M'Intosh he shall fly to the field with them;
 - These are the lads I can trust wi' my Charlie!
 - Follow thee ! follow thee ! wha wadna follow thee ?
 - Lang hast thon loved and trusted us fairly:
 - Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee,
 - King o' the Highland hearts, bonny Prince Charlie?
- Down through the Lowlands, down wi' the Whigamore !
 - Loyal true Highlanders, down wi' them rarely !
- Ronald and Donald, drive on wi' the broad claymore,
 - Over the necks of the foes of Prince Charlie!
 - Follow thee! follow thee! wha wadna follow thee?
 - Lang hast thou loved and trusted us fairly:
 - Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee,

King o' the Highland hearts, bonny Prince Charlie?

JAMES HOUG.

WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE!

A wee bird came to our ha'-door; He warbled sweet and clearly;

And aye the o'ercome o' his sang

Was "Wae's me for Prince Charlie !"

Oh, when I heard the bonny, bonny hird, The tears came drapping rarely;

I took my bonnet aff my head, For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie.

Quoth I: "My bird, my bonny, bonny bird,

Is that a tale ye borrow?

- Or is't some words ye've learn'd by rote, Or n lilt o' dool and sorrow?"
- "Oh, no, no, no!" the wee bird sang, "Twe flown sin' morning early;

King o' the Highland hearts, bonny Prince Charlie?

" On hills that are by right his ain He roams a lonely stranger;

- On ilka hand he's press'd by want, On ilka side by danger.
- Yestreen I met him in the glen, My heart near bursted fairly;

For sadly changed indeed was he— Oh, wae's me for Prince Charlie !

- " Dark night came on; the tempest howl'd Out owre the hills and valleys;
- And where was't that your prince lay down,
- Whase hame should be a palace? He row'd him in a Highland plaid,

Which cover'd him but sparely, And slept beneath a bush o' broom—

Oh, wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

- But now the bird saw some red-coats, And he shook his wings wi' anger:
- "Oh, this is no a land for me— I'll tarry here nae langer."
- A while he hover'd on the wing, Ere he departed fairly;
- But weel I mind the farewell strain, 'Twas " Wae's me for Prince Charlie !'' WILLIAM GLEN.

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn I Thy sons, for valor long renown'd, Lie slaughter'd on their native ground; Thy hospitable roofs no more Invite the stranger to the door; In smoky ruins sunk they lie, The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar His all become the prey of war; Bethinks him of his babes and wife, Then smites his breast, and eurses life. Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks, Where once they fed their wanton flocks: Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain; Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it, then, in every clime, Through the wide-spreading waste of time,

Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise, Still shone with undiminish'd blaze! Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke, Thy neek is bended to the yoke. What foreign arms could never quell, By civil rage and rancor fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay No more shall cheer the happy day: No social scenes of gay delight Beguile the dreary winter night: No strains but those of sorrow flow, And naught be heard but sounds of woe, While the pale phantoms of the slain Ghide nightly o'er the silent plain.

O baneful cause! O fatal morn! Accursed to ages yet unborn! The sons against their father stood, The parent shed his children's blood. Yet, when the rage of battle ceased, The victor's soul was not appeased: The naked and forlorn must feel Devouring flames and murd'ring steel!

The pious mother, doom'd to death, Forsaken wanders o'er the heath; The bleak wind whistles round her head, Her helpless orphans cry for bread; Bereft of shelter, food, and friend, She views the shades of night descend; And, stretch'd beneath th' inelement skies, Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins, And unimpair'd remembrance reigns, Resentment of my country's fate Within my filial breast shall beat; And, spite of her insulting foe, My sympathizing verse shall flow: "Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn." Toutas SMOLLTER,

THE POMPADOUR.

VERSAILLES !- Up the chestnut alley, All in flower, so white and pure, Strut the red and yellow lacqueys Of this Madame Pompadour.

"Clear the way !" ery out the lacqueys, Elbowing the lame and poor From the chapel's stately porches,—

"Way for Madame Pompadour!"

FIRESIDE ENCYCLOP.EDIA OF POETRY.

Old bent soldiers, crippled veterans,	He struck alone into a path
Sigh and hobble, sad, footsore,	That far from crowds and courtiers lay.
Jostled by the chariot-horses	
Of this woman-Pompadour.	He saw the pale green shadows play
(N) I al la (/a a manufa	Upon the brown untrodden earth; He saw the hirds around him flit
Through the levée (poet, marquis,	
Wistful for the opening door),	As if he were of peasant birth;
With a rippling sweep of satin,	He saw the trees that know no king But him who bears a woodland axe;
Sail'd the queenly Pompadour.	He thought not, but he look'd about
Sighs by dozens, as she proudly	Like one who skill in thinking lacks.
Glides, so confident and sure,	Like one who skin in chinking facks,
With her fan that breaks through hal-	Then close to him a footstep fell,
berds-	And glad of human sound was he,
In went Madame Pompadour.	For, truth to say, he found himself
	A weight from which he fain would flee.
Starving abbé, wounded marshal,	But that which he would ne'er have
Speculator, lean and poor,	guess'd
Cringe and shrink before the creatures	Before him now most plainly came;
Of this harlot Pompadour.	The man upon his weary back
"Rose in sunshine ! Summer lily !"	A coflin bore of rudest frame.
Cries a poet at the door,	"Why, who art thon?" exclaimed the
Squeezed and trampled by the lacqueys	king,
Of the witching Pompadour.	"And what is that I see thee bear?"
	"I am a laborer in the wood.
"Bathed in milk and fed on roses!"	And 'tis a coffin for Pierre.
Sighs a pimp behind the door, Jamm'd and bullied by the courtiers	Close by the royal hunting-lodge
Of this strumpet Pompadour.	You may have often seen him toil;
Or this strumper i ompadour.	But he will never work again,
"Rose of Sharon!" chants an abbé,	And 1 for him must dig the soil."
Fat and with the voice of four,	
Black silk stockings soil'd by varlets	The laborer ne'er had seen the king,
Of this Rahab Pompadour,	And this he thought was but a man,
" Neck so swan-like,-Dea certe !	Who made at first a moment's pause, And then anew his talk begau :
Fit for monarchs to adore !"	"I think I do remember now,—
"Clear the way !" was still the echo,	Ile had a dark and glancing eye,
"For this Venus Pompadour."	And I have seen his slender arm
	With wondrous blows the pickaxe ply.
Open !with the jar of thunder	
Fly the portals,-clocks strike four;	" Pray tell me, friend, what accident
With a burst of drums and trumpets	Can thus have kill'd our good Pierre?"
Come the king and Pompadour. GEORGE WALTER THORNBURY.	" Oh, nothing more than usual, sir,
GRORGE WALTER THORNBURT.	He died of living upon air.
+0+	'Twas hunger kill'd the poor good man, Who long on emuty house relied :
LOUIS XY.	Who long on empty hopes relied; He could not pay gabell and tax,
LOUIS ATT.	And feed his children, so he died."
THE king with all his kingly train	
Had left his Pompadour behind,	The man stopp'd short, and then went
And forth he role in Senart's wood,	on,—
The royal beasts of chase to find.	" It is, you know, a common thing;
That day by chance the monarch mused,	Our children's bread is eaten up

That day by chance the monarch mused, And, turning suddenly away,

By courtiers, mistresses, and king."

The king look'd hard upon the man, And afterward the coffin eyed; Then spnrr'd to ask of Ponpadour

How came it that the peasants died. JOHN STERLING.

WARREN'S ADDRESS.

STAND! the ground's your own, my braves! Will ye give it up to slaves? Will ye look for greener graves? Hope ye mercy still? What's the mercy despots feel? Hear it in that battle-peal! Read it on yon bristling steel! Ask it,—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire? Will ye to your *homes* retire? Look behind you!---they're afire ! And, before you, see Who have done it! From the vale On they come !-- and will ye quail ? Leaden rain and iron hail Let their welcome be !

In the God of battles trust! Die we may,—and die we must: But, oh where can dust to dust Be consign'd so well, As where Heaven its dews shall shed On the martyr'd patriot's hed, And the rocks shall raise their head

Of his deeds to tell?

JOHN PIERPONT.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere, On the eighteenth of April, in Seventyfive;

Hardly a man is now alive

- Who remembers that famous day and year.
- He said to his friend, "If the British march

By land or sea from the town to-night,

Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch

Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—

One, if by land, and two, if by sea; And I on the opposite shore will be, Ready to ride and spread the alarm

- Through every Middlesex village and farm,
- For the country folk to be up and to arm."
- Then he said "Good-night," and with mufiled oar

Silently row'd to the Charlestown shore,

Just as the moon rose over the bay,

Where swinging wide at her moorings lay The Somerset, British man-of-war;

- A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
- Across the moon like a prison bar,
- And a huge black hulk, that was magnified

By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile his friend, through alley and street,

Wanders and watches with eager ears, Till in the silence around him he hears The muster of men at the barrack-door, The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet, And the measured tread of the grenadiers Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climb'd the tower of the Old North Church,

By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,

To the belfry-chamber overhead,

And startled the pigeons from their perch On the sombre rafters, that round him made

Masses and moving shapes of shade,— By the trembling ladder, steep and tall, To the highest window in the wall, Where he paused to listen and look down A moment on the roofs of the town, And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead, In their night-encampment on the hill, Wrapp'd in silence so deep and still That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread, The watchful night-wind, as it went Creeping along from tent to tent, And seeming to whisper, "All is well!" A moment only he feels the spell Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread

Of the lonely belfry and the dead;

FIRESIDE ENCYCLOP.EDIA OF POETRY.

For suddenly all his thoughts are bent On a shadowy something far away, Where the river widens to meet the bay,-A line of black that bends and floats On the rising tide like a bridge of boats. Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride, Booted and spurr'd, with a heavy stride On the opposite shore walk'd Paul Revere. Now he patted his horse's side, Now gazed at the landscape far and near, Then, impetnous, stamp'd the earth, And turn'd and tighten'd his saddlegirth ; But mostly he watch'd with eager search The belfry-tower of the Old North Church, As it rose above the graves on the hill, Lonely and spectral and sombre and still. And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height A glimmer, and then a gleam of light! He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns. But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight A second lamp in the belfry burns. A hurry of hoofs in a village street, A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark. And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet : That was all; and yet, through the gloom and the light. The fate of a nation was riding that night; And the spark struck out by that steed in his flight Kindled the land into flame with its heat. He has left the village and mounted the steep, And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep, Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides, And under the alders that skirt its edge, Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge, Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides. It was twelve by the village clock When he cross'd the bridge iuto Medford town.

He heard the crowing of the cock, And the barking of the farmer's dog, And felt the damp of the river fog, That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock When he galloped into Lexington. He saw the gilded weathercock Swim in the moonlight as he pass'd, And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare, Gaze at him with a spectral glare, As if they already stood aghast At the bloody work they would look upon. It was two by the village clock When he came to the bridge in Concord town. He heard the bleating of the flock, And the twitter of birds among the trees, And felt the breath of the morning breeze Blowing over the meadows brown. And one was safe and asleep in his bed Who at the bridge would be first to fall, Who that day would be lying dead, Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest; in the books you have read,

How the British regulars fired and fled,— How the farmers gave them ball for ball, From behind each fence and farmyard wall, thasing the red-coats down the hane, Then crossing the fields to emerge again Under the trees at the turn of the road, And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere, And so through the night went his cry of alarm

To every Middlesex village and farm,-

A ery of defiance, and not of fear,

A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,

And a word that shall echo for evermore! For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,

Through all our history, to the last, In the hour of darkness, and peril, and need.

The people will waken and listen to hear The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,

And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

HENRY WADSWORTH LON FELLOW

SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

OUR band is few, but true and tried, Our leader frank and bold; The British soldier trembles When Marion's name is told. Our fortress is the good greenwood, Our tent the cypress tree; We know the forest round us, As seamen know the sea; We know its walls of thorny vines, Its glades of reedy grass, Its safe and silent islands Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery That little dread us near! On them shall light at midnight A strange and sudden fear; . When, waking to their tents on fire, They grasp their arms in vain, And they who stand to face us Are beat to earth again; And they who fly in terror deem A mighty host behind, And hear the tramp of thousands Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release From danger and from toil: We talk the battle over, And share the battle's spoil. The woodland rings with laugh and shout, As if a hunt were up, And woodland flowers are gather'd To crown the soldier's cup. With merry songs we mock the wind That in the pine-top grieves, And slumber long and sweetly On beds of oaken leaves. Well knows the fair and friendly moon The band that Marion leads-The glitter of their rifles, The scampering of their steeds. 'Tis life to guide the fiery barb Across the moonlight plain; 'Tis life to feel the night-wind That lifts his tossing mane. A moment in the British camp-A moment-and away

Back to the pathless forest, Before the peep of day. Grave men there are by broad Santee, Grave men with hoary hairs; Their hearts are all with Marion, For Marion are their prayers. And lovely ladies greet our band With kindliest welcoming, With smiles like those of summer, And tears like those of spring. For them we wear these trusty arms, And lay them down no more Till we have driven the Briton For ever from our shore. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

CARMEN BELLICOSUM.

Is their ragged regimentals, Stood the old Continentals, Yielding not, When the grenadiers were lunging, And like hail fell the plunging Cannon-shot; When the files Of the isles, From the smoky night encampment, Bore the banner of the rampant Unicorn, And grammer, grummer, grummer, Roll'd the roll of the drummer, Through the morn 1

Then with eyes to the front all, And with guns horizontal, • Stood our sires; And the balls whistled deadly, And in streams flashing redly Blazed the fires; As the roar On the shore Swept the strong battle-breakers O'er the green-sodded acres Of the plain : And louder, louder, louder, Crack'd the hlack gunpowder, Crack'd amain !

Now like smiths at their forges Work'd the red St. George's Cannoneers, And the "villainous saltpetre" Rang a fierce discordant metre Round their ears;

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As the swift Storm-drift With hot sweeping anger, Came the horsegnards' clangor On our flanks; Then higher, higher, higher, Burn'd the old-fashion'd tire Through the ranks!

Then the old-fashion'd colonel Gallop'd through the white infernal Powder-clond; And his broad sword was swinging, And his brazen throat was ringing Trumpet loud, Then the blue Bullets flew, And the trooper-jackets redden At the toneh of the leaden Riffe-breath; And rounder, rounder, Hurling death! GCY HEMPOREY MEMASTER.

LA TRICOTEUSE.

THE fourteenth of July had come, And round the guillotine The thieves and beggars, rank by rank, Moved the red flags between. A crimson heart, upon a pole,— `The long march had begun ; But still the little smiling child Sat knitting in the sun.

The red caps of those men of France Shook like a poppy-field; Three women's heads, with gory hair, The standard-bearers wield. Cursing, with song and battle-hymn, Five butchers dragg'd a gun; Yet still the little maid sat there, A-knitting in the sun.

An axe was painted on the flags, A broken throne and crown, A ragged coat, upon a lance, Hung in foul black shreds down.

" More heads !" the secthing rabble cry, And now the drums begun ;

But still the little fair-hair'd child Sat knitting in the sun. And every time a head roll'd off, They roll like winter seas, And, with a tossing up of caps, Shouts shook the Tulleries. Whizz—went the heavy chopper down, And then the drums begun; But still the little smiling child Sat knitting in the sun.

The Jacobins, ten thousand strong, And every man a sword; The red caps, with the tricolors, Led on the noisy horde. "The Same Calottes to-day are strong," The gossips say, and run;

But still the little maid sits there, A-knitting in the sun.

Then the slow death-eart moved along; And, singing patriot sougs,

A pale, doom'd poet bowing comes And cheers the swaying throngs.

Oh, when the axe swept shining down, The mad drums all begun ; But, smiling still, the little child

Sat knitting in the sun.

"Le marquis," linen snowy white, The powder in his hair, Waving his scented handkerchief, Looks down with earcless stare. A whirr, a chop—another head— Hurrah! the work's begun; But still the little child sat there, A-knitting in the sun.

A stir, and through the parting erowd The people's friends are come; Marat and Robespierre—" Vivat ! Roll thunder from the drum." The one a wild beast's hungry eye, Hair tangled—hark ! a gun !— The other kindly kiss'd the child A-knitting in the sun.

" And why not work all night?" the child Said to the knitters there. Oh how the furies shook their sides,

And toss'd their grizzled hair! Then clapp'd a *bounct rouge* on her, And cried, "'Tis well begun!"

And hugh'd to see the little child Knit, smiling in the sun.

GEORGE WALTER THORSDURY.

FRANCE: AN ODE. February, 1797.

- YE Clouds! that far above me float and pause,
 - Whose pathless march no mortal may control!
 - Ye Ocean-Waves! that, wheresoe'er ye roll,
- Yield homage only to eternal laws!
 - Ye Woods! that listen to the nightbirds singing,
- Midway the smooth and perilous slope reclined,
 - Save when your own imperious branches swinging
- Have made a solemn music of the wind! Where, like a man beloved of God,
 - Through glooms, which never woodman trod,
- How oft, pursuing fancies holy,
- My moonlight way o'er flowering weeds I wound,
- Inspired beyond the guess of folly,
- By each rude shape and wild unconquerable sound !
- O ye loud Waves! and O ye Forests high! And O ye Clouds that far above me soar'd!
- Thou rising Sun! thou blue, rejoicing Sky!
 - Yea, everything that is and will be free!

Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,

With what deep worship I have still adored The spirit of divinest Liberty.

- When France in wrath her giant limbs uprear'd,
 - And with that oath, which smote air, earth, and sea,
 - Stamp'd her strong foot and said she would be free,
- Bear witness for me, how I hoped and fear'd!
- With what a joy my lofty gratulation Unawed I sang, amid a slavish band :
- And when to whelm the disenchanted nation.

Like fiends embattled by a wizard's wand, The Monarchs march'd in evil day, And Britain join'd the dire array; Though dear her shores and circling ocean,

Though many friendships, many youthful loves

Had swoln the patriot emotion,

- And flung a magic light o'er all her hills and groves;
 - Yet still my voice, unalter'd, sang defeat
 - To all that braved the tyrant-quelling lance,
 - And shame too long delay'd and vain retreat!
- For ne'er, O Liberty! with partial aim
- I dimm'd thy light or damp'd thy holy flame;
 - But bless'd the pæans of deliver'd France,
- And hung my head and wept at Britain's name.
- "And what," I said, "though Blasphemy's lond scream
 - With that sweet music of deliverance strove! .
 - Though all the fierce and drunken passions wove
- A dance more wild than e'er was maniac's dream !
 - Ye Storms, that round the dawning east assembled,
- The Sun was rising, though ye hid his light !"
 - And when to soothe my soul, that hoped and trembled,
- The dissonance ceased, and all seem'd calm and bright;
 - When France her front deep-scarr'd and gory
 - Conceal'd with clustering wreaths of glory;
- When, insupportably advancing,
- Her arm made mockery of the warrior's tramp;
- While timid looks of fury glancing,
- Domestic Treason, crush'd beneath her fatal stamp,
- Writhed like a wounded dragon in his gore; Then I reproach'd my fears that would not flee;
- "And soon," I said, "shall Wisdom teach her lore

- In the low huts of them that toil and groan !
- And, conquering by her happiness alone, Shall France compel the nations to be free,
- Till Love and Joy look round, and call the Earth their own."
- Forgive me, Freedom! oh, forgive those dreams!
 - I hear thy voice, I bear thy loud lament,

From bleak Helvetia's icy cavern sent ;

- I hear thy groans upon her blood-stain'd streams!
 - Heroes, that for your peaceful country perish'd,
- And ye that, fleeing, spot your mountainsnows
 - With bleeding wounds; forgive me that I cherish'd

One thought that ever bless'd your cruel foes!

To scatter rage and traitorous guilt,

Where Peace her jealbus home had built; A patriot race to disinherit

- Of all that made their stormy wilds so dear:
- And with inexpiable spirit
- To taint the bloodless freedom of the mountaineer-
- O France, that mockest Heaven, adulterous, blind,

And patriot only in pernicious toils,

- Are these thy boasts, Champion of human kind?
 - To mix with Kings in the low lust of sway,
 - Yell in the hunt, and share the murderous prey;
 - To insult the shrine of Liberty with spoils
 - From freemen torn; to tempt and to betray?

The Sensual and the Dark rebel in vain,

- Slaves by their own compulsion! In mad game
- They burst their manacles and wear the name
- Of Freedom, graven on a heavier chain !

O Liberty! with profitless endeavor

- Have 1 pursued thee, many a weary hour; But thou nor swell'st the victor's strain, nor ever
- Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human power.
 - Alike from all, howe'er they praise thee (Nor prayer, nor boastful name delays thee),
- Alike from Priestcraft's harpy minions,
- And factions Blasphemy's obscener slaves,

Thou speedest on thy subtle pinions,

- The guide of homeless winds, and playmate of the waves!
- And there I felt thee !---on that sea-cliff's verge,
 - Whose pines, scarce travell'd by the breeze above,
- Had made one murmur with the distant surge!
 - Yes, while 1 stood and gazed, my temples bare,
 - And shot my being through earth, sea, and air,
 - Possessing all things with intensest love,

O Liberty! my spirit felt thee there. SANUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE DRUM.

PART 1.

AT Paris, hard by the Maine barriers, Whoever will choose to repair,

Midst a dozen of wooden-legg'd warriors, May haply fall in with old Pierre.

On the sunshiny bench of a tavern, He sits and he prates of old wars,

And moistens his pipe of tobacco

With a drink that is named after Mars.

The beer makes his tongue run the quicker, And as long as his tap never tails,

- Thus over his favorite liquor Old Peter will tell his old tales.
- Says he, "In my life's ninety summers Strange changes and chances I've seen,—
- So here's to all gentlemen drummers

That ever have thump'd on a skin.

" Brought up in the art military For four generations we are;

The Huguenot lad of Navarre; And as each man in life has his station, According as fortune may fix, While Condé was waving the baton, My grandsire was trolling the sticks. "Ah! those were the days for commanders! What glories my grandfather won, Ere bigots, and lackeys, and panders, The fortunes of France had undone! In Germany, Flanders, and Hollaul,— What foeman resisted us then? No; my grandsire was ever victorious, My grandsire and Monsieur Turenne. "He died, and our noble battalions The jade, fickle Fortune, forsook ; And at Blenheim, in spite of our valiance, "In the year fifty-nine came the Britons,—
 While Condé was waving the baton, My grandsire was trolling the sticks. "Ah! those were the days for commanders! What glories my grandfather won, Ere bigots, and lackeys, and panders, The fortunes of France had undone! In Germany, Flanders, and Holland,— What foeman resisted us then? No; my grandsire was ever victorious, My grandsire and Monsieur Turenne. "He died, and our noble battalions The jade, fickle Fortune, forsook; We next had Soubise as a leader, And as luck hath its changes and fits, At Rossbach, in spite of dad's drumming, Tis said we were beaten by Fritz. "And now daddy crossed the Atlantic, To drum for Montealm and his men; My daddy he cross'd the wide ocean, My mother brought me on her neck, And we came in the year fifty-seven To guard the good town of Quebec.
My grandsire was trolling the sticks. "An! those were the days for commanders! What glories my grandfather won, Ere bigots, and lackeys, and panders, The fortunes of France had undone! In Germany, Flanders, and Holland,— What foeman resisted us then? No; my grandsire was ever victorious, My grandsire and Monsieur Turenne. "He died, and our noble battalions The jade, fickle Fortune, forsook; Mand as luck hath its changes and fits, At Rossbach, in spite of dad's drumming, Tis said we were beaten by Fritz. "And now daddy crossed the Atlantic, To drum for Montcalm and his men; My daddy he cross'd the wide ocean, My mother brought me on her ncck, And we came in the year fifty-seven To guard the good town of Quebec.
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 "An't those were the days for commanders! What glories my grandfather won, Ere bigots, and lackeys, and panders, The fortunes of France had undone! In Germany, Flanders, and Holland,— What foeman resisted us then? No; my grandsire was ever victorious, My grandsire and Monsieur Turenne. "He died, and our noble battalions The jade, fickle Fortune, forsook; "Tis said we were beaten by Fritz. "To drum for Montcalm and his men; To think we were beaten again! My daddy he cross'd the wide ocean, My mother brought me on her neck, And we came in the year fifty-seven To guard the good town of Quebec.
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"He died, and our noble battalions The jade, fickle Fortune, forsook; To guard the good town of Quebec.
The jade, fickle Fortune, forsook;
And at Blopheim in spite of our valiance "In the year fifty-nine came the Britons
The victory lay with Malbrook. Full well I remember the day,—
The news it was brought to King Louis; Corblen! how His Majesty swore, They knock'd at our gates for admittance, Their vessels were moor'd in our bay.
Corbleu! how His Majesty swore, When he heard they had taken my grand- Says our general, ' Drive me yon red-coats
sire, Away to the sea, whence they come !'
And twelve thousand gentlemen more ! So we march'd against Wolfe and his
"At Namur, Ramillies, and Malplaquet We march'd at the sound of the drum.
Were we posted, on plain or in trench;
Malbrook only need to attack it, "I think I can see my poor mammy
And away from him scamper'd we With me in her hand as she waits,
French. And our regiment, slowly retreating,
Cheer up! 'tis no use to be glum, boys,- Pours back through the citadel-gates.
'Tis written, since fighting begun, Dear mammy, she looks in their faces,
That sometimes we fight and we conquer, And sometimes we fight and we run. —He is lying all cold on the glacis,
And sometimes we fight and we run. —He is lying all cold on the glacis, And will never more beat on the drum.
"To fight and to run was our fate;
Our fortune and fame had departed; And so perisb'd Louis the Great — He died like a soldier—in glory;
And so period a house one of the second seco
t d a 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1
His coffin they pelted with mud, His body they tried to lay hands on; And now I in commence my own story. Once more did we cross the salt ocean;
And so having buried King Louis, We came in the year eighty-one;
They loyally served his great-grandson. And the wrongs of my father the drummer
Were avenged by the drummer his son.
"God save the beloved King Louis! (For so he was nicknamed by some) "In Chesapeake Bay we were landed;
(1 of so he was mechanical by some);
Deden ben smile sommanded
King's orders, and beat on the drum. My grandsire was dead, but his bones Our ships they were led by De Grasse.
Must have shaken, I'm certain, for joy, Morbleu! how I rattled the drumsticks,
To hear daddy drumming the English The day we march'd into Yorktown !
From the meadows of famed Fonte- Ten thousand of beef-eating British
noy. Their weapons we caused to lay down.

FIRESIDE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF POETRY.

⁶ Then homeward returning victorious, In peace to our country we came, And were thank'd for our glorious actions By Louis Sixteenth of the name. What drummer on earth could be prouder Than I, while I drumm'd at Versailles To the lovely court-ladies in powder, And lappets, and long satiu tails?	"Hurrah! what a storm was a-brewing! The day of our vengeance was come; Through scenes of what carnage and ruin Did I beat on the patriot drum! Let's drink to the famed tenth of August: At midnight I beat the tattoo, And woke up the pikemen of Paris To follow the bold Barbaroux.
 "The princes that day pass'd before us, Our countrymen's glory and hope; Monsieur, who was learn'd in Horace, D'Artois, who could dance the tight-rope. One night we kept guard for the Queen At Her Majesty's opera-box, While the King, that majestical monarch, Sat filing at home at his locks. "Yes, I drumm'd for the fair Antoinette; 	"With pikes, and with shonts, and with torches, March'd onward our dusty battalions; And we girt the tall castle of Louis, A million of tatterdemalions! We storm'd the fair gardens where tower'd The walls of his heritage splendid; Ah, shame on him, craven and coward, That had not the heart to defend it!
And so smiling she look'd, and so tender, That our officers, privates, and drummers All vow'd they would die to defend her. But she cared not for us honest fellows, Who fought and who bled in her wars; She sneer'd at our gallant Rochambeau, And turn'd Lafayette out of doors.	 ⁶ With the crown of his sizes on his head, His noldes and knights by his side, At the foot of his ancestors' palace ⁷Twere easy, methinks, to have died. But no: when we burst through his barriers, ⁷Mid heaps of the dying and dead,
"Ventrebleu! then I swore a great oath No more to such tyrants to kneel; And so, just to keep up my drumming, One day I drumm'd down the Bastile!	In vain through the chambers we sought him,— He had turn'd like a craven and fied.
Ho, landlord ! a stoup of fresh wine ; Come, comrades, a bumper we'll try, And drink to the year eighty-nice, And the glorious Fourth of July !	 "You all know the Place de la Concorde?" "Tis hard by the Tuilerie wall; 'Mid terraces, fountains, and statues, 'There rises an obelisk tall.
¹⁰ Then bravely our eannon it thunder'd, As onward our patriots bore; Our enemies were but a hundred,	There rises an obelisk tall, All garm h'd and gilded the base is; 'Tis surely the gayest of all
And we twenty thousand or more. They carried the news to King Louis, He heard it as ealm as you please; And like a majestical monarch,	Our beautiful «ity's gay places. "Around it are gardens and flowers, And the cities of France on their
We show'd our republican courage, We show'd our republican courage, We storm'd and we broke the great gate	thrones, Each crown'd with his circlet of flowers, Sits watching this b ggest of stones !
in, And we murder'd the insolent governor For daring to keep us a-waiting.	I love to go sit in the step there, The flowers and fountains to see, And to think of the deeds that were done there,
Lambese and his squadrons stood by; They never stirr'd finger or thumb;	In the glorious year nighty-three,
The sancy aristocrats trembled As they heard the republican drum.	"'Twas here stood the Altar of Freedom, And though neither unrele nor gilding

Was used in those days to adorn	Pardi, 'twas a beautiful lady !
Our simple republican building,	I seldom have look'd on her like;
Corbleu! but the MERE GUILLOTINE	And I drumm'd for a gallant procession
Cared little for splendor or show,	That march'd with her head on a pike.
So you gave her an axe and a beam,	(T-t), then the scale hand to the Original
And a plank and a basket or so.	"Let's show the pale head to the Queen, We said—she'll remember it well.
Whenful and more and smat	She look'd from the bars of her prison,
"Awful, and proud, and erect,	
Here sat our republican goddess; Each morning her table we deck'd	And shriek'd as she saw it, and fell. We set up a shout at her screaming,
With dainty aristocrats' bodies.	We laugh'd at the fright she had shown
The people each day flock'd around,	At the sight of the head of her minion;
As she sat at her meat and her wine:	How she'd tremble to part with her
'Twas always the use of our nation	own1
To witness the sovereign dine.	
10 million and soften aga amor	"We had taken the head of King Capet,
"Young virgins with fair golden tresses,	We call'd for the blood of his wife;
Old silver-hair'd prelates and priests,	Undaunted she came to the scaffold,
Dukes, marquises, barons, princesses,	And bared her fair neck to the knife.
Were splendidly served at her feasts.	As she felt the foul fingers that touch'd
Ventrebleu! but we pamper'd our ogress	her,
With the best that our nation could	She shrunk, but she deign'd not to
bring,	speak:
And dainty she grew in her progress,	She look'd with a royal disdain, And died with a blush on her cheek.
And call'd for the head of a king l	And thed with a blush on her cheek.
"Cho called for the blood of our king	"Twas thus that our country was saved:
"She call'd for the blood of our king,	So told us the safety committee!
And straight from his prison we drew him;	But pshaw! I've the heart of a soldier,
And to her with shouting we led him,	All gentleness, mercy, and pity.
And took him, and bound him, and slew	I loathed to assist at such deeds,
him.	And my drum beat its loudest of tunes
'The monarchs of Europe against me	As we offered to Justice offended
Have plotted a godless alliance;	The blood of the bloody tribunes.
I'll fling them the head of King Louis,'	,
She said, 'as my gage of defiance.'	"Away with such foul recollections!
	No more of the axe and the block;
"I see him as now, for a moment,	I saw the last fight of the sections,
Away from his jailers he broke,	As they fell 'neath our guns at Saint
And stood at the foot of the scaffold,	Rock.
And linger'd, and fain would have spoke.	Young Bonaparte led us that day;
'Ho, drummer! quick! silence yon Capet,'	When he sought the Italian frontier,
Says Santerre, 'with a beat of your	I follow'd my gallant young captain,
drum;'	I follow'd him many a long year.
Lustily then did I tap it,	
And the son of St. Louis was dumb."	"We came to an army in rags,
* * * * * *	Our general was but a boy,
PART II.	When we first saw the Austrian flags
	Flaunt proud in the fields of Savoy.
"THE glorious days of September	In the glorious year ninety-six,
Saw many aristocrats fall;	We march'd to the banks of the Po;
'Twas then that our pikes drunk the blood In the beautiful breast of Lamballe.	I carried my drum and my sticks,
22	And we laid the proud Austrian low.

FIRESIDE ENCYCLOPLEDIA OF POETRY.

"In triumph we enter'd Milan,	He had fought the red English, he said,
We seized on the Mantuan keys;	In many a battle of Spain;
The troops of the Emperor ran,	They cursed the red English, and pray'd
And the Pope he fell down on his	To meet them and fight them again.
knees."-	
Pierre's comrades here called a fresh	He told them how Russia was lost,
bottle,	Had winter not driven them back;
And, elubbing together their wealth,	And his company cursed the quick frost,
They drank to the Army of Italy,	And doubly they cursed the Cossack.
And General Bonaparte's health.	He told how the stranger arrived;
And General Donaparte 5 hearta.	They wept at the tale of disgrace;
The demonstration hand his old broad	And they long'd but for one battle more,
The drummer now bared his old breast,	The stain of their shame to efface !
And show'd us a plenty of scars,	and start of their shand to chace.
Rnde presents that Fortune had made	"Our country their hordes overrun,
him	We fled to the fields of Champagne,
In fifty victorious wars,	And fought them, though twenty to one,
"This came when I follow'd bold Kleber-	And beat them again and again !
'Twas shot by a Mamelnke gun;	Our warrior was conquer'd at last;
And this from an Austrian sabre,	
When the field of Marengo was won,	They hade him his crown to resign;
	To fate and his country he yielded
" My forchead has many deep furrows,	The rights of himself and his line.
But this is the deepest of all;	"He came, and among us he stood,
A Brunswicker made it at Jena,	Around him we press'd in a throng,
Beside the fair river of Saal.	We could not regard him for weeping,
This cross, 'twas the Emperor gave it	Who had led us and loved us so long.
(God bless him !); it covers a blow;	0
I had it at Austerlitz fight,	'I have led you for twenty long years,'
As I beat on my drum in the snow.	Napoleon said ere he went;
	'Wherever was honor I found you,
"'Twas thus that we conquer'd and fought;	And with you, my sons, am content.
But wherefore continue the story?	"'Though Europe against me was arm'd,
There's never a baby in France	Your chiefs and my people are true;
But has heard of our chief and our	I still might have struggled with fortune,
glory,-	And baffled all Europe with you.
But has heard of our chief and our fame,	And balled an Europe with you.
His sorrows and triumphs can tell,	"'But France would have suffer'd the
How bravely Napoleon conquer'd,	while:
How bravely and sadly he fell.	'Tis best that I suffer alone :
frow bravery and sadry ne ten.	I go to my place of exile,
"It makes my old heart to beat higher	To write of the deeds we have done.
To think of the deeds that I saw;	To write of the deeds we have done.
I follow'd bold Ney through the fire,	""Be true to the king that they give you;
And charged at the side of Murat."	We may not embrace ere we part ;
And so did old Peter continue	But, General, reach me your hand,
His story of twenty brave years; His audience follow'd with comments—	And press me, I pray, to your heart.'
	"He called for our old battle-standard;
Rude comments of curses and tears.	One kiss to the eagle he gave.
He told how the Prussians in vain	'Dear eagle !' he said, 'may this kiss
Had died in defence of their land;	Long sound in the hearts of the brave !"
His audience laugh'd at the story, And vow'd that their captain was grand!	'Twas thus that Napoleon left us; Our people were weeping and mute,

And he passed through the lines of his guard,	'Twas thus old Peter did conclude
And our drums beat the notes of salute.	His chronicle with curses fit. He spoke the tale in accents rude,
* * * * * *	In ruder verse I copied it.
"I look'd when the drumming was o'er,	Perhaps the tale a moral bears (All tales in time to this must come),
I look'd, but our hero was gone; We were destined to see him once more,	The story of two hundred years
When we fought on the mount of St.	Writ on the parchment of a drum.
John. The Emperor rode through our files;	What Peter told with drum and stick Is endless theme for poet's peu:
'Twas June, and a fair Sunday morn;	Is found in endless quartos thick,
The lincs of our warriors for miles Stretched wide through the Waterloo	Enormous books by learnèd men.
corn.	And ever since historian writ, And ever since a bard could sing,
"In thousands we stood on the plain;	Doth each exalt, with all his wit,
The red-coats were crowning the height; 'Go scatter yon English,' he said;	The uoble art of murdering.
'We'll sup, lads, at Brussels to-night.'	We love to read the glorious page, How bold Achilles kill'd his foe,
We answer'd his voice with a shout; Our eagles were bright in the sun;	And Turnus, fell'd by Trojans' rage,
Our drums and our cannon spoke out,	Went howling to the shades below.
And the thundering battle beguu.	How Godfrey led his red-cross knights, How mad Orlando slash'd and slew;
"One charge to another succeeds,	There's not a single bard that writes,
Like waves that a hurricane bears; All day do our galloping steeds	But doth the glorious theme renew.
Dash fierce on the enemy's squares. At noon we began the fell onset;	And while in fashion picturesque The poet rhymes of blood and blows,
We charged up the Englishman's hill;	The grave historian, at his desk,
And madly we charged it at sunset— His hanners were floating there still.	Describes the same in classic prose.
Ŭ	Go read the works of Reverend Cox;
"—Go to! I will tell you no more; You know how the battle was lost.	You'll duly see recorded there The history of the selfsame knocks
Ho! fetch me a beaker of wiue,	Here roughly sung by Drummer Pierre.
And, comrades, I'll give you a toast. I'll give you a curse on all traitors,	Of battles fierce and warriors big,
Who plotted our Emperor's ruin;	He writes in phrases dull and slow, And waves his cauliflower wig,
And a curse on those red-coated English, Whose bayonets help'd our undoing.	And shouts, "St. George for Marlborow !"
"A curse on those British assassins	Take Doctor Southey from the shelf,
Who order'd the slaughter of Ney;	An LL.D.,—a peaceful man ; Good Lord, how doth he plume himself
A curse on Sir Hudson, who tortured The life of our hero away.	Because we beat the Corsican !
A curse on all Russians—I hate them— On all Prussian and Austrian fry;	From first to last his page is fill'd
And, oh ! but I pray we may meet them,	With stirring tales how blows were struck.
And fight them again ere I die !"	He shows how we the Frenchmen kill'd,
	And praises God for our good luck.

FIRESIDE ENCYCLOP.EDIA OF POETRY.

Some hints, 'tis true, of polities The doctors give, and statesman's art; Pierre only bangs his drum and sticks, And understands the bloody part.

He cares not what the cause may be, He is not nice for wrong and right; But show him where's the enemy,

He only asks to drum and fight.

They bid him fight,—perhaps he wins; And when he tells the story o'er, The honest savage brags and grins, And only longs to fight once more.

But luck may change, and valor fail, Our drummer, Peter, meet reverse, And with a moral points his tale— The end of all such tales—a curse.

LAST year, my love, it was my hap Behind a grenadier to be, And, but he wore a hairy cap, No taller man, methinks, than me.

Prince Albert and the Queen, God wot! (Be blessings on the glorious pair!) Before us pass'd, I saw them not, I only saw a cap of huir.

Your orthodox historian puts In foremost rank the soldier thus, The red-coat bully in his boots, That hides the march of men from us.

He puts him there in foremost rank, You wonder at his cap of hair: You hear his sabre's cursèd clank, His spurs are jingling everywhere.

Go to ! I hate him and his trade : Who bade us so to eringe and bend, And all God's peaceful people made To such as him subservient ?

Tell me what find we to admire In epaulets and scarlet coats, In men because they load and fire, And know the art of cutting throats?

Ah, gentle, tender haly mine ! The winter wind blows cold and shrill, Come, fill me one more glass of wine, And give the silly fools their will. And what care we for war and wrack, How kings and heroes rise and fall? Look yonder; in his coffin black, There lies the greatest of them all!

To pluck him down, and keep him up, Died many million human souls; 'Tis twelve o'clock, and time to sup,

Bid Mary heap the fire with coals.

He captured many thousand guns; He wrote "The Great" before his name; And dying only left his sons The recollection of his shame.

Though more than half the world was his, He died without a rood his own; And horrow'd from his enemies Six foot of ground to lie apon.

He fought a thousand glorious wars, And more thun half the world was his, And somewhere, now, in yonder stars, Can tell, mayhap, what greatness is. WILLIAN MANDERAGE THACKERY.

HOHENLINDEN

On Linden, when the sun was low, All bloodless lay the untrodden snow, And dark as winter was the flow Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight When the drum beat, at dead of night, Commanding fires of death to light The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd, Each horseman drew his battle-blade, And furious every charger ueigh'd To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven; Then rush'd the steed to battle driven; And, louder than the bolts of heaven, Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow On Linden's hills of stainèd snow, And bloodier yet the torrent flow Of 1ser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn : but scarce you level sun Can picree the war-clouds, rolling dun,

Where furious Frank and fiery Hun Shout in their sulph'rous eanopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave, Who rush to glory, or the grave ! Wave, Munich ! all thy banners wave, And charge with all thy chivalry !

Few, few shall part where many meet ! The snow shall be their winding-sheet; And every turf beneath their feet Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

MAS CAMPBELL

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

OF Nelson and the North Sing the glorious day's renown, When to battle fierce came forth All the might of Denmark's crown, And her arms along the deep proudly shone; By each gun the lighted brand In a bold determined hand, And the prince of all the land Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat Lay their bulwarks on the brine; While the sign of battle flew On the lofty British line : It was ten of April morn by the chime: As they drifted on their path There was silence deep as death; And the boldest held his breath For a time.

But the might of England flush'd To anticipate the secue; And her van the fleeter rush'd O'er the deadly space between. "Hearts of oak!" our captains cried; when each gun From its adamantine lips Spread a death-shade round the ships, Like the hurricane eclipse Of the sun.

Again! again! again! And the havoe did not slack, Till a feeble cheer the Dane To our cheering sent us back;--- Their shots along the deep slowly boom— Then ceased—and all is wail, As they strike the shatter'd sail, Or, in conflagration pale, Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then, As he hail'd them o'er the wave: "Ye are brothers! ye are men! And we conquer but to save: So peace instead of death let us bring; But yield, proud foe, thy fleet, With the crews, at England's feet, And make submission meet To our king."

Then Denmark bless'd our chief, That he gave her wounds repose; And the sounds of joy and grief From her people wildly rose, As death withdrew his shades from the day, While the sun look'd smiling bright O'er a wide and woeful sight, Where the fires of funeral light Died away.

Now joy, Old England, raise ! For the tidings of thy might, By the festal cities' blaze, Whilst the wine-cup shines in light ; And yct, amidst that joy and uproar, Let us think of them that sleep Full many a fathom deep, By thy wild and stormy steep, Elsinore !

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride Once so faithful and so true, On the deck of fame that died, With the gallant good Riou— Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave! While the billow mournful rolls, And the mermaid's song condoles, Singing glory to the souls Of the brave!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

You know we French storm'd Ratisbon: A mile or so away, On a little mound, Napoleon

Stood on our storming-day;

FIRESIDE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF POETRY.

With neck out-thrust, you fancy how, Legs wide, arms lock'd behind, As if to balance the prone brow, Oppressive with its mind. Just as perhaps he mused, " My plans That soar, to earth may fall, Let once my army-leader Lannes Waver at vonder wall,"-Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew A rider, bound on bound Full galloping; nor bridle drew Until he reach'd the mound. Then off there flung in smiling joy, And held himself creet By just his horse's mane, a boy; You hardly could suspect (So tight he kept his lips compress'd, Scarce any blood came through), You look'd twice ere you saw his breast Was all but shot in two. "Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace We've got you Ratisbon! The Marshal's in the market-place, And you'll be there anon To see your flag-bird flap his vans Where I, to heart's desire, Perch'd him !" The chief's eve flash'd; his plans Soar'd up again like fire. The chief's eye flash'd, but presently Soften'd itself, as sheathes A film the mother eagle's eye When her bruised eaglet breathes: "You're wounded !" "Nay," his soldier's pride Touch'd to the quick, he said, "I'm kill'd, sire !" And, his chief beside, Smiling, the boy fell dead. ROBERT BROWNING. THE CONTRAST.

WRITTEN UNDER WINDSOR TERRACE, THE DAY AFTER THE FUNERAL OF GEORGE THE THIRD.

I saw him last on this terrace proud, Walking in health and gladness,

Begirt with his court; and in all the crowd Not a single look of sudness. Bright was the sun, and the leaves were green,

Blithely the birds were singing ; The cymbal replied to the tambourine, And the bells were merrily ringing.

I have stood with the erowd beside his bicr, When not a word was spoken;

But every eye was dim with a tear, And the silence by sobs was broken.

I have heard the earth on his coffin pour To the muffled drum's deep rolling,

While the minute-gun, with its solemn roar,

Drown'd the death-bells' tolling.

The time since he walk'd in his glory thus, To the grave till I saw him carried,

Was an age of the mightiest change to us, But to him a night unvaried.

We have fought the fight; from his lofty throne

The foe of our land we have tumbled;

And it gladden'd each eye, save his alone, For whom that foe we bumbled.

A daughter beloved, a queen, a son, And a son's sole child, have perish'd, And sad was each heart, save only the one

- By which they were fondest cherish'd;
- For his eyes were scal'd and his mind was dark,

And he sat in his age's lateness Like a vision throned, as a solemn mark

Of the frailty of human greatness;

His silver beard, o'er a bosom spread Unvex'd by life's commotion,

Like a yearly lengthening snow-drift shed On the calm of a frozen ocean.

O'er him oblivion's waters boom'd As the stream of time kept flowing ;

And we only heard of our king when doom'd

To know that his strength was going.

- At intervals thus the waves disgorge, By weakness rent asunder,
- A piece of the wreck of the Royal George, For the people's pity and wonder.

HORACE SMITH

THE PRESENT CRISIS.	Some great cause, God's new Messiah, of fering each the bloom or blight,
WHEN a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad earth's aching breast	Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to west, And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels	And the choice goes by for ever 'twixt that darkness and that light.
the soul within him climb	Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime	party thou shalt stand,
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem of Time.	Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust against our land? Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet 'tis
Through the walls of hut and palace shoots the instantaneous throe,	Truth alone is strong, And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her throng
When the travail of the Ages wrings earth's systems to and fro; At the birth of each new Era, with a recog-	Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to en shield her from all wrong.
nizing start,	Backward look across the ages, and the bea
Nation wildly looks at nation, standing with mute lips apart,	con-moments see,
And glad Truth's yet mightier man-child	That, like peaks of some sunk continent jut through Oblivion's sea;
leaps beneath the Future's heart.	Not an ear in court or market for the low foreboding cry
So the Evil's triumph sendeth, with a terror and a chill,	Of those Crises, God's stern winnowers from whose feet earth's chaff mus
Under continent to continent, the sense of coming ill,	fly; Never shows the choice momentous till the judgment hath passed by.
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels his sympathies with God	
In hot tear-drops ebbing earthward, to be drunk up by the sod,	Careless seems the great Avenger ; history' pages but record
Till a corpse crawls round unburied, delv-	One death-grapple in the darkness 'twix
ing in the nobler clod.	old systems and the Word ; Truth for ever on the scaffold, Wrong fo ever on the throne,—
For mankind are one in spirit, and an	Yet that scaffold sways the future, and
instinct bears along, Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of right or wrong;	behind the dim unknown, Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own.
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet Humanity's vast frame	
Through its ocean-sundered fibres feels the	We see dimly in the Present what is smal and what is great,
gush of joy or shame ;— In the gain or loss of one race all the rest	Slow of faith how weak an arm may turn the iron helm of fate,
have equal claim.	But the soul is still oracular; amid the market's din,
Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,	List the ominous stern whisper from the Delphic cave within,—
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;	"They enslave their children's children who make compromise with sin."

FIRESIDE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF POETRY.

Slavery, the earth-born Cyclops, fellest of	Far in front the cross stands ready and the
the giant brood,	crackling fagots burn,
Sons of brutish Force and Darkness, who	While the hooting mob of yesterday in
have drenched the earth with blood,	silent awe return
Famished in his self-made desert, blinded	To glean up the scattered ashes into His-
by our purer day,	tory's golden urn.
Gropes in yet unblasted regions for his mis-	tory's gomen unit.
erable prev ;—	
	'Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle
Shall we guide his gory fingers where our	slaves
helpless children play?	Of a legendary virtue carved upon our
	fathers' graves,
Then to side with Truth is noble when we	Worshippers of light ancestral make the
share her wretched erust,	present light a crime;
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and	Was the Mayflower launched by cowards,
'tis prosperous to be just ;	steered by men behind their time?
Then it is the brave man chooses, while	Turn those tracks toward Past or Future,
the coward stands aside,	that make Plymouth Rock sublime?
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord	
is erueified,	Thus were may of another states of the
And the multitude make virtue of the faith	They were men of present valor, stalwart
	old iconoclasts,
they had denied.	Unconvinced by axe or gibbet that all vir-
	tue was the Past's ;
	But we make their truth our falsehood,
Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes,-they	thinking that hath made us free,
were souls that stood alone,	Hoarding it in mouldy parchments, while
While the men they agonized for hurled	our tender spirits flee
the contumelious stone,	The rude grasp of that great Impulse which
Stood serene, and down the future saw the	drove them across the sea.
golden beam incline	diote them deross the sea.
To the side of perfect justice, mastered by	They have rights who dare maintain them;
their faith divine,	we are traitors to our sires,
By one man's plain truth to manhood and	Smothering in their holy ashes Freedom's
to God's supreme design.	new-lit altar-fires ;
	Shall we make their creed our jailer? Shall
	we, in our haste to slay,
By the light of burning heretics Christ's	From the tombs of the old prophets steal
bleeding feet I track,	the funeral lamps away
Toiling up new Calvaries, ever with the	To light up the martyr-fagots round the
cross that turns not back,	prophets of to-day?
And these mounts of anguish number how	holines or roomit
each generation learned	New occasions teach new duties; Time
One new word of that grand Credo which	Mew occasions teach new duries; fime makes ancient good uncouth;
in prophet-hearts hath burned	They must neward still and onward who
	they must neward still and onward who

Since the first man stood God-eonquered with his face to heaven upturned.

For Humanity sweeps onward: where today the martyr stands,

On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hands;

They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth;

Lo! before us gleam her camp-fires! we ourselves must Pilgrims be,

Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,

Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key.

JAMES HUSSELL LOWELL.

CASABIANCA.

THE boy stood on the burning deck Whence all but he had fled; The flame that lit the battle's wreck Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood, As born to rnle the storm; A creature of heroic blood,

A proud, though child-like form.

- The flames roll'd on—he would not go Without his father's word; That father, faint in death below, His voice no longer heard.
- He call'd aloud, "Say, father, say, If yet my task is done?"
- He knew not that the chieftain lay Unconscious of his son.
- "Speak, father," once again he cried, "If I may yet be gone!"
- And but the booming shots replied, And fast the flames roll'd on.
- Upon his brow he felt their breath, And in his waving hair,
- And look'd from that lone post of death In still, yet brave despair.
- And shouted but once more aloud, "My father, must I stay?"
- While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,

The wreathing fires made way.

- They wrapt the ship in splendor wild, They caught the flag on high,
- And stream'd above the gallant child Like banners in the sky.
- There came a burst of thunder-sonnd— The boy !—oh, where was he? Ask of the winds that far around With fragments strew'd the sea !—
- With mast, and helm, and pennon fair, That well had borne their part,— But the noblest thing which perish'd there Was that young, faithful heart ! FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA.

- SPEAK and tell us, our Ximena, looking northward far away,
- O'er the eamp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican array,
- Who is losing? who is winning? are they far or come they near?
- Look abroad, and tell us, sister, whither rolls the storm we hear.
- "Down the hills of Angostura still the storm of battle rolls;
- Blood is flowing, men are dying; God have mercy on their souls !"
- Who is losing? who is winning?—"Over hill and over plain,
- I see but smoke of cannon clouding through the mountain-rain."
- Holy Mother! keep our brothers! Look, Ximena, look onee more.
- "Still I see the fearful whirlwind rolling darkly as before,
- Bearing on, in strange confusion, friend and foeman, foot and horse,
- Like some wild and troubled torrent sweeping down its mountain-course."
- Look forth once more, Ximena! "Ah! the smoke has roll'd away;
- And I see the Northern rifles gleaning down the ranks of gray.
- Hark! that sudden blast of bugles! there the troop of Minon wheels;
- There the Northern horses thunder, with the cannon at their heels.
- "Jesu, pity! how it thickens! now retreat and now advance!
- Right against the blazing cannon shivers Puebla's charging lance!
- Down they go, the brave young riders; horse and foot together fall:
- Like a ploughshare in the fallow, through them ploughs the Northern ball."
- Nearer came the storm and nearer, rolling fast and frightful on :
- Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us, who has lost, and who has won?
- "Alas! alas! I know not; friend and foe together fall,
- O'er the dying rush the living; pray, my sisters, for them all !

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FIRESIDE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF POETRY.

"Lo1 the wind the smoke is lifting: Blessed Mother, save my brain ! I can see the wounded crawling slowly out	All his stranger words with meaning her woman's heart supplied; With her kiss upon his forchead, "Moth-
from heaps of slain. Now they stagger, blind and bleeding; now	er!" murmur'd he and died!
they fall, and strive to rise; Hasten, sisters, haste and save them, lest they die before our eyes !	"A bitter curse upon them, poor boy, who led thee forth, From some gentle sad eyed mother, weep- ing, lonely, in the North?"
"O my heart's love! O my dear one! lay thy poor head on my knee:	Spake the mournful Mexic woman, as she laid him with her dead,
Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee? Canst thou hear me? canst thou see?	And turn'd to soothe the living, and bind the wounds which bled.
O my husband, brave and gentle! O my Bernal, look once more	Look forth once more, Ximena! "Like a cloud before the wind
On the blessed cross before thee! Merey! merey! all is o'er!"	Rolls the battle down the monntains, leav- ing blood and death behind; Ah! they plead in vain for mercy; in the
Dry thy tears, my poor Nimena; lay thy dear one down to rest; Let his hands be meekly folded, lay the	dust the wounded strive ; Hide your faces, holy angels! O thou Christ of God, forgive!"
eross upon his breast; Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and his	Sink, O night, among thy mountains! let
funeral masses said; To-day, thou poor bereaved one, the living	the cool gray shadows fall ; Dying brothers, fighting demons, drop thy
ask thy aid.	curtain over all ! Through the thickening winter twilight,
Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair and young, a soldier lay,	wide apart the battle roll'd, In its sheath the sabre rested, and the can- non's lips grew cold.
Torn with shot and pierced with lances, bleeding slow his life away ;	But the noble Mexic women still their
But, as tenderly before him the lorn Ximena knelt,	holy task pursued, Through that long, dark night of sorrow,
She saw the Northern eagle shining on his pistol-belt.	worn and faint and lacking food; Over weak and suffering brothers, with a
With a stifled cry of horror straight she	tender eare they hung, And the dying forman bless'd them in a
turn'd away her head; With a sad and bitter feeling look'd she back upon her dead;	strange and Northern tongue,
But she heard the youth's low moaning, and his struggling breath of pain,	Not wholly lost, O Father! is this evil world of ours;
And she raised the cooling water to his parching lips again.	Upward, through its blood and ashes, spring afresh the Eden flowers;
	From its smoking hell of battle, Love and Pity send their prayer, And still thy white-wing'd angels hover
Whisper'd low the dying soldier, press'd her hand and faintly smiled:	And still thy white-wing a angels hover dimly in our air. Jour GREENLEAF WHITTIER.
Was that pitying face his mother's? did she watch beside her child?	

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MARCO BOZZARIS.	His few surviving comrades saw
AT midnight, in his guarded tent,	His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour	And the red field was won;
When Greece, her knee in suppliance	Then saw in death his eyelids close
bent,	Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Should tremble at his power:	Like flowers at set of sun.
In dreams, through camp and court, he	Come to the bridel shamher Death
bore	Come to the bridal chamber, Death,
The trophies of a conqueror;	Come to the mother's, when she feels, For the first time, her first-born's breath;
In dreams his song of triumph heard,	Come when the blessed seals
Then wore his monarch's signet-ring,	That close the pestilence are broke,
Then press'd that monarch's throne-a	And crowded cities wail its stroke;
king;	Come in consumption's ghastly form,
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,	The earthquake-shock, the ocean-storm;
As Eden's garden bird.	Come when the heart beats high and
	warm,
At midnight, in the forest shades,	With hanquet-song, and dance and
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,	wine;
True as the steel of their trued blades,	And thou art terrible—the tear,
Heroes in heart and hand.	The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier;
There had the Persian's thousands stood,	And all we know, or dream. or fear
There had the glad earth drunk their	Of agony, are thine.
blood,	
On old Platæa's day;	But to the hero, when his sword
And now there breathed that haunted	Has won the battle for the free,
air	Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
The sons of sires who conquer'd there,	And in its hollow tones are heard
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,	The thanks of millions yet to be.
As quick, as far, as they.	Come, when his task of fame is wrought,
	Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought,
An hour pass'd on the Turk awoke:	Come in her crowning hour, and then
That bright dream was his last;	Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
He woke, to hear his sentries shriek,	To him is welcome as the sight
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"	Of sky and stars to prison'd men;
He woke, to die 'midst flame, and smoke,	Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,	Of brother in a foreign land; Thy summons welcome as the cry
And death-shots falling thick and fast	That told the Indian isles were nigh
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;	To the world-seeking Genoese,
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,	When the land-wind, from woods of palm,
Bozzaris chcer his band :	And orange-groves, and fields of balm,
"Strike, till the last arm'd foe expires;	Blew o'er the Haytian seas.
Strike, for your altars and your fires;	2100 0 01 000 1209 0000 00000
Strike, for the green graves of your sires;	Bozzaris! with the storied brave
God and your native land !"	Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
	Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
They fought, like brave men, long and	Even in her own proud clime.
well;	She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
They piled that ground with Moslem	Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
slain;	Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
They conquer'd-but Bozzaris fell,	In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
Bleeding at every vein.	The heartless luxury of the tomb.

FIRESIDE ENCYCLOP.EDIA OF POETRY.

But she reprembers thee as one Long loved, and for a senson gone; For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed, Her marble wronght, her music breathed; For thee she rings the birth-day bells, Of thee her babes' first lisping tells; For thine her evening prayer is said At palace couch and cottage bed; Her soldier, closing with the foe, Gives, for thy suke, a deadlier blow; His plighted maiden, when she fears For him, the joy of her young years, Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears;

And she, the mother of thy boys, Though in her eye and faded check. Is read the grief she will not speak,

The memory of her buried joys, And even she who gave thee birth, Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,

Talk of thy doom without a sigh; For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's, One of the few, the immortal names

That were not born to die.

FITZ-GREENE MALLECK.

MONTEREY.

WE were not many—we who stood Before the iron sleet that day; Yet many a gallant spirit would Give half his years if but he could Have with us been at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot it hail'd In deadly drifts of fiery spray, Yet not a single soldier quail'd When wounded courades round them wail'd

Their dying shout at Monterey.

And on—still on our column kept Through walls of flame its withering way;

Where fell the dead, the living stept, Still charging on the guns which swept

The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoil'd aghast, When, striking where he strongest lay, We swoop'd his flanking batteries past, And braving full their murderous blast, Storm'd home the towers of Monterey. Our banners on those turrets wave, And there our evening bugles play; Where orange-boughs above their grave Keep green the memory of the brave Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many—we who press'd Beside the brave who fell that day— But who of us has not confess'd He'd rather share their warrior rest

Than not have been at Monterey? CRARLES FENNO HOPPMAN.

ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC.

ONCE did she hold the gorgeous East in fee;

And was the safeguard of the West : the worth

Of Venice did not fall below her birth,

Venice, the eldest Child of Liberty.

She was a Maiden City, bright and free ;

- No gnile seduced, no force could violate;
- And, when She took unto herself a Mate,
- She must espouse the everlasting Sea.
- And what if she had seen those glories fade,
- Those titles vanish, and that strength deeay;
- Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
- When her long life hath reach'd its final day:
- Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade

Of that which once was great is pass'd away.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRI-GADE.

HALF a league, half a league, Half a league onward, All in the valley of Death Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade! Charge for the guns!" he said: Into the valley of Death Rode the six hundred.

HIST	ORIC.	AL P	OEMS.
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Forward, the Light Brigade !"	ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC.
Was there a man dismay'd?	"All quiet along the Potomac," they
Not though the soldier knew	say,
Some one had blunder'd :	"Except, now and then, a stray pieket
Their's not to make reply,	Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and
Their's not to reason why,	fro.
Their's but to do and die:	By a rifleman hid in the thicket."
Into the valley of Death	'Tis nothing—a private or two now and
Rode the six hundred.	then
	Will not count in the news of the battle;
Cannon to right of them,	Not an officer lost-only one of the men
Canuon to left of them,	Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle.
Cannon in front of them	
Volley'd and thunder'd;	* * * * *
Storm'd at with shot and shell,	
Boldly they rode and well,	All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Into the jaws of Death,	Where the soldiers lie peacefully dream-
Into the mouth of Hell	ing;
Rode the six hundred :	Their tents, in the rays of the clear autumn
	moon
Flash'd all their sabres bare,	Or the light of the watch-fire, are gleam-
Flash'd as they turn'd in air,	ing.
Sabring the gunners there,	A tremulous sigh of the gentle night-
Charging an army, while	wind Through the forest-leaves softly is ereep-
All the world wonder'd:	
Plunged in the battery-smoke,	ing, While stars up above, with their glittering
Right through the line they broke;	
Cossack and Russian	eyes, Keep guard, for the army is sleeping.
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke	Keep guard, for the army is sleeping.
Shatter'd and sunder'd.	
Then they rode back, but not-	There's only the sound of the lone sentry's
Not the six hundred.	tread
	As he tramps from the rock to the foun-
Cannon to right of them,	tain.
Cannon to left of them,	And thinks of the two in the low trundle-
Cannon behind them	bed
Volley'd and thunder'd;	Far away in the eot on the mountain.
Storm'd at with shot and shell,	His musket falls slack; his face, dark and
While horse and hero fell,	grim,
They that had fought so well	Grows gentle with memories tender
Came through the jaws of Death	As he mutters a prayer for the children
Back from the mouth of Hell,	asleep-
All that was left of them,	For their mother; may Heaven defend
Left of six hundred.	her!
When can their glory fade?	
Oh, the wild eharge they made!	The moon seems to shine just as brightly
All the world wonder'd.	as then,
Honor the charge they made!	That night when the love yet unspoken
Honor the Light Brigade,	Leaped up to his lips-when low-murmur-
Noble six hundred !	ed vows
ALFRED TENNYSON.	Were pledged to be ever unbroken.

FIRESIDE	ENCY	YCLOPÆDIA	OF POETRY.
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Then, drawing his sleeve roughly over his	BARBARA FRIETCHIE.
eyes, He dashes off tears that are welling, And gathers his gun closer up to its	UP from the meadows rich with eorn, Clear in the cool September morn,
place, As if to keep down the heart-swelling.	The cluster'd spires of Frederick stand Green-wall'd by the hills of Maryland.
He passes the fountain, the blasted pine	Round about them orchards sweep, Apple and peach tree fruited deep,
tree, The footstep is lagging and weary; Yet onward he goes through the broad belt	Fair as the garden of the Lord To the eyes of the famish'd rebel horde,
of light, Toward the shade of the forest so dreary.	On that pleasant morn of the early fall When Lee march'd over the mountain- wall,
Hark I was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves? Was it moonlight so wondrously flash-	Over the mountains winding down, Horse and foot, into Frederick town.
ing ? It looked like a rifle—"Ha! Mary, good- bye !"	Forty flags with their silver stars, Forty flags with their crimson bars,
The red life-blood is obbing and plash- ing.	Flapp'd in the morning wind: the sun Of noon look'd down, and saw not one.
All quiet along the Potomae to-night, No sound save the rush of the river;	Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then, Bow'd with her fourscore years and ten;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead— The picket's off duty for ever! ETHEL LYNN BEERS.	Bravest of all in Frederick town, She took up the flag the men haul'd down;
THE CUMBERLAND.	In her attic window the staff she set, To show that one heart was loyal yet.
MAGNIFICENT thy fate,	Up the street came the rebel tread,

Once Mistress of the Seas! No braver vessel ever flung

A pennon to the breeze; No bark e'er died a death so grand; Such heroes never vessel manued ; Your parting broadside broke the wave That surged above your patriot grave; Your flag, the gamest of the game, Sank proudly with you-not in shame,

But in its ancient glory; The memory of its parting gleam Will never fade while poets dream; The echo of your dying gun Will last till man his race has run, Then live in Angel Story.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

Under his slouch'd hat left and right He glanced: the old flag met his sight.

"Halt !"-the dust-brown ranks stood fast. "Fire!"-out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shiver'd the window, pane and sash; It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff Dame Barbara snatch'd the silken scarf.

She lean'd far out on the window-sill, And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head, But spare your country's flag," she said.

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Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame, Over the face of the leader came;	But there is a road from Winchester town, A good broad highway leading down; And there, through the flush of the morn-	
The nobler nature within him stirr'd To life at that woman's deed and word :	ing light, A steed as black as the steeds of night	
"Who touches a hair of yon gray head Dies like a dog! March on !" he said.	Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight, As if he knew the terrible need; He stretch'd away with his utmost speed;	
All day long through Frederick street Sounded the tread of marching feet:	Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay, With Sheridan fifteen miles away.	
All day long that free flag tost Over the heads of the rebel host.	Still sprang from those swift hoofs, thun- dering south,	
Ever its torn folds rose and fell On the loyal winds that loved it well;	The dust, like smoke from the cannon's month, Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster	
And through the hill-gaps sunset light Shone over it with a warm good-night.	and faster, Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster. The heart of the steed and the heart of the	
Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er, And the rebel rides on his raids no more.	The heart of the steed and the heart of the master Were beating like prisoners assaulting	
Honor to her! and let a tear Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.	their walls, Impatient to be where the battle-field calls; Every nerve of the charger was strain'd	
Over Barbara Frietchie's grave, Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!	to full play, With Sheridan only ten miles away.	
Peace and order and beauty draw Round thy symbol of light and law;	Under his spurning feet, the road Like an arrowy Alpine river flow'd And the landscape sped away behind	
And ever the stars above look down On thy stars below in Frederick town! JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.	Like an ocean flying before the wind; And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,	
	Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.	
Sheridan's Ride.	But, lo! he is nearing his heart's desire; He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring	
UP from the south, at break of day, Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay, The affrighted air with a shudder bore,	fray, With Sheridan only five miles away.	
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,	The first that the general saw were the groups	
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,	Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops; What was done? what to do? a glance	
Telling the battle was on once more, And Sheridan twenty miles away.	told him both. Then striking his spurs with a terrible	
And wider still those billows of war	oath,	
Thunder'd along the horizon's bar; And louder yet into Winchester roll'd	He dash'd down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas.	
The roar of that red sea uncontroll'd,	And the wave of retreat check'd its course	
Making the blood of the listener cold,	there, because	
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray, And Sheridan twenty miles away.	The sight of the master compell'd it to pause.	

- was grav ;
- By the flash of his eye, and the red nos-

He seem'd to the whole great army to say, " I have brought you Sheridan all the way From Winchester down, to save the day.'

Hurrah ! hurrah for Sheridan l Hurrah ! hurrah for horse and man ! And when their statues are placed on high, Under the dome of the Union sky, The American soldier's Temple of Fame, There with the glorious general's name Be it said, in letters both bold and bright :

" Here is the steed that saved the day By carrying Sheridan into the fight,

From Winchester-twenty miles away!" THOMAS BUCHANAN READ. -----

HISTORY.

Thou chronicle of crimes! I read no more-

For I am one who willingly would love

His fellow-kind O gentle Poesy,

- Receive me from the court's polluted scenes,
- From dungeon horrors, from the fields of war.
- Receive me to your haunts,-that I may nurse

My nature's better feelings, for my soul Sickens at man's misdeeds !

I spake-when lo!

There stood before me, in her majesty,

- With form and with dust the black charger Cho, the strong-eyed Muse. Upon her brow
 - Sate a calm anger. Go, young man, she eried.
 - Sigh among myrtle bowers, and let thy soul

Effuse itself in strains so sorrowful sweet,

- That love-sick maids may weep upon thy page,
- Soothed with delieious sorrow. Oh shame! shame!
- Was it for this I waken'd thy young mind?
- Was it for this I made thy swelling heart
- Throb at the deeds of Greece, and thy boy's eve
- So kindle when that glorious Spartan died?
- Boy! boy! deceive me not! what if the tale.
- Of murder'd millions strike r chilling pang,
- What if Tiberius in his island stews,
- And Philip at his beads, alike in-pire
- Strong anger and contempt; hast thou not risen

With nobler feelings? with a deeper love

For freedom? Yes; if righteously thy soul

Loathes the black history of human crimes And human misery, let that spirit fill

- Thy song, and it shall teach thee, boy! to raise
- Strains such as Cato might have deign'd to hear.

As Sidney in his hall of bliss may love. ROBERT SOUTHEY.

PART VI.

POEMS OF PATRIOTISM.



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POEMS OF PATRIOTISM.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Он,	say, can	you	see	by	the	dawn's	early
	light						

- What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming-
- Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
 - O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming?
- And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
- Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
- Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
- O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave ?
- On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
 - Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
- What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
 - As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
- Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
- In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;
- 'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it wave
- O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave !
- And where are the foes who so vauntingly swore

That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion 23

- A home and a country should leave us no more?
 - Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution.
- No refuge could save the hireling and slave
- From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
- And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
- O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
- Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
- Between their loved homes and the war's desolation !
- Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
 - Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
- Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just;
- And this be our motto: "In God is our trust;"
- And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
- O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

WHEN Freedom from her mountain-height Unfurl'd her standard to the air,

She tore the azure robe of night,

And set the stars of glory there; She mingled with its gorgeous dyes The milky baldric of the skies, And striped its pure celestial white With streakings of the morning light; 353

Then from his mansion in the sun She call'd her eagle-bearer down, And gave into his mighty hand The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud ! Who rear'st aloft thy regal form, To hear the tempest-trumpings loud, And see the lightning lances driven,

When strive the warriors of the storm, And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven— Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given

To guard the banner of the free, To hover in the sulphur-smoke, To ward away the battle-stroke, And bid its blendings shine afar, Like rainbows on the cloud of war, The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave ! thy folds shall fly, The sign of hope and triumph high, When speaks the signal trumpet-tone, And the long line comes gleaming on ; Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet, Has dimm'd the glistening bayonet, Each soldier eye shall brightly turn To where thy sky-born glories burn, And as his springing steps advance Catch war and vengeance from the glance. And when the cannon-monthings loud Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud, And gory subres rise and fall Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall, Then shall thy meteor glances glow,

And cowering foes shall sink beneath Each gallant arm that strikes below

That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave ; When death, carcering on the gale, Sweeps darkly round the helicid sail, And frighted waves rush wildly back Before the broadside's reeling rack, Each dying wanderer of the sea Shall look at once to heaven and thee, And smile to see thy splendors fly In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home ! By angel hands to valor given ; Thy stars have lit the welkin dome, And all thy hues were born in heaven. For ever float that standard sheet ! Where breathes the foe-but falls before us,

With freedom's soil beneath our feet, And freedom's banner streaming o'er us? JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

AMERICA.

My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From every mountain-side Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee— Land of the noble, free— Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song : Let mortal tongues awake ; Let all that breathe partake ; Let rocks their silence break,— The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee, Author of liberty, To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King. SAMVEL F. SMITH.

BATTLE- HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord :

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword :

His truth is marching on.

DOFUS OF DUTDIOTISM

 evening dews and damps; I can read His righteons sentence by the dim and flaring lamps: His day is marching on. I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnish'd rows of steel: "As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal; Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel, Since God is marching on." He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat; He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat: Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet! Our God is marching on. In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea, With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me; As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free, While God is marching on. JULLA WARD HOWE. RULE, BRITANNIA. WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command, Arose from out the azure main, The mass out the azure main, Arose from out the azure main, Aros	FOLMS OF	FAIRI0115M. 500
figures you and me : As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free, While God is marching on. JULIA WARD HOWE. RULE, BRITANNIA. WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's com- mand, Arose from out the azure main, This mee for he alvectore Marcon to response to the last of	hundred circling camps; They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps; I can read His righteons sentence by the dim and flaring lamps: His day is marching on. I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnish'd rows of steel: "As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal; Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel, Since God is marching on." He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat; He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat: Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him ! be jnbilant, my feet ! Our God is marching on. In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,	Serves but to root thy native oak : Rule, Britannia, rule the waves; Britons never will be slaves. Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame; All their attempts to bend thee down Will but arouse thy generous flame, But work their woe, and thy renown. Rule, Britannia, rule the waves; Britons never will be slaves. To thee belongs the rural reign; Thy cities shall with commerce shine : All thine shall be the subject main, And every shore it circles, thine : Rule, Britannia, rule the waves; Britons never will be slaves. The Muses, still with Freedom found, Shall to thy happy coast repair; Blest isle! with matchless beauty crown'd, And manly hearts to guard the fair : Rule, Britons never will be slaves, Britons never will be slaves, Britons never will be slaves, Britons never will be slaves, JAMES THOMSON.
make men free, GoD save our gracious king! While God is marching on. JULIA WARD HOWE. JULIA WARD HOWE. God save the king! RULE, BRITANNIA. Sead him victorious, WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command, Long to reign over us— Arose from out the azure main, O Lord our God, arise! Seatter his enemies, Seatter his enemies,	figures you and me ;	GOD SAVE THE KING.
WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command, God save the king ! Arose from out the azure main, O Lord our God, arise ! This meet for a cluster of the larget Scatter his enemies,	make men free, While God is marching on. Julia Ward Howe.	GOD save our gracious king! Long live our noble king! God save the king! Send him victorious, Happy and glorious,
And guardian angels sang this strain: Rule, Britannia, rule the waves; Gonfound their polities, Britons never will be slaves. Fyrnstrate their knavish tricks; On him our hopes we fix, God save ns all! Must in their turns to tyrants fall; Thy choicest gifts in store	 WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command, Arose from out the azure main, This was the charter of the land, And guardian angels sang this strain : Rule, Britannia, rule the waves; Britons never will be slaves. 	God save the king! O Lord our God, arise! Scatter his enemies, And make them fall, Confound their politics, Frustrate their knavish tricks; On him our hopes we fix, God save ns all!

While thou shalt flourish, great and free, The dread and envy of them all: Rule, Britannia, rule the waves; Britons never will be slaves.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise, More dreadful from each foreign stroke: On him be pleased to pour; Long may he reign. May he defend our laws, And ever give us cause, To sing with heart and voice-God save the king !

HENRY CAREY.

MEN OF ENGLAND.

Mus of England! who inherit Rights that cost your sires their blood!

By the foes you've fought uncounted, By the glorious deeds you've done, Trophies captured – breaches mounted – Navies conquer'd—kingdoms won !

Yet, remember, England gathers Hence but fruitless wreaths of fame, If the freedom of your fathers Glow not in your hearts the same.

What are monuments of bravery Where no public virtues bloom? What avail, in lands of slavery, Trophied temples, arch and tomb?

Pageants! Let the world revere us For our people's rights and laws, And the breasts of civic heroes Bared in Freedom's holy cause.

Yours are Hampden's, Russell's glory, Sidney's matchless shade is yours,— Martyrs in heroic story, Worth a hundred Agineourts!

We're the sons of sires that baffled Crown'd and mitred tyranny;— They defied the field and scatfold For their birthrights—so will we! THOMAS CAMPBELL

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

YE Mariners of England That guard our native seast Whose flag has braved, a thousand years, The battle and the breeze ! Your glorious standard launch again To match another foe : And sweep through the deep, While the stormy winds do blow ; While the battle rages loud and long And the stormy winds do blow. The spirits of your fathers Shall start from every wave— For the deck it was their field of fame, And Ocean was their grave: Where Blake and nighty Nelson fell Your manly hearts shall glow, As ye sweep through the deep, While the stormy winds do blow; While the battle rages loud and long And the stormy winds do blow,

Britannia needs no bulwarks, No towers along the steep; Her march is o'er the mountain-waves, Her home is on the deep. With thunders from her native oak She quells the floods below— As they roar on the shore, When the stormy winds do blow; When the battle rages loud and long, And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England Shall yet terrific burn; Till danger's troubled night depart, And the star of peace return. Then, then, ye occan-warriors! Our song and feast shall flow To the fame of your name, When the storm has ceased to blow; When the fiery fight is heard no more, And the storm has ceased to blow.

SONNET.

ON A DISTANT VIEW OF ENGLAND.

- Yust from mine eyes the tears unbidden start,
 - As thee, my country, and the long-lost sight
 - Of thy own cliffs, that lift their summits white
- Above the wave, once more my beating heart
- With eager hope and filial transport hails!
- Scenes of my youth, reviving gales ye bring,
- As when crewhile the tuncful morn of spring

Joyous awoke amidst your hawthorn vales,

POEMS OF PATRIOTISM.

- And fill'd with fragrance every village | Count the rocks of the Spey, count the lane:
 - Fled are those hours, and all the joys they gave !
 - Yet still I gaze, and count each rising wave

That bears me nearer to my home again:

If haply, 'mid those woods and vales so fair,

Stranger to Peace, I yet may meet her there.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

THE BROADSWORDS OF SCOTLAND.

- Now there's peace on the shore, now there's calm on the sea.
- Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us free,

Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and Dundee.

Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland ! And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!

- Old Sir Ralph Abercromby, the good and the brave--
- Let him flee from our board, let him sleep with the slave.
- Whose libation comes slow while we honor his grave.

Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland ! And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!

- Though he died not, like him, amid victory's roar,
- Though disaster and gloom wove his shroud on the shore,
- Not the less we remember the spirit of Moore.

Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland ! And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!

- Yea, a place with the fallen the living shall claim;
- We'll entwine in one wreath every glorious name,
- The Gordon, the Ramsay, the Hope, and the Graham,

All the broadswords of old Scotland ! And oh, the old Scottish broadswords! groves of the Forth,

- Count the stars in the clear, cloudless heaven of the north;
- Then go blazon their numbers, their names, and their worth.

All the broadswords of old Scotland ! And oh, the old Scottish broadswords !

- The highest in splendor, the humblest in place,
- Stand united in glory, as kindred in race,
- For the private is brother in blood to His Grace.

Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland! And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!

Then sacred to each and to all let it be,

- Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us free,
- Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and Dundee.

Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland! And oh, the old Scottish broadswords! JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

IT'S HAME, AND IT'S HAME.

- It's hame, and it's hame, name fain wad I be,
- An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree!
- When the flower is i' the bud and the leaf is on the tree,
- The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countree:
- It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
- An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree!
- The green leaf o' loyaltie's beginning for to fa',
- The bonnie white rose it is withering an' a';
- But I'll water 't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie,
- An' green it will grow in my ain countree.
- It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
- An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree!

There's naught now frae ruin my country	MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.
can save	My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is
But the keys o' kind Heaven to open the	not here;
grave,	My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the
That a' the noble martyrs who died for loyaltie	deer;
May rise again and fight for their ain	Chasing the wild deer, and following the
countree.	roe,
It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad 1	My heart's in the Highlands, wherever 1 go. Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the
be,	North,
An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain	The birthplace of valor, the country of
eountree !	worth :
	Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The great now are gane, a' who ventured	The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.
to save, The new grass is springing on the tap o'	Faravell to the mountains high cover'd
their grave;	with snow;
But the sun thro' the mirk blinks blythe in	Farewell to the straths and green valleys
my ee:	below;
"I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countree."	Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging
It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I	woods;
be,	Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring
An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain	floods. My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is
Countree ! Allan Cunningham.	not here,
	My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the
	deer.
THE SUN RISES BRIGHT IN FRANCE,	Chasing the wild deer, and following the
THE sun rises bright in France,	roe,
And fair sets he;	My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I
But he has tint the blythe blink he had	go. Robert Burns.
In my ain countree.	
Oh, it's nae my ain ruin	BORDER BALLAD.
That saddens aye my ee,	MARCH, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,
But the dear Marie I left ahin',	Why the de'il dinna ye march forward in
Wi' sweet bairnies three.	order?
My lanely hearth burn'd bonnie,	March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
An' smiled my ain Marie;	All the blue bonnets are bound for the
I've left a' my heart behin'	border
In my ain countree.	Many a banner spread,
	Flutters above your head, Many a crest that is famous in story.
The bud comes back to summer,	Many a crest that is famous in story. Mount and make ready, then,
And the blossom to the bee,	Sons of the mountain-glen,
But I'll win back—oh never To my ain countree.	Fight for the Queen and our old Scottish
to my am counteer	glory.
Oh, I am leal to high Heaven,	
Where soon I hope to be,	Come from the hills where your hirsels ar
An' there I'll meet you a' soon	grazing,
Frae my ain countree!	Come from the glen of the buck and th

POEMS OF PATRIOTISM.

- Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing, Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow. Trumpets are sounding, War-steeds are bounding,
- Stand to your arms and march in good order,

England shall many a day Tell of the bloody fray, When the blne bonnets came over the border.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU.

Presect of Donuil Dhu, Piescott of Donuil, Wake thy wild voice anew, Summon Clan-Conuil. Come away, come away, Hark to the summons! Come in your war-array, Gentles and commons.

Come from the deep glen, and From mountain so rocky, The war-pipe and pennon Are at Inverlochy. Come every hill-plaid, and True heart that wears one, Come every steel blade, and Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd, The flock without shelter;

Leave the corpse uninterr'd, The bride at the altar; Leave the deer, leave the steer.

Leave nets and barges: Come with your fighting gear,

- Broadswords and targes.
- Come as the winds come, when Forests are rended;
- Come as the waves come, when Navies are stranded:
- Faster come, faster come, Faster and faster,
- Chief, vassal, page, and groom, Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come; See how they gather! Wide waves the eagle plume, Blended with heather. Cast your plaids, draw your blades, Forward each man set!

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,

Knell for the onset!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

- THERE came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
 - The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
- For his country he sigh'd when at twilight repairing
 - To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
- But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
- For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
- Where once, in the fervor of youth's warm emotion,
 - He sung the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.
- Sad is my fate! said the heart-broken stranger,
 - The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
- But I have no refuge from famine and danger,

A home and a country remain not to me. Never again, in the green sunny bowers,

- Where my forefathers lived, shall 1 spend the sweet hours,
- Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers,
 - And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh.
- Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,

In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore, But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,

And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more!

Oh, cruel Fate! wilt thou never replace me

- In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me?
- Never again shall my brothers embrace me? They died to defend me, or live to deplore!

Where	is m	y cabin	-door,	fas	t by th	ie w	ild-
11	boos	2					
Sister	s an	d sire,	did	ye	weep	for	its
f.	11.2						

- Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood,
 - And where is the bosom-friend, dearcr thun all?
- Oh, my sad heart, long abandon'd by pleasure,

Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure?

But rapture and beauty they cannot reeall.

Yet, all its sad recollections suppressing,

One dying wish my lone bosom can draw;

Erin, an exile bequeaths thee his blessing;

Land of my forefathers! Erin go bragh!

Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion.

Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean!

And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,

Erin mayournin ! Erin go bragh ! THOMAS CAMPBELL

SONG OF THE GREEK POET.

Where grew the arts of war and peace,— Where Delos rose, and Phobus sprung! Eternal summer gilds them yet; But all except their sun is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,

The hero's harp, the lover's lute, Have found the fame your shores refuse;

Their place of birth alone is mute To sounds which echo further west Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon,

And Marathon looks on the sea; And musing there an hour alone,

I dream'd that Greece might still be free, For standing on the Persians' grave, I could not deem myself a slave. A king sate on the rocky brow Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis; And ships by thousands lay below.

And men in nations,—all were his! He counted them at break of day,— And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou, My country? On thy voiceless shore

The heroic lay is tuncless now,----

The heroic bosom beats no more ! And must thy lyre, so long divine, Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame, Though link'd among a fetter'd race,

To feel at least a patriot's shame, E'en as I sing, suffuse my face;

For what is left the poet here? For Greeks a blush,—for Greece a tear.

Must we but weep o'er days more blest? Must we but blush?—our fathers bled.

Earth! render back from out thy breast

A remnant of our Spartan dead! Of the three hundred, grant but three To make a new Thermopyle!

What, silent still? and silent all? Ah no! the voices of the dead Sound like a distant torrent's fall,

And answer, "Let one living head, But one, arise,—we come, we come!" 'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain,—in vain; strike other chords; Fill high the cup with Samian wine!

Leave battles to the Turkish hordes, And shed the blood of Scio's vine ! Hark ! rising to the ignoble call,

How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet, Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone? Of two such lessons, why forget

The nobler and the manlier one? You have the letters Cadmus gave,— Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine! We will not think of themes like these!

It made Anacreon's song divine; He served - but served Polycrates,--

A tyrant; but our masters then Were still, at least, our countrymen.

Tears, like the rain-drops, may fall without measure,

POEMS OF PATRIOTISM.

The tyrant of the Chersonese Was freedom's best and bravest friend; That tyrant was Miltiades! Oh that the present hour would lend Another despot of the kind! Such chains as his were sure to bind. Fill high the bowl with Samian wine! On Suli's rock and Parga's shore Exists the remnant of a line, Such as the Dorie uothers bore; And there perhaps some seed is sown The Heracleidan blood might own. Trust not for freedom to the Franks,— They have a king who buys and sells. In native swords and native ranks The only hope of courage dwells; But Turkish force and Latin fraud Would break your shield, however broad. Fill high the bowl with Samian wine ! Our virgins dance beneath the shade,— I see their glorious black eyes shine; But, gazing on each glowing maid, My own the burning tear-drop laves, To think such breasts must suckle slaves. Place me on Sunium's marbled steep, Where nothing, save the waves and I, May hear our mutual murmurs sweep; There, swan-like, let me sing and die. A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine,—	 She stood in the early morning, and said to ber maidens, "Bring That silken robe made ready to wear a the court of the king. "Bring me the clasps of diamond, lucid clear of the mote. Clasp me the large at the waist, and clasp me the small at the throat. "Diamonds to fasten the hair, and dia monds to fasten the sleeves, Laces to drop from their rays, like a pow der of snow from the eaves." Gorgeous she entered the sunlight, whiel gather'd her up in a flame, While straight in her open carriage she to the hospital came. In she went at the door, and gazing from end to end, "Many and low are the pallets, but each is the place of a friend." Up she pass'd through the wards, and stood at a young man's bed: Bloody the band on his brow, and livid the droop of his head. "Art thou a Lombard, my brother? Happy art thou," she eried, And smiled like Italy on him : he dream'd in her face and died.
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine ! LORD BYRON.	Pale with his passing soul, she went or still to a second : <i>He</i> was a grave hard man, whose years by
A COURT LADY.	dungeons were reckon'd.
HER hair was tawny with gold, her eyes with purple were dark, Her cheeks' pale opal burnt with a red and restless spark.	Wounds in his body were sore, wounds in his life were sorer."Art thou a Romagnole?" Her eyee drove the lightnings before her.
Never was lady of Milan nobler in name and in race; Never was lady of Italy fairer to see in the face.	"Austrian and priest had join'd to double and tighten the cord Able to bind thee, O strong one,—free b the stroke of a sword.
Never was lady on earth more true as woman and wife, Larger in judgment and instinct, prouder in manners and life.	"Now be grave for the rest of us, using the life overcast To ripen our wine of the present (too new) in glooms of the past."

- face like a girl's,
- Young, and pathetle with dving,-a deep black hole in the curls,
- "Art thou from Tuscany, brother? and seest thou, dreaming in pain,
- Thy mother stand in the piazza, searching the list of the slain?"
- Kind as a mother herself, she touch'd his cheeks with her hands:
- "Blessed is she who has borne thee, although she should weep as she stands."
- On she pass'd to a Frenchman, his arm carried off by a ball:
- Kneeling, . . . "O more than my brother ! how shall I thank thee for all?
- "Each of the heroes around us has fought for his land and line,
- But thou hast fought for a stranger, in hate of a wrong not thine.
- "Happy are all free peoples, too strong to be dispossess'd:

But blessed are those among nations who dare to be strong for the rest !"

- Ever she pass'd on her way, and came to a couch where pined
- One with a face from Venetia, white with a hope out of mind.
- Long she stood and gazed, and twice she tried at the name,

But two great crystal tears were all that falter'd and came

- Only a tear for Venice ?-she turn'd as in passion and loss,
- And stoop'd to his forchead and kiss'd it, as if she were kissing the cross.
- Faint with that strain of heart, she moved on then to another,

Stern and strong in his death. "And dost thou suffer, my brother?"

- Holding his hands in hers:-"Out of the
- Cometh the sweetness of freedom! sweetest to live or to die on."

Down she stepp'd to a pallet where lay a Holding his cold rough hands,-" Well, oh, well have ve done

- In noble, noble Piedmont, who would not be noble alone."
- Back he fell while she spoke. She rose to her feet with a spring,-

"That was a Piedmontese! and this is the Court of the King."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARAS HALLS.

THE harp that once through Tara's halls The soul of music shed,

Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls As if that soul were fled,

So sleeps the pride of former days, So glory's thrill is o'er,

And hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright The harp of Tara swells ;

The chord alone that breaks at night Its tale of ruin tells.

Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes, The only throb she gives

Is when some heart indignant breaks, To show that still she lives.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE EXILE'S SONG.

On, why left I my hame? Why did I cross the deep ? Oh, why left I the land Where my forefathers sleep? I sigh for Scotia's shore, And I gaze across the sea,

But I canna get a blink O' my ain countree!

The palm tree waveth high, And fair the myrtle springs; And to the Indian maid

The bulbul sweetly sings; But I dinna see the broom

Wi' its tassels on the len, Nor hear the lintic's sang

O' my ain countree l

POEMS OF PATRIOTISM.

Oh, here no Sabbath boll Awakes the Sabbath morn, Nor song of reapers heard Amang the yellow corn. For the tyrant's voice is here, And the wail of slaveric; But the sun of Freedom shines In my ain countree!

There's a hope for every woe, And a balm for every pain, But the first joys o' our heart Come never back again. There's a track upon the deep, And a path across the sea; But the weary ne'er return To their ain countree ! ROBERT GILFINLAN

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE.

How sleep the Brave who sink to rest By all their Country's wishes bleat! When Spring, with dewy fingers cold, Returns to deck their hallow'd mould, She there shall dress a sweeter sod Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung, By forms unseen their dirge is sung : There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray, To bless the turf that wraps their clay, And Freedom shall a while repair To dwell a weeping hermit there! WILLIAK COLLINS.

AN ODE.

IN IMITATION OF ALCEUS.

WHAT constitutes a state ? Not high-raised battlement or labor'd mound,

Thick wall or moated gate;

Not cities proud with spires and turrets crown'd;

Not bays and broad-arm'd ports,

Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;

Not starr'd and spangled courts,

Where low-brow'd haseness wafts perfume to pride.

With powers as far above dull brutes endued In forest, brake, or den, As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude. Men who their duties know, But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain, Prevent the long-aim'd blow, And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain : These constitute a state : And sovereign Law, that state's collected will. O'er thrones and globes elate Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill. Smit by her sacred frown, The fiend Dissension like a vapor sinks, And e'en the all-dazzling Crown Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks. Such was this heaven-loved isle, Than Lesbos fairer and the Cretan shore!

No: men, high-minded men,

No more shall Freedom smile?

Shall Britons languish, and be men no more?

Since all must life resign,

Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave

'Tis folly to decline,

And steal inglorious to the silent grave. SIR WILLIAN JONES.

As by the Shore at Break of Day.

As by the shore at break of day, A vanquish'd chief expiring lay, Upon the sands, with broken sword, He traced his farewell to the free ; And there the last unfinish'd word

He dying wrote, was " Liberty !"

At night a sea-bird shriek'd the knell Of him who thus for freedom fell; The words he wrote, ere evening came, Were cover'd by the sounding sea;—

So pass away the cause and name Of him who dies for liberty !

THOMAS MOORE.

In the ranks of the Austrian you found him:

He died with his face to you all : Yet bury him here, where around him You honor your bravest that fall.

Venctian, fair-featured and slender, He lies shot to death in his youth, With a smile on his lips over-tender For any mere soldier's dead month.

No stranger, and yet not a traitor l Though alien the cloth on his breast, Underneath it how seldom a greater

Young heart has a shot sent to rest I

By your enemy tortured and goaded To march with them, stand in their file, His musket (see !) never was loaded---He facing your guns with that smile,

As orphans yearn on their mothers, He yearned to your patriot bands,---

" Let me die for one Italy, brothers, If not in your ranks, by your hands !

" Aim straightly, fire steadily ; spare me A ball in the body, which may

Deliver my heart here, and tear me This badge of the Austrian away."

So thought he, so died he this morning. What then ? many others have died, Ay-but easy for men to die scorning The death-stroke, who fought side by side:

One tricolor floating above them ; Struck down mid triumphant acclaims Of an Italy rescued to love them, And brazen the brass with their names.

But he-without witness or honor, Mixed, shared in his country's regard, With the tyrants who march in upon her-Died faithful and passive : 'twas hard.

'Twas sublime. In a cruel restriction Cut off from the guerdon of sons, With most filial obedience, conviction, His soul kissed the lips of her guns.

A FORCED RECRUIT AT SOLFERINO. | That moves you? Nay, grudge not to show

While digging a grave for him here, The others who died, says our poet,

Have glory : let him have a tear.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

BOAT-NONG.

- HAIL to the Chief who in triumph ad-
 - Honor'd and bless'd be the ever-green Pine!
- Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,
 - Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!

Heaven send it happy dew, Earth lend it sap anew,

Gayly to hourgeon, and broadly to grow, While every Highland glen Send our shout back again,-

"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhn, ho! ieroe!"

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain.

Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade; When the whirlwind has stripp'd every leaf on the mountain.

The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.

> Moor'd in the rifted rock, Proof to the tempest's shock.

Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow; Menteith and Breadalbane, then, Echo his praise again,---

"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Proudly our pibroch has thrill'd in Glen Fruin,

- And Bannachar's groaus to our slogan replied:
- Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin.

And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.

Widow and Saxon maid

Long shall lament our raid,

Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe:

Lennox and Leven-Glen

Shake when they hear again,-

"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

POEMS OF PATRIOTISM.

- Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands!
 - Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green pine!
- Oh! that the rosebud that graces yon islands,
 - Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine!

Oh that some seedling gem,

Worthy such nohle stem,

Honor'd and bless'd in their shadow might grow!

Loud should Clan-Alpine then

Ring from his deepmost glen,-

"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe !" SIR WALTER SCOTT.

IT IS GREAT FOR OUR COUNTRY TO DIE.

- OH! it is great for our country to die where ranks are contending :
 - Bright is the wreath of our fame; glory awaits us for aye-
- Glory, that never is dim, shining on with light never ending—
 - Glory that never shall fade-never, oh ! never away.
- Oh! it is sweet for our country to die! How softly reposes
 - Warrior youth on his bier, wet by the tears of his love,
- Wet by a mother's warm tears! they crown him with garlands of roses,

Weep, and then joyously turn, bright where he triumphs above.

- Not to the shades shall the youth descend who for country hath perished;
 - Hebe awaits him in heaven, welcomes him there with her smile;
- There, at the banquet divine, the patriot spirit is cherished;

Gods love the young who ascend pure from the funeral pile.

Not to Elysian fields, by the still, oblivious river;

Not to the isles of the hlest, over the blue-rolling sea;

- But on Olympian heights shall dwell the devoted for ever;
 - There shall assemble the good, there the wise, valiant, and free.
- Oh! then, how great for our country to die, in the front rank to perish,
 - Firm with our breast to the foe, victory's shout in our ear !
- Long they our statues shall crown, in songs our memory cherish;
 - We shall look forth from our heaven, pleased the sweet music to hear. JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

AFTER ALL. 1862.

THE apples are ripe in the orchard, The work of the reaper is done,

And the golden woodlands redden In the blood of the dying sun,

At the cottage door the grandsire Sits, pale, in his easy-chair,

While a gentle wind of twilight Plays with his silver hair.

A woman is kneeling beside him; A fair young head is pressed,

In the first wild passion of sorrow, Against his aged breast.

And far from over the distance The faltering echoes come Of the flying blast of trumpet And the rattling roll of drum.

Then the grandsire speaks in a whisper,-"The end no man can see;

But we give him to his country, And we give our prayers to Thee." . . .

The violets star the meadows, The rosebuds fringe the door, And over the grassy orchard The pink-white blossoms pour.

But the grandsire's chair is empty, The cottage is dark and still; There's a nameless grave on the battle-field, And a new one under the hill.

And a pallid, tearless woman By the cold hearth sits alone; And the old clock in the corner

Ticks on with a steady drone. WILLIAM WINTER.

THE BENDED BOW.

THERE was heard the sound of a coming foe. There was sent through Britain a bended bow :

And a voice was pour'd on the free winds far,

As the land rose up at the sign of war.

- "Heard yon not the battle-horn ?— Reaper ! Leave thy golden corn : Leave it for the birds of heaven — Swords must flash and spears be riven ! Leave it for the winds to shed — Arm ! ere Britain's turf grow red !"
- And the reaper arm'd, like a freeman's son;
- And the bended bow and the voice pass'd on.

"Hunter! leave the mountain chase, Take the falchion from its place; Let the wolf go free to-day, Leave him for a nobler prey; Let the deer ungal!d sweep by— Arm thee! Britain's foes are nigh!"

And the hunter arm'd ere the chase was done;

And the bended bow and the voice pass'd on.

- "Chieftain ! quit the joyous feast— Stay not till the song hath ceas'd : Though the mead be foaming bright, Though the fire give ruddy light, Leave the hearth and leave the ball— Arm thee ! Britain's foes must fall."
- And the chieftain arm'd, and the horn was blown :

And the bended bow and the voice pass'd on.

"Prince 1 thy father's deeds are told In the bower and in the hold, Where the goatherd's lay is sung, Where the minstrel's harp is strung ! Focs are on thy native sea— Give our bards a tale of thee !" And the prince came arm'd, like a leader's son ;

And the bended bow and the voice pass'd on.

"Mother! stay thou not thy boy, He must learn the battle's joy: Sister! bring the sword and spear, Give thy brother words of cheer: Maiden! bid thy lover part: Britain calls the strong in heart!"

And the bended bow and the voice pass'd on;

And the bards made song for a battle won. FREIGA DOBOTHEA HEMANS.

CAVALRY SONG.

OUR good steeds snuff the evening air. Our pulses with their purpose tingle; The foeman's fires are twinkling there; He leaps to hear our sabres jingle! HALT! Each carbine send its whizzing ball: Now, cling! clang! forward all,

Into the fight!

Dash on beneath the smoking dome: Through level lightnings gallop nearer! One look to Heaven! No thoughts of home: The guidons that we bear are dearer. CHARGE!

Cling ! elang ! forward all !

Heaven help those whose horses fall! Cut left and right!

They fice before our fierce attack 1 They fall they spread in broken surges! Now, comrades, bear our wounded back, And leave the foeman to his dirges. WHEL! The bugles sound the swift recall : Cling ! clang ! backward all ! Home, aud good-night ! EDWIND 'CLARKSEE STEDMAN.

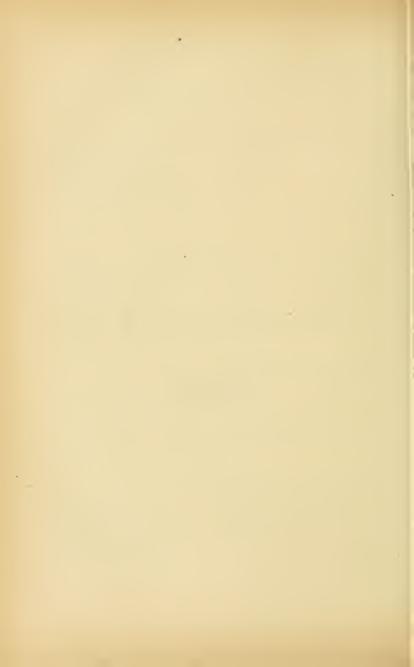
PART VII.

LEGENDARY

AND

BALLAD POETRY.





SIR PATRICK SPENS.

THE king sits in Dunfermline town, Drinking the blude-red wine: "Oh where will I get a skeely skipper To sail this ship of mine?"

Oh up and spake an eldern knight, Sat at the king's right knee: "Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor That ever sail'd the sea."

Our king has written a braid letter, And seal'd it with his hand, And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens, Was walking on the strand.

"To Noroway, to Noroway, To Noroway o'er the faem; The king's daughter of Noroway, 'Tis thou maun bring her hame!"

The first word that Sir Patrick read, Sae loud, loud laughèd he; The neist word that Sir Patrick read,

The tear blinded his e'e.

"Oh wha is this has done this deed, And tauld the king o' me,

To send us out at this time of the year, To sail upon the sea?

"Be't wind or weet, be't hail or sleet, Our ship maun sail the faem;

The king's daughter of Noroway, 'Tis we must fetch her hame.''

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn Wi' a' the speed they may; They hae landed in Noroway

Upon a Wodensday. They hadna been a week, a week

In Noroway, but twae,

When that the lords o' Noroway Began aloud to say:

"Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's goud And a' our queenis fee."

"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud! Fu' loud I hear ye lie!

"For I hae brought as much white monie As gane my men and me,—

And I hae brought a half-fou o' gude red goud

Out owre the sea wi' me.

"Make ready, make ready, my merry men a' !

Our gude ship sails the morn." "Now, ever alake! my master dear, I fear a deadly storm !

"I saw the new moon, late yestreen, Wi' the auld moon in her arm; And if we gang to sea, master,

I fear we'll come to harm."

They hadna sail'd a league, a league, A league, but barely three,

When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,

And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the topmasts lap, It was sic a deadly storm;

And the waves cam o'er the broken ship Till a' her sides were torn.

"Oh where will I get a gude sailor To take my helm in hand, Till I get up to the tall topmast

To see if I can spy land?" "Oh here am 1, a sailor gude, To take the helm in hand,

Till you go up to the tall topmast,— But I fear you'll ne'er spy land."

lle hadna gane 'a step, a step, A step, but barely ane,

When a boult flew out of our goodly ship, And the salt sea it came in.

"Gae fetch a web o' the silken claith, Another o' the twine,

And wap them into our ship's side, And let nae the sea come in."

They fetch'd a web o' the silken claith, Another o' the twine,

And they wapp'd them round that gude ship's side,

-But still the sea came in.

Oh laith, laith were our gude Scots lords To weet their cork-heel'd shoon! But lang or a' the play was play'd,

They wat their hats aboon,

And mony was the feather-bed That float'd on the faem; And mony was the gude lord's son

That never mair cam hame.

The ladyes wrang their fingers white,----The maidens tore their hair;

A' for the sake of their true loves,-For them they'll see nac mair.

Oh lang, lang may the ladyes sit, Wi' their fans into their hand, Before they see Sir Patrick Spens Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang may the maidens sit, Wi' their goud kaims in their hair,

A' waiting for their ain dear loves,— For them they'll see nac mair.

Half owre, half owre to Aberdour 'Tis fifty fathoms deep,

And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens Wi' the Scots lords at his feet. AUTHOR UNKNOWS.

THE HEIR OF LINNE.

PART FIRST.

LITTLE and listen, gentlemen, To sing a song I will beginne : It is of a lord of faire Scotlànd, Which was the unthrifty heire of Linne. His father was a right good lord, His mother a lady of high degree; But they, alas! were dead, him froe, And he lov'd keeping companie.

To spend the daye with merry cheare, To drink and revell every night, To card and dice from eve to morne, It was, I ween, his hearts delighte.

To ride, to runne, to rant, to roare, To alwaye spend and never spare, I wott, an' it were the king himselfe, Of gold and fee he mote be bare,

See fares the unthrifty Lord of Linne Till all his gold is gone and spent; And he maun sell his landes so broad, His house, and landes, and all his rent.

His father had a keen stewarde, And John o' the Seales was called hee: But John is become a gentel-man, And John has gott both gold and fee.

Saves, Welcome, welcome, Lord of Linne, Let naught disturb thy merry cheere; Iff thou wilt sell thy landes soe broad, Good store of gold He give thee heere.

My gold is gone, my money is spent; My lande nowe take it unto thee: Give me the golde, good John o' the Scales, And thine for aye my lande shall bee.

Then John he did him to record draw, And John he cast him a gods-pennite; But for every pounde that John agreed, The lande, I wis, was well worth three.

He told him the gold upon the borde. He was right glad his land to winne; The gold is thine, the land is mine, And now lie be the Lord of Linne.

Thus he hath sold his land soc broad, Both hill and holt, and moore and fenne, All but a poore and lonesome lodge, That stood far off in a lonely glenne.

For see he to his father hight.

My sonne, when I am gonne, sayd hee, Then thou wilt spend thy lande so broad, And thon wilt spend thy gold so free;

BGS

But sweare me nowe upon the roode, That lonesome lodge thou'lt never spend	Untill he came to lonesome lodge, That stood so lowe in a lonely glenne.
For when all the world doth frown on thee, Thou there shalt find a faithful friend.	¹ He lookèd up, he lookèd downe, In hope some comfort for to winne:
The heire of Linne is full of golde : And come with me, my friends, saya hee.	But bare and lothly were the walles. Here's sorry cheare, quo' the heire of Linne.
Let's drinke, and rant, and merry make, And he that spares, ne'er mote he thee.	No shimmering sunn here ever shone,
They ranted, drank, and merry made, Till all his gold it waxed thinne; And then his friendes they slunk away;	No halcsome breeze here ever blew. No chair, ne table he mote spye,
They left the unthrifty heire of Linne.	No cheerful hearth, ne welcome bed, Naught save a rope with renning noose,
He had never a penny left in his purse, Never a penny left but three, And one was brass, another was lead,	That dangling hung up o'er his head. And over it in broad letters, These words were written so plain to
And another it was white monèy. Nowe well-aday, sayd the heire of Linne,	see: "Ah! gracelesse wretch, hast spent thing
Nowe well-adaye, and woc is mee, For when I was the Lord of Linne, I never wanted gold nor fee.	all And brought thyself to penurie?
But many a trustye friend have I, And why shold I feel dole or care?	"All this my boding mind misgave, I therefore left this trusty friend : Let it now sheeld thy foule disgrace,
Ile borrow of them all by turnes, Soe need I not be never bare.	And all thy shame and sorrows end." Sorely shent wi' this rebuke,
But one, I wis, was not at home; Another had payd his gold away; Another call'd him thriftless loone, And bade him sharpely wend his way.	Sorely shent was the heire of Linne; His heart, I wis, was near to brast With guilt and sorrowe, shame and sinne.
Now well-aday, sayd the heire of Linne, Now well-aday, and woe is me; For when I had my landes so broad, On me they liv'd right merrilee.	Never a word spake the heire of Linne, Never a word he spake but three: "This is a trusty friend indeed, And is right welcome unto mee."
To beg my bread from door to door, I wis, it were a brenning shame : To rob and steal it were a sinne : To worke my limbs I cannot frame.	Then round his necke the corde he drewe, And sprang aloft with his bodie : When lo! the ceiling burst in twaine, And to the ground come tumbling hee.
Now Ile away to lonesome lodge, For there my father bade me wend: When all the world should frown on mee I there shold find a trusty friend.	Astonyed lay the heire of Linne, Ne knewe if he were live or dead : At length he look'd, and sawe a bille, And in it a key of gold so redd.
PART SECOND.	He took the bill, and lookt it on, Strait good comfort found he there:
Away then hyed the heire of Linne O'er hill and holt, and moor and fenne, 24	Itt told him of a hole in the wall,

Two were full of the beaten golde, The third was full of white monèy; And over them in broad letters These words were written so plaine to see: "Once more, my sonne, I sette thee clere;

Amend thy life and follies past; For but thou amend thee of thy life, That rope must be thy end at last."

And let it bee, sayd the heire of Linne; And let it bee, but if I amend: For here I will make mine avow,

This reade shall guide me to the end.

Away then went with a merry cheare, Away then went the heire of Linne;

I wis, he neither ceas'd ne blanne, Till John o' the Scales house he did winne.

And when he came to John o' the Scales. Upp at the speere then looked hee;

There sate three lords upon a rowe, Were drinking of the wine so free.

And John himselfe sate at the bord-head, Because now Lord of Linne was hee.

I pray thee, he said, good John o' the Seales,

One forty pence for to lend mee.

Away, away, thou thriftless loone; Away, away, this may not bee: For Christs curse on my head, he sayd, If ever I trust thee one pennle.

Then bespake the heir of Linne, To John o' the Scales wife then spake hee:

Madame, some almes on me bestowe, I pray for sweet saint Charitle.

Away, away, thou thriftless loone, I sweare thou gettest no almes of mee; For if we should hang any losel heere,

The first we wold begin with thee.

Then bespake a good fellòwe, Which sat at John o' the Scales his bord;

Sayd, Turn againe, thou heire of Linne; Some time thou wast a well good lord: Some time a good fellow thou hast been, And sparedst not thy gold and fee; Therefore He lend thee forty pence, And other forty if need bee.

And ever I pray thee, John o' the Scales, To let him sit in thy companie : For well I wot thou hadst his land, And a good bargain it was to thee.

Up then spake him John o' the Scales, All wood he answer'd him againe :

Now Christs curse on my head, he sayd, But I did lose by that bargàine.

And here I proffer thee, heire of Linne, Before these lords so faire and free,

Thoushalt have it backe again better cheape, By a hundred markes, than I had it of thee.

I drawe you to record, lords, he said. With that he cast him π gods-pennie : Now by my fay, sayd the heire of Linne, And here, good John, is thy monèy.

And he pull'd forth three bagges of gold, And layd them down upon the bord :

All woe begone was John o' the Scales, Soe shent he cold say never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold, He told it forth mickle dinne. The gold is thine, the land is mine, And now line againe the Lord of Linne.

Sayes, Have thou here, thou good fellowe, Forty pence thou didst lend mee : Now I am againe the Lord of Linne, And forty pounds I will give thee.

Ile make thee keeper of my forrest, Both of the wild deere and the tame; For but I reward thy bounteous heart, I wis, good fellowe, I were to blame.

Now welladay ! sayth Joan o' the Scales : Now welladay ! and woe is my life ! Yesterday I was Lady of Linne, Now Ime but John o' the Scales his wife.

Now fare thee well, sayd the heire of Linne; Farewell now, John o' the Scales, said hee: Christs curse light on me, if ever again I bring my lands in jeopardy.

AUTHOR UNENOWN.

Skipper Ireson's Ride.

OF all the rides since the birth of time, Told in story or sung in rhyme,— On Apuleius's Golden Ass, Or one-eyed Calendar's horse of brass, Witch astride of a human back, Islam's prophet on Al Bordk,— The strangest ride that ever was sped Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead ! Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart, Tarr'd and feather'd and carried in a a cart

By the women of Marblehead!

Body of turkey, head of owl, Wings a-droop like a rain'd-on fowl, Feather'd and ruffled in every part, Skipper Ireson stood in the cart. Scores of women, old and young, Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue, Push'd and pull'd up the rocky lane, Shouting and singing the shrill refrain :

- "Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
- Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips, Girls in bloom of cheek and lips, Wild-eyed, free-limb'd, such as chase Bacchus round some antique vase, Brief of skirt, with ankles bare, Loose of kerchief and loose of hair, With conch-shells blowing and fish-horn's twang.

Over and over the Mænads sang:

- "Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
- Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt

By the women o' Morble'ead !"

Small pity for him !—He sail'd away From a leaking ship, in Chaleur Bay,— Sail'd away from a sinking wreck, With his own town's-people on her deck! "Lay by! lay by!" they call'd to him. Back he answer'd, "Sink or swim ! Brag of your catch of fish again!" And off he sail'd through the fog and rain! Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart, Tarr'd and feather'd and carried in a cart

By the women of Marblehead!

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur That wreck shall lie for evermore. Mother and sister, wife and maid, Look'd from the rocks of Marblehead Over the moaning and rainy sea,— Look'd for the coming that night not be! What did the winds and sea-hirds say Of the ernel captain who sail'd away?—

Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart, Tarr'd and feather'd and carried in a cart

By the women of Marblehead!

Through the street, on either side, Up flew windows, doors swung wide; Sharp-tongned spinsters, old wives gray, Treble lent the fish-horn's bray. Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound, Hulks of old sailors run aground, Shook head, and fist, and hat, and cane, And crack'd with curses the hoarse refrain: "Here's Flud Oirson, for his horrd horrt, Torr'd an' fntherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt By the women o' Morble'cad !"

Sweetly along the Salem road Bloom of orchard and lilae show'd, Little the wicked skipper knew Of the fields so green and the sky so blne. Riding there in his sorry trim, Like an Indian idol glum and grim, Scarcely he seem'd the sound to hear Of voices shouting far and near: "Here's Flud Oirson, for his horrd horrt, Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt By the women o' Morble'ead !" "Hear me, neighbors !" at last he cried,—

"What is the shame that clothes the crient,— What is the shame that clothes the skin To the nameless horror that lives within ? Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck And hear a cry from a reeling deck!

FI	RESH	DE EN	CYCLO)PÆDIA	OF I	OETRY.
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The hand of God and the face of the dead !" Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart. Tarr'd and feather'd and earried in a eart By the women of Marblehead ! Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea Said, "God has touch'd him !- why should we?" Said an old wife mourning her only son, "Cut the rogue's tether and let him run !" So with soft relentings and rude excuse, Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose, And gave him a cloak to hide him in, And left him alone with his shame and sin. Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart, Tarr'd and feather'd and earried in a eart By the women of Marblehead. JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. +0+ HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX. I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he: I gallop'd, Direk gallop'd, we gallop'd all three: "Good speed !" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew ; "Speed !" echo'd the wall to us galloping through ; Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest, And into the midnight we gallop'd abreast. Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place; I turn'd in my saddle and made its girths tight, Then shorten'd each stirrup, and set the pique right, Rebuckled the check-strap, chain'd slacker the bit. Nor gallop'd less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near

- Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawn'd clear;
- At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
- At Duffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
- And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
- So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"
- At Aerschot, up leap'd of a sudden the sun,
- And against him the eattle stood black every one,
- To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
- And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last.

With resolute shoulders, each butting away

The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

- And his low head and crest, just one sharp car bent back
- For my voice, and the other prick'd out on his track ;
- And one eye's black intelligence,-ever that glance
- O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance !
- And the thick heavy spuine flakes which ave and anon
- His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.
- By Hasselt, Direk groan'd; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
- Your Roos gallop'd bravely, the fault's not in her;
- We'll remember at Aix-" for one heard the quick wheeze
- Of her chest, saw the stretch'd neck, and staggering knees,
- And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
- As down on her haunches she shudder'd and sank.

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Hate me and curse me,-I only dread

So we were left galloping, Joris and I, Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in	The LAMENTATION FOR CELIN.
the sky;	At the gate of old Granada, when all its bolts are barr'd,
The broad sun above laugh'd a pitiless laugh,	At twilight, at the Vega-gate, there is a trampling heard;
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;	There is a trampling heard, as of horses
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,	treading slow, And a weeping voice of women, and a
And "Gallop," gasp'd Joris, "for Aix is in sight!	heavy sound of woe. What tower is fallen? what star is set? what chief come these bewailing?
"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan	"A tower is fallen! a star is set!—Alas! alas for Celin!"
Roll'd neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;	Three times they knock, three times they cry,—and wide the doors they throw;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight	Dejectedly they enter, and mournfully they
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,	go; In gloomy lines they mustering stand beneath the hollow porch,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,	Each horseman grasping in his hand a
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.	black and flaming torch; Wet is each eye as they go by, and all around is wailing,—
Then I cast loose my buff coat, each hol- ster let fall,	For all have heard the misery,—"Alas! alas for Celin!"
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go helt and all,	Him yesterday a Moor did slay, of Bencer- raje's blood,—
Stood up in the stirrup, lean'd, patted his ear,	"Twas at the solemn jousting,—around the nobles stood;
Call'd my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;	The nobles of the land were by, and ladies bright and fair
Clapp'd my hands, laugh'd and sang, any noise, bad or good,	Look'd from their latticed windows, the hanghty sight to share :
Till at length into Aix Roland gallop'd and stood.	But now the nobles all lament,—the ladies are bewailing,—
And all I remember is, friends flocking round	For he was Granada's darling kuight,— "Alas! alas for Celin!"
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,	Before him ride his vassals, in order two by two,
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,	With ashes on their turbans spread, most pitiful to view;
As I pour'd down his throat our last meas- ure of wine,	Behind him his four sisters, each wrapp'd in sable veil,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)	Between the tambour's dismal strokes take
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.	up their doleful tale; When stops the muffled drum, ye hear their brotherless bewailing,

ROBERT BROWNING.

And all the people, far and near, cry,-"Alas! alas for Celin!"

with

Oh, lovely lies he on the hier, above the	When they had crown'd his head with
purple pall,	thornes,
The flower of all Granada's youth, the	And scourged him to disgrace,
loveliest of them all;	In scornfull sort they led him forthe
His dark, dark eyes are closed, his rosy lip	Unto his dying place,
is pale,	Where thousand thousands in the streete
The crust of blood lies black and dim upon	Beheld him passe along,
his burnish'd mail;	Yet not one gentle heart was there,
And evermore the hoarse tambour breaks	That pity'd this his wrong.
in upon their wailing,	Dethicition i none manifed him
Its sound is like no earthly sound,-" Alas!	Both old and young revilèd him,
alas for Celin !"	As in the streete he wente,
	And nanght he found but churlish tauntes,
The Moorish maid at the lattice stands,-	By every ones consente :
the Moor stands at his door;	His owne deare crosse he bore himselfe,
One maid is wringing of her hands, and	A burthen far too great,
one is weeping sore;	Which made him in the streete to fainte,
Down to the dust men bow their heads,	With blood and water sweat.
and ashes black they strew	Being weary thus, he sought for rest,
Upon their broider'd garments, of crim-	To ease his burthen'd soule,
son, green, and blue;	Upon a stone; the which a wretch
Before each gate the bier stands still,-	Did churlishly controule;
then bursts the loud bewailing,	And sayd, Awaye, thou King of Jewes,
From door and lattice, high and low,-	Thou shalt not rest thee here;
"Alas! alas for Celin!"	Pass on ; thy execution-place
Alas, alas for certify	Thou seest nowe draweth neare.
An old, old woman cometh forth when she	Thou seest howe drawers nearer
	And thereupon he thrust him thence;
hears the people cry, Her hair is white as silver, like horn her	At which our Saviour sayd,
	I sure will rest, but thou shalt walke,
glazèd eye;	And have no journey stay'd.
'Twas she that nursed him at her breast,	With that this cursed shoemaker,
that nursed him long ago:	For offering Christ this wrong,
She knows not whom they all lament, but	Left wife and children, house and all,
soon she well shall know!	And went from thence along.
With one deep shrick, she through doth	
break, when her ears receive their	Where after he had seene the bloude
wailing,-	Of Jesus Christ thus shed,
"Let me kiss my Celin, cre I die !- Alas!	And to the crosse his hodye nail'd,
alas for Celin l" (From the Spanish.)	Awaye with speed he fled,
JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.	Without returning backe againe
	Unto his dwelling-place,
+0+	And wandred up and downe the worlde,
THE WANDERING JEW.	A runnagate most base.
	At a standard and a standard and a standard a
WHEN as in faire Jerusalem	No resting could be finde at all,
Our Saviour Christ did live,	No ease, nor hearts content ;
And for the sins of all the worlde	No house, nor home, nor biding-place :
Ilis own deare life did give ;	But wandring forth he went
The wicked Jewes with scoffes and scornes	From towne to towne in foreigne landes,
Did dailye him molest,	With grieved conscience still,
That never till he left his life,	Repenting for the heinous guilt

Of his fore-passed ill.

That never till he left his life, Our Saviour could not rest.

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One :

Thus after some fewe ages past	If people give this Jew an almes,
In wandring up and downe;	The most that he will take
He much again desired to see	Is not above a groat a time :
Jerusalems renowne,	Which he, for Jesus' sake,
But finding it all quite destroyd,	Will kindlye give unto the poore,
He wandred thence with woe,	And thereof make no spare,
Our Saviours wordes, which he had spoke,	Affirming still that Jesus Christ
To verifie and showe.	Of him hath dailye care.
"I'll rest, sayd hee, but thou shalt walke."	
So doth this wandring Jew	He ne'er was seene to laugh nor smile,
From place to place, but cannot rest	But weepe and make great moane;
For seeing countries newe ;	Lamenting still his miseries,
Declaring still the power of Him,	And dayes forepast and gone :
Whereas he comes or goes,	If he heare any one blaspheme,
And of all things done in the east,	Or take God's name in vaine,
Since Christ his death he showes.	He telles them that they crucifie
Since Childring death ac buones.	Their Saviour Christe againe.
The world he hath still compast round	
And seene those nations strange,	If you had seene his death, saith he,
That hearing of the name of Christ,	As these mine eyes have done,
Their idol gods doe change :	Ten thousand thousand times would yee
To whom he hath told wondrons thinges	His torments think upon :
Of time forepast, and gone,	And suffer for his sake all paine
And to the princes of the worlde	Of torments, and all woes,
Declares his cause of moane :	These are his wordes and eke his life
	Whereas he comes or goes.
Desiring still to be dissolved,	AUTHOR UNKNOWN,
And yeild his mortal breath ;	
But if the Lord hath thus decreed,	
He shall not yet see death.	THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.
For neither lookes he old nor young,	'Twas in the prime of summer-time,
But as he did those times,	An evening calm and cool,
When Christ did suffer on the crosse	And four-and-twenty happy boys
For mortall sinners crimes.	Came bounding out of school :
He hath past through many a foreigne	There were some that ran and some that
place,	leapt,
Arabia, Egypt, Africa,	Like troutlets in a pool.
Grecia, Syria, and great Thrace,	Line croatiers in a poor.
And throughout all Hungaria,	A
Where Paul and Peter preached Christ,	Away they sped with gamesome minds,
Those blest apostles deare ;	And souls untouch'd by sin;
There he hath told our Saviours wordes,	To a level mead they came, and there They drave the wickets in :
In countries far and neare.	Pleasantly shone the setting sun
And Intels in Debaute	Over the town of Lynn.
And lately in Bohemia,	Over the town of Lynn.
With many a German towne;	
And now in Flanders, as 'tis thought,	Like sportive deer they coursed about,
He wandreth up and downe :	And shouted as they ran,—
Where learned men with him conferre Of those his lingering dayes,	Turning to mirth all things of earth
And wonder much to heare him tell	As only boyhood can;
Itis journeyes, and his wayes.	But the Usher sat remote from all,
and journeyes, and his wayes.	A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart, To eatch Heaven's blessed breeze ; For a burning thought was in his brow, And his bosom ill at ease : So he lean'd his head on his hands, and read The book between his knees. Leaf after leaf he turn'd it o'er, Nor ever glanced aside, For the peace of his soul he read that book In the golden eventide: Much study had made him very lean, And pale, and leaden-eyed. At last he shut the ponderous tome, With a fast and fervent grasp He strain'd the dusky covers close, And fixed the brazen hasp: "O God! could I so close my mind, And clasp it with a clasp !" Then leaping on his feet upright, Some moody turns he took,-Now up the mead, then down the mead, And past a shady nook,-And, lo! he saw a little boy That pored upon a book. " My gentle lad, what is't you read-Romance or fairy fable? Or is it some historic page, Of kings and crowns unstable?" The young boy gave an upward glance,-"It is 'The Death of Abel.'" The Usher took six hasty strides, As smit with sudden pain,-Six hasty strides beyond the place, Then slowly back again, And down he sat beside the lad, And talk'd with him of Cain; And, long since then, of bloody men, Whose deeds tradition saves, Of lonely folk cut off unseen, And hid in sudden graves, Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn, And murders done in caves; And how the sprites of injured men

Shrick upward from the sod,-

Ay, how the ghostly hand will point To show the burial clod, And unknown facts of guilty acts Are seen in dreams from God!

He told how murderers walk the earth, Beneath the curse of Cain, With crimson clouds before their eyes,

And flames about their brain : For blood has left upon their souls Its everlasting stain.

"And well," quoth he, "I know for truth, Their pangs must be extreme; Woe, woe, unntterable woe, Who spill life's sacred stream !

For why? Methought, last night I wrought A murder in a dream.

"One that had never done me wrong, A feeble man and old; I led him to a lonely field, The moon shone clear and cold: Now here, said I, this man shall die, And I will have his gold!

"Two sudden blows with ragged stick, And one with a heavy stone, One hurried gash with a hasty knife,— And then the deed was done: There was nothing lying at my foot But lifeless flesh and bone! "Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone, That could not do me ill, And yet 1 fear'd him all the more, For lying there so still;

There was a manhood in his look That murder could not kill!

"And lo! the universal air Seem'd lit with ghastly flame; Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes Were looking down in blame:

I took the dead man by his hand, And call'd upon his name !

"O God! it made me quake to see Such sense within the slain; But when I touch'd the lifeless clay, The blood gush'd out amain! For every clot, a burning spot Was scoreling in my brain!

" My head was like an ardent coal, My heart as solid ice;	A mighty yearning, like the first Fierce impulse unto crime !
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,	"One stern, tyrannic thought, that made
Was at the Devil's price: A dozen times I groan'd; the dead	All other thoughts its slave;
Had never groan'd but twice !	Stronger and stronger every pulse
Ŭ	Did that temptation crave,—
"And now, from forth the frowning sky,	Still urging me to go and see
From the heavens' topmost height, I heard a voice—the awful voice	The dead man in his grave!
Of the blood-avenging Sprite :	"Heavily I rose up, as soon
'Thou gnilty man ! take up thy dead	As light was in the sky,
And hide it from my sight!'	And sought the black accursed pool With a wild misgiving eye;
" I took the dreary body up,	And I saw the Dead in the river bcd,
And cast it in a stream,-	For the faithless stream was dry.
A sluggish water, black as ink,	"Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The depth was so extreme :	The dewdrop from its wing;
Is nothing but a dream !	But I never mark'd its morning flight,
	I never heard it sing:
"Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,	For I was stooping once again Under the horrid thing.
And vanish'd in the pool;	
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,	"With breathless speed, like a soul in
And wash'd my forehead cool,	chase, I took him up and ran ;—
And sat among the urchins young, That evening in the school.	There was no time to dig a grave
	Before the day began :
"Oh, Heaven! to think of their white	In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves
souls, And mine so black and grim!	I hid the murder'd man!
I could not share in childish prayer,	" And all that day I read in school,
Nor join in Evening Hymn:	But my thought was other where;
Like a Devil of the Pit I seem'd,	As soon as the midday task was done, In secret I was there :
'Mid holy Chernbim !	And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
"And peace went with them, one and all,	And still the corse was bare!
And each calm pillow spread;	"Then down I cast me on my face,
But Guilt was my grim Chamberlain That lighted me to bed;	And first began to weep,
And drew my midnight curtains round,	For I knew my secret then was one
With fingers bloody red!	That earth refused to keep :
" All night I lay in agony,	Or land or sea, though he should be Ten thousand fathoms deep.
In anguish dark and deep;	Ten thousand factions deep.
My fever'd eyes I dared not close,	"So wills the fierce avenging Sprite,
But stared aghast at Sleep:	Till blood for blood atones!
For Sin had render'd unto her	Ay, though he's buried in a cave, And trodden down with stones,
The keys of Hell to keep!	And years have rotted off his flesh,—
" All night I lay in agony,	The world shall see his bones !
From weary chime to chime, With one besetting, horrid hint,	"O Codt that have it have it d
That rack'd me all the time ;	"O God ! that horrid, horrid dream Besets me now awake !
, a set of the trace,	Locot in an analo.

Again—again, with dizzy brain, The human life I take; And my right red hand grows raging hot, Like Cranmer's at the stake.

" And still no peace for the restless clay, Will wave or mould allow;

The horrid thing pursues my soul,— It stands before me now !"

The fearful boy look'd up and saw Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep The urchin cyclids kiss'd,

Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn, Through the cold and heavy mist;

And Eugene Aram walk'd between,

With gyves upon his wrist.

THOMAS HOOD.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea, The ship was still as she could be; Her sails from heaven received no motion, Her keel was steady in the ocean.

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The waves flow'd over the Inchcape Rock; So little they rose, so little they fell, They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothok

Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;

On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung, And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surges' swell,

The mariners heard the warning bell, And then they knew the perilous rock, And bless'd the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay, All things were joyful on that day; The sca-birds scream'd as they wheel'd round,

And there was joyaunce in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen A darker speck on the ocean green; Sir Ralph the Rover walk'd his deck, And he fix'd his eye on the darker speck. He felt the cheering power of spring, It made him whistle, it made him sing, His heart was mirthful to excess, But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Incheape float; Quoth he, "My men, put on the boat, And row me to the Incheape Rock, And Fil plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lower'd, the boatmen row, And to the Incheape Rock they go; Sir Ralph bent over from the boat, And he cut the bell from the Incheape float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound, The bubbles rose and burst around; Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the rock

Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away, He scour'd the seas for many a day, And now, grown rich with plunder'd store, He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky, They cannot see the sun on high; The wind hath blown a gale all day, At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand; So dark it is they see no land. Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon, For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?

For methinks we should be near the shore." "Now, where we are I cannot tell,

But I wish I could hear the Incheape Bell."

They hear no sound, the swell is strong,

Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,

Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock,-

"O Death! it is the Incheape Rock."

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his huir, He cursed himself in his despair; The waves rush in on every side, The ship is sinking beneath the tide. But, even in his dying fear, One dreadful sound could the Rover hear, A sound as if, with the Inchcape Bell, The Devil below was ringing his knell. ROBERT SOUTHEY,

CUMNOR HALL.

THE dews of summer night did fall, The moon, sweet regent of the sky, Silver'd the walls of Cumnor Hall And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now naught was heard beneath the skies, The sounds of busy life were still, Save an unhappy lady's sighs, That issued from that lonely pile.

"Leicester," she cried, "is this thy love That thou so off has sworn to me, To leave me in this lonely grove, Immured in shameful privity?

"No more thou com'st with lover's speed, Thy once-beloved bride to see, But be she alive, or be she dead,

I fear, stern Earl, 's the same to thee.

"Not so the usage I received When happy in my father's hall; No faithless husband then me grieved, No chilling fears did me appall.

" I rose up with the cheerful morn, No lark more blithe, no flower more gay, And like the bird that haunts the thorn, So merrily sung the livelong day.

- " If that my beauty is but small, Among court ladies all despised,
- Why didst thou rend it from that hall, Where, scornful Earl, it well was prized?

"And when you first to me made suit, How fair I was you oft would say!

And, proud of conquest, pluck'd the fruit, Then left the blossom to decay.

"Yes! now neglected and despised, The rose is pale, the lily's dead, But he that once their charms so prized Is sure the cause those charms are fled. "For know, when sickening grief doth prey,

And tender love's repaid with scorn, The sweetest beanty will decay,— What floweret can endure the storm?

- "At court, I'm told, is beauty's throne, Where every lady's passing rare,
- That Eastern flowers, that shame the sun, Are not so glowing, not so fair.
- "Then, Earl, why didst thou leave the beds Where roses and where lilies vie,
- To seek a primrose, whose pale shades Must sicken when those gauds are by?

"'Mong rural heauties I was one, Among the fields wild flowers are fair; Some country swain might me have won,

- And thought my beauty passing rare.
- "But, Leicester (or I much am wrong), Or 'tis not beauty lures thy vows; Rather ambition's gilded crown Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

"Then, Leicester, why, again I plead (The injured surely may repine), Why didst thou wed a country maid,

When some fair princess might be thine?

"Why didst thou praise my humble charms,

And, oh! then leave them to decay? Why didst thou win me to thy arms, Theu leave to mourn the livelong day?

"The village maidens of the plain Salute me lowly as they go; Envious they mark my silken train,

- Nor think a countess can have woe.
- "The simple nymphs! they little know How far more happy's their estate;
- To smile for joy, than sigh for woe— To be content, than to be great.
- "How far less blest am I than them? Daily to pine and waste with care! Like the poor plant, that, from its stem Divided, feels the chilling air.
- "Nor, cruel Earl! can I enjoy The humble charms of solitude; Your minions proud my peace destroy, By sullen frowns or pratings rude.

"Last night, as sad I chanced to stray,	EDWARD, EDWARD.
The village death-bell smote my car;	QUHY dois zour brand sae drop wi' bluid,
They wink'd aside, and seem'd to say,	Edward, Edward?
'Countess, prepare, thy end is near?	Quhy dois zour brand sae drop wi' bluid?
	And quby sae sad gang zee, O?
"And now, while happy peasants sleep,	O, I hae kill'd my hanke sae guid,
Here I sit lonely and forlorn;	Mither, mither;
No one to soothe me as I weep,	O, I hae kill'd my hauke sae guid:
Save Philomel on yonder thorn.	
	And I had nae mair bot hee, O.
" My spirits flag-my hopes decay-	
Still that dread death-bell smites my	Zour haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,
ear;	Edward, Edward.
And many a boding seems to say,	Zour haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,
"Countess, prepare, thy end is near?"	My deir son I tell thee, O.
	O, I hae kill'd my reid-roan steid,
Thus sore and sad that lady grieved,	Mither, mither:
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear;	O, I hae kill'd my reid-roan steid,
And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,	That erst was sae fair and free, O.
And let fall many a bitter tear.	
	Zour steid was auld, and ze hae gat
And cre the dawn of day appear'd,	mair,
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,	Edward, Edward:
Full many a piercing scream was heard,	Zour steid was auld, and ze hae gat mair.
And many a cry of mortal fear.	Sum other dule ze drie, O.
The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,	O, I hae kill'd my fadir deir,
An aërial voice was heard to call,	Mither, mither:
And thrice the raven flapp'd its wing	O, I hae kill'd my fadir deir,
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall,	Alas! and wae is mee, O!
The mastiff howl'd at village door,	
The oaks were shatter'd on the green ;	And quhatten penance wul ze drie for
Woe was the hour-for never more	that,
That hapless Countess e'er was seen.	Edward, Edward? And quhatten penance will ze drie for that?
	My deir son, now tell me, O.
And in that manor now no more	Ile set my feit in zonder boat,
Is cheerful feast and sprightly ball;	Mither, mither;
For ever since that dreary hour	Ile set my feit in zonder boat,
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.	And Ile fare ovir the sea, O.
	Thu he fait offi the sea, of
The village maids, with fearful glance,	
Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall;	And quhat wul ze doe wi' zour towirs and
Nor ever lead the merry dance,	zour ha',
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.	Edward, Edward?
	And quhat wul ze doe wi' zour towirs and
Full many a traveller oft hath sigh'd,	zour ha',

And pensive wept the Countess' fall, As wandering onward they've espied The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall. WILLIAS YOLIUS MICKLE.

Mither, mither: Ile let thame stand til they down fa', For here nevir mair maun I bee, O.

That ware sae fair to see, O?

He let thame stand til they down fa',

And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and zour wife,	So, though the waves are raging white, I'll row you o'er the ferry."
Edward, Edward? And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and zour wife, Quhan ze gang ovir the sea, O? The warldis room, let thame beg throw	By this, the storm grew loud apace, The water-wraith was shricking; And, in the scowl of heaven, each face Grew dark as they were speaking.
life, Mither, mither: The warldis room, let thame beg throw life, For thame nevir mair wul I see, O.	But still, as wilder blew the wind, And as the night grew drearer, Adown the glen rode armèd men, Their trampling sonnded nearer.
And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither deir, Edward, Edward?	"Oh haste thee, haste !" the lady cries, "Though tempests round us gather, I'll meet the raging of the skies, But not an angry father."
And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither deir? My deir son, now tell me, O. The curse of hell frae me sall ze beir, Mither, mither : The curse of hell frae me sall ze beir,	The boat has left a stormy land, A stormy sea before her— When, oh, too strong for human hand, The tempest gather'd o'er her.
Sic counseils ze gave to me, O. AUTHOR UNKNOWN. LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.	And while they row'd, amidst the roar Of waters fast prevailing: Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore, His wrath was changed to wailing.
A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound, Cries, " Boatman, do not tarry ! And I'll give thee a silver pound To row us o'er the ferry."	For, sore dismay'd, through storm and shade, His child he did discover; One lovely arm she stretch'd for aid, And one was round her lover.
"Now, who be ye would cross Loch Gyle, This dark and stormy water?""Oh! I'm the chief of Ulva's isle, And this—Lord Ullin's daughter.	"" Come back ! come back !" he cried in grief, " Across this stormy water :
" And fast before her father's men, Three days we've fled together, For should he find us in the glen, My blood would stain the heather.	 And I'll forgive your Highland chief, My daughter! O my daughter!" 'Twas vain: the loud waves lash'd the shore,
"His horsemen hard behind us ride; Should they our steps discover, Then who will cheer my bonny bride When they have slain her lover?"	Return, or aid preventing: The waters wild went o'er his child, And he was left lamenting. THOMAS CAMPBELL.
Out spake the hardy Highland wight, " I'll go, my chief—I'm ready: It is not for your silver bright, But for your winsome lady:	THE DOWIE DENS OF YARROW. LATE at e'en, drinking the wine,
"And, by my word ! the bonny bird In danger shall not tarry ;	And ere they paid the lawing, They set a combat them between, To fight it in the dawing.

"Oh stay at hame, my noble lord! Oh stay at hame, my marrow! My cruel brother will you betray On the dowie houms of Yarrow."

"Oh fare ye weel, my ladye gaye ! Oh fare ye weel, my Sarah !

For I maun gae, though I ne'er return Frae the dowie banks o' Yarrow.''

She kiss'd his cheek, she kaim'd his hair, As oft she had done before, oh;

She belted him with his noble brand, And he's away to Yarrow.

As he gaed up the Tennies bank, I wot he gaed wi' sorrow,

Till, down in a den, he spied nine arm'd nien,

On the dowie houms of Yarrow.

"Oh come ye here to part your land, The bonnie forest thorough?

"I come not here to part my land, And neither to beg nor borrow;

I come to wield my noble brand, On the bonnie banks of Yarrow.

- "If I see all, ye're nine to ane; And that's an unequal marrow: Yet will I fight, while lasts my brand, On the bonnie banks of Yarrow."
- Four has he hurt, and five has slain, On the bonnie braes of Yarrow,

Till that stubborn knight came bim behind,

And ran his body thorough.

"Gae hame, gae hame, good brother John, And tell your sister Sarah,

To come and lift her leafn' lord; He's sleepin' sound on Yarrow."-

"Yestreen I dream'd a dolefn' dream : I fear there will be sorrow!

I dream'd I pu'd the heather green, Wi' my true love, on Yarrow.

"O gentle wind, that bloweth south, From where my love repaireth,

Convey a kiss from his dear mouth, And tell me how he fareth! " But in the glen strive armèd men; They've wronght me dole and sorrow;

They've slain—the comclicit knight they've slain—

He bleeding lies on Yarrow,"

As she sped down yon high, high hill, She gaed wi' dole and sorrow,

And in the den spied ten slain men, On the dowie banks of Yarrow.

She kiss'd his checks, she kaim'd his hair, She search'd his wounds all thorough;

She kiss'd them, till her lips grew red, On the dowie houms of Yarrow.

"Now hand your tongue, my daughter dear1

For a' this breeds but sorrow;

Pll wed ye to a better lord Than him ye lost on Yarrow."---

"Oh haud your tongue, my father dear! Ye 'mind me but of sorrow;

A fairer rose did never bloom Than now lies cropp'd on Yarrow." AUTHOR UNKNOWS.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

BUSK ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride, Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,

Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride, And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride? Where gat ye that winsome marrow?

- I gat her where I dare na weil be seen, Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.
- Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride,
 - Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow;

Nor let thy heart lament to leive,

Pn'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

- Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride?
- Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?

And why dare ye nae mair well be seen

Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?

Lang maun she weep, lang maun she,	Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the grass,
maun she weep, Lang maun she weep with dule and sor-	Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan,
row;	Fair haugs the apple frae the rock,
And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.	Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.
0	Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet
For she has tint her luver, luver dear,	flows Tweed,
Her luver dear, the eause of sorrow;	As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,
And I hae slain the comeliest swain, That eir pu'd birks on the Braes of Yar-	As sweet smells on its bracs the birk, The apple frae its rocks as mellow.
row.	The apple hac his focks as menow.
	Fair was thy luve, fair fair indeed thy
Why rins thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow,	luve,
reid?	In flow'ry bands thou didst him fetter;
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?	Tho' he was fair, and weil beluv'd again
And why yon melancholious weids	Than me he never luv'd thee better.
Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?	Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny
riang on the bonny binne of rantows	bride,
What's yonder floats on the rueful rueful	Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
flude?	Busk ye, and luve me on the banks of
What's yonder floats? Oh dule and sor- row !	Tweed,
Oh 'tis he the comely swain I slew	And think uae mair on the Braes of
Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.	Yarrow.
•	How can I busk a bonny bonny bride?
Wash, oh wash his wounds, his wounds in	How can I busk a boundy boundy brute?
tears,	How luve him upon the banks of Tweed,
His wounds in tears with dule and sor-	That slew my luve on the Braes of Yar-
row; Aud wrap his limbs in mourning weids,	row?
And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.	
	O Yarrow fields, may never never rain
Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters	Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover, For there was basely slain my luve,
sad,	My luve, as he had not been a lover.
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow ; And weep around in waeful wise	ing rate, as no near not been a roter.
His hapless fate on the Braes of Yar-	The boy put on his robes, his robes of
row.	green,
	His purple vest, 'twas my awn sewing :
Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless	Ah, wretched me! I little, little kenn'd
shield, My arm that wrought the deed of sor-	He was in these to meet his ruin.
row;	The boy took out his milk-white, milk-
The fatal spear that pierced his breast,	white steed,
His comely breast, on the Braes of Yar-	Unheedful of my dule and sorrow :
row.	But ere the toofall of the night
Did I not more than not to not to have 9	He lay a corps on the Braes of Yarrow.
Did I not warn thee, not to, not to luve? And warn from fight? but to my sor-	Much I rejoyced that waeful waeful day;
row	I sang, my voice the woods returning :
Too rashly bauld a stronger arm	But lang e'er night the spear was flown,
Thou mett'st, and fell'st on the Braes of	That slew my luve, and left me mourn-
Yarrow.	ing.

What can my barbarous barbarous father	THE BRAES O
do, But with his eruel rage pursue me? My luver's blood is on thy spear,	THY braes were bonny, When first on them I
How canst thou, barbarous man, then wooe me?	Thy braes how dreary, When now thy wave For ever now, O Yarro
My happy sisters may be, may be proud With eruel and ungentle scoffin', May bid me seek on Yarrow's Braes My luver nailèd in his coffin.	Thou art to me a stre For never on thy bank Behold my love, the
My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid, And strive with threat'ning words to muve me: My luver's blood is on thy spear,	He promised me a mill To bear me to his fat He promised me a little To squire me to his f He promised me a wed
How canst thou ever bid me luve thee? Yes, yes, prepare the bcd, the hed of luve, With bridal sheets my body cover, Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door, Let in the expected husband-lover.	The wedding-day was Now he is wedded to h Alas, his watery grav Sweet were his words w
But who the expected husband husband is? His hands, methinks, are bathed in slaughter: Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon Comes in his pale shroud, bleeding after.	My passion I as freel Clasp'd in his arms, I 1 That I should never Scarce was he gone, I s It vanish'd with a sh Thrice did the water-w And gave a dolefal g
Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down, Oh lay his cold head on my pillow; Take aff, take aff these bridal weids, And crown my careful head with wil- low.	His mother from the w With all the longing His little sister weeping The greenwood path (They sought him east
Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best be- luy'd, Oh could my warmth to life restore thee ! Yet lye all night between my breists, No youth lay ever there before thee.	west, They sought him all (They only saw the clou They only heard the
Pale, pale indeed, O luvely luvely youth 1 Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter : And lye all night between my breists; No youth shall ever lye there after.	No longer from thy win Thou hast no son, th No longer walk, thou hast no m No longer seek him eas
Return, return, O mournful mournful bride, Return, and dry thy useless sorrow :	And search no more For, wandering in the He fell a lifeless corp
Thy laver heeds none of thy sighs, He lyes a corps in the Braes of Yarrow, WILLIAM HAMILTON OF BANGOUR.	The tear shall never let No other youth shall Ull seek thy body in th And then with thee 1

F YARROW.

Yarrow stream, met my lover;

Yarrow stream. s his body cover!

w stream ! am of sorrow; shall 1

flower of Yarrow.

-white steed her's bowers;

page

ather's towers : ding-ring,-

fix'd to-morrow ;--s grave,

e, in Yarrow !

hen last we met : y told him ;

ittle thought

more behold him! aw his ghost ;

rick of sorrow ;

raith ascend. roan thro' Yarrow.

indow look'd of a mother; g walk'd

to meet her brother.

, they sought him

the forest thorough: d of night.

roar of Yarrow.

idow look-

ou tender mother ! ovely maid ;

ore a brother ! t or west,

the forest thorough : light so dark,

ose in Yarrow.

we my check, be my marrowe stream,

'll sleep in Yarrow.

--The tear did never leave her cheek, No other youth became her marrow; She found his body in the stream, And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow. JOIN LOGAN.

THE CHILD OF ELLE.

On yonder hill a castle standes With walles and towres bedight, And yonder lives the Child of Elle, A younge and comely knighte.

The child of Elle to his garden went, And stood at his garden pale, Whan, lo! he beheld fair Emmelines page Come trippinge downe the dale.

The Child of Elle he hyed him thence, Y-wis he stoode not stille, And soone he mette fair Emmelines page Come climbing up the hille.

Nowe Christe thee save, thou little foot-page, Now Christe thee save and see! Oh tell me how does thy ladye gave,

And what may thy tydinges bee?

My lady she is all woe-begone, And the teares they falle from her eyne; And aye she laments the deadlye feude Betweene her house and thine.

And here shee sends thee a silken scarfe Bedewde with many a teare,

And biddes thee sometimes thinke on her, Who loved thee so deare.

And here she sends thee a ring of golde, The last boone thou mayst have,

And biddes thee weare it for her sake, When she is layde in grave.

For, ah! her gentle heart is broke, And in grave soon must shee bee,

Sith her father hath chose her a new new love,

And forbidde her to think of thee.

Her father hath brought her a carlish knight,

Sir John of the north countraye,

And within three dayes shee must him wedde,

Or he vowes he will her slaye. 25

Nowe hye thee backe, thou little foot-page, And greet thy ladye from mee, And tell her that I her owne true love Will dye, or sette her free.

Nowe hye thee backe, thou little foot-page, And let thy fair ladye know

This night will I bee at her bowre-windowe,

Betide me weale or woe.

The boye he tripped, the boye he ranne, He neither stint ne stayd

Untill he came to fair Emmelines bowre, Whan kneeling downe he sayd,

O ladye, I've been with thy own true love, And he greets thee well by mee;

This night will be be at thy bowre-windowe,

And dye or sette thee free.

Nowe daye was gone and night was come, And all were fast asleepe, All save the ladye Emmeline,

Who sate in her bowre to weepe:

And soone she heard her true loves voice Lowe whispering at the walle,

Awake, awake, my dear ladyè, 'Tis I thy true love call.

Awake, awake, my ladye deare, Come, mount this faire palfraye; This ladder of ropes will lette thee downe,

Ile carrye thee hence awaye.

Nowe nay, nowe nay, thou gentle knight, Nowe nay, this may not bee;

For aye shold I tint my maiden fame, If alone I should wend with thee.

O ladye, thou with a knighte so true Mayst safely wend alone,

To my ladye mother I will thee bringe, Where marriage shall make us one.

"My father he is a baron bolde, Of lynage proude and hye; And what would he saye if his daughter Awaye with a knight should fly?

Ah! well I wot, he never would rest, Nor his meate should doe him no goode. Until he had slayne thee, Child of Elle, And seene thy deare hearts bloode."

O ladye, wert thou in thy saddle sette, And a little space him fro,	And ill it beseems thee a false churl's sonne
I would not eare for thy cruel father, Nor the worst that he could doe.	To earrye her hence to scorne."
O ladye, wert thon in thy saddle sette,	Nowe loud thon lyest, Sir John the knight, Nowe thou doest lye of mee;
And once without this walle, 1 would not care for thy cruel fathèr,	A knight mee gott, and a ladye me bore, Soe never did none by thee.
Nor the worst that might befalle. Faire Emmeline sighed, fair Emmeline	But light nowe downe, my ladye faire, Light downe, and hold my steed.
wept, And aye her heart was woe:	While I and this discourtcous knighte Doe trye this arduous decde.
At length he seized her lilly-white hand, And downe the ladder he drewe:	But light nowe downe, my deare ladyè,
And thriee he clasp'd her to his breste, And kist her tenderlie :	Light downe, and hold my horse; While I and this discourteous knight Doe trye our valour's force.
The teares that fell from her fair eyes Ranne like the fountayne free,	Fair Emmeline sigh'd, fair Emmeline wept,
Hee mounted himselfe on his steede so talle,	And aye her heart was woe, While 'twixt her love and the carlish
And her on a fair palfràye, And slung his bugle about his necke, And roundlye they rode awaye.	knight Past many a baleful blowe.
All this beheard her own damsèlle, In her bed whereas shee ley,	The Child of Elle hee fought soe well, As his weapon he waved amaine, That soone he had slaine the earlish knight
Quoth shee, My lord shall knowe of this, Soe I shall have golde and fee.	And layd him upon the plaine.
Awake, awake, thou baron bolde!	And nowe the baron and all his men Full fast approachèd nye :
Awake, my noble dame! Your daughter is fledde with the Child of Elle	Ah1 what may ladye Emmeline doe? 'Twere nowe no boote to fiye.
To doe the deede of shame.	Her lover he put his horne to his mouth, And blew both loud and shrill,
The baron he woke, the baron he rose, And call'd his merrye men all:	And soone he saw his owne merry men Come ryding over the hill.
"And come thon forth, Sir John the knighte, Thy ladye is carried to thrall."	"Nowe hold thy hand, thou hold baron,
Faire Emmeline scant had ridden a mile,	I pray thee hold thy hand, Nor ruthless rend two gentle hearts
A mile forth of the towne, When she was aware of her fathers men	Fast knit in true love's band. Thy daughter I have dearly loved
Come galloping over the downe :	Full long and many a day ; But with such love as holy kirke
And foremost came the earlish knight, Sir John of the north countrAye: "Nowe stop, nowe stop, thou false traitoure,	Hath freelye said wee may.
Now e stop, now e stop, thou have transure, Nor carry that ladye awaye.	Oh give consent shee may be mine, And bless a faithfull paire :

For she is come of hye lineage, And was of a ladye borne, My lands and livings are not small, My house and lineage faire :

My mother she was an earl's daughtèr, And a noble knyght my sire—" The baron he frown'd and turn'd away With mickle dole and ire.	He turned aside toward a Vassal's door, And "Bring another horse!" he cried aloud.
 Faire Emmeline sigh'd, faire Emmeline wept, And did all tremblinge stand : At lengthe she sprang upon her knee, 	"Another horse!"—That shout the Vassal heard, And saddled his best steed, a comely gray; Sir Walter mounted him; he was the
And held his lifted hand.	third
Pardon, my lorde and father deare,	Which he had mounted on that glorious
This fair yong knyght and mee:	day.
Trust me, but for the carlish knyght,	Joy sparkled in the prancing Courser's
I never had fled from thee.	eyes;
Oft have you call'd your Emmeline	The horse and horseman are a happy
Your darling and your joye;	pair;
Oh let not then your harsh resolves	But, though Sir Walter like a falcon
Your Emmeline destroye.	flies,
The baron he stroakt his dark-brown	There is a doleful silence in the air.
cheeke,	A rout this morning left Sir Walter's
And turn'd his heade asyde	Hall,
To whipe awaye the starting teare	That as they gallop'd made the echoes
He proudly strave to hyde. In deepe revolving thought he stoode, And mused a little space: Then raised faire Emmeline from the	roar; But horse and man are vanish'd, one and all; Such race, I think, was never seen he- fore.
grounde With many a fond embrace. Here take her, Child of Elle, he sayd, And gave her lillye white hand; Here take my deare and only child,	Sir Walter, restless as a veering wind, Calls to the few tired dogs that yet re- main : Blanch, Swift, and Music, noblest of their
And with her half my land: Thy father once mine honour wrongde In dayes of youthful pride;	kind, Follow, and up the weary mountain strain. The knight halloo'd, he cheer'd and chid
Do thon the injurye repayre	them on
In fondnesse for thy bride.	With suppliant gestures and upbraiding
And as thou love her, and hold her deare,	stern;
Heaven prosper thee and thine:	But breath and eyesight fail; and, one by
And nowe my hlessing wend wi' thee,	one,
My lovelye Emmeline.	The dogs are stretch'd among the moun-
Author Unknown.	tain-fern.
HART-LEAP WELL. THE Knight had ridden down from Wens-	Where is the throng, the tumult of the race? The bugles that so joyfully were blown?
ley Moor	This chase it looks not like an earthly
With the slow motion of a summer's	chase;
cloud;	Sir Walter and the Hart are left alone.

The poor Hart toils along the mountain-	I'll build a Pleasure-house upon this spot,
side;	And a small Arbor, made for rural joy;
I will not stop to tell how far he fled,	'Twill be the Traveller's shed, the Pilgrim's
Nor will I mention by what death he	eot,
died:	A place of love for Damsels that are coy.
But now the Knight beholds him lying	A cunning Artist will I have to frame
dead.	A basin for that fountain in the dell!
Dismounting, then, he lean'd against a	And they who do make mention of the
thorn,	same
He had no follower, Dog, nor Man, nor	From this day forth shall call it HART-
Boy:	LEAP WELL.
He neither crack'd his whip, nor blew his	
horn,	And, gallant Stag! to make thy praises known.
But gazed upon the spoil with silent joy.	Another monument shall here be raised;
Close to the thorn on which Sir Walter	Three several Pillars, each a rough-hewn
lean'd,	Stone,
Stood his dumb partner in this glorious	And planted where thy hoofs the turf
feat;	have grazed.
Weak as a lamb the hour that it is yean'd,	
And white with foam as if with cleaving	And, in the summer-time when days are
sleet.	long,
TT 11 11 11 TT store lefter and blds	I will come hither with my Paramour; And with the Dancers and the Minstrel's
Upon his side the Hart was lying stretch'd: His nostril touch'd a spring beneath a	song
hill.	We will make merry in that pleasant
And with the last deep groan his breath	Bower,
had fetch'd	
The waters of the spring were trembling	Till the foundations of the mountains fail My Mansion with its Arbor shall en-
still.	dure ;
	The joy of them who till the fields of
And now, too happy for repose or rest	Swale,
(Never had living man such joyful lot!), Sir Walter walk'd all round, north, south,	And them who dwell among the woods
and west,	of Ure!"
And gazed and gazed upon that darling	The have he must and left the Hert
spot,	Then home he went, and left the Hart, stone-dead.
	With breathless nostrils stretch'd above
And climbing up the hill (it was at least	the spring.
Nine roods of sheer ascent), Sir Walter	-Soon did the Knight perform what he
found	had said,
Three several hoof-marks which the hunted	And far and wide the fame thereof did
beast	ring.
Had left imprinted on the grassy ground.	Ere thrice the Moon into her port had
Sir Walter wiped his face, and cried, "Till	steer'd,
now	A Cup of stone received the living
Such sight was never seen by living	Well;
eyes :	Three Pillars of rude stone Sir Walter
Three leaps have borne him from this lofty	rear'd,
• brow	And built a house of Pleasure in the

Down to the very fountain where he lies. dell,

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And near the fountain, flowers of stature tall With trailing plants and trees were in-	I stood in various thoughts and fancies lost, When one, who was in Shepherd's garb
tertwined,— Which soon composed a little sylvan Hall,	attired, Came up the Hollow; him did I accost,
A leafy shelter from the sun and wind,	And what this place might be I then in- quired.
And thither, when the summer-days were long, Sir Walter led his wondering Paramour;	The Shepherd stopp'd, and that same story told
And with the Dancers and the Minstrel's song	Which in my former rhyme I have rehearsed.
Madç merriment within that pleasant Bower.	"A jolly place," said he, "in times of old,
The Knight, Sir Walter, died in course of time, -	But something ails it now; the spot is curst.
And his bones lie in his paternal vale.—	You see these lifeless Stumps of aspen
But there is matter for a second rhyme, And I to this would add another tale.	wood,— Some say that they are beeches, others elms,—
PART SECOND.	These were the Bower, and here a Mansion
THE moving accident is not my trade, To freeze the blood I have no ready arts;	stood, The finest palace of a hundred realms.
'Tis my delight, alone in summer shade, To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts.	The Arbor does its own condition tell; You see the Stones, the Fountain, and the Stream,
As I from Hawes to Richmond did repair, It chanced that I saw standing in a dell Three Aspens at three corners of a square,	But as to the great Lodge, you might as well Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream.
And one, not four yards distant, near a Well.	There's neither dog nor heifer, horse nor sheep,
What this imported I could ill divine,	Will wet his lips within that Cup of stone,
And, pulling now the rein my horse to stop, I saw three Pillars standing in a line,	And oftentimes, when all are fast asleep, This water doth send forth a dolorous
The last Stone Pillar on a dark hill-top.	groan. Some say that here a murder has been
The trees were gray, with neither arms nor head,	done, And blood cries out for blood; but for
Half wasted the square Mound of tawny green,	my part, I've guess'd, when I've been sitting in the
So that you just might say, as then I said, "Here in old time the hand of man hath been."	sun, That it was all for that unhappy Hart.
	What thoughts must through the Crea-
I look'd upon the hill both far and near; More doleful place did never eye survey;	ture's brain have pass'd! Even from the topmost Stone upon the
It seem'd as if the spring-time came not here.	Steep Are but three bounds; and look, sir, at
And Nature here were willing to de- cay.	this last;— Oh, Master! it has been a cruel leap!
	, stater i te das been a craer roup?

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For thirteen hours he ran a desperate race, And in my simple mind we cannot tell What cause the Hart might have to love this place, And come and make his deathbed uear	 She leaves these objects to a slow decay, That what we are, and have been, may be known; But at the coming of the milder day These monuments shall all he overgrown. One lesson, Shepherd, let us two divide, 	
the Well. Here on the grass perhaps asleep he sank, Lull'd by the Fountain in the summer- tide; This water was perhaps the first he drank When he had wander'd from his moth- er's side.	Taught both by what she shows, and what conceads, Never to blend our pleasure or our pride With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels." WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.	
In April here beneath the scented thorn	ROBIN HOOD AND ALLEN-A-DALE.	
He heard the birds their morning carols	COME listen to me, you gallants so free,	
sing,	All you that love mirth for to hear,	
And he, perhaps, for aught we know, was	And 1 will tell you of a bold outlàw,	
born	That lived in Nottinghamshire.	
Not half a furlong from that selfsame	As Robin Hood in the forest stood,	
spring.	All under the greenwood tree,	
Now, here is neither grass nor pleasant	There he was aware of a brave young man,	
shade,	As fine as fine might be.	
The sun on drearier Hollow never shone;	The youngster was clad in scarlet red,	
So will it be, as I have often said,	In scarlet fine and gay;	
Till Trees, and Stones, and Fountain, all	And he did frisk it over the plain,	
are gone."	And chaunted a roundelay.	
"Gray-headed Shepherd, thou hast spoken	As Robin Hood next morning stood	
well;	Amongst the leaves so gay,	
Small difference lies between thy creed	There did he espy the same young man	
and mine;	Come drooping along the way.	
This Beast not unobserved by Nature fell:	The searlet he wore the day before	
His death was mourn'd by sympathy di-	It was clean cast away;	
vine. The Being, that is in the clouds and air, That is in the green leaves among the groves, Maintains a deep and reverential care For the unoffending creatures whom He loves.	 Then stepped forth brave Little John, And Midge, the miller's son; Then stepped forth brave Little John, And Midge, the miller's son; Which made the young man bend his bow, When as he see them come. 	
The Pleasure-house is dust,—behind, be-	"Stand off! stand off!" the young man said,	
fore,	"What is your will with me?"	
This is no common waste, no common	"You must come before our master straight,	
gloom,	Under yon greenwood tree."	
But Nature, in due course of time, once	And when he came bold Robin before,	
more	Robin ask'd him courteously,	
Shall here put on her beauty and her	"Oh, hast thou any money to spare,	
bloom.	For my merry men and me?"	

" I have no money," the young man said, "Bnt five shillings and a ring;	And after him a finikin lass, Did shine like the glistering gold.
And that I have kept this seven long years, To have at my wedding.	"This is not a fit match," quoth Robin Hood,
" Yesterday I should have married a maid, But she was from me ta'en, And ehosen to be an old knight's delight,	"That you do seem to make here; For since we are come into the church, The bride shall choose her own dear."
Whereby my poor heart is slain."	Then Robin Hood put his horn to his
"What is thy name?" then said Robin Hood, "Come tell me, without any fail."	mouth, And blew blasts two or three ; When forr-and-twenty yeomen bold Came leaping over the lea.
" By the faith of my body," then said the young man,	And when they came into the churchyard,
"My name it is Allen-a-Dale." "What wilt thou give me," said Robin	Marching all in a row, The first man was Allen-a-Dale, To give bold Robin his bow.
Hood, "In ready gold or fee, To help thee to thy true love again, And deliver her unto thee?"	" This is thy true love," Robin he said, " Young Allen, as I hear say ; And you shall be married this same time,
"I have no money," then quoth the young	Before we depart away."
man, " In ready gold nor fee,	"That shall not be," the hishop he cried, "For thy word shall not stand;
But I will swear upon a book Thy true servant for to be."	They shall be three times ask'd in the church, As the law is of our land."
" How many miles is it to thy true love? Come tell me without guile."	Robin Hood pull'd off the bishop's coat,
"By the faith of my body," then said the young man, "It is but five little mile."	And put it upon Little John ; "By the faith of my body," then Robin said,
Then Robin he hasted over the plain ; He did neither stint nor lin,	"This cloth doth make thee a man."
Until he came unto the church Where Allen should keep his weddin'.	When Little John went into the quire, The people began to laugh;
"What hast thou here?" the bishop then	He ask'd them seven times into church. Lest three times should not be enough.
said ; "I prithee now tell unto me."	"Who gives me this maid?" said Little John,
"I am a bold harper," quoth Robin Hood, "And the best in the north country."	Quoth Robin Hood, "That do I; And he that takes her from Allen-a-Dale,
" Oh welcome, oh welcome," the bishop he said;	Full dearly he shall her buy."
"That music best pleaseth me." "You shall have no music," said Robin	And then having ended this merry wed- ding, The bride look'd like a queen ;
Hood, " Till the bride and bridegroom I see."	And so they return'd to the merry green wood,
With that came in a wealthy knight,	Amongst the leaves so green.

Which was both grave and old ;

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

BETH GÊLERT; OR, THE GRAVE OF THE GREYHOUND.

THE Spearmen heard the bugle sound, And cheerily smiled the morn, And many a brach and many a hound Obey'd Llewelyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast, And gave a lustier cheer : "Come, Gélert, come, wert never last

Llewelyn's horn to hear. "th! where does faithful Gêlert roam,

The flow'r of all his race? So true, so brave; a lamb at home, A lion in the chase!"

'Twas only at Llewelyn's board The faithful Gêlert fed :

He watch'd, he serv'd, he cheer'd his lord And sentinell'd his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless hound, The gift of royal John; But now no Gêlert could be found, And all the chase rode on.

And now, as o'er the rocks and dells The gallant chidings rise, All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells The many-mingled cries!

That day Llewelyn little loved The chase of Hart or Hare, And seant and small the booty proved, For Gélert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewelyn homeward hied : When, near the portal seat, His truant Gélert he espied Bounding his lord to greet.

But, when he gained his castle door, Aghast the chieftain stood : The hound all o'er was smear'd with gore, His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewelyn gazed with fierce surprise : Unused such looks to meet,

His fav'rite check'd his joyful guise, And crouch'd and lick'd his feet.

Onward in haste Llewelyn pass'd, And on went Gêlert too, And still, where'er his eyes he cast, Fresh blood-gouts shock'd his view.

O'erturn'd his infant's bed he found, With blood-stain'd covert rent; And all around, the walls and ground With recent blood besprent.

He call'd his child, no voice replied; He search'd with terror wild; Blood, blood he found on ev'ry side; But nowhere found his child.

"Hell-hound! my child by thee's devour'd!"

The frantic father cried; And to the hilt his vengeful sword He plunged in Gêlert's side.

His suppliant looks as prone he fell, No pity could impart; But still his Gélert's dying yell Pass'd heavy o'er his beart.

Aroused by Gölert's dying yell Some slumb'rer waken'd nigh : What words the parent's joy could tell To hear his infant's cry!

Conceal'd beneath a tumbled heap Il is hurried search had miss'd, All glowing from his rosy sleep, The cherub boy he kiss'd.

Nor seath had he, nor harm, nor dread : But the same couch beneath Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead, Tremendous still in death.

Ah, what was then Llewelyn's pain ! For now the truth was clear; His gallant hound the wolf had slain, To save Llewelyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewelyn's woe : "Best of thy kind, adieu !

The frantic blow, which laid thee low, This heart shall ever rue."

And now a gallant tomb they raise, With costly sculpture deckt; And marbles, storied with his praise,

- Poor Gêlert's bones protect.
- There never could the spearman pass, Or forester, unmoved ;

There oft the tear-besprinkled grass Llewelyn's sorrow proved.

And there he hung his sword and spear, And there as evening fell, In Fancy's ear he oft would hear Poor Gêlert's dying yell.

And till great Snowdon's rocks grow old, And cease the storm to brave, The consecrated spot shall hold The name of "Gêlert's Grave." WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER.

KATHARINE JANFARIE.

THERE was a may, and a weel-fared may, Lived high up in yon glen : Her name was Katharine Janfarie, She was courted by mony men.

Doun cam' the Laird o' Lamington, Doun frae the South Countrie; And he is for this bonnie lass, Her bridegroom for to be.

He ask'd no her father and mither, Nor the chief o' a' her kin ; But he whisper'd the bonny lass hersel', And did her favor win.

Doun cam' an English gentleman, Doun frae the English border; He is for this bonny lass, To keep his house in order.

He ask'd her father and mither, And a' the lave o' her kin ; But he never ask'd the lassie hersel' Till on her wedding-e'en.

But she has wrote a long letter, And seal'd it with her hand; And sent it away to Lamington, To let him understand.

The first line o' the letter he read, He was baith fain and glad; But or he has read the letter o'er, He's turn'd baith wan and sad. Then he has sent a messenger, To run through all his land; And four and twenty armèd men Were all at his command.

But he has left his merry men all, Left them on the lee; And he's awa' to the wedding-house,

To see what he could see.

They all rose up to honor him, For he was of high renown; They all rose up to welcome him, And hade him to sit down.

Oh mickle was the gude red wine In silver cups did flow; But aye she drank to Lamington, And fain with him would go.

"Oh come ye here to fight, young lord? Or come ye here to play? Or come ye here to drink gude wine Upon the wedding-day?"

"I come na here to fight," he said, "I come na here to play; I'll but lead a dance wi'the bonny bride, And mount and go my way."

He's caught her by the milk-white hand, And by the grass-green sleeve; He's mounted her hie behind himsel', At her kinsfolk spier'd na leave.

It's up, it's up the Couden bank, It's down the Couden brae; And aye they made the trumpet sound, "It's a' fair play!"

Now, a' ye lords and gentlemen That be of England born, Come ye na doun to Scotland thus, For fear ye get the scorn!

They'll feed ye up wi' flattering words, And play ye foul play ; They'll dress you frogs instead of fish Upon your wedding-day ! Autuon UNENOWS.

FAIR ANNIE OF LOCHROYAN.	"Awa', awa', ye ill woman!
() () a mill alma ma fair faut	You're nae come here for gude;
" On wha will shoe my fair foot,	You're but a witch, or a vile warlock,
And wha will glove my han'?	Or mermaid o' the flude."
And wha will lace my middle jimp Wi' a new-made London ban'?	
wit a new-made London ban :	"I'm nae a witch or vile warlock,
"Or wha will kemb my yellow hair	Or mermaiden," said she ;—
Wi' a new-made silver kemb?	"I'm but your Annie of Lochroyan;-
Dr wha'll be father to my young bairn,	Oh open the door to me!"
Till love Gregor come hame?"	
The love coregor come name.	"Oh gin ye be Annie of Lochroyan,
"Your father'll shoe your fair foot,	As I trust not ye be,
Your mother glove your han';	What taiken can ye gie that e'er
Your sister lace your middle jimp	1 kept your companie?"
Wi' a new-made London ban';	" Oh dinna ye mind, love Gregor," she
wi a new-made Dondon ban ,	savs,
"Your brethren will kemb your yellow	"Whan we sat at the wine,
hair	How we changed the napkins frac our
Wi'a new-made silver kemb;	necks?
And the King o' heaven will father your	It's nae sae lang sinsyne.
bairn,	
Till love Gregor come hame."	"And yours was gude, and gude enough,
	But nae sae gude as mine;
"Oh gin I had a bonny ship,	For yours was o' the cambric clear,
And men to sail wi' me,	But mine o' the silk sae fine.
It's 1 would gang to my true love,	
Sin he winna come to me!"	"And dinna ye mind, love Gregor," she
	says,
Her father's gien her a bonny ship,	"As we twa sat at dine,
And sent her to the stran';	How we changed the rings frae our fingers,
She's ta'en her young son in her arms,	And I can shew thee thine :
And turn'd her back to the lan'.	"And yours was gude, and gude enough,
She hadna been o' the sea sailin'	Yet nae sae gude as mine ;
About a month or more,	For yours was o' the gude red gold,
Till landed has she her bonny ship	But mine o' the diamonds fine.
Near her true love's door.	
	"Sae open the door, now, love Gregor,
The nicht was dark, and the wind blew	And open it wi' speed ;
eald,	Or your young son, that is in my arms,
And her love was fast asleep,	For cald will soon be dead,"
And the bairn that was in her twa arms	" Awa', awa', ye ill woman !
Fu' sair began to greet,	Gae frae my door for shame;
	For I hae gotten anither fair love-
Lang stood she at her true love's door,	Sae ye may hie you hame."
And lang tirl'd at the pin ;	
At length up gat his fause mother,	"Oh hae ye gotten anither fair love,
Says, "Wha's that wad be in?"	For a' the oaths ye sware?
"Oh it is Annie of Lochroyan,	Then fare ye weel, now, fanse Gregor:
Your love, come o'er the sea,	For me ye's never see mair!"
But and your young son in her arms;	Oh hooly, hooly gaed she back,
So open the door to me."	As the day began to peep;

She set her foot on good shipboard, And sair, sair did she weep.

- " Tak down, tak down the mast o' goud; Sct up the mast o' tree; Ill sets it a forsaken lady To sail sae gallantlie.
- "Tak down, tak down, the sails o' silk : Set up the sails o' skin ; Ill sets the outside to be gay,

Whan there's sic grief within !"

Love Gregor started frae his sleep, And to his mother did say:

" I dreamt a dream this night, mither, That maks my heart richt wae;

- " I dreamt that Annie of Lochroyan, The flower o' a' her kin,
- Was standin' mournin' at my door; But nane wad lat her in."
- "Oh there was a woman stood at the door, Wi' a bairn intill her arms;
- But I wadna let her within the bower, For fear she had done you harm."
- Oh quickly, quickly raise he up, And fast ran to the strand;

And there he saw her, fair Annie, Was sailing frae the land.

- And "Heigh, Annie !" and "How, Annie ! O Annie, winna ye bide?"
- But aye the louder that he cried "Annie," The higher rair'd the tide.
- And "Heigh, Annie!" and "How, Annie! O Annie, speak to me!"
- But aye the louder that he cried "Annie," The louder rair'd the sea.
- The wind grew loud, and the sca grew rough,

And the ship was rent in twain; And soon he saw her, fair Annie, Come floating o'er the main.

He saw his young son in her arms, Baith toss'd aboon the tide;

He wrang his hands, and fast he ran, And plunged in the sea sae wide.

He catch'd her by the yellow hair, And drew her to the strand; But cald and stiff was every limb, Before he reach'd the land.

Oh first he kist her cherry cheek, And syne he kist her chin : And sair he kist her ruby lips, But there was nae breath within.

Oh he has mourn'd o'er fair Annie, Till the sun was ganging down; Syne wi' a sich his heart it brast, And his saul to heaven has flown. Avrinor UXENOWS.

O'CONNOR'S CHILD;

OR,

"THE FLOWER OF LOVE LIES BLEEDING."

OH ! once the harp of Innisfail Was strung full high to notes of gladness; But yet it often told a tale Of more prevailing sadness. Sad was the note, and wild its fall, As winds that moan at night forlorn Along the isles of Fion-Gall, When for O'Connor's child to mourn, The harper told how lone, how far From any mansion's twinkling star, From any path of social men, Or voice, but from the fox's den, The lady in the desert dwelt ; And yet no wrongs, no fear she felt. Say, why should dwell in place so wild O'Connor's pale and lovely child?

Sweet lady ! she no more inspires Green Erin's hearts with beauty's power, As in the palace of her sires She bloom'd a peerless flower. Gone from her hand and bosom, gone, The royal brooch, the jewell'd ring, That o'er her dazzling whiteness shone, Like dews on lilies of the spring. Yet why, though fall'n her brother's kerne, Beneath De Bourgo's battle stern. While yet in Leinster unexplored, Her friends survive the English sword,-Why lingers she from Erin's host, So far on Galway's shipwreek'd coast? Why wanders she a huntress wild,-O'Connor's pale and lovely child ?

And, fix'd on empty space, why burn Her eyes with momentary wildness; And wherefore do they then return To more than woman's mildness? Dishevell'd are her raven locks; On Connocht Moran's name she calls; And oft amidst the lonely rocks She sings sweet madrigals. Placed midst the foxglove and the moss, Behold a parted warrior's cross! That is the spot where, evermore, The lady at her shieling door, Enjoys that, in communion sweet, The living and the dead can meet;

The hero of her heart is nigh. Bright as the bow that spans the storm, In Erin's vellow vesture clad.

A son of light, a lovely form, He comes and makes her glad :

For lo! to love-lorn fantasy,

Now on the grass-green turf he sits, His tassell'd horn beside him laid;

Now o'er the hills in chase he flits, The hunter and the deer a shade ! Sweet mourner ! these are shadows vain, That cross the twilight of her brain ; Yet she will tell you she is blest, Of Connocht Moran's tomb possess'd,

More richly than in Aghrim's bower, When bards high praised her beauty's power,

And kneeling pages offer'd up The morat in a golden cup.

" A hero's bride! this desert bower, It ill befits thy gentle breeding.

And wherefore dost thou love this flower To call 'My love lies bleeding '?"

"This purple flower my tears have nursed,---

A hero's blood supplied its bloom : I love it, for it was the first

That grew on Connocht Moran's tomb. Oh, hearken, stranger, to my voice ! This desert mansion is my choice ; And blest, though fatal, be the star That led me to its wilds afar. For here these pathless mountains free Gave shelter to my love and me ; And every rock and every stone Bore witness that he was my own. "O'Connor's child, I was the bud Of Erin's royal tree of glory ; But wee to them that wrapt in blood The tissue of my story ! Still, as I clasp my burning brain, A death-scene rushes on my sight ; It rises o'er and o'er again,-The bloody feud, the fatal night, When, chafing Connocht Moran's scorn, They call'd my hero basely born, And bade him choose a meaner bride Than from O'Connor's house of pride, Their tribe, they said, their high degree, Was sung in Tara's psaltery; Witness their Eath's victorious brand, And Cathal of the bloody hand,

Glory (they said) and power and honor Were in the mansion of O'Connor; But he, my loved one, bore in field A humbler crest, a meaner shield.

" Ah! brothers, what did it avail, That fiercely and triumphilatly Ye fought the English of the Pale, And stemm'd De Bourgo's chivalry? And what was it to love and me,

That barons by your standard rode, Or beal-fires for your jubilee

Upon a hundred mountains glow'd? What though the lords of tower and dome From Shannon to the North Sca form,— Thought ye your iron hands of pride Could break the knot that love had tied? No—let the cagle change his plume, The leaf its luce, the flower its bloom; But ties around this heart were spun That could not, would not, be undone !

"At bleating of the wild watch-fold, Thus sang ny love: 'Oh, come with me! Our bark is on the lake, behold ! Our steeds are fasten'd to the tree. Come fair from Castle Connor's clans, Come with thy belted forestere; And 1, beside the lake of swans, Shall hant for thee the fallow deer, And build thy hut, and bring thee home The wild-fowl and the honeycomb, And berries from the wood provide, And berries from the wood provide, And play my clarshech by thy side. Then come, my love !' How could I stay? Our nimble stag-hounds track'd the way.

And I pursued, by moonless skies, The light of Connocht Moran's eyes.

- "And fast and far, before the star Of day-spring, rush'd we through the glade,
- And saw at dawn the lofty bawn Of Castle Connor fade.
- Sweet was to us the hermitage

Of this unplough'd, untrodden shore; Like birds all joyous from the cage,

For man's neglect we loved it more. And well he knew, my huntsman dear, To search the game with hawk and spear; While I, his evening food to dress, Would sing to him in happiness. But oh, that midnight of despair! When I was doom'd to rend my hair,— The night, to me, of shrieking sorrow! The night, to him, that had no morrow!

- "When all was hush'd, at even-tide I heard the baying of their beagle.
- 'Be hush'd !' my Connocht Moran cried ; ''Tis but the screaming of the eagle.'

Alas! 'twas not the eyrie's sound; Their bloody bands had track'd us out;

Up listening starts our couchant hound,—

And hark ! again, that nearer shout Brings faster on the murderers. Spare—spare him! Brazil—Desmondfierce! In van !—no voice the adder charms; Their weapons cross'd my sheltering arms:

Another's sword has laid him low— Another's, and another's;

And every hand that dealt the blow— Ah me! it was a brother's. Yes, when his moanings died away, Their iron hands had dug the elay, And o'er his burial-turf they trod; And I beheld—O God! O God!— His life-blood oozing from the sod.

"Warm in his death-wounds sepulchred, Alas! my warrior's spirit brave

Nor mass nor ulla-lulla heard, Lamenting, soothe his grave.

Dragg'd to their hated mansion back, How long in thraldom's grasp I lay

I knew not, for my soul was black, And knew no change of night or day. Oue night of horror round me grew; Or if I saw, or felt, or knew, 'Twas but when those grim visages, The angry brothers of my race, Glared on each eyeball's aching throb, And check'd my boson's power to sob, Or when my heart, with pulses drear, Beat like a death-watch to my ear.

"But Heaven, at last, my soul's eclipse Did with a vision bright inspire: I woke, and felt upon my lips

A prophetess's fire.

Thrice in the east a war-drum beat,— I heard the Saxon's trumpet sound,

And ranged, as to the judgment-seat, My guilty, trembling brothers round.

Clad in the helm and shield they came; For now De Bourgo's sword and flame Had ravaged Ulster's boundaries, And lighted up the midnight skies. The standard of O'Connor's sway Was in the turret where I lay;

That standard, with so dire a look, As ghastly shone the moon and pale, I gave, that every bosom shook

Beneath its iron mail.

"'And go!' I cried, 'the combat seek, Ye hearts that unappalled bore The anguish of a sister's shrick, Go !--- and return no more ! For sooner guilt the ordeal brand Shall grasp unhurt, then ve shall hold The banner with victorious hand. Beneath a sister's curse unroll'd.' O stranger, by my country's loss ! And by my love! and by the cross! I swear I never could have spoke The curse that sever'd Nature's yoke, But that a spirit o'er me stood, And fired me with the wrathful mood; And frenzy to my heart was given, To speak the malison of Heaven.

"They would have cross'd themselves, all mute;

They would have pray'd to burst the spell;

But at the stamping of my foot, Each hand down powerless fell.

- 'And go to Athunree!' I cried,
- 'High lift the banner of your pride!

But know that where its sheet unrolls,

The weight of blood is on your souls!

Go where the havoe of your kerne Shall float as high as mountain-fern ! Men shall no more your mansion know; The nettles on your hearth shall grow;

Dead, as the green oblivious flood That mantles by your walls, shall be

The glory of O'Connor's blood ! Away ! away to Athunree ! Where, downward when the sun shall fall, The raven's wing shall be your pall : And not a vassal shall unlace The visor from your dying face !

"A bolt that overhung our dome, Suspended till my curse was given, Soon as it pass'd these lips of foam, Peal'd in the blood-red heaven. Dire was the look that o'er their backs The angry parting brothers threw ; But now, behold! like cataracts, Come down the hills in view O'Connor's plumed partisans; Thrice ten Kilnagorvian clans Were marching to their doom. A sudden storm their plumage toss'd, A flash of lightning o'er theau cross'd

And all again was gloom.

"Stranger, 1 fled the home of grief, At Connocht Moran's tomb to fall. I found the helmet of my chief, His bow still hanging on our wall, And took it down, and vow'd to rove This desert place a huntress bold; Nor would 1 change my buried love For any heart of living mould. No ! for I am a hero's child; T'll hunt my quarry in the wild;

And still my home this mansion make, Of all unheeded and unheeding;

And cherish, for my warrior's sake, 'The flower of love lies bleeding.'"

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

ETERNAL Spirit of the chainless Mind ! Brighest in dungeons, Liberty, thou art, For there thy habitation is the heart—

The heart which love of thee alone can bind;

- And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd-
 - To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom—
 - Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
- And freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.

Chillon1 thy prison is a holy place,

And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod

Until his very steps have left a trace,

Worn as if thy cold pavement were a sod, By Bonnivard !---May none those marks

efface !

For they appeal from tyranny to God.

I.

My hair is gray, but not with years, Nor grew it white

In a single night, As men's have grown from sudden fears; My limbs are bow'd, though not with toil, But rusted with a vile repose;

For they have been a dungeon's spoil, And mine has been the fate of those To whom the goodly earth and air Are bann'd and barr'd—forbidden fare. But this was for my father's faith I suffer'd chains and courted death. That father perish'd at the stake For tenets he would not forsake; And for the same his lineal race In darkness found a dwelling-place. We were seven, who now are one—

Six in youth, and one in age, Finish'd as they had begun,

Proud of Persecution's rage; One in fire, and two in field, Their belief with blood have seal'd: Dying, as their father died, For the God their foes denied. Three were in a dungeon cast, Of whom this wreek is left the last,

н.

There are seven pillars, of Gothic mould, In Chillon's dungeons deep and old; There are seven columns, massy and gray, Dim with a dull imprison'd ray, A sunbeam which hath lost its way,

And through the crevice and the eleft Of the thick wall is fallen and left; Creeping o'er the floor so damp, Like a marsh's meteor lamp: And in each pillar there is a ring,

And in each ring there is a chain; That iron is a cankering thing,

For in these limbs its tecth remain, With marks that will not wear away Till I have done with this new day, Which now is painful to these eyes, Which have not seen the sun so rise For years—I cannot count them o'er; I lost their long and heavy seore When my last brother droop'd and died, And I lay living by his side,

111.

They ehain'd us each to a column stone And we were three-yet each alone. We could not move a single pace; We could not see each other's face, But with that pale and livid light That made us strangers in our sight; And thus together, yet apart-Fetter'd in hand, but join'd in heart; 'Twas still some solace, in the dearth Of the pure elements of earth, To hearken to each other's speech, And each turn comforter to each With some new hope, or legend old, Or song heroically bold; But even these at length grew cold. Our voices took a dreary tone. An echo of the dungeon-stone,

A grating sound—not full and free, As they of yore were wont to be;

It might be faney—but to me They never sounded like our own.

IV.

I was the eldest of the three; And to uphold and cheer the rest I ought to do, and did, my best—

And each did well in his degree. The youngest, whom my father loved, Because our mother's brow was given To him—with eves as blue as heaven—

For him my soul was sorely moved; And truly might it be distress'd To see such bird in such a nest; For he was beautiful as day (When day was beautiful to me As to young eagles, being free), A polar day, which will not see A sunset till its summer's gone. Its sleepless summer of long light, The snow-clad offspring of the sun :

And thus he was as pure and bright, And in his natural spirit gay, With tears for naught but other's ills; And then they flow'd like mountain-rills, Unless he could assuge the woe Which he abhorr'd to view below.

v,

The other was as pure of mind, But form'd to combat with his kind; Strong in his frame, and of a mood Which 'gainst the world in war had stood, And perish'd in the foremost rank With joy; but not in chains to pine.

His spirit wither'd with their clank ;

I saw it silently decline-

And so, perchance, in sooth, did mine: But yet I forced it on to cheer Those relics of a home so dear.

He was a hunter of the hills,

Had follow'd there the deer and wolf; To whom this dungeon was a gulf, And fetter'd feet the worst of ills.

VI.

Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls. A thousand feet in depth below, Its massy waters meet and flow; Thus much the fathom-line was sent From Chillon's snow-white battlement,

Which round about the wave enthralls; A double dungeon wall and wave Have made—and like a living grave, Below the surface of the lake The dark vault lies wherein we lay; We heard it ripple night and day;

Sounding o'er our heads it knock'd; And I have felt the winter's spray Wash through the bars when winds were

high,

And wanton in the happy sky;

And then the very rock hath rocked, And I have felt it shake, unshoek'd, Because I could have smiled to see The death that would have set me free.

VII.

I said my nearer brother pined; I said his mighty heart declined. He loathed and put away his food ; It was not that 'twas coarse and rude, For we were used to hunter's fare. And for the like had little care, The milk drawn from the mountain-goat Was changed for water from the moat : Our bread was such as captives' tears Have moisten'd many a thousand years, Since man first pent his fellow-men. Like brutes, within an iron den. But what were these to us or him? These wasted not his heart or limb ; My brother's soul was of that mould Which in a palace had grown cold, Had his free breathing been denied The range of the steep mountain's side. But why delay the truth ?-he died. I saw, and could not hold his head, Nor reach his dying hand-nor dead, Though hard I strove, but strove in vain, To rend and gnash my bonds in twain. He died-and they unlock'd his chain, And scoop'd for him a shallow grave Even from the cold earth of our cave. I begg'd them, as a boon, to lay His corse in dust whereon the day Might shine-it was a foolish thought : But then within my brain it wrought, That even in death his freeborn breast In such a dungeon could not rest. I might have spared my idle praver-They coldly laugh'd, and laid him there, The flat and turfless earth above The being we so much did love; His empty chain above it leant-Such murder's fitting monument l

VIII.

But he, the favorite and the flower, Most cherish'd since his natal hour, His mother's image in fair face, The infant love of all his race, His martyr'd father's dearest thought, My latest care—for whom I sought To hoard my life, that his might be Less wretched now, and one day free— He, too, who yet had held untired A spirit natural or inspiredHe, too, was struck, and day by day Was wither'd on the stalk away. O God! it is a fearful thing To see the human soul take wing In any shape, in any mood : I've seen it rushing forth in blood ; I've seen it on the breaking ocean Strive with a swoln, convulsive motion: I've seen the sick and ghastly bed Of sin, delirious with its dread; But these were horrors-this was woe Unmix'd with such-but sure and slow. He faded, and so calm and meek, So softly worn, so sweetly weak. So tearless, yet so tender-kind, And grieved for those he left behind : With all the while a check whose bloom Was as a mockery of the tomb, Whose tints as gently sunk away As a departing rainbow's ray-An eye of most transparent light, That almost made the dungeon bright, And not a word of murmur, not A groan o'er his untimely lot-A little talk of better days. A little hope my own to raise : For I was sunk in silence-lost In this last loss, of all the most ; And then the sighs he would suppress Of fainting Nature's feebleness, More slowly drawn, grew less and less, I listen'd, but I could not hear-I call'd, for I was wild with fear; I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread Would not be thus admonished : I call'd, and thought I heard a sound-I burst my chain with one strong bound, And rush'd to him : I found him not, I only stirr'd in this black spot, I only lived-1 only drew The accursed breath of dungeon-dew; The last, the sole, the dearest link Between me and the eternal brink, Which bound me to my failing race, Was broken in this fatal place. One on the earth and one beneath-My brothers-both had ceased to breathe, I took that hand which lay so still-Alas! my own was full as chill: I had not strength to stir or strive. But felt that I was still aliveA frantic feeling, when we know That what we love shall ne'er be so. I know not why I could not die, I had no earthly hope—but faith,

· And that forbade a selfish death.

IX.

What next befell me then and there I know not well—I never knew. First came the loss of light and air,

And then of darkness too. I had no thought, no feeling-none : Among the stones I stood a stone; And was, scarce conscious what I wist, As shrubless crags within the mist; For all was blank, and bleak, and gray; It was not night-it was not day ; It was not even the dungeon-light, So hateful to my heavy sight; But vacancy absorbing space, And fixedness, without a place; There were no stars, no earth, no time, No check, no change, no good, no crime; But silence, and a stirless breath, Which neither was of life nor death; A sea of stagnant idleness, Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless!

х.

A light broke in upon my brain— It was the carol of a bird;

It ceased, and then it came again-The sweetest song ear ever heard :

In a sweetest song ear ever neard; And mine was thankful till my eyes Ran over with the glad surprise, And they that moment could not see I was the mate of misery; But then by dull degrees came back My senses to their wonted track: I saw the dungeon walls and floor Close slowly round me as before; I saw the glimmer of the sun Creeping as it before had done; But through the crevice where it came That bird was perch'd as fond and tame,

And tamer than upon the tree— A lovely bird with azure wings,

And song that said a thousand things, And seem'd to say them all for me! I never saw its like before—

I ne'er shall see its likeness more. 26

It seem'd, like me, to want a mate, But was not half so desolate; And it was come to love me when None lived to love me so again, And, cheering from my dungeon's brink, Had brought me back to feel and think. I know not if it late were free, Or broke its cage to perch on mine; But knowing well captivity, Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine-Or if it were, in winged guise, A visitant from Paradise; For-Heaven forgive that thought! the while Which made me both to weep and smile; I sometimes deem'd that it might be My brother's soul come down to me; But then at last away it flew, And then 'twas mortal well I knew; For he would never thus have flown, And left me twice so doubly lone-Lone as the corse within its shroud, Lone as a solitary cloud, A single cloud on a sunny day,

A single cloud on a sunny day, While all the rest of heaven is clear, A frown upon the atmosphere, That hath no business to appear

When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

XI.

A kind of change came in my fate-My keepers grew compassionate. I know not what had made them so-They were inured to sights of woe; But so it was-my broken chain With links unfasten'd did remain; And it was liberty to stride Along my cell from side to side. And up and down, and then athwart, And tread it over every part; And round the pillars one by one, Returning where my walk begun-Avoiding only, as I trod, My brothers' graves without a sod; For if I thought with heedless tread My step profaned their lowly bed, My breath came gaspingly and thick, And my crush'd heart fell blind and sick.

XII.

I made a footing in the wall: It was not therefrom to escape,

For I had buried one and all Who loved me in a human shape; And the whole earth would henceforth be A wider prision unto me; No child, no sire, no kin had I, No partner in my misery. I thought of this, and I was glad, For thought of them had made me mad; But I was curious to ascend To my barr'd windows, and to bend Once more upon the mountains high The quiet of a loving eye.

XIII.

I saw them—and they were the same; They were not changed, like me, in frame; I saw their thousand years of snow On high—their wide, long lake below, And the blue Rhone in fullest flow; I heard the torrents leap and gush O'er channell'd rock and broken bush; I saw the white-wall'd distant town, And whiter sails go skimming down; And then there was a little isle, Which in my very face did smile—

The only one in view; A small, green isle, it seen'd no more, Scarce broader than my dungeon-floor; But in it there were three tall trees, And o'er it blew the mountain-breeze, And by it there were waters flowing. And on it there were young flow'rs growing

Of gentle breath and hue. The fish swam by the castle-wall, And they seem'd joyous, each and all; The eagle rode the rising blast-Methought he never flew so fast As then to me he seem'd to fly: And then new tears came in my eye, And I felt troubled, and would fain I had not left my recent chain; And when I did descend again The darkness of my dim abode Fell on me as a heavy load; It was as is a new-dug grave, Closing o'er one we sought to save ; And yet my glance, too much oppress'd, Had almost need of such a rest.

XIV.

It might be months, or years, or days-I kept no count, I took no note1 had no hope my eyes to raise, And clear them of their dreary mote; At last men came to set me free,

I ask'd not why, and reck'd not where; It was at length the same to me, Fetter'd or fetterless to be;

I learn'd to love despair. And thus, when they appear'd at last, And all my bonds aside were cast, These heavy walls to me had grown A hermitage-and all my own ! And half I felt as they were come To tear me from a second home. With spiders I had friendship made, And watch'd them in their sullen trade: Had seen the mice by moonlight play; And why should I feel less than they? We were all inmates of one place, And I, the monarch of each race. Had power to kill; vet, strange to tell! In quiet we had learn'd to dwell. My very chains and I grew friends, So much a long communion tends To make us what we are :- even I Regain'd my freedom with a sigh. LORD BYRON.

FAIR HELEN.

I WISH I were where Helen lies; Night and day on me she cries; Oh that I were where Helen lies, On fair Kirconnell lea!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought, And curst the hand that fired the shot, When in my arms burd Helen dropt, And died to succor me!

Oh think na but my heart was sair, When my love dropt down and spak nae mair!

I laid her down wi' meikle care, On fair Kirconnell lea.

As I went down the water-side, None but my foe to be my guide— None but my foe to be my guide, On fair Kirconnell lea—

I lighted down my sword to draw;

I hucked him in pieces sma'-

I hackèd him in pieces sma', For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare, I'll make a garland of thy hair Shall bind my heart for evermair, Until the day I die!

Oh that I were where Helen lies! Night and day on me she cries; Out of my bed she bids me rise— Says, "Haste and come to me!"

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste! If I were with thee I were blest, Where thon lies low, and takes thy rest, On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish my grave were growing green, A winding-sheet drawn ower my cen, And I in Helen's arms lying, On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish I were where Helen lies! Night and day on me she cries; And I am weary of the skies, Since my love died for me.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

HELEN OF KIRKCONNELL.

I WISH I were where Helen lies, For night and day on me she cries; And, like an angel, to the skies Still seems to beckon me ! For me she lived, for me she sigh'd, For me she wish'd to be a bride; For me in life's sweet morn she died On fair Kirkconnell-Lee !

Where Kirtle waters gently wind, As Helen on my arm reclined, A rival with a ruthless mind Took deadly aim at me:

My love, to disappoint the foe, Rnsh'd in between me and the blow; And now her corse is lying low On fair Kirkconnell-Lee!

Though Heaven forbids my wrath to swell, I enrse the hand by which she fell— The fiend who made my heaven a hell,

And tore my love from me ! For if, where all the graces shine— Oh, if on earth there's aught divine, My Helen! all these charms were thine— They centred all in thee! Ah, what avails it that, amain, I clove the assassin's head in twain? No peace of mind, my Helen slain, No resting-place for me: I see her spirit in the air— I hear the shrick of wild despair, When Murder laid her bosom bare On fair Kirkconnell-Lee l

Oh ! when I'm sleeping in my grave, And o'er my head the rank weeds wave, May He who life and spirit gave Unite my love and me !

Then from this world of doubts and sighs, My soul on wings of peace shall rise; And, joining Helen in the skies,

Forget Kirkconnell-Lee!

JOHN MAYNE.

ROSABELLE.

OH listen, listen, ladies gay! No haughty feat of arms I tell; Soft is the note, and sad the lay That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

"Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew, And, gentle lady, deign to stay! Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,

Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

- "The blackening wave is edged with white;
 - To inch and rock the sea-mews fly;

The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite, Whose screams forbode that wreck is nigh.

"Last night the gifted seer did view A wet shroud swathed round lady gay; Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch; Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?"

"'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir To-night at Roslin leads the ball, But that my lady-mother there Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

"'Tis not because the ring they ride, And Lindesay at the ring rides well, But that my sire the wine will chide If 'tis not fill'd by Rosabelle."

--O'er Roslin all that dreary night A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam; 'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light, And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's eastled rock, It ruddled all the copse-wood glen; 'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak, And seen from eavern'd Hawthornden,

Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud Where Rostin's chiefs uncoffin'd lic, Each baron, for a sable shroud, Sheath'd in his iron panoply.

Seem'd all on fire within, around, Deep sacristy and altar's pale; Shone every pillar foliage-bound, And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high, Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair— So still they blaze, when fate is nigh The lordly line of high Saint Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold Lie buried within that proud chapelle; Each one the holy vault doth hold, But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each Saint Clair was buried there With candle, with book, and with knell;

But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung

The dirge of lovely Rosabelle. SIR WALTER SCOTT.

MARY, THE MAID OF THE INN.

WHO is yonder poor maniae, whose wildly-fix'd eyes

Seem a heart overcharged to express?

- She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs;
- She never complains, but her silence implies

The composure of settled distress.

- No pity she looks for, no alms doth she seek,
- Nor for raiment nor food doth she care; Through her tatters the winds of the win-
- ter hlow bleak On that wither'd breast, and her weatherworn cheek

Hath the hue of a mortal despair.

Yet cheerful and happy, nor distant the day,

Poor Mary the Maniac hath been ;

- The traveller remembers, who journey'd this way,
- No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay, As Mary the Maid of the Inn.
- Her cheerful address fill'd the guests with delight,

As she welcomed them in with a smile;

- Her heart was a stranger to childish affright,
- And Mary would walk by the Abbey at night

When the wind whistled down the dark aisle.

She loved, and young Richard had settled the day,

And she hoped to be happy for life,

- But Richard was idle and worthless, and they
- Who knew him would pity poor Mary, and say

That she was too good for his wife.

'Twas in autumn, and stormy and dark was the night,

And fast were the windows and door;

- Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burnt bright,
- And smoking in silence with tranquil delight

They listen'd to hear the wind roar.

"'Tis pleasant," cried one, "seated by the fireside,

To hear the wind whistle without."

- "What a night for the Abbey !" his comrade replied,
- "Methinks a man's courage would now be well tried

Who should wander the ruins about.

"1 myself, like a schoolboy, should tremble to hear

The hoarse ivy shake over my head,

And could fancy I saw, half persuaded by fear,

Some ngly old abbot's grim spirit appear, For this wind might awaken the dead."







"I'll wager a dinner," the other one cried,

"That Mary would venture there now."

- "Then wager and lose," with a sneer he replied;
- "I'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her side,

And faint if she saw a white cow."

"Will Mary this charge on her courage allow?"

His companion exclaim'd with a smile;

- "I shall win, for I know she will venture there now,
- And earn a new bonnet by bringing a hough

From the elder that grows in the aisle."

With fearless good-humor did Mary comply,

And her way to the Abbey she bent;

- The night was dark, and the wind was high,
- And as hollowly howling it swept through the sky,

She shiver'd with cold as she went.

- O'er the path so well known still proceeded the maid.
 - Where the Abbey rose dim on the sight,
- Through the gateway she enter'd, she felt not afraid,
- Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their shade
 - Seem'd to deepen the gloom of the night.
- All around her was silent, save when the rude blast

Howl'd dismally round the old pile;

- Over weed-cover'd fragments she fearlessly pass'd,
- And arrived at the innermost ruin at last Where the elder tree grew in the aisle.
- Well pleased did she reach it, and quickly drew near,

And hastily gather'd the bough ;

- When the sound of a voice seem'd to rise on her ear,
- She paused, and she listen'd intently, in fear,

And her heart panted painfully now.

- The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook over her head,
- She listen'd, . . . naught else could she hear;
- The wind fell; her heart sunk in her bosom with dread,
- For she heard in the ruins distinctly the tread

Of footsteps approaching her near.

Behind a wide column, half breathless with fear,

She crept to conceal herself there:

- That instant the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear,
- And she saw in the moonlight two ruffians appear,

And between them a corpse did they bear.

Then Mary could feel her heart-blood curdle cold;

Again the rough wind hurried by, . . .

It blew off the hat of the one, and behold

Even close to the feet of poor Mary it roll'd, . . .

She felt, and expected to die.

"Curse the hat!" he exclaims. "Nay, come on till we hide

"The dead body," his comrade replies.

- She beholds them in safety pass on by hcr side,
- She seizes the hat, fear her courage supplied, And fast through the Abbey she flies.
- She ran with wild speed, she rush'd in at the door,

She gazed in her terror around,

- Then her limbs could support their faint burthen no more,
- And exhausted and breathless she sank on the floor,

Unable to utter a sound.

Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart,

For a moment the hat met her view ; . . .

- Her eyes from that object convulsively start,
- For . . . what a cold horror then thrilled through her heart
 - When the name of her Richard she knew!

Where the old Abbey stands, on the common hard by,

His gibbet is now to be seen;

- His irons you still from the road may espy;
- The traveller beholds them, and thinks with a sigh

Of poor Mary, the Maid of the Inn. ROBERT SOUTHEY.

GLENLOGIE.

- THREESCORE o' nobles rade up the king's ha'.
- But bonnie Glenlogie's the flower o' them a',
- Wi' his milk-white steed and his bonnie black e'e,
- "Glenlogie, dear mither, Glenlogie for me!"
- " Oh, haud your tongue, daughter, ye'll get better than he."

" Oh, say nae sae, mither, for that canna be; Though Doumlie is richer and greater than

he, Yet if I maun tak him, I'll certainly dee.

- "Where will I get a bonnie boy, to win hose and shoon,
- Will gae to Glenlogie, and come again soon?"
- "Oh, here am I, a bonnie boy, to win hose and shoon,
- Will gae to Glenlogie, and come again soon."
- When he gaed to Glenlogie, 'twas " Wash and go dine;"
- 'Twas "Wash ye, my pretty hoy, wash and go dine."
- "Oh, 'twas ne'er my father's fashion, and it ne'er shall be mine

To gar a lady's errand wait till I dine.

- "But there is, Glenlogie, a letter for thee." The first line that he read, a low laugh
- gave he; The next line that he read, the tear blindit his e'e:

But the last line that he read, he gart the table flee.

- "Gar saddle the black horse, gar saddle the brown;
- Gar saddle the swiftest steed e'er rade frae a town:"
- But lang ere the horse was drawn and brought to the green,
- Oh, bonnie Glenlogie was twa mile his lane.
- When he came to Glenfeldy's door, little mirth was there;

Bonnie Jean's mother was tearing her hair.

- "Ye're welcome, Glenlogie, ye're welcome," said she,--
- " Ye're welcome, Glenlogie, your Jeanie to see."
- Pale and wan was she when Glenlogie gaed ben,
- But red and rosy grew she whene'er he sat down;
- She turn'd awa' her head, but the smile was in her e'e,
- "Oh, binna fear'd, mither, I'll maybe no dce."

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

GINEVRA.

IF thou shouldst ever come by choice or chance

To Modena, where still religiously

Among her ancient trophies is preserved

Bologna's bucket (in its chain it hangs

- Within that reverend tower, the Guirlandine)
- Stop at a Palace near the Reggio gate,
- Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.

Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,

And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,

- Will long detain thee; thro' their arched walks.
- Dim at noonday, discovering many a glimpse
- Of knights and dames, such as in old romance,

And lovers, such as in heroic song,

Perhaps the two, for groves were their delight,

That in the spring-time, as alone they sat, Venturing together on a tale of love,

Read only part that day.—A summer sun Sets ere one half is seen; but ere thou go,

Enter the house—prythee, forget it not— And look a while upon a picture there.	But now the day was come, the day, the hour;
'Tis of a Lady in her earliest youth,	Now, frowning, smiling, for the hundredth
The very last of that illustrious race,	time,
Done by Zampieri-but 1 care not whom.	The nurse, that ancient lady, preach'd de-
He who observes it, ere he passes on	corum ;
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,	And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave
That he may call it up when far away.	Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.
She sits, inclining forward as to speak, Her lips half open, and her finger up,	Great was the joy; but at the Bridal- feast,
As the said, "Beware!" her vest of	When all sat down, the Bride was wanting
gold	there.
Broider'd with flowers, and clasp'd from	Nor was she to be found! Her Father
head to foot,	cried,
An emerald stone in every golden clasp;	"'Tis but to make a trial of our love!"
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,	And filled his glass to all; but his hand
A coronet of pearls. But then her face,	shook,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,	And soon from guest to guest the panic
The overflowings of an innocent heart-	spread.
It haunts me still, tho' many a year has fled,	'Twas but that instant she had left Fran-
Like some wild melody ! Alone it hangs	cesco, Laughing and looking back and flying
Over a mouldering heirloom, its compan-	still,
ion,	Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.
An oaken chest, half eaten by the worm,	But now, alas, she was not to be found ;
But richly carved by Antony of Trent	Nor from that hour could anything be
With Scripture stories from the Life of	guess'd,
Christ;	But that she was not!
A chest that came from Venice, and had	Weary of his life,
held	Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith
The ducal robes of some old Ancestor.	Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
That by the way—it may be true or false— But don't forget the picture; and thou	Orsini lived; and long might'st thou have seen
wilt not	An old man wandering as in quest of some-
When thou hast heard the tale they told	thing,
me there.	Something he could not find-he knew not
She was an only child; from infancy	what.
The joy, the pride of an indulgent Sire.	When he was gone, the house remain'd
Her Mother dying of the gift she gave,	a while
That precious gift, what else remained to	Silent and tenantless-then went to stran-
him?	gers.
The young Ginevra was his all in life,	Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,
Still as she grew, for ever in his sight; And in her fifteenth year became a bride,	When on an idle day, a day of search 'Mid the old lumber in the Gallery,
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,	That mouldering chest was noticed: and
Her playmate from her birth, and her first	'twas said
love.	By one as young, as thoughtless as Gi-
Just as she looks there in her bridal	nevra,
dress,	"Why not remove it from its lurking-
She was all gentleness, all gaiety,	place?"
Her pranks the favorite theme of every	'Twas done as soon as said; but on the
tongue.	way

- It burst, it fell; and lo, a skeleton,
- With here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,

All else had perish'd-save a nuptial ring,

And a small seal, her mother's legacy,

Engraven with a name, the name of both, "GINEVRA."

There then had she found a grave! Within that chest had she conceal'd herself.

- Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy;
- When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush there,

Fasten'd her down for ever!

SAMUEL ROGERS,

THE BULL-FIGHT OF GAZUL.

- KING ALMANZOR of Granada, he hath bid the trumpet sound,
- He hath summon'd all the Moorish lords from the hills and plains around ;
- From Vega and Sierra, from Betis and Xenil,

They have come with helm and cuirass of gold and twisted steel.

- 'Tis the holy Baptist's feast they hold in royalty and state,
- And they have closed the spacious lists, beside the Alhambra's gate ;

In gowns of black with silver laced, within the tented ring,

Eight Moors to fight the bull are placed in presence of the king.

- Eight Moorish lords, of valor tried, with stalwart arm and true,
- The onset of the beasts abide, as they come rnshing through :

The deeds they've done, the spoils they've won, fill all with hope and trust;

Yet, ere high in heaven appears the sun, they all have bit the dust.

- Then sounds the trumpet clearly, then clangs the loud tambour :
- Make room, make room for Gazul !--throw wide, throw wide the door !--

- Blow, blow the trumpet clearer still ! more loudly strike the drum !—
- The alcayde of Algava to fight the bull doth come.
- And first before the king he pass'd, with reverence stooping low;
- And next he bow'd him to the queen, and the Infantas all a-row;
- Then to his lady's grace he turn'd, and she to him did throw
- A scarf from out her balcony was whiter than the snow.
- With the life-blood of the slaughter'd lords all slippery is the sand,
- Yet proudly in the centre hath Gazul ta'en his stand ;
- And ladies look with heaving breast, and lords with anxious eye:
- But firmly he extends his arm-his look is calm and high.
- Three bulls against the knight are loosed, and two come roaring on :
- He rises high in stirrup, forth stretching his rejón;
- Each furious beast upon the breast he deals him such a blow,
- He blindly totters and gives back across the sand to go.
- "Turn, Gazul-tnrn !" the people cry : the third comes up behind ;
- Low to the sand his head holds he, his nostrils snuff the wind ;--
- The mountaineers that lead the steers without stand whispering low,
- "Now thinks this proud aleayde to stun Harpado so?"
- From Gaudiana comes he not, he comes not from Xenil,
- From Guadalarif of the plain, or Barves of the hill;
- But where from out the forest burst Xarama's waters clear,

Beneath the oak trees was he nursed,-this proud and stately steer.

- Dark is his hide on either side, but the blood within doth boil,
- And the dun hide glows, as if on fire, as he paws to the turmoil :

A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.

tal rings of snow; But now they stare with one red glare of brass upon the foe. Upon the forehead of the bull the horns stand close and near .--From out the broad and wrinkled skull like daggers they appear; His neck is massy, like the trunk of some old, knotted tree. Whereon the monster's shagged mane, like billows curl'd ye see. His legs are short, his hams are thick, his hoofs are black as night; Like a strong flail he holds his tail in fierceness of his might; Like some thing molten out of iron, or hewn from forth the rock. Harpado of Xarama stands, to bide the alcaydè's shock. Now stops the drum : close, close they come : old. thrice meet, and thrice give back ; The white foam of Harpado lies on the charger's breast of black,-The white foam of the charger on Harpado's front of dun ;---Once more advance upon his lance,-once all. more, thou fearless one ! Once more, once more !---in dust and gore he. to ruin must thou reel !---In vain, in vain thou tearest the sand with me furious heel !--In vain, in vain, thou noble beast !-- I see, I see thee stagger ! Now keen and cold thy neck must hold the stern alcayde's dagger ! They have slipp'd a noose around his feet, man; six horses are brought in. And away they drag Harpado with a lond and joyful din. Now stoop thee, lady, from thy stand, and the ring of price bestow Upon Gazul of Algava, that hath laid Harpado low. (From the Spanish.) JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART. farm.

His eyes are jet, and they are set in crys-

GOD'S JUDGMENT ON A WICKED BISHOP.

THE summer and autumn had been so wet, That in winter the corn was growing yet. 'Twas a piteous sight to see all around The grain lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door, For he had a plentiful last year's store, And all the neighborhood could tell His granaries were furnish'd well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day To quiet the poor without delay; He bade them to his great barn repair, And they should have food for the winter there.

Rejoiced the tidings good to hear, The poor folk flock'd from far and near; The great barn was full as it could hold Of women and children, and young and old.

Then, when he saw it could hold no more, Bishop Hatto he made fast the door, And while for mercy on Christ they call, He set fire to the barn, and burnt them all.

" I' faith, 'tis an excellent bonfire !" quoth he,

"And the country is greatly obliged to me

For ridding it, in these times forlorn, Of rats that only consume the corn."

So then to his palace returned he, And he sat down to supper merrily,

And he slept that night like an innocent

But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning, as he enter'd the hall Where his picture hung against the wall, A sweat like death all over him came, For the rats had eaten it out of the frame.

As he look'd, there came a man from his farm,

He had a countenance white with alarm:

"My Lord, I open'd your granaries this morn.	Such numbers had never been heard of before.
And the rats had eaten all your corn."	Such a judgment had never been witness'd of yore.
Another came running presently, And he was pale as pale could be. "Fly, my lord bishop, fly!" quoth he, "Ten thousand rats are coming this way, The Lord forgive you for yesterday!"	Down on his knees the bishop fell, And faster and faster his beads did he tell, As londer and londer, drawing near, The gnawing of their teeth he could hear.
" I'll go to my tower on the Rhine," replied he :	And in at the windows, and in at the door, And through the walls helter-skelter they pour;
"'Tis the safest place in Germany; The walls are high, and the shores are	And down from the ceiling and up through the floor,
steep, And the stream is strong, and the water deep."	From the right and the left, from behind and before, From within and without, from above and below.—
Bishop Hatto fearfully hasten'd away, And he cross'd the Rhine without delay, And reach'd his tower, and barr'd with	And all at once to the bishop they go. They have whetted their teeth against the
All the windows, doors, and loopholes there.	stones, And now they pick the bishop's bones; They gnaw'd the flesh from every limb, For they were sent to do judgment on him! ROMENT SOUTHER.
He laid him down and closed his eyes, But soon a scream made him arise; He started, and saw two eyes of flame On his pillow, from whence the screaming came.	THE THREE RAVENS. THERE were three ravens sat on a tree,
He listen'd and look'd,—it was only the cat, But the bishop he grew more fearful for	They were as black as they might be. The one of them said to his mate, "Where shall we our breakfast take?"
that, For she sat screaming, mad with fear, At the army of rats that were drawing	" Down in yonder green field, There lies a knight slain under his shield;
near.	" His hounds they lie down at his feet, So well do they their master keep;
For they have swum over the river so deep, And they have climb'd the shores so steep,	" His hawks they fly so eagerly, There's no fowl dare come him nigh."
And up the tower their way is bent, To do the work for which they were sent.	Down there comes a fallow doe, As great with young as she might go.
They are not to be told by the dozen or score :	She lifted up his bloody head, And kiss'd his wounds that were so red.
By thousands they come, and by myriads and more ;	She got him up upon her back, And carried him to earthen lake.

She buried him before the prime, She was dead herself before even-song time.

God send every gentleman Such hawks, such hounds, and such a leman.

THE TWA CORBIES.

As I gaed down by yon house-en' Twa corbies there were sittan their lane: The tane unto the tother sae, "Oh where shall we gae dine to-day?"

"Oh down beside yon new-faun birk There lies a new-slain knicht; Nae livin kens that he lies there, But his horse, his hounds, and his lady fair.

"His horse is to the huntin gane, His hounds to bring the wild deer hame; His lady's ta'en another mate; Sae we may make our dinner swate.

"Oh we'll sit on his bonnie briest-bane, And we'll pyke out his bonnie gray een; Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair We'll theek our nest when it blaws bare.

"Mony a ane for him maks mane, But nane sall ken where he is gane; Ower his banes, when they are bare, The wind sall blaw for evermair!" Autuor Usknows.

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

- KING FRANCIS was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,
- And one day, as his lions fought, sat looking on the court.
- The nobles fill'd the benches, with the ladies in their pride,
- And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom he sigh'd :
- And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show,
- Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

Ramp'd and roar'd the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;

- They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with their paws,
- With wallowing might and stifled roar they roll'd on one another,
- Till all the pit with sand and mane was in a thunderous smother;
- The bloody foam above the bars came whisking through the air;
- Said Francis then, "Faith, gentlemen, we're better here than there."
- De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a beauteous, lively dame,
- With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which always seem'd the same ;
- She thought, The Connt my lover is brave as brave can be;
- He surely would do wondrous things to show his love of me;
- King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine;
- I'll drop my glove, to prove his love; great glory will be mine.
- She dropp'd her glove, to prove his love, then look'd at him and smiled;
- He bow'd, and in a moment leap'd among the lions wild :
- The leap was quick, return was quick, he has regain'd his place,
- Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face.
- "By heaven," said Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from where he sat:
- "No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that."

LEIGH HUNT.

THE THREE TROOPERS.

DURING THE PROTECTORATE.

INTO the Devil tavern

Three booted troopers strode,

- From spur to feather spotted and splash'd With the mud of a winter road.
- In each of their cups they dropp'd a crust, And stared at the guests with a frown;
- Then drew their swords, and roar'd for a toast,
 - "God send this Crum-well-down I"

A blue smoke rose from their pistor-tocks,	1
Their sword-blades were still wet;	LORD JOHN 8
There were long red smears on their jerkins	Said he was
of buff,	Burd Helen st
As the table they overset.	Said she'd r
Then into their cups they stirr'd the crusts,	
And cursed old London town :	"The corn is
Then waved their swords, and drank with	The nuts ar
a stamp	An' ye are bot
"God send this Crum-well-down !"	Fain wad I
The 'prentice dropp'd his can of beer,	"Wi' me, Hel
The host turn'd pale as a clout;	What wad
The ruby nose of the toping squires	I've mair need
Grew white at the wild men's shout.	Than of the
Then into their cups they flung the crusts,	
And show'd their teeth with a frown;	"O, I will be
They flash'd their swords as they gave the	To wait upo
toast,	And I will be
"God send this Crum-well-down !"	Your leish
ciou sena uns cram wen down?	4 P . 1
The gambler dropp'd his dog's-ear'd cards,	"But my hour
The waiting-women scream'd,	And ye the
As the light of the fire like stains of blood,	Then will ye
On the wild men's sabres gleam'd.	That e'er y
Then into their cups they splash'd the	"O, your dogs
erusts,	And I the
And cursed the fool of a town,	Yet will I sin
And leap'd on the table, and roar'd a	
	That e'er I
toast, " God send this Crum-well-down !"	"O, better ye
"God send this Grunt-well-down :	And sew yo
Till on a sudden fire-bells rang,	For my house
And the troopers sprang to horse;	And ye'll h
The eldest mutter'd between his teeth,	21110 90 10 10
	"I winna stay
Hot curses-deep and coarse.	"To sew m
In their stirrup-cups they flung the erusts,	Though your
And cried as they spurr'd through town,	And I'll ha
With their keen swords drawn and their	2110 111 114
pistols cock'd,	"Then if you
"God send this Crum-well-down!"	As you tell
	Then you mu
Away they dash'd through Temple Bar,	An inch ab
Their red cloaks flowing free,	2 an men no
Their scabbards clash'd, each back-piece	"So you mus
shone-	An inch ab
None liked to touch the three,	You must tel
The silver cups that held the crusts	My foot-pa
They flung to the startled town,	any root-pa
Shouting again, with a blaze of swords,	Then he has
"God send this Crum-well-down !"	And straig
GEORGE WALTER THORNBURY.	Burd Helen,
	Sho run fu

BURD HELEN.

LORD JOHN stood in his stable door, Said he was boun' to ride: Burd Helen stood in her bouir door, Said she'd run by his side.

'The corn is turning ripe, Lord John; The nuts are growing fu':

An' ye are boun' for your ain countrie; Fain wad I go with you."

"Wi' me, Helen I wi' me, Helen I What wad ye do wi' me?

I've mair need o' a little foot-page, Than of the like o' thee."

"O, I will be your little foot-boy, To wait upon your steed;

And I will be your little foot-page, Your leish of hounds to lead."

"But my hounds will eat the breid o' wheat, And ye the dust and bran;

Then will ye sit and sigh, Helen, That e'er ye lo'ed a man."

"O, your dogs may eat the gude wheat-breid, And I the dust and bran;

Yet will I sing and say, weel's me, That e'er I lo'ed a man !"

"O, better ye'd stay at hame, Helen, And sew your silver seam; For my house is in the far Hielands,

And ye'll ha'e puir welcome hame."

"I winna stay, Lord John," she said, "To sew my silver seam;

Though your house is in the far Hielands, And I'll ha'e puir welcome hame."

"Then if you'll be my foot-page, Helen, As you tell unto me,

Then you must cut your gown of green An inch abune your knee.

"So you must cut your yellow locks An inch abune your e'e;

You must tell no man what is my name: My foot-page then you'll be."

Then he has luppen on his white steed, And straight awa' did ride; Burd Helen, dressed in men's array, She ran fast by his side.

And he was ne'er sae lack a knicht, As ance wad bid her ride; And she was ne'er sae mean a May, As ance wad bid him bide. Lord John he rade, Burd Helen ran, A live-long summer day;	But I'se hae nane o' your mother's men, Though I never get mair o' thee." "But there is in yon castle, Helen, That stands on yonder lea, There is a lady in yon castle, Will sinder you and me."
Until they cam to Clyde-water, Was filled frae bank to brae.	"I wish nae ill to that ladye, She comes na in my thocht:
"Seest thou yon water, Helen," said he, "That flows from bank to brim?" "I trust to God, Lord John," she said, "You ne'er will see me swim!"	But I wish the maid maist o' your love, That dearest has you bocht." When he cam to the porter's yett,
But he was ne'er sae lack a knicht, As ance wad bid her ride;	He tirled at the pin; And wha sae ready as the bauld porter, To open and let him in?
Nor did he sae much as reach his hand, To help her ower the tide.	Many a lord and lady bright Met Lord John in the closs;
The firsten step that she wade in, She wadit to the knee; "Ochone, alas," quo' that ladye fair,	But the bonniest lady among them a' Was hauding Lord John's horse.
"This water's no for me !"	Four and twenty gay ladyes Led him through bouir and ha';
The second step that she wade in, She steppit to the middle : Then, sighing, said that fair ladye,	But the fairest lady that was there Led his horse to the sta'.
"I've wet my gowden girdle."	Then up bespak Lord John's sister; These were the words spak she:
The thirden step that she wade in, She steppit to the neck ; When that the bairn that she was wi',	"You have the prettiest foot-page, brother My eyes did ever see—
For cauld began to quake.	"But that his middle is sae thick, His girdle sae wond'rous hie:
"Lie still, my babe; lie still, my babe; Lie still as lang's ye may: Your father, that rides on horseback high,	Let him, I pray thee, good Lord John, To chamber go with me."
Cares little for us twae."	"It is not fit for a little foot-page, That has run through moss and mire,
And when she cam to the other side, She sat down on a stane; Says, "Them that made me, help me now;	To go into chamber with any ladye That wears so rich attire.
For I am far frae hame!	"It were more meet for a little foot-page, That has run through moss and mire,
"O, tell me this, now, good Lord John; In pity tell to me; How far is it to your lodging,	To take his supper upon his knee, And sit doun by the kitchen fire."
"O, dinna ye see yon castle, Helen,	When bells were rung, and mass was sung And a' men boun' to meat, Burd Helen was, at the bye-table,
Stands on yon sunny lea? There ye'se get ane o' my mother's men :	Amang the pages set.
Ye'se get nae mair o' me." "O, weel see I your bonnie castell	"O, eat and drink, my bonnie boy, The white breid and the beer." "The never a bit can I eat or drink;
Stauds on yon sunny lea;	My heart's sae fu' o' fear."

 ^a O, eat and drink, my bonnie boy, The white breid and the wine." ^a O, the never a bit can I eat or drink; My heart's sae fu' o' pyne." 	Such thas the ne rase film up, Such neither hose nor shoen; And he's doen him to the stable door, By the lee licht o' the mune.
But out and spak Lord John his mother,	"O, open the door, Burd Helen," he said,
And a skeely woman was she:	"O, open and let me in;
"Where met ye, my son,wi' that bonnie boy,	I want to see if my steed be fed,
That looks sae sad on thee?	Or my greyhounds fit to rin."
"Sometimes his cheek is rosy red,	"O hillaby, my own deir childl
And sometimes deidly wan:	Lullaby, deir child, deir l
He's liker a woman grit wi' child,	I wold thy father were a king,
Than a young lord's serving-man."	Thy mother laid on a bier !"
"O, it maks me laugh, my mother dear,	"O, open the door, Burd Helen," he says,
Sic words to hear frac thee;	"O, open the door to me;
He is a squire's ac dearest son,	Or, as my sword hangs by my gair,
That for love has followed me.	I'll gar it gang in three!"
"Rise up, rise up, my bonnie hoy;	"That never was my mother's custome,
Gi'e my horse corn and hay."	And I hope it's ne'er be mine;
"O that I will, my master deir,	A knicht into her companie,
As quickly as I may."	When she drics a' her pyne."
She took the hay aneath her arm,	He hit the door then wi' his foot,
The corn intill her hand;	Sac did he wi' his knee;
But atween the stable door and the sta'	Till door o' deal, and locks o' steel,
Burd Helen made a stand.	In splinders he gart flee.
"O room ye round, my bonnie broun steids; O room ye near the wa'; For the pain that strikes through my twa sides, I fear, will gar me fa'."	"An askin', an askin', Lord John," she says, "An askin' ye'll grant me; The meanest maid about your house, To bring a drink to me.
She leaned her back again' the wa';	"An askin', an askin', my dear Lord John,
Strong travail came her on;	An askin' ye'll grant me;
And, e'en among the great horse' feet,	The warsten bouir in a' your touirs,
She has brought forth her son.	For thy young son and me!"
When bells were rung, and mass was sung,	"I grant, I grant your askins, Helen,
And a' men boun' for bed,	An' that and mair frac me;
Lord John's mother and sister gay	The very best bouir in a' my touirs,
In ac bouir they were laid.	For my young son and thee.
Lord John hadna weel got aff his claes,	"O, have thou comfort, fair Helen,
Nor was he weel laid donn,	Be of good cheer, l pray;
Till his mother heard a bairn greet,	And your bridal and your kirking baith
And a woman's heavy moan.	Shall stand upon ac day."
"Win up, win up, Lord John," she said;	And he has ta'en her Burd Helen,
"Seek neither stockings nor shoen;	And rowed her in the silk;
For I ha'e heard a bairn loud greet,	And he has ta'en his ain young son,
And a woman's heav	And washed him in the milk.

And there was ne'er a gayer bridegroom, Nor yet a blyther bride, As they, Lord John and Lady Helen,

Neist day to kirk did ride. AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE. (1571.)

THE old mayor climb'd the belfry tower, The ringers rang by two, by three; "Pull, if ye never pull'd before;

Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he, " Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells ! Ply all your changes, all your swells, Play np, 'The Brides of Enderby.'"

Men say it was a stolen tyde— The Lord that sent it, He knows all; Bnt in myne ears doth still abide The message that the bells let fall: And there was nanght of strange, beside The flights of mews and peewits pied By millions crouch'd on the old sea wall.

I sat and spun within the doore, My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes; The level sun, like ruddy ore,

Lay sinking in the barren skies; And dark against day's golden death She moved where Lindis wandereth, My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cnsha!" calling, Ere the early dews were falling, Farre away I heard her song. "Cusha! Cusha!" all along; Where the reedy Lindis floweth, Floweth, floweth,

From the meads where melick groweth Faintly came her milking-song-

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,

" For the dews will soon be falling; Leave your meadow-grasses mellow, Mellow, mellow;

Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow; Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe, Light-

foot; Quit the stalks of parsley hollow, Hollow, hollow;

Come nppe, Jetty, rise and follow, From the clovers lift your head; Come np, Whitefoot, come up, Lightfoot, Come nppe, Jetty, rise and follow, Jetty, to the milking-shed."

If it be long, ay, long ago, When I beginne to think howe long, Againe I hear the Lindis flow,

Swift as an arrowe sharp and strong; And all the aire, it seemeth mee, Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee), That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay, And not a shadowe mote be seene, Save where full fyve good miles away

The steeple tower'd from out the greene; And lo! the great bell farre and wide Was heard in all the country side That Saturday at eventide.

The swanherds where their sedges are Moved on in sunset's golden breath, The shepherd-lads I heard afarre,

And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth; Till floating o'er the grassy sea Came downe that kindly message free, The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some look'd uppe into the sky, And all along where Lindis flows To where the goodly vessels lie, And where the lordly steeple shows. They sayde, "And why should this thing be? What danger lowers by land or sea? They ring the tune of Enderby! "For evil news from Mablethorpe, Of pyrate galleys warping down; For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,

They have not spared to wake the towne: But while the west bin red to see, And storms be none, and pyrates flee, Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby '?"

I look'd without, and lo! my sonne Came riding down with might and main; He raised a shont as he drew on, Till all the welkin rang again,

" Elizabeth ! Elizabeth !"

- (A sweeter woman ne'er drew hreath
- Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The old sea wall," he cried, " is downe, The rising tide comes on apace, And boats adrift in yonder towne Go sailing uppe the market-place." He shook as one that looks on death : " God, save you, mother!" straight he saith; " Where is my wife, Elizabeth ?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds her way, With her two bairns I mark'd her long, And ere yon bells beganne to play

Afar I heard her milking song." He look'd across the grassy lea, To right, to left, "Ho, Enderby!" They rang "The Brides of Enderby !"

With that he eried and beat his breast; For, lo! along the river's bed A mighty evgre rear'd his crest,

And uppe the Lindis raging sped. It swept with thunderous noises loud, Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward press'd Shook all her trembling bankes amaine, Then madly at the eygre's breast

Flung uppe her weltering walls again. Then bankes came down with ruin and rout. Then beaten foam flew round about,

Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the evgre drave, The heart had hardly time to beat, Before a shallow seething wave

Sobb'd in the grasses at oure feet; The feet had hardly time to flee Before it brake against the knee, And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roof we sate that night, The noise of bells went sweeping by; I mark'd the lofty beacon light Stream from the church tower, red and

high ; A lurid mark and dread to see ; And awesome bells they were to mee, That in the dark rang " Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide From roofe to roofe who fearless row'd; And 1-my sonne was at my side, And yet the ruddy beacon glow'd;

And yet he moan'd beneath his breath, "Oh come in life, or come in death, O lost! my love, Elizabeth."

And didst thou visit him no more? Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare ;

The waters laid thee at his doore, Ere yet the early dawn was clear. Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace, The lifted sun shone on thy face, Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strew'd wrecks about the grass, That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea; A fatal cbbe and flow, alas!

To manye more than myne and mee; But each will mourn his own (she saith), And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more By the reedy Lindis shore, "Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling, Ere the early dews be falling; I shall never hear her song, "Cusha! Cusha!" all along Where the sunny Lindis floweth, Goeth, floweth; From the meads where melick groweth, When the water winding down, Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more Where the reeds and rushes quiver, Shiver, quiver; Stand beside the sobbing river, Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling To the sandy, lonesome shore; I shall never hear her calling, " Leave your meadow grasses mellow, Mellow, mellow : Ouit your cowslips, cowslips yellow; Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot. Quit your pipes of parsley hollow, Hollow, hollow; Come uppe Lightfoot, rise and follow, Lightfoot, Whitefoot, From your clovers lift the head; Come uppe, Jetty, follow, follow, Jetty, to the milking-shed."

JEAN INCELOW.

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THE SANDS OF DEE.	Tho' your heart's blude were a-spilling
"OH, Mary, go and call the cattle home, And call the cattle home,	
And call the cattle home,	"O, dinna ye min', young man," she says
Across the sands of Dee."	"When the red wine ye were filling,
The western wind was wild and dank with	That ye made the healths gae round and
	round,
foam, And all alone went she	And ye slighted Barbara Allen?"
And an alone went she	
The western tide crept up along the sand,	He turn'd his face unto the wa',
And o'er and o'er the sand,	And death was wi'him dealing:
And round and round the sand,	"Adieu, adieu, my dear friends a';
As far as eye could see.	Be kind to Barbara Allen."
The rolling mist came down and hid the	As she was walking o'er the fields,
land:	She heard the dead-bell knelling;
And never home came she.	And every jow the dead-bell gave,
	It cried, "Woe to Barbara Allen !"
"Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair-	It ched, while to Darbara Anen?
A tress of golden hair,	"O mother, mother, mak' my bed,
A drownèd maiden's hair,	To lay me down in sorrow.
Above the nets at sea?"	My love has died for me to-day,
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair	I'll die for him to-morrow."
Among the stakes on Dee.	Author Unknown.
They row'd her in across the rolling	
foam,	Deserve Was a
The cruel crawling foam,	LAMENT OF THE BORDER WIDOW
The cruel hungry foam,	My love he built me a bonny bower,
To her grave beside the sea.	And clad it a' wi' lily flower;
But still the boatmen hear her call the	A brawer bower ye ne'er did see,
cattle home	Than my true-love he built for me.
Across the sands of Dee.	
CHARLES KINOSLEY.	There came a man by middle day,
	He spied his sport, and went away;
BUDDIDI ATTRADO CONTEMP	And brought the king that very night,
BARBARA ALLEN'S CRUELTY.	Who brake my bower and slew my knigh
ALL in the merry month of May,	He slew my knight, to me sae dear :

When green buds they were swelling, Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay For love o' Barbara Allen.

He sent his man unto her then, To the town where she was dwelling: "Oh haste and come to my master dear,

If your name be Barbara Allen."

Slowly, slowly rase she up, And she cam' where he was lying; And when she drew the curtain by,

Says, "Young man, I think you're dying."

"Oh, it's I am sick, and very, very sick, And it's a' for Barbara Allen. 27 And left me in extremitie. I scw'd his sheet, making my mane; I watch'd the corpse mysell alane; I watch'd his body night and day;

He slew my knight, and poin'd his gear :

No living creature came that way.

My servants all for life did flee,

I took his body on my back, And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat; I digg'd a grave, and laid him in, And happ'd him with the sod sae green.

But think nae ye my heart was sair, When I laid the moul' on his yellow hair? Oh, think nae ye my heart was wae, When I turn'd about, away to gae?

Nae living man I'll love again, Since that my lovely knight is slain; Wi' ac lock o' his yellow hair I'll chain my heart for evermair. Arrnor Ususows.

THE CRUEL SISTER.

THERE were two sisters sat in a bour, Binnorie, O Binnorie ; There came a knight to be their wooer ;

By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He courted the eldest with glove and ring, Binnorie, O Binnorie;

But he lo'ed the youngest abune a' thing ; By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He courted the eldest with broach and knife,

Binnorie, O Binnorie; But he lo'ed the youngest abune his life; By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The eldest she was vexèd sair, Binnorie, O Binnorie;

And sore envied her sister fair; By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The eldest said to the youngest ane, Binnorie, O Binnorie;

"Will ye go and see our father's ships come in ?"

By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

She's ta'en her by the lily hand, Binnorie, O Binnorie; And led her down to the river strand; By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The youngest stude upon a stane, Binnorie, O Binnorie; The eldest came and push'd her in; By the boony milldams of Binnorie.

She took her by the middle sma', Binnorie, O Binnorie; And dash'd her bonny back to the jaw; By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

" O sister, sister, reach your hand, Binnorie, O Binnorie; And ye shall be heir of half my land."-By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"O sister, Pll not reach my hand, Binnorie, O Binnorie;

And I'll be heir of all your land; By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"Shame fa' the hand that I should take, Binnorie, O Binnorie:

"O sister, reach me but your glove, Binnorie, O Binnorie;

And sweet William shall be your love,"-By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"Sink on, nor hope for hand or glove! Binnorie, O Binnorie;

And sweet William shall better be my love,

By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"Your cherry cheeks and your yellow hair,

Binnorie, O Binnorie; Garr'd me gang maiden evermair." By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

Sometimes she sunk, and sometimes she swam,

Binnorie, O Binnorie; Until she cam to the miller's dam; By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"O father, father, draw your dam ! Binnorie, O Binnorie;

There's either a mermaid, or a milk-white swan."

By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The miller hasted and drew his dam ! Binnorie, O Binnorie;

And there he found a drown'd woman; By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

You could not see her yellow hair, Binnorie, O Binnorie;

For gowd and pearls that were so rare; By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

You could not see her middle sma', Binnorie, O Binnorie; Her gowden girdle was sae' bra'; By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

LEGENDARY AND BALLAD POETRY.

A famous harper passing by, Binnorie, O Binnorie; The sweet pale face he chanced to spy; By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

And when he look'd that lady on, Binnorie, O Binnorie; He sigh'd and made a heavy moan; By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He made a harp of her breast-bone, Binnorie, O Binnorie; Whose sounds would melt a heart of stone; By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The strings he framed of her ycllow hair, Binnorie, O Binnorie; Whose notes made sad the listening ear; By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He brought it to her father's hall, Binnorie, O Binnorie; And there was the court assembled all; By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He laid his harp upon a stone, Binnorie, O Binnorie; And straight it began to play alone; By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"Oh yonder sits my father, the king, Binnorie, O Binnorie; And yonder sits my mother, the queen; By the bonny milldams of Binnorie,

"And yonder stands my brother Hugh, Binnorie, O Binnorie;

And by him my William, sweet and truc." By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

But the last tune that the harp play'd then,

Binnorie, O Binnorie ; Was—" Woe to my sister, false Helen!" By the bonny milldams of Binnorie. Актнок UNKNOWN.

BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL.

HIE upon Hielands, And low upon Tay, Bonnie George Campbell Rade out on a day. Saddled and bridled And gallant rade he; Hame cam his gude horse, But never cam he.

Out cam his old mither Greeting fu' sair, And out cam his bonnie bride Rivin' her hair. Saddled and bridled And booted rade he; Toom hame cam the saddle, But never cam he.

" My meadow lies green, And my corn is unshorn; My barn is to build, And my baby's unborn." Saddled and bridled And booted rade he; Toom hame cam the saddle, But never cam he ! AUTHOR UKKNOWS.

THE LAST BUCCANEER.

OH, England is a pleasant place for them that's rich and high;

- But England is a cruel place for such poor folks as I;
- And such a port for mariners I ne'er shall see again

As the pleasant Isle of Avès, beside the Spanish main.

There were forty craft in Avès that were both swift and stout,

All furnish'd well with small-arms and cannons round about ;

- And a thousand men in Avès made laws so fair and free
- To choose their valiant captains and obey them loyally.

Thence we sail'd against the Spaniard with his hoards of plate and gold,

Which he wrung with cruel tortures from the Indian folk of old;

Likewise the merchant captains, with hearts as hard as stone,

Who flog men and keel-haul them and starve them to the bone.

 Oh the palms grew high in Avès and fruits that shone like gold, And the collibris and parrots they were gorgeous to behold; And the negro maids to Avès from bondage fast did flee, To welcome gallant sailors a-sweeping in from sea. Oh sweet it was in Avès to hear the landward breeze A-swing with good tobacco in a net between the trees, With a negro lass to fan you while you listen'd to the roar Of the breakers on the reef outside that never touch'd the shore. But Scripture saith, an ending to all fine things must be, So the King's ships sail'd on Avès, and 	Better he loves each golden eurl On the brow of that Scandinavian girl Than his rich crown jewels of ruhy and pearl; And his Rose of the Isles is dying! Thirty nobles saddled with speed; (Hurry!) Each one mounting a gallant steed Which he kept for battle and days of need; (Oh ride as though you were flying!) Spurs were struck in the fonming flank; Worn-out chargers stagger'd and sank; Bridles were slacken'd, and girths were burst; But ride as they would, the king rode first, For his Rose of the Isles lay dying! His nobles are beaten one by one;
 quite put down were we. All day we fought like bulldogs, but they burst the boons at night; And I fled in a piragua sore wounded from the fight. Nine days I floated starving, and a negro lass beside, Till for all I tried to cheer her, the poor young thing she died; But as I lay a-gasping a Bristol sail came by, And brought me home to England here to 	 (Hurry !) They have fainted, and falter'd, and homeward gone; His little fair page now follows alone, For strength and for courage trying. The king look'd back at that faithful child; Wan was the face that answering smiled; They pass'd the drawbridge with clattering din, Then he dropp'd; and only the king rode in Where his Rose of the Isles lay dying !
beg until I die. And now I'm old and going—I'm sure I can't tell where; One comfort is, this world's so hard 1 can't be worse off there: If I might but be a sea-dove I'd fly neross the main, To the pleasant Isle of Avès, to look at it once again. CHARLES KINGSLEY. THE KING OF DENMATRES RIDE.	The king blew a blast on his bugle horn; (Silence!) No answer came; but faint and forlorn An echo return'd on the cold gray morn, Like the breath of a spirit sighing. The castle portal stood grimly wide; None welcomed the king from that weary ride; For dead, in the light of the dawning day, The pale sweet form of the welcomer lay, Who had yearn'd for his voice while dying !
Word was brought to the Danish king (Hurry !) That the love of his heart lay suffering And pined for the comfort his voice would bring; (Oh ride as though you were flying!)	The panting steed, with a drooping crest, Stood weary. The king return'd from her chamber of rest, The thick sobs choking in his breast; And, that dumb companion cying,

The tears gush'd forth which he strove to check;	And the stars in the skies with their great wild eyes,
He bow'd his head on his charger's neck :	Peer'd out from the Northern Lights.
"O steed—that every nerve didst strain,	The gallant Crozier and brave Fitz
Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain To the halls where my love lay dying!"	James, And even the stout Sir John,
Caroline Norton.	Felt a doubt like a chill through their
	warm hearts thrill
A Song of the North.	As they urged the good ships on.
	They and them amon beyond some and
"Away! away !" cried the stout Sir	They sped them away, beyond cape and bay,
John, "While the blossoms are on the trees;	Where even the tear-drops freeze;
For the summer is short and the time	But no way was found by a strait or sound,
speeds on,	To sail through the Northern seas;
As we sail for the northern seas.	They sped them away, beyond cape and bay,
Ho! gallant Crozier and brave Fitz James! We will startle the world, I trow,	And they sought, but they sought in
When we find a way through the North-	vain,
ern seas	For no way was found, through the ice around,
That never was found till now! A good stout ship is the Erebus	To return to their homes again.
As ever unfurl'd a sail,	Then the wild waves rose, and the waters
And the Terror will match with as brave a	froze
one	Till they closed like a prison-wall; And the icebergs stood, in the sullen flood,
As ever outrode a gale."	Like their jailers grim and tall.
So they bade farewell to their pleasant	O God! O God!—it was hard to die
homes,	In that prison-house of ice l
To the hills and the valleys green,	For what was fame, or a mighty name, When life was the fearful price?
With three hearty cheers for their native isle,	when me was the learnin price;
And three for the English queen.	The gallant Crozier and brave Fitz James,
They sped them away beyond cape and	And even the stout Sir John,
bay,	Had a secret dread and their hopes all fled,
Where the day and the night are one— Where the hissing light in the heavens	As the weeks and the months pass'd on.
grew bright	Then the Ice King came, with his eyes of
And flamed like a midnight sun.	flame,
There was naught below save the fields of snow,	And look'd on that fated crew; His chilling breath was as cold as death,
That stretch'd to the icy Pole;	And it pierced their warm hearts
And the Esquimaux, in his strange canoe,	through.
Was the only living soul !	A heavy sleep, that was dark and deep, Came over their weary eyes,
Along the coast like a giant host	And they dream'd strange dreams of the
The glittering icebergs frown'd,	hills and streams,
Or they met on the main like a battle-	And the blue of their native skies.
plain, And crash'd with a fearful sound !	The Christmas chimes of the good old
The seal and the bear, with a curious stare,	times
Look'd down from the frozen heights,	Were heard in each dying ear,

And the dancing feet and the voices sweet Hark! the game's on foot ; they scatter !--Down the forest-ridings lone, Of their wives and their children dear l But it faded away-away-away ! Furious, single horsemen gallop,-Like a sound on a distant shore : Hark ! a shout-a crash-a groan ! And deeper and deeper grew the sleep, Pale and breathless came the hunters-Till they slept to wake no more ! On the turf dead lies the boar. God ! the Duke lies stretch'd beside him. Oh, the sailor's wife and the sailor's child ! Senseless, weltering in his gore. They will weep and watch and pray; And the Lady Jane, she will hope in In the dull October evening, vain Down the leaf-strewn forest-road, As the long years pass away ! To the eastle, past the drawbridge, The gallant Crozier and brave Fitz James, Came the hunters with their load. And the good Sir John have found In the hall, with sconces blazing, An open way to a quiet bay, Ladies waiting round her seat, And a port where we all are bound. Clothed in smiles, beneath the daïs Let the waters roar on the ice-bound shore Sate the Duchess Marguerite. That circles the frozen Pole. But there is no sleep and no grave so Hark ! below the gates unbarring ! deep Tramp of men and quick commands ! That can hold a human soul, "-'Tis my lord come back from hunt-ELIZABETH DOTEN. ing."-And the Duchess claps her hands. THE CHURCH OF BROU. Slow and tired came the hunters : Stopp'd in darkness in the court. Ι. "-Ho, this way, ye laggard hunters ! THE CASTLE. To the hall! What sport? what sport?"-Down the Savoy valleys sounding. Echoing round this castle old, Slow they enter'd with their master: 'Mid the distant mountain-chalets, In the hall they laid him down. Hark ! what bell for church is toll'd ? On his coat were leaves and blood-stains, On his brow an angry frown. In the bright October morning Dead her princely youthful husband Savoy's Duke had left his bride. Lay before his youthful wife, From the castle, past the drawbridge, Bloody 'neath the flaring sconces-Flow'd the hunters' merry tide. And the sight froze all her life. Steeds are neighing, gallants glittering. In Vienna, by the Danube, Gay, her smiling lord to greet, Kings hold revel, gallants meet. From her mullion'd chamber-casement Gay of old amid the gayest Smiles the Duchess Marguerite. Was the Duchess Marguerite. From Vienna, by the Danube, In Vienna, by the Danube, Here she came, a bride, in spring: Feast and dance her youth beguiled. Now the autumn crisps the forest ; Till that hour she never sorrow'd ; Hunters gather, bugles ring. But from then she never smiled. 'Mid the Savoy mountain-valleys Hounds are pulling, prickers swearing, Far from town or haunt of man, Horses fret, and boar-spears glance. Off !- They sweep the marshy forests, Stands a lonely church, unfinish'd, Westward on the side of France, Which the Duchess Maud began;

LEGENDARY AND BALLAD POETRY.

Old, that Duchess stern began it, In gray age, with palsied hands; But she died while it was building, And the Church unfinish'd stands—

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Stands as erst the builders left it,

When she sank into her grave; Mountain greensward paves the chancel; Harebells flower in the nave.

"-In my eastle all is sorrow," Said the Duchess Marguerite then ;

"Guide me, some one, to the mountain! We will build the Church again."-

Sandall'd palmers, faring homeward, Anstrian knights from Syria came.

" Austrian wanderers bring, O warders ! Homage to your Austrian dame."—

From the gate the warders answer'd : "—Gone, O knights, is she you knew ! Dead onr Duke, and gone his Duchess. Seek her at the Church of Brou !"—

Austrian knights and march-worn palmers Climb the winding mountain-way; Reach the valley, where the fabric Rises higher day by day.

Stones are sawing, hammers ringing— On the work the bright sun shines; In the Savoy monntain-meadows, By the stream, below the pines.

On her palfrey white the Duchess Sate and watch'd her working train— Flemish carvers, Lombard gilders, German masons, smiths from Spain.

Clad in black, on her white palfrey, Her old architect beside— There they found her in the mountains, Morn, and noon, and eventide.

There she sate and watch'd the builders, Till the Church was roof'd and done. Last of all, the builders rear'd her In the nave a tomb of stone.

On the tomb two forms they sculptured, Lifelike in the marble pale— One, the Duke in helm and armor; One, the Duchess in her veil. Round the tomb the carved stone fretwork Was at Easter-tide put on. Then the Duchess closed her labors; And she died at the St. John.

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THE CHURCH.

UPON the glistening leaden roof Of the new pile, the sunlight shines; The stream goes leaping by. The hills are clothed with pines sun-proof; 'Mid bright green fields, below the pines, Stands the Church on high. What Church is this, from men aloof?—

'Tis the Church of Brou.

At sunrise, from their dewy lair Crossing the stream, the kiue are seen Round the wall to stray— The churchyard wall that elips the square Of open hill-sward fresh and green Where last year they lay. But all things now are order'd fair Round the Church of Brou.

On Sundays, at the matin-chime, The Alpine peasants, two and three, Climb up here to pray; Burghers and dames, at summer's prime, Ride out to church from Chambèry, Dight with mantles gay. But else it is a lonely time Round the Church of Brou.

On Sundays, too, a priest doth come From the wall'd town beyond the pass, Down the mountain-way; And then you hear the organ's hum, You hear the white-robed priest say mass, And the people pray. But else the woods and fields are dumb Round the Church of Brou.

And after ehurch, when mass is done, The people to the nave repair Round the tomb to stray; And marvel at the forms of stone, And praise the chisell'd broideries rare— Then they drop away. The princely pair are left alone In the Church of Brou.

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Тие Томи.

So rest, for ever rest, O princely pair,

- In your high Church, 'mid the still mountain-air,
- Where horn, and hound, and vassals never come !
- Only the blessed saints are smiling dumb

From the rich painted windows of the nave

On aisle, and transept, and your marble grave;

- Where thou, young Prince, shalt never more arise
- From the fringed mattress where thy Duchess lies,
- On autumn mornings, when the bugle sounds.
- And ride across the drawbridge with thy hounds
- To hunt the boar in the crisp woods till evel
- And thou, O Princess, shalt no more receive,

Thou and thy ladies, in the hall of state,

The jaded hunters with their bloody freight,

Coming benighted to the eastle-gate !

So sleep, for ever sleep, O marble pair ! Or, if ye wake, let it be then, when fair

- On the carved western front a flood of light
- Streams from the setting sun, and colors bright

Prophets, transfigured Saints, and Martyrs brave,

In the vast western window of the nave;

- And on the pavement round the tomb there glints
- A chequerwork of glowing sapphire tints,

And amethyst, and ruby-then unclose

- Your eyelids on the stone where ye repose,
- And from your broider'd pillows lift your heads,
- And raise you on your cold white marble beds:
- And looking down on the warm rosy tints
- Whick chequer, at your feet, the illumined flints,
- Say: What is this? we are in bliss-forgiven-

Behold the pavement of the courts of Heaven ! Or let it be on autumn nights, when rain

- Doth rustlingly above your heads complain
- On the smooth leaden roof, and on the walls
- Shedding her pensive light at intervals
- The moon through the clere-s ory windows shines,
- And the wind washes 'mid the mountainpines;
- Then, gazing up thro' the dim pillars high,
- The foliaged marble forest where ye lie:
- Hush-ye will say-it is eternity !
- This is the glimmering verge of Heaven, and these

The columns of the heavenly palaces.

And in the sweeping of the wind your car The passage of the Angels' wings will hear, And on the lichen-crusted leads above

The rustle of the eternal rain of love.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

PART VIII.

Poems of Nature.



•

A HYMN.

THE SEASONS.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father,
these
Are but the varied God. The rolling
vear
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing
spring
Thy Beanty walks, thy Tenderness and
Love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is
balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest
smiles;
And every sense, and every heart, is joy.
Then comes thy Glory in the summer
months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy
Sun
Shoots full perfection through the swell-
ing year;
And oft thy Voice in dreadful thunder
speaks,
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling
eve.

By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.

Thy Bounty shines in autumn unconfined,

- And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
- In winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms
- Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
- Majestic darkness! On the whirlwind's wing,
- Riding sublime, Thou bid'st the World adore,
- And humblest Nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,

Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train, Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,

Such beauty and beneficence combined;

Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade;

And all so forming an harmonious whole, That, as they still succeed, they ravish still,

But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze.

Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty Hand,

That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;

Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence

- The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring;
- Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
- Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;
- And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,

With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend ! join, every living soul

Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,

In adoration join; and, ardent, raise

- One general song! To Him, ye vocal gales,
- Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes :

Oh, talk of Him in solitary glooms;

- Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
- Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
- And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar, 425

Who shake the astonish'd world, lift high to heaven	Ye woodlands all, awake : a boundless song
The impetnous song, and say from whom	Burst from the groves ; and when the rest-
you rage.	less day,
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling	Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
rills;	Sweetest of birds ! sweet Philomela, charm
And let me catch it as I muse along. Ye headlong torrents, rapid and pro-	The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.
found;	Ye chief, for whom the whole creation
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid	smiles,
maze	At once the head, the heart, and tongue
Along the vale ; and thou, majestic main,	of all,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,	Crown the great hymn 1 in swarming cities
Sound His stupendous praise, whose greater	vast,
voice	Assembled men to the deep organ join
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.	The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits,	At solemn pauses, through the swelling
and flowers,	bass;
In mingled clouds to Him, whose sun	And, as each mingling flame increases
exalts,	each,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose	In one united ardor rise to heaven.
peneil paints.	Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
Ye forests, bend, ye harvests, wave, to Him; Breathe your still song into the reaper's	And find a fane in every sacred grove, There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's
heart.	lay,
As home he goes beneath the joyous	The prompting seraph, and the poet's
moon.	lyre,
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth	Still sing the God of Seasons, as they
asleep	roll.
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest	For me, when I forget the darling theme, Whether the blossom blows, the summer
beams, Ye constellations, while your angels strike,	rav
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.	Russets the plain, inspiring autumn gleams,
Great source of day ! best image here be-	Or winter rises in the blackening east,
low	Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,	more,
From world to world, the vital ocean	And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat! Should fate command me to the farthest
round, On Nature write with every beam His	verge
braise.	Of the green earth, to distant barbarous
The thunder rolls : be hush'd the prostrate	climes,
world,	Rivers unknown to song,-where first the
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn	sun
hymn. Blast out a fault, yn hilla i yn mae yn radw	Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks, Retain the sound; the broad responsive	Flames on the Atlantic isles,—'tis naught
low,	to me :
Ye valleys, raise; for the Great Shepherd	Since God is ever present, ever felt,
reigns,	In the void waste, as in the city full,
And His unsuffering kingdom yet will	And where He vital breathes, there must
come,	be joy.

- When even at last the solemn hour shall | Summer is come, for every spray now come,
- And wing my mystic flight to future worlds.
- I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,

Will rising wonders sing : I cannot go

Where Universal Love not smiles around,

Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns:

From seeming evil still educing good, And better thenee again, and better still, In infinite progression. But I lose

Myself in Him, in Light ineffable !

Come, then, expressive Silence, muse His praise.

JAMES THOMSON.

TO PAN.

ALL ye woods, and trees, and bowers, All ve virtues and ve powers That inhabit in the lakes, In the pleasant springs or brakes, Move your feet To our sound, Whilst we greet All this ground With his honor and his name That defends our flocks from blame.

He is great, and he is just. He is ever good, and must Thus be honor'd. Daffodillies, Roses, pinks, and loved lilies, Let us fling, Whilst we sing, Ever holy, Ever holy. Ever honor'd, ever young ! Thus great Pan is ever sung, BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Description of Spring.

- THE soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings.
 - With green hath clad the hill, and eke the vale;
- The nightingale with feathers new she sings:
 - The turtle to her make hath told her tale.

- springs:
 - The hart hath hung his old head on the pale,
- The buck in brake his winter coat he slings;
 - The fishes flete with new repaired seale :
- The adder all her slough away she flings; The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale:

The busy bee her honey now she mings;

- Winter is worn that was the flowres' bale.
- And thus I see among these pleasant things
- Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.

HENRY HOWARD (Earl of Surrey).

TO SPRING.

- SWEET Spring, thou turn'st with all thy goodly train,
- Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with flowers:
 - The zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain.
- The clouds for joy in pearls weep down their showers.
- Thou turn'st, sweet youth-but, ah! my pleasant honrs
 - And happy days, with thee come not again ;

The sad memorials only of my pain

- Do with thee turn, which turn my sweets in sours.
 - Thou art the same which still thou wast before.

Delicious, wanton, amiable, fair:

- But she whose breath embalm'd thy wholesome air
 - Is gone; nor gold nor gems her can restore.

Neglected Virtue, seasons go and come,

When thine forgot lie closed in a tomb.

What doth it serve to see snn's burning face?

And skies enamell'd with both Indies' gold?

Or moon at night in jetty chariot roll'd, And all the glory of that starry place?

- What doth it serve earth's beauty to behold, The mountain's pride, the meadow's flowery grace;
- The stately comeliness of forests old,
 - The sport of floods which would themselves embrace?
- What doth it serve to hear the sylvans' songs,
 - The wanton merle, the nightingale's sad strains,

Which in dark shades seem to deplore my wrongs?

- For what doth serve all that this world contains.
- Sith she, for whom those once to me were dear.

No part of them can have now with me here? WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

CHORUS.

FROM "ATALANTA IN CALYDON."

- WHEN the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
 - The mother of months in meadow or plain
- Fills the shadows and windy places

With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain; And the brown bright nightingale amorous Is half assuaged for Itylus,

For the Thracian ships and the foreign

The tongneless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,

Maiden most perfect, lady of light,

With a noise of winds and many rivers,

With a clamor of waters, and with might;

Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,

Over the splendor and speed of thy feet!

For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,

Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,

Fold our hands round her knees and cling?

- Oh that man's heart were as fire, and could spring to her,
 - Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring !
- For the stars and the winds are unto her

As raiment, as songs of the harp-player;

- For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,
 - And the south-west wind and the west wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,

- And all the season of snows and sins; The days dividing lover and lover,
- The light that loses, the night that wins;
- And time remember'd is grief forgotten,
- And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,

And in green underwood and cover

Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes, Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot,

- The faint fresh flame of the young year finshes
- From leaf to flower and flower to fruit;

And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,

And the oat is heard above the lyre,

And the hoof'd heel of a satyr crushes The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root.

- And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night, Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,
- Follow with dancing and fill with delight

The Maenad and the Bassarid;

And soft as lips that laugh and hide,

The laughing leaves of the trees divide,

And screen from seeing and leave in sight The god pursuing, the maiden hid.

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair Over her eyebrows, shading her eyes;

The wild vine slipping down leaves bare Her bright breast shortening into sighs;

The wild vine slips with the weight of its leaves,

But the berried ivy catches and cleaves

To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare

The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies. ALGERNON CHARLES SWINDURNE.

ODE.

ON THE SPRING.

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours, Fair Venus' train, appear, Disclose the long-expecting flowers

And wake the purple year! The Attic warbler pours her throat Responsive to the cuekoo's note,

The untaught harmony of spring: While, whispering pleasure as they fly, Cool Zephyrs through the clear blue sky Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch A broader, browner shade, Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech O'er-canopies the glade, Beside some water's rushy brink With me the Muse shall sit, and think (At ease reclined in rustic state) How vain the ardor of the crowd, How low, how little are the proud,

How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care; The panting herds repose:

Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air The busy murmur glows!

The insect youth are on the wing, Eager to taste the honey'd spring

And float amid the liquid noon: Some lightly o'er the current skim, Some show their gayly-gilded trim Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye Such is the race of man; And they that creep, and they that fly Shall end where they began.

Alike the busy and the gay But flutter thro' life's little day,

In Fortune's varying colors drest: Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear in accents low The sportive kind reply: Poor moralist! and what art thou?

A solitary fly! Thy joys no glittering female meets, No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets, No painted plumage to display: On hasty wings thy youth is flown; Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone— We frolic while 'tis May.

THOMAS GRAY.

SPRING.

SPRING, the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant king;

Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring.

Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,

Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and may make country houses gay,

Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,

And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,

Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,

Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,

In every street these tunes our ears do greet,

Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo! Spring ! the sweet spring !

THOMAS NASH.

SONG. ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,

Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her

The flowery May, who from her green lap throws

The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

Hail, bounteous May, that doth inspire

Mirth, and youth, and warm desire!

Woods and groves are of thy dressing,

Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.

Thus we salute thee with our early song, And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

JOHN MILTON.

SONG TO MAY.

MAY ! queen of blossoms And fulfilling flowers, With what pretty music Shall we charm the hours? Wilt thou have pipe and reed, Blown in the open mead? Or to the lute give heed In the green bowers?

Thou hast no need of us, Or pipe or wire, That hast the golden bee Ripen'd with fire; And many thousand more Songsters, that thee adore, Filling earth's grassy floor With new desire.

Thon hast thy mighty herds, Tame, and free livers; Doubt not, thy music too In the deep rivers; And the whole plumy flight, Warbling the day and night— Up at the gates of light, See, the lark quivers l

When with the jacinth Coy fountains are tress'd : And for the mournful bird Green woods are dress'd, That did for Tereus pine ; Then shall our songs be thine, To whom our hearts incline : May, be thou bless'd !

LORD THURLOW.

SONNET.

MAY.

- WHEN May is in his prime, and youthful Spring
 - Doth clothe the tree with leaves and ground with flowers,
- And time of year reviveth everything,
- And lovely Nature smiles, and nothing lowers;
- Then Philomela most doth strain her breast
- With night-complaints, and sits in little rest.

- This bird's estate I may compare with mine,
 - To whom fond Love doth work such wrongs by day,
- That in the night my heart must needs repine,
- And storm with sighs to ease me as I may;
- Whilst others are beealm'd or lie them still,
- Or sail secure with tide and wind at will.
- And as all those which hear this bird complain,
 - Conceive in all her tunes a sweet delight,

Without remorse or pitying her pain;

- So she, for whom I wail both day and night,
- Doth sport herself in hearing my complaint;

A just reward for serving such a saint 1 THOMAS WATSON.

CORINNA'S GOING A-MAYING.

GET up, get up, for shame! the blooming morn

Upon her wings presents the god unshorn. See how Aurora throws her fair

Fresh-quilted colors through the air ! Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see

The dew bespangling herb and tree.

Each flower has wept and bow'd toward the east,

Above an hour since, yet you not drest-Nay, not so much as out of bed,

When all the birds have matins said,

And sung their thankful hymns: 'tis sin,

Nay, profanation, to keep in,

Whenas a thousand virgins on this day

Spring sooner than the lark to fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and green,

And sweet as Flora. Take no care For jewels for your gown or hair: Fear not, the leaves will strew Genus in abundance upon you;

Besides, the childhood of the day has kept, Against you come, some orient pearls un- wept. Come, and receive them while the light	Many a jest told of the key's betraying This night, and locks pick'd : yet w' are not a-Maying.
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night; And Titan on the eastern hill	Come! let us go while we are in our prime,
Retires himself, or else stands still Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief	And take the harmless folly of the time; We shall grow old apace, and die
in praying:	Before we know our liberty.
Few beads are best, when once we go a-	Our life is short, and our days run As fast away as does the sun ;
Maying.	And as a vapor, or a drop of rain
Come, my Corinna, come! and, coming,	Once lost, can ne'er be found again,
mark	So when or you or I are made
How each field turns a street, each street	A fable, song, or fleeting shade, All love, all liking, all delight
a park	Lies drown'd with us in endless night.
Made green and trimm'd with trees; see how	Then, while time serves, and we are but
Devotion gives each house a bough	decaying,
Or branch; each porch, each door, ere	Come, my Corinna, come ! let's go a-May- ing.
this An ark, a tabernacle is,	ROBERT HERRICK.
Made up of white thorn neatly inter-	
wove,	SUMMER LONGINGS.
As if here were those cooler shades of	Las mañanas floridas
love. Can such delights be in the street	De Abril y Mayo. Calderon.
And open fields, and we not see 't?	AH! my heart is weary waiting-
Come! we'll abroad, and let's obey	Waiting for the May-
The proclamation made for May; And sin no more, as we have done, by	Waiting for the pleasant rambles, Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,
staving,	With the woodbine alternating,
But, my Corinna, come! let's go a-May-	Scent the dewy way.
ing.	Ah! my heart is weary waiting
There's not a hudding how or girl this	
There's not a budding boy or girl, this day,	Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.	Longing for the May— Longing to escape from study,
A deal of youth, ere this, is come	To the young face fair and ruddy,
Back, and with white thorn laden home.	And the thousand charms belonging
Some have despatch'd their cakes and	To the summer's day. Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
cream	Longing for the May.
Before that we have left to dream ;	
And some have wept and woo'd and plighted troth,	Ah! my heart is sore with sighing, Sighing for the May—
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off	Sighing for their sure returning,
sloth.	When the summer beams are burning,
Many a green gown has been given ;	Hopes and flowers that, dead or dying, All the winter lay.
Many a kiss, both odd and even ; Many a glance, too, has been sent	Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
From out the eye, love's firmament;	Sighing for the May.

Ah! my heart is pain'd with throbbing, Throbbing for the May— Throbbing for the seaside billows, Or the water-wooing willows;

Where, in langhing and in sobbing, Glide the streams away.

Ahl my heart, my heart is throbbing, Throbbing for the May,

Waiting sad, dejected, weary, Waiting for the May : Spring goes by with wasted warnings---Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings---Snnmer comes, yet dark and dreary Life still ebbs away ; Man is ever weary, weary, Waiting for the May 1 Desis FLORENCE MCCARTER.

They Come: the Merry Summer Months,

THEY come! the merry summer months of beauty, song, and flowers;

They come! the gladsome months that bring thick leafiness to bowers.

- Up, up, my heart1 and walk abroad; fling cark and care aside;
- Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peaceful waters glide;
- Or, underneath the shadow vast of patriarchal tree,

Sean through its leaves the cloudless sky in rapt tranquillity.

- The grass is soft, its velvet touch is grateful to the hand;
- And, like the kiss of maiden love, the breeze is sweet and bland ;
- The daisy and the buttercup are nodding courteously;
- It stirs their blood with kindest love, to bless and welcome thee;
- And mark how with thine own thin locks -they now are silvery gray-

That blissful breeze is wantoning, and whispering, "Be gay!"

- There is no cloud that sails along the ocean of yon sky
- But hath its own wing'd marne in theive it melody;

- Thou seest their glittering fans outspread, all gleaming like red gold;
- And hark! with shrill pipe musical, their merry course they hold.
- God bless them all, those little ones, who, far above this earth,
- Can make a scoff of its mean joys, and vent a nobler mirth l
- But soft! mine ear upcaught a sound,from yonder wood it came!
- The spirit of the dim green glade did breathe his own glad name ;---
- Yes, it is he! the hermit bird, that, apart from all his kind,
- Slow spells his beads monotonous to the soft western wind;
- Cuckoo! cuckoo! he sings again,-his notes are void of art;
- But simplest strains do soonest sound the deep founts of the heart.
- Good Lord! it is a gracious boon for thought-crazed wight like me
- To smell again these summer flowers beneath this summer tree!
- To suck once more in every breath their little souls away,
- And feed my fancy with fond dreams of youth's bright summer day,
- When, rushing forth like untamed colt, the reckless, truant boy
- Wander'd through greenwoods all day long, a mighty heart of joy!
- I'm sadder now,-I have had cause; but oh, I'm proud to think
- That each pure joy-fount, loved of yore, I yet delight to drink ;---
- Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream, the calm, unclouded sky,
- Still mingle music with my dreams, as in the days gone by.
- When summer's loveliness and light fall round me dark and cold,
- I'll bear indeed life's heaviest curse,—a heart that hath wax'd old!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

SPRING.

SPRING, with that nameless pathos in the air

Which dwells with all things fair,

Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,

Is with us once again.

Ont in the lonely woods the jasmine burns Its fragrant lamps, and turns Into a royal court with green festoons The banks of dark lagoons.

In the deep heart of every forest tree The blood is all aglee, And there's a look about the leafless bowers As if they dreamed of flowers.

Yet still on every side we trace the hand Of Winter in the land, Save where the maple reddens on the lawn, Flashed by the season's dawn;

Or where, like those strange semblances we find That age to childhood bind, The elm puts on, as if in Nature's scorn,

The erm puts on, as if in Nature's scorn, The brown of autumn corn.

As yet the turf is dark, although you know That, not a span below,

A thousand germs are gropping through the gloom,

And soon will burst their tomb.

In gardens you may note amid the dearth, The crocus breaking earth;

And near the snowdrop's tender white and green,

The violet in its screen.

But many gleams and shadows need must pass

Along the budding grass,

And weeks go by, before the enamored South

Shall kiss the rose's mouth.

Still, there's a sense of blossoms yet unborn In the sweet airs of morn; One almost looks to see the very street Grow purple at his feet. At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,

And brings, you know not why,

A feeling as when eager crowds await Before a palace-gate

Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce would start,

If from a beech's heart

A blue-eyed Dryad, stepping forth, should say,

"Behold me! I am May!"

HENRY TIMROD.

The Airs of Spring.

SWEETLY breathing, vernal air, That with kind warmth doth repair Winter's ruins; from whose breast All the gums and spice of th' East Borrow their perfumes; whose cyc Gilds the morn, and clears the sky; Whose dishevelled tresses shed Pearls upon the violet bed; On whose brow, with calm smiles drest, The haleyon sits and builds her nest; Beauty, youth, and endless spring, Dwell upon thy rosy wing!

Thou, if stormy Boreas throws Down whole forests when he blows, With a pregnant, flowery birth, Canst refresh the teeming earth. If hen pi the early bud; If he blast what's fair or good; If he scatter our choice flowers; If he shake our halls or bowers; If he shake our halls or bowers; If his rude breath threaten us,— Thou canst stroke great .Eolus, And from him the grace obtain, To bind him in an iron chain.

THOMAS CAREW.

SONG TO MAY.

BOEN in yon blaze of orient sky, Sweet May! thy radiant form unfold, Unclose thy blue voluptuous eye, And wave thy shadowy locks of gold.

For thee the fragrant zephyrs blow, For thee descends the sunny shower; The rills in softer murmurs flow, And brighter blossoms gem the bower.

Light graces decked in flowery wreaths, And tiptoe joys their hands combine; And Love his sweet contagion breathes, And, laughing, dances round thy shrine.

Warm with new life, the glittering throng On quivering fin and rustling wing, Delighted join their votive song, And hail thee Goddess of the Spring! ERASUE DARWIS.

THE REIGN OF MAY.

1 FEEL a newer life in every gale; The winds that fan the flowers, And with their welcome breathings fill the sail.

Tell of serener hours,— Of hours that glide unfelt away Benenth the sky of May.

The spirit of the gentle south wind calls From his blue throne of air, And where his whispering voice in music falls, Beauty is budding there; The bright ones of the valley break Their slumbers, and awake.

The waving verture rolls along the plain, And the wide forest weaves, To welcome back its playful mates again,

A canopy of leaves; And from its darkening shadow floats A gush of trembling notes.

Fairer and brighter spreads the reign of May;
The tresses of the woods
With the light dallying of the west wind play;
And the full-brimming floods,
As gladly to their goal they run,
Hail the returning sun.

JAMIN GATES PERCIVAL.

JULY.

LOUD is the Summer's busy song, The smallest breeze can find a tongue, While insects of each tiny size Grow teasing with their melodies, Till noon burns with its blistering breath Around, and day lies still as death.

The busy noise of man and brute Is on a sudden lost and mute; Even the brook that leaps along, Seems weary of its bubbling song, And, so soft its waters creep, Tired silence sinks in sounder sleep;

The cricket on its bank is dumb; The very flies forget to hum; And, save the wagon rocking round, The landscape sleeps without a sound. The breeze is stopped, the lazy bough Hath not a leaf that daneeth now;

The taller grass upon the hill, And spider's threads, are standing still; The feathers, dropped from moorhen's wing Which to the water's surface eling, Are steadfast, and as heavy seem As stones beneath them in the stream;

Hawkweed and groundsel's fanny downs Unruffled keep their seedy crowns; And in the overheated air Not one light thing is floating there. Save that to the earnest eye The restless heat seems twittering by.

Noon swoons beneath the heat it made, And flowers e'en within the shade; Until the sun slopes in the west, Like weary traveller, glad to rest On pillowed clouds of many hues. Then Nature's voice its joy renews,

And checkered field and grassy plain Hum with their summer songs again, A requiem to the day's decline, Whose setting sunbeams coolly shine As welcome to day's feeble powers As falling dews to thirsty flowers. Joury Charg.

Sonnet.

SUMMER.

- THE Summer, the divinest Summer burns, The skies are bright with azure and with gold.
- The mavis and the nightingale by turns
 - Amid the woods a soft enchantment hold:
- The flowering woods, with glory and delight.
 - Their tender leaves unto the air have spread:
- The wanton air, amid their alleys bright,
- Doth softly fly, and a light fragrance shed:
- The nymphs within the silver fountains play.

The angels on the golden banks recline,

Wherein great Flora, in her bright array, Hath sprinkled her ambrosial sweets divine:

- Or, else, I gaze upon that beauteous face,
- O Amoret! and think these sweets have place.

LORD THURLOW.

SONG OF THE SUMMER WINDS.

- UP the dale and down the bourne, O'er the meadow swift we fly ;
- Now we sing, and now we mourn, Now we whistle, now we sigh.

By the grassy-fringed river, Through the murmuring reeds we sweep ; 'Mid the lily-leaves we quiver, To their very hearts we creep.

Now the maiden rose is blushing

At the frolic things we say, While aside her cheek we're rushing, Like some truant bees at play.

Through the blooming groves we rustle, Kissing every bud we pass,---As we did it in the bustle, Scarcely knowing how it was.

Down the glen, across the mountain, O'er the yellow heath we roam, Whirling round about the fountain, Till its little breakers foam.

Bending down the weeping willows, While our vesper hymn we sigh ; Then unto our rosy pillows On our weary wings we hie.

There of idlenesses dreaming, Scarce from waking we refrain,

Moments long as ages deeming Till we're at our play again. GEORGE DARLEY.

TO AUTUMN.

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness ! Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun!

- Conspiring with him how to load and hless
 - With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run-
- To bend with apples the moss'd cottage trees,
 - And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core-
 - To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel-shells
 - With a sweet kernel-to set budding more.

And still more, later flowers for the bees,

- Until they think warm days will never cease.
 - For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?

Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find

Thee sitting careless on a granary-floor,

- Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
- Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
- Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
 - Spares the next swath and all its twinèd flowers ;
- And sometime like a gleaner thou dost keep
 - Steady thy laden head across a brook ;
 - Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
- - Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?

Think not of them-thou hast thy music too,

- While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
 - And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
- Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn

Among the river-sallows, borne aloft Or sinking, as the light wind lives or dies;

- And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
 - Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
 - The red-breast whistles from a gardencroft,

And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

JOHN KEATS.

AUTUMN.

A DIRGE.

THE warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is wailing,

The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are dying,

And the year

On the earth her deathbed, in a shroud of leaves dead,

Is lying.

Come, months, come away,

From November to May,

In your saddest array;

Follow the bier

Of the dead cold year.

And like dim shadows watch by her sepulchre.

- The chill rain is falling, the nipt worm is erawling,
- The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knelling

For the year ;

The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards each gone

To/his dwelling; Come, months, come away, Put on white, black, and gray, * - - light sisters playYe follow the bier

Of the dead cold year,

And make her grave green with tear on tear.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND.

Ι.

- O WILD West Wind, thou breath of autumn's being,
- Thou from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
- Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
- Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,

Pestilence-stricken multitudes : O thou Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low.

Each like a corpse within its grave, until

Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill

- (Driving sweet bnds like flocks to feed in air)
- With living hues and odors plain and hill :

Wild spirit, which art moving everywhere; Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh hear!

π.

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,

- Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
- Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning; there are spread

On the blue surface of thine airy surge,

Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

t)f some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge

Of the horizon to the zenith's height,

The locks of the approaching storm. Thon dirge

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VUUN

POEMS OF NATURE. 437	
Of the dying year, to which this closing	A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and
night	bow'd
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,	One too like thee: tameless and swift and
Vaulted with all thy congregated might	proud.
Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere	v.
Black rain and fire and hail will burst : oh	Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is :
hear !	What if my leaves are falling like its own!
III.	The tumult of thy mighty harmonies
Thou who didst waken from his summer	Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,
dreams	Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay	fierce,
Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams	My spirit! be thou me, impetuous one!
Beside a pumice isle in Baiæ's bay, And saw in sleep old palaces and towers Quivering within the wave's intenser day,	Drive my dead thoughts over the universe Like wither'd leaves to quicken a new birth; And, by the incantation of this verse,
All overgrown with azure moss and flowers	Scatter, as from an unextinguish'd hearth
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them!	Ashes and sparks, my words among man-
Thou	kind !
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers	Be through my lips to unawaken'd earth
Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear The sapless foliage of the ocean know	The trumpet of a prophecy! O wind, If winter comes, can spring be far behind? FERCY BYSSIE SHELLEY.
Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with	THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.
fear, And tremble, and despoil themselves : oh hear !	THE snow had begun in the gloaming, And busily all the night Had been heaping field and highway With a silence deep and white.
If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;	Every pine and fir and hemlock
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;	Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and	And the poorest twig on the elm tree
share	Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.
The impulse of thy strength, only less free Than thou, O uncontrollable! if even I were as in my boybood, and could be	From sheds new-roof'd with Carrara Came Chanticleer's muffled crow, The stiff rails were soften'd to swan's-down. And still flutter'd down the snow.
The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven, As then, when to outstrip the skyey speed Scaree seem'd a vision, I would ne'er have striven	I stood and watch'd by the window The noiseless work of the sky, And the sudden flurries of snow-birds, Like brown leaves whirling by.
As thus with thee in prayer in my sore	I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
need.	Where a little headstone stood;
Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud !	How the flakes were folding it gently,
I fall upon the thorns of life ! I bleed !	As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel, Saying, "Fahher, who makes it snow?" And I told of the good All-father Who cares for us here below.

Again I look'd at the snow-fall, And thought of the leaden sky That arch'd o'er our first great sorrow, When that mound was heap'd so high.

I remember'd the gradual patience That fell from that cloud like snow, Flake by flake, healing and hiding The sear of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whisper'd, "The snow that husheth all, Darling, the merciful Father Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kiss'd her; And she, kissing back, could not know

That my kiss was given to her sister,

Folded close under deepening snow. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

WHEN ICICLES HANG BY THE WALL.

WHEN icicles hang by the wall And Dick the shepherd blows his nail, And Tom bears logs into the hall,

And milk comes frozen home in pail, When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul, Then nightly sings the staring owl,

To-who;

Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note. While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow, And coughing drowns the parson's saw,

And birds sit brooding in the snow, And Marian's nose looks red and raw, When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl, Then nightly sings the staring owl,

To-who:

Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note, While grensy Joan doth keel the pot, WILLIAN SHAKESTARE. BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND.

BLOW, blow, thon winter wind, Thon art not so unkind As man's ingratitude; Thy tooth is not so keen, Because thou art not seen, Although thy breath be rude. Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly: Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly: Then, heigh-ho! the holly! This life is most jolly! Freeze freeze then hitter size

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky, Thou dost not bits so nigh As benefits forgot: Though thou the waters warp, Thy sting is not so sharp As friend remember'd not. Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly : Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly : Then, heigh-ho! the holly! This life is most jolly ! WILLIM SHAKESPEARE.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

FULL knee-deep lies the winter snow, And the winter winds are wearily sighing:
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow, And tread softly and speak low,
For the Old year lies a-dying.
Old year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still : he doth not move : He will not see the dawn of day. He hath no other life above. He gave me a friend, and a true true-love, And the New year will take 'em away. Old year, you must not go : So long as you have been with us, Such joy as you have seen with us, Old year, you shall not go.

He froth'd his bumpers to the brim; A jollier year we shall not see. But though his eyes are waxing dim, And though his foes speak ill of him, He was a friend to me. Old year, you shall not die; We did so laugh and cry with you. I've half a mind to die with you, Old year, if you must die. He was full of joke and jest, But all his merry quips are o'er. To see him die, across the waste His son and heir doth ride post-haste, But he'll be dead before. Every one for his own. The night is starry and cold, my friend. And the New year blithe and bold, my friend, Comes up to take his own. How hard he breathes ! Over the snow I heard just now the crowing cock. The shadows flicker to and fro: The cricket chirps: the light burns low: 'Tis nearly twelve o'clock. Shake hands before you die. Old year, we'll dearly rue for you: What is it we can do for you? Speak out before you die. His face is growing sharp and thin. Alack ! our friend is gone. Close up his eyes: tie up his chin:

Step from the corpse and let him in That standeth there alone.

And waiteth at the door.

There's a new foot on the floor, my

friend, And a new face at the door, my friend.

A new face at the door.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

MORNING.

HARK-bark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,

And Phœbus 'gins arise,

His steeds to water at those springs On chaliced flowers that lies : And winking Mary-buds begin To ope their golden eyes; With everything that pretty bin, My lady sweet, arise; Arise, arise! WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

SONNET.

- FULL many a glorious morning have I seen
- Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
- Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
 - Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;

Anon permit the basest clouds to ride With ugly rack on his celestial face,

And from the forlorn world his visage hide, Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace.

Even so my sun one early morn did shine, With all triumphant splendor on my brow;

But out, alack! he was but one hour mine,

The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.

Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;

Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun staineth.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE SABBATH MORNING.

WITH silent awe I hail the sacred morn, That slowly wakes while all the fields are still !

A soothing calm on every breeze is borne; A graver murmur gurgles from the rill; And Echo answers softer from the hill:

And softer sings the linnet from the thorn;

The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill.

Hail, light serene! hail, sacred Sabbath morn!

The rooks float silent by in airy drove; The sun a placid yellow lustre throws;

The gales that lately sigh'd along the grove,

10 I IIII IIII IIICI CIIO	
Have hush'd their downy wings in dead repose; The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move— So smiled the day when the first morn arose!	Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene, Or find some ruin midst its dreary dells, Whose walls more awful nod By thy religious gleams.
JOHN LEYDEN.	Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
ODE TO EVENING.	Prevent my willing fect, be mine the hut That from the mountain's side Views wilds and swelling floods,
1F aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song, May hope, O pensive Eve, to soothe thine car, Like thy own brawling springs, Thy springs, and dving gales;	And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires, And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
O nymph reserved, while now the bright- hair'd sun	Thy dewy fingers draw The gradual dusky veil.
Sits in yon western tent whose cloudy skirts, With brede ethereal wove, O'erhang his wavy bed :	While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont, And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
Now air is hush'd, save where the weak- eved bat,	While Summer loves to sport Beneath thy lingering light ;
With short shrill shrick flits by on leathern wing, Or where the beetle winds His small but sullen horn,	While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,Affrights thy shrinking train,
As oft he rises midst the twilight path, Against the pilgrim borne in needless hum: Now teach me, maid composed, To breathe some soften'd strain,	And rudely rends thy robes ; So long, regardful of thy quiet rule, Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace Thy gentlest influence own,
Whose numbers stealing through thy dark- ening vale	And love thy favorite name. WILLIAM COLLINS.
May not unseemly with its stillness suit; As musing slow I hail Thy genial loved return !	THE MIDGES DANCE ABOON THE BURN.

FIRESIDE EXCVCLOP #DIA OF POFTRY

For when thy folding star arising shows His paly circlet, at his warning lamp The fragrant Hours and Elves Who slept in buds the day,

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And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,

And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,

The pensive Pleasures sweet, Prepare thy shadowy car. THE midges dance aboon the burn; The dews begin to fa';

The pairtricks down the rushy holm Set up their e'ening ca'.

Now loud and clear the blackbird's sang Rings through the bricry shaw,

While, flitting gay, the swallows play Around the castle-wa'.

Beneath the golden gloamin' sky The mavis mends her lay ; The redbreast pours his sweetest strains To charm the lingering day; While weary yeldrins seem to wail Their little nestlings torn, The merry wren, frae den to den,

Gaes jinking through the thorn. The roses fauld their silken leaves,

The foxglove shuts its bell; The honeysuckle and the birk Spread fragrance through the dell. Let others crowd the giddy court Of mirth and revelry, The simple joys that Nature yields Are dearer far to me.

ROBERT TANNAHILL,

SONNET.

IT is a beauteous Evening, calm and free; The holy time is quiet as a Nun Breathless with adoration; the broad sun

Is sinking down in its tranquillity ;

The gentleness of heaven is on the Sea: Listen! the mighty Being is awake, And doth with his eternal motion make

A sound like thunder-everlastingly.

- Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest with me here,
 - If thou appear'st untouch'd by solemn thought,

Thy nature is not therefore less divine :

Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;

And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner shrine,

God being with thee when we know it not.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

SABBATH EVENING.

How calmly sinks the parting sun ! Yet twilight lingers still;

And beautiful as dream of heaven It slumbers on the hill;

Earth sleeps, with all her glorious things, Beneath the Holy Spirit's wings, And, rendering back the hues above, Seems resting in a trance of love.

Round yonder rocks the forest trees In shadowy groups recline, Like saints at evening bow'd in prayer Around their holy shrine;

And through their leaves the night-winds blow,

So calm and still, their music low Seems the mysterious voice of prayer, Soft echo'd on the evening air.

And yonder western throng of clouds, Retiring from the sky, So calmly move, so softly glow,

They seem to Fancy's eye Bright creatures of a better sphere, Come down at noon to worship here, And, from their sacrifice of love, Returning to their home above.

The blue isles of the golden sea, The night-arch floating high, The flowers that gaze upon the heavens,

The bright streams leaping by, Are living with religion—deep On earth and sea its glories sleep, And mingle with the starlight rays, Like the soft light of parted days.

The spirit of the holy eve

Comes through the silent air To Feeling's hidden spring, and wakes A gush of music there ! And the far depths of ether beam So passing fair, we almost dream That we can rise and wander through

Their open paths of trackless blue.

Each soul is fill'd with glorious dreams, Each pulse is beating wild; And thought is soaring to the shrine Of glory undefiled! And holy aspirations start, Like blessed angels, from the heart, And bind—for earth's dark ties are riven— Our spirits to the gates of heaven.

GEORGE DENISON PRENTICE.

TO NIGHT.

MYSTERIOUS Night! when our first parent knew

Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,

Did he not tremble for this lovely frame, This glorious canopy of light and blue? Yet 'neath the curtain of translucent dew, Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,

Hesperus with the host of heaven came, And lo! creation widen'd in man's view.

- Who could have thought such darkness lay conceal'd
 - Within thy beams, O Sun I or who could lind,
- While fly, and leaf, and insect lay reveal'd, That to such countless orbs thon mad'st us blind !
- Why do we, then, shun Death with anxious strife ?---
- If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE.

TO NIGHT.

SWIFTLY walk over the western wave, Spirit of Night! Ont of the misty eastern cave, Where all the long and lone daylight Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear Which make thee terrible and dear,— Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray Star-inwrought! Blind with thine hair the cycs of day, Kiss her until she be wearied out, Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land, Touching all with thine opiate wand— Come, long-sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn, I sigh'd for thee; When light rode high, and the dew was gone, And noon lay heavy on flower and tree, And the weary Day turn'd to his rest,

And the weary Day turn'd to his rest, Lingering like an unloved guest, I sigh'd for thee.

Thy brother Death eame, and cried, Wouldt thilou me? Thy sweet child Slee, Ai ic filmy-eyed, Murmur'd like a noontide bee, Shall 1 nestle near thy side? Wouldst thou me?—And 1 replied, No, not thee ! Death will come when thou art dead, Soon, too soon-

Sleep will come when thou art fled; Of neither would I ask the boon I ask of thee, beloved Night— Swift be thine approaching tlight, Come soon, soon!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE EVENING CLOUD.

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting sun,

A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow;

Long had I watch'd the glory moving on O'er the still radiance of the lake below.

Tranquil its spirit seem'd, and floated slow !

Even in its very motion there was rest;

- While every breath of eve that chanced to blow
 - Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.
- Emblem, methought, of the departed soul! To whose white robe the gleam of biiss is given

And by the breath of mercy made to roll Right onward to the golden gates of heaven.

Where to the eye of faith it peaceful lies, And tells to man his glorions destinies.

JOHN WILSON.

THE EVENING WIND.

SPIRIT that breathest through my lattice ; thou

- That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day !
- Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow;
 - Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
- Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
 - Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray,

And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee

To the seorch'd land, thou wanderer of the sea !

No. Talana di su di basan nu l	
Nor I alone,—a thousand bosoms round Inhale thee in the fulness of delight;	And they who stand about the sick man's bed
Aud languid forms rise up, and pulses bound	Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
Livelier, at coming of the wind of night;	And softly part his curtains to allow
And languishing to hear thy welcome sound.	Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.
Lies the vast inland, stretch'd beyond	
the sight.	Go,-but the circle of eternal change,
Go forth into the gathering shade; go forth,	Which is the life of Nature, shall re- store,
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth !	With sounds and seents from all thy mighty range,
Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest;	Thee to thy birthplace of the deep
Curl the still waters, bright with stars;	once more. Sweet odors in the sea-air, sweet aud
and rouse	strange,
The wide old wood from his majestic rest, Summoning, from the innumerable	Shall tell the homesick mariner of the
boughs,	shore; And, listening to thy murmur, he shall
The strange deep harmonies that haunt his	deem
breast. Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly	He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.
bows	WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.
The shutting flower, and darkling waters	
pass, And where the o'ershadowing branches	
sweep the grass.	THE RAINBOW.
Stoop o'er the place of graves, and softly sway	STILL young and fine, but what is still in view
-	
The sighing herbage by the gleaming stone.	We slight as old and soil'd, though fresh and new.
stone, That they who near the churchyard wil-	and new. How bright wert thou, when Shem's ad-
stone, That they who near the churchyard wil- lows stray, And listen in the deepening gloom,	and new. How bright wert thou, when Shem's ad- miring eye Thy burnish'd, flaming arch did first des-
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stone, That they who near the churchyard wil- lows stray, And listen in the deepening gloom, alone, May think of gentle souls that pass'd away, Like thy pure breath, into the vast un- known, Sent forth from heaven among the sons of men, And goue into the boundless heaven again. The faint old man shall lean his silver	and new. How bright wert thou, when Shem's ad- miring eye Thy burnish'd, flaming arch did first des- ery! When Terah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot, The youthful world's gray fathers, in one knot Did with intentive looks watch every hour For thy new light, and trembled at each shower! When thou dost shine, darkness looks
 stone, That they who near the churchyard willows stray, And listen in the deepening gloom, alone, May think of gentle souls that pass'd away, Like thy pure breath, into the vast unknown, Sent forth from heaven among the sons of men, And goue into the boundless heaven again. The faint old man shall lean his silver head To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep, And dry the moisten'd curls that over- 	and new. How bright wert thou, when Shem's ad- miring eye Thy burnish'd, flaming arch did first des- cry! When Terah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot, The youthful world's gray fathers, in one knot Did with intentive looks watch every hour For thy new light, and trembled at each shower! When thou dost shine, darkness looks white and fair, Forms turn to music, clouds to smiles and air: Rain gently spends his honey-drops, and
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Bright pledge of peace and sunshine! the sure tie

Of thy Lord's hand, the object of His eye! When 1 behold thee, though my light be dim.

Distinct, and low, I can in thine see 11im, Who looks upon thee from 11is glorions throne.

And minds the covenant betwixt all and One.

HENRY VACGUAN.

TO THE RAINBOW.

TRIUMPHAL areh that fill'st the sky When storms prepare to part, I ask not proud Philosophy To teach me what thou art—

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight, A mid-way station given For happy spirits to alight Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that Optics teach, unfold Thy form to please me so, As when 1 dream'd of gems and gold Hid in thy radiant bow?

When Science from Creation's face Enchantment's veil withdraws, What lovely visions yield their place To cold material laws!

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams But words of the Most High,

Have told why first thy robe of beams Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth Heaven's covenant thou did'st shine, How came the world's gray fathers forth To watch thy sacred sign!

And when its yellow lustre smiled O'er monntains yet untrod, Each mother held aloft her child To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep, The first-made anthem rang On earth, deliver'd from the deep, And the first poet sang. Nor ever shall the Muse's eye Unraptured greet thy beam; Theme of primeval prophecy, Be still the prophet's theme!

The earth to thee her incense yields, The lark thy welcome sings, When, glittering in the freshen'd fields,

The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle east O'er mountain, tower, and town, Or mirror'd in the ocean vast, A thousand fathoms down!

As fresh in yon horizon dark, As young thy beauties seem, As when the eagle from the ark First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page, Heaven still rebuilds thy span, Nor lets the type grow pale with age That first spoke peace to man. THOMAS CAMPRELL

THE RAINBOW.

My heart leaps up when I behold A Rainbow in the sky: So was it when my life began; So is it now I am a Man; So be it when I shall grow old, Or let me die! The Child is Father of the Man; And I could wish my days to be Bonnd each to each by natural piety. WILLTAN WORDSWOTTH.

THE CLOUD.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,

From the seas and the streams;

I bear light shade for the leaves when laid

In their noonday dreams.

From my wings are shaken the dews that waken

The sweet birds every one,

When rock'd to rest on their mother's breast,

As she dances about the sun.

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I wield the flail of the lashing hail,	May have broken the woof of my tent's
And whiten the green plains under;	thin roof, .
And then again I dissolve it in rain;	The stars peep behind her and peer;
And laugh as I pass in thunder. I sift the snow on the mountains below,	And I laugh to see them whirl and flee, Like a swarm of golden bees,
And their great pines groan aghast; And all the night 'tis my pillow white, While I sleep in the arms of the blast.	When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers Lightning, my pilot, sits;	Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas, Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
In a cavern under is fetter'd the thunder; It struggles and howls at fits. Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,	Are each paved with the moon and these.
This pilot is guiding me, Lured by the love of the genii that move	I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
In the depths of the purple sea;	And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the	The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel
hills,	and swim,
Over the lakes and the plains,	When the whirlwinds my banner un-
Wherever he dream, under mountain or	furl.
stream, The Spirit he loves remains;	From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue	Over a torrent sea,
smile,	Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.	The mountains its columns be.
The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,	The triumphal arch, through which I march
And his burning plumes outspread, Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,	With hurricane, fire, and snow, When the powers of the air are chain'd to my chair,
When the morning star shines dead.	Is the million-color'd bow;
As, on the jag of a mountain-crag	The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,	While the ment worth much longhing bo
An eagle, alit, one moment may sit	While the moist earth was langhing be-
In the light of its golden wings;	low.
And when sunset may breathe, from the	I am the daughter of earth and water,
lit sea beneath,	And the nursling of the sky;
Its ardors of rest and of love,	I pass through the pores of the ocean and
And the crimson pall of eve may fall	shores;
From the depth of heaven above,	I change, but I cannot die.
With wings folded I rest on mine airy	For after the rain, when, with never a
nest,	stain,
As still as a brooding dove.	The pavilion of heaven is bare,
That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,	And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
Whom mortals call the moon,	Build up the blue dome of air—
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like	I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
floor	And out of the caverns of rain,
By the midnight breezes strewn;	Like a child from the womb, like a ghost
And wherever the beat of her unseen	from the tomb,
feet, Which only the angels hear	I arise and unbuild it again.

FANCY IN NUBIBUS;

OR, THE POET IN THE CLOUDS.

On, it is pleasant, with a heart at case,

- Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies, To make the shifting clouds be what you please,
 - Or let the easily-persuaded eyes
- Own each quaint likeness issning from the mould
 - Of a friend's fancy; or with head bent low
- And check aslant see rivers flow of gold
- 'Twixt erimson banks; and then, a travveller, go
- From mount to mount through Cloudland, gorgeous land !

Or list'ning to the tide, with closed sight, Be that blind bard, who on the Chian strand

By those deep sounds possess'd with inward light,

Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssee Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea,

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

DRINKING.

THE thirsty earth soaks up the rain, And drinks, and gapes for drink again : The plants suck in the earth, and are, With constant drinking, fresh and fair; The sea itself (which one would think Should have but little need of drink) Drinks ten thousand rivers up, So filled that they o'erflow the eup. The busic sun (and one would guess By 's drunken fiery face no less) Drinks up the sea, and when he 'as done, The moon and stars drink up the sun: They drink and dance by their own light; They drink and revel all the night. Nothing in Nature's soher found, But an eternal "health" goes round. Fill up the bowl then, fill it high-Fill all the glasses there; for why Should every creature drink but I ; Why, man of morals, tell me why?

> ANACREON (Greek). Translation of Anraham Cowley.

TO CYNTHIA.

QUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair, Now the sun is laid to sleep, Seated in thy silver chair State in wonted manner keep: Hesperus entreats thy light, Goddess excellently bright!

Earth, let not thy envious shade Dare itself to interpose;

Cynthia's shining orb was made

Heaven to clear when day did close; Bless us, then, with wished sight, Goddess excellently bright!

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,

And thy crystal-shining quiver; Give unto thy flying hart

Space to breathe, how short soever; Thou that mak'st a day of night, Goddess excellently bright !

BEN JONSON.

TO THE MOON.

ART thou pale for weariness Of elimbing heaven, and gazing on the earth, Wandering companionless

Among the stars that have a different birth .---

And ever changing, like a joyless eye That finds no object worth its constancy? PERCY BYSSIE SHELLEY.

SONNET.

TO THE MOON.

O Moon, that shinest on this heathy wild,

And light'st the hill of Hastings with thy ray,

How am I with thy sad delight beguiled! How hold with fond imagination play!

By thy broad taper I call up the time

- When Harold on the bleeding verdure lay;
- Though great in glory, overstain'd with crime,

And fallen by his fate from kingly sway !

On bleeding knights, and on war-broken arms.

Torn banners, and the dying steeds you shone,

When this fair England, and her peerless charms,

And all, but honor, to the foe were gone i

Here died the king, whom his brave subjects chose,

But, dying, lay amid his Norman foes ! LORD THURLOW.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

How sweet thy modest light to view, Fair star, to love and lovers dear, While trembling on the falling dew, Like beauty shining through a tear !

Or hanging o'er that mirror-stream, To mark that image trembling there, Thou seem'st to smile with softer gleam, To see thy lovely face so fair.

Though, blazing o'er the arch of night, The moon thy timid beams outshine

As far as thine each starry light,— Her rays can never vie with thine.

Thine are the soft enchanting hours When twilight lingers on the plain, And whispers to the closing flowers That soon the sun will rise again.

Thine is the breeze that, murmuring bland As music, wafts the lover's sigh, And bids the yielding heart expand In love's delicious cestasy.

Fair star! though I be doom'd to prove That rapture's tears are mix'd with pain, Ah! still I feel 'tis sweet to love,—

But sweeter to be loved again. JOHN LEYDEN.

SONG.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

STAR that bringest home the bee, And sett'st the weary laborer free ! If any star shed peace, 'tis thou That send'st it from above, Appearing when Heaven's breath and brow Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies Whilst the landscape's odors rise, Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard, And songs, when toil is done, From cottages whose smoke unstirr'd Curls yellow in the sun. Star of love's soft interviews ! Parted lovers on thee muse ; Their remembrancer in Heaven Of thrilling vows thou art, Too delicious to be riven By absence from the heart. THOMAS CAMPBELL,

ON A SPRIG OF HEATH.

FLOWER of the waste! the heathfowl shuns For thee the brake and tangled wood—

To thy protecting shade she runs, Thy tender buds supply her food; Her young forsake her downy plumes To rest upon thy opening blooms.

Flower of the desert though thou art! The deer that range the mountain free, The graceful doe, the stately hart,

Their food and shelter seek from thee; The bee thy earliest blossom greets, And draws from thee her choicest sweets.

Gem of the heath! whose modest bloom Sheds beauty o'er the lonely moor,

Though thou dispense no rich perfume, Nor yet with splendid tints allure,

Both valor's crest and beauty's bower Oft hast thou decked, a favorite flower.

Flower of the wild! whose purple glow Adorns the dusky mountain's side, Not the gay hues of Iris' bow,

Nor garden's artful varied pride, With all its wealth of sweets, could cheer, Like thee, the hardy mountaineer.

Flower of his heart! thy fragrance mild Of peace and freedom seems to breathe; To pluck thy blossoms in the wild,

And deck his bonnet with the wreath, Where dwelt of old his rustic sires, Is all his simple wish requires.

Flower of his dear-loved native land! Alas, when distant, far more dear! When he from some cold foreign strand Looks homeward through the blinding tear, How must his aching heart deplore,

That home and thee he sees no more !

ANNE GRANT.

FLOWERS.	Everywhere about us are they glowing-
PAKE full well, in language quaint and	Some, like stars, to tell us Spring is born ;
olden,	Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflow-
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,	ing, Stand, like Ruth, amid the golden corn.
When he call'd the flowers, so blue and	Stand, ince Kuth, anna the golden corn.
golden,	Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.	And in Summer's green-emblazon'd
tars they are, wherein we read our his-	field,
tory,	But in arms of brave old Autumn's wear-
As astrologers and seers of eld;	ing,
'et not wrapp'd about with awful mystery,	In the centre of his brazen shield;
Like the burning stars which they beheld.	Not alone in meadows and green alleys,
	On the mountain-top, and by the brink
Condrous truths, and manifold as won-	Of sequester'd pools in woodland valleys,
drous,	Where the slaves of Nature stoop to
God hath written in those stars above;	drink ;
at not less in the bright flowerets under us	Not alone in her vast dome of glory,
Stands the revelation of his love,	Not on graves of bird and beast alone,
ctands the reretation of this life.	But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,
right and glorious is that revelation,	On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone ;
Written all over this great world of	In the optimize of the mule t prevents
ours	In the cottage of the rudest peasant; In ancestral homes, whose crumbling
laking evident our own creation,	towers,
In these stars of earth, these golden	Speaking of the Past unto the Present,
flowers.	Tell us of the ancient Games of Flowers.
nd the poet, faithful and far-seeing,	In all places then, and in all assesses
Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part	In all places, then, and in all seasons, Flowers expand their light and soul-like
f the self-same, universal being	wings,
Which is throbbing in his brain and	Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
heart.	How akin they are to human things.
orgeous flowerets in the sunlight shin-	
ing,	And with childlike, credulous affection, We behold their tender buds expand—
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,	Emblems of our own great resurrection,
remulous leaves, with soft and silver lin-	Emblems of the bright and better land.
ing,	HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.
Buds that open only to decay;	
	FLOWERS,
rilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,	TLO W P.KS.
Flaunting gayly in the golden light;	SWEET nurslings of the vernal skies,
arge desires, with most uncertain issues,	Bathed in soft airs, and fed with dew,
Tender wishes, blossoming at night;	What more than magic in you lies
	To fill the heart's fond view! In childhood's sports companions gay ;
hese in flowers and men are more than	In sorrow, on life's downward way,
seeming;	How soothing! in our last decay,
Workings are they of the self-same	Memorials prompt and true.
powers Which she much for an fille documents	
Which the poet, in no idle dreaming,	Relics ye nre of Eden's bowers, As pure, as fragrant, and as fair,
Seeth in himself and in the flowers.	as pure, as magrant, and as fair,

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As when ye crown'd the sunshine hours	CHORUS OF THE FLOWERS.
Of happy wanderers there.	WE are the sweet Flowers,
Fall'n all beside,-the world of life	Born of sunny showers,
How is it stain'd with fear and strife!	Think, whene'er you see us, what our
In reason's world what storms are rife,	beauty saith ;
What passions rage and glare!	
	Utterance mute and bright
But cheerful, and unchanged the while,	Of some unknown delight, We fill the air with pleasure, by our simple
Your first and perfect form ye show,	breath:
The same that won Eve's matron smile	All who see us love us;
In the world's opening glow.	
The stars of heaven a course are taught,	We befit all places;
Too high above our human thought ;	Unto sorrow we give smiles; and unto
Ye may be found if ye are sought,	graces, graces.
And as we gaze, we know.	Mark our ways, how noiseless
Ve dwell beside our nother and homes	All, and sweetly voiceless,
Ye dwell beside our paths, and homes,	Though the March-winds pipe to make our
Our paths of sin, our homes of sorrow,	passage clear;
And guilty man, where'er he roams,	Not a whisper tells
Your innocent mirth may borrow.	Where our small seed dwells,
The birds of air before us fleet,	Nor is known the moment green when our
They cannot brook our shame to meet,-	tips appear.
But we may taste your solace sweet,	We thread the earth in silence,
And come again to-morrow.	In silence build our bowers:
Ye fearless in your nests abide;	And leaf by leaf in silence show, till we
Nor may we scorn, too proudly wise,	laugh atop, sweet Flowers.
Your silent lessons, undescried	laugh atop, sweet r lowers.
By all but lowly eyes;	The dear lumpish baby,
For ye could draw th' admiring gaze	Humming with the May bee,
Of Him who worlds and hearts surveys;	Hails us with his bright stare, stumbling
Your order wild, your fragrant maze,	through the grass;
He taught us how to prize.	The honey-dropping moon,
· ·	On a night in June,
Ye felt your Maker's smile that hour,	Kisses our pale pathway leaves, that felt
As when He paused, and own'd you	
good,	the bridegroom pass. Age, the wither'd clinger,
His blessing on earth's primal bower,	On us mutely gazes,
Ye felt it all renew'd.	And wraps the thought of his last bed in
What care ye now, if winter's storm	his childhood's daisies.
Sweep restless o'er each silken form?	his childhood s daisles,
Christ's blessing at your heart is warm,	See and seem all dullar
Ye fear no vexing mood.	See, and scorn all duller
Alas! of thousand bosoms kind,	Taste, how Heaven loves color;
	How great Nature, clearly, joys in red and
That daily court you, and caress, How few the happy secret find	green;
Of your calm loveliness!	What sweet thoughts she thinks
"Live for to-day !" to-morrow's light	Of violets and pinks,
To-morrow's cares shall bring to sight.	And a thousand flashing hues made solely to be seen ;
Go, sleep like closing flowers at night,	See her whitest lilies
And Heaven thy morn will bless.	Chill the silver showers,
John Keele,	
	And what a red mouth has her rose, the woman of the Flowers.
9.0	woman of the Flowers.

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Uselessness divinest, Of a use the finest, Painteth us, the teachers of the end of use : Travellers, weary-eyed, Bless us, far and wide ; Unto sick and prison'd thoughts we give sudden truce ; Not a poor town-window Loyes its sickliest planting, But its wall speaks loftier truth than Babylon's whole vaunting. Sage are yet the uses Mix'd with our sweet juices, Whether man or May-fly profits of the balm: As fair fingers heal'd Knights from the olden field, We hold cups of mightiest force to give the wildest calm. E'en the terror, poison, Hath its plea for blooming; Life it gives to reverent lips, though death to the presuming. And oh ! our sweet soul-taker, That thief, the honey-maker, What a house hath he, by the thymy glen! In his talking rooms How the feasting fumes. Till his gold cups overflow to the mouths of men! The butterflies come aping Those fine thieves of ours, And flutter round our rifled tops, like tickled flowers with flowers. See those tops, how beauteous! What fair service duteous Round some idol waits, as on their lord the Nine? Elfin court 'twould seem, And taught, perchance, that dream Which the old Greek mountain dreamt upon nights divine. To expound such wonder Human speech avails not, Yet there dies no poorest weed, that such n glory exhales not.

Think of all these treasures, Matchless works and pleasures, Every one a marvel, more than thought can say; Then think in what bright showers We thicken fields and bowers, And with what heaps of sweetness half stifle wanton May ; Think of the mossy forests By the bee-birds haunted, And all those Amazonian plains, lone lying as enchanted. Trees themselves are ours; Fruits are born of flowers; Peach and roughest nut were blossoms in the Spring ; The lusty bee knows well The news, and comes pell-mell, And dances in the bloomy thicks with darksome antheming. Beneath the very burthen Of planet-pressing ocean We wash our smiling checks in peace, a thought for meek devotion. Tears of Pheebus-missings Of Cytherea's kissings, Have in us been found, and wise men find them still: Drooping grace unfurls Still Hyacinthus' curls, And Narcissus loves himself in the selfish Thy red lip, Adonis, Still is wet with morning; And the step that bled for thee the rosy brier adoruing. Oh! true things are fables, Fit for sagest tables, And the flowers are true things, yet no fahles they; Fables were not more Bright, nor loved of yore-Yet they grew not, like the flowers, by every old pathway; Grossest hand can test us; Fools may prize us never; Yet we rise, and rise, and rise, marvels

> Who shall say that flowers Dress not heaven's own bowers?

sweet for ever.

Who its love, without them, can fancy-or | Its choir the winds and waves, its organ sweet floor? Who shall even dare To say we sprang not there,

And came not down, that Love might bring one piece of heaven the more? Oh ! pray believe that angels From those blue dominious Brought us in their white laps down, 'twixt

their golden pinions.

LEIGH HUNT.

HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

DAY-STARS! that ope your frownless eyes to twinkle

- From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation.
- And dewdrops on her lonely altars sprinkle

As a libation !

- Ye matin worshippers! who bending lowly
 - Before the uprisen sun-God's lidless eve-

Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy

Incense on high !

Ye bright mosaics! that with storied beauty

The floor of Nature's temple tessellate,

What numerous emblems of instructive duty

Your forms create!

'Neath cloister'd boughs, each floral bell that swingeth

And tolls its perfume on the passing air,

Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth

A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column

Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,

But to that fane, most catholic and solemn, Which God hath plann'd;

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,

Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supplythunder,

Its dome the sky.

There-as in solitude and shade I wander Through the green aisles, or, stretch'd upon the sod,

Awed by the silence, reverently ponder The ways of God-

Your voiceless lips, O Flowers, are living preachers,

Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,

Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles! that in dewy splendor "Weep without woe, and blush without a crime."

Oh, may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender,

Your lore sublime!

"Thou wert not, Solomon! in all thy glory,

Array'd," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours:

How vain your grandeur! Ah, how transitory

Are human flowers!"

In the sweet-scented pictures, Heavenly Artist!

With which thou paintest Nature's widespread hall,

What a delightful lesson thou impartest Of love to all!

Not useless are ye, Flowers! though made for pleasure :

Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night.

From every source your sanction bids me treasure

Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary For such a world of thought could furnish scope?

Each fading calyx a memento mori, Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection! Upraised from seed or bulb interr'd in earth,

Ye are to me a type of resurrection, And second birth.

Were I in churchless solitudes remaining,

Far from all voice of teachers and divines,

My soul would find, in flowers of God's ordaining,

Priests, sermons, shrines ! HORACE SMITH.

TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

MILD offspring of a dark and sullen sire ! Whose modest form, so delicately fine, Was nursed in whirling storms, And cradled in the winds,

Thee, when young Spring first question'd Winter's sway,

And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight, Thee on this bank he threw To mark his victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year, Serene, thou openest to the nipping gale,

> Unnoticed and alone, Thy tender elegance.

So Virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms

Of chill adversity; in some lone walk Of life she rears her head, Obscure and unobserved;

While every bleaching breeze that on her blows

Chastens her spotless purity of breast, And hardens her to bear Screne the ills of life. HESKY KIKKE WINTE.

TO PRIMROSES,

FILLED WITH MORNING DEW.

WHY do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears Speak grief in you,

Who were but born

Just as the modest morn

Teem'd her refreshing dew?

Alas! you have not known that shower That mars a flower; Nor felt th' unkind Breath of a blasting wind; Nor are ye worn with years; Or warp'd, as we, Who think it strange to see Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young. Speaking by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimpering younglings, and make known The reason why

Ye droop and weep.

Is it for want of sleep,

Or childish lullaby?

Or, that ye have not seen as yet The violet?

Or brought a kiss

From that sweetheart to this?

No, no; this sorrow, shown By your tears shed,

Would have this lecture read :---

"That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,

Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought forth."

ROBERT HERRICK

DAFFODILS.

I WANDER'D lonely as a Cloud That floats on high o'er Vales and Hills, When all at once I saw a crowd, A host, of golden Daffodils, Beside the Lake, beneath the trees, Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine And twinkle on the Milky Way, They stretch'd in never-ending line Along the margin of a bay : Ten thousand saw I at a glance, Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they Outdid the sparkling waves in glee :— A poet could not but be gay In such a jocund company : I gazed—and gazed—but little thought What wealth the show to me had brought :

For oft, when on my couch I lie In vacant or in pensive mood,

They flash upon that inward eye, Which is the bliss of solitude, And then my heart with pleasure fills, And dances with the Daffodils. WILLIAN WORDSWORTH.

TO DAFFODILS.

FAIR Daffodils, we weep to see You haste away so soon: As yet the early-rising Sun Has not attain'd his noon. Stay, stay, Until the hasting day Has run But to the even-song; And, having pray'd together, we Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you, We have as short a Spring; As quick a growth to meet decay As you, or any thing. We die, As your hours do, and dry Away Like to the Summer's rain; Or as the pearls of morning's dew, Ne'er to be found again.

ROBERT HERRICK.

THE VIOLET.

O FAINT, delicious, spring-time violet! Thine odor, like a key,

Turns noiselessly in memory's wards to let A thought of sorrow free.

The breath of distant fields upon my brow Blows through that open door

The sound of wind-borne bells, more sweet and low,

And sadder than of yore.

It comes afar, from that belovéd place And that belovéd hour,

When life hung ripening in love's golden grace,

Like grapes above a bower.

A spring goes singing through its reedy grass; The lark sings o'er my head, Drown'd in the sky-oh pass, ye visions, pass!

I would that I were dead !---

- Why hast thou open'd that forbidden door From which I ever flee?
- O vanish'd Joy! O Love, that art no more,

Let my vex'd spirit be!

O violet! thy odor through my brain Hath search'd, and stung to grief

This sunny day, as if a curse did stain Thy velvet leaf.

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.

TO THE DAISY.

WITH little here to do or see Of things that in the great world be, Sweet Daisy, off I talk to thee, For thou art worthy, Thou unassuming Commonplace Of Nature, with that homely face, And yet with something of a grace, Which Love makes for thee !

Oft on the dappled turf at ease 1 sit, and play with similes, Loose types of things through all degrees, Thoughts of thy raising : And many a fond and idle name I give to thee, for praise or blame, As is the humor of the game, While I am gazing.

A Nun demure, of lowly port; Or sprightly Maiden of Love's Court, In thy simplicity the sport Of all temptations; A Queen in crown of rubies drest; A Starveling in a scanty vest; Are all, as scems to suit thee best, Thy appellations.

A little Cyclops, with one eye Staring to threaten and defy, That thought comes next—and instantly The freak is over, The sbape will vanish, and behold A silver Shield with boss of gold, That spreads itself, some Faery bold In fight to cover 1

 see thee glittering from afar ;— And then thou art a pretty Star;
 Not quite so fair as many are In heaven above thee!
 Yet like a star, with glittering crest,
 Self-poised in air thon secun'st to rest;
 May peace come never to his nest, Who shall reprove thee!

Sweet Flower! for by that name at last, When all my reveries are past, I call thee, and to that cleave fast, Sweet silent Creature! That breath'st with me in sun and air, Do thon, as thou art wont, repair My heart with gladness, and a share Of thy meek nature! WILLIAN WORDSWORTH.

TO THE DAISY.

BRIGHT flower, whose home is everywhere! A Pilgrim bold in Nature's care, And oft, the long year through, the heir Of joy or sorrow,

Methinks that there abides in thee Some concord with humanity, Given to no other Flower I see The forest through !

And wherefore? Man is soon deprest; A thoughtless Thing! who, once unblest, Does little on his memory rest,

Or on his reason;

But Thou wouldst teach him how to find A shelter under every wind,

A hope for times that are unkind And every season.

Thou wander'st this wide world about, Uncheck'd by pride or scrupulous doubt, With friends to greet thee, or without,

Yet pleased and willing; Meek, yielding to the occasion's call, And all things suffering from all, Thy function hpostolical In peace fulfilling.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH, IN APRIL, 1786.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flower, Thou's met me in an evil hour, For I mann crush amang the stoure Thy slender stem; To spare thee now is past my power, Thou bonny gem.

Alas! it's no thy neibor sweet, The bonny lark, companion meet, Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet, Wi' speckled breast, When upward springing, blithe, to greet The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter biting north Upon thy early, humble birth; Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth Amid the storm, Searce rear'd above the parent earth Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield. High sheltering woods and wa's mouth shield : But thou beneath the random bield O' clod or stane, Adorns the histic stibble-field, Unseen, alane.

There, in thy searty mantle clad, Thy snawle bosom sunward spread, Thou lifts thy unassuming head In humble guise; But now the share uptears thy bed, And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid, Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade ! By love's simplicity betray'd, And guileless trust, Till she, like thee, all soil'd is laid Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard, On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd ! Unskilful he to note the card Of prudent lore, Till billows rage, and gales blow hard, And whelm him o'er !

.

Such fate to suffering worth is given, Who long with wants and woes has striven, By human pride or cunning driven To misery's hrink, Till, wrench'd of every stay but Heaven,

He, ruin'd, sink !

Even thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate, That fate is thine,—no distant date : Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate, Full on thy bloom, Till erush'd beneath the furrow's weight

Shall be thy doom ! ROBERT BURNS

THE RHODORA.

ON BEING ASKED, WHENCE IS THE FLOWER?

IN May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,

I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods

- Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
- To please the desert and the sluggish brook:
- The purple petals fallen in the pool

Made the black water with their beauty gay,-

- Here might the red-bird come his plumes to eool,
 - And court the flower that cheapens his array.

Rhodora ! if the sages ask thee why

This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,

Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,

Then beauty is its own excuse for being. Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!

I never thought to ask, I never knew; But in my simple ignorance suppose

The self-same Power that brought me there brought you.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

THOU blossom, bright with autumn dew, And color'd with the heaven's own blue, That openest when the quiet light Succeeds the keen and frosty night;

Thou comest not when violets lean O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen, Or columbines, in purple dress'd, Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone, When woods are bare and birds are flown, And frosts and shortening days portend The aged Year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye Look through its fringes to the sky, Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see The hour of death draw near to me, Hope, blossoming within my heart, May look to heaven as I depart. WILLIAM COLLEN BRYANT.

The Use of Flowers.

GOD might have hade the earth bring forth Enough for great and small,

The oak tree and the cedar tree, Without a flower at all.

We might have had enough, enough, For every want of ours.

For luxury, medicine, and toil,

And yet have had no flowers.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made, All dyed with rainbow-light,

All fashion'd with supremest grace, Upspringing day and night:---

Springing in valleys green and low, And on the mountains high,

And in the silent wilderness Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not,— Then wherefore had they birth?— To minister delight to man, To beautify the earth; To comfort man,—to whisper hope,

Whene'er his faith is dim,

For Who so eareth for the flowers Will care much more for him ! MARY HOWLTT.

A THOUGHT AMONG THE ROSES.

THE roses grew so thickly, I never saw the thorn, Nor deem'd the stem was prickly Until my hand was torn.

Thus worldly joys invite us With rosy-color'd hue, But, ere they long delight ns, We find they prick us too. PETER SPENCER.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer, Left blooming alone; All her lovely companions Are faded and gone; No flower of her kindred, No rosebud, is nigh To reflect back her blnshes, Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one ! To pine on the stem; Since the lovely are sleeping, Go sleep thou with them. Thus kindly I scatter Thy leaves o're the bed Where thy mates of the garden Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow, When friendships deeay, And from love's shining circle The gems drop away. When true hearts lie wither'd, And fond ones are flown, Oh, who would inhabit This bleak world alone? THOMAS MOORE.

THE IVY GREEN.

On ! a dainty plant is the Ivy green, That creepeth o'er ruins old !

Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,

In his cell so lone and cold.

The walls must be crumbled, the stones decay'd,

To pleasure his dainty whim ;

And the mouldering dust that years have made

Is a merry meal for him. Creeping where no life is seen, A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,

And a staunch old heart has he !

How closely he twineth, how tight he elings

To his friend, the huge oak tree !

And slyly he traileth along the ground, And his leaves he gently waves,

And he joyously twines and hugs, around The rich mould of dead men's graves. Creeping where no life is seen, A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decay'd, And nations scatter'd been;

But the stout old Ivy shall never fade From its hale and hearty green.

The brave old plant in its lonely days Shall fatten upon the past;

For the stateliest building man can raise Is the Ivy's food at last.

> Creeping where no life is seen, A rare old plant is the Ivy green. CHARLES DUKENS.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,

Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.

Heap'd in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;

- They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
- The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,

And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day,

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowcrs, that lately sprang and stood

In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?

Alas! they all are in their graves; the gentle race of flowers Are lying in their lowly beds with the fair and good of ours. The rain is falling where they lie; but the cold November rain Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again. The wind-flower and the violet, they perish'd long ago. And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow; But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood. And the yellow sunflower by the brook, in autumn beauty stood, Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men, And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade, and glen. And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such days will come, To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home; When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still, And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill. The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore, And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more. And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died, The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side. In the cold moist earth we laid her when the forest cast the leaf, And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief; Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours, So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. -+0+-TO BLOSSOMS. FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree, Why do ye fall so fast? Your date is not so past

But you may stay yet here a while To blush and gently smile, And go at last.

What! were ye born to be An hour or half's delight, And so to bid good-night?

'Tis pity Nature brought ye forth, Merely to show your worth, And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we May read how soon things have Their end, though ne'er so brave; And, after they have shown their pride

Like you a while, they glide Into the grave.

ROBERT HERRICK.

Almond-Blossom.

BLOSSOM of the almond trees. April's gift to April's bees, Birthday ornament of spring, Flora's fairest daughterling ;--Coming when no flowerets dare Trust the cruel outer air, When the royal king-cup bold Dares not don his coat of gold, And the sturdy blackthorn spray Keeps his silver for the May ;-Coming when no flowerets would, Save thy lowly sisterhood, Early violets, blue and white, Dying for their love of light,-Almond-blossom, sent to teach us That the spring days soon will reach us, Lest, with longing over-tried, We die as the violets died,-Blossom, clouding all the tree With thy crimson 'broidery, Long before a leaf of green On the bravest bough is seen .-Ah ! when winter winds are swinging All thy red bells into ringing, With a bee in every bell, Almond-bloom, we greet thee well. EDWIN ARNOLD.

SONG.

UNDER the greenwood tree Who loves to lie with me

And tune his merry note Unto the sweet bird's throat, Come hither, come hither, come hither; Here shall he see No enemy But Winter and rongh weather.

Who doth ambition shun And loves to live i' the sun, Seeking the food he eats, And pleased with what he gets, Come hither, come hither, come hither; Here shall he see No enemy But Winter and rough weather. WILLIAM SHARESPEARE.

THE HOLLY TREE.

O READER ! hast thon ever stood to see The holly tree? The eye that contemplates it well, perceives. Its glossy leaves, Ordered by an intelligence so wise As might confound the atheist's sophistries. Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen Wrinkled and keen : No grazing cattle, through their prickly round. Can reach to wound; But as they grow where nothing is to fear, Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves appear. I love to view these things with curious eves, And moralize; And in this wisdom of the holly tree Can emblems see Wherewith, perchance, to make a pleasant rhyme, One which may profit in the after-time. Thus, though abroad, perchance I might appear Harsh and austere To those who on my leisure would intrude, Reserved and rude : Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be, Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,

Some harshness show,

All vain asperities I, day by day, Would wear away,

Till the smooth temper of my age should be

Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

And as, when all the summer trees are seen

So bright and green,

The holly-leaves their fadeless hues display

Less bright than they;

But when the bare and wintry woods we see,

What then so cheerful as the holly tree?

So, serious should my youth appear among The thoughtless throng;

So would I seem, amid the young and gay, More grave than they;

That in my age as cheerful I might be As the green winter of the holly tree. ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE AGED OAK AT OAKLEY, Somerset.

I was a young fair tree: Each spring with quivering green My boughs were clad; and far Down the deep vale a light Shone from me on the eves Of those who pass'd,-a light That told of sunny days, And blossoms, and blue sky; For I was ever first Of all the grove to hear The soft voice under ground Of the warm-working spring; And ere my brethren stirr'd Their sheathed buds, the kine, And the kine's keeper, came Slow up the valley-path. And laid them underneath My cool and rustling leaves; And I could feel them there As in the quiet shade They stood, with tender thoughts That pass'd along their life

Like wings on a still lake, Blessing me; and to God, The blesséd God, who cares For all my little leaves, Went up the silent praise, And I was glad with joy Which life of laboring things Inl knows,—the joy that sinks Into a life of rest.

Ages have fled since then : But deem not my pierced trunk And scanty leafage serves No high behest; my name Is sounded far and wide, And in the Providence That guides the steps of men, Hundreds have come to view My grandeur in decay; And there hath pass'd from me A quiet influence Into the minds of men : The silver head of age, The majesty of laws, The very name of God, And holiest things that are Have won upon the heart Of humankind the more. For that I stand to meet With vast and bleaching trunk The rudeness of the sky. HENRY ALFORD.

THE QUESTION.

I DREAM'D that as I wander'd by the way Bare Winter suddenly was changed to Spring,

And gentle odors led my steps astray,

Mix'd with a sound of waters murmuring Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay

Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling Its green arms round the bosom of the

stream,

But kiss'd it and then fled, as thou mightest in dream.

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets, Daisies, those pearl'd Arcturi of the earth,

The constellated flower that never sets;

Faint ox-lips; tender blue-bells, at whose birth

The sod scarce heaved; and that tall flower that wets
Its mother's face with heaven-collected
tears.
When the low wind, its playmate's voice,
it hears.
And in the warm hedge grew lush eglan- tine.
Green cow-bind and the moonlight-col-
or'd may,
And cherry-blossoms, and white cups,
whose wine
Was the bright dew yet drain'd not by
the day;
And wild roses, and ivy serpentine,
With its dark buds and leaves, wander-
ing astray;
And flowers azure, black, and streak'd with gold,
Fairer than any waken'd eyes behold.
And nearer to the river's trembling edge
There grew broad flag-flowers, purple
prankt with white, And starry river-buds among the sedge,
And floating water-lilies, broad and
bright,
Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge
With moonlight beams of their own
watery light ;
And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep
green
As soothed the dazzled eye with sober
sheen.
Methought that of these visionary flowers
I made a nosegay, bound in such a way
That the same hues, which in their natural
howers
Were mingled or opposed, the like array
Kept these imprison'd children of the
Hours Within my hand,—and then, elate and
gay,
I hasten'd to the spot whence I had come
That I might there present it—oh! to
whom ?
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

ORIGIN OF THE OPAL.

A DEWDROP came, with a spark of flame He had caught from the sun's last ray,

To a violet's breast, where he lay at rest Till the hours brought back the day.

The rose look'd down, with a blush and frown;

But she smiled all at once to view

Her own bright form, with its coloring warm,

Reflected back by the dew.

Then the stranger took a stolen look At the sky so soft and blue;

- And a leaflet green, with its silver sheen, Was seen by the idler too.
- A cold north wind, as he thus reclined, Of a sudden raged around ;

And a maiden fair, who was walking there, Next morning, an *opal* found. ACTHOR UNKNOWN.

SONG OF THE BROOK.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern : 1 make a sudden sally And sparkle out among the fern, To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down, Or slip between the ridges; By twenty thorps, a little town, And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow To join the brimming river; For men may come and men may go, But I go on for ever.

- I chatter over stony ways, In little sharps and trebles; I bubble into eddying bays,
- I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret By many a field and fallow, And many a fairy foreland set With willow-weed and mallow.

- I chatter, chatter, as I flow To join the brimming river;
- For men may come and men may go, But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out, With here a blossom sailing, And here and there a lusty trout, And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake Upon me, as I travel, With many a silvery waterbreak

Above the golden gravel;

And draw them all along, and flow To join the brimming river;

For men may come and men may go, But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots; I slide by hazel covers;

I move the sweet forget-me-nots That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance, Among my skimming swallows, I make the netted sunbeam dance

Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars In brambly wildernesses;

I linger by my shingly bars; I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow To join the brinning river; For men may come and men may go, But I go on for ever.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

ARETHUSA.

ARETHUSA arose From her couch of snows In the Acroceraunian mountains,-From cloud and from crag With many a jag, Shepherding her bright fountains. She leapt down the rocks With her rainbow locks Streaming among the streams ;--Her steps paved with green The downward ravine Which slopes to the western gleams : And, gliding and springing, She went, ever singing In murmurs as soft as sleep; The Earth seem'd to love her, And Heaven smiled above her, As she linger'd toward the deep.

Then Alpheus bold. On his glacier cold, With his trident the mountains strook; And open'd a chasm In the rocks ;--with the spasm All Erymanthus shook. And the black south wind It conceal'd behind The urns of the silent snow. And earthquake and thunder Did rend in sunder The bars of the springs below: The beard and the hair Of the river-god were Seen through the torrent's sweep, As he follow'd the light Of the fleet nymph's flight To the brink of the Dorian deep.

"Oh, save me! Oh, guide me! And bid the deep hide me, For he grasps me now by the hair !" The loud Ocean heard, To its blue depth stirr'd. And divided at her prayer; And under the water The Earth's white daughter Fled like a sunny beam; Behind her descended. Her billows unblended With the brackish Dorian stream. Like a gloomy stain On the emerald main. Alpheus rush'd behind .--As an eagle pursuing A dove to its ruin Down the streams of the cloudy wind,

Under the bowers Where the Ocean Powers Sit on their pearlèd thrones; Through the coral woods Of the weltering floods, Over heaps of unvalued stones; Through the dim beams Which amid the streams Weave a network of color'd light; And under the caves, Where the shadowy waves Are as green as the forest's night— Outspeeding the shark, And the sword-fish dark,

Under the ocean foam; And up through the rifts Of the mountain-clifts They pass'd to their Dorian home. And now from their fountains In Enna's mountains. Down one vale where the morning basks. Like friends once parted, Grown single-hearted, They ply their watery tasks. At sunrise they leap From their cradles steep In the cave of the shelving hill: At noontide they flow Through the woods below, And the meadows of asphodel; And at night they sleep In the rocking deep Beneath the Ortygian shore ;--Like spirits that lie In the azure sky, When they love, but live no more. PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

SONG OF THE RIVER.

CLEAR and cool, clear and cool, By laughing shallow and dreaming pool; Cool and clear, cool and clear. By shining shingle and foaming weir; Under the crag where the ouzel sings. And the ivied wall where the church-bell rings, Undefiled for the undefiled : Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child. Dank and foul, dank and foul, By the smoky town in its murky cowl; Foul and dank, foul and dank, By wharf, and sewer, and slimy bank; Darker and darker the further I go, Baser and baser the richer I grow; Who dare sport with the sin-defiled?

Shrink from me, turn from me, mother and child.

Strong and free, strong and free, The flood-gates are open, away to the sea: Free and strong, free and strong,

Cleansing my streams as I hurry along

To the golden sands and the leaping bar, And the taintless tide that awaits me afar, As I lose myself in the infinite main,

Like a soul that has sinn'd and is pardon'd again,

Undefiled for the undefiled;

Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE SEA.

THE sea! the sea! the open sea! The blue, the fresh, the ever free! Without a mark, without a bound, It runneth the earth's wide regions' round, It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies; Or like a cradled creature lies.

l'm on the sea! I'm on the sea! I am where I would ever be; With the blue above, and the blue below, And silence wheresoe'er I go; If a storm should come and awake the deep,

What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love (oh *how* I love!) to ride On the fierce foaming, bursting tide, When every mad wave drowns the moon, Or whistles aloft his tempest-tune, And tells how goeth the world below, And why the south-west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull tame shore But I loved the great sea more and more, And backward flew to her billowy breast, Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest; And a mother she was, and is to me; For I was born on the open sea 1

The waves were white, and red the morn, In the noisy hour when I was born;

- And the while it whistled, the porpoise roll'd,
- And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;

And never was heard such an outery wild As welcomed to life the ocean child !

I've lived since then, in calm and strife, Full fifty summers a sailor's life, With wealth to spend and a power to range,

But never have sought, nor sigh'd for change;

And Death, whenever he come to me, Shall come on the wild unbounded sea ! BRYAN WALLER PROTEE

(BARRY CORNWALL .

THE SEA-LIMITS.

CONSIDER the sea's listless chime: Time's self it is, made audible,— The murmur of the earth's own shell. Secret continuance sublime

Is the sea's end: our sight may pass No furlong further. Since time was, This sound hath told the lapse of time.

No quiet, which is death's,—it hath The mournfulness of ancient life, Enduring always at dull strife. As the world's heart of rest and wrath, Its painful pulse is in the sands.

Last utterly, the whole sky stands, Gray and not known, along its path.

Listen alone beside the sea, Listen alone among the woods; Those voices of twin solitudes Shall have one sound alike to thee:

llark where the nurmurs of throng'd men

Gather a shell from the strown beach And listen at its lips: they sigh The same desire and mystery,

The ccho of the whole sea's speech. And all mankind is thus at heart Not anything but what thou art:

And Earth, Sea, Man, are all in each. DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

THE TEMPEST.

- The tempest has darken'd the face of the skies,
 - The winds whistle wildly across the waste plain,

The fiends of the whirlwind terrific arise,

And mingle the clouds with the white foaming main.

All dark is the night and all gloomy the shore,

Save when the red lightnings the ether divide;

Then follows the thunder with loud-sounding roar,

And echoes in concert the billowy tide.

- But though now all is murky and shaded with gloom,
 - Hope, the soother, soft whispers the tempest shall cease;
- Then Nature again in her beauty shall bloom,

And enamor'd embrace the fair, sweetsmiling Peace.

- For the bright blushing Morning, all rosy with light,
 - Shall convey on her wings the creator of day;
- He shall drive all the tempests and terrors of night,
 - And Nature, enliven'd, again shall be gay.
- Then the warblers of Spring shall attune the soft lay,
 - And again the bright floweret shall blush in the vale;
- On the breast of the ocean the zephys shall play,
 - And the sunbeam shall sleep on the hill and the dale.
- If the tempests of Nature so soon sink to rest,

If her once-faded beauties so soon glow again,

- Shall man be for ever by tempests oppress'd,---
 - By the tempests of passion, of sorrow, and pain?
- Ah, no! for his passions and sorrows shall cease

When the troublesome fever of life shall be o'er:

In the night of the grave he shall slumber in peace,

And passion and sorrow shall vex him no more.

- And shall not this night, and its long dismal gloom,
 - Like the night of the tempest again pass away?
- Yes! the dust of the earth in bright beauty shall bloom,
 - And rise to the morning of heavenly day.

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.

GULF-WEED.

A WEARY weed, toss'd to and fro, Drearily drench'd in the ocean brine, Soaring high and sinking low,

Lash'd along without will of mine; Sport of the spoom of the surging sea:

Flung on the foam, afar and anear,

Mark my manifold mystery,-Growth and grace in their place appear.

I bear round berries, gray and red, Rootless and rover though I be;

My spangled leaves, when nicely spread, Arboresce as a trunkless tree;

Corals curious coat me o'er, White and hard in apt array;

'Mid the wild waves' rude uproar Gracefully grow I, night and day.

Hearts there are on the sounding shore, Something whispers soft to me,

Restless and roaming for evermore, Like this weary weed of the sea;

Bear they yet on each beating breast

The eternal type of the wondrous whole, Growth unfolding amidst unrest,

Grace informing with silent soul.

CORNELIUS GEORGE FENNER.

The Treasures of the Deep.

- WHAT hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and cells,
 - Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main ?---
- Pale glistening pearls and rainbow-color'd shells,

Bright things which gleam unreck'd-of and in vain !---

Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea! We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more !--what wealth untold,

Far down, and shining through their stillness lies !

Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,

Won from ten thousand royal argosies !--

Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main !

Earth claims not these again.

Yet more, the depths have morel thy waves have roll'd

Above the cities of a world gone by; Sand hath fill'd up the palaces of old,

- Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry.--
- Dash o'er them, Ocean, in thy scornful play!

Man yields them to decay.

- Yet more, the billows and the depths have more !
 - High hearts and brave are gather'd to thy breast !
- They hear not now the booming waters roar,

The battle-thunders will not break their rest.-

Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave!

Give back the true and brave !

Give back the lost and lovely ! those for whom

The place was kept at board and hearth so long !

- The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
 - And the vain yearning woke midst festal song !
- Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown,—

But all is not thine own.

To thee the love of woman hath gone down,

Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,

O'er youth's bright locks, and beanty's flowery crown;

Yet must thou hear a voice, -Restore the dead ! Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee !---

Restore the dead, thou sea!

FELICIA DOROTHEA REMANS.

THE CORAL GROVE.

DEEP in the wave is a cornl grove, Where the purple nullet and gold-fish rove; Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue

That never are wet with falling dew, But in bright and changeful beauty shine Far down in the green and glassy brine.

The floor is of sand, like the mountaindrift,

And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow; From coral rocks the sea-plants lift

Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow;

The water is calm and still below,

For the winds and waves are absent there, And the sands are bright as the stars that

glow

In the motionless fields of upper air.

There, with its waving blade of green,

The sca-flag streams through the silent water,

And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen. To blush, like a banner bathed in slaughter.

There with a light and easy motion

The fan-coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea;

And the yellow and searlet tufts of ocean Are bending like corn on the upland lea; And life, in rare and beautiful forms,

Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,

And is safe when the wrathful spirit of storms

Has made the top of the wave his own.

And when the ship from his fury flics,

Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,

- When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
- And demons are waiting the wreck on shore;

Then, far below, in the peaceful sea,

The purple mullet and gold-tish rove

Where the waters murmur tranquilly,

Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL

DRIFTING.

My soul to-day Is far away, Sailing the Vesuvian Bay ; My wingèd boat, A bird afloat, Swims round the purple peaks remote :---

Round purple peaks It sails, and seeks Blue inlets, and their crystal creeks, Where high rocks throw, Through deeps below, A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim, The mountains swim; While on Vesuvius' misty brim, With outstretch'd hands, The gray smoke stands O'erlooking the volcanic lauds.

Here Ischia smiles O'er liquid miles; And yonder, bluest of the isles, Calm Capri waits, Her sapphire gates Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if My rippling skiff Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;— With dreamful eyes My spirit lies Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls Where swells and falls The Bay's deep breast at intervals, At peace I lie, Blown softly by, A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild, Is Heaven's own child, With Earth and Ocean reconciled; The airs I feel Around me steal Are murmuring to the murmnring keel.

Over the rail My hand I trail Within the shadow of the sail, 30 A joy intense, The cooling sense, Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes My spirit lies Where Summer sings and never dies,---O'erveil'd with vines, She glows and shines Among her future oil and wines.

Her children, hid The cliffs amid, Are gambolling with the gambolling kid , Or down the walls, With tipsy calls, Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child, With tresses wild, Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled, With glowing lips Sings as she skips, Or gazes at the far-off ships.

 Yon deep bark goes Where Traffic blows,
 From lands of sun to lands of snows;— This happier one, Its course is run
 From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship, To rise and dip, With the blue crystal at your lip ! O happy crew, My heart with you Sails, and sails, and sings anew !

No more, no more The worldly shore Upbraids me with its loud uproar l With dreamful eyes My spirit lies Under the walls of Paradise ! THOMAS BUCHAMAN READ.

AT SEA.

THE night was made for cooling shade, For silence, and for sleep; And when I was a child, I laid My hands upon my breast, and pray'd, And sank to slumbers deep. Childlike, as then, I lie to-night, And watch my lonely cabin-light.

Each movement of the swaying lamp Shows how the vessel reels,

And o'er her deck the billows tramp, And all her timbers strain and eramp

With every shock she feels; It starts and shudders, while it burns, And in its hingèd socket turns.

Now swinging slow, and slanting low, It almost level lies:

And yet I know, while to and fro I watch the seeming pendule go

With restless fall and rise, The steady shaft is still upright, Poising its little globe of light.

O hand of God! O lamp of peace! O promise of my soul! Though weak and toss'd, and ill at ease Amid the roar of smiting seas.—

The ship's convulsive roll,— I own, with love and tender awe,

Yon perfect type of faith and law. A heavenly trust my spirit calms,-

My soul is fill'd with light; The ocean sings his solemn psalms; The wild winds chant; 1 cross my palms;

Happy, as if to-night, Under the cottage-roof again, I heard the soothing summer rain.

JOHN T. TROWBRIDGE.

WHERE LIES THE LAND?

WHERE lies the land to which the ship would go?

Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know;

- And where the land she travels from? Away,
- Far, far behind, is all that they can say.
- On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face,
- Link'd arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace;

Or, o'er the stern reelining, watch below The foaming wake far widening as we go.

On stormy nights when wild north-westers rave,

How proud a thing to fight with wind and wavel The dripping sailor on the reeling mast Exults to bear, and seorns to wish it past.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?

Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know;

And where the land she travels from? Away,

Far, far behind, is all that they can say. ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

BY THE AUTUMN SEA.

FAIR as the dawn of the fairest day, Sad as the evening's tender gray, By the latest lastre of sunset kissed. That wavers and wanes through an amber mist,

There cometh a dream of the past to me, On the desert sands by the autumn sea.

All heaven is wrapped in a mystic veil, And the face of the ocean is dim and pale, And there rises a wind from the chill north-west

That seemeth the wail of a soul's unrest, As the twilight falls, and the vapors flee Far over the wastes of the autumn sea.

A single ship through the gloaming glides, Upborne on the swell of the seaward tides; And above the gleam of her topmast spar Are the virgin eyes of the vesper-star That shine with an angel's ruth on me, A hopeless waif, by the autumn sea.

The wings of the ghostly beach-birds gleam Through the shimmering surf, and the curlew's scream

Falls faintly shrill from the darkening height;

The first weird sigh on the lips of Night

- Breathes low through the sedge and the blasted tree,
- With a murmur of doom, by the autumn sea.

O sky-enshadowed and yearning main! Your gloom but deepens this human pain; Those waves seem big with a numeless care, That sky is a type of the heart's despair, As I linger and muse by the sombre lea, And the night-shades close on the autumn sea.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.



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INVITATION TO IZAAK WALTON.	THE ANGLER'S WISH.
WHILST in this cold and blustering clime, Where bleak winds howl and tempests roar, We pass away the roughest time Has been of many years before;	I IN these flowery meads would be, These crystal streams should solace me; To whose harmonious bubbling noise I, with my angle, would rejoice, Sit here, and see the turtle-dove Court his chaste mate to acts of love;
Whilst from the most tempestuous nooks The chillest blasts our peace invade, And by great rains our smallest brooks Are almost navigable made;	Or, on that bank, feel the west wind Breathe health and plenty; please my mind.
Whilst all the ills are so improved Of this dead quarter of the year, That even you, so much beloved, We would not now wish with us here,—	To see sweet dewdrops kiss these flowers, And then wash'd off by April showers; Here, hear my kenna sing a song: There, see a blackbird feed her young,
In this estate, I say, it is Some comfort to us to suppose That in a better clime than this You, our dear friend, have more repose;	Or a laverock build her nest; Here, give my weary spirits rest, And raise my low-pitch'd thoughts above Earth, or what poor mortals love.
And some delight to me the while, Though Nature now does weep in rain, To think that I have seen her smile, And haply may I do again.	Thus, free from lawsuits, and the noise Of princes' courts, I would rejoice;
If the all-ruling Power please We live to see another May, We'll recompense an age of these Foul days in one fine fishing-day.	Or, with my Bryan and a book, Loiter long days near Shawford brook; There sit by him, and eat my meat; There see the sun both rise and set; There bid good-morning to next day;
We then shall have a day or two, Perhaps a week, wherein to try What the best master's hand can do With the most deadly killing fly—	There meditate my time away; And angle on; and beg to have A quiet passage to a welcome grave. IZAAK WALTON.
A day with not too bright a beam; A warm, but not a scorching sun; A southern gale to curl the stream; And, master, half our work is done.	VERSES IN PRAISE OF ANGLING. QUIVERING fears, heart-tearing cares,
Then, whilst behind some bush we wait The scaly people to betray, We'll prove it just, with treacherous hait, To make the preying trout our prey;	Anxious sighs, untimely tears, Fly, fly to courts, Fly to fond worldlings' sports, Where strain'd sardonic smiles are glosing
And think ourselves, in such an hour, Happier than those, though not so high, Who, like leviathans, devour Of meaner men the smaller fry.	still, And Grief is forced to laugh against her will, Where mirth's but mummery, And sorrows only real be.
This, my best friend, at my poor home, Shall be our pastime and our theme; But then, should you not deign to come, You make all this a flattering dream. CHARLES COTTOS.	Fly from our country pastimes, fly, Sad troops of human misery, Come, serene looks, Clear as the crystal brooks,

Or the pure azured heaven that smiles to see The rich attendance on our poverty ; Peace and a secure mind, Which all men seek, we only find. Abused mortals! did you know Where joy, heart's ease, and comforts grow, You'd scorn proud towers, And seek them in these bowers, Where winds, sometimes, our woods perhaps may shake, But blustering care could never tempest make: Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us, Saving of fountains that glide by us. Here's no fantastic mask nor dance, But of our kids that frisk and prance; Nor wars are seen, Unless upon the green Two harmless lambs are butting one the other. Which doue, both bleating run, each to his mother: And wounds are never found, Save what the ploughshare gives the ground. Here are no entrapping baits To hasten to, too hasty fates; Unless it be The fond credulity Of silly fish, which (worldling-like) still look Upon the bait, but never on the hook ; Nor envy, 'less among The birds, for the price of their sweet song. Go, let the diving negro seek For gems, hid in some forlorn creek; We all pearls scorn Save what the dewy morn Congeals upon each little spire of grass, Which careless shepherds beat down as they pass; And gold ne'er here appears, Save what the yellow Ceres bears. Blest silent groves, oh may you be, For ever, mirth's best nursery !

May pure contents For ever pitch their tents Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks, these mountains; And peace still slumber by these purling

fountains, Which we may every year Meet, when we come a-fishing here. Sir HENBY WOTTON.

THE ANGLER.

Off the gallant fisher's life! It is the best of any: 'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife, And 'tis beloved by many; Other joys Are but toys; Only this Lawful is; For our skill Breeds no ill, But content and pleasure.

In a morning up we rise, Ere Aurora's peeping; Drink a cup to wash our eyes, Leave the sluggard sleeping; Then we go, To and fro, With our knaeks At our backs, To such streams As the Thames, If we have the leisure.

When we please to walk abroad For our recreation, In the fields is our abode, Full of delectation, Where, in a brook, With a book— Or a lake,— Fish we take; There we sit For a bit, Till we fish entangle.

We have gentles in a horn, We have paste and worms too; We can watch both night and morn, Suffer rain and storms too; None do here Use to swear:

Oaths do fray Fish away ; We sit still, Watch our quill : Fishers must not wrangle.

If the sun's excessive heat Make our bodies swelter, To an osier hedge we get, For a friendly shelter; Where—in a dyke, Perch or pike, Roach or dace, We do chase, Bleak or gudgeon, Without grudging; We are still contented.

Or, we sometimes pass an hour Under a green willow That defends us from a shower, Making earth our pillow; Where we may Think and pray, Before death Stops our breath; Other joys Are but toys, And to be lamented.

THE ANGLER'S TRYSTING-TREE.

SING, sweet thrushes, forth and sing ! Meet the morn upon the lea; Are the emeralds of the spring On the angler's trysting-tree ? Tell, sweet thrushes, tell to me ! Are there buds on our willow tree ? Buds and birds on our trysting-tree ?

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing! Have you met the honey-bee,

Circling upon rapid wing, 'Round the angler's trysting-tree? Up, sweet thrushes, up and see! Are there bees at our willow tree? Birds and bees at the trysting-tree?

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing ! Are the fountains gushing free?

Is the south wind wandering Through the angler's trysting-tree? Up, sweet thrushes, tell to me ! Is there wind up our willow tree? Wind or calm at our trysting-tree?

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing ! Wile us with a merry glee ; To the flowery haunts of spring— To the angler's trysting-tree. Tell, sweet thrushes, tell to me ! Are there flow'rs 'neath our willow tree? Spring and flowers at the trysting-tree? THOMAS TOO STODDART.

ADDRESS TO CERTAIN GOLD-FISHES.

Restless forms of living light Ouivering on your lucid wings, Cheating still the curious sight With a thousand shadowings; Various as the tints of even, Gorgeous as the hues of heaven, Reflected on your native streams In flitting, flashing, billowy gleams! Harmless warriors, clad in mail Of silver breastplate, golden scale-Mail of Nature's own bestowing, With peaceful radiance mildly glowing-Fleet are ye as fleetest galley Or pirate rover sent from Sallee; Keener than the Tartar's arrow, Sport ye in your sea so narrow.

Was the sun himself your sire? Were ye born of vital fire? Or of the shade of golden flowers Such as we fetch from Eastern bowers, To mock this murky clime of ours? Upward, downward, now ye glance, Weaving many a mazy dance; Seeming still to grow in size When ye would elude our eyes— Pretty creatures! we might deem Ye were happy as ye seem— As gay, as gamesome, and as blithe, As light, as loving, and as lithe, As gladly earnest in your play, As when ye glean'd in far Cathay:

And yet since on this hapless earth There's small sincerity in mirth, And laughter oft is but an art To drown the outery of the heart;

It may be, that your censcless gambols, Your wheelings, dartings, divings, rambles, Your restless roving round and round The circuit of your crystal bound— Is but the task of weary pain, An endless labor, dull and vain; And while your forms are gayly sbining, Your little lives are inly pining! Nay—but still I fain would dream, That ye are happy as ye seem. Hartery COLEMBOR.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign, Sails the unshadow'd main,—

- The venturous bark that flings On the sweet summer wind its purpled
- wings
- In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings, And coral reefs lie bare,

Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl; Wreek'd is the ship of pearl!

And every chamber'd cell,

Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,

As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,

Before thee lies reveal'd,---

- Its iris'd ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unseal'd!
- Year after year beheld the silent toil That spread his lustrous coil; Still, as the spiral grew,

He left the past year's dwelling for the new,

Stole with soft step its shining archway through,

Built up its idle door,

- Stretch'd in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.
- Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee, Child of the wandering sea, Cast from her lap, forlorn!

From thy dead lips a clearer note is born

Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horu! While on mine ear it rings.

Through the deep caves of thought 1 hear a voice that sie ~:-- Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,

As the swift seasons roll !

Leave thy low-vaulted past!

Let each new temple, nobler than the last, Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,

Till thou at length art free,

Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE STORMY PETREL.

A THOUSAND miles from land are we, Tossing about on the stormy sea— From billow to bounding billow east,

Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast.

The sails are scatter'd abroad like weeds;

The strong masts shake like quivering reeds;

The mighty eables and iron chains,

- The hull, which all earthly strength disdains,---
- They strain and they crack; and hearts like stone
- Their natural, hard, proud strength disown.

Up and down !---up and down !

- From the base of the wave to the billow's erown,
- And amidst the flashing and feathery foam
- The stormy petrel finds a home,-

A home, if such a place may be

For her who lives on the wide, wide sea,

On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,

And only seeketh her rocky hir

- To warm her young, and to teach them to spring
- At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing !

O'er the deep !---o'er the deep !

Where the while and the shark and the swordfish sleep, -

Outflying the blast and the driving rain,

The petrel telleth her tale-in vain ;

For the mariner curseth the warning bird

Which bringeth him news of the storm unheard !

Ah! thus does the prophet of good or ill	TO A WATERFOWL.
Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still;	WHITHER, 'midst falling dew, While glow the heavens with the last
Yet he ne'er falters,—so, petrel, spring	steps of day,
Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy	Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou
wing ! BRYAN WALLER PROCTER	pursue
(BARRY CORNWALL).	Thy solitary way?
	Vainly the fowler's eye
THE LITTLE BEACH-BIRD.	Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong.
	As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
THOU little bird, thou dweller by the sea,	Thy figure floats along.
Why takest thou its melancholy voice,	Seek'st thou the plashy brink
And with that boding cry	Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
O'er the waves dost thou fly?	Or where the rocking billows rise and
Oh! rather, bird, with me Through the fair land rejoice!	sink
Infongh the fair land rejoice;	On the chafed ocean side?
Thy flitting form comes ghostly dim and	There is a Power whose care
pale, As driven by a beating storm at sea;	Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,
Thy cry is weak and scared,	The desert and illimitable air,
As if thy mates had shared	Lone wandering, but not lost.
The doom of us. Thy wail-	All day thy wings have fann'd,
What does it bring to me?	At that far height, the cold, thin atmo-
Thou call'st along the sand, and haunt'st	sphere,
the surge,	Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome
Restless and sad; as if, in strange accord	land,
With the motion and the roar Of waves that drive to shore,	Though the dark night is near.
One spirit did ye urge—	And soon that toil shall end;
The Mystery-the Word.	Soon shalt thou find a summer home and rest,
Of thousands thou both sepulchre and	And scream among thy fellows; reeds
pall,	shall bend
Old Ocean, art! A requiem o'er the	Soon o'er thy shelter'd nest.
dead From out thy gloomy cells	Thon'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
A tale of mourning tells—	Hath swallow'd up thy form; yet, on my
Tells of man's woe and fall,	heart,
His sinless glory fled.	Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
Then turn thee, little bird, and take thy	And shall not soon depart.
flight	He who, from zone to zone,
Where the complaining sea shall saduess bring	Guides through the boundless sky thy cer-
Thy spirit never more.	tain flight,
Come, quit with me, the shore	In the long way that I must tread alone,
For gladness, and the light	Will lead my steps aright. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.
Where birds of summer sing.	
RICHARD HENRY DANA.	

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TO A BIRD	Philomela.	
THAT HAUNTED THE WATERS OF LAAKEN	HARK ! ah, the nightingale !	
IN THE WINTER.	The tawny-throated !	
O MELANCHOLY bird ! a winter's day	Hark! from that moonlit cedar what a burst!	
Thou standest by the margin of the	What triumph ! hark-what pain !	
pool, And, taught by God, dost thy whole	O wanderer from a Grecian shore,	
being school	Still-after many years, in distant lands-	
To patience, which all evil can allay.	Still nourishing in thy bewilder'd brain	
God has appointed thee the fish thy prey,	That wild, unquench'd, deep-sunken, old-	
And given thyself a lesson to the fool	world pain-	
Unthrifty, to submit to moral rule,	Say, will it never heal? And can this fragrant lawn,	
And his unthinking course by thee to	With its cool trees, and night,	
weigh.	And the sweet, tranquil Thames,	
There need not schools nor the profes- sor's chair,	And moonshine, and the dew,	
Though these be good, true wisdom to im-	To thy racked heart and brain	
part;	Afford no balun?	
He who has not enough for these to spare	•	
Of time or gold, may yet amend his heart,	Dost thou to-night behold,	
And teach his soul by brooks and rivers fair,	Here, through the moonlight on this Eng- lish grass,	
Nature is always wise in every part.	The unfriendly palace in the Thracian	
LORD THERLOW.	wild?	
	Dost thou again peruse, With hot checks and sear'd eyes,	
Song.	The too clear web, and thy dumb sister's	
	shame?	
THE lark now leaves his watery nest,	Dost thou once more assay	
And, climbing, shakes his dewy wings;	Thy flight; and feel come over thee,	
He takes this window for the east; And to implore your light, he sings,—	Poor fugitive, the feathery change	
Awake, awake, the morn will never rise,	Once more; and once more seem to make resound	
Till she can dress her beauty at your	With love and hate, triumph and agony,	
eyes.	Lone Daulis, and the high Cephissian	
	vale?	
The merchant bows unto the seaman's		
star,		
The ploughman from the sun his season takes,	Listen, Eugenia- How thick the bursts come crowding	
But still the lover wonders what they are	through the leaves!	
Who look for day before his mistress	Again-thou hearest?	
wakes.	Eternal passion!	
Awake, awake, break through your veils	Eternal pain!	
of lawn,	MATTHEW ARNOLD.	
Then draw your curtains, and begin the		

dawn.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

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SONG.

'Tis sweet to hear the merry lark, That bids a blithe good-morrow;

POEMS OF NATURE. 473		
But sweeter to hark, in the twinkling dark, To the soothing song of sorrow. O nightingale! What doth she ail? And is she sad or jolly? For ne'er on earth was sound of mirth So like to melancholy.	Happy, happy Liver, With a sonl as strong as a mountain River Pouring out praise to the Almighty Giver, Joy and jollity be with us both ! WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.	
The merry lark, he soars on high, No worldly thought o'ertakes him; He sings aloud to the clear blue sky, And the daylight that awakes him. As sweet a lay, as loud, as gay, The nightingale is trilling; With feeling bliss, no less than his, Her little heart is thrilling. Yet ever and anon, a sigh Peers through her lavish mirth; For the lark's bold song is of the sky, And her's is of the earth. By night and day, she tunes her lay, To drive away all sorrow; For bliss, alas ! to-night must pass, And woe may come to-morrow. HARTLEY COLERIDGE.	 TO A SKYLARK. ETHEREAL Minstrel! Pilgrim of the sky! Dost thon despise the earth where cares abound? Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?— Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will, Those quivering wings composed, that music still! To the last point of vision, and beyond, Mount, daring Warbler! that love- prompted strain (Twist thee and thine a never-failing bond) Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain: Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! 	
TO A SKYLARK. UP with me! up with me into the clouds! For thy song, Lark, is strong; Up with me, up with me into the clouds! Singing, singing. With clouds and sky about thee ringing, Lift me, guide me till I find That spot which seems so to thy mind! I have walk'd through wildernesses dreary,	to sing All independent of the leafy spring. Leave to the Nightingale her shady wood; A privacy of glorious light is thine; Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood Of harmony, with instinct more divine; Type of the wise who soar, but never roam; True to the kindred points of Heaven and	
And to-day my heart is weary; Had I now the wings of a Faery, Up to thee would I fly. There's madness about thee, and joy divine In that song of thine; Lift me gride me high and high	Home! WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. ————————————————————————————————————	

To thy hanqueting-place in the sky.

Joyous as morning, Thou art laughing and scorning ; Thou hast a nest for thy love and thy rest, And, though little troubled with sloth, Drunken Lark! thou wouldst be loth To be such a Traveller as I.

Blithesome and cumberless,

Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!

Emblem of happiness,

Blest is thy dwelling-place-

Oh to abide in the desert with thee ! Wild is thy lay, and loud, Far in the downy cloud;

Love gives it energy—love gave it birth. Where, on thy dewy wing— Where art thou journeying? Thy lay is in heaven—thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen, O'er moor and mountain green, O'er the red streamer that heralds the day; Over the reloadlet dim, Over the rainbow's rim, Musical chernb, soar, singing, away ! Then, when the gloaming comes, Low in the heather blooms, Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be ! Emblem of happiness, Blest is thy dwelling-place— Oh to abide in the desert with thee ! JAMBS Hooo.

TO A SKYLARK.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit— Bird thou never wert— That from heaven, or near it, Pourest thy full heart In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher From the earth thou springest, Like a cloud of fire; The blue deep thou wingest, And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning Of the setting sun, O'er which clouds are bright'ning, Thou dost float and run; Like an embodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even Melts around thy flight; Like a star of heaven, In the broad daylight Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight—

Keen as are the arrows Of that silver sphere, Whose intense lamp narrows In the white dawn clear, Until we hardly see, we feel, that it is there. All the earth and air With thy voice is lond, As, when night is bare, From one lonely cloud The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflow'd.

What thou art we know not; What is most like thee? From rainbow clouds there flow not Drops so bright to see,

As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden In the light of thought, Singing hymns unbidden, Till the world is wrought

To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not;

Like a high-born maiden In a palace tower, Soothing her love-laden Soul in secret hour With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden, In a dell of dew, Scattering unbeholden Its aërial hue Among the flowers and grass which screon it from the view :

Like a rose embower'd In its own green leaves, By warm winds deflower'd, Till the scent it gives Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingèd thieves.

Sound of vernal showers On the twinkling grass, Rain-awaken'd flowers, All that ever was Joyous and fresh and clear, thy music doth surpass. Teach us, sprite or bird, What sweet thoughts are thiue; I have never heard

Praise of love or wine

That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal, Or triumphant chaunt, Match'd with thine, would be all But an empty vaunt .--A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want. What objects are the fountains Of thy happy strain? What fields, or waves, or mountains? What shapes of sky or plain? What love of thine own kind? What ignorance of pain? With thy clear, keen joyance Languor cannot be; Shadow of annoyance Never came near thee; Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety. Waking, or asleep, Thou of death must deem Things more true and deep Than we mortals dream, Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream? We look hefore and after. And pine for what is not; Our sincerest laughter With some pain is fraught; Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought. Yet if we could scorn Hate and pride and fear, If we were things born Not to shed a tear, I know not how thy joy we ever should come near. Better than all measures Of delightful sound, Better than all treasures That in books are found. Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground ! Teach me half the gladness That thy hrain must know, Such harmonious madness From my lips would flow, The world should listen then, as I am listening now. PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE EARLY BLUE-BIRD.

BLUE-BIRD! on yon leafless tree, Dost thou carol thus to me, "Spring is coming! Spring is here!" Say'st thou so, my birdie dear? What is that, in misty shrond, Stealing from the darken'd cloud? Lo! the snow-flakes' gathering mound Settles o'er the whiten'd ground, Yet thou singest, blithe and clear, "Spring is coming! Spring is here!"

Strik'st thou not too bold a strain? Winds are piping o'er the plain; Clouds are sweeping o'er the sky With a black and threatening eye; Urchins, by the frozen rill, Wrap their mantles closer still; Yon poor man, with doublet old, Doth he shiver at the cold? Hath he not a nose of blue? Tell me, birdling, tell me true.

Spring's a maid of mirth and glee, Rosy wreaths and revelry: Hast thou woo'd some wingèd love To a nest in verdant grove? Sung to her of greenwood bower, Sunny skies that never lower? Lured her with thy promise fair Of a lot that knows no care? Pr'ythee, bird, in coat of blue, Though a lover, tell her true.

Ask her if, when storms are long, She can sing a cheerful song? When the rude winds rock the tree, If she'll closer cling to the? Then the blasts that sweep the sky, Unappall'd shall pass thee by; Though thy curtain'd chamber show Siftings of untimely snow, Warm and glad thy heart shall be, Love shall make it Spring for thee. LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURSEY.

THE BLUE-BIRD.

WHEN winter's cold tempests and snows are no more,

Green meadows and brown-furrowed fields reappearing,

The fishermen hauling their shad to the	Th
shore,	
And cloud-cleaving geese to the Lakes	1
are a-steering; When first the lone butterfly flits on the	In
wing;	111
When red glow the maples, so fresh and	ſ
so pleasing,	
Oh then comes the blue-bird, the HERALD	
OF SPRING! And hails with his warblings the charms	Wł
of the season.	
Then loop being from molecules and a more loop	2
Then loud-piping frogs make the marshes to ring;	An
Then warm glows the sunshine, and fine	
is the weather;	I
The blue woodland flowers just beginning	(71)
to spring, And spicewood and sassafras budding	The
together:	S
Oh then to your gardens, ye housewives, re-	
pair !	Til
Your walks border up; sow and plant at	Ŧ
your leisure; The blue-bird will chant from his box	1
such an air,	
That all your hard toils will seem truly	WE
a pleasure.	44.1
He flits through the orchard, he visits each	Т
tree,	
The red-flowering peach and the apple's	Or
sweet blossoms; He snaps up <i>destroyers</i> wherever they be,	(
And seizes the caitiffs that lurk in their	
bosoms;	Stil
He drags the vile grub from the eorn he	T
devours,	1
The worms from their webs where they riot and welter;	For
His song and his services freely are ours,	
And all that he asks is in summer a	I
shelter.	
The ploughman is pleased when he gleans	
in his train,	
Now searching the furrows, now mount-	
ing to cheer him ;	112
The gardener delights in his sweet simple strain,	WI
And leans on his spade to survey and to	Г
hear him;	

The	sjow-	lingering	schoolboys	forget	they'll
	be	chid,			

- While gazing intent as he warbles before 'em
- In mantle of sky-blue, and bosom so red,

- When all the gay seenes of the summer are o'er,
 - And autumn slow enters so silent and sallow,
- And millions of warblers, that charmed us before,
 - Have fled in the train of the sun-seeking swallow,
- The blue-bird, forsaken, yet true to his home,
- Still lingers, and looks for a milder tomorrow,
- Till, forced by the horrors of winter to roam,
 - He sings his adieu in a lone note of sorrow.
- While spring's lovely season, serene, dewy, warm,
 - The green face of earth, and the pure blue of heaven,
- Or love's native music have influence to charm,
 - Or sympathy's glow to our feelings is given,
- Still dear to each bosom the blue-bird shall be;
 - His voice, like the thrillings of hope, is a treasure;
- For, through bleakest storms if a calm he but see,
 - He comes to remind us of sunshine and pleasure l

ALEXANDER WILSON.

THE THRUSIPS NEST.

WITHIN a thick and spreading hawthorn bush,

That overhung a molehill large and round,

That each little loiterer seems to adore him.

- I heard from morn to morn a merry thrush Sing hymns of rapture, while I drank the sound
- With joy, and oft, an unintruding guest,

I watch'd her secret toils from day to day;

How true she warp'd the moss to form her nest,

And modell'd it within with wood and clay.

And by and by, like heath-bells gilt with dew,

There lay her shining eggs as bright as flowers,

- Ink-spotted over, shells of green and blue: And there I witness'd in the summer hours
- A brood of Nature's minstrels chirp and fly.
- Glad as the sunshine and the laughing sky.

JOHN CLARE.

Sonnet

TO THE REDBREAST.

- WHEN that the fields put on their gay attire,
 - Thou silent sitt'st near brake or river's brim,
 - Whilst the gay thrush sings loud from covert dim;
- But when pale Winter lights the social fire,
- And meads with slime are sprent and wave with mire,

Thou charm'st us with thy soft and solemn hymn,

From battlement or barn, or haystack trim;

And now not seldom tun'st, as if for hire,

- Thy thrilling pipe to me, waiting to catch
- The pittance due to thy well-warbled song: Sweet bird, sing on ! for oft near lonely hatch,
- Like thee, myself have pleased the rustic throng,
 - And oft for entrance, 'neath the peaceful thatch,
- Full many a tale have told and ditty long.

JOHN BAMPFYLDE.

ROBIN REDBREAST.

GOOD-BYE, good-bye to Summer! For Summer's nearly done; The garden smiling faintly, Cool breezes in the sun; Our thrushes now are silent, Our swallows flown away .-But Robin's here in coat of brown, And searlet breast-knot gay. Robin, Robin Redbreast, O Robin dear! Robin sings so sweetly In the falling of the year. Bright yellow, red, and orange, The leaves come down in hosts; The trees are Indian princes, But soon they'll turn to ghosts; The leathery pears and apples Hang russet on the bough;

It's autumn, autumn, autumn late, 'Twill soon be winter now.

- Robin, Robin Redbreast, O Robin dear!
- And what will this poor Robin do? For pinching days are near.

The fireside for the cricket, The wheat-stack for the mouse, When trembling night-winds whistle And moan all round the house. The frosty ways like iron,

The branches plumed with snow,— Alas! in winter dead and dark,

Where can poor Robin go? Robin, Robin Redbreast,

O Robin dear!

And a crumb of bread for Robin, His little heart to cheer.

WILLIAM ALLINOHAM.

TO A NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET bird ! that sing'st away the early hours

- Of winters past or coming, void of care;
- Well pleased with delights which present are,
- Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers-

- To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers
 - Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
 - And what dear gifts on thee He did flot spare,

A stain to human sense in sin that lowers. What soul can be so sick which by thy songs

(Attired in sweetness) sweetly is not driven

Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,

- And lift a reverend eye and thought to Heaven !
 - Sweet, artless songster! thou my mind dost raise
 - To airs of spheres—yes, and to angels' lays.

William Drusimond.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

- DEAR chorister, who from those shadows sends-
 - Ere that the blushing morn dare show her light—
- Such sad lamenting strains, that night attends,
 - Become all car, stars stay to hear thy plight:
- If one whose grief e'en reach of thought transcends,
 - Who ne'er (not in a dream) did taste delight,
- May thee importune who like case pretends,
- And seems to joy in woe, in woe's despite;
 - Tell me (so may thou fortune milder try,
- And long, long, sing!) for what thou thus complains,
 - Since winter's gone, and sun in dappled sky
- Enamor'd smiles on woods and flowery plains?
 - The bird, as if my questions did her move,

With trembling wings sigh'd forth, "I love, I love."

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

- O NIGHTINGALE, that on you bloomy spray,
 - Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
 - Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
- While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
- Thy liquid notes, that close the eye of day,
- First heard before the shallow euckoo's bill,
- Portend success in love. Oh, if Jove's will
- Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,
- Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
- Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh;
 - As thou from year to year hast sung too late
- For my relief, yet hadst no reason why.
- Whether the Muse, or Love eall thee his mate,

Both them I serve, and of their train am I. Jour Milton.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

- My heart aches, and a drowsy numbress pains
 - My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
- Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains One minute past, and Lethe-ward had sunk.

'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot, But being too happy in thy happiness,

That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees, In some melodious plot

- Of beechen green, and shadows numberless.
- Singest of summer in full-throated ease.
- Oh, for a draught of vintage, that hath been Cool'd a long age in the deep delved earth,

Tasting of Flora and the country green,

Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburn'd mirth l

POEMS	OF	NA'.	TUR	<i>E.</i>
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Oh, for a beaker full of the warm South, Full of the true, the blushful Hippo-	Fast-fading violets, cover'd up in leaves, And mid-May's eldest child,
crene,	The coming musk-rose, full of dewy
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,	wine,
And purple-stained mouth,-	The murmurous haunt of flies on summer
That I might drink, and leave the world	eves.
unseen,	
And with thee fade away into the forest dim!	Darkling I listen, and for many a time
And with thee lade away into the forest difft.	I have been half in love with easeful
	Death,
Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget	
What thou among the leaves hast never	Call'd him soft names in many a musèd
known,	rhyme,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret	To take into the air my quiet breath;
Here, where men sit and hear each other	Now, more than ever, seems it rich to die,
groan,	To cease upon the midnight, with no
Where palsy shakes a few sad, last gray	pain,
	While thou art pouring forth thy soul
hairs,	abroad
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-	
thin, and dies,	In such an ecstasy!
Where hut to think is to be full of sorrow	Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears
And leaden-eyed despairs,	in vain,—
Where heauty cannot keep her lustrous	To thy high requiem become a sod.
eyes,	
Or new love pine at them beyond to-mor-	Thou wast not born for death, immortal
	bird !
row.	No hungry generations tread thee down;
	The voice I hear this passing night was
Away! away! for I will fly to thee,	heard
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,	In ancient days by emperor and clown;
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,	Perhaps the selfsame song that found a
Though the dull brain perplexes and re-	
tards:	path
Already with thee ! tender is the night,	Through the sad heart of Ruth, when,
	sick for home,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her	She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
throne,	The same that offtimes hath
Cluster'd around by all her starry fays;	Charm'd magic casements opening on
But here there is no light,	the foam
Save what from heaven is with the	Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.
breezes blown	or perious seas, in fairy failes forform.
Through verdurous glooms and winding	Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
mossy ways.	To toll me back from thee to my sole
	self?
T I I I I	
I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,	Adieu! the Fancy cannot cheat so well
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the	As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
houghs;	Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each	Past the near meadows, over the still
sweet	stream,
Wherewith the seasonable month en-	Up the hillside, and now 'tis buried deep
dows	In the next valley-glades;
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit tree	Was it a vision or a waking dream?
wild,—	Fled is that music,—do I wake or sleep?
	John Kears.
White hawthorn and the pastoral eglan-	
tine;	

THE NIGHTINGALE.

As it fell upon a day In the merry month of May, Sitting in a pleasant shade Which a grove of myrtles made, Beasts did leap and birds did sing, Trees did grow and plants did spring, Everything did banish moan Save the nightingale alone. She, poor bird, as all forlorn, Lean'd her breast against a thorn, And there sung the dolefullest ditty That to hear it was great pity. Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry; Teren, teren, by and by : That to hear her so complain Scarce I could from tears refrain ; For her griefs so lively shown Made me think upon mine own. -Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain, None takes pity on thy pain : Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee, Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer thee; King Pandion, he is dead, All thy friends are lapp'd in lead : All thy fellow-birds do sing Careless of thy sorrowing : Even so, poor bird, like thee None alive will pity me.

RICHARD BARNEFIELD.

THE SONGS OF BIRDS.

WHAT hird so sings', yet so does wail? Oh 'tis the ravish'd nightingale— Jug, jug, jug, -teru—she cries, And still her woes at midnight rise. Brave prick-song! who is't now we hear? None hut the lark so shrill and clear; Now at heaven's gate she claps her wings, The morn not waking till she sings. Hark, hark! with what a pretty throat Poor Robin Redbreast tunes his note; Hark, how the jolly cuckoos sing * Cuckoo!" to welcome in the spring. Joint LYLY.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET poet of the woods—a long adieu ! Farewell, soft minstrel of the early year!

- Ah! 'twill be long ere thou shalt sing anew,
 - And pour thy music on "the night's dull ear."
- Whether on Spring thy wandering flights await,
 - Or whether silent in our groves you dwell,
- The pensive Muse shall own thee for her mate,
 - And still protect the song she loves so well.
- With cautious step the love-lorn youth shall glide
 - Through the long brake that shades thy mossy nest;
- And shepherd girls from eyes profane shall hide

The gentle bird who sings of pity best: For still thy voice shall soft affections move,

And still be dear to sorrow, and to love! CHARLOTTE SMITH.

TO THE CUCKOO.

- O BLITHE new-comer! I have heard, I hear thee and rejoice.
- O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird, Or but a wandering Voice?
- While I am lying on the grass Thy twofold shout I hear, That seems to fill the whole air's space, As loud far off as near.

Though babbling only to the Vale, Of sunshine and of flowers,

Thou bringest unto me a tale Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring! Even yet thou art to me

- No Bird: but an invisible Thing, A voice, a mystery;
- The same whom in my Schoolboy days I listen'd to; that Cry
- Which made me look a thousand ways In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove Through woods and on the green; And thou wert still a hope, a love; Still long'd for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet; Can lie upon the plain And listen, till I do beget That golden time again.

O blessed Bird! the earth we pace Again appears to be An unsubstantial, faery place; That is fit home for Thee! WILLIAN WORDSWORTH.

TO THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beautcous stranger of the grove! Thou messenger of Spring ! Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat, And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green, Thy certain voice we hear. Hast thou a star to guide thy path, Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee I hail the time with flowers,

And hear the sound of music sweet From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wandering through the wood

To pull the primrose gay,

Starts, thy most eurious voice to hear, And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom, Thou fliest thy vocal vale, An annual guest in other lands,

Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green, Thy sky is ever clear; Thou hast no sorrow in thy song, No Winter in thy year!

Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee ! We'd make, with joyful wing, Our annual visit o'er the globe, Attendants on the Spring.

JOHN LOGAN.

THE BLACK COCK.

GOOD-MORROW to thy sable beak, And glossy plumage dark and sleek, Thy crimson moon and azure eye, Cock of the heath, so wildly shy ! I see thee, slyly cowering, through That wiry web of silvery dew, That twinkles in the morning air, Like casement of my lady fair.

A maid there is in yonder tower, Who, peeping from her early bower, Half shows, like thee, with simple wile, Her braided hair and morning smile. The rarest things, with wayward will, Beneath the covert hide them still; The rarest things to light of day Look shortly forth, and shrink away.

One fleeting moment of delight I sunn'd me in her cheering sight; And short, I ween, the term will be That I shall parley hold with thee. Through Snowdon's mist red beams the day.

The elimbing herd-boy chants his lay. The gnat-flies dance their sunny ring,— Thon art already on the wing. JOANNA BAILLIE

SONG.

OH welcome, bat and owlet gray, Thus winging low your airy way ! And welcome, moth and drowsy fly, That to mine ear come humming by ! And welcome, shadows dim and deep, And stars that through the pale sky peep ! Oh welcome all ! to me ye say, My woodland love is on her way.

Upon the soft wind floats her hair; Her breath is in the dewy air; Her steps are in the whisper'd sound That steals along the stilly ground. O dawn of day, in rosy bower, What art thou to this witching hour? O noon of day, in sunshine bright, What art thou to the fall of night? JOANNA BAILLIE

TO THE BUTTERFLY.

- CHILD of the sun! pursue thy rapturous flight,
- Mingling with her thou lov'st in fields of light;

And, where the flowers of Paradise unfold,

- Quaff fragrant nectar from their cups of gold.
- There shall thy wings, rich as an evening sky,

Expand and shut with silent ecstasy!

- -Yet wert thou once a worm, a thing that crept
- On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb and slept.

And such is man; soon from his cell of elay To hurst a scraph in the blaze of day!

SAMUEL ROGERS.

ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.

THE poetry of earth is never dead :

When all the birds are faint with the hot sun

And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run From hedge to hedge about the new-mown

mead.

That is the Grasshopper's-he takes the lead

In summer luxury,-he has never done

- With his delights; for, when tired out with fun,
- He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.

The poetry of earth is ceasing never :

On a lone winter evening, when the frost

- Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
- The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,

And seems, to one in drowsiness half lost,

The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

JOHN KEATS.

To the Grasshopper and Cricket.

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass, Catching your heart up at the feel of June--- Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon

- When even the bees lag at the summoning . brass;
- And yon, warm little housekeeper, who class
 - With those who think the candles come too soon,
 - Loving the fire, and with your trieksome tune
- Nick the glad silent moments as they pass;

O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,

- One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
- Both have your sunshine: both, though small, are strong
 - At your clear hearts; and hoth seem given to earth
- To ring in thoughtful ears this natural song-
 - In doors and out, summer and winter, Mirth.

LEIGH HUNT.

THE HUMBLE-BEE.

BURLY, dozing humble-bee, Where thou art is clime for me. Let them sail for Porto Rique, Far-off heats through seas to seek ;— I will follow thee alone, Thou animated torrid zone ! Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,

Let me chase thy waving lines: Keep me nearer, me thy hearer, Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun, Joy of thy dominion ! Sailor of the atmosphere, Swimmer through the waves of air, Voyager of light and noon, Epicurean of June, Wait, I prithee, till I come Within earshot of thy hum,— All without is martyrdom,

When the south wind, in May days, With a net of shining haze Silvers the horizon wall; And, with softness touching all,

Tints the human countenance With the color of romance; And infusing subtle heats Turns the sod to violets,— Thou in sunny solitudes, Rover of the underwoods, The green silence dost displace With thy mellow breezy bass.

Hot Midsummer's petted crone, Sweet to me thy drowsy tone Tells of countless sunny hours, Long days, and solid banks of flowers; Of gulfs of sweetness without bound In Iadian wildernesses found; Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure, Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean Hath my insect never seen; But violets, and bilberry bells, Maple sap, and dafodils, Grass with green flag half-mast high, Succory to match the sky, Columbine with horn of honey, Scented fern, and agrimony, Clover, eatch-fly, adder's-tongue, And brier-roses, dwelt among: All beside was unknown waste, All was picture as he pass'd. Wiser far than human seer, Yellow-breech'd philosopher! Seeing only what is fair,

Sipping only what is sweet, Thou dost mock at fate and care,

Leave the chaff and take the wheat. When the fierce north-western blast Cools sea and land so far and fast, Thou already slumberest deep; Woe and want thou canst outsleep; Want and woe, which torture us, Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Song,

MADE EXTEMPORE BY A GENTLEMAN, OC-CASIONED BY A FLY DRINKING OUT OF HIS CUP OF ALE.

> BUSY, curious, thirsty fly, Drink with me, and drink as I; Freely welcome to my cup, Could'st thou sip and sip it up.

Make the most of life you may; Life is short and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine, Hastening quick to their decline; Thine's a summer, mine no more, Though repeated to threescore; Threescore summers, when they're gone, Will appear as short as one. WILLIAM OLDYS.

SONNET TO THE GLOW. WORM.

- TASTEFUL illumination of the night, Bright scatter'd, twinkling star of spangled earth !
- Hail to the nameless color'd dark and light, The witching nurse of thy illumined birth.
- In thy still hour how dearly I delight To rest my weary bones, from labor free;
- In lone spots out of hearing, out of sight,
- To sigh day's smother'd pains; and pause on thee,

Bedecking dangling brier and ivied tree,

Or diamonds tipping on the grassy spear;

Thy pale-faced glimmering light I love to see,

- Gilding and glistering in the dew-drop near:
- O still-hour's mate ! my easing heart sobs free,

While tiny bents low bend with many an added tear.

JOHN CLARE.

TO A MOUSE,

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH THE PLOUGH, NOVEMBER, 1785.

WEE, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie, Oh, what a panic 's in thy breastie! Thou need na start awa' sae hasty, Wi' bickering brattle! I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee, Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion Has broken Nature's social union, An' justifies that ill opinion Which makes thee startle At me, thy poor earth-born companion, An' fellow-mortal !

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve; What then? poor beastie, thou maun live! A daimen icker in a thrave

'S a sma' request : FII get a biessin' wi' the lave, And never miss 't.

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin ! Its silly wa's the win's are strewin' ! An' naething now to big a new ane O' foggage green ! An' bleak December's winds ensuin', Baith shell and keen !

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste, An' weary winter comin' fast, . An' cozie here, beneath the blast, Thou thought to dwell, 'Till, erash! the cruel coulter past Out through thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble Has cost thee mony a weary nibble ! Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble, But house or hald, To thole the winter's sleety dribble, An' cranreuch cauld !

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane, In proving foresight may be vain : The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men Gang aft agley, An' lea'e us naught but grief and pain, For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi'me! The present only toucheth thee: But, och ! I backward cast my c'e On prospects drear! An' forward, though I canna see, I gness an' fear.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE KITTEN.

WANTON droll, whose harmless play Beguiles the rustic's closing day, When, drawn the evening fire about, Sit accd crone and thoughtless lout, And child upon his three-foot stool, Waiting until his supper cool; And maid, whose check outblooms the rose.

As bright the blazing fagot glows,

Who, bending to the friendly light, Plies her task with busy sleight; Come, show thy tricks and sportive graces, Thus circled round with merry faces.

Backward coll'd, and cronching low, With glaring cycballs watch thy foe, The housewife's spindle whirling round, Or thread, or straw, that on the ground Its shadow throws, by urchin sly Held out to lure thy roving eve: Then onward stealing, fiercely spring Upon the tempting, faithless thing, Now, wheeling round with hootless skill, Thy bo-peep tail provokes thee still, As still beyond thy curving side Its jetty tip is seen to glide; Till, from thy centre starting far, Thou sidelong vecr'st, with rump in air, Erected stiff, and gait awry, Like madam in her tautrums high, Though ne'er a madam of them all, Whose silken kirtle sweeps the hall, More varied trick and whim displays To catch the admiring stranger's gaze.

Doth power in measured verses dwell. All thy vagaries wild to tell? Ah, no! the start, the jet, the bound, The giddy scamper round and round, With leap and toss and high curvet, And many a whirling somerset (Permitted by the modern Muse Expression technical to use), These mock the deftest rhymester's skill, But poor in art, though rich in will.

The featest tumbler, stage-bedight, To thee is but a clumsy wight, Who every limb and sinew strains To do what costs thee little pains; For which, I trow, the gaping crowd Requite him oft with plaudits loud.

But, stopp'd the while thy wanton play, Applanses, too, ∂y feats repay; For then beneath some urchin's hand With modest pride thou tak'st thy stand. While many a stroke of kindness glides Along thy back and tabby sides. Dilated swells thy glossy fur, And hondly eroons thy busy purr, As, timing well the equal sound, Thy clutching feet bepat the ground,

4-1

And all their harmless claws disclose, Like prickles of an early rose; While softly from thy whisker'd cheek Thy half-closed eyes peer mild and meek.

But not alone by cottage fire Do rustics rude thy feats admire; The learned sage, whose thoughts explore The widest range of human lore, Or, with unfetter'd fancy, fly Through airy heights of poesy, Pausing, smiles with alter'd air To see thee climb his elbow-chair, Or, struggling on the mat below, Hold warfare with his slipper'd toe, The widow'd dame, or lonely maid, Who in the still but cheerless shade Of home unsocial spends her age, And rarely turns a letter'd page, Upon her hearth for thee lets fall The rounded cork or paper ball, Nor chides thee on thy wicked watch The ends of ravell'd skein to catch, But lets thee have thy wayward will, Perplexing oft her better skill.

E'en he, whose mind of gloomy bent, In lonely tower or prison pent, Reviews the coil of former days, And loathes the world and all its ways, What time the lamp's unsteady gleam Doth rouse him from his moody dream, Feels, as thou gambol'st round his seat, His heart of pride less fiercely heat, And smiles, a link in thee to find That joins it still to living kind.

Whence hast thou, then, thou witless Puss, The magic power to charm us thus? Is it that in thy glaring eve And rapid movements we descry-Whilst we at ease, secure from ill, The chimney-corner snugly fill-A lion darting on his prey, A tiger at his ruthless play? Or is it that in thee we trace, With all thy varied wanton grace, An emblem, view'd with kindred eye, Of tricky, restless infancy? Ah, many a lightly sportive child, Who hath like thee our wits beguiled, To dull and sober manhood grown, With strange recoil our hearts disown.

And so, poor Kit, must thou endure When thou becom'st a cat demure, Full many a cuff and angry word, Chased roughly from the tempting board. But yet, for that thou hast, I ween, So oft our favor'd playmate been; Soft be the change which thou shalt prove! When time hath spoil'd thee of our love, Still be thou deem'd by housewife fat A comely, careful, mousing cat, Whose dish is, for the public good, Replenish'd oft with savory food. Nor, when thy span of life is past, Be thou to pond or dunghill east, But, gently borne on good man's spade, Beneath the decent sod be laid, And children show, with glistening eyes, The place where poor old Pussy lies. JOANNA BAILLIE.

THE KITTEN AND THE FALLING LEAVES.

THAT way look, my Infant, lo ! What a pretty baby-show ! See the Kitten on the Wall, Sporting with the leaves that fall, Wither'd leaves-one-two-and three-From the lofty Elder tree! Through the calm and frosty air, Of this morning bright and fair, Eddying round and round they sink Softly, slowly: one might think, From the motions that are made, Every little leaf convey'd Sylph or Faery hither tending,-To this lower world descending, Each invisible and mute, In his wavering parachute. -But the Kitten, how she starts, Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts! First at one, and then its fellow Just as light and just as yellow; There are many now-now one-Now they stop, and there are none; What intenseness of desire In her upward eye of fire! With a tiger-leap half way Now she meets the coming prey, Lets it go as fast, and then Has it in her power again :

FIRESIDE ENCYCLOP.EDIA OF POETRY.

Now she works with three or four, Like an Indian Conjuror; Quick as he in feats of art, Far beyond in joy of heart. Were her antics play'd in the eye Of a thousand standers-by, Clapping hands with shont and stare, What would little Tabby eare For the plandits of the crowd? Over-happy to be proud, Over-happy to be proud, Over-wealthy in the treasure Of her own exceeding pleasure!

'Tis a pretty Baby-treat ; Nor, I deem, for me unmeet; Here, for neither Babe nor me, Other playmate can I see. Of the countless living things, That with stir of feet and wings (In the sun or under shade, Upon bough or grassy blade) And with busy revellings, Chirp and song, and murmurings, Made this Orchard's narrow space, And this Vale so blithe a place; Multitudes are swept away, Never more to breathe the day : Some are sleeping ; some in Bands Travell'd into distant Lands ; Others slunk to moor and wood, Far from human neighborhood ; And, among the Kinds that keep With us closer fellowship, With us openly abide, All have laid their mirth aside. -Where is he, that giddy Sprite, Blue cap, with his colors bright, Who was blest as bird could be, Feeding in the apple tree . Made such wanton spoil and rout, Turning blossoms inside out; Hung with head toward the ground, Flutter'd, perch'd, into a round Bound himself, and then unbound : Lithest, gaudiest Harlequin] Prettiest Tumbler ever seen ! Light of heart and light of limb : What is now become of him? Lambs, that through the mountains went Frisking, bleating merriment, When the year was in its prime, They are sober'd by this time.

If you look to vale or hill, If you listen, all is still, Save a little neighboring Rill, That from ont the rocky ground Strikes a solitary sound. Vainly glitter hill and plain, And the air is ealm in vain; Vainly Morning spreads the lure Of a sky serene and pure; Creature none can she decoy Into open sign of joy : Is it that they have a fear Of the dreary season near? Or that other pleasures be Sweeter even than gayety ?

Yet, whate'er enjoyments dwell In the impenetrable cell Of the silent heart which Nature Furnishes to every Creature ; Whatsoe'er we feel and know Too sedate for outward show, Such a light of gladness breaks, Pretty Kitten ! from thy freaks,-Spreads with such a living grace O'er my little Laura's face ; Yes, the sight so stirs and charms Thee, Baby, laughing in my arms, That almost I could repine That your transports are not mine, That I do not wholly fare Even as ve do, thoughtless Pair ! And I will have my carefess season Spite of melancholy reason, Will walk through life in such a way That, when time brings on decay, Now and then I may possess Hours of perfect gladsomeness, -Pleased by any random toy ; By a Kitten's busy joy, Or an Infant's laughing eye Sharing in the cestasy; I would fare like that or this, Find my wisdom in my bliss; Keep the sprightly soul awake, And have faculties to take, Even from things by sorrow wrought, Matter for a joeund thought, Spite of care, and spite of grief, To gambol with Life's falling Leaf. WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE PET LAMB.

A PASTORAL.

- THE dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink ;
- I heard a voice; it said, "Drink, pretty Creature, drink!"
- And, looking o'er the hedge, hefore me I espied
- A snow-white mountain Lamb with a Maiden at its side.
- No other sheep were near, the Lamb was all alone,
- And by a slender cord was tether'd to a stone;
- With one knee on the grass did the little Maiden kneel,
- While to that Mountain Lamb she gave its evening meal.
- The Lamb, while from her hand he thus his supper took,
- Seem'd to feast with head and ears; and his tail with pleasure shook.
- "Drink, pretty Creature, drink," she said in such a tone
- That I almost received her heart into my own.
- 'Twas little Barbara Lewthwaite, a Child of beauty rare!
- I watch'd them with delight, they were a lovely pair.
- Now with her empty Can the Maiden turn'd away:
- But ere ten yards were gone her footsteps did she stay.
- Right toward the Lamb she look'd; and from a shady place
- I unobserved could see the workings of her face:
- If Nature to her tongue could measured numbers bring,
- Thus, thought I, to her Lamb that little Maid might sing:
- "What ails thee, Young One? what? Why pull so at thy cord?
- Is it not well with thee? well both for bed and hoard?

- Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass can be;
- Rest, little Young One, rest; what is't that aileth thee?
- "What is it thou would'st seek? What is wanting to thy heart?
- Thy limbs are they not strong? And beantifnl thou art:
- This grass is tender grass; these flowers they have no peers;
- And that green corn all day is rustling in thy ears !
- "If the Sun be shining hot, do but stretch thy woollen chain,
- This beech is standing by, its covert thou canst gain;
- For rain and mountain-storms, the like thou needest not fear-
- The rain and storm are things that scarcely can come here.
- "Rest, little Young One, rest; thou hast forgot the day
- When my Father found thee first in places far away;
- Many flocks were on the hills, but thou wert own'd by none,
- And thy mother from thy side for evermore was gone.
- "He took thee in his arms, and in pity brought thee home:
- A blessed day for thee! then whither wouldst thou roam?
- A faithful Nurse thou hast; the dam that did thee yean
- Upon the mountain-tops no kinder could have been.
- "Thou knowest that twice a day I brought thee in this Can
- Fresh water from "the brook, as clear as ever ran;
- And twice in the day, when the ground is wet with dew,
- I bring thee draughts of milk, warm milk it is and new.
- "Thy limbs will shortly be twice as stont as they are now,
- Then I'll yoke thee to my cart like a pony in the plough;

FIRESIDE ENCYCLOP.EDIA OF POETRY.

My Playmate thou shalt be; and when the wind is cold Our hearth shall he thy bed, our house shall be thy fold. " It will not, will not rest !- Poor Creature, can it be That 'tis thy mother's heart which is working so in thee? Things that I know not of belike to thee are dear. And dreams of things which thou canst neither see nor hear. "Alas, the mountain-tops that look so green and fair! I've heard of fearful winds and darkness that come there : The little brooks that seem all pastime and all play, When they are angry, roar like Lious for their prey. "Here thou needest not dread the raven in the sky; Night and day thou art safe,-our cottage is hard by. Why bleat so after me? Why pull so at thy chain? Sleep-and at break of day I will come to thee again !" -As homeward through the lane I went with lazy feet, This song to myself did I oftentimes repeat: And it seem'd, as I retraced the ballad line by line, That but half of it was hers, and one half of it was mine. Again, and once again, did I repeat the song: "Nay," said I, "more than half to the Damsel must belong. For she look'd with such a look, and she spake with such a tone, That I almost received her heart into my own."

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE BLOOD HORSE,

GAMARIA is a dainty steed, Strong, black, and of a noble breed, Full of fire, and full of bone, With all his line of fathers known; Fine his nose, his nostrils thin, But blown abroad by the pride within ! His mane is like a river flowing, And his eyes like embers glowing In the darkness of the night, And his pace as swift as light.

Look,—how round his straining throat Grace and shifting beauty float; Sinewy strength is in his reins, And the red blood gallops through his veins,— Richer, redder, never ran Through the boasting heart of man. He can trace his lineage higher Than the Bourbon dare aspire,— Douglas, Guzman, or the Guelph, Or O'Brien's blood itself!

He, who hath no peer, was born Here, upon a red March morn; But his famous fathers dead Were Arabs all, and Arab-bred, And the last of that great line Trod like one of a race divine! And yet, he was but friend to one, Who fed him at the set of sun By some lone fountain fringed with green; With him, a roving Bedouin, He lived (none else would he obey Through all the hot Arabian day), And died untamed upon the sands! Buyas Water Process

RYAN WALLER PROCTER (BARRY CORNWALL),

THE HIGH-METTLED RACER.

- SEE the course throng'd with gazers, the sports are begun;
- The confusion but hear: "Pll bet you, sir." "Done, done!"
- Ten thousand strange murmurs resound far and near,
- Lords, hnwkers, and jockeys assail the tired car,

- While with neck like a rainbow, erecting his crest,
- Pamper'd, prancing, and pleased, his head touching his breast,
- Scarcely snuffing the air, he's so proud and elate,
- The high-mettled racer first starts for the plate.
- Now Reynard's turn'd out, and o'er hedge and ditch rush
- Hounds, horses, and huntsmen, all hard at his brush;
- They run him at length, and they have him at bay,
- And by scent and by view cheat a long, tedious way,
- While, alike born for sports of the field and the course,
- Always sure to come thorough a stanch and fleet horse,
- When fairly run down the fox yields up his breath,
- The high-mettled racer is in at the death.
- Grown aged, used up, and turn'd out of the stud,
- Lame, spavin'd, and windgall'd, but yet with some blood;
- While knowing postilions his pedigree trace,
- Tell his dam won that sweepstakes, his sire gain'd that race,
- And what matches he won to the ostlers count o'er,
- As they loiter their time at some hedge ale-house door,
- While the harness sore galls, and the spurs his sides goad,
- The high-mettled racer's a hack on the road.
- Till at last, having labor'd, drudged early and late,
- Bow'd down by degrees, he bends on to his fate!
- Blind, old, lean and feeble, he tugs round a mill,
- Or draws sand till the sand of his hourglass stands still;

- And now, cold and lifeless, exposed to the view
- In the very same cart which he yesterday drew,
- While a pitying crowd his sad relics surrounds,
- The high-mettled racer is sold for the hounds!

CHARLES DIBDIN.

THE HORSEBACK RIDE.

- WHEN troubled in spirit, when weary of life,
- When I faint 'neath its burdens, and shrink from its strife,
- When its fruits, turn'd to ashes, are mocking my taste,
- And its fairest scene seems but a desolate waste,
- Then come ye not near me, my sad heart to cheer
- With friendship's soft accents or sympathy's tear.
- No pity I ask, and no counsel I need,
- But bring me, oh, bring me my gallant young steed,
- With his high archèd neck, and his nostril spread wide,
- His eye full of fire, and his step full of pride!
- As I spring to his back, as I seize the strong rein,
- The strength to my spirit returneth again !
- The bonds are all broken that fetter'd my mind,
- And my cares borne away on the wings of the wind;
- My pride lifts its head, for a season bow'd down,
- And the queen in my nature now puts on her crown!
- Now we're off—like the winds to the plains whence they came;
- And the rapture of motion is thrilling my frame!
- On, on speeds my courser, scarce printing the sod,
- Searce crushing a daisy to mark where he trod !

FIRESIDE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF POETRY.

On, on like a deer, when the hound's early	AFAR IN THE DESERT.
bay	AFAR in the desert I love to ride,
Awakes the wild echoes, away, and away!	With the silent Bush-boy alone by my
Still faster, still farther, he leaps at my	side.
cheer,	When the sorrows of life the soul o'creast,
Till the rush of the startled air whirs in	And, sick of the present, I cling to the
my ear!	past;
Now 'long a clear rivulet lieth his track,-	When the eye is suffused with regretful
See his glancing hoofs tossing the white	tears,
pebbles back !	From the fond recollections of former
Now a glen dark as midnight-what	years;
matter ?-we'll down	And shadows of things that have long
Though shadows are round us, and rocks	since fled
o'er us frown;	Flit over the brain, like the ghosts of the
The thick branches shake as we're hurry-	dead :
ing through,	Bright visions of glory that vanish'd too
And deck us with spangles of silvery dew!	soon;
	Day-dreams, that departed ere manhood's
What a wild thought of triumph, that this	noon ;
girlish hand	Attachments by fate or falsehood reft;
Such a steed in the might of his strength	Companions of early days lost or left-
may command !	And my native land-whose magical name
What a glorious creature ! Ah ! glance at	Thrills to the heart like electric flame ;
him now,	The home of my childhood; the haunts
As I check him a while on this green hil-	of my prime;
lock's brow;	All the passions and scenes of that rap-
How he tosses his mane, with a shrill joy-	turous time
ous neigh,	When the feelings were young and the
And paws the firm earth in his proud,	world was new,
stately play!	Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding
Hurrah! off again, dashing on as in ire,	to view;
Till the long, flinty pathway is flashing	All-all now forsaken-forgotten-fore-
with fire!	gone !
Ho! a ditch !- Shall we pause? No; the	And I-a lone exile remember'd of none-
bold leap we dare,	My high aims abandon'd,my good acts
Like a swift-winged arrow we rush through	undone-
the air! Oh, not all the pleasures that poets may	Aweary of all that is under the sun-
praise,	With that sadness of heart which no
Not the 'wildering waltz in the ball-room's	stranger may scan,
blaze.	I fly to the desert afar from man.
Nor the chivalrous joust, nor the daring	Afar in the desert I love to ride,
race,	With the silent Bush-boy alone by my
Nor the swift regatta, nor merry chase,	side.
Nor the sail, high heaving waters o'er,	When the wild turmoil of this wearisome
Nor the rural dance on the moonlight	life,
shore.	With its scenes of oppression, corruption
Can the wild and thrilling joy exceed	and strife-
Of a fearless leap on a fiery steed !	The proud man's frown and the base man'
SARA JANE LIPPINCOTT	fear-
(GRACE GREENWOOD).	The scorner's laugh, and the sufferer'
	tear-

POEMS OF NATURE.

And malice, and meanness, and falsehood,	Hieing away to the home of her rest, Where she and her mate have scoop'd
and folly, Dispose me to musing and dark melan-	their nest,
choly;	Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's
When my bosom is full and my thoughts	view
are high,	In the pathless depths of the parch'd
And my soul is sick with the bondman's	karroo.
sigh— Oh! then there is freedom, and joy, and	
pride,	A far in the desert I love to ride,
Afar in the desert alone to ride!	With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side.
There is rapture to vault on the champing	Away—away—in the wilderness vast
steed,	Where the white man's foot hath never
And to bound away with the eagle's speed,	pass'd,
With the death-fraught firelock in my hand-	And the quiver'd Coranna or Bechuan
The only law of the Desert Land !	Hath rarely cross'd with his roving clan:
	A region of emptiness howling and drear,
Afar in the desert I love to ride,	Which man hath abandon'd from famine and fear;
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side. Away—away from the dwellings of men,	Which the snake and the lizard inhabit
By the wild deer's haunt, by the buffalo's	alone,
gleu;	With the twilight bat from the yawning
By valleys remote where the oribi plays,	stone;
Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartè-	Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,
beest graze,	Save poisonous thorns that pierce the
And the kudu and eland unhunted recline By the skirts of gray forest o'erhung with	foot;
wild vine;	And the bitter melon for food and drink,
Where the elephant browses at peace in	Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt lake's
bis wood,	brink;
And the river-horse gambols unscared in	A region of drought, where no river glides, Nor rippling brook with osier'd sides;
the flood, And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will	Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,
In the fen where the wild ass is drinking	Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount,
his fill.	Appears to refresh the aching eye;
the instant dense the state	But the barren earth and the burning
Afar in the desert I love to ride, With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side.	sky,
O'er the brown karroo, where the bleating	And the blank horizon, round and round, Spread—void of living sight or sound.
cry	And here, while the night-winds round me
Of the springbok's fawn sounds plain-	sigh,
tively;	And the stars burn bright in the midnight
And the timorous quagga's shrill whistling	sky,
neigh Is heard by the fountain at twilight gray ;	As I sit apart by the desert stone,
Where the zehra wantonly tosses his	Like Elijah at Horeb's cave, alone, "A still small voice" comes through the
mane,	wild
With wild hoof scouring the desolate	(Like a father consoling his fretful child)
plain;	Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste	fear,
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste,	Saying—Man is distant, but God is near ! THOMAS PRINGLE.
Lawyer,	InonAS FRINGLE.

FIRESIDE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF POETRY.

THE ARAB'S FAREWELL TO HIS Horse.

- My beautiful ! my beautiful ! that standest meekly by,
- With thy proudly arch'd and glossy neck, and dark and fiery eye,
- Fret not to roam the desert now, with all thy winged speed :
- I may not mount on thee again,—thou'rt sold, my Arab steed !
- Fret not with that impatient hoof,--snuff not the breezy wind,--
- The farther that thou fliest now, so far am
- The stranger hath thy bridle-rein,-thy master hath his gold,-

Fleet-limb'd and beautiful, farewell; thou'rt sold, my steed, thou'rt sold.

Farewell! those free, untired limbs full many a mile must roam,

To reach the chill and wintry sky which clouds the stranger's home;

- Some other hand, less fond, must now thy corn, and bread prepare,
- The silky mane, 1 braided once, must be another's care!
- The morning sun shall dawn again, but never more with thee
- Shall 4 gallop through the desert paths, where we were wont to be;
- Evening shall darken on the earth, and o'er the sandy plain
- Some other steed, with slower step, shall bear me home again.
- Yes, thou must go! the wild, free breeze, the brilliant sun and sky,
- Thy master's home,-from all of these my exiled one must fly;
- Thy proud dark eye will grow less proud, thy step become less fleet,
- And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck, thy master's hand to meet.

Only in sleep shall 1 behold that dark eye, glancing bright ;---

- Only in sleep shall hear again that step so firm and light;
- And when I raise my dreaming arm to check or cheer thy speed,

Then must 1, starting, wake to feelthou'rt sold, my Arab steed!

- Ah! rudely, then, unseen by mc, some eruel hand may chide,
- Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested waves, along thy panting side :
- And the rich blood that's in thee swells, in thy indignant pain,
- Till careless eyes, which rest on thee, may count each started vein.
- Will they ill use thee? If I thought-but no, it cannot be,-
- Thou art so swift, yet easy curb'd; so gentle, yet so free;
- And yet, if haply, when thou'rt gone, my lonely heart should yearn,—

Can the hand which casts thee from it now command thee to return?

- Return ! alas! my Arab steed ! what shall thy master do,
- When thou, who wast his all of joy, hast vanish'd from his view?
- When the dim distance cheats mine eye, and through the gathering tears,
- Thy bright form, for a moment, like the false mirage appears;
- Slow and unmounted shall I roam, with weary step alone,
- Where, with fleet step and joyous bound, thou oft hast borne me on;
- And sitting down by that green well, I'll pause and sadly think,
- "It was here he bow'd his glossy neck when last I saw him drink!"
- When last I saw thee drink !- Away! the feyer'd dream is o'er,-
- I could not live a day, and *know* that we should meet no more!
- They tempted me, my beautiful !-- for hunger's power is strong.--
- They tempted me, my beautiful? but I have loved too long.
- Who said that I had given thee up? who said that thou wast sold?
- 'Tis_false,-'tis_false! my Arab steed! I fling them back their gold!

Thus, thus, I leap upon thy back, and scour the distant plains;

Away ! who overtakes us now shall claim thee for his pains !

CAROLINE NORTON.

POEMS OF NATURE.

THE TROOPER TO HIS MARE. OLD girl that has borne me far and fast On pawing hoofs that were never loath, Our gallop to-day may be the last For thee, or for me, or perhaps for both! As I tighten your girth do you nothing daunt? Do you catch the hint of our forming line? And now the artillery move to the front, Have you never a qualm, Bay Bess of mine?	Away they fly to 'scape the rout, Their steeds they soundly switch; Some are thrown in and some thrown out, And some thrown in the ditch. Yet a-hunting we will go. Sly Reynard now like lightning flies, And sweeps across the vale; And when the hounds too near he spies, I drops his bushy tail. Then a-hunting we will go.
 It is dainty to see you sidle and start As you move to the battle's cloudy marge. And to feel the swells of your wakening heart When our sonorous bugles sound a charge; At the scream of the shell and the roar of the drum You feign to be frighten'd with roguish glance; But up the green slopes where the bullets hum, Coquettishly, darling, I've known you 	 Fond Echo seems to like the sport, And join the jovial cry; The woods, the hills, the sound retort, And music fills the sky When a-hunting we do go. At last his strength to faintness worn, Poor Reynard ceases flight; Then hungry, homeward we return, To feast away the night. And a-drinking we do go. Ye jovial hunters, in the morn
 Coquertisity, darling, I've known you dance. Your skin is satin, your nostrils red, Your eyes are a bird's, or a loving girl's; And from delicate fetlock to stately head A throbbing vein-cordage around you curls; O joy of my heart! if you they slay, For triumph or rout I little care, For there isn't in all the wide valley to-day Such a dear little bridle-wise, thoroughbred mare! CHARLES G. HALFINE. 	Prepare them for the chase; Rise at the sounding of the horn, ' And health with sport embrace When a-hunting we do go. AUTHOR UNKNOWN. TO MY HORSE. WITH a glancing eye and curving mane He neighs and champs on the bridle-rein; One spring, and his saddled back I press, And ours is a common happiness! 'Tis the rapture of motion! a hurrying cloud When the loosen'd winds are breathing
 A-HUNTING WE WILL GO. THE dusky night rides down the sky, And ushers in the morn: The hounds all join in glorious cry, The huntsman winds his horn. And a-hunting we will go. 	 loud:— A shaft from the painted Indian's bow, A bird—in the pride of speed we go. Dark thoughts that haunt me, where are ye now? While the cleft air gratefully cools my brow.
The wife around her husband throws Her arms, and begs his stay : "My dear, it rains, and hails, and snows, You will not hunt to-day." But a-hunting we will go.	brow, And the dizzy earth seems recling by, And naught is at rest but the arching sky; And the tramp of my steed, so swift and strong, Is dearer than fame and sweeter than song!

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FIRESIDE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF POETRY.

- There is life in the breeze as we hasten on.
- With each bound some care of earth has gone,
- And the languid pulse begins to play,

And the night of my soul is turn'd to day:

A richer verdure the earth o'erspreads,

- Sparkles the streamlet more bright in the meads:
- And its voice to the flowers that bend above
- Is soft as the whisper of early love;
- With fragrance spring flowers have burden'd the air.
- And the blue-bird and robin are twittering elear.
- Lovely tokens of gladness, I mark'd ye not
- When last I roam'd o'er this self-same spot.
- Ahl then the deep shadows of sorrow's mien
- Fell, like a blight, on the happy scene;

And Nature, with all her love and grace, In the depths of the spirit could find no

place.

So the vex'd breast of the mountain-lake, When wind and rain mad revelry make, Turbid and gloomy, and wildly tost,

Retain no trace of the beauty lost.

- But when through the moist air, bright and warm.
- The sun looks down with his golden charm.
- And elouds have fled, and the wind is hull,

Oh ! then the changed lake, how beautiful !

The glistening trees, in their shady ranks,

- And the ewe with its lamb along the banks.
- And the kingfisher perch'd on the wither'd bough,
- And the pure blue heaven all pictured below !
- Bound proudly, my steed, nor bound proudly in vain.

Since thy master is now himself again.

And thine be the praise when the leech's power

Is idle, to conquer the darken'd hour,

By the might of the sounding hoof to win Beauty without and joy within ; Beauty else to my eyes unseen, And joy, that then had a stranger been. AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

THE TIGER.

TIGER! tiger! burning bright, In the forest of the night. What immortal hand or eve Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies Burn'd the ardor of thine eves? On what wings dare he aspire? What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art, Could twist the sinews of thy heart? And when thy heart began to beat, What dread hand forged thy dread feet?

What the hammer, what the chain? In what furnace was thy brain? What the anvil; what dread grasp Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears, And water'd heaven with their tears. Did He smile His work to see? Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger! tiger! burning bright, In the forest of the night, What immortal hand or eve Dare frame thy fearful symmetry? WILLIAM BLAKE.

THE HUNTER OF THE PRAIRIES.

Ay, this is freedom !- these pure skies Were never stain'd with village smoke;

- The fragrant wind, that through them flies.
 - Is breathed from wastes by plough unbroke.

Here, with my rifle and my steed, And her who left the world for me,

I plant me, where the red-deer feed In the green desert-and am free.

For here the fair sayannas know No barriers in the bloomy grass; Wherever breeze of heaven may blow, Or beam of heaven may glance, I pass. Iu pastures, measureless as air, The bison is my noble game; The bounding elk, whose antlers tear The branches, falls before my aim. Mine are the river-fowl that scream From the long stripe of waving sedge; The bear that marks my weapon's gleam Hides vainly in the forest's edge; In vain the she-wolf stands at bay : The brinded catamount, that lies High in the boughs to watch his prev, Even in the act of springing dies. With what free growth the elm and plane Fling their huge arms across my way, Gray, old, and cumber'd with a train Of vines, as huge, and old, and gray ! Free stray the lucid streams, and find No taint in these fresh lawns and shades: Free spring the flowers that scent the wind Where never scythe has swept the glades. Alone the Fire, when frost-winds sere The heavy herbage of the ground, Gathers his annual harvest here, With roaring like the battle's sound, And hurrying flames that sweep the plain, And smoke-streams gushing up the sky. I meet the flames with flames again, And at my door they cower and die. Here, from dim woods, the aged Past Speaks solemnly; and I behold The boundless Future in the vast And lonely river, seaward roll'd. Who feeds its founts with rain and dew? Who moves, I ask, its gliding mass, And trains the bordering vines whose blue Bright clusters tempt me as I pass? Broad are these streams-my steed obeys, Plunges, and bears me through the tide: Wide are these woods-I thread the maze Of giant stems, nor ask a guide.

I hunt till day's last glimmer dies O'er woody vale and grassy height; And kind the voice and glad the eyes That welcome my return at night. WILLIAM CULLEM BRYANT.

FOLDING THE FLOCKS.

SHEPHERDS all, and maidens fair. Fold your flocks up; for the air 'Gins to thicken, and the sun Already his great course hath run. See the dewdrops, how they kiss Every little flower that is: Hanging on their velvet heads, Like a string of crystal beads. See the heavy clouds low falling And bright Hesperus down calling The dead night from under ground ; At whose rising, mists unsound, Damps and vapors, fly apace, And hover o'er the smiling face Of these pastures; where they come, Striking dead both bud and bloom. Therefore from such danger lock Every one his loved flock ; And let your dogs lie loose without, Lest the wolf come as a scout From the mountain and, ere day, Bear a lamb or kid away : Or the crafty, thievish fox Break upon your simple flocks. To secure yourself from these, Be not too secure in ease; So shall you good shepherds prove. And deserve your master's love. Now, good-night! may sweetest slumbers And soft silence fall in numbers On your eyelids. So farewell: Thus I end my evening knell. BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

THE RETIREMENT.

FAREWELL, thou busy world, and may We never meet again;

Here I can eat, and sleep, and pray, And do more good in one short day Than he who his whole age out-wears Upon the most conspicuous theatres, Where naught but vanity and vice appears,

FIRESIDI	E ENC	YCLOPÆDIA	I OF POETRY.
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Good God ! how sweet are all things here !	The rapid Garonne and the winding
How beautiful the fields appear !	Seine
How cleanly do we feed and lie!	Are both too mean,
Lord! what good hours do we keep!	Beloved Dove, with thee
How quietly we sleep !	To vie priority ;
What peace, what unanimity !	Nay, Tame and Isis, when conjoined, sub-
How innocent from the lewd fashion	mit,
Is all our business, all our recreation !	And lay their trophics at thy silver feet.
Oh, how happy here's our leisure!	
Oh, how innocent our pleasure !	O my beloved rocks that rise
O ye valleys! O ye mountains!	To awe the earth and brave the skies,
O ye groves, and crystal fountains !	From some aspiring mountain's erown
llow I love at liberty	How dearly do I love,
By turns to come and visit ye!	Giddy with pleasure, to look down,
by turns to come and visit yer	And, from the vales, to view the noble
Dear solitude, the soul's best friend,	heights above !
That man acquainted with himself dost	O my beloved eaves! from dog-star's
make,	heat,
And all his Maker's wonders to intend,	And all anxieties, my safe retreat ;
With thee 1 here converse at will	What safety, privacy, what true delight,
And would be glad to do so still,	In the artificial night
For it is thou alone that keep'st the soul-	Your gloomy entrails make,
awake.	Have I taken, do I take !
	How oft, when grief has made me fly,
How calm and quiet a delight	To hide me from society
Is it, alone	E'en of my dearest friends, have I,
To read, and meditate, and write,	In your recesses' friendly shade, All my sorrows open laid,
By none offended, and offending none I	And my most secret woes entrusted to your
To walk, ride, sit, or sleep at one's own ease:	privacy !
And, pleasing a man's self, none other to	To come to a
displease.	Lord ! would men let me alone,
disprense.	What an over-happy one
O my belovèd nymph, fair Dove,	Should I think myself to be,
Princess of rivers, how I love	Might I in this desert place
Upon thy flowery banks to lie,	(Which most men in discourse disgrace)
And view thy silver stream,	Live but undisturb'd and free!
When gilded by a Summer's beam l	Here, in this despised recess,
And in it all thy wanton fry	Would I, maugre Winter's cold,
Playing at liberty,	And the Summer's worst excess,
And with my angle upon them	Try to live out to sixty full years old ;
The all of treachery	And, all the while,
I ever learn'd industriously to try !	Without an envious eye
Such streams Rome's yellow Tiber eannot	On any thriving under Fortune's smile,
show,	Contented live, and then contented die.
The Iberian Tagus, or Ligurian Po;	CHARLES COTTON.
The Maese, the Danube, and the Rhine,	
Are puddle-water, all, compared with	THE PRAISE OF A COUNTRYMAN'S
thine;	LIFE.
And Loire's pure streams yet too polluted	DIT D.
are	On, the sweet contentment
With thing much purer to compare:	The countryman doth find

High trolollie, lollie, lol; high trolollie, This is not half the happiness The countryman enjoys, lee: That quiet contemplation High trolollie, lollie, lol; high trolollie, Possesseth all my mind: lee: Then care away, and wend along with me. Though others think they have as much, For courts are full of flattery, Yet he that says so lies : As hath too oft been tried, Then care away, and wend along with me. High trolollie, lollie, lol; high trolollie, JOHN CHALKHILL. lee; The city full of wantonness, And both are full of pride; THOUGHTS IN A GARDEN. Then care away, and wend along with me. How vainly men themselves amaze To win the palm, the oak, or bays, But, oh ! the honest countryman And their incessant labors see Speaks truly from his heart, Crown'd from some single herb or tree, High trolollie, lollie, lol; high trolollie, Whose short and narrow vergèd shade lee; Does prudently their toils upbraid; His pride is in his tillage, While all the flowers and trees do close His horses and his cart: To weave the garlands of Repose. Then care away, and wend along with me. Our clothing is good sheep-skins, Fair Quiet, have I found thee here, Gray russet for our wives, And Innocence thy sister dear? High trolollie, lollie, lol; high trolollie, Mistaken long, I sought you then lee: In busy companies of men : 'Tis warmth and not gay clothing Your sacred plants, if here below, That doth prolong our lives: Only among the plants will grow: Then care away, and wend along with me. Society is all but rude To this delicious solitude. The ploughman, though he labor hard. No white nor red was ever seen Yet on the holy day, So amorous as this lovely green. High trolollie, lollie, lol; high trolollie, Fond lovers, cruel as their flame, lee: Cut in these trees their mistress' name: No emperor so merrily Little, alas, they know or heed Does pass his time away: How far these beauties her exceed ! Then care away, and wend along with me. Fair trees! where'er your barks I wound, No name shall but your own be found. To recompense our tillage The heavens afford us showers, When we have run our passion's heat High trolollie, lollie, lol; high trolollie, Love hither makes his best retreat: lee: The gods, who mortal beauty chase, And for our sweet refreshments Still in a tree did end their race : The earth affords us bowers; Apollo hunted Daphne so Then care away, and wend along with me. Only that she might laurel grow; The cuckoo and the nightingale And Pan did after Syrinx speed Full merrily do sing, Not as a nymph, but for a reed. High trolollie, lollie, lol; high trolollie, What wondrous life is this I lead ! lee; And with their pleasant roundelays Ripe apples drop about my head; Bid welcome to the spring : The luscious clusters of the vine Then care away, and wend along with me. Upon my mouth do crush their wine;

FIRESIDE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF POETRY.

The nectarine and curious peach Into my hands themselves do reach; Stumbling on melons, as f pass, Ensnared with flowers, 1 fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less Withdraws into its happiness— The mind, that ocean where each kind Does straight its own resemblance find; Yet it creates, transcending these, Far other worlds, and other seas; Annihilating all that's made To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot Or at some fruit tree's mossy root, Casting the body's vest aside My soul into the boughs does glide; There, like a bird, it sits and sings, Then whets and elaps its silver wings, And, till prepared for longer flight, Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy Garden state While man there walk'd without a mate : After a place so pure and sweet, What other help could yet be meet ? But 'twas beyond a mortal's share To wander solitary there : Two paradises are in one, To live in Paradise alone.

How well the skilful gardener drew Of flowers and herbs this dial new! Where, from, above, the milder sun Does through a fragrant zodiae run: And, as it works, th' industrious bee Computes its time as well as we.

How could such sweet and wholesome hours

Be reckon'd, but with herbs and flowers! ANDREW MARVELL.

THE BRAES O' BALQUHITHER.

LET us go, lassie, go, To the Braes o' Balquhither, Where the blae-berries grow 'Mang the bonnie Highland heather; Where the deer and the rae, Lightly bounding together, Sport the lang summer day

On the braes o' Balquhither.

I will twine thee a bower By the clear siller fountain, And I'll cover it o'er Wi'the flowers o' the mountain; I will range through the wilds, And the deep glens sae drearie, And return wi'their spoils

To the bower o' my dearie.

When the rude wintry win' Idly raves round our dwelling, And the roar of the linn On the night-breeze is swelling, So merrily we'll sing, As the storm rattles o'er us, Till the dear shicling ring Wi' the light lilting chorus.

Now the simmer's in prime Wi' the flowers richly blooming, And the wild mountain-thyme A' the moorlands perfuming; To our dear native scenes Let us journey together, Where glad innocence reigns 'Mang the brace o' Balquhither. RODERT TASNAILLE-

AN ITALIAN SONG.

DEAR is my little native vale, The ring-dove builds and murmurs there; Close by my cot she tells her tale To every passing villager. The squirrel leaps from tree to tree, And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange-groves and myrtle bowers, That breathe a gale of fragrance round. I charm the fairy-footed hours

With my loved lute's romantic sound ; Or crowns of living laurel weave For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day, The ballet danced in twilight glade, The canzonet and roundelay

Sung in the silent greenwood shade,— These simple joys that never fail Shall bind me to my native vale.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

POEMS OF NATURE.

SONNET.

To one who has been long in city pent,

'Tis very sweet to look into the fair

And open face of heaven,—to breathe a prayer

Full in the smile of the blue firmament.

- Who is more happy, when, with heart content,
 - Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair

Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair

And gentle tale of love and languishment?

Returning home at evening, with an ear Catching the notes of Philomel,—an eve

- Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,
- He mourns that day so soon has glided by:

E'en like the passage of an angel's tear That falls through the clear ether silently.

JOHN KEATS.

MORNING SONG.

UP! quit thy bower; late wears the hour; Long have the rooks caw'd round thy tower;

On flower and tree loud hums the bee; The wilding kid sports merrily: A day so bright, so fresh, so clear, Showeth when good fortune's near.

Up! lady fair, and braid thy hair, And rouse thee in the breezy air; The Inling stream that soothed thy dream Is dancing in the sunny beam; And hours so sweet, so bright, so gay, Will waft good fortune on its way.

Up! time will tell: the friar's bell Its sèrvice sound hath chimèd well; The aged crone keeps house alone, And reapers to the fields are gone; The active day, so boon and bright, May bring good fortune ere the night. Joanna BaLLLE,

THE INVITATION.

BEST and brightest, come away! Fairer far than this fair Day,

Which, like thee, to those in sorrow Comes to bid a sweet good-morrow To the rough Year just awake In its cradle on the brake. The brightest hour of unborn Spring Through the winter wandering, Found, it seems, the haleyon Morn To hoar February born: Bending from heaven, in azure mirth, It kiss'd the forehead of the Earth, And smiled upon the silent sea. And bade the frozen streams be free, And waked to music all their fountains, And breathed upon the frozen mountains, And like a prophetess of May Strew'd flowers upon the barren way, Making the wintry world appear Like one on whom thou smilest, dear.

Away, away, from men and towns To the wild wood and the downs-To the silent wilderness Where the soul need not repress Its music, lest it should not find An echo in another's mind, While the touch of Nature's art Harmonizes heart to heart. I leave this notice on my door For each accustom'd visitor :---"I am gone into the fields To take what this sweet hour yields. Reflection, you may come to-morrow; Sit by the fireside with Sorrow. You with the unpaid bill, Despair,-You tiresome verse-reciter, Care,-I will pay you in the grave,-Death will listen to your stave. Expectation too, be off! To-day is for itself enough. Hope, in pity, mock not Woe With smiles, nor follow where I go; Long having lived on your sweet food. At length I find one moment's good After long pain: with all your love, This you never told me of."

Radiant Sister of the Day, Awake! arise! and come away! To the wild woods and the plains, And the pools where winter rains Image all their roof of leaves, Where the pine its garland weaves

Of sapless green, and ivy dun, Round stems that never kiss the sun, Where the lawns and pastnres be And the sand-hills of the sea, Where the melting hoar-frost wets The daisy-star that never sets, And wind-flowers and violets Which yet join not seent to hue Crown the pale year weak and new; When the night is left behind In the deep east, dun and blind, And the blue noon is over us, And the multitudinous Billows murmur at our feet, Where the earth and ocean meet, And all things seem only one In the universal Sun. PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

EANCY.

EVER let the Fancy roam, Pleasure never is at home : At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth, Like to bubbles when rain pelteth ; Then let wingèd Fancy wander Through the thought still spread beyond her :

Open wide the mind's cage-door, She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.

O sweet Fancy ! let her loose ; Summer's joys are spoilt by use, And the enjoying of the Spring Fades as does its blossoming : Autumn's red-lipp'd fruitage too, Blushing through the mist and dew, Clovs with tasting. What do then? Sit thee by the ingle, when The sere fagot blazes bright, Spirit of a winter's night; When the soundless earth is mufiled, And the caked snow is shuffled From the ploughboy's heavy shoon; When the Night doth meet the Noon In a dark conspiracy To banish Even from her sky. -Sit thee there, and send abroad With a mind self-overawed Fancy, high-commission'd :--send her ! She has vassals to attend her ;

She will bring, in spite of frost, Beauties that the earth hath lost ; She will bring thee, all together, All delights of summer weather ; All the buds and bells of May From dewy sward or thorny spray ; All the heaped Autumn's wealth, With a still, mysterious stealth ; She will mix these pleasures up Like three fit wines in a cup, And thou shalt quaif it ;- thou shalt hear Distant harvest-carols clear; Rustle of the reaped eorn ; Sweet birds antheming the morn ; And in the same moment-hark I 'Tis the early April lark, Or the rooks, with busy caw, Foraging for sticks and straw. Thou shalt, at one glance, behold The daisy and the marigold ; White-plumed lilies, and the first Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst ; Shaded hyacinth, alway Sapphire queen of the mid-May; And every leaf, and every flower Pearled with the selfsame shower. Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep Meagre from its celled sleep : And the snake all winter-thin Cast on sunny bank its skiu; Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see Hatching in the hawthorn tree, When the hen-bird's wing doth rest Quiet on her mossy nest; Then the hurry and alarm When the bee-hive casts its swarm ; Acorns ripe down-pattering While the autumn breezes sing.

O sweet Fancy ! let her loose; Everything is spoilt by use: Where's the cheek that doth not fade, Too much gazed at? Where's the mand Whose lip mature is ever new? Where's the eye, however blue, Doth not weary? Where's the face One would meet in every place? Where's the voice, however soft, One would hear so very oft? At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth Like to bubbles when rain pelteth.

POEMS OF NATURE.

Let then winged Fancy find Thee a mistress to thy mind: Dulcet-eved as Ceres' daughter, Ere the god of torment taught her How to frown and how to chide ; With a waist and with a side White as Hebe's, when her zone Slipt its golden clasp, and down Fell her kirtle to her feet While she held the goblet sweet, And Jove grew languid .- Break the mesh Of the Fancy's silken leash ; Quickly break her prison-string, And such joys as these she'll bring : -Let the winged Fancy roam, Pleasure never is at home. JOHN KEATS.

THE NYMPH COMPLAINING OF THE DEATH OF HER FAWN.

THE wanton troopers, riding by, Have shot my fawn, and it will die. Ungentle men! they cannot thrive Who kill'd thee. Thou ne'er didst, alive, Them any harm; alas! nor could Thy death yet do them any good, I'm sure I never wish'd them ill. Nor do I for all this, nor will; But, if my simple pravers may yet Prevail with Heaven to forget Thy murder, I will join my tears, Rather than fail. But, oh my fears! It cannot die so. Heaven's king Keeps register of everything; And nothing may we use in vain; Even beasts must be with justice slain, Else men are made their deodands. Though they should wash their guilty hands In this warm life-blood, which doth part

In this warm inte-blood, which doth part From thine and wound me to the heart, Yet could they not be clean—their stain Is dyed in such a purple grain; There is not such another in The world to offer for their sin.

Inconstant Sylvio, when yet I had not fonnd him counterfeit, One morning (I remember well) Tied in this silver chain and bell, Gave it to me; nay, and I know What he said then—I'm sure I do; Said he, "Look how your huntsman here Hath tanght a fawn to hunt his deer!" But Sylvio soon had me beguiled— This waxèd tame, while he grew wild, And, quite regardless of my smart, Left me his fawn, but took his heart.

Thenceforth, I set myself to play My solitary time away, With this, and, very well content, Could so mine idle life have spent. For it was full of sport, and light Of foot and heart, and did invite Me to its game. It seem'd to bless Itself in me. How could I less Than love it? Oh, I caunot be Unkind to a beast that loveth me.

Had it lived long, I do not know Whether it, too, might have done so As Sylvio did—his gifts might be Perhaps as false, or more, than he. For I am sure, for aught that I Could in so short a time espy. Thy love was far more better than The love of false and cruel man.

With sweetest milk and sugar first I it at mine own fingers nursed; And as it grew, so every day It wax'd more white and sweet than they, It had so sweet a breath ! and oft I blush'd to see its foot more soft And white—shall I say than my hand? Nay, any lady's of the land.

It is a wondrous thing how fleet 'Twas on those little silver feet! With what a pretty, skipping grace It oft would challenge me the race! And when 't had left me far away, 'Twould stay, and run again, and stay ; For it was nimbler, much, than hinds, And trod as if on the four winds.

I have a garden of my own— But so with roses overgrown, And lilies, that you would it guess To be a little wilderness; And all the spring-time of the year It loved only to be there. Among the beds of lilies I Have sought it oft, where it should lie; Yet could not, till itself would rise, Find it, although before mine eyes; For in the flaxen lilies' shade It like a bank of lilies laid.

FIRESIDE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF POETRY.

Upon the roses it would feed, Until its lips ev'n seem'd to bleed; And then to me 'twould boldly trip, And print those roses on my lip. But all its chief delight was still On roses thus itself to fill; And its pure virgin limbs to fold In whitest sheets of lilies cold. Hnd it lived long, it would have been Lilies without, roses within.

Oh help ! oh help ! I see it faint, And die as ealmly as a saint, See how it weeps ! the tears do come, Sadly, slowly, dropping like a gum. So weeps the wounded balsam; so The holy frankincense doth flow; The brotherless Heliades Melt in such amber tears as these.

I in a golden vial will Keep these two crystal tears; and fill It, till it do o'erflow, with mine; Then place it in Diana's shrine.

Now my sweet fawn is vanish'd to Whither the swans and turtles go; In fair Elysiun to endure, With milk-white lambs, and ermines pure. Oh do not run too fast! for I Will but bespeak thy grave, and die.

First my unhappy statue shall Be cut in marble; and withal, Let it be weeping too! But there Th' engraver sure his art may spare, For I so truly thee bemoan That I shall weep though I be stone; Until my tears, still drooping, wear My breast, themselves engraving there. There at my feet shalt thon be laid, Of purest alabaster made; For I would have thine image be White as I can, though not as thee. ANDERW MARVELL

ECHO AND SILENCE.

- In eddying course when leaves began to fly,
 - And Autumn in her lap the store to strew,
 - As 'mid wild scenes I chanced the muse to woo,

Through glens untrod, and woods that frown'd on high,

- Two sleeping nymphs with wonder mute I spy !
 - And, lo, she's gone l-In robe of darkgreen hue,
 - 'Twas Echo from her sister Silence flew,
- For quick the hunter's horn resounded to the sky !

In shade affrighted Silence melts away.

- Not so her sister.—Hark! for onward still,
- With far-heard step, she takes her listening way,
 - Bounding from rock to rock, and hill to hill.
- Ah, mark the merry maid in mockful play,
 - With thousand mimic tones the langhing forest fill!

SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.

BUGLE SONG.

THE splendor falls on castle-walls And snowy summits old in story : The long light shakes across the lakes, And the wild cataract leaps in glory.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,

Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

Oh hark ! oh hear ! how thin and elear, And thinner, clearer, farther going !

- Ch sweet and far, from cliff and sear,
- The horns of Elfland faintly blowing! Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:

Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky, They faint on hill or field or river :

Our cenoes roll from soul to soul, And grow for ever and for ever.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,

And answer, cchoes, answer, dying, dying, dying,

ALERED TENNYSON.

PART IX.

POEMS OF PLACES.



POEMS OF PLACES.

THE CHIMES OF ENGLAND.

THE chimes, the chimes of Motherland, Of England green and old, That out from fane and ivied tower A thousand years have toll'd-How glorious must their music be As breaks the hallow'd day, And calleth with a seraph's voice A nation up to pray ! Those chimes that tell a thousand tales-Sweet tales of olden time !--And ring a thousand memories At vesper, and at prime: At bridal and at burial, For cottager and king-Those chimes-those glorious Christian chimes.

How blessedly they ring !

Those chimes, those chimes of Motherland, Upon a Christmas morn, Outbreaking, as the angels did, For a Redeemer born,—

How merrily they call afar, To cot and baron's hall, With holly deck'd and misletoe,

To keep the festival!

The chimes of England, how they peal From tower and Gothic pile, Where hymn and swelling anthem fill The dim cathedral aisle; Where windows bathe the holy light On priestly heads that falls, And stain the florid tracery And banner-dighted walls!

And then, those Easter bells, in Spring, Those glorious Easter chimes,— How loyally they hail thee round, Old queen of holy times! From hill to hill, like sentinels, Responsively they cry, And sing the rising of the Lord, From vale to mountain high.

I love ye, chimes of Motherland, With all this soul of mine, And bless the Lord that I am sprung Of good old English line! And, like a son, I sing the lay That England's glory tells; For she is lovely to the Lord, For you, ye Christian bells!

And heir of her ancestral fame, And happy in my birth, Thee, too, I love, my forest-land, The joy of all the earth ; For thine thy mother's voice shall be, And here, where God is King, With English chimes, from Christian spires, The wilderness shall ring. ARTIUR CLEVELAND COXE.

Sonnet.

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

- EARTH has not anything to show more fair;
 - Dull would he be of soul who could pass by

A sight so touching in its majesty:

- This city now doth like a garment wear
- The beauty of the morning ; silent, hare,
 - Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie

Open unto the fields, and to the sky; All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep In his first splendor valley, rock, or hill; Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep ! The river glideth at his own sweet will; Dear God! the very houses seem asleep, And all that mighty heart is lying still. WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER Abbey.

MORTALITY, behold and fear What a change of flesh is here! Think how many royal bones Sleep within these heaps of stones! Here they lie, had realms and lands, Who now want strength to stir their hands. Where from their pulpits seal'd with dust They preach, "In greatness is no trust." Here's an acre sown indeed With the richest, royallest seed That the earth did e'er suck in Since the first man died for sin ; Here the bones of birth have eried, "Though gods they were, as men they died !" Here are sands, ignoble things, Dropt from the ruin'd sides of kings; Here's a world of pomp and state Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

LINES ON THE MERMAID TAVERN.

Sours of poets dead and gone, What Elysium have ye known— Happy field or mossy eavern— Choicer than the Mernaid Tavern? Have ye tippled drink more fine Than mine host's Canary wine? Or are fruits of Paradise Sweeter than those dainty pies Of venison? O generous food! Drest as though hold Robin Hood Would, with fiis maid Marian, Sup and bowse from horn and ean.

I have heard that on a day Mine host's signboard flew away, Nobody knew whither, till An astrologer's old quill To a sheepskin gave the story: Said he saw you in your glory Underneath a new old-sign, Sipping beverage divine, And pledging with contented smack The mermaid in the Zodiae! Souls of poets dead and gone, What Elysium have ye known— Happy field or mossy eavern— Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern? Jours Kexts.

Sonnet.

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING WINDSOR CASTLE.

- FROM beauteous Windsor's high and storied halls
- Where Edward's chiefs start from the glowing walls,
- To my low cot from ivory beds of state,
- Pleased I return unenvious of the great.
- So the bee ranges o'er the varied scenes
- Of corn, of heaths, of fallows, and of greens,

Pervades the thicket, soars above the hill,

- Or murmurs to the meadow's murmuring rill:
- Now haunts old hollow'd oaks, deserted eells,
- Now seeks the low vale lily's silver bells;
- Sips the warm fragrance of the greenhouse bowers,
- And tastes the myrtle and the citron's flowers;

At length returning to the wonted comb, Prefers to all his little straw-built home.

THOMAS WARTON.

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers, That crown the wat'ry glade, Where grateful Science still adores Her Henry's holy shade;

And ye that from the stately brow

- Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
- Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
- Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among

Wanders the hoary Thames along His silver winding way :

POEMS OF PLACES.

Ah, happy hills ! ah, pleasing shade ! These shall the fury Passions tear, Ah, fields beloved in vain !-The vultures of the miud, Where once my careless childhood stray'd, Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear, And Shame that skulks behind ; A stranger yet to pain ! I feel the gales that from ve blow Or pining Love shall waste their youth, A momentary bliss bestow, Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth, That inly gnaws the secret heart: As, waving fresh their gladsome wing, My weary soul they seem to soothe, And Envy wan, and faded Care, And, redolent of joy and youth, Grim-visaged, comfortless Despair, To breathe a second spring. And Sorrow's piercing dart. Say, Father Thames-for thou hast seen Ambition this shall tempt to rise, Full many a sprightly race, Then whirl the wretch from high, Disporting on thy margent green, To bitter Scorn a sacrifice, The paths of pleasure trace-And grinning Infamy. Who foremost now delight to cleave, The stings of Falsehood those shall try, With pliant arm, thy glassy wave? And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye, The captive linnet which enthrall? That mocks the tears it forced to flow What idle progeny succeed And keen Remorse, with blood defiled, To chase the rolling circle's speed, And moody Madness, laughing wild Or urge the flying ball? Amid severest woe. While some, on urgent business bent, Lo! in the vale of years beneath Their murmuring labors ply A grisly troop are seen, 'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint The painful family of Death, To sweeten liberty : More hideous than their queen; Some bold adventurers disdain This racks the joints, this fires the veins, The limits of their little reign, That every laboring sinew strains. And unknown regions dare descry; Those in the deeper vitals rage: Still as they run they look behind, Lo! Poverty, to fill the band, They hear a voice in every wind, That numbs the soul with icy hand, And snatch a fearful joy. And slow-consuming Age. Gay hope is theirs by Fanev fed, To each his suff'rings : all are men, Less pleasing when possest; Condemn'd alike to groan; The tear forgot as soon as shed, The tender for another's pain, The sunshine of the breast: Th' unfeeling for his own. Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue, Yet, ah ! why should they know their fate, Wild wit, invention ever new, Since sorrow never comes too late, And lively cheer, of vigor born; And happiness too swiftly flies? The thoughtless day, the easy night, Thought would destroy their paradise. The spirits pure, the slumbers light, No more :---where ignorance is bliss, That fly th' approach of morn. 'Tis folly to be wise! Alas! regardless of their doom, THOMAS GRAY. The little victims play; No sense have they of ills to come, ELEGIAC STANZAS. Nor care beyond to-day; SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF PEELE CAS-Yet see, how all around them wait TLE IN A STORM, PAINTED BY SIR GEORGE The ministers of human fate, BEAUMONT. And black Misfortune's baleful train ! Ah, show them where in ambush stand, I was thy Neighbor once, thou rugged Pile ! To seize their prey, the murderous band! Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of Ah, tell them, they are men ! thee:

I saw thee every day; and all the while Thy Form was sleeping on a glassy sea.	Then, Beaun been :
So pure the sky, so quiet was the air ! So like, so very like, was day to day ! Whene'er 1 look'd, thy Image still was .	If he had This Work o mend This sea is
there ; It trembled, but it never pass'd away.	Oh 'tis a pa
How perfect was the calm ! it seem'd no sleep; No mood, which season takes away or	well; Well chos That Hulk swell,
brings : I could have fancied that the mighty Deep	This ruefu And this hu lime,
Was even the gentlest of all gentle Things.	I love to braves
Ah! THEN, if mine had been the Painter's band, To express what then I saw; and add	Cased in the The light
The light that never was on sea or land, The consecration, and the Poet's dream;	tramp Farewell, fr alone,
 would have planted thee, thou Hoary Pile ! Amid a world how different from this ! Beside a sea that could not cease to smile ; On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss. 	Housed in the K Such happin Is to be pi But welcome
A Picture had it been of lasting ease, Elysian quiet, without toil or strife; No motion but the moving tide, a breeze, Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.	And freque borne Such sights here,- Not with
Such, in the fond illusion of my heart, Such Picture would I at that time have made,	mouri
And seen the soul of truth in every part; A faith, a trust, that could not be be- tray'd.	SILENT ny Who, the
Sooneeitwould have been,—'tis so no more; I have submitted to a new control : A power is gone, which nothing can re- store:	On the mo Beyond the Painting f While the
A deep distress bath humanized my Soul.	Or the tur Charms th Come, wit
Not for a moment could I now behold A smiling sea, and be what 1 have been :	Come and Now, while
The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old; This, which I know, I speak with mind serene.	Gives lust Grongar I Draw the

Then,	Beau	mont	., Fr	iend	1 wl	ho v	would	have
	been	the	Frie	nd,				

If he had liv'd, of him whom I deplore, This Work of thine I blame not, but com-

This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

Oh 'tis a passionate Work !--yet wise and well;

Well chosen is the spirit that is here;

That Hulk which labors in the deadly swell,

This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear!

- And this huge Castle, standing here sublime,
- I love to see the look with which it braves,

Cased in the unfeeling armor of old time,

- The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves.
- Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone,
- Housed in a dream, at distance from the Kind !

Such happiness, wherever it be known,

Is to be pitied; for 'tis surely blind.

But welcome, fortitude and patient cheer,

- And frequent sights of what is to be borne !
- Such sights, or worse, as are before me here,---
 - Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

GRONGAR HILL.

SILENT nymph, with curious eye I Who, the purple eve, dost lie On the mountain's lonely van, Beyond the noise of busy man, Painting fair the form of things, While the yellow linnet sings, Or the tuneful nightingale Charms the forest with her tale,— Come, with all thy various hues, Come and aid thy sister Muse, Now, while Phæbus, riding high, Gives lustre to the land and sky, Grongar Hill invites my song,— Draw the landscape bright and strong;

POEMS OF PLACES.

Grongar, in whose mossy cells Sweetly musing Quiet dwells; Grongar, in whose silent shade, For the modest Muses made, So oft I have, the evening still, At the fountain of a rill, Sat upon a flowery bed, With my hand beneath my head, With my hand beneath my head, With stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood, Over mead and over wood, From house to house, from hill to hill, Till Contemplation had her fill.

About his checker'd sides I wind, And leave his brooks and meads behind, And groves and grottos where I lay, And vistas shooting beams of day. Wide and wider spreads the vale, As circles on a smooth canal. The mountains round, unhappy fate! Sooner or later, of all height, Withdraw their summits from the skies, And lessen as the others rise. Still the prospect wider spreads, Adds a thousand woods and meads; Still it widens, widens still, And sinks the newly-risen hill.

Now I gain the mountain's brow; What a landscape lies below! No clouds, no vapors intervene; But the gay, the open scene Does the face of Nature show, In all the hues of heaven's bow; And, swelling to embrace the light, Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise, Proudly towering in the skies; Rushing from the woods, the spires Seem from hence ascending fires; Half his beams Apollo sheds On the yellow mountain-heads, Gilds the fleeces of the flocks, And glitters on the broken rocks.

Below me trees unnumber'd rise, Beautiful in varions dyes : The gloomy pine, the poplar blue, The yellow beech, the sable yew, The slender fir that taper grows, The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs; And, beyond the purple grove, Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love ! Gaudy as the opening dawn, Lies a long and level lawn, On which a dark hill, steep and high, Holds and charms the wandering eye. Deep are his feet in Towy's flood : His sides are clothed with waving wood.

And ancient towers crown his brow, That cast an awful look below; Whose ragged wall the ivy creeps, And with her arms from falling keeps ; So both a safety from the wind In mutual dependence find. 'Tis now the raven's bleak abode; 'Tis now the apartment of the toad ; And there the fox securely feeds; And there the poisonous adder breeds, Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds; While, ever and anon, there fall Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd wall. Yet Time has seen,-that lifts the low And level lays the lofty brow,-Has seen this broken pile complete, Big with the vanity of state. But transient is the smile of Fate I A little rule, a little sway, A sunbeam in a winter's day, Is all the proud and mighty have Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers, how they run Through woods and meads, in shade and sun.

Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,— Wave succeeding wave, they go A various journey to the deep, Like human life to endless sleep ! Thus is Nature's vesture wrought, To instruct our wandering thought : Thus she dresses green and gay, To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new, When will the landscape tire the view? The fountain's fall, the river's flow; The woody valleys, warm and low; The windy summit, wild and high, Roughly rushing on the sky; The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tower, The naked rock, the shady bower; The town and village, dome and farm— Each gives each a double charm, As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm. See on the mountain's southern side Where the prospect opens wide, Where the evening gilds the tide; How close and small the hedges lie ! What streaks of meadow cross the eye! A step, methinks, may pass the stream, So little distant dangers seem ; So we mistake the Future's face, Eyed through Hope's deluding glass; As yon summits, soft and fair, Ulad in colors of the air, Which, to those who journey near, Barren, brown, and rough appear; Still we tread the same coarse way, The present's still a cloudy day.

Oh, may I with myself agree, And never covet what I see; Content me with an humble shade, My passions tamed, my wishes laid; For while our wishes wildly roll, We banish quiet from the soul: 'Tis thus the busy beat the air, And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, even now, my joys run high, As on the mountain-turf 1 lie; While the wanton Zephyr sings, And in the vale perfumes his wings; While the waters murmur deep; While the shepherd charms his sheep, While the birds unbounded fly, And with music fill the sky, Now, even now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts: be great who will; Search for Peace with all your skill: Open wide the lofty door, Seek her on the marble floor. In vain you search; she is not there! In vain you search the domes of Care! Grass and flowers Quiet treads, On the meads and mountain-heads, Along with Pleasure, close allied, Ever by each other's side; And often, by the murmuring rill, Hears the thrush, while all is still Within the groves of Grongar Hill. JOIN DYER.

ON REVISITING THE RIVER Loddon.

- And what a weary race my feet have run. Since first I trod thy banks with alders crown'd,
 - And thought my way was all through fairy ground,

Beneath the azure sky and golden sun-

When first my Muse to lisp her notes begun.

While pensive memory traces back the round

Which fills the varied interval between ;

Much pleasure, more of sorrow, marks the scene.

- Sweet native stream ! those skies and suns so pure,
 - No more return to cheer my evening road:
- Yet still one joy remains, that not obscure
- Nor useless, all my vacant days have flow'd

From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime mature,

Nor with the Muse's laurel unbestow'd, THOMAS WARTON,

THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

"How does the water Come down at Lodore?" My little boy ask'd me Thus, once on a time; And moreover he task'd me To tell him in rhyme. Anon at the word, There first came one daughter, And then came another, To second and third The request of their brother, And to hear how the water Comes down at Lodore, With its rush and its roar, As many a time They had seen it before. So I told them in rhyme, For of rhymes I had store; And 'twas in my vocation For their recreation That so 1 should sing: Because I was Laureate To them and the King.

From its sources which well In the tarn on the fell; From its fountains In the mountains, Its rills and its gills;

Through moss and through brake It runs and it creeps For a while, till it sleeps In its own little lake. And thence at departing, Awakening and starting, It runs through the reeds, And away it proceeds, Through meadow and glade, In sun and in shade, And through the wood-shelter, Among crags in its flurry, Helter-skelter, Hurry-skurry. Here it comes sparkling, And there it lies darkling. Now smoking and frothing Its tnmult and wrath in, Till in this rapid race On which it is bent. It reaches the place Of its steep descent.

The cataract strong Then plunges along, Striking and raging As if a war waging Its caverns and rocks among; Rising and leaping, Sinking and creeping, Swelling and sweeping, Showering and springing, Flying and flinging, Writhing and ringing. Eddying and whisking, Spouting and frisking, Turning and twisting, Around and around With endless rebound : Smiting and fighting. A sight to delight in; Confounding, astounding, Dizzying and deafening the ear with its

sound.

Collecting, projecting, Receding and speeding, And shocking and rocking, And darting and parting, And threading and spreading, And whizzing and shissing, And dripping and skipping, And hitting and splitting, And shining and twining, And rattling and battling, And shaking and quaking, And pouring and roaring, And waving and raving, And tossing and crossing, And tossing and crossing, And fowing and going, And running and stunning, And dinning and stunning, And dinning and spinning, And dropping and hopping, And working and jerking, And guggling and struggling, And heaving and cleaving, And moaning and groaning;

And glittering and frittering, And gathering and feathering, And whitening and brightening, And quivering and shivering, And hnrrying and skurrying, And thundering and floundering;

Dividing and gliding and sliding, And falling and brawling and sprawling, And driving and riving and striving, And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling. And sounding and bounding and rounding, And bubbling and troubling and doubling. And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling. And clattering and battering and shattering; Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting, Delaying and straying and playing and spraving. Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing, Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling, And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming. And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing, And flapping and rapping and clapping

and slapping, And curling and whirling and purling and

twirling,

FIRESIDE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF POETRY.

- And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
- And dashing and flashing and splashing and elashing;
- And so never ending, but always descending,
- Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
- All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,
- And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

ROBERT SOUTHEY

YARROW UNVISITED.

F non Stirling Castle we had seen The mazy Forth unravell'd; Had trod the banks of Clyde and Tay, And with the Tweed had travell'd; And with the Tweed had travell'd; Then said my "*vinsome Murrow*," "Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside, And see the Braes of Yarrow." "Let Yarrow Folk, frae Selkirk Town,

Who have been buying, selling,

Go back to Yarrow, 'tis their own; Each Maiden to her Dwelling!

On Yarrow's banks let herons feed, Hares couch, and rabbits burrow !

But we will downward with the Tweed, Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

"There's Galla Water, Leader Haughs, Both lying right before us;

And Dryborough, where with the chiming Tweed

The Lintwhites sing in chorus ;

There's pleasant Tiviotdale, a land Made blithe with plough and harrow : Why throw away a needful day

To go in search of Yarrow?

" What's Yarrow but a River bare, That glides the dark hills under?

There are a thousand such elsewhere As worthy of your wonder."

-Strange words they seem'd of slight and seorn :

My true-love sigh'd for sorrow; And look'd me in the face, to think I thus could speak of Yarrow! "Oh! green," said I, "are Yarrow's Holms

And sweet is Yarrow flowing! Fair hangs the apple frac the rock, But we will leave it growing.

O'er hilly path, and open Strath, We'll wander Scotland thorough;

But, though so near, we will not turn Into the Dale of Yarrow.

"Let beeves and home-bred kine partake The sweets of Burn-mill meadow;

The swan on still St. Mary's Lake Flont double, swan and shadow! We will not see them; will not go,

To-day, nor yet to-morrow;

Enough if in our hearts we know There's such a place as Yarrow.

"Be Yarrow Stream unseen, unknown! It must, or we shall rue it: We have a vision of our own; Ah, why should we undo it? The treasured dreams of times long past, We'll keep them, winsome Marrow! For when we're there, although 'tis fair, "Twill be mother Yarrow!

" If Care with freezing years should come, And wandering seem but folly,---

Should we be loath to stir from home, And yet be melancholy;

Should life be dull, and spirits low, "Twill soothe us in our sorrow,

That earth has something yet to show, The bonny Holms of Yarrow!" WILLIAN WORDSWORTH.

YARROW VISITED.

AND is this—Yarrow?—*This* the Stream Of which my fancy cherish'd, So faithfully, a waking dream? An image that hath perish'd! Oh that some Minstrel's harp were near, To utter notes of gladness, And chase this silence from the air,

That fills my heart with sadness!

Yet why ?---a silvery current flows With uncontroll'd meanderings; Nor have these eyes by greener hills Been soothed, in all my wanderings.

POEMS OF PLACES.

And, through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake	For manhood to enjoy his strength; And age to wear away in !
Is visibly delighted;	Yon Cottage seems a hower of bliss,
For not a feature of those hills	A covert for protection
Is in the mirror slighted.	Of tender thoughts that nestle there, The brood of chaste affection.
A blue sky hends o'er Yarrow Vale, Save where that pearly whiteness Is round the rising sun diffused, A tender hazy brightness; Mild dawn of promise! that excludes All profitless dejection; Though not unwilling here to admit A pensive recollection.	How sweet, on this autumnal day, The wild-wood fruits to gather, And on my True-love's forehead plant A crest of blooming heather! And what if I enwreathed my own? 'Twere no offence to reason; The sober Hills thus deck their brows To meet the wintry season.
Where was it that the famous Flower Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding? His bed perchance was yon smooth mound On which the herd is feeding : And haply from this crystal pool, Now peaceful as the morning, The Water-wraith ascended thrice,— And gave his doleful warning.	I see—but not by sight alone, Loved Yarrow, have I won thee; A ray of Fancy still survives— Her sunshine plays upon thee! Thy ever-youthful waters keep A course of lively pleasure; And gladsome notes my lips can breathe, Accordant to the measure.
Delicious is the Lay that sings The haunts of happy Lovers, The path that leads them to the grove, The leafy grove that covers: And Pity sanctifies the verse That paints, by strength of sorrow, The unconquerable strength of love; Bear witness, rueful Yarrow!	The vapors linger round the Heights, They melt—and soon must vanish; One hour is theirs, nor more is mine— Sad thought, which I would banish, But that I know, where'er I go, Thy genuine image, Yarrow ! Will dwell with me—to heighten joy, And cheer my mind in sorrow. WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.
But thou, that didst appear so fair	WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.
To fond Imagination,	
Dost rival in the light of day	YARROW REVISITED.
Her delicate creation : Meek loveliness is round thee spread, A softness still and holy ; The grace of forest charms decay'd, And pastoral melancholy.	THE gallant Youth who may have gain'd, Or seeks, a "Winsome Marrow," Was hut an Infant in the lap When first I look'd on Yarrow; Once more, by Newark's Castle-gate
That region left, the Vale unfolds Rich groves of lofty stature,	Long left without a Warder, I stood, look'd, listen'd, and with Thee, Great Minstrel of the Border!
With Yarrow winding through the pomp Of cultivated Nature;	Grave thoughts ruled wide on that sweet day
And, rising from those lofty groves,	Their dignity installing In gentle bosoms, while sere leaves
Behold a ruin hoary ! The shatter'd front of Newark's Towers,	Were on the bongh, or falling ;
Renown'd in Border story.	But breezes play'd, and sunshine gleam'd- The forest to embolden ;
Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom, For sportive youth to stray in ;	Redden'd the fiery hues, and shot Transparence through the golden.

FIRESIDE ENCYCLOP.EDIA OF POETRY.

For busy thoughts the Stream flow'd on In foamy agitation ; And slept in many a crystal pool For quiet contemplation : No public and no private care The freeborn mind enthralling, We made a day of happy hours, Our happy days recalling. Brisk Youth appear'd, the Morn of youth, With freaks of graceful folly,-Life's temperate Noon, her soher Eve, Her Night not melancholy, Past, present, future, all appear'd In harmony united, Like guests that meet, and some from far, By cordial love invited. And if, as Yarrow, through the woods And down the meadow ranging, Did meet ns with unalter'd face, Though we were changed and changing ; If, then, some natural shadows spread Our inward prospect over, The soul's deep valley was not slow Its brightness to recover. Eternal blessings on the Muse, And her divine employment ! The blameless Muse, who trains her Sons For hope and calm enjoyment ; Albeit sickness lingering vet Has o'er their pillow brooded, And Care waylay their steps-a sprite Not easily cluded. For thee, O Scott ! compell'd to change

Green Eildon-hill and Cheviot For warm Vesuvio's vine-chad slopes; And leave thy Tweed and Teviot For mild Sorrento's breezy waves; May classic Fancy, linking With native Funcy, her fresh aid, Preserve thy heart from sinking !

Oh! while they minister to thee, Each vying with the other, May Health return to mellow Age, With Strength, her vecturous brother; And Tiber, and each brook and rill Remown'd in song and story, With unimagined beauty shine, Nor loss one ray of glory!

By tales of love and sorrow, Of faithful love, undaunted truth, Hast shed the power of Yarrow; And streams unknown, hills yet uuseen, Where'er thy path invite thee, At parent Nature's grateful call, With gladness must requite Thee. A gracious welcome shall be thine, Such looks of love and honor As thy own Yarrow gave to me When first I gazed upon her ; Beheld what I had fear'd to see, Unwilling to surrender Dreams treasured up from early days. The holy and the tender. And what, for this frail world, were all That mortals do or suffer Did no responsive harp, no pen, Memorial tribute offer ? Yea, what were mighty Nature's self, Her features, could they win us, Unhelp'd by the poetic voice That hourly speaks within us? Nor deem that localized Romance Plays false with our affections ; Unsanctifies our tears-made sport For fanciful dejections : Ah, no I the visions of the past Sustain the heart in feeling Life as she is-our changeful Life. With friends and kindred dealing. Bear witness, Ye, whose thoughts that day In Yarrow's groves were centred : Who through the silent portal arch Of mouldering Newark enter'd, And clomb the winding stair that once Foo timidly was mounted By the "Last Minstrel" (not the last), Ere he his Tale recounted. Flow on for ever, Yarrow Stream ! Fulfil thy pensive duty, Well pleased that future Bards should For simple hearts thy beauty, To dreamlight dear while yet unseen. Dear to the common sunshine, And dearer still, as now I feel, To memory's shadowy moonshine! WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

For Thou, upon a hundred streams,

ALNWICK CASTLE.

HOME of the Percy's high-born race, Home of their beautiful and brave, Alike their birth- and burial-place, Their cradle and their grave! Still sternly o'er the castle-gate Their house's Lion stands in state, As in his proud departed hours, And warriors frown in stone on high, And feudal banners "flout the sky" Above his princely towers. A gentle hill its side inclines, Lovely in England's fadeless green, To meet the quiet stream which winds Through this romantic scene As silently and sweetly still, As when, at evening, on that hill, While summer's wind blew soft and low. Seated by gallant Hotspur's side, His Katherine was a happy bride, A thousand years ago. Gaze on the Abbey's ruin'd pile: Does not the succoring ivy, keeping Her watch around it, seem to smile, As o'er a loved one sleeping? One solitary turret gray Still tells, in melancholy glory, The legend of the Cheviot day, The Percy's proudest border-story. That day its roof was triumph's arch; Then rang, from aisle to pictured dome, The light step of the soldier's march, The music of the trump and drum; And babe and sire, the old, the young, And the monk's hymn, and minstrel's song. And woman's pure kiss, sweet and long, Welcomed her warrior home. Wild roses by the Abbey towers

Are gay in their young bud and bloom; They were born of a race of funeral flowers That garlanded, in long-gone hours,

A templar's knightly tomb.

- Hc died, his sword in his mailèd hand, On the holiest spot of the Blessed Land,
- Where the Cross was damp'd with his dying breath,

When blood ran free as festal wine, 33

And the sainted air of Palestine Was thick with the darts of death.

Wise with the lore of centuries, What tales, if there be "tongues in trees," Those giant oaks could tell Of beings born and buried here; Tales of the peasant and the peer, Tales of the bridal and the bier. The welcome and farewell, Since on their boughs the startled bird First, in her twilight slumbers, heard The Norman's curfew-bell! I wander'd through the lofty halls Trod by the Percys of old fame, And traced upon the chapel walls Each high, heroic name, From him who once his standard set Where now, o'er mosque and minaret, Glitter the Sultan's erescent moons, To him who, when a younger son, Fought for King George at Lexington, A major of dragoons.

That last half stanza-it has dash'd From my warm lip the sparkling cup; The light that o'er my eyebeam flash'd,

The power that bore my spirit up Above this bank-note world-is gone; And Alnwick's but a market-town, And this, alas! its market-day, And beasts and borderers throng the way; Oxen and bleating lambs in lots, Northumbrian boors and plaided Scots,

Men in the coal and cattle line : From Teviot's bard and hero land, From royal Berwick's beach of sand, From Wooller, Morpeth, Hexham, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

These are not the romantic times So beautiful in Spenser's rhymes, So dazzling to the dreaming boy : Ours are the days of fact, not fable, Of knights, but not of the Round Table, . Of Bailie Jarvie, not Rob Roy: 'Tis what "our President," Monroe, Has called "the era of good feeling:"

The Highlander, the hitterest foe To modern laws, has felt their blow, Consented to be tax'd, and vote, And put on pantaloons and coat, And leave off cattle-stealing:

FIRESIDE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF POETRY.

Lord Stafford mines for coal and salt, The Duke of Norfolk deals in malt, The Douglass in red herrings; And noble name and cultured land, Palace, and park, and vassal-band,

Are powerless to the notes of hand

Of Rothschild or the Barings.

The age of bargaining, said Burke, Has come: to-day the turban'd Turk Sleep, Richard of the lion heart! Sleep on, nor from your cerements start)

Is England's friend and fast ally; The Moslem tramples on the Greek, And on the Cross and altar-stone, And Christendom looks tamely on, And hears the Christian maiden shriek,

And sees the Christian father die; And not a sabre-blow is given For Greece and fame, for faith and heaven

By Europe's craven chivalry.

You'll ask if yet the Percy lives In the arn'd pomp of feudal state? The present representatives Of Hotspur and his "gentle Kate" Are some half dozen serving-men In the drab coat of William Penn; A chambermaid, whose lip and eye, And cheek, and brown hair, bright and curling Spoke Nature's aristocracy; And one, half groom, half seneschal, Who bowed me through court, hower, and hall, From donjon-keep to turret wall,

For ten-and-sixpence sterling, Fitz-GREESE HALLECE.

HELLVELLYN.

- I CLIMB'D the dark brow of the mighty Hellvellyn.
 - Lakes and mountains beneath me gleam'd misty and wide;
- All was still, save by fits, when the eagle was yelling,

And starting around me the echoes replied.

- On the right, Striden-edge round the Redtarn was bending,
- And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
- One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,

When I mark'd the sad spot where the wanderer had died.

- Dark green was that spot 'mid the brown mountain-heather,
 - Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretch'd in decay,
- Like the corpse of an outcast abandon'd to weather,
 - Till the mountain-winds wasted the tenantless clay.
- Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
- For, faithful in death, his mute favorite attended,
- The much-loved remains of her master defended,
 - And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.
- How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
 - When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start?
- How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,
 - Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
- And, oh, was it meet, that-no requiem read o'er him,
- No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
- And thou, little guardian, alone stretch'd before him,--
 - Unhonor'd the Pilgrim from life should depart?
- When a Prince to the fate of the Peasant has yielded,
 - The tapestry waves dark round the dimlighted hall;
- With scutchcons of silver the coffin is shielded,
 - And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:

- Through the courts at deep midnight the torches are gleaming;
- In the proudly-arch'd chapel the banners are beaming;
- Far adown the long aisle saered music is streaming,

Lamenting a Chief of the People should fall.

- But meeter for thee, gentle lover of Nature, To lay down thy head like the meek mountain-lamb,
- When, 'wilder'd, he drops from some cliff hnge in stature,
 - And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.
- And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
- Thy obsequies sung by the gray plover flying,
- With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,
 - In the arms of Hellvellyn and Catchedicam.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

ODE TO LEVEN WATER.

ON Leven's banks, while free to rove, And tune the rural pipe to love, I envied not the happiest swain That ever trod the Arcadian plain.

Pure stream, in whose transparent wave My youthful limbs I wont to lave ; No torrents stain thy limpid source, No rocks impede thy dimpling course, That sweetly warbles o'er its bed, With white round polish'd pebbles spread; While, lightly poised, the scaly brood In myriads cleave thy crystal flood; The springing trout in speckled pride, The salmon, monarch of the tide; The ruthless pike, intent on war, The silver eel, and mottled par. Devolving from thy parent lake, A charming maze thy waters make, By bowers of birch and groves of pine, And hedges flower'd with eglantine.

Still on thy banks, so gayly green, May numerous flocks and herds be seen : And lasses chanting o'er the pail, And shepherds piping in the dale; And ancient faith that knows no guile, And industry embrown'd with toil ; And hearts resolved and hands prepared The blessings they enjoy to guard ! TOBIAS SNOLLETT.

TOPINS CHORDER !!

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.

- FLOW gently, sweet Afton, among thy green brass,
- Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
- My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
- Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.
- Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds through the glen,
- Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
- Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
- I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.
- How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,
- Far mark'd with the courses of clear winding rills;
- There daily I wander as noon rises high,
- My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.
- How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
- Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
- There, oft as mild Evening weeps over the lea,
- The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.
- Thy erystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
- And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
- How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
- As, gathering sweet flow'rets, she stems thy clear wave !
- Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
- Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;

FIRESIDE ENCYCLOP.EDIA OF POETRY.

My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,

Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

Sabbata pango; Punero plango; Stemnia clango (ISSURIPTION ON AN OLD BELL.

WITH deep affection And recollection I often think of Those Shandon hells, Whose sounds so wild would, In the days of childhood, Fling round my cradle Their magic spells.

On this I ponder Where'er I wander, And thus grow fonder, Sweet Cork, of thee— With thy bells of Shandon, That sound so grand on The pleasant waters Of the river Lee,

Pye heard hells chiming Full many a clime in, Tolling sublime in Cathedral shrine, While at a glibe rate Brass tongues would vibrate; But all their music Spoke naught like thine.

For memory, dwelling On each prond swelling Of the belfry knelling Its hold notes free, Made the bells of Shandon Sound far more grand on The pleasant waters Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling Old Adrian's Mole in, Their thunder rolling

From the Vatican And cymbals glorious Swinging uproarious In the gorgeous turrets Of Notre Dame;

But thy sounds were sweeter Than the dome of Peter Flings ofer the Tiber, Pealing solemnly, Oh! the bells of Shandon Sound far more grand on The pleasant waters Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow; While on tower and kiosk, oh, In Saint Sophia The Turkman gets, And loud in air Calls men to prayer From the tapering summit Of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom I freely grant them; But there's an anthem More dear to me— 'Tis the Bells of Shandon, That sound so grand on The pleasant waters Of the river Lee. FRANCE MATONY ("Father Prout").

THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.

THE groves of Blarney they look so charming,
Down by the purlings of sweet silent brooks—
All deck'd by posies, that spontaneous grow there,
Planted in order in the rocky nooks.
'Tis there the daisy, and the sweet carnation,
The blooming pink, and the rose so fair:
Likewise the lily, and the daffodilly—
All flowers that scent the sweet, open air.
'Tis Lady Jeffers owns this plantation;
Like Alexander, or like Helen fair.

There's no commander in all the nation For regulation can with her compare.

Such walls surround her, that no nine-Sweet Innisfallen. pounder SWEET Innisfallen, fare thee well, Could ever plunder her place of strength; May ealm and sunshine long be thine ! But Oliver Cromwell, he did her pommel, How fair thou art let others tell-And made a breach in her battlement. To feel how fair shall long be mine. There's gravel-walks there for speculation, Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell And conversation in sweet solitude : In memory's dream that sunny smile, 'Tis there the lover may hear the dove, or Which o'er thee on that evening fell The gentle plover, in the afternoon. When first I saw thy fairy isle. And if a young lady should be so engaging As to walk alone in those shady bowers, 'Twas light, indeed, too blest for one, 'Tis there her courtier he may transport Who had to turn to paths of careher Through crowded haunts again to run, In some dark fort, or under the ground. And leave thee bright and silent there; For 'tis there's the cave where no daylight No more unto thy shores to come, enters, But, on the world's rude ocean tost, But bats and badgers are for ever bred; Dream of thee sometimes as a home Being moss'd by Natur', that makes it Of sunshine he had seen and lost. sweeter Far better in thy weeping hours Than a coach and six, or a feather bed. To part from thee, as I do now, 'Tis there's the lake that is stored with perches. When mist is o'er thy blooming bowers, Like sorrow's veil on beauty's brow. And comely eels in the verdant mud: Besides the leeches, and the groves of For, though unrivall'd still thy grace, beeches, Thou dost not look, as then, too blest, All standing in order for to guard the But thus in shadow, seem'st a place flood. Where erring man might hope to rest-'Tis there's the kitchen hangs many a flitch Might hope to rest, and find in thee in, A gloom like Eden's, on the day With the maids a-stitching upon the stair; He left its shade, when every tree, The bread and biske', the beer and whis-Like thine, hung weeping o'er his way. key, Would make you frisky if you were Weeping or smiling, lovely isle ! there. And all the lovelier for thy tears-'Tis there you'd see Peg Murphy's daugh-For tho' hut rare thy sunny smile, ter 'Tis heaven's own glance when it ap-A-washing praties forenent the door, pears. With Roger Cleary, and Father Healy, Like feeling hearts, whose joys are few, All blood relations to my Lord Donough-But, when indeed they come, divinemore. The brightest life the sun e'er threw There's statues gracing this noble place in, Is lifeless to one gleam of thine ! All heathen goddesses so fair-THOMAS MOORE. Bold Neptune, Plutareh, and Nicodemus, All standing naked in the open air. So now to finish this brave narration, THE MEETING OF THE WATERS, Which my poor geni' could not entwine; THERE is not in the wide world a valley But were 1 Homer, or Nebuehadnezzar, so sweet 'Tis in every feature I would make it As that vale, in whose bosom the bright shine. RICHARD ALFRED MILLIKIN. waters meet:

FIRESIDE ENCYCLOP.EDIA OF POETRY.

- Oh, the last rays of feeling and life must depart
- Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart !
- Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
- Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
- "Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill.--
- Oh, no ! it was something more exquisite still.
- 'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
- Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
- And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve
- When we see them reflected from looks that we love.
- Sweet Vale of Avoca ! how calm could F rest
- In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best :
- Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
- And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

THOMAS MOORE.

AT DIEPPE.

Tite shivering column of the moonlight lies

Upon the crumbling sea;

Down the lone shore the flying curlew cries

Half humanly.

With hoarse, dull wash the backward dragging surge

Its rancid pebbles rakes,

Or swelling dark runs down with toppling verge,

And flashing breaks.

The lighthouse flares and darkens from the cliff,

And stares with lurid eye

Fiercely along the sea and shore, as if Some foe to spy. What knowing thought, O ever-moaning sea,

Haunts thy perturbed breast,

- What dark crime weighs upon thy memory And spoils thy rest?
- Thy soft swell lifts and swings the newlaunch'd yacht

With polish'd spars and deck,

But crawls and grovels where the bare ribs rot

Of the old wreck.

- treacherous courtier! thy deceitful lie To youth is gayly told,
- But in remorse I see thee cringingly Crouch to the old.

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY

THE RHINE.

- 'Twas morn, and beauteous on the mountain's brow
 - (Hung with the elusters of the bending vine)
 - Shone in the carly light, when on the Rhine
- We bounded, and the white waves round the prow

In murmurs parted :--varying as we go,

Lo! the woods open, and the rocks retire, As some gray convent-wall or glistening spire

- Mid the bright landscape's track unfolding slow l
- Here dark, with furrowed aspect, like Despair,
 - Frowns the bleak cliff! There on the woodland's side
 - The shadowy sunshine pours its streaming tide;
- Whilst Hope, enchanted with the seene so fair,

Counts not the hours of a long summer's day, Nor heeds how fast the prospect winds away.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

HYMN.

Before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning-star In his steep course? So long he seems to pause

POEMS OF PLACES.

On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!	Co-herald: wake! oh wake! and utter
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful	praise l Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in
Form, Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,	Earth? Who fill'd thy countenance with rosy
How silently! Around thee and above,	light?
Deep is the air and dark; substantial, black,	Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?
An chon mass: methinks thou piercest it,	And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
As with a wedge! But, when I look again,	Who call'd you forth from night and utter death,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,	From dark and icy caverns call'd you
Thy habitation from eternity ! O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon	forth, Down those precipitous, black, jagged
thee.	Rocks,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,	For ever shatter'd, and the same for ever?
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced	Who gave you your invulnerable life,
in prayer, I worshipp'd the Invisible alone.	Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,	Unceasing thunder, and eternal foam?
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it.	And who commanded (and the silence came),
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with	Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?
my thought, Yea, with my life, and life's own secret	Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
joy:	Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Till the dilating Soul, enwrapt, trans- fused,	Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice.
Into the mighty vision passing—there, As in her natural form, swell'd vast to	And stopp'd at once amid their maddest
Heaven!	plunge l
Amelia ma coult. Not only positive parise	Motionless torrents! silent cataracts! Who made you glorious as the gates of
Awake, my soul! Not only passive praise Thou owest! not alone these swelling	Heaven
tears,	Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade
Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy ! Awake,	the sun
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my Heart, awake,	Clothe you with rainbows? Who with living flowers
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my Hymn.	Of loveliest blue spread garlands at your feet?
	God! let the torrents, like a shout of
Thou, first and chief, sole sovran of the Vale!	nations, Answer: and let the ice-plains echo, God!
Oh struggling with the darkness all the night,	God! sing, ye meadow-streams, with glad- some voice!
And visited all night by troops of stars, Or when they climb the sky, or when they	Ye pine groves, with your soft and soul- like sounds !
sink : Companion of the morning stor of down	And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of
Companion of the morning-star at dawn, Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn	snow, And in their perilous fall shall thunder, Godl
uann	oour

FIRESIDE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF POETRY.

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!	'nΤ
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's	W
nest! Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain- storm!	W
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clonds!	A
Ye signs and wonders of the element! Utter forth God! and fill the hills with	Y
praise !	н
Thou, too, hoar Mount! with thy sky- pointing peaks,	В
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, un- heard,	Y
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene	
Into the depth of clouds, that veil thy breast-	0
Thou, too, again, stupendous Monntain!	Α
That as I raise my head, a while bow'd low	С
In adoration, upward from thy base Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears.	А
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud, To rise before me—Rise, oh ever rise,	N
Rise like a cloud of incense, from the Earth!	Α
Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,	М
Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,	Y
Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky, And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun, Earth with her thonsand voices praises	
God. SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.	т
+0+	N
INDIAN NAMES.	A

YE say they all have pass'd away, That noble race and brave,

That their light canoes have vanish'd From off the crested wave;

That, 'mid the forests where they roam'd, There rings no hunter's shont;

But their name is on yonr waters, Ye may not wash it out. Tis where Ontario's billow Like ocean's surge is curl'd; Where strong Niagara's thunders wake The echo of the world; Where red Missouri bringeth Rich tribute from the West, And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps On green Virginia's breast. Ye say their conclike cabins, That cluster'd o'er the vale, Have fiel away like wither'd leaves Before the autumn's gale: But their memory liveth on your hills,

Their baptism on your shore; Your everlasting rivers speak

Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it Within her lordly crown, And broad Ohio bears it 'Mid all her young renown; Connecticut hath wreathed it Where her quiet foliage waves, And bold Kentucky breathes it hoarse Through all her aucient caves.

Wachuset hides its lingering voice Within his rocky heart,

And Alleghany graves its tone Thronghont his lofty chart;

Monadnock on his forehead hoar Doth seal the sacred trust:

Your mountains build their monument, Though ye destroy their dust.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

NIAGARA.

THE thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain

While I look upward to thee! It would seem

As if God pour'd thee from his bollow hand, And hung his bow upon thine awful front, And spoke in that loud voice which seem'd to him

Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake "The sound of many waters," and had bade Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,

And notch His centuries in the eternal rocks.









.

Deep calleth unto deep—and what are we That hear the question of that voice sublime?

Oh, what are all the notes that ever rung From war's vain trumpet by thy thundering side?

Yea, what is all the riot man can make,

In his short life, to thine unceasing roar?

And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him

Who drown'd the world and heap'd the waters far

Above its loftiest mountains?-A light wave.

That breaks and whispers of his Maker's might!

JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.

TO SENECA LAKE.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake, The wild swan spreads his snowy sail, And round his breast the ripples break, As down he bears before the gale.

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream, The dipping paddle echoes far, And flashes in the moonlight gleam, And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along thy pebbly shore, As blows the north wind, heave their foam

And curl around the dashing oar, As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view Thy golden mirror spreading wide, And see the mist of mantling blue Float round the distant mountain's side.

At midnight hour, as shines the moon, A sheet of silver spreads below, And swift she cuts, at highest noon, Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake, Oh I could ever sweep the oar,— When early birds at morning wake, And evening tells us toil is o'er. JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

- THIS is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
 - Like a huge organ, rise the burnish'd arms,
- But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing

Startles the villages with strange alarms.

- Ah! what a sound will rise—how wild and dreary—
- When the death-angel touches those swift keys !

What loud lament and dismal Miserere

Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

- I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus, The cries of agony, the endless groan,
- Which, through the ages that have gone before us,

In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxou hammer,

Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,

And loud, amid the universal clamor,

O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

- I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
 - Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,

And Aztec priests upon their teocallis Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin;

The tunnilt of each sack'd and burning village,

The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns,

The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage, The wail of famine in beleaguer'd towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrench'd asunder,

The rattling musketry, the clashing blade,

And ever and anon, in tone of thunder, The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises, With such accursèd instruments as these,

FIRESIDE ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF POETRY.

Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly	"And he
voices,	And he
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?	Long and
,	And PIL
	When
Were half the power that fills the world	march
with terror,	Away to
Were half the wealth bestow'd on camps	II is pa
and courts.	Through
Given to redeem the human mind from	
error,	Through
	fee
There were no need of arsenals or	And m
forts:	
	And whe
The warrior's name would be a name ab-	lf şlun
horrèd,	He lay w
And every nation that should lift again	Its venon
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead	The fle
Would wear for evermore the curse of	And nea
Cain !	bra
	And th
Down the dark future, through long gene-	car
rations,	Till he
The echoing sounds grow fainter and	aw
then cease;	"Oh whe
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibra-	
	And th
tions,	He saw t
I hear once more the voice of Christ	Quick
say, " Peace !"	"Welcon
	lig
Peace ! and no longer from its brazen	~
portals	And the
The blast of War's great organ shakes	ni
the skies.	The na
	(T) 1 1
But, beautiful as songs of the immortals,	Till he
The holy melodies of love arise.	ba
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.	Which
	Far, far l
	The wine
THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.	da
"THEY made her a grave too cold and	And th
damp	
For a soul so warm and true;	But oft, f
	This lo
Aud she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal	Are seen
Swamp,	To cross
Where all night long, by a firefly lamp,	And p
She paddles her white canoe.	1

'And her firefly lamp I soon shall see, And her paddle I soon shall hear;

Long and loving our life shall be, And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree, When the footstep of death is near."

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds,— His path was rugged and sore,

Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds, Through many a fen where the serpent feeds.

And man never trod before.

And when on the earth he sank to sleep, If slumber his cyclids knew,

He lay where the deadly vine doth weep

Its venomous tear, and nightly steep

The flesh with blistering dew !

- And near him the she-wolf stirr'd the brake,
 - And the copper-snake breathed in his ear,
- Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,

"Oh when shall I see the dusky Lake, And the white canoe of my dear?"

He saw the Lake, and a meteor bright Quick over its surface play'd,—

- "Welcome," he said, "my dear one's light!"
- And the dim shore echo'd for many a night

The name of the death-cold maid.

Till he hollow'd a boat of the birchen bark,

Which earried him off from shore;

Far, far he follow'd the meteor spark,

The wind was high and the clouds were dark,

And the boat return'd no more.

But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp, This lover and maid so true

Are seen at the hour of midnight damp. Fo cross the Lake by a firefly lamp,

And paddle their white canoe !

THOMAS MOORE.

PART X.

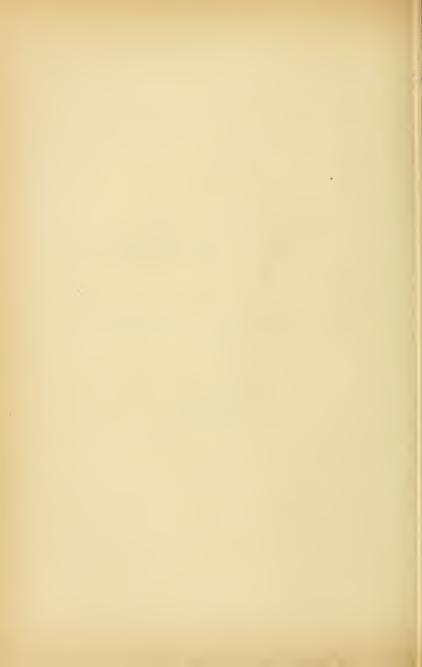
"PSALMS AND HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS."

Eph. v. 19.





"PSALMS AND HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS." EPH. V. 19.

WATCHMAN, TELL US OF THE NIGHT.

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night-What its signs of promise are ! Traveller, o'er yon montain's height See that glory-beaming star ! Watchman, does its beauteous ray

Anght of hope or joy foretell? Traveller, yes; it brings the day — Promised day of Israel.

Watchman, tell us of the night-Higher yet that star ascends !

Traveller, blessedness and light, Peace and trnth, its course portends. Watchman, will its beams alone

Gild the spot that gave them birth? Traveller, ages are its own-

See, it bursts o'er all the earth !

Watchman, tell us of the night, For the morning seems to dawn. Traveller, darkness takes its flight—

Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

Watchman, let thy wandering cease; Hie thee to thy quiet home.

Traveller, lo! the Prince of Peace-Lo! the Son of God, is come.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

1.

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,

Wherein the Son of heav'n's eternal King, Of wedded Maid, and Virgin Mother born, Onr great redemption from above did

bring;

For so the holy sages once did sing,

That He our deadly forfeit should release, And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.

II.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable, And that far-beaming blaze of majesty, Wherewith He wont at heav'n's high conncil-table

To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,

He laid aside ; and here with us to be,

- Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
- And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

III.

Say, heav'nly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein

Afford a present to the Infant God?

Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,

To welcome Him to this His new abode,

Now while the heav'n, by the sun's team untrod,

- Hath took no print of the approaching light,
- And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

IV.

See how from far upon the eastern road

The star-led wizards haste with odors sweet:

Oh run, prevent them with thy humble ode, And lay it lowly at His blessed feet;

Have thou the honor first thy Lord to greet,

And join thy voice unto the Angel quire,

From out His secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

FIRESIDE ENCYCLOP_EDIA OF POETRY.

THE RYMN.

1.

1r was the winter wild, While the heav'n-born Child All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies; Nature in nwe to Him Had doft her gaudy trim, With her great Master so to sympathize;

It was no season then for her

To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour,

н.

Only with speeches fair She woos the gentle air To hide her guilty front with innocent snow, And on her naked shame, Pollute with sinful blame, The saintly veil of maiden white to throw; Confounded that her Maker's eyes Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

111.

But He her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace;
She, crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea nucleand land.

1 V ,

No war or battle's sound Was heard the world around : The idle spear and shield were high up hung, The hooked chariot stood Unstain'd with hostile blood, The trumpet spake not to the armed throng. And kings sat still with awful eye, As if they surely knew their soy'reign Lord was by. ٧.

But peaceful was the night, Wherein the Prince of Light

His reign of peace upon the earth began:

The winds with wonder whist Smoothly the waters kist,

Whisp'ring new joys to the mild ocean, Who now hath quite forgot to rave,

While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

VI.

The stars with deep amaze Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze, Bending one way their precious influence, And will not take their flight, For all the morning light, Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence; But in their glimmering orbs did glow, Until their Lord Himself bespake, and bid then go.

VII.

And though the shady gloom Had given day her room, The sun himself withheld his wonted speed, And hid his head for shame, As his inferior flame The new enlighten'd world no more should need; He saw a greater Sun appear Than his bright throne, or burning axletree could bear.

vm,

The shepherds on the lawn, Or e'er the point of dawn, Sat simply chatting in a rustic row; Full little thought they then That the mighty Pan Was kindly come to live with them below; Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,

Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

"PSALMS AND HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS."

525

IX.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook,
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringèd noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took;
The air such pleasure loath to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each

x.

heavenly close.

Nature that heard such sound, Beneath the hollow round Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling, Now was almost won To think her part was done, And that her reign had here its last

fulfilling ; She knew such harmony alone

Could hold all heav'n and earth in happier union.

XI.

At last surrounds their sight A globe of circular light, That with long beams the shamefaced night array'd; The helmèd Cherubim, And sworded Scraphim, Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd, Harping in loud and solemn quire,

With unexpressive notes to Heaven's newborn Heir.

XII.

Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung;
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the welt'ring waves their oozy channel keep.

XIII.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,

Once bless our human ears,

If ye have pow'r to touch our senses so;

And let your silver chime

Move in melodious time,

And let the base of heav'n's deep organ blow;

And with your ninefold harmony

Make up full consort to th' angelic symphony.

XIV.

For if such holy song

Inwrap our fancy long,

Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold;

And speekled Vanity

Will sicken soon and die,

- And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould;
- And Hell itself will pass away,
- And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

XV.

Yea Truth and Justice then

Will down return to men,

Orb'd in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,

Mercy will sit between,

Throned in celestial sheen,

With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering:

And heav'n, as at some festival,

Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

XVI.

But wisest Fate says, no,

This must not yet be so,

The Babe lies yet in smiling infancy,

That on the bitter cross

Must redeem our loss;

So both Himself and us to glorify;

Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep,

The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep,

FIRESIDE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF POETRY.

XVII.

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire, and smouldering
clouds out brake:
The aged earth aghast,
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre
shake;
When at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall
spread His throne.

XVIII.

And then at last our bliss Full and perfect is, But now begins; for from this happy day The old Dragon under ground In straiter limits bound, Not half so far casts his usurpèd sway, And wroth to see his kingdom fail,

Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb, No voice or hideous hum Runs thro' the archèd roof in words deceiving. Apollo from his shrine Can no more divine, With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving. No nightly trance, or breathèd spell Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

XX.

The lonely mountains o'er, And the resonaling shore, A voice of weeping heard and loud lament; From haunted spring, and dale Edged with poplar pale, The parting genius is with sighing sent; With flow'r-inwoven tresses torn The Nymphs in twilight shale of tangled thickets mourn.

XXI.

In consecrated earth, And on the holy hearth, The Lars, and Lemures moan with midnight plaint; In urns, and altars round, A drear and dying sound Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint: And the chill marble seems to sweat, While each peculiar Pow'r foregoes his wonted seat,

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Peor and Baülim Forsake their temples dim, With that twice-batter'd god of Palestine; And moonèd Ashtaroth, Heav'n's queen and mother both, Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine; The Lybie Hammon shrinks his horn, In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

XXIII,

And sullen Moloch fled, Hath left in shadows dread His burning idol all of blackest hue; In vain with cymbals' ring They call the grisly king, In dismal dance about the furnace blue: The brutish gods of Nile as fast, Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis haste.

XXIV.

Nor is Osiris seen In Memphian grove or green, Trampling the unshow'r'd grass with lowings loud; Nor can he be at rest Within his sacred chest; Naught but profoundest hell can be his shroud; In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark The sable-stolèd sorcerers bear his worshipp'd ark.

"PSALMS AND HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS."

XXV.

He feels from Juda's land The dreaded Infant's hand, The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn: Nor all the gods beside, Longer dare abide, Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine:

Our Babe, to show His Godhead true, Can in His swaddling bands control the damnèd crew.

XXVI.

So when the sun in bed, Cartain'd with cloudy red, Pillows his chin upon an orient wave, The flocking shadows pale Troop to th' infernal jail, Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave; And the yellow-skirted Fayes Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

XXVII.

But see the Virgin blest Hath laid her Babe to rest, Time is our tedious song should here have ending; Heav'n's youngest teemèd star Hath fix'd her polish'd ear, Iter sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending; And all about the courtly stable Bright-harness'd Angels sit in order serviceable.

MESSIAH.

A SACRED ECLOGUE.

YE nymphs of Solyma! begin the song :

- To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
- The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
- The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
- Delight no more-O Thou my voice inspire

Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire !

Rapt into future times the bard begun : A Virgin shall conceive-a Virgin bear a Son1 From Jesse's root behold a Branch arise Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies: Th' Ethereal Spirit o'er its leaves shall move, And on its top descends the mystic Dove. Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour. And in soft silence shed the kindly shower ! The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid-From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade. All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail; Returning Justice lift aloft her scale, Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend. And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend. Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn ! Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born! See, Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring, With all the incense of the breathing spring: See lofty Lebanon his head advance: See nodding forests on the mountains dance ; See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise, And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies! Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers: Prepare the way! a God, a God appears! A God, a God! the vocal hills reply-The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity. Lo, earth receives Him from the bending skies! Sink down, ye mountains; and ye valleys, rise! With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay! Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!

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The Saviour comes! by ancient bards fore-	The swain in barren deserts with surprise
told- Hear Ilim, ye deaf; and all ye blind, be-	Sees lilies spring and sudden verdure rise; And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds, to
hold!	hear
He from thick films shall purge the visual	New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
ray,	On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day:	The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods:
'Tis He th' obstructed paths of sound shall	Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with
elear,	thorn,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding	The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;
ear; The dumb shall sing; the lame his crutch	To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,
forego,	And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed;
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.	The lambs with wolves shall graze the ver-
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall	dant mead,
hear— From every face He wipes off every tear.	And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead; The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
In adamantine claims shall Death be	And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's
bound,	feet.
And Hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal	The smiling infant in his hand shall take
wound. As the good shepherd tends his fleecy	The crested basilisk and speckled snake— Pleased, the green lustre of the scales
care,	survey,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,	And with their forky tongue shall inno-
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep di-	cently play.
rects,	Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem,
By day o'ersees them, and by night pro- tects:	rise! Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
The tender lambs be raises in his arms-	See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom	See future sons and daughters, yet un-
Warms:	born,
Thus shall mankind His guardian care en- gage	In crowding ranks on every side arise, Demanding life, impatient for the skies1
The promised Father of the future age.	See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
No more shall nation against nation rise,	Walk in thy light, and in thy temple
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful	bend;
eyes; Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd	See thy bright altars throng'd with pros- trate kings,
o'er,	And heap'd with products of Sabæan
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no	springs !
more; But useless lances into seythes shall bend,	For thee Idume's spicy forests blow, And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare	glow.
end.	See Heaven its sparkling portals wide dis-
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son	play,
Shall finish what his short-lived sire be- gun;	And break upon thee in a flood of day!
Their vines a shadow to their race shall	No more the rising Sun shall gild the morn.
yield,	Nor evining Cynthia fill her silver horn ;
And the same hand that sow'd shall reap	But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
the field.	One tide of glory, oue unclouded blaze,

"PSALMS AND HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS,"

- O'erflow thy courts; the Light Himself | How calm a moment may precede shall shine
- Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine ! The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay.
- Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
- But fix'd His word, His saving power remains:
- Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

ALEXANDER POPE.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

IT was the calm and silent night ! Seven hundred years and fifty-three Had Rome been growing up to might, And now was queen of land and sea, No sound was heard of clashing wars-Peace brooded o'er the hush'd domain : Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars Held undisturb'd their ancient reign. In the solemn midnight,

Centuries ago.

'Twas in the calm and silent night ! The senator of haughty Rome, Impatient, urged his chariot's flight,

From lordly revel rolling home;

Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell

His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;

What reck'd the Roman what befell A paltry province far away, In the solemn midnight, Centuries ago?

Within that province far away Went plodding home a weary boor ; A streak of light before him lay, Fallen through a half-shut stable-door Across his path. He pass'd-for naught Told what was going on within : How keen the stars, his only thought-The air how calm, and cold, and thin, In the solemn midnight,

Centuries ago !

O strange indifference ! low and high Drowsed over common joys and cares; The earth was still-but knew not why The world was listening, unawares,

34

One that shall thrill the world for ever ! To that still moment, none would heed.

Man's doom was link'd no more to sever-

> In the solemn midnight, Centuries ago !

It is the calm and solemn night! A thousand bells ring out, and throw Their joyous peals abroad, and smite The darkness-charm'd and holy now ! The night that erst no name had worn, To it a happy name is given ; For in that stable lay, new-born, The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven, In the solemn midnight, Centuries ago ! ALFRED DOMETT.

CHRISTMAS.

WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,

All seated on the ground,

The angel of the Lord came down, And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he (for mighty dread Had seized their troubled mind):

"Glad tidings of great joy I bring To you and all mankind,

"To you, in David's town, this day Is horn of David's line The Saviour who is Christ the Lord :

And this shall be the sign:

"The heavenly Babe you there shall find To human view display'd,

All meanly wrapt in swathing bands, And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the Seraph ; and forthwith Appear'd a shining throng Of angels, praising God, and thus

Address'd their joyful song :

"All glory be to God on high, And to the earth he peace; Good-will henceforth from heaven to men Begin, and never cease !"

NAHUM TATE.

FIRESIDE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF POETRY.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

CAROL, carol, Christians, Carol joyfully; Chrol for the coming Of Uhrist's Nativity; And pray a gladsome Christmas For all good Christian men. Carol, carol, Christians, For Christmas come again. Carol, carol.

Go ye to the forest, Where the myrtles grow; Where the pine and laurel Bend beneath the snow. Gather them for Jesus; Wreath them for His shrine; Make His temple glorious With the box and pine. Carol, earol.

Wreath your Christmas garland Where to Christ we pray; It shall smell like Carmel On our festal day; Libanns and Sharon Shall not greener be Than our holy chancel On Christ's Nativity, Carol, carol.

Carol, carol, Christians ! Like the Magi, now Ye must lade your caskets With a grateful vow : Ye must have sweet incense, Myrrh, and finest gold, At our Christmas altar Humbly to unfold. Carol, carol.

Blow, blow up the trumpet For our solemn fenst; Gird thine armor, Christian, Wear thy surplice, priest 1 Go ye to the altar, Pray—with fervor pray— For Jesus' second coming, And the Latter Day, Chrol, carol.

Give us grace, O Saviour, To put off in might Deeds and dreams of darkness, For the robes of light! And to live as lowly As Thyself with men; So to rise in glory When Thou com'st again. Carol, carol. ABTHOR CLEVELAND COXE.

COME, YE LOFTY.

COME, ve lofty, come, ve lowly, Let your songs of gladness ring ; In a stable lies the Holy, In a manger rests the King. See, in Mary's arms reposing, Christ by highest heaven adored ; Come, your circle round Him closing, Pious hearts that love the Lord. Come, ye poor; no pomp of station Robes the Child your hearts adore, He, the Lord of all salvation, Shares your want, is weak and poor ; Oxen, round about behold them : Rafters naked, cold and bare ; See the shepherds; God has told them That the Prince of Life lies there.

Come, ye children, blithe and merry, This one Child your model make; Christmas-holly, leaf and berry, All be prized for His dear sake; Come, ye gentle hearts and tender, Come, ye spirits keen and bold; All in all your homage render, Weak and mighty, young and old.

High above a star is shining, And the wise men haste from far ; Come, glad hearts, and spirits pining— For you all has risen the star. Let us bring our poor oblations, Thankş and love, and faith and praise ; Come, ye people, come, ye nations ; All in all draw nigh to gaze.

Hark, the Heaven of Heavens is ringing : Christ the Lord to man is born! Are not all our hearts, too, singing, Welcome, welcome, Christmas morn? Still the Child all power possessing Smiles as through the ages past, And the song of Christmas blessing Sweetly sinks to rest at last.

ARCHER GURNEY.

"PSALMS AND HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS."

CHRISTMAS CAROL. CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy morn Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born: Rise to adore the mystery of love Which hosts of angels chanted from above! With them the joyful tidings first begun Of God incarnate and the Virgin's Son. Then to the watchful shepherds it was told. Who heard the angelic herald's voice: " Behold. I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth To you and all the nations upon earth : This day hath God fulfill'd his promised word This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord." He spake; and straightway the celestial choir In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire : The praises of redeeming love they sang, And heaven's whole arch with alleluias rang . God's highest glory was their anthem still, Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will. To Bethlehem straight the happy shepherds ran, To see the Wonder God had wrought for man: And found, with Joseph and the blessed maid. Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid; Amazed the wondrous story they proclaim, The earliest heralds of the Saviour's name. Let us, like these good shepherds, then employ Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy; Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss. From His poor manger to His bitter cross; Treading His steps, assisted by His grace, Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

Then may we hope, the angelic thrones among,

To sing, redeem'd, a glad triumphal song; He that was born upon this joyful day Around us all His glory shall display; Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing Of angels and of angel-men the King. JOHN BREM,

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

GoD rest you, merry gentlemen, Let nothing you dismay, For Jesus Christ our Saviour Was born upon this day, To save us all from Satan's power, When we were gone astray. Oh tidings of comfort and joy, For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas Day!

In Bethlehem, in Jewry, This blessed babe was born, And laid within a manger, Upon this blessed morn; The which his mother Mary Nothing did take in scorn. Oh tidings of comfort and joy, For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas Day!

From God, our Heavenly Father, A blessed angel came, And unto certain shepherds Brought tidings of the same, How that in Bethlehem was born The Son of God by name. Oh tidings of comfort and joy, For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas Day !

Fear not, then said the angel, Let nothing you affright, This day is born a Saviour, Of virtue, power, and might, So frequently to vanquish all The friends of Satan quite. Oh tidings of comfort and joy, For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas Day !

The shepherds at those tidings Rejoicèd much in mind,

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And left their flocks a-feeding In tempest, storm, and wind, And went to Bethlehem straightway This blessed babe to find. Oh tidings of comfort and joy, For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas Day !

But when to Bethlehem they came, Whereat this infant lay, They found him in a manger Where oxen feed on hay; His mother Mary, kneeling, Unto the Lord did pray. Oh tidings of comfort and joy, For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas Day!

Now to the Lord sing praises, All you within this place, And with true love and brotherhood Each other now embrace; This holy tide of Christmas All others doth deface. Oh tidings of comfort and joy, For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas Day ! AUTHOR UNENDER:

IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR.

It came upon the midnight clear, That glorious song of old, From angels bending near the earth To touch their harps of gold : "Peace on the earth, good-will to men From Heaven's all-gracious King:" The world in soleum stillness lay To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come With peaceful wings unfurl'd; And still their heavenly music floats O'er all the weary world: Above its sad and lowly plains They bend on hovering wing, And ever o'er its Babel sounds The blessed angels sing.

But with the woes of sin and strife The world has suffer'd long;

Beneath the angel-strain have roll'd Two thousand years of wrong; And man, at war with man, hears not The love-song which they bring: Oh! hush the noise, ve men of strife, And hear the angels sing ! And ye, beneath life's crushing load Whose forms are bending low, Who toil along the climbing way With painful steps and slow, Look now! for glad and golden hours Come swiftly on the wing : Oh! rest beside the weary road, And hear the angels sing! For lo! the days are hastening on, By prophet-bards foretold. When with the ever-circling years Comes round the age of gold; When peace shall over all the earth Its ancient splendors fling, And the whole world send back the song Which now the angels sing !

EDMUND II. SEARS.

HARKI HOW ALL THE WELKIN RINGS!

HARK! how all the welkin rings! Glory to the King of kings! Peace on earth, and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled! Joyful, all ye nations, rise, Join the triumph of the skies; Universal Nature say, Christ the Lord is born to-day!

Christ, by highest Heaven adored; Christ, the Everlasting Lord; Late in time behold Him come, Offspring of a Virgin's womb: Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see; Hail the Incarnate Deity, Pleased as man with men to appear, Jesus, our Immanuel here!

Hail! the heavenly Prince of Peace! Hail! the Sun of Righteousness! Light and life to all the brings, Risen with healing in His wings. Mild the lays His glory by, Born that man no more may die, Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them second birth.

"PSALMS AND HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS."

Come, Desire of nations, come, Fix in us Thy humble home ! Rise, the woman's conquering Seed, Bruise in us the Serpent's head ! Now display Thy saving power, Ruin'd nature now restore, Now in mystic union join Thine to ours, and ours to Thine !

Adam's likeness, Lord, efface; Stamp Thy image in its place; Second Adam from above, Reinstate us in Thy love! Let us Thee, though lost, regain, Thee, the Life, the Heavenly Man : Oh, to all Thyself impart, Form'd in each believing heart!

Shout the GLAD Tidings.

SHOUT the glad tidings, exultingly sing; Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

- Sion, the marvellous story be telling, The Son of the Highest, how lowly His birth!
- The brightest archangel in glory excelling, He stoops to redeem thee, He reigns upon earth: Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;

Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King !

Tell how He cometh; from nation to nation,

The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round:

How free to the faithful He offers salvation, How His people with joy everlasting are crown'd:

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing; Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

- Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
 - And sweet let the gladsome Hosanna arise;

Ye angels, the full Hallelujah be singing;

- One chorus resound through the earth and the skies:
 - Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;

Jernsalem triumphs, Messiah is King ! WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUHLENBERG.

COME HITHER, YE FAITHFUL.

COME hither, ye faithful, Triumphantly sing! Come, see in the manger The angels' dread King! To Bethlehem hasten, With joyful accord! Oh come ye, come hither To worship the Lord!

True Son of the Father, He comes from the skies; To be born of a Virgin He doth not despise. To Bethlehem hasten, With joyful accord! Oh come ye, come hither To worship the Lord!

Hark, hark to the angels ! All singing in heaven, "To God in the highest All glory be given !" To Bethlehem hasten, With joyful accord ! Oh come ye, come hither To worship the Lord !

To Thee, then, O Jesu, This day of Thy birth, Be glory and honor Through heaven and earth, True Godhead incarnate! Omnipotent Word 1 Oh come, let us hasten To worship the Lord ! E CASWELL. (Translation.)

HARK, THE GLAD SOUND.

HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes, The Saviour promised long;

Let every heart prepare a throne, And every voice a song !

He comes, the prisoners to release In Satan's bondage held;

The gates of brass before Him hurst, The iron fetters yield.

He comes, from thickest films of vice To clear the mental ray,

And on the eyeballs of the blind To pour celestial day.

FIRESIDE ENCYCLOP.EDL1 OF POETRY

He comes, the broken heart to bind, The bleeding soul to cure, And with the treasures of His grace To enrich the hnuble poor.

Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace, Thy welcome shall proclaim, And heaven's eternal arches ring With thy beloved name.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

EPIPHANY.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,

Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid !

Star of the East, the horizon adorning,

Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining ;

Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;

Angels adore Him in slumber reclining-Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,

Odors of Edom, and offerings divine-Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the

ocean ?

Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,

Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;

Richer by far is the heart's adoration,

- Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor,
- Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,

Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid !

Star of the East, the horizon adorning, Guide where our infant Redeemer is haid!

REGINALD HEBER.

GETHSEMANE.

Go to dark Gethsemane,

Ye that feel the tempter's power; Your Redeemer's conflict see,

Watch with Him one bitter hour; Turn not from His griefs away, Learn of Jesus Christ to pray!

Follow to the judgment-hall— View the Lord of life arraign'd; Oh, the wormwood and the gall,

Oh, the pangs his soul sustain'd! Shun not suffering, shame, or loss— Learn of Him to bear the cross!

Calvary's mournful mountain climb; There, adoring at His feet, Mark that miracle of time— God's own sacrifice complete! "It is finish'd!"—hear the cry; Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Early hasten to the tomb Where they laid his breathless elay; All is solitude and gloom;

Who hath taken Him away? Christ is risen! He meets our eyes! Saviour, teach us so to rise! JAMES MOSTOOMERY.

CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

"And was crucified for us under Pontlus Pilate; He suffered, and was burled."

RIDE on, ride on in majesty! Hark! all the tribes Hossanna ery! Thine humble beast pursues his road, With palms and scatter'd gaments strow'd.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty ! In lowly pomp ride on to die ! O Christ ! Thy triumphs now begin O'er captive Death and conquer'd Sin.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty ! The winged squadrons of the sky Look down with sad and wondering eyes To see the approaching Sacrifice.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty ! Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh ; The Father on His sapphire throne Expects His own anointed Son.

"PSALMS AND HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS,"

Ride on! ride on in majesty! In lowly pomp ride on to die! Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain; Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign! HENRY HART MILMAN.

BOUND UPON TH' ACCURSED TREE.

BOUND upon th' accursèd tree, Faint and bleeding, who is He? By the eyes so pale and dim, Streaming blood, and writhing limb, By the flesh, with scourges torn, By the crown of twisted thorn, By the side, so deeply pierced, By the baffled burning thirst, By the drooping death-dew'd brow, Son of Man! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

Bound upon th' accursèd tree, Dread and awful, who is He? By the sun at noonday pale, Shivering rocks, and rending veil, By earth, that trembles at His doom, By yonder saints, that burst their tomb, By Eden, promised ere He died To the felon at His side, Lord, our suppliant knees we bow; Son of God! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

Bound upon th' accursèd tree, Sad and dying, who is He? By the last and bitter cry, The ghost given up in agony, By the lifeless body laid In the chamber of the dead, By the mourners, come to weep Where the bones of Jesus sleep; Crucified! we know Thee now; Son of Man! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

Bound upon th' accursed tree, Dread and awful, who is He? By the prayer for them that slew, "Lord, they know not what they do !" By the spoil'd and empty grave, By the souls He died to save, By the conquest He hath won, By the saints before His throne, By the rainbow round His brow, Son of God! 'tis Thou! 'HEREY HART MILMAN.

WE SING THE PRAISE OF HIM WHO DIED.

WE sing the praise of Him who died, Of Him who died upon the cross; The sinner's hope let men deride, For this we count the world but loss. Inscribed upon the cross we see, In shining letters, God is Love; He hears our sins upon the tree, H, brings us mercy from above. The Cross! it takes our guilt away; It holds the fainting spirit up; It cheers with hope the gloony day, And sweetens every hitter cup;

It makes the coward spirit brave, And nerves the feeble arm for fight;

- It takes its terror from the grave, And gilds the bed of death with light;
- The balm of life, the cure of woe, The measure and the pledge of love, The sinner's refuge here below,

The angels' theme in heaven above. THOMAS KELLY.

GLORYING IN THE CROSS.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glory died, My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast Save in the death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that charm me most I sacrifice them to His blood.

See from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down! Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,

Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of Nature mine, That were a present far too small; Love so amazing, so divine,

Demands my soul, my life, my all. Isaac Watts.

THE LORD IS RISEN.

CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day, Sons of meu and angels say: Raise your joys and triumphs high, Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

FIRESIDE ENCYCLOP.EDIA OF POETRY.

Love's redeeming work is done, Fought the fight, the battle won: Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er; Lo! He sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal; Christ hath burst the gates of hell l Death in vain forbids Ilis rise; Christ hath open'd Paradise!

Lives again our glorious King: Where, O Death, is now thy sting? Once He died, our souls to save: Where thy victory, O Grave?

Soar we now where Christ has led, Following our exalted Head; Made like Him, like Him we rise; Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

What though once we perish'd all, Partners in our parents' fall? Second life we all receive, In our Heavenly Adam live.

Risen with Him, we upward move; Still we seek the things above; Still pursue, and kiss the Son Seated on His Father's Throne.

Scarce on earth a thought bestow, Dead to all we leave below; Heaven our aim, and loved abode, Hid our life with Christ in God;

Hid, till Christ our Life appear tilorious in His members here; Join'd to Him, we then shall shine, All immortal, all divine.

Hail the Lord of Earth and Heaven! Praise to Thee by both he given! Thee we greet triumphant now! Hail, the Resurrection Thon!

King of glory, Soul of bliss! Everlasting life is this. Thee to know, Thy power to prove, Thus to sing, and thus to love! CLARCE WESLEY.

CHRIST RISEN.

" And the third day He rose again, according to the Scriptures."

AGAIN the Lord of Life and Light Awakes the kindling ray, Unseals the cyclids of the morn,

And pours increasing day,

Oh what a night was that which wrapt The heathen world in gloom ! Oh what a sun, which broke this day

Triumphant from the tomb!

This day be grateful homage paid, And loud hosannas sung; Let gladness dwell in every heart, And praise on every tongue.

Ten thousand differing lips shall join To hail this welcome morn,

Which scatters blessings from its wings To nations yet unborn.

The powers of darkness leagued in vain To bind His soul in death;

He shook their kingdom, when He fell, With his expiring breath.

And now His conquering chariot-wheels Ascend the lofty skies; While broke beneath His powerful cross Death's iron sceptre lies.

Exalted high at God's right hand, The Lord of all below, Through Him is pardoning love dispensed, And boundless blessings flow.

And still for erring, guilty man A Brother's pity flows; And still His bleeding heart is touch'd With memory of our woes.

To Thee, my Saviour and my King, Glad homage let me give; And stand prepared like Thee to die, With Thee that I may live! ANNA LETITIA DARBACED

CORONATION.

"ALL hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem, To crown Him Lord of all!

"PSALMS AND HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS."

- "Let high-born scraphs tune the lyre, And, as they tune it, fall Before His face who tunes their choir,
- And crown Him Lord of all!
- "Crown Him, ye morning stars of light Who fix'd this floating ball; Now hail the Strength of Israel's might,
- And crown Him Lord of all !
- "Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God, Who from His altar call; Extol the stem of Jesse's rod, And crown Him Lord of all!
- "Ye seed of Israel's chosen race, Ye ransom'd of the fall,
- Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!
- "Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line, Whom David Lord did call, The God incarnate, man divine; And crown Him Lord of all!
- "Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget The wormwood and the gall,
- Go spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all!
- "Let every tribe and every tongue That bound creation's call, Now shout, in universal song, THE CROWNED LORD OF ALL!" EDWARD FERBORET.

PSALM LXXII.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed, Great David's greater Son I Hail, in the time appointed, His reign on earth begun ! He comes to break oppression, To let the captive free, To take away transgression, And rule in equity.

He comes with succor speedy To those who suffer wrong; To help the poor and needy, And bid the weak be strong: To give them songs for sighing, Their darkness turn to light, Whose souls, condemn'd and dying, Were precious in His sight. He shall come down like showers Upon the fruitful earth, And love, joy, hope, like flowers, Spring in His path to birth; Before Him, on the mountains, Shall Peace, the herald, go, And righteousness, in fountains, From hill to valley flow.

Arabia's desert-ranger To Him shall bow the knee; The Ethiopian stranger His glory come to see: With offerings of devotion Ships from the isles shall meet, To pour the wealth of ocean In tribute at His feet.

Kings shall fall down before Him, And golden incense bring; All nations shall adore Him, His praise all people sing; For He shall have dominion O'er river, sea, and shore; Far as the eagle's pinion, Or dove's light wing, can soar.

For Him shall prayer unceasing, And daily vows ascend, His kingdom still increasing, A kingdom without end: The mountain-dews shall nourish A seed, in weakness sown, Whose fruit shall spread and flourish, And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious He on His throne shall rest From age to age more glorious, All blessing and all-blest : The tide of time shall never His covenant remove; His Name shall stand for ever, That Name to us is Love. JAMES MONTGOMERY.

PSALM LXXII.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun Does his successive journeys run; His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

FIRESIDE ENCYCLOP.EDIA OF POETRY.

For Him shall endless prayer be made, And praises throng to erown His Head; His Name, like sweet perfilme, shall rise With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song, And infant voices shall proclaim Their early blessings on His Name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns; The prisoner leaps to lose his chains; The weary find eternal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.

Where He displays His healing power, Death and the curse are known no more; In Him the tribes of Adam boast More blessings than their father lost.

Let every creature rise, and bring Peculiar honors to our King; Angels descend with songs again, And earth repeat the long Amen! Isaac Warrs.

HAIL, THOU ONCE-DESPISED JESUS !

HAD, Thou oncedespiséd Jesus! Huil, thou Galilean King! Thou didst suffer to release us, Thou didst free salvation bring: Hail, thou agonizing Saviou, Benrer of our sin and shame; By Thy merits we find favor; Life is given through Thy Name!

Paschal Lamb, by God appointed, All our sins were on Thee laid; By Almighty Love anointed, Thou hast full atomement made: All Thy people are forgiven Throngh the virtue of Thy Blood; Open'd is the gate of heaven; Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

Jesus, hail ! enthroued in glory, There for ever to abide ; All the heavenly hosts adore Thee, Seated at Thy Father's side. There for sinners Thon art pleading ; There Thon dost our place prepare ; Ever for us interceding Till in glory we appear. Worship, honor, power, and blessing, Thou art worthy to receive ;

Londest praises, without ceasing. Meet it is for us to give !

Help, ye bright angelic spirits, Bring your sweetest, noblest lays; Help to sing our Saviour's merits,

Help to chant Immanuel's praise !

Soon we shall, with those in glory, His transcendent grace relate; Gladly sing the amazing story Of His dying love so great: In that blessed contemplation We for evermore shall dwell, Crown'd with bliss and consolation, Such as none below can tell. Jons Bakewett.

MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour divine ! Now hear me while 1 pray : Take all my guilt away ; Oh let me from this day Be wholly Thine !

May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire! As Thou hast died for me, Oh may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A living fire!

While life's dark maze 1 tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thon my Guide! Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ever stray From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Saviour! then in love Fear and distrust remove; Oh bear me safe above, A ransom'd soul!

RAY PALMER.

LITANY.

SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee Low we bend the adoring knee; When repentant to the skies Scarce we lift our weeping eyes; Oh ! hy all the pains and woe Suffer'd once for man below, Bending from Thy throne on high, Hear our solemn Litany !

By Thy helpless infant years, By Thy life of want and tears, By Thy days of sore distress In the savage wilderness; By the dread mysterious hour Of the insulting tempter's power; Turn, oh ! turn a favoring eye, Hear our solemn Litany!

By the sacred griefs that wept O'er the grave where Lazarus slept; By the boding tears that flow'd Over Salem's loved abode; By the anguish'd sigh that told Treachery lurk'd within Thy fold: From Thy seat above the sky, Hear our solemn Litany!

By Thine hour of dire despair; By Thine agony of prayer; By the cross, the nail, the thorn, Piercing spear, and torturing scorn; By the gloom that veil'd the skies O'er the dreadful sacrifice; Listen to our humble cry, Hear our solemn Litany!

By Thy deep expiring groan; By the sad sepulchral stone; By the vault, whose dark abode Held in vain the rising God; Oh! from earth to heaven restored, Mighty reascended Lord, Listen, listen to the ery Of our solemn Litany! SIR ROBERT GRAFT.

O THOU, THE CONTRITE SINNERS' FRIEND.

O THOU, the contrite sinners' friend, Who, loving, lov'st them to the end, On this alone my hopes depend, That Thou wilt plead for me!

When, weary in the Christian race, Far off appears my resting-place, And fainting 1 mistrust Thy grace, Thou, Saviour, plead for me!

When I have err'd and gone astray Afar from Thine and Wisdom's way, And see no glimmering guiding ray, Still, Saviour, plead for me !

When Satan, by my sins made bold, Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold, Then with Thy pitying arms enfold, And plead, oh plead for me !

And when my dying hour draws near, Darken'd with anguish, guilt, and fear, Then to my fainting sight appear, Pleading in Heaven for me !

When the full light of heavenly day Reveals my sins in dread array, Say Thou hast wash'd them all away; Oh say Thou plead'st for me ! CHARLOTE ELLIOTT.

JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN.

JESU'S, I my cross have taken, All to leave, and follow Thee; Destitute, despised, forsaken, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be: Perish every fond ambition, All I've sought, or hoped, or known; Yet how rich is my condition ! God and Heaven are still my own ! Let the world despise and leave me, They have left my Saviour too; Human hearts and looks deceive me; Thou art not, like them, untrue : And, while Thou shalt smile upon me, God of wisdom, love, and might,

Foes may hate, and friends may shun me; Show Thy face, and all is bright!

Go, then, earthly fame and treasure! Come, disaster, scorn, and pain ! In Thy service, pain is pleasure, With Thy favor, loss is gain !

FIRESIDE ENCYCLOP.EDLA OF POETRY.

I have call'd Thee, Abba, Father ! I have stay'd my heart on Thee ! Storms may howl, and clouds may gather, All must work for good to me.

Man may trouble and distress me, "Twill but drive me to Thy breast; Life with trials hard may press me, Heaven will bring me sweeter rest! Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me! Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy unmix'd with Thee!

Take, my soul, thy full salvation; Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care; Joy to find, in every station, Something still to do or bear: Think what Spirit dwells within thee! What a Father's smile is thine! What a Saviour died to win thee! Child of Heaven, shouldst thou repine?

Haste, then, on from grace to glory, Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer; Heaven's eternal day's before thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there ! Soon shall close thy earthly mission, Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days; Hope soon change to glad fruition, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise ! <u>HEAVE FARCES LYER</u>.

SAVIOUR, WHO THY FLOCK ART FEEDING.

SAVIOUR, who Thy flock art feeding With the Shepherd's kindest care, All the feeble gently leading, While the lambs Thy bosom share;

Now, these little ones receiving, Fold them in Thy gracious arm; _____ There, we know, Thy word believing, Only there, secure from harm [

Never, from Thy pasture roving, Let them be the lion's prey ; Let Thy tenderness so loving Keep them all life's dangerous way ;

Then, within Thy fold eternal, Let them find a resting-place, Feed in pastures ever vernal, Drink the rivers of Thy grace ! WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MURLESBERG.

ROCK OF AGES.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee! Let the water and the blood, From Thy riven side which flow'd, Be of sin the double eure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labors of my hands Can fulfil Thy law's demands; Could my zeal no respite know, Could my tears for ever flow, All for sin could not atone; Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand f bring; Simply to Thy Cross I eling; Naked, come to Thee for dress; Helpless, look to Thee for grace; Foul, I to the Fountain fly; Wash me, Saviour, or I die 1

While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyestrings break in death, When I soar through tracts unknown, See Thee on Thy judgment-throne; Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Lat me hide myself in Thee! Accesses Mostaote TopLady.

JESU, LOVER OF MY SOLL.

JESU, lover of my soul, Let me to Thy boson fly, While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high ! Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past, Safe into the haven guide ; Oh receive my soul at last ! Other refuge have 1 none;

Allenges my helpless soul on Thee; a hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Eany?, ah! leave me not alone, Still support and comfort me! All my!trust on Thee is stay'd, All my? help from Thee I bring : Cover my? defenceless head With the shadow of Thy wing!

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Wilt Thou not regard my call? Wilt Thou not accept my prayer? Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall! Lo! on Thee I cast my care! Reach me out Thy gracious hand! While I of Thy strength receive, Hoping against hope I stand, Dying, and behold I live!

Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fallen, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind! Just and holy is Thy Name; I am all unrighteousness; False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found— Grace to cover all my sin; Let the healing streams abound; Make and keep me pure within ! Thou of Life the Fountain art, Freely let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up within my heart! Rise to all eternity ! CHARLES WESLEY.

How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds.

How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds . In a believer's ear!

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear !

It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast;

'Tis manna to the hungry soul, And to the weary rest.

Dear Name! the rock on which I build, My shield and hiding-place, My never-failing treasury, fill'd With boundless stores of grace,

By Thee my prayers acceptance gain, Although with sin defiled; Satan accuses me in vain, And I am own'd a child.

Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend, My Prophet, Priest, and King,

My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, Accept the praise I bring. Weak is the effort of my heart, And cold my warmest thought; But when I see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then, I would Thy love proclaim With every fleeting breath; And may the music of Thy Name Refresh my soul in death!

JOHN NEWTON.

LOVEST THOU ME?

John xxi. 16. HARK, my soul! it is the Lord, 'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word; Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee: "Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?

"I deliver'd thee when bound, And, when bleeding, heal'd thy wound; Sought thee wandering, set thee right, Turn'd thy darkness into light.

"Can a woman's tender care Cease toward the child she bare? Yes, she may forgetful be; Yet will I remember thee!

"Ming is an unchanging love, Higher than the heights above, Deeper than the depths beneath, Free and faithful, strong as death.

"Thou shalt see my glory soon, When the work of grace is done; Partner of my throne shalt be; Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

Lord ! it is my chief complaint, That my love is weak and faint; Yet I love Thee and adore ! Oh ! for grace to love Thee more ! WILLIAM COWPER.

THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND.

A POOR wayfaring man of grief Hath often cross'd me on my way, Who sucd so humbly for relief,

That I could never answer, Nay. I had not power to ask his name, Whither he went, or whence he came. Yet there was something in his eye That won my love, I knew not why. Once, when my sennty meal was spread, He enter'd; not a word he spake;

Just perishing for want of bread; I gave him all; he bless'd it, brake, And ate; bat gave me part again; Mune was an angel's portion then; For, while I fed with eager haste, That crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him, where a fountain burst Clear from the rock; his strength was gone;

The headless water mock'd his thirst, He heard it, saw it hurrying on :

I ran to raise the sufferer up; Thrice from the stream he drain'd my cup, Dipt, and return'd it running o'er; I drank, and never thirsted more.

"Twas night; the floods were out; it blew

A winter hurricane aloof; 1 heard his voice abroad, and flew

To bid him welcome to my roof; I warm'd, I clothed, I cheer'd my guest, Laid him on my own couch to rest; Then made the hearth my bed, and seem'd In Eden's garden while I dream'd."

Stript, wounded, beaten, nigh to death, I found him by the highway-side:

I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,

Revived his spirit, and supplied Wine, oil, refreshment; he was heal'd; I had myself a wound conceal'd; But from that hour forgot the smart, And peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw him next condemn'd To meet a traitor's death at morn :

. The tide of lying tongues I stemm'd, And honor'd him 'midst shame and scorn;

My friendship's utmost zeal to try, 11e ask'd if 1 for him would die; The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill; But the free spirit cried, "1 will."

Then in a moment to my view The Stranger darted from disguise; The tokens in His bands I knew, My Saviour stood before mine cycs. He spake; and my poor name He named: "Of Me thou hast not been ashamed; These deeds shall thy memorial be; Fear not; thou didst them unto Me." JAME MORTOMERY.

COME, HOLY SPIRIT, HEAVENLY DOVE.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, With all Thy quickening powers, Kindle a flame of sacred love In these cold hearts of ours.

Look how we grovel here below, Foud of these trifling toys; Our souls can neither fly nor go To reach eternal joys!

In vain we tune our formal songs, In vain we strive to rise; Hosannas languish on our tongues, And our devotion dies.

Dear Lord, and shall we ever lie At this poor dying rate? Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great!

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, With all Thy quickening powers; • Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love, And that shall kindle ours.

ISAAC WATTS.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire, And lighten with celestial fire; Thou the Anointing Spirit art, Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart. Thy blessed unction from above Is comfort, life, and fire of love; Enable with perpetual light The dulness of our blinded sight; Anoint and cheer our soiled face With the abundance of Thy grace; Keep far our foes, give peace at home; Where Thou art guide, no ill can come ; Teach us to know the Father, Son, And Thee of Both, to be but One. That, through the ages all along, This may be our endless song,

"PSALMS AND HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS,"

"Praise to thy eternal merit, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit !" Amen ! AUTHOR UNKNOWS,

VENI CREATOR.

CREATOR SPIRIT, by whose aid The world's foundations first were laid, Come, visit every pious mind; Come, pour Thy joys on human kind; From sin and sorrow set us free, And make Thy temples worthy Thee I

O source of uncreated light, The Father's promised Paraclete! Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire, Our hearts with heavenly love inspire, Come, and Thy sacred unction bring, To sanctify us while we sing!

Plenteous of grace, descend from high, Rich in Thy sevenfold energy! Thou strength of His almighty hand Whose power does heaven and earth command!

Proceeding Spirit, our defence, Who dost the gifts of tongues dispense, And crown'st Thy gifts with eloquence!

Refine and purge our earthly parts; But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts! Our frailties help, our vice eontrol— Submit the senses to the soul; And when rebellious they are grown, Then lay Thy hand, and hold them down.

Chase from our minds th' infernal foe, And peace, the fruit of love, bestow; And, lest our feet should step astray, Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive, And practise all that we believe; Give us Thyself, that we may see The Father, and the Son, by Thee.

Immortal honor, endless fame, Attend the almighty Father's name ! The Saviour Son be glorified, Who for lost man's redemption died ! And equal adoration be, Eternal Paraclete, to Thee ! JOIN DEVICES. HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER.

HEAR me, O God! A broken heart Is my best part: Use still Thy rod, That I may prove Therein Thy love.

If Thou hadst not Been stern to me, But left me free, I had forgot Myself and Thee.

For sin's so sweet, As minds ill bent Rarely repent, Until they meet Their punishment.

BEN JONSON.

LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS.

God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform ; He plants His footsteps in the sea, And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines Of never-failing skill, He treasures up His bright designs, And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take; The clouds ye so much dread Are big with mercy, and shall break In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense, But trust Him for His grace; Behind a frowning Providence He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast, Unfolding every hour; The bud may have a bitter taste, But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err, And scan His work in vain; God is His own interpreter, And He will make it plain. WILLIAM COWPER.

FIRESIDE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF POETRY.

GOD IS LOVE.

God is love! His merey brightens All the path in which we rove; Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens: God is wisdom! God is love!

Chance and change are busy ever; Man decays and ages move; But His mercy waneth never: God is wisdom! God is love!

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth Will His changeless goodness prove; From the mist His brightness streameth : God is wisdom ! God is love !

He with earthly cares entwineth Hope and comfort from above; Everywhere His glory shineth: God is wisdom! God is love!

God is love! His mercy brightens All the path in which we rove; Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens; God is wisdom! God is love! Sta Jous Bowarso.

SUN AND SHOWER.

HE sendeth sun, He sendeth shower,— Alike they're needful to the flower; And joys and tears alike arc sent To give the soul fit nourishment. Ascemes to me or cloud or sun, Father! Thy will, not mine, be done.

Can loving children e'er reprove With murmurs whom they trust and love? Creator, I would ever be A trusting, loving child to Thee; As comes to me or cloud or sun, Father! Thy will, not mine, be done,

Oh, ne'er will I at life repine; Enough that Thou hast mude it mine. Where falls the shadow cold of denth, I yet will sing with parting breath, As comes to me or shade or sun, Father! Thy will, not mine, be done. Sakut Exowar Alaxas

THE ELIXER.

TEACH me, my God and King, In all things thee to see, And what I do in anything, To do it as for thee.

Not rudely, as a beast, To runne into an action; But still to make thee prepossest, And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glasse, On it may stay his eye; Or, if he pleaseth, through it passe, And then the heaven espie.

All may of thee partake: Nothing can be so mean, Which with his tincture (for thy sake) Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause Makes drudgeric divine : Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws, Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone That turneth all to gold; For that which God doth touch and own Cannot for lesse be told.

GEORGE HERBERT.

A HYMN.

DROP, drop, slow tears, And bathe those beauteous feet Which brought from heaven The news and Prince of Peace ! Cease not, wet eyes, His mercies to entreat; To ery for vengeance Sin doth never cease; In your deep floods Drown all my faults and fears; Nor let His eye See sin, but through my tears. PRINEAS FLETCHER.

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AN ODE.

THE spacious firmament on high, With all the blue ethereal sky, And spangled heavens, a shining frame, Their great Original proclaim. The unwearied sun from day to day Does his Creator's power display, And publishes to every land The work of an almighty Hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail, The moon takes up the wondrous tale, And nightly, to the listening earth, Repeats the story of her birth; Whilst all the stars that round her burn, And all the planets in their turn, Confirm the tidings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all Move round the dark terrestrial ball? What though nor real voice nor sound Amid their radiant orbs be found? In reason's ear they all rejoice, And utter forth a glorious voice, For ever singing as they shine, "The Hand that made us is divine !" Josept Applox.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of all! in every age, In every clime adored— By saint, by savage, and by sage— Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood.

Who all my sense confined To know but this: that Thou art good, And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate, To see the good from ill; And, binding Nature fast in fate, Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done, Or warns me not to do,

This teach me more than hell to shun, That more than heaven pursue. 35 What blessings Thy free bounty gives Let me not cast away— For God is paid when man receives : . To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span Thy goodness let me bound,

Or think Thee Lord alone of man, When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand Presume Thy bolts to throw, And deal damnation round the land On each I judge Thy foe.

If I am right, Thy grace impart Still in the right to stay;

If I am wrong, oh teach my heart To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride Or impious discontent,

At aught Thy wisdom has denied, Or aught Thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe, To hide the fault I see; That mercy I to others show, That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so, Since quicken'd by Thy breath; Oh lead me, wheresoe'er I go, Through this day's life or death.

This day be bread and peace my lot: All else beneath the sun Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not, And let Thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space, Whose altar, earth, sea, skies--One chorus let all being raise ! All Nature's incense rise ! ALEXANDER POPE.

PSALM C.

WITH one consent let all the earth To God their cheerful voices raise; Glad homage pay with awful mirth, And sing before Him songs of praise.

Convinced that He is God alone, From whom both we and all proceed; We, whom He chooses for His own, The flock that He vouchsafes to feed.

Oh enter, then, His temple gate, Thence to His courts devoutly press; And still your grateful hymns repeat, And still His name with praises bless.

For He's the Lord, supremely good, His mercy is for ever sure : His truth, which always firmly stood, To endless ages shall endure. TATE AND BRADY.

PSALM C.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne, Ye nations, bow with sacred joy; Know that the Lord is God alone, He can create and He destroy.

His sovereign power, withont our aid, Made us of clay, and form'd us men; And when like wandering sheep we stray'd, He brought us to His fold again.

We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs, High as the heavens our voices raise;

And earth, with her ten thousand tongues, Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is Thy command, Vast as eternity Thy love;

Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand, When rolling years shall cease to move. Isaac Warts. (Varied by CHARLES WESLEY.)

I GIVE IMMORTAL PRAISE.

I GIVE immortal praise To God the Father's love, For all my comforts here And better hopes above; He sent His own eternal Son To die for sins that man had done.

To God the Son belongs Immortal glory too, Who bought us with His blood From everlasting woe; And now He lives, and now He reigns, And sees the fruit of all His pains. To God the Spirit's name Immortal worship give, Whose new-creating power Makes the dead sinner live; His work completes the great design, And fills the sonl with joy divine.

Almighty God, to Thee Be endless honors done; The undivided Three, And the mysterious One ! Where reason fails with all her powers, There faith prevails, and love adores. Isaac Warts.

THE HOLY TRINITY.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty ! Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;

Holy, holy, holy ! Merciful and Mighty ! God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity !

Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,

Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,

Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,

Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, holy, holy ! though the darkness hide Thee,

Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,

Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,

Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !

All Thy works shall praise Thy Name in earth and sky and sea;

Holy, holy, holy ! Merciful and Mighty ! God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity ! REGINALD HEEFE.

ALLELUIA.

THE strain upraise of joy and praise,

Alleluia !

To the glory of their King Shall the ransom'd people sing,

Alleluia !

And the choirs that dwell on high Shall re-echo through the sky, Alleluia ! They through the fields of Paradise who roam, The blessed ones, repeat through that bright home, Alleluia ! The planets glittering on their heavenly way, The shining constellations, join and say, Alleluia ! Ye clouds that onward sweep, Ye winds on pinions light, Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep, Ye lightnings, wildly bright, In sweet consent unite your Alleluia ! Ye floods and ocean-billows. Ye storms and winter snow, Ye days of cloudless beauty. Hoar-frost and summer glow ; Ye groves that wave in spring. And glorious forests, sing Alleluia ! First let the birds, with painted plumage gay. Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say Alleluia ! Then let the beasts of earth, with varying strain. Join in creation's hymn, and cry again, Allehuia! Here let the mountains thunder forth sonorous. Alleluia ! There let the valleys sing in gentler chorus, Alleluia ! Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry Alleluia ! Ye tracts of earth and continents, reply Alleluia ! To God, who all creation made, The frequent hymn be duly paid ; Alleluia ! This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord Almighty loves; Alleluia ! This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ himself approves; Alleluia ! Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice awaking,

Alleluia!

And children's voices echo, answer making,

Alleluia !

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Now from all men be outpour'd Alleluia to the Lord; With Alleluia evermore The Son and Spirit we adore. Praise be done to the Three in One, Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia ! JOHN MASON NEALE.

WHEN ALL THY MERCIES, O MY GOD.

WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God, My rising sonl surveys, Transported with the view, I'm lost

In wonder, love, and praise.

Oh, how shall words with equal warmth The gratitude declare

That glows within my ravish'd heart? But Thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustain'd, And all my wants redress'd,

When in the silent womb I lay, And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries Thy mercy lent an ear,

Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul Thy tender care bestow'd,

Before my infant heart conceived From whence these comforts flow'd.

When in the slippery paths of youth With heedless steps I ran,

Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe, And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and death, It gently clear'd my way,

And through the pleasing snares of vice, More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou With health renew'd my face,

And, when in sins and sorrows suuk, Revived my soul with grace.

Thy bountcous hand with worldly bliss Has made my cup run o'er, And in a kind and faithful friend Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts My daily thanks employ, Nor is the least a cheerful heart That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life Thy goodness I'll pursue, And after death, in distant worlds, The glorious theme renew.

When Nature fails, and day and night Divide thy works no more, My ever-grateful heart, O Lord, Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to Thee A joyful song I'll raise, But oh, eternity's too short To utter all Thy praise !

JOSEPH ADDISON.

BLEST BE THY LOVE, DEAR LORD.

BLEST be Thy love, dear Lord, That taught us this sweet way, Only to love Thee for Thyself, And for that love obey.

O Thou, our souls' chief hope! We to Thy mercy fly; Where'er we are, Thou canst protect, Whate'er we need, supply.

Whether we sleep or wake, To Thee we both resign; By night we see, as well as day, If Thy light on us shine.

Whether we live or die, Both we submit to Thee; In death we live, as well as life, If Thine in death we be.

JOHN ACSTIN.

PRAISE TO GOD.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise, For the love that crowns our days! Bountcous source of every joy, Let Thy praise our tongues employ. For the blessings of the field, For the stores the gardens yield; For the vine's exalted juice, For the generous olive's use:

Flocks that whiten all the plain; Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain; Clouds that drop their fattening dews; Suns that temperate warmth diffuse.

All that Spring with bounteous hand Scatters o'er the smiling land; All that liberal Autumn pours From her rich o'erflowing stores:

These to Thee, my God, we owe, Source whence all our blessings flow; And for these my soul shall raise Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear From its stem the ripening ear; Should the fig tree's blasted shoot Drop her green, untimely fruit;

Should the vine put forth no more, Nor the olive yield her store; Though the sickening flocks should fall, And the herds desert the stall;

Should Thine alter'd hand restrain The early and the latter rain; Blast each opening bud of joy, And the rising year destroy;

Yet to Thee my soul should raise Grateful vows and solemu praise; And, when every blessing's tlown, Love Thee for Thyself alone!

ANNA LATITIA BARBAULD.

HYMN.

LORD, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee For the bliss Thy love bestows,

For the pardoning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows.

Help, O God! my weak endeavor, This dull soul to rapture raise;

Thou must light the flame, or never t'an my love be warm'd to praise.

Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee, Wretched wanderer, far astray;

Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee From the paths of death away.

Praise, with love's devoutest feeling, Him who saw thy guilt-born fear, And, the light of hope revealing,

Bade the blood-stain'd cross appear.

Lord! this bosom's ardent feeling Vainly would my lips express;

Low before Thy footstool kneeling, Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless.

Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,

Love's pure flame within me raise;

And, since words can never measure, Let my life show forth Thy praise. FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

PSALM XC.

OUR God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come, Our shelter from the stormy blast, And our eternal home:

Under the shadow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt secure; Sufficient is Thine arm alone, And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood, Or earth received her frame, From everlasting Thou art God,

To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight Are like an evening gone;

Short as the watch that ends the night Before the rising sun.

The busy tribes of flesh and blood, With all their lives and cares,

Are carried downward by Thy flood, And lost in following years.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream, Bears all its sons away; They fly forgotten, as a dream Dies at the opening day.

Our God, our help in ages past; Our hope for years to come; Be Thou our guard while troubles last, And our eternal home!

ISAAC WATTS.

PSALM XCVIII.

Joy to the world! the Lord is come : Let earth receive her King:

Let every heart prepare Him room, And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns : Let men their songs employ;

While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,

Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sins and sorrows grow, Nor thorns infest the ground:

IIe comes to make His blessings flow Far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The glories of His righteousness,

And wonders of His love.

ISAAC WATTS.

THE EMIGRANTS IN THE BER-MUDAS,

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride In th' ocean's bosom, unespied— From a small boat, that row'd along, The list'ning winds received this song :

What should we do but sing His praise That led us through the watery maze Unto an isle so long unknown. And yet far kinder than our own? Where He the huge sea-monsters wracks That lift the deep upon their backs, He lands us on a grassy stage, Safe from the storms, and prelate's rage. He gave us this eternal spring Which here enamels every thing, And sends the fowls to us in care, On daily visits through the air. He hangs in shades the orange bright, Like golden lamps in a green night. And does in the pomegranates close Jewels more rich than Ormus shows. He makes the figs our mouths to meet, And throws the melons at our feet. But apples-plants of such a price No tree could ever bear them twice. With cedars, chosen by His hand From Lebanon, He stores the land;

And makes the hollow seas, that roar, Proclaim the ambergris on shore. He east (of which we rather boast) The gospel's pearl upon our coast; And in these rocks for us did frame A temple, where to sound His name. Oh! let our voice His praise exalt Till it arrive at heaven's vault; Which, then, perhaps rebounding, may Echo beyond the Mexique bay.

Thus sang they, in the English boat, A holy and a cheerful note; And all the way, to guide their chime, With falling oars they kept the time. ANDERW MARVELL

Rebecca's Hymn.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved, Out from the land of bondage came, Her fathers' God before her moved, An awful guide in smoke and flame. By day, along the astonish'd lands The cloudy pillar glided slow; By night, Arabia's crimson'd sands Return'd the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise, And trump and timbrel answer'd keen; And Zion's daughters pour'd their lays, With priest's and warrior's voice between.

No portents now our foes amaze— Forsaken Israel wanders lone; Our fathers would not know Thy ways,

And Thou hast left them to their own.

But, present still, though now unseen, When brightly shines the prosperous day, Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen, To temper the deceitful ray. And oh, when stoops on Judah's path In shade and storm the frequent night, Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath, A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams— The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn; No censer round our altar beams, And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn. But Thou hast said, The blood of goat, The flesh of rams, I will not prize-

A contrite heart, a humble thought, Are mine accepted sacrifice.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Sound the Loud Timbrel.

MIRIAM'S SONG.

- SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
- Jehovah has triumph'd,-his people are free!

Sing,—for the pride of the tyrant is broken, His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave,—

How vain was their boast, for the Lord hath but spoken,

- And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
- Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!

Jehovah has triumph'd,—his people are free!

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord!

His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword.

Who shall return to tell Egypt the story

Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?

- For the Lord hath look'd out from his pillar of glory,
 - And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!

Jehovah has triumph'd,-his people are free!

THOMAS MOORE.

COME, WE THAT LOVE THE LORD.

COME, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne.

Let those refuse to sing That never knew our God ; But favorites of the Heavenly King

May speak their joys abroad.

The men of grace have found Glory begun below; Celestial fruits on earthly ground From faith and hope may grow.

The hill of Zion yields A thousand sacred sweets, Before we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound, And every tear be dry: We're marching through Emmanuel's ground To fairer worlds on high.

ISAAC WATTS.

THOU ART, O GOD !

THOU art, O God! the life and light Of all this wondrous world we see;

Its glow by day, its smile by night, Are but reflections caught from Thee. Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine, And all things fair and bright are Thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays Among the opening clouds of even, And we can almost think we gaze

Through golden vistas into heaven,— Those hues that make the sun's decline So soft, so radiant, Lord! are Thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom, O'ershadows all the earth and skies,

Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume

Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes,— That sacred gloom, those fires divine, So grand, so countless, Lord! are Thine.

When youthful Spring around us breathes, Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;

And every flower the Summer wreathes Is born beneath that kindling eve. Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine, And all things fair and bright are Thine. THOMAS MOORE.

PSALM CXLVIII.

COME, oh come ! in pions lays Sound we God Almighty's praise; Hither bring, in one consent, Heart and voice and instrument; Music add of every kind, Sound the trump, the cornet wind, Strike the viol, touch the lute, Let no tongue nor string be mute; Nor a creature dumb be found That hath either voice or sound.

Let those things which do not live In still music praises give; Lowly pipe, ye worms that creep On the earth or in the deep: Lond aloft your voices strain, Beasts and monsters of the main; Birds, your warbling treble sing; Clouds, your peals of thunders ring; Sun and moon, exalted higher, And bright stars, augment this choir,

Come, ye sons of human race, In this chorus take your place, And amid the mortal throng Be you masters of the song: Angels and supernal powers, Be the noblest tenor yours: Let, in praise of God, the sound Run a never-ending round, That our song of praise may be Everlasting, as is He.

From earth's vast and hollow womb Music's deepest base may come; Seas and floods, from shore to shore, Shall their connter-tenors roar: To this concert, when we sing, Whistling winds, your descants bring; That our song may over-climb All the bounds of place and time, And ascend, from sphere to sphere, To the great Almighty's ear.

So from heaven on earth He shall Let His gracious blessings fall : And this huge wide orb we see Shall one choir, one temple be ; Where in such a praiseful tone We will sing what He hath done, That the cursed fiends below Shall thereat impatient grow . Then, oh come, in pious lays Sound we God Almighty's praise ! GEORGE WITHER.

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PSALM CXVII,

FROM all that dwell below the skies Let the Creator's praise arise; Let the Redeemer's Name be sung Through every land, by every tongne!

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord ! Eternal truth attends Thy word ; Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more. Isaac Warrs.

BLOW YE THE TRUMPET, BLOW.

Brow ye the trumpet, blow, The gladly solemn sound; Let all the nations know, To earth's remotest bound; The year of Jubilee is come; Return, ye ranson'd sinners, home.

Jesus, our great High Priest, Hath full atonement made; Ye weary spirits, rest; Ye mournful souls, be glad; The year of Jubilee is come; Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home;

Extol the Lamb of God, The all-atoning Lamb; Redemption in His blood Throughout the world proclaim : The year of Jubilce is come; Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Ye slaves of sin and hell, Your liberty receive; And safe in Jesus dwell, And blest in Jesus live : The year of Jubilee is come; Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Ye, who have sold for naught Your heritage above, Shall have it back unbought, The gift of Jesus' love; The year of Jubilee is come; Return, ve ransom'd sinners, home,

The Gospel Trumpet hear, The news of heavenly grace; And, saved from earth, appear Before your Saviour's face: The year of Jubilee is come ; Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home, CHARLES WESLEY.

OH FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES TO SING.

On for a thousand tongues to sing My dear Redeemer's praise, The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace !

My gracious Master and my God, Assist me to proclaim, To spread, through all the earth abroad, The honors of Thy Name.

Jesus, the Name that charms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease ; 'Tis music in the sinner's cars, 'Tis life, and health, and peace!

He speaks, and, listening to His voice, New life the dead receive; The mournful, broken hearts rejoice, The humble poor believe.

Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb, Your bosen'd tongues employ; Ye blind, behold your Saviour come, And leap, ye lame, for joy! CRARLES WESLEY.

THE PRIEST.

I WOULD I were an excellent divine That had the Bible at my fingers' ends; That men might hear out of this mouth of mine, How God doth make His enemies His friends; Rather than with a thundering and long prayer Be led into presumption, or despair. This would I be, and would none other be-But a religious servant of my God; And know there is none other God but He. And willingly to suffer merey's rod-Joy in His grace, and live but in His love.

And seek my bliss but in the world above.

And I would frame a kind of faithful prayer For all estates within the state of grace, That careful love might never know despair, Nor servile fear might faithful love deface: And this would I both day and night	If, on our daily course, our mind Be set to hallow all we find, New treasures still, of countless price, God will provide for sacrifice. Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be, As more of heaven in each we see; Some softening gleam of love and prayer Shall dawn on every cross and care.
devise To make my humble spirit's exercise.	As for some dear familiar strain Untired we ask, and ask again, Ever, in its melodious store,
And I would read the rules of sacred life:	Finding a spell unheard before;
Persuade the troubled soul to patience; The husband care, and comfort to the wife, To child and servant due obedience;	Such is the bliss of souls serene, When they have sworn, and steadfast mean Counting the cost, in all t' espy Their God, in all themselves deny.
Faith to the friend, and to the neighbor peace, That love might live, and quarrels all might cease.	Oh, could we learn that sacrifice, What lights would all around us rise! How would our hearts with wisdom talk Along life's dullest, dreariest walk!
Prayer for the health of all that are dis- eased, Confession unto all that are convicted, And patience unto all that are dis-	We need not bid, for cloister'd cell, Our neighbor and onr work farewell, Nor strive to wind ourselves too high For sinful man beneath the sky;
pleased, And comfort unto all that are af- flicted, And mercy unto all that have offended, And grace to all: that all may be	The trivial round, the common task, Will furnish all we ought to ask; Room to deny ourselves,—a road To bring ns, daily, nearer God.
amended. Nicholas Breton.	Seek we no more: content with these, Let present rapture, comfort, ease, As heaven shall bid them, come and go; The secret this of rest below.
MORNING HYMN.	Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
OH, timely happy, timely wise, Hearts that with rising morn arise! Eyes that the beam celestial view, Which evermore makes all things new!	Fit us for perfect rest above, And help us, this and every day, To live more nearly as we pray ! John KEBLE.
New every morning is the love	
Our wakening and uprising prove,	MORNING HYMN.
Through sleep and darkness safely brought, Restored to life, and power, and thought.	AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
New mercies, each returning day, Hover around us while we pray; New perils past, new sins forgiven,	Thy daily stage of duty run; Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise To pay thy morning sacrifice.
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.	Thy precious time misspent redeem, Each present day thy last esteem;

Improve thy talent with due care; For the great day thyself prepare.

In conversation be sincere; Keep conscience as the noontide clear; Think how All-sceing God thy ways And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

By influence of the light divine Let thy own light to others shine; Reflect all Heaven's propitious rays, In ardent love and cheerful praise.

Wake and lift up thyself, my heart, And with the angels bear thy part, Who, all night long, unwearied sing High praise to the Eternal King.

Awake! awake! Ye heavenly choir, May your devotion me inspire, That I, like you, my age may spend, Like you may on my God attend!

May I, like you, in God delight, Huve all day long my God in sight, Perform like you my Maker's will! Oh may I never more do ill!

Had I your wings to Heaven I'd fly; But God shall that defect supply; And my soul, wing'd with warm desire, Shall all day long to Heaven aspire.

All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept, And hast refresh'd me whilst I slept! Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake, I may of endless light partake!

I would not wake, nor rise again, Ev'n Heaven itself I would disdain, Wert thou not there to be enjoy'd, And I in hymns to be employ'd!

Heaven is, dear Lord, where'er Thou art; Oh never theu from me depart! For, to my soul, 'tis hell to be But for one moment void of Thee.

Lord, I my vows to thee renew ; Disperse my sins as morning dew ; Guard my first springs of thought and will, And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day, All I design, or do, or say; That all my powers, with all their might, In Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below I Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ! Thomas Kes.

MORNING HYMN.

SINCE Thou hast added now, O God! Unto my life another day, And giv'st me leave to walk abroad, And labor in my lawful way;

My walks and works with me begin, Conduct me forth, and bring me in.

In every power my soul enjoys Internal virtues to improve; In every sense that she employs

In her external works to move ; Bless her, O God! and keep me sound From outward harm and inward wound,

Let sin nor Satan's fraud prevail To make mine eye of reason blind, Or faith, or hope, or love to fail,

Or any virtues of the mind ; But more and more let them increase, And bring me to mine end in peace.

Lewd courses let my feet forbear; Keep Thou my hands from doing wrong; Let not ill counsels pierce mine ear,

Nor wicked words defile my tongue; And keep the windows of each eye That no strange lust climb in thereby.

But guard Thou safe my heart in chief; That neither hate, revenge, nor fear, Nor vain desire, vain joy, or grief, Obtain command or dwelling there:

And, Lord I with every saving grace, Still true to Thee maintain that place !

From open wrongs, from secret hates, Preserve me, likewise, Lord I this day; Fromslanderonstongues, from wicked mates From every danger in my way; My goods to me secure Thou too, And prosper all the works I do.

So till the evening of this morn My time shall then so well be spent, That when the twilight shall return I may enjoy it with content,

And to Thy praise and honor say, That this hath proved a happy day. GROBOR WITHER

EVENING HYMN.

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near; Oh! may no earth-born cloud arise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

When round Thy wondrous works below My searching rapturous glance I throw, Tracing out wisdom, power, and love, In earth or sky, in stream or grove;

Or, by the light Thy words disclose, Watch time's full river as it flows, Scanning Thy gracious Providence, Where not too deep for mortal sense;

When with dear friends sweet talk I hold, And all the flowers of life unfold; Let not my heart within me burn, Except in all I Thee discern!

When the soft dews of kindly sleep My wearied eyelids gently steep, Be my last thought, How sweet to rest For ever on my Saviour's breast!

Abide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I cannot live! Abide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die!

Thou Framer of the light and dark, Steer through the tempest Thine own ark ! Amid the howling wintry sea We are in port if we have Thee.

The rulers of this Christian land, 'Twixt Thee and us ordain'd to stand, Guide Thou their course, O Lord, aright ! Let all do all as in Thy sight!

Oh! by Thine own sad burthen, borne So meekly up the hill of scorn, Teach Thou Thy priests their daily cross To bear as Thine, nor count it loss!

If some poor wandering child of Thine Have spnrn'd, to-day, the voice divine; Now, Lord, the gracious work begin; Let him no more lie down in sin!

Watch by the sick, enrich the poor With blessings from Thy boundless store ! Be every mourner's sleep to-night Like infant's slumbers, pure and light! Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere through the world our way we take: Till, in the ocean of Thy love, We lose ourselves in Heaven above ! Joun KEBLE.

EVENING HYMN.

ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light; Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings, Beneath Thine own Almighty wings!

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son, The ill that I this day have done; That with the world, myself, and Thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread The grave as little as my bed ! To die, that this vile body may Rise glorious at the awful day !

Oh may my soul on Thee repose; And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close; Sleep, that may me more vigorous make To serve my God when I awake!

When in the night I sleepless lie, My soul with heavenly thoughts supply! Let no ill dreams disturb my rest, No powers of darkness ine molest!

Dull sleep, of sense me to deprive ! I am but half my time alive: Thy faithful lovers, Lord, are grieved To lie so long of Thee bereaved.

But though sleep o'er my frailty reigns, Let it not hold me long in chains ! And now and then let loose my heart, Till it an hallelujah dart !

The faster sleep the senses binds, The more unfetter'd are our minds; Oh may my soul, from matter free, Thy loveliness unclouded see!

Oh when shall I, in endless day, For ever chase dark sleep away, And hymns with the supernal choir Incessant sing, and never tire?

Oh may my Guardian, while I sleep, Close to my bed His vigils keep;

His love angelical instill; Stop all the avenues of ill:

May He celestial joy rehearse, And thought to thought with me converse; Or in my stead, all the night long, Sing to my God a grateful song!

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him, all creatures here below ! Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ! Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ! TROASE KEN.

EVENING HYDIN.

BEHOLD the sun, that seem'd but now Enthronèd overhead, Beginneth to decline below The globe whereon we tread; And he, whom yet we look upon With comfort and delight, Will quite depart from hence anon, And leave us to the night.

Thus time, unheeded, steals away The life which Nature gave; Thus are our bodies every day Declining to the grave: Thus from us all those pleasures fly Whereon we set our heart; And when the night of death draws nigh, Thus will they all depart.

Lord ! though the sun forsake our sight, And mortal bopes are vain ; Let still Thine everlasting light Within our souls remain ! And in the nights of our distress Vonchsafe those rays divine, Which from the Sun of Righteousness For ever brightly shine ! Groose WITHER.

EVENING HYMN.

THE night is come ; like to the day, Depart not thou, great God, away, Let not my sins, black as the night, Eclipse the lustre of Thy light. Keep in my horizon ; for to me The sun nuckes not the day, but Thee. Thou whose nature cannot sleep, On my temples sentry keep: Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes, Whose eves are open while mine close. Let no dreams my head infest But such as Jacob's temples blest. Whilst I do rest, my soul advance ; Make my sleep a holy trance : That I may, my rest being wrought, Awake into some holy thought, And with as active vigor run My course, as doth the nimble sun. Sleep is a death ; oh, make me try, By sleeping, what it is to die : And as gently lay my head On my grave as now my bed, Howe'er I rest, great God, let me Awake again at last with Thee. And thus assured, behold I lie Securely, or to wake or die. These are my drowsy days; in vain I do now wake to sleep again : Oh, come that hour when I shall never Sleep thus again, but wake for ever. SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

EVENING HYMN.

SWEET SAVIOUR! bless us ere we go; Thy word into our minds instill, And make our lukewarm hearts to glow With lowly love and fervent will; Through life's long day and death's dark night, O gentle Jesus, be our light.

The day is done, its hours are run, And Thon hast taken count of all,— The scanty triumphs grace hath won, The broken vow, the frequent fall; Through life's long day and death's dark night, O gentle Jesus, be our light.

Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways True absolution and release,

And bless us more than in past days, With purity and inward peace ;

- Through life's long day and death's dark night,
- () gentle Jesus, be our light.

Do more than pardon,—give us joy, Swect fear, and sober liberty,	Come not in terrors, as the King of kings; But kind and good, with healing in Thy
And simple hearts without alloy,	wings;
That only long to be like Thee;	Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Through life's long day and death's dark night,	Come, Friend of sinners, and thus 'bide with me !
O gentle Jesus, be our light.	Thou on my head in early youth didst
Labor is sweet, for Thou hast toil'd, Aud care is light, for Thou hast cared:	smile ; And, though rebellious and perverse mean- while.
Ah! never let our work be soil'd	Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee.
With strife, or by deceit ensnared ; Through life's long day and death's dark	On to the close, O Lord, abide with me !
night,	I need Thy Presence every passing hour;
O gentle Jesus, be our light.	What but Thy grace can foil the Tempter's power?
For those we love—the poor, the sad, The sinful—unto Thee we call;	Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Oh! let Thy mercy make us glad! Thou art our Jesus and our all;	Through cloud and sunshine, oh abide with me!
Through life's long day and death's dark	
night,	I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
O gentle Jesus, be our light.	Ills have no weight, and tears no bitter- ness:
Sweet Saviour! bless us; night is come; Through all its watches near us be;	Where is Death's sting? where, Grave, thy vietory?
Good angels watch about our home,	I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!
And we are one day nearer Thee.	Hold then Thy cross before my closing
Through life's long day and death's dark	eyes l
night,	Shine through the gloom, and point me to
O gentle Jesus, be our light. FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.	the skies!
	Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
ABIDE WITH ME.	In life and death, O Lord, abide with me! HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.
ABIDE with me! fast falls the even-tide;	
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide !	MIDNIGHT HYMN.
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,	My God, now I from sleep awake,
Help of the helpless, oh abide with me !	The sole possession of me take :
Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;	From midnight terrors me secure,
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;	And guard my heart from thoughts impure!
Change and decay in all around I see:	Bless'd angels! while we silent lie, You hallelujahs sing on high;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!	You joyful hymn the Ever-blest,
Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word :	Before the Throne, and never rest.
But, as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples,	I with your choir celestial join
Lord,	In offering up a hymn divine ;
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,	With you in Heaven I hope to dwell,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me!	And bid the night and world farewell.

My sonl, when I shake off this dust, Lord, in Thy arms I will entrust : Oh make me Thy peculiar care; Some mansion for my soul prepare!

Give me a place at Thy saints' feet, Or some full'n angel's vacant seat ! I'll strive to sing as loud as they, Who sit above in brighter day.

Oh may I always ready stand With my lamp burning in my hand : May I in sight of Heaven rejoice, Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice !

All praise to Thee in light array'd, Who light Thy dwelling-place hast made; A boundless occan of bright beams From Thy all-glorious Godhead streams.

The Sun in its meridian height Is very darkness in Thy sight! My soul oh lighten and inflame, With thought and love of Thy great Name!

Bless'd Jesu, Thou, on Heaven intent, Whole nights hast in devotion spent; But I, frail creature, soon am tired, And all my zeal is soon expired.

My soul, how canst thou weary grow Of antedating bliss below, In sacred hymns, and heavenly love, Which will eternal be above?

Shine on me, Lord, new life impart ! Fresh ardors kindle in my heart ! One ray of Thy all-quickening light Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.

Lord, lest the tempter me surprise, Watch over Thine own snerifice ! All loose, all idle thoughts cast out, And make my very dreams devout !

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him, all creatures here below ! Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ! Trovas Kks.

HYMN.

How are Thy servants blest, O Lord ! How sure is their defence ! Eternal wisdom is their guide, Their help omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote, Supported by Thy care, Through burning climes 1 pass'd unhurt, And breathed in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil, Made every region please; The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd, And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think, How with affrighted eyes Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep

In all its horrors rise!

Confusion dwelt in every face, And fear in every heart, When waves on waves, and gulfs in gulfs, O'ereame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord, Thy mercy set me free;

Whilst in the confidence of prayer My soul took hold on Thee.

For though in drendful whirls we hung, High on the broken wave ;

I knew Thou wert not slow to hear, Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retired, Obedient to Thy will;

The sea, that roar'd at Thy command, At Thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths, Thy goodness I'll adore-

And praise Thee for Thy mercies past, And humbly hope for more.

My life, if Thon preserv'st my life, Thy sacrifice shall be ;

And death, if death must be my doom, Shall join my soul to Thee.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

COME, ye thankful people, come, Raise the song of Harvest-Home ! All is safely gather'd in, Ere the winter-storms begin;

God, our Maker, doth provide For our wants to be supplied; Come to God's own temple, come, Raise the song of Harvest-Home!

We ourselves are God's own field, Fruit unto His praise to yield ; Wheat and tares together sown, Unto joy or sorrow grown : First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall appear : Grant, O harvest Lord, that we Wholesome grain and pure may be !

For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His harvest home; From His field shall purge away All that doth offend, that day; Give His Angels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast, But the fruitful ears to store In His garner evermore.

Then, thou Church triumphant, come, Raise the song of Harvest-Home ! All are safely gather'd in, Free from sorrow, free from sin ; There for ever purified, In God's garner to abide : Come, ten thousand Angels, come, Raise the glorious Harvest-Home ! HENRY ALFORD.

A THANKSGIVING TO GOD FOR HIS HOUSE.

LORD, Thou hast given me a cell, Wherein to dwell; A little house, whose humble roof Is weather-proof; Under the sparres of which I lie Both soft and drie: Where Thou, my chamber for to ward, Hath set a guard Of harmlesse thoughts, to watch and keep Me while I sleep. Low is my porch, as is my fate; Both void of state; And yet the threshold of my doore Is worn by th' poore, Who thither come and freely get Good words or meat.

Like as my parlour, so my hall And kitchin's small : A little butterie, and therein A little byn, Which keeps my little loafe of bread Unchipt, unflead; Some brittle sticks of thorne or brier Make me a fire. Close by whose living coale I sit, And glow like it. Lord, I confesse too, when I dine, The pulse is Thine, And all those other bits that bee There placed by Thee; The worts, the purslain, and the messe Of water-cresse, Which of Thy kindnesse Thou hast sent ; And my content Makes those, and my beloved beet, To be more sweet. 'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth With guiltlesse mirth, And giv'st me wassaile bowles to drink, Spiced to the brink. Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand, That soiles my land, And giv'st me, for my bushell sowne, Twice ten for one; Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay Her egg each day; Besides my healthful ewes to bear Me twins each yeare; The while the conduits of my kine Run creame, for wine : All these, and better Thou dost send Me, to this end, That I should render, for my part, A thankfull heart; Which, fired with incense, I resigne, As wholly Thine; But the acceptance, that must be, My Christ, by Thee.

ROBERT HERRICK.

FOR NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

ETERNAL source of every joy, Well may Thy praise our lips employ, While in Thy temple we appear, Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

The flowery spring at Thy command Embalms the air and paints the land;

The summer rays with vigor shine, To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

Thy hand in autumn richly pours Through all our consts redundant stores, And winters, soften'd by Thy care, No more a face of horror wear.

Seasons and months and weeks and days Demand successive songs of praise; Still be the cheerful homage paid With opening light and evening shade!

Oh1 may our more harmonious tongues In worlds unknown pursue the songs; And in those brighter courts adore, Where days and years revolve no more ! PRILIP DODDRIDGE.

SUNDAY.

O DAY most calm, most bright ! The fruit of this, the next world's bud : The indorsement of supreme delight, Writ by a Friend, and with His blood; The couch of time, care's balm and bay, The week were dark but for thy light;

Thy torch doth show the way.

The other days and thou Make up one man, whose face thou art, Knocking at heaven with thy brow: The working days are the back part. The burden of the week lies there, Making the whole to stoop and bow,

Till thy release appear.

Man had straightforward gone To endless death ; but thou dost pull And turn us round to look on One. Whom, if we were not very dull, We could not choose but look on still, Since there is no place so alone,

The which He doth not fill !

Sundays the pillars are On which heaven's palace arched lies: The other days fill up the spare And hollow room with vanities; They are the fruitful beds and borders Of God's rich garden; that is bare,

Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life, Threaded together on time's string,

Make bracelets to adorn the wife Of the eternal glorious King: On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope : Blessings are plentiful and rife. More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose, And did enclose this light for His, That, as each beast his manger knows, Man might not of his fodder miss; Christ hath took in this piece of ground, And made a garden there for those Who want herbs for their wound.

The rest of our creation Our great Redeemer did remove With the same shake, which at His passion Did th' earth, and all things with it, move; As Samson bore the doors away, Christ's hands, though nail'd, wrought our salvation, And did unhinge that day.

The brightness of that day We sullied by our foul offence; Wherefore that robe we cast away, Having a new at His expense, Whose drops of blood paid the full price That was required to make us gav And fit for Paradise.

GEORGE HERBERT.

SON-DAYES.

BRIGHT shadows of true rest ! some shoots of blisse:

Heaven once a week :

The next world's gladnesse prepossest in this:

A day to seek :

Eternity in time ; the steps by which

We climb above all ages; lamps that

Man through his heap of dark days; and the rich

And full redemption of the whole week's flight !

The pulleys unto headlong man; time's bower ;

The narrow way ;

Transplanted paradise; God's walking houre ; The cool o' th' day l

dust:

Heaven here; man on those hills of myrrh and flowres ;

Angels descending ; the returns of trust ; A gleam of glory after six-days showres!

The Churche's love-feasts; time's prerogative

. And interest

Deducted from the whole; the combs and hive.

And home of rest.

- The milky-way chalkt out with suns; a clue.
 - That guides through erring hours; and in full story
- A taste of heav'n on earth; the pledge and cue
 - Of a full feast! and the out-courts of glory.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

SABBATH CHIMES.

THERE's music in the morning air, A holy voice and sweet, Far calling to the house of prayer

- The humblest peasant's feet.
- From hill, and vale, and distant moor, Long as the chime is heard,

Each cottage sends its tenants poor For God's enriching word.

Where'er the British power hath trod, The cross of faith ascends, And, like a radiant arch of God, The light of Scripture bends ! Deep in the forest wilderness The wood-built church is known ;

A sheltering wing, in man's distress, Spread like the Saviour's own !

The warrior from his armed tent, The seaman from his tide.

Far as the Sahbath chimes are sent In Christian nations wide,-

Thousands and tens of thousands bring Their sorrows to His shrine,

And taste the never-failing spring Of Jesus' love divine!

If, at an earthly chime, the tread Of million, million feet 36

The creature's jubile ; God's parle with | Approach whene'er the Gospel's read In God's own temple seat,

> How hlest the sight, from death's dark sleep

To see God's saints arise ;

And countless hosts of angels keep The Sabbath of the skies !

CHARLES SWAIN

TO THY TEMPLE I REPAIR.

To Thy temple I repair; Lord, I love to worship there; When within the veil I meet Christ hefore the mercy-seat.

Thou, through Him, art reconciled; I, through Him, hecame Thy child ; Abba, Father ! give me grace In Thy courts to seek Thy face !

While Thy glorious praise is sung, Touch my lips, unloose my tongue, That my joyful soul may hless Thee, the Lord my Righteousness!

While the prayers of saints ascend, God of love ! to mine attend ! Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads; Hear, for Jesus intercedes !

While I bearken to Thy law, Fill my soul with humble awe: Till Thy Gospel bring to me Life and immortality :

While Thy ministers proclaim Peace and pardon in Thy Name, Through their voice, by faith, may I Hear Thee speaking from the sky !

From Thy house when I return, May my heart within me burn; And at evening let me say, I have walk'd with God to-day ! JAMES MONTGOMERY.

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM XXIII.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a Shepherd's care; His presence shall my wants supply, And guard me with a watchful eve; My noonday walks He shall attend, And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint, Or on the thirsty mountain pant, To fertile vales and dewy meads My weary, wandering steps He leads, Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow, Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread, With gloomy horrors overspread, My steadtast heart shall fear no ill, For Thou, O Lord, art with me still; Thy friendly crook shall give me aid, And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way, Through devious lonely wilds I stray, Thy bounty shall my wants beguile; The barren wilderness shall smile, With sudden greens and herbage crown'd, And streams shall murmur all around. Josern Appisos.

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM XXIII.

HAPPY me! O happy sheep Whom my God vonchsafes to keep; Even my God, even He it is That points me to these ways of bliss; On whose pastures cheerful Spring All the year doth sit and sing, And, rejoicing, smiles to see Their green backs wear His livery. When my wayward breath is flying He calls home my soul from dying, Strokes and tames my rabid grief, And does woo me into life: When my simple weakness strays, Tangled in forbidden ways, He, my Shepherd, is my guide, He's before me, on my side, And behind me, He beguiles Craft in all her knotty wiles : He expounds the giddy wonder Of my weary steps, and under Spreads a path clear as the day, Where no churlish rub says nay To my joy-conducted feet, Whilst they gladly go to meet Grace and Peace, to meet new lays Tuned to my great Shepherd's praise. Come now, all ye terrors, sally, Muster forth into the valley,

Where triumphant darkness hovers With a sable wing, that covers Brooding horror. Come then, Death, Let the damps of thy dull breath Overshadow even the shade. And make Darkness' self afraid ; There my feet, even there, shall find Way for a resolved mind. Still my Shepherd, still my God, Thou art with me; still thy rod, And thy staff, whose influence Gives direction, gives defence. At the whisper of Thy word Crown'd abundance spreads my board : How my head in ointment swims ! How my cup o'erlooks her brims! So, even so still may I move By the line of Thy dear love: Still may Thy sweet mercy spread A shady arm above my head, About my paths; so shall I find The fair centre of my mind, Thy temple, and those lovely walls Bright ever with a heam that falls Fresh from the pure glance of Thine eye, Lighting to Eternity. There I'll dwell for ever, there Will I find a purer air To feed my life with, there I'll sup, Balm and nectar in my cup, And thence my ripe soul will I breathe Warm into the arms of Death. RICHARD CRASHAW.

ENTERING INTO COVENANT.

O HAPPY day that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God ! Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad.

'Tis done, the great transaction's done l I am my Lord's, and He is mine; He drew me, and I followed on, Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

Now rest, my long-divided heart, Fixed on this blissful centre, rest; Nor ever from thy Lord depart, With Him of every good possess'd.

High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow, That vow renew'd shall daily hear;

Till in life's latest honr I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

BAPTISMAL HYMN.

In token that thon shalt not fear Christ crucified to own, We print the cross npon thee here, And stamp thee His alone.

In token that thou shalt not blush To glory in His name, We blazon here upon thy front His glory and His shame.

In token that thou shalt not flinch Christ's quarrel to maintain, But 'neath His banner manfully Firm at thy post remain;

In token that thou too shalt tread The path He travell'd by, Endure the cross, despise the shame, And sit thee down on high;

Thus, outwardly and visibly, We seal thee for His own, And may the brow that wears His cross Hereafter share His crown ! HEREY ALFORD.

FOUNTAIN OF MERCY! GOD OF LOVE!

FOUNTAIN of mercy! God of love! How rich Thy bonnties are! The rolling seasons, as they move, Proclaim Thy constant care.

When in the bosom of the earth The sower hid the grain,

Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth, And sent the early rain.

The spring's sweet influence was Thine, The plants in beauty grew; Thou gavest refulgent snns to shine, And mild, refreshing dew.

These various mercies from above Matured the swelling grain,

A yellow harvest crowns Thy love, And plenty fills the plain. Seed-time and harvest, Lord, alone Thon dost on man bestow; Let him not then forget to own

From Whom his blessings flow !

Fountain of love! our praise is Thine; To Thee onr songs we'll raise, And all created Nature join In sweet harmonious praise! ANNE FLOWERDEW.

WHAT IS PRAYER!

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire, Utter'd or unexpress'd; The motion of a hidden fire That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burthen of a sigh, The falling of a tear, The npward glancing of the eye, When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech That infant lips can try; Prayer the sublimest strains that reach The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice Returning from his ways.

While angels in their songs rejoice, And cry, Behold, he prays !

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath, The Christian's native air;

His watchword at the gates of death ; He enters heaven with prayer.

The saints in prayer appear as one In word, and deed, and mind; While with the Father and the Son

Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made by man alone : The Holy Spirit pleads ;

And Jesus, on the eternal Throne, For mourners intercedes.

O Thon, by whom we come to God ! The Life, the Trnth, the Way ! The path of prayer Thyself hast trod :

Lord ! teach us how to pray ! JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

CHILD, amidst the flowers at play, While the red light fades away: Mother, with thine earnest eye Ever following silently: Father, by the breeze of eve Call'd thy harvest-work to leave,— Pray! ere yet the dark hours be, Lift the heart, and bend the knee.

Traveller in the stranger's land, Far from thine own household band: Mourner, haunted by the tone Of a voice from this world gone: Captive, in whose narrow cell Sunshine hath not leave to dwell: Sailor, on the darkening sca, Lift the heart, and bend the knee.

Warrior, that from battle won Breathest now at set of sun; Woman, o'er the lowly slain, Weeping on his burial-plain : Ye that triumph, ye that sigh, Kindred by one holy tie, Heaven's first star alike ye see, Lift the heart and hend the knee. FELICA DOBOTHER HEMANS.

HEAR MY PRAYER, O HEAVENLY FATHER.

HEAR my prayer, O Heavenly Father, Ere I lay me down to sleep: Bid Thy angels, pure and holy, Round my bed their vigil keep.

Great my sins are, but Thy mercy Far ontweighs them every one: Down before Thy cross 1 east them Trusting in Thy help alone.

Keep me, through this night of peril, Underneath its boundless shade; Take me to Thy rest, I pray Thee, When my pilgrimage is made!

None shall measure out Thy patience By the span of human thought; None shall bound the tender mercies Which Thy Holy Son hath wrought. Pardon all my past transgressions; Give me strength for days to come; Guide and guard me with Thy blessing, Till Thine angels bid me home! HARRET T. PARK.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

NEARER, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee ! E'en though it be a cross That raiseth me ; Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee !

Though like the wanderer, The sun gone down, Darkness be over me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

There let the way appear Steps unto Heaven; All that Thou send'st to me In mercy given; Angels to beekon me Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

Then, with my waking thoughts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise; So by my woes to be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee !

Or if on joyful wing •Gleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot, Upward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee! SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

WALKING WITH GOD. Gen. v. 24.

Оп for a closer walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame!

A light to shine upon the road That leads me to the Lamb!

Where is the blessedness I knew When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul-refreshing view Of Jesus and His word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd! How sweet their memory still! But they have left an aching void The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove! return, Sweet messenger of rest!

I hate the sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my hreast.

The dearest idol J have known, Whate'er that idol be, Help me to tear it from Thy throne, And worship only Thee!

So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and serene my frane; So purer light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb ! WILLIAM COMPER-

HYMN TO THE DEITY.

INSPIRER and Hearer of prayer, Thou Shepherd and Guardian of Thine, My all to thy covenant care I, sleeping or waking, resign.

If Thou art my shield and my sun, The night is no darkness to me; And, fast as my moments roll on, They bring me but nearer to Thee.

Thy ministering spirits descend To watch while Thy saints are asleep; By day and by night they attend, The heirs of salvation to keep.

Thy worship no interval knows, Their fervor is still on the wing; And, while they protect my repose, They chant to the praise of my King.

I, too, at the season ordain'd, Their chorus for ever shall join;

And love, and adore, without end, Their faithful Creator, and mine. AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY.

THE INNER CALM.

CALM me, my God, and keep me calm, While these hot breezes blow; Be like the night-dew's cooling balm Upon earth's fever'd brow!

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm, Soft resting on Thy breast; Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm, And bid my spirit rest.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm; Let Thine ontstretchèd wing Be like the shade of Elim's palm Beside her desert spring.

Yes; keep me calm, though loud and rude The sounds my car that greet; Calm in the closet's solitude, Calm in the bustling street;

Calm in the hour of buoyant health, Calm in my hour of pain; Calm in my poverty or wealth, Calm in my loss or gain;

Calm in the sufferance of wrong, Like Him who bore my shame; Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng Who hate Thy holy Name;

Calm when the great world's news with power

My listening spirit stir: Let not the tidings of the hour E'er find too fond an ear;

Calm as the ray of sun or star, Which storms assail in vain, Moving unruffled through earth's war Th' eternal ealm to gain !

HORATIUS BONAR.

Resignation.

O Gop! whose thunder shakes the sky, Whose eye this atom-globe surveys, To Thee, my only rock, 1 fly,— Thy mercy in Thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of Thy will, The shadows of celestial night, Are past the power of human skill; But what the Eternal acts is right. Oh teach me, in the trying hour-When anguish swells the dewy tear-To still my sorrows, own Thy power, Thy goodness love, Thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but Thee, Eneroaching, sought a boundless sway, Omniscience could the danger see, And mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain— Why drooping seek the dark recess? Shake off the melancholy chain; For God created all to bless.

But ah ! my breast is human still ; The rising sigh, the falling tear, My languid vitals' feeble rill, The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resign'd, I'll thank the inflictor of the blow— Forbid the sigh, compose my mind, Nor let the gush of misery flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night, Which on my sinking spirit steals, Will vanish at the morning light, Which God, my east, my sun, reveals. THOMAS CHATTERTON,

Resignation.

LORD, it belongs not to my care Whether I die or live: To love and serve Thee is my share, And this Thy grace must give. If life be long, I will be glad, That I may long obey; If short, yet why should I be sad To soar to endless day? Christ leads me through no darker rooms Than He went through before; He that into God's kingdom comes Must enter by His door. Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet Thy blessed face to see; For if Thy work on earth be sweet, What will Thy glory be?

Then shall I end my sad complaints, And weary, sinful days; And join with the triumphant saints, That sing Jehovah's praise. My knowledge of that life is small, The eye of faith is dim; But 'tis enough that Christ knows all, And I shall be with Him. EICLER BAXTER.

THY WILL BE DONE.

My God and Father, while I stray Far from my home, on life's rough way, Oh teach me from my heart to say, Thy will be done!

Though dark my path and sad my lot, Let me be still and murmur not, Or breathe the prayer divinely taught, Thy will be done!

What though in lonely grief I sigh For friends beloved, no longer nigh, Submissive still would I reply, Thy will be done!

Though Thou hast call'd me to resign What most I prized, it ne'er was mine; I have but yielded what was Thine; Thy will be done !

Should grief or sickness waste away My life in premature decay, My Father! still I strive to say, Thy will be done!

Let but my fainting heart be blest With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest, My God, to Thee I leave the rest; Thy will be done!

Renew my will from day to day; Blend it with Thine; and take away All that now makes it hard to say, Thy will be done l

Then, when on earth I breathe no more The prayer, oft mix'd with tears before, I'll sing upon a happier shore,

> Thy will be done! CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

THE WILL OF GOD.

I WORSHIP thee, sweet Will of God ! And all Thy ways adore,

And every day I live I seem To love Thee more and more.

Thou wert the end, the blessed rule Of Jesu's toils and tears;

Thou wert the passion of His heart Those three-and-thirty years.

And He hath breathed into my soul A special love of Thee, A love to lose my will in His,

And by that loss be free.

I love to see Thee bring to naught The plans of wily men; When simple hearts outwit the wise, Oh, Thou art loveliest then !

The headstrong world, it presses hard Upon the Church full oft,

And then how easily Thou turn'st The hard ways into soft!

I love to kiss each print where Thou Hast set Thine unseen feet :

I cannot fear Thee, blessed Will I Thine empire is so sweet.

When obstacles and trials seem Like prison-walls to be,

I do the little I can do, And leave the rest to Thee.

- I have no cares, O blessed Will! For all my cares are Thine ;
- I live in triumph, Lord! for Thou Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

And when it seems no chance or change From grief can set me free,

Hope finds its strength in helplessness, And gayly waits on Thee.

Man's weakness waiting upon God Its end can never miss, For men on earth no work can do More angel-like than this.

Ride on, ride on, triumphantly, Thou glorious Will ! ride on ; Faith's pilgrim sons behind Thee take The road that Thou hast gone.

He always wins who sides with God, To him no chance is lost; God's Will is sweetest to him when It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that He blesses is our good, And unblest good is ill; And all is right that seems most wrong, If it be His sweet Will! FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

THY WILL BE DONE.

FATHER, I know that all my life Is portion'd out for me,
And the changes that are sure to come I do not fear to see;
But I ask Thee for a present mind, Intent on pleasing Thee.
I ask Thee for a thoughtful love, Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles, And wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself, To soothe and sympathize.
I would not have the restless will

That hurries to and fro ;

Seeking for some great thing to do, Or secret thing to know:

I would be treated as a child, And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am, In whatsoe'er estate,

I have a fellowship with hearts To keep and cultivate,

And a work of lowly love to do, For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength To none that ask denied, And a mind to blend with outward life, While keeping at Thy side; Content to fill a little space, If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask In my cup of blessing be, I would have my spirit fill'd the more

With grateful love to Thee ; More careful, not to serve Thee much,

But to please Thee perfectly.

There are briers besetting every path, That call for patient care;

There is a cross in every lot, And an earnest need for prayer; But a lowly heart, that leans on Thee, Is happy anywhere.

In a service which Thy will appoints There are no bonds for me; For my inmost heart is taught the Truth That makes Thy children free; And a life of self-renouncing love Is a life of liberty. ANNA LETITIA WARNO.

THY WILL BE DONE.

WE see not, know not; all our way is night,—with Thee alone is day: From out the torrent's troubled drift, Above the storm our prayers we lift, Thy will be done!

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint, But who are we to make complaint, Or dare to plead, in times like these, The weakness of our love of ease?

Thy will be done!

We take with solemn thankfulness Our burden up, nor ask it less, And count it joy that even we May suffer, serve, or wait for Thee, Whose will be done!

Though dim as yet in tint and line, We trace Thy picture's wise design, And thank Thee that our age supplies Its dark relief of sacrifice. Thy will be done!

And if, in our unworthiness, Thy sacrificial wine we press; If from Thy ordeal's heated bars Our feet are seam'd with crimson scars, Thy will be done!

If, for the age to come, this hour Of trial hath vicarious power, And, blest by Thee, our present pain Be Liberty's eternal gain, Thy will be done!

Strike, Thou the Master, we Thy keys, The anthem of the destinies! The minor of Thy loftier strain, Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain, Thy will be done !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

JUST AS I AM.

JUST as I am, without one plea But that Thy Blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee, whose Blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, though toss'd about With many a conflict, many a doubt, Fightings and fears within, without, O Lamh of God, I come!

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind, Sight, riches, healing of the mind, Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ! Becanse Thy promise I believe, O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am (Thy Love unknown Has broken every barrier down), Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone, O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, of that free love The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove, Here for a season, then above, O Lamb of God, I come!

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT

HYMN FOR FAMILY WORSHIP.

O LORD, another day is flown ; And we, a lonely band, Are met once more before Thy throne

To bless Thy fostering hand.

And wilt Thou lend a listening ear To praises low as ours?

Thou wilt! for Thou dost love to hear The song which meekness pours,

And, Jesus, Thou Thy smiles wilt deign As we before Thee pray; For Thou didst bless the infant train, And we are less than they.

Oh let Thy grace perform its part, And let contention cease : And shed abroad in every heart Thine everlasting peace !

Thus chasten'd, cleansed, entirely Thine, A flock by Jesus led, The Sun of holiness shall shine

In glory on our head.

And Thou wilt turn our wandering feet, And Thou wilt bless our way.

Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet The dawn of lasting day ! HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,

Lead Thou me on :

The night is dark, and I am far from home;

Lead Thou me on ;

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on ;

I loved to choose and see my path; but now

Lead Thou me on !

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,

Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years !

So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still

Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent,

The night is gone,

And with the morn those angel faces smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a while !

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

WHEN GATHERING CLOUDS AROUND I VIEW.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view, And days are dark and friends are few, On Him I lean, who not in vain Experienced every human pain. He sees my wants, allays my fears, And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray From heavenly wisdom's narrow way; To fly the good I would pursue, Or do the sin I would not do; Still He, who felt temptation's power, Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell, Deceived by those I prized too well. He shall his pitying aid bestow, Who felt on earth severer woe; At once betray'd, denied, or fled, By those who shared His daily hread.

If vexing thoughts within me rise, And, sore dismay'd, my spirit dies; Still He, who once vouchsafed to bear The sickening anguish of despair, Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry, The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend, Which covers what was once a friend, And from his voice, his hand, his smile, Divides me for a little while: Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed, For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead!

And oh, when I have safely past Through every conflict but the last, Still, still unchanging, watch beside My painful bed, for Thou hast died ! Then point to realms of cloudless day, And wipe the latest tear away !

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

LONG DID I TOIL.

- Long did I toil, and knew no earthly rest; Far did I rove, and found no certain home:
- At last I sought them in His sheltering breast,
 - Who opes II is arms, and bids the weary come:

With Him I found a home, a rest divine; And I since then am His, and He is mine. Yes! He is mine! and naught of earthly things. Not all the charms of pleasure, wealth, or power, The fame of heroes, or the pomp of kings, Could tempt me to forego His love an hour. Go, worthless world, I cry, with all that's thine! Go ! I my Saviour's am, and He is mine. The good I have is from His stores supplied; The ill is only what He deems the best; He for my Friend, I'm rich with naught beside: And poor without Him, though of all possest: Changes may come; I take, or I resign; Content, while I am His, while He is mine. Whate'er may change, in Him no change is seen; A glorious Sun, that wanes not nor declines: Above the clouds and storms He walks serene. And sweetly on His people's darkness shines: All may depart; I fret not, nor repine, While I my Saviour's am, while He is mine. He stays me falling, lifts me up when down. Reclaims me wandering, guards from every foe; Plants on my worthless brow the victor's erown; Which, in return, before His feet I throw. Grieved that I cannot better grace His shrine, Who deigns to own me His, as He is mine. While here, alas! I know but half His love. But half discern Him, and but half adore;

But when I meet Him in the realms above,

I hope to love Him better, praise Ilim more,

And feel, and tell, amid the choir divine, How fully I am His, and He is mine. HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

JESU, MY STRENGTH, MY HOPE.

JESU, my strength, my hope, On Thee I cast my care, With humble confidence look up, And know Thou hear'st my prayer. Give me on thee to wait Till I can all things do, On Thee, Almighty to create, Almighty to renew !

I want a sober mind, A self-renouncing will, That tramples down and casts behind The baits of pleasing ill: A soul innred to pain, To hardship, grief, and loss; Bold to take up, firm to sustain, The consecuted cross.

I want a godly fear, A quick discerning eye, That looks to Thee when sin is near, And sees the tempter fly; A spirit still prepared, And arm'd with jealous care, For ever standing on its gnard,

And watching unto prayer.

I want a heart to pray, To pray and never eease, Never to murmur at Thy stay, Or wish my sufferings less; This blessing, above all, Always to pray, I want,

Out of the deep on Thee to call, And never, never faint.

I want a true regard, A single, steady aim, Unmoved by threat'ning or reward, To Thee and Thy great name; A jealous, just concern For Thine immortal praise;

A pure desire that all may learn And glorify Thy grace.

I rest upon Thy word; Thy promise is for me; My succor and salvation, Lord, Shall surely come from Thee. But let me still abide, Nor from my hope remove, Till Thou my patient spirit guide Into thy perfect love! CHARLES WESLEY.

WRESTLING JACOB.

COME, O thou Traveller unknown, Whom still I hold, but cannot see, My company before is gone,

And I am left alone with Thee; With Thee all night I mean to stay, And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell Thee who I am, My misery or sin declare ;

Thyself hast call'd me by my name; Look on Thy hands, and read it there ! But Who, I ask Thee, Who art thou? Tell me Thy Name, and tell me now.

In vain Thou strugglest to get free, I never will unloose my hold; Art thou the Man that died for me? The secret of Thy love unfold. Wrestling, I will not let Thee go, Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal Thy new, unutterable Name? Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell ;

To know it now, resolved I am : Wrestling, I will not let Thee go, Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

'Tis all in vain to hold Thy tongue, Or touch the hollow of my thigh; Though every sinew be unstrung, Out of my arms Thou shalt not fly: Wrestling, I will not let Thee go, Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

What though my shrinking flesh complain, And murmur to contend so long? I rise superior to my pain;

When I am weak, then I am strong: And when my all of strength shall fail I shall with the God-Man prevail. My strength is gone; my nature dies; I sink beneath Thy weighty hand, Faint to revive, and fall to rise;

I fall, and yet by faith I stand : I stand, and will not let Thee go, Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

Yield to me now, for I am weak, But confident in self-despair; Speak to my heart, in blessings speak, Be conquer'd by my instant prayer! Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move, And tell me, if Thy Name is Love?

'Tis Love! 'tis Love! Thou diedst for me! I hear Thy whisper in my heart! The morning breaks, the shadows flee; Pure universal Love Thou art! To me, to all, Thy bowels more! Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love!

My prayer hath power with God; the grace

Unspeakable I now receive; Through faith I see Thee face to face, I see Thee face to face and live: In vain I have not wept and strove; Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love.

I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art; Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend ! Nor wilt Thou with the night depart, But stay, and love me to the end ! Thy mercies never shall remove, Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love !

The Sun of Righteousness on me Hath rose, with healing in His wings;

Wither'd my nature's strength, from Thee My soul its life and succor brings; My help is all laid up above;

Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love.

Contented now upon my thigh I halt, till life's short journcy end; All helplessness, all weakness, I On Thee alone for strength depend; Nor have I power from Thee to move; Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love.

Lame as I am, I take the prey, Hell, earth, and sin with ease o'ercome;

I leap for joy, pursue my way, And as a bounding hart fly home!

Through all eternity to prove, Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love! CHARLES WESLEY.

WHILST THEE I SEEK.

WHILST Thee I seek, protecting Power, Be my vain wishes still'd! And may this consecrated hour With better hopes be fill'd.

Thy love the power of thought bestow'd: To Thee my thoughts would soar: Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd, That mercy I adore.

In each event of life, how clear Thy ruling hand I see! Each blessing to my soul more dear, Because conferr'd by Thee.

In every joy that crowns my days, Iu every pain I bear, My heart shall find delight in praise, Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favor'd hour, Thy love my thoughts shall fill; Resign'd, when storms of sorrow lower, My soul shall meet Thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear, The gathering storms shall see; My steadfast heart shall know no fear; That heart shall rest on Thee. HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

THE RIGHT MUST WIN.

OH, it is hard to work for God, To rise and take His part Upon this battle-field of earth, And not sometimes lose heart!

He hides Himself so wondrously, As though there were no God; He is least seen when all the powers Of ill are most abroad.

Or He deserts us at the hour The fight is all but lost; And seems to leave us to ourselves Just when we need Him most. Oh there is less to try our faith In our mysterious creed, Than in the godless look of earth In these our hours of need.

Ill masters good, good seems to change To ill with greatest ease;

And, worst of all, the good with good Is at cross-purposes. •

The Church, the Sacraments, the Faith, Their uphill journey take,

Lose here what there they gain, and, if We lean upon them, break.

It is not so, but so it looks; And we lose courage then; And doubts will come if God hath kept His promises to men.

Ah! God is other than we think; His ways are far above, Far beyond reason's height, and reach'd Only by childlike love.

The look, the fashion of God's ways Love's lifelong study are; She can be bold, and guess and act, When Reason would not dare.

She has a prudence of her own; Her step is firm and free; Yet there is cautious science too In her simplicity.

Workman of God! oh lose not heart, But learn what God is like; And in the darkest battle-field Thon shalt know where to strike.

Oh, blessed is he to whom is given The instinct that can tell That God is on the field when He Is most invisible.

And blessed is he who can divine Where real right doth lie, And dares to take the side that seems Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

Oh learn to scorn the praise of men! Oh learn to lose with God! For Jesus won the world through shame, And beckons thee His road.

God's glory is a wondrous thing, Most strange in all its ways, And, of all things on earth, least like What men agree to praise.

As He can endless glory weave From time's misjudging shame, In His own world He is content To play a losing game.

Muse on His justice, downcast sonl! Muse and take better heart; Back with thine angel to the field, Good luck shall crown thy part!

God's justice is a bed where we Our anxious hearts may lay, And, weary with ourselves, may sleep Our discontent away.

For right is right, since God is God; And right the day must win; To doubt would be disloyalty, To falter would be sin ! FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

JOY AND PEACE IN BELIEVING.

SOMETIMES a light surprises The Christian while he sings; It is the Lord, who rises With healing in His wings: When comforts are declining, He grants the soul again A season of clear shining To cheer it after rain

In hely contemplation We sweetly then pursue The theme of God's salvation, And find it ever new: Set free from present sorrow, We cheerfully can say, E'en let the unknown to-morrow Bring with it what it may.

It can bring with it nothing, But He will bear us through; Who gives the lilies clothing Will clothe His people too; Beneath the spreading heavens No creature but is fed; And He, who feeds the ravens, Will give His children bread. Though vine nor fig tree neither Their wonted fruit shall bear; Though all the field should wither, Nor flocks nor herds be there; Yet, God the same abiding, His praise shall tune my voice; For, while in Him confiding, I cannot but rejoice.

WILLIAM COWPER.

GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHO-VAH !

GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah! Pilgrim through this barren land; I am weak, but Thou art mighty, Hold me with Thy powerful hand, Bread of Heaven! Bread of Heaven! Feed me now and evermore!

Open now the crystal fountain, Whence the healing streams do flow; Let the fiery cloudy pillar Lead me all my journey through; Strong Deliverer!strong Deliverer!

Be thou still my Strength and Shield!

When I tread the verge of Jordan, Bid my anxions fears subside; Death of death, and hell's destruction, Land me safe on Canaan's side; Songs of praises, songs of praises,

I will ever give to Thee! WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

THE CHILD LEANS ON ITS PA-RENT'S BREAST.

THE child leans on its parent's breast, Leaves there its cares, and is at rest; The bird sits singing by his nest, And tells alond His trust in God, and so is blest 'Neath every cloud.

He has no store, he sows no seed, Yet sings aloud, and doth not heed; By flowing stream or grassy mead He sings to shame Men, who forget, in fear of need, A Father's name.

The heart that trusts for ever sings, And feels as light as it had wings; A well of peace within it springs; Come good or ill, Whate'er to-day, to-morrow brings, It is His will. ISAAC WILLIAMS.

I LOVE THY KINGDOM, LORD.

I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord, The house of Thine abode, The Church our blest Redeemer saved With His own precious blood.

I love Thy Church, O God ! Her walls before Thee stand, Dear as the apple of Thine eye, And graven on Thy hand.

If e'er to bless Thy sons, My voice, or hands, deny, These hands let useful skill forsake, This voice in silence die.

If e'er my heart forget Her welfare or her woe, Let every joy this heart forsake, And every grief o'erflow.

For her my tears shall fall; For her my prayers ascend; To her my cares and toils be given, Till toils and cares shall end.

Beyond my highest joy * I prize her heavenly ways, Her sweet communion, solenin vows, Her hymns of love and praise.

Jesus, Thou Friend divine, Our Saviour and our King, Thy hand from every snare and foe Shall great deliverance bring.

Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zion shall be given The brightest glories earth can yield, And brighter bliss of Heaven. Тиотич Dwistr. (From the Latin of Sr. AMEROSE.) "DUM VIVIMUS VIVAMUS."

- " LIVE while you live!" the epicure would say,
- "And seize the pleasures of the present day !"
- "Live while you live!" the sacred Preacher cries,
- "And give to God each moment as it flies !"
- Lord, in my view let both united be:

I live in pleasure while I live to Thee. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

CHILDREN OF THE HEAVENLY KING.

CHILDREN of the Heavenly King, As ye journey, sweetly sing : Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in His works and ways!

We are travelling home to God, In the way the Fathers trod; They are happy now; and we Soon their happiness shall see.

O ye banish'd seed, be glad! Christ our Advocate is made; Us to save, our flesh assumes; Brother to our souls becomes.

Shout, ye little flock, and blest! You on Jesus' Throne shall rest; There your seat is now prepared, There your kingdom and reward.

Lift your eyes, ye sons of Light! Zion's city is in sight: There our endless home shall be, There our Lord we soon shall see.

Fear not, brethren; joyful stand On the borders of your land; Jesus Christ, your Father's Son, Bids you undismay'd go on.

Lord ! obediently we go, Gladly leaving all below : Only Thou our leader be, And we still will follow Thee !

Seal our love, our labors end; Let us to Thy bliss ascend;

Let us to Thy kingdom come; Lord ! we long to be at home. JOHN CENNICK.

EARLY PIETY.

By cool Siloam's shady rill How sweet the lily grows! How sweet the breath beneath the hill Of Sharon's dewy rose! Lo! such the child whose early feet The paths of peace have trod, Whose secret heart with influence sweet Is npward drawn to God. By cool Siloam's shady rill The hily must decay ;

The rose that blooms beneath the hill Must shortly fade away;

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour Of man's maturer age

Will shake the soul with sorrow's power, And stormy passion's rage.

O Thou whose infant feet were found Within Thy Father's shrine,

Whose years with changeless virtue crown'd Were all alike divine:

Dependent on Thy bounteous breath, We seek Thy grace alone

In childhood, manhood, age, and death, To keep ns still Thine own.

REGINALD HEBER.

O HAPPY SOUL, THAT LIVES ON HIGH !

O HAPPY soul, that lives on high, While men lie grovelling here ! His hopes are fix'd above the sky, And faith forbids his fear.

His conscience knows no secret stings, While peace and joy combine

To form a life whose holy springs Are hidden and divine.

He waits in secret on his God, His God in secret sees;

Let earth be all in arms abroad, He dwells in heavenly peace.

His pleasures rise from things unseen, Beyond this world and time, Where neither eyes nor ears have been, Nor thoughts of sinners climb.

He wants no pomp, nor royal throne, To raise his figure here; Content and pleased to live unknown, Till Christ, his Life, appear.

He looks to heaven's eternal hill, To meet that glorious day, And patient waits his Savionr's will, To fetch his soul away.

ISAAC WATTS.

HEAVENLY WISDOM.

OH, happy is the man who hears Instruction's warning voice, And who celestial Wisdom makes His early, only choice.

For she has treasures greater far Than east or west unfold,

And her reward is more secure Than is the gain of gold.

In her right hand she holds to view A length of happy years, And in her left, the prize of fame And honor bright appears.

She guides the young, with innocence, In pleasure's path to tread ;

A crown of glory she bestows Upon the hoary head.

According as her labors rise, So her rewards increase; Her ways are ways of pleasantness, And all her paths are peace. Joins Logas.

THE HEART'S SONG.

Is the silent midnight watches, List—thy bosom door! How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh, Knocketh evermore! Say not 'tis thy pulses beating; 'Tis thy heart of sin: 'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth, Rise and let Me in!

Death comes down with reckless footstep To the hall and hut; Think you Death will stand a-knocking | To Heaven's high city I direct my jour-Where the door is shut? Jesus waiteth-waiteth-waiteth: But thy door is fast! Grieved, away thy Saviour goeth : Death breaks in at last.

Then 'tis thine to stand entreating Christ to let thee in : At the gate of heaven beating, Wailing for thy sin. Nay, alas! thou foolish virgin, Hast thou then forgot, Jesus waited long to know thee, But He knows thee not ! ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE.

Delight in God Only.

- I LOVE, and have some eause to love, the earth-She is my Maker's creature, therefore good. She is my mother, for she gave me birth; She is my tender nurse, she gives me food: But what's a creature, Lord, compared with Thee? Or what's my mother or my nurse to me?
- I love the air-her dainty sweets refresh My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me;
- Her shrill-mouth'd choir sustain me with their flesh.
- And with their polyphonian notes delight me :
- But what's the air, or all the sweets that she
- Can bless my soul withal, compared to Thee?
- I love the sea-she is my fellow-creature, My careful purveyor; she provides me store;
- She walls me round; she makes my diet greater;
 - She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore:
- But, Lord of oceans, when compared with Thee.
- What is the ocean or her wealth to me?

- Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
 - Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky:
- But what is Heaven, great God, compared to Thee?
- Without thy presence, Heaven's no Heaven to me.
- Without Thy presence, earth gives no refection;
- Without Thy presence, sea affords no treasure :
- Without Thy presence, air's a rank infection;
 - Without Thy presence, Heaven itself's no pleasure :
- If not possess'd, if not enjoy'd in Thee,
- What's earth, or sea, or air, or Heaven to me?
- The highest honors that the world can hoast

Are subjects far too low for my desire ;

- The brightest beams of glory are, at most,
 - But dying sparkles of Thy living fire;
- The proudest flames that earth can kindle he
- But nightly glow-worms if compared to Thee.
- Without Thy presence, wealth is bags of eares:
 - Wisdom but folly; joy, disquiet sadness;
- Friendship is treason, and delights are snares;
 - Pleasure's but pain, and mirth but pleasing madness-
- Without Thee, Lord, things he not what they be.
- Nor have their being, when compared with Thee.
- In having all things, and not Thee, what have 1?
 - Not having Thee, what have my labors got?

ney,

Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eve-

Let me enjoy but Thee, what further crave I?

And having Thee alonc, what have I not?

I wish nor sea, nor land, nor would I be Possess'd of Heaven, Heaven unpossess'd of Thee!

FRANCIS QUARLES.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

WHEN marshall'd on the nightly plain, The glittering host bestud the sky; One star alone, of all the train, Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks, From every host, from every gem; But one alone the Saviour speaks, It is the Star of Bethlehem,

Once on the raging seas I rode, The storm was loud—the night was dark,

The occan yawn'd—and rudely blow'd The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze, Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem; When suddenly a star arose, It was the Star of Bethlehem

It was my guide, my light, my all, It bade my dark forebodings cease; And through the storm and dangers' thrall It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er, I'll sing, first in night's diadem, For ever and for evermore, The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

LIFE.

IF life's pleasures cheer thee, Give them not thy heart, Lest the gifts ensare thee From thy God to part: His praises speak, His favor seek, Fix there thy hopes' foundation; Love him, and He shall ever be The Rock of thy salvation. 37 If sorrow e'er befall thee, Painful though it be, Let not fear appall thee: To thy Saviour flee : He, ever near, thy prayer will hear, And calm thy perturbation;

The waves of woe shall ne'er o'erflow The Rock of thy salvation.

Death shall never harm thee, Shrink not from his blow, For thy God shall arm thee, And victory bestow: For death shall bring to thee no sting, The grave no desolation; 'Tis gain to die, with Jesus nigh, -The Rock of thy salvation. FRANCE SCOTT KEY,

ART THOU WEARY?

ART thou weary, art thou languid, Art thou sore distress'd? "Come to Me," saith One, " and coming, Be at rest."

Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my Guide? "In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side."

Is there diadem, as Monarch, That II is brow adorns? "Yea, a crown, in very surety, But of thorns."

If I find Him, if I follow, What His guerdon here? "Many a sorrow, many a labor, Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him, What hath He at last? "Sorrow vanquish'd, labor ended, Jordan pass'd."

If I ask Him to receive me, Will He say me nay? "Not till earth, and not till heaven Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling, Is He sure to bless? "Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs, Answer, Yes." John Mason Neale,

(Translation from St. STEPHEN THE SABAITE.)

UP-HILL,

DOES the road wind up-hill all the way? Yes, to the very end.

Will the day's journey take the whole long day.

From morn to night, my friend.

- But is there for the night a resting-place? A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
- May not the darkness hide it from my face?

You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night? Those who have gone before.

- Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
 - They will not keep you standing at that door.
- Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak? Of labor you shall find the sum.
- Will there be beds for me and all who seek?

Yes, beds for all who come. CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

"He found nothing thereon but leaves."-Matt. chap. xxi. v. 19.

NOTHING but leaves ; the spirit grieves Over a wasted life ;

Sin committed while conscience slept, Promises made but never kept,

Hatred, battle, and strife; Nothing but leaves !

Nothing but leaves; no garner'd sheaves Of life's fair, ripen'd grain; Words, idle words, for earnest deeds; We sow our seeds—lo! tares and weeds; We reap with toil and pain Nothing but leaves ! Nothing but leaves ; memory weaves No veil to screen the past: As we retrace our weary way, Counting each lost and misspent day— We find, sadly, at last, Nothing but leaves !

And shall we meet the Master so, Bearing our wither'd leaves ? The Saviour looks for perfect fruit,— We stand before him, humbled, mute ; Waiting the words he breathes,— "*Nothing but leaves* !"

LUCY EVELINA AKERMAN.

THE PILGRIMAGE.

GIVE me my scallop-shell of quiet, My staff of faith to walk upon ; My scrip of joy, immortal diet; My bottle of salvation ; My gown of glory, hope's true gauge, And thus I'll take my pilgrimage! Blood must be my hody's balmer, No other balm will there be given ; Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer, Travelleth toward the land of Heaven ; Over the silver mountains Where spring the nectar fountains: There will I kiss the bowl of bliss, And drink mine everlasting fill Upon every milken hill. My soul will be a-dry before, But after, it will thirst no more, Then by that happy, blissful day, More peaceful pilgrims I shall see, That have cast off their rags of clay, And walk apparell'd fresh like me. I'll take them first to quench their thirst, And taste of nectar's suckets At those clear wells where sweetness dwells Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets. And when our bottles and all we Are fill'd with immortality, Then the blest paths we'll travel, Strew'd with rubies thick as gravel,-Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors, High walls of coral, and pearly bowers. From thence to heaven's bribeless hall,

Where no corrupted voices brawl;

No conscience molten into gold, No forged accuser, bought or sold, No cause deferr'd, no vain-spent journey, For there Christ is the King's Attorney ; Who pleads for all without degrees, And He hath angels, but no fees; And when the grand twelve million jury Of our sins, with direful fury, 'Gainst our souls black verdicts give, Christ pleads His death, and then we live. Be thou my speaker, taintless pleader, Unblotted lawyer, true proceeder ! Thou giv'st salvation even for alms,---Not with a bribed lawyer's palms. And this is mine eternal plea To Him that made heaven, earth and sea, That since my flesh must die so soon. And want a head to dine next noon, Just at the stroke when my veins start and spread, Set on my soul an everlasting head : Then am I, like a palmer, fit To tread those blest paths which before I

writ. Of death and judgment, heaven and hell, Who oft doth think, must needs die well. Sir Watter Raleion.

THE FLOWER.

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean

Are thy returns! e'en as the flowers in spring—

To which, besides their own demean,

The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.

Grief melts away

Like snow in May,

As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought myshrivell'd heart

Could have recovered greenness? It was gone

Quite underground; as flowers depart To see their mother-root when they have blown.

Where they together,

.

All the hard weather,

Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are Thy wonders, Lord of power: Killing and quick'ning, bringing down to hell And up to heaven in an hour, Making a chiming of a passing-bell. We say amiss, This or that is— Thy word is all, if we could spell.

Oh, that I once past changing were— Fast in Thy paradise, where no flower can wither !

Many a spring I shoot up fair, Offering at heaven, growing and groaning thither:

Nor doth my flower Want a spring-shower, My sins and I joining together.

But, while I grow in a straight line, Still upward bent, as if heaven were mine own.

Thy anger comes, and I decline; What frost to that? what pole is not the zone

Where all things burn, When Thou dost turn, And the least frown of Thine is shown?

And now in age I bud again— After so many deaths I live and write; I once more smell the dew and rain,

And relish versing; O my only light,

It cannot be That I am he

On whom Thy tempests fell all night !

These are Thy wonders, Lord of love— To make us see we are but flowers that glide:

Which when we once can find and prove,

Thou hast a garden for us where to bide. Who would be more,

Swelling through store,

Forfeit their paradise by their pride. George Herbert.

MARINER'S HYMN.

LAUNCH thy bark, mariner ! Christian, God speed thee! Let loose the rudder-bands,— Good angels lead thee !

Set thy sails warily, Tempests will come; Steer thy course steadily: Christian, steer home!

Look to the weather-bow, Breakers are round thee; Let fail the plummet now, Shallows may ground thee. Reef in the foresail, there! Hold the helm fast! So—let the vessel wear— There swept the blast.

"What of the night, watchman? What of the night?" "Cloudy—all quict— No land yet—all's right." Be wakeful, be vigilant,— Danger may be At an hour when all seemeth Securest to thee.

How! gains the leak so fast? Clean out the hold,— Hoist up thy merchandise, Heave out thy gold; There—let the ingots go— Now the ship rights; Hurrah! the harbor's near— Lo! the red lights!

Slacken not sail yet At inlet or island; Straight for the beacon steer, Straight for the high land; Crowd all thy earvas on, Cut through the foam: Christian! cast anchor now,— Heaven is thy home! CARDING BOWLES SOUTHEY.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand, Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand; From many an ancient river, From many a palmy plain, They call us to deliver Their land from error's chain. What though the spiey breezes Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle; Though every prospect pleases, And only man is vile; In vain with lavish kindness The gifts of God are strown; The heathen in his blindness Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted With wisdom from on high, Can we to men benighted The lamp of life deny? Salvation ! O salvation ! The joyful sound proclaim, Till each remotest nation Has learnt Messiah's Name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story, And you, ye waters, roll, Till like a sea of glory It spreads from pole to pole; Till o'er our ransom'd nature The Lamb for sinners slain, Redeemer, King, Creator, In bliss returns to reign. REGUNALD HEBER.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

"And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."

By Nebo's lonely mountain, On this side Jordan's wave, In a vale in the land of Moab There lies a lonely grave. And no man knows that sepulehre, And no man saw it e'cr, For the angels of God dynrn'd the sod And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral That ever pass'd on earth ; But no man heard the trampling, Or saw the train go forth— Noiselessly as the daylight Comes back when night is done, And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek Grows into the great sun.

Noiselessly as the spring-time Her crown of verdure weaves, And all the trees on all the hills Open their thousand leaves; So without sound of music, Or voice of them that wept, Silently down from the mountain's crown The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle On gray Beth-peor's height, Out of his lonely eyrie Look'd on the wondrons sight; Perchance the lion stalking, Still shuns that hallow'd spot, For beast and bird have seen and heard That which man knoweth not

But when the warrior dieth, His connades in the war, With arms reversed and muffled drum, Follow his funeral ear; They show the banners taken, They tell his battles won, And after him lead his masterless steed, While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land We lay the sage to rest, And give the bard an honor'd place, With costly marble drest, In the great minster transept Where lights like glories fall, And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings Along the emblazon'd wall.

This was the trnest warrior That ever buckled sword, This the most gifted poet That ever breathed a word; And never earth's philosopher Traced, with his golden pen, On the deathless page, truths half so sage As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor,— • The hillside for a pall, To lie in state while angels wait With stars for tapers tall, And the dark rock-pines like tossing plumes,

Over his bier to wave,

And God's own hand, in that lonely land, To lay him in the grave?

In that strange grave without a name, Whence his uncoffin'd clay

Shall break again, O wondrous thought! Before the judgment day,

And stand with glory wrapt around On the hills he never trod,

And speaks of the strife that won our life With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land! O dark Beth-peor's hill! Speak to these curious hearts of ours,

And teach them to be still.

God hath His mysteries of grace, Ways that we cannot tell;

He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep Of him He loved so well.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

The Ninety and Nine.

THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay In the shelter of the fold, But one was out on the hills away, Far off from the gates of gold— Away on the mountains wild and bare, Away from the tender Shepherd's care,

"Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;

Are they not enough for Thee?"

But the Shepherd made answer: "'Tis of mine

Has wander'd away from me; And although the road be rough and steep, I go to the desert to find my sheep."

But none of the ransom'd ever knew How deep were the waters cross'd; Nor how dark was the night that the Lord pass'd through Ere He found His sheep that was lost,

Out in the desert He heard its cry-

Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way

That mark out the mountain's track?"

- "They were shed for one who had gone astray
 - Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
- " Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn ?"
- "They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven, And up from the rocky steep,

There rose a cry to the gate of heaven, "Rejoice ! I have found My sheep !"

And the angels echo'd around the throne, "Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His

own!"

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE.

RETIREMENT.

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee, From strife and tumult far;

From scenes where Satan wages still His most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade, With prayer and praise agree, And seem by Thy sweet bounty made For those who follow Thee.

There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul, And grace her mean abode,

Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love, She communes with her God!

There, like the nightingale, she pours Her solitary lays,

Nor asks a witness of her song, Nor thirsts for human praise.

Author and Guardian of my life, Sweet Source of light divine,

And, all harmonious names in one, My Saviour! Thou art mine!

What thanks I owe Thee, and what love, A boundless, endless store, Shall echo through the realms above When time shall be no more ! WILLAN COWFER.

LORD, SHALL THY CHILDREN COME TO THEE?

LORD, shall thy children come to Thee? A boon of love divine we seek;

Brought to Thine arms in infancy, Ere heart could feel, or tongue could speak.

Thy children pray for grace, that they May come themselves to Thee to-day.

Lord, shall we come? and come again, Oft as we see Thy table spread,

And, tokens of Thy dying pain,

The wine pour'd out, the broken bread? Bless, bless, O Lord, Thy children's prayer, That they may come and find Thee there.

Lord, shall we come? not thus alone At holy time or solemn rite,

But every hour till life be flown,

Through weal or woe, in gloom or light, Come to Thy throne of grace, that we In faith, hope, love, confirm'd may be.

Lord, shall we come, come yet again? Thy children ask one blessing more: To come, not now alone, but then,

When life, and death, and time are o'er; Then, then to come, O Lord, and be Confirm'd in heaven, confirm'd by Thee. SAMUEL HEOS

WHEN OUR HEADS ARE BOWED WITH WOE,

WHEN our heads are bow'd with woe, When our bitter tears o'erflow, When we mourn the lost, the dear, Jesu, Son of Mary, hear.

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn, Thou our mortal griefs hast borne, Thou hast shed the human tear; Jesu, Son of Mary, hear.

When the solemn death-bell tolls For our own departing souls, When our final doom is near, Jesu, Son of Mary, hear.

Thou hast bow'd the dying head, Thou the blood of life hast shed, Thou hast fill'd a mortal bier; Jesu, Son of Mary, hear.

When the heart is sad within With the thought of all its sin, When the spirit shrinks with fear, Jesu, Son of Mary, hear.

Thou the shame, the grief, hast known, Though the sins were not Thine own; Thon hast deign'd their load to bear; Jesu, Son of Mary, hear.

HENRY HART MILMAN,

PSALM CXXI.

UP to the hills I lift mine eyes, The eternal hills beyond the skies; Thence all her help my soul derives, There my Almighty Refnge lives.

He lives, the everlasting God, That built the world, that spread the flood; The heavens with all their hosts he made, And the dark regions of the dead.

He guides our feet, He guards our way; His morning smiles bless all the day; He spreads the evening veil, and keeps The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

Israel, a name divinely blest, May rise secure, securely rest; Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes Admit no slumber nor surprise.

No sun shall smite thy head by day, Nor the pale moon with sickly ray Shall blast thy couch; no baleful star Dart his malignant fire so far.

Should earth and hell with malice burn, Still thou shalt go, and still return, Safe in the Lord; His heavenly care Defends thy life from every snare.

On thee foul spirits have no power; And, in thy last departing hour, Angels, that trace the airy road, Shall bear thee homeward to thy God. Isaac Warts,

PSALM LXXXIV.

LORD of the worlds above, How pleasant and how fair The dwellings of Thy love,, Thy earthly temples, are! To Thine abode My heart aspires With warm desires To see my God.

O happy souls that pray Where God appoints to bear! O happy men that pay Their constant service there! They praise Thee still; And happy they That love the way To Sion's hill.

They go from strength to strength Through this dark vale of tears, Till each arrives at length, Till each in Heaven appears : O glorious seat, When God our King Shall thither bring Our willing feet !

ISAAC WATTS,

THE GOD OF ABRAHAM PRAISE.

THE God of Abraham praise, Who reigns enthroned above, Ancient of everlasting days, And God of Love ! Jehovah ! Great I Am ! By earth and heaven confest ; I bow and bless the sacred Name, For ever blest !

The God of Abraham praise ! At whose supreme command From earth I rise, and seek the joys At His right hand : I all on earth forsake, Its wisdom, fame, and power, And Him my only portion make, My Shield and Tower.

The God of Abraham praise ! Whose all-sufficient grace Shall guide me all my happy days In all my ways : He calls a worm His friend !

He calls Himself my God ! And He shall save me to the end Through Jesus' Blood.

Ile by Himself hath sworn, I on His oath depend; I shall, on eagle's wings upborne, To heaven ascend; I shall behold His face, I shall His power adore, And sing the wonders of His grace For evermore!

Though Nature's strength decay, And earth and hell withstand, To Canaan's bounds I urge my way At His command : The watery deep I pass With Jesus in my view, And through the howling wilderness My way pursue.

The goodly land I see, With peace and plenty blest, A land of sacred liberty, And endless rest : There milk and honey flow, And oil and wine abound, And trees of life for ever grow, With Mercy crown'd.

There dwells the Lord our King, The Lord our Righteousness, Triumphant o'er the world and sin, The Prince of Peace! On Sion's sacred height His kingdom still maintains, And, glorious with His saints in light, For ever reigns!

He keeps His own secure ; He guards them by His side ; Arrays in garments white and pure His spotless Bride ; With streams of sacred bliss, With groves of living joys, With all the fruits of Paradise, He still supplies.

Before the great Three-One They all exulting stand, And tell the wonders He hath done Through all their land; The listening spheres attend And swell the growing fame, And sing, in songs which never end, The wondrous Name! The God who reigns on high, The great Archangels sing, And, "Holy, holy, holy," ery, "Almighty King ! Who Was, and Is, the same, And evermore shall be ! Jehovah ! Father ! Great I Am ! We worship Thee !" Before the Saviour's face The ransom'd nations bow,

O'erwhelm'd at His Almighty grace, For ever new ; He shows His prints of love ; They kindle to a flame, And sound, through all the worlds above,

And sound, through all the worlds above, The slaughter'd Lamb !

The whole triumphant host Give thanks to God on high ; "Hail! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!" They ever cry : Hail! Abraham's God, and mine! I join the heavenly lays ;

All might and majesty are Thine, And endless praise ! THOMAS OLIVERS.

O THOU, FROM WHOM ALL GOOD-NESS FLOWS.

O THOU, from whom all goodness flows, I lift my heart to Thee;

In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes, Dear Lord, remember me!

When groaning on my burden'd heart My sins lie heavily,

My pardon speak, new peace impart, In love remember me!

Temptations sore obstruct my way; And ills I cannot flee :

Oh, give me strength, Lord, as my day; For good remember me!

Distrest with pain, disease, and grief, This feeble body see!

Grant patience, rest, and kind relief; Hear, and remember me!

If on my face, for Thy dear Name, Shame and reproaches be;

All hail reproach, aud welcome shame, If Thou remember me!

The hour is near; consign'd to death I own the just decree: "Saviour!" with my last parting breath, I'll cry, "Remember me!"

THOMAS HAWEIS.

COME, THOU FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING.

COME, Thou Fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; Streams of merey, never eeasing, Call for songs of loudest praise. Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above; Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it— Mount of Thy redeeming love!

Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer! Hither by Thy help I'm come; And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,

Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger, Wandering from the fold of God;

He, to rescue me from danger, Interposed His precious blood.

Oh, to grace how great a debtor Daily I'm constrain'd to be ! Let Thy goodness, like a fetter, Bind my wandering heart to Thee; Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love; Here's my heart, oh take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts above. RODER ROMINSON.

THE OMNIPOTENT DECREE.

STAND the omnipotent decree l Jehovah's will be done ! Nature's end we wait to see, And hear her final groan. Let this earth dissolve, and blend In death the wicked and the just; Let those ponderous orbs descend, And grind us into dust :---

Rests secure the righteous man; At his Redeemer's beek, Sure to emerge and rise again, And mount above the wreck; Lo! the heavenly spirit towers, Like flames o'er Nature's fuueral pyre, Triumphs in immortal powers, And claps his wings of fire ! Nothing hath the just to lose,

By worlds on worlds destroy'd; Far beneath his feet he views, With smiles, the flaming void; Sees this universe renew'd, The grand millennial reign begun; Shouts, with all the sons of God, Around the eternal throne.

Resting in this glorious hope To be at last restored, Yield we now our bodies up To carthquake, plague, or sword. Listening for the eall divine, The latest trumpet of the seven; Soon our souls and dust shall join, And both fly up to heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY.

COMPLAINING.

Do not beguile my heart, Because Thou art My power and wisdom. Put me not to shame, Because I am

Thy elay that weeps, Thy dust that calls.

Thou art the Lord of glory— The deed and story Are both Thy due; but I, a silly fly, That live or die According as the weather falls.

Art Thou all justice, Lord? Shows not Thy word More attributes? Am I all throat or eye, To weep or cry? Have I no parts but those of grief?

Let not Thy wrathful power Afflict my hour, My ineh of life; or let Thy gracious power Contract my hour, That I may elimb and find relief. GKORGE HERBERT.

ON A PRAYER-BOOK SENT TO MRS. M. R. Lo! here a little volume, but great book, (Fear it not, sweet, It is no hypocrite!) Much larger in itself than in its look! It is-in one rich handful-heaven and flies .11 Heaven's royal bosts encamp'd-thus small To prove, that true schools use to tell, A thousand angels in one point can dwell. It is love's great artillery, Which here contracts itself, and comes to lie Close couch'd in your white bosom, and from thence, As from a snowy fortress of defence, Against the ghostly foe to take your part, And fortify the hold of your chaste heart. It is the armory of light-Let constant use but keep it bright, You'll find it yields To holv hands and humble hearts More swords and shields Than sin hath snares, or hell hath darts. Only be sure The hands be pure That hold these weapons, and the eyes Those of turtles-chaste and true, Wakeful and wise. Here is a friend shall fight for you; Hold but this book before your heart, Let prayer alone to play his part. But oh ! the heart That studies this high art Must be a sure housekeeper, And yet no sleeper. Dear soul, be strong, Mercy will come ere long, And bring her bosom full of blessings-Flowers of never-fading graces, To make immortal dressings For worthy souls, whose wise embraces Store up themselves for 11im who is alone The Spouse of virgins and the Virgin's Son.

But if the noble Bridegroom, when He comes, Shall find the wandering heart from home. Leaving her chaste abode To gad abroad-Amongst the gay mates of the god of To take her pleasures, and to play, And keep the devil's holiday-To dance in the sunshine of some smiling, But beguiling Spear of sweet and sugar'd lies-Some slippery pair Of false, perhaps as fair, Flattering bnt forswearing eyes-Doubtless some other heart Will get the start. And, stepping in before, Will take possession of the sacred store Of hidden sweets and holy joys-Words which are not heard with ears (These tumultuous shops of noise), Effectual whispers, whose still voice The soul itself more feels than hears-Amorous languishments, luminous trances, Sights which are not seen with eyes-Spiritual and soul-piercing glances, Whose pure and subtle lightning flies Home to the heart, and sets the house on fire And melts it down in sweet desire ; Yet doth not stay To ask the windows leave to pass that way— Delicious deaths, soft exhalations Of soul, dear and divine annihilations-A thousand unknown rites Of joys, and rarefied delights-An hundred thousand loves and graces, And many a mystic thing Which the divine embraces Of the dear Spouse of spirits with them will bring, For which it is no shame That dull mortality must not know a name. Of all this hidden store Of blessings, and ten thousand more, If, when He come,

He find the heart from home,

Doubtless He will unload Himself some otherwhere. And pour abroad His precious sweets On the fair soul whom first He meets. Oh fair ! oh fortunate ! oh rich ! oh dear ! Oh, happy and thrice happy she-Dear silver-breasted dove. Whoe'er she be. Whose early love With winged vows Makes haste to meet her morning Spouse, And elose with His immortal kisses-Happy soul! who never misses To improve that precious hour, And every day Scize her sweet prey, All fresh and fragrant as He rises, Dropping with a balmy shower, A delicious dew of spices! Oh! let that happy soul hold fast Her heavenly armful; she shall taste At once ten thousand paradises: She shall have power To rifle and deflower The rich and roseal spring of those rare sweets Which, with a swelling bosom, there she meets; Boundless and infinite, bottomless treasures Of pure inebriating pleasures; Happy soul! she shall discover What joy, what bliss, How many heavens at once, it is, To have a God become her lover. RICHARD CRASHAW.

TO KEEP A TRUE LENT.

Is this a fast—to keep The larder lean, And clean From fat of yeals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish Of flesh, yet still To fill The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour— Or ragged to go— Or show A downcast look, and sour? No! 'tis a fast to dole Thy sheaf of wheat, And meat, Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife, From old debate And hate— To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent; To starve thy sin, Not bin; And that's to keep thy Lent. ROPERT HEBRICK.

O GOD OF BETHEL, BY WHOSE HAND.

O God of Bethel, by whose hand Thy people still are fed, Who through this weary pilgrimage Hast all our fathers led;

Our vows, our prayers, we now present Before Thy throne of grace; God of our fathers! be the God Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life Our wandering footsteps guide; Give us each day our daily bread, And raiment fit provide.

Oh spread Thy covering wings around Till all our wanderings cease, And at onr Father's loved abode Our souls arrive in peace!

Such blessings from Thy gracious hand Our humble prayers implore; And Thou shalt be our chosen God, And portion evermore. Variation by JOHN LOCAN. (From PHILIP DODDRIDGE)

NEARER HOME.

ONE sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm nearer my home to-day Than I ever have been before;

Nearer my Father's house, Where the many mansions be; Nearer the great white throne; Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life, Where we lay our burdens down; Nearer leaving the cross; Nearer gaining the crown.

But lying darkly between, Winding down through the night, Is the silent, unknown stream That leads at last to the light.

Closer and closer my steps Come to the dread abysm: Closer Death to my lips Presses the awful chrism.

Oh, if my mortal feet Have almost gain'd the brink; If it be I am nearer home Even to-day than I think;

Father, perfect my trust; Let my spirit feel in death That her feet are firmly set On the rock of a living faith ! PHOEBE CARY.

YE GOLDEN LAMPS OF HEAVEN, FAREWELL.

YE golden lamps of heaven, farewell, With all your feeble light: Farewell, thou ever-changing moon, Pale empress of the night.

And thou, refulgent orb of day, In brighter flames array'd; My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere, No more demands thine aid.

Ye stars are but the shining dust Of my divine abode, The pavement of those heavenly courts Where I shall reign with God. The Father of eternal light Shall there His beams display, Nor shall one moment's darkness mix With that unvaried day.

No more the drops of piercing grief Shall swell into mine eyes; Nor the meridian sun decline Amid those brighter skies.

There all the millions of His saints Shall in one song unite, And each the bliss of all shall view With infinite delight.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

Songs of Praise the Angels Sang.

Songs of praise the angels sang, Heaven with hallelujahs rang, When Jehovah's work hegun, When He spake and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn, When the Prince of Peace was born; Songs of praise awoke when He Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away, Songs of praise shall crown that day; God will make new heavens, new earth, Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And can man alone be dumb, Till that glorious kingdom come? No: the Church delights to raise Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice, Still in songs of praise rejoice, Learning here, by faith and love, Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon their latest breath, Songs of praise shall conquer death; Then, amidst eternal joy, Songs of praise their powers employ. JAMES MONTGOMERY.

ON ANOTHER'S SORROW.	And with woman's devotion she laid her
CAN I see another's woe,	fond heart
And not be in sorrow too?	At the shrine of idolatrons love,
Can I see another's grief,	And she anchor'd her hopes to this perish-
And not seek for kind relief?	ing earth,
And not seek for kind relief?	By the chain which her tenderness
Can I see a falling tear,	wove.
And not feel my sorrow's share?	But I saw, when those heartstrings were
Can a father see his child	bleeding and torn,
Weep, nor he with sorrow fill'd?	And the chain had been sever'd in two,
weep, not he with sorrow inf a.	She had changed her white robes for the
Can a mother sit and hear	sables of grief,
An infant groan, an infant fear?	And her bloom for the paleness of
No! no! never can it be-	woe!
Never, never can it be!	But the Healer was there, pouring balm
	on her heart,
And can He who smiles on all,	And wiping the tears from her eyes,
Hear the wren with sorrows small,	
Hear the small bird's grief and care,	And He strengthen'd the chain He had
Hear the woes that infants bear,—	broken in twain,
And second that so	And fasten'd it firm to the skies !
And not sit beside the nest,	There had whisper'd a voice-'twas the
Pouring pity in their breast?	voice of her God :
And not sit the cradle near,	"I love thee—I love thee—pass under the
Weeping tear on infant's tear?	rod !"
And not sit both night and day,	
Wiping all our tears away?	I saw the young mother in tenderness
Oh, no! never can it be-	bend
Never, never can it be!	O'er the couch of her slumbering boy,
	And she kiss'd the soft lips as they mur-
He doth give His joy to all;	mur'd her name,
He becomes an infant small,	While the dreamer lay smiling in joy.
He becomes a man of woe,	Oh, sweet as a rosebud encircled with
He doth feel the sorrow too.	dew,
Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,	When its fragrance is flung on the air,
And thy Maker is not nigh ;	So fresh and so bright to that mother he
Think not thou canst weep a tear,	seem'd,
And thy Maker is not near.	As he lay in his innocence there.
	But I saw when she gazed on the same
Oh! He gives to us His joy,	lovely form,
That our griefs He may destroy.	Pale as marble, and silent, and cold,
Till our grief is fled and gone	But paler and colder her beautiful boy,
He doth sit by us and moan.	And the tale of her sorrow was told!
WILLIAM BLAKE.	But the Hcaler was there who had stricken
	her heart,
PASSING UNDER THE ROD.	And taken her treasure away ;
I saw the young bride in her beauty and	To allure her to heaven, He has placed it
pride,	on high,
Bedeck'd in her snowy array ;	And the mourner will sweetly obey.
Dedeck of the net showy array;	There had whisper'd a voice-'twas the

And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek,

And the future look'd blooming and gay:

- voice of her God :
- "I love thee-I love thee-pass under the rod !"

I saw the fond brother, with glances of | But the Healer was there, and His arms love. Gazing down on a gentle young girl, And she hung on his arm, and breathed . soft in his ear, As he play'd with each graceful curl. Oh, he loved the sweet tones of her silvery voice. Let her use it in sadness or glee; And he twined his arms round her delicate form. As she sat in the eve on his knee. But I saw when he gazed on her deathstricken face. And she breathed not a word in his ear. And he claspèd his arms round an icycold form. And he moisten'd her cheek with a tear. But the Healer was there, and He said to him thus. "Grieve not for thy sister's short life," And He gave to his arms still another fair girl. And he made her his own cherish'd wife ! There had whisper'd a voice-'twas the voice of his God : "I love thee-I love thee-pass under the rod !" I saw, too, a father and mother who lean'd On the arms of a dear gifted son, And the star in the future grew bright to their gaze, As they saw the proud place he had won: And the fast-coming evening of life promised fair. And its pathway grew smooth to their feet. And the starlight of love glimmer'd bright at the end, And the whispers of fancy were sweet. And I saw them again, bending low o'er the grave. Where their hearts' dearest hope had been laid. And the star had gone down in the darkness of night, And the joy from their bosoms had fled.

were around.

And He led them with tenderest care :

And He show'd them a star in the bright upper world ;

'Twas their star shining brilliantly there ! They had each heard a voice-'twas the

voice of their God :

"I love thee-I love thee-pass under the rod !"

MARY S. B. DANA.

THE CHANGED CROSS.

IT was a time of sadness, and my heart,

Although it knew and loved the better part.

Felt wearied with the conflict and the strife.

And all the needful discipline of life.

And while I thought on these as given to me.

My trial-tests of faith and love to be,

It seem'd as if I never could be sure

That faithful to the end I should endure.

And thus, no longer trusting to His might Who says, "We walk by faith and not by sight,"

Doubting, and almost yielding to despair, The thought arose, "My cross I cannot bear.

"Far heavier its weight must surely be Than those of others which I daily see; Oh! if I might another burden choose, Methinks I should not fear my crown to

lose." Acsolemn silence reign'd on all around,

E'en Nature's voices utter'd not a sound ; The evening shadows seem'd of peace to tell.

And sleep upon my weary spirit fell.

A moment's panse,-and then a heavenly light

- Beam'd full upon my wondering, raptured sight;
- Angels on silvery wings seem'd everywhere.

And angels' music thrill'd the balmy air.

Then One, more fair than all the rest to see,	At length to Him I raised my sadden'd heart;
One to whom all the others bow'd the knee,	He knew its sorrows, bade its doubts de- part;
Came gently to me, as I trembling lay, And, "Follow me," He said; "I am the	"Be not afraid," He said, "but trust in Me;
Way."	My perfect love shall now be shown to thee."
Then, speaking thus, He led me far above,	And then, with lighten'd eyes and willing
And there, beneath a canopy of love, Crosses of divers shape and size were seen,	feet,
Larger and smaller than my own had been.	Again I turn'd, my earthly cross to meet; With forward footsteps, turning not aside,
And one there was most beauteous to be- hold.—	For fear some hidden evil might betide;
A little one, with jewels set in gold.	And there,—in the prepared, appointed way,
Ah! this, methought, I can with comfort wear,	Listening to hear, and ready to obey,—
For it will be an easy one to bear.	A cross I quickly found of plainest form, With only words of love inscribed thereon.
And so the little cross I quickly took,	With thankfulness I raised it from the
But all at once my frame beneath it shook; The sparkling jewels, fair were they to see,	rest,
But far too heavy was their weight for me.	And joyfully acknowledged it the best,— The only one, of all the many there,
"This may not be," I cried, and look'd	That I could feel was good for me to bear.
again, To see if there was any here could ease my	And while I thus my chosen one confess'd, I saw a heavenly brightness on it rest;
pain;	And as I bent, my burden to sustain,
But, one by one, I pass'd them slowly by, Till on a lovely one I east my eve.	I recognized my own old cross again.
Fair flowers around its sculptured form	But, oh ! how different did it seem to be,
entwined,	Now I had learn'd its preciousness to see! No longer could I unbelieving say,
And grace and beauty seem'd in it com- bined.	"Perhaps another is a better way."
Wondering I gazed,—and still I wonder'd more,	Ah, no! henceforth my one desire shall be,
To think so many should have pass'd it o'er.	That He, who knows me best should choose for me :
But oh that form so beautiful to see Soon made its hidden sorrows known to	And so, whate'er His love sees good to send,
me;	I'll trust it's best,-because He knows the
Thorns lay beneath those flowers and colors fair;	end. Author Unknown.
Sorrowing I said, "This cross I may not	
bear."	WEARY.
And so it was with each and all around,	I would have gone; God bade me stay:
Not one to suit my <i>need</i> could there be found;	I would have work'd; God bade me rest.
Weeping I laid each heavy burden down,	He broke my will from day to day;
As my Guide gently said, "No cross,-no crown,"	He read my yearnings unexpress'd, And said them nay.
crown,	And said them hay.

Now I would stay; God bids me go: Now I would rest; God bids me work. He breaks my heart toss'd to and fro; My soul is wrung with doubts that lurk And vez it so!

I go, Lord, where Thou sendest me ; Day after day I plod and moil ; But, Christ my God, when will it be That I may let alone my toil, And rest with Thee ? CHRISTINA GEOROMA ROSSETTI.

THE VALEDICTION.

VAIN world, what is in thee? What do poor mortals see Which should esteemèd be Worthy their pleasure? Is it the mother's womb, Or sorrows which soon come, Or a dark grave and tomb; Which is their treasure? How dost thou man deceive By thy vain glory? Why do they still believe Thy false history ?

Is it children's book and rod, The laborer's heavy load, Poverty undertrod, The world desireth? Is it distracting cares, Or heart-tormenting fears, Or pining grief and tears, Which man requireth? Or is it youthful rage, Or childish toying? Or is decrepit age Worth man's enjoying? Is it deceitful wealth, Got by care, fraud, or stealth, Or short, uncertain health, Which thus befool men? Or do the serpent's lies, By the world's flatteries And tempting vanities, Still overrule them?

Or do they in a dream Sleep out their senson? Or borne down by lust's stream, Which conquers reason? The silly lambs to-day Pleasantly skip and play, Whom butchers mean to slay, Perhaps to-morrow; In a more brutish sort Do careless sinners sport, Or in dead sleep still snort, As near to sorrow; Till life, not well begun, Be sadly ended, And the web they have spun Can ne'er be mended.

What is the time that's gone, And what is that to come? Is it not now as none? The present stays not. Time posteth, oh how fast! Unwelcome death makes haste; None can call back what's past— Judgment delays not; Though God bring in the light, Sinners awake not— Because hell's out of sight, They sin forsake not.

Man walks in a vain show; They know, yet will not know; Sit still when they should go— But run for shadows, While they might taste and know The living streams that flow, And crop the flowers that grow, In Christ's sweet meadows. Life's better slept away Than as they use it; In sin and drunken play Vain men abuse it.

Malignant world, adieu ! Where no foul vice is new— Only to Satan true, God still offended; Though taugbt and warn'd by God, And His chastising rod, Keeps still the way that's broad, Never amended. Baptismal vows some make, But ne'er perform them; If angels from heaven spake,

'Twould not reform them.

They dig for hell beneath, They labor hard for death, Run themselves out of breath To overtake it. Hell is not had for naught, Damnation's dearly bought, And with great labor sought— They'll not forsake it. Their souls are Satan's fee— He'll not abate it. Graee is refused that's free— Mad sinners hate it.

Vile man is so perverse, It's too rough work for verse His badness to rehearse, And show his folly; He'll die at any rates— He God and conscience hates, Yet sin he conscerates, And calls it holy. The grace he'll not endure Which would renew him— Constant to all, and snre, Which will undo him.

His head comes first at birth, And takes root in the earth---As nature shooteth forth, His feet grow highest, To kick at all above, And spurn at saving love; His God is in his grove, Because it's nighest; He loves this world of strife, Hates that would mend it; Loves death that's called life, Fears what would end it.

All that is good he'd crush, Blindly on sin doth rush— A pricking thorny bush, Such Christ was crown'd with; Their worship's like to this— The reed, the Judas kiss: Such the religion is That these abound with; They mock Christ with the knee Whene'er they bow it— As if God did not see The heart, and know it.

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Of good they choose the least, Despise that which is best— The joyful, heavenly feast

Which Christ would give them; Heaven hath scarce one cold wish; They live unto the flesh; Like swine they feed on wash— Satan doth drive them. Like weeds, they grow in mire Which vices nourish—

Where, warm'd by Satan's fire, All sins do flourish.

Is this the world men choose, For which they heaven refuse, And Christ and grace abuse, And not receive it ? Shall I not guilty be Of this in some degree, If hence God would me free, And I'd not leave it? My soul, from Sodom fly, Lest wrath there find thee; Thy refuge-rest is nigh— Look not behind thee !

There's none of this ado, None of the hellish crew; God's promise is most true— Boldly believe it. My friends are gone before, And I am near the shore; My soul stands at the door— O Lord, receive it ! It trusts Christ and His merits— The dead He raises; Join it with blessed spirits Who sing Thy praises. Richard BAXTER.

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

I WOULD not live alway—live alway below!

Oh no, I'll not linger, when bidden to go.

The days of our pilgrimage granted us here

Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

Would I shrink from the path which the prophets of God,

Apostles, and Martyrs so joyfully trod?

While brethren and friends are all hasten-Who, who would live alway, away from ing home. his God. Like a spirit unblest, o'er the earth would Away from yon Heaven, that blissful I roam? abode. Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the I would not live alway: I ask not to bright plains, stav And the noontide of glory eternally Where storm after storm rises dark o'er reigns: the way : Where the saints of all ages in harmony Where, seeking for rest, I but hover meet. around Their Saviour and brethren transported to Like the patriarch's bird, and no resting greet, is found: While the anthems of rapture unceasingly Where Hope, when she paints her gay bow roll in the air. And the smile of the Lord is the feast of Leaves her brilliance to fade in the night the soul? of despair, And Joy's fleeting angel ne'er sheds a glad That heavenly music! what is it I hear? ray, The notes of the harpers ring sweet on my Save the gleam of the plumage that bears ear ! him away. And see soft unfolding those portals of gold. I would not live alway, thus fetter'd by The King all array'd in His beauty behold! sin. Oh give me, oh give me the wings of a Temptation without, and corruption withdove ! in; Let me hasten my flight to those mansions In a moment of strength, if I sever the above : chain, Ay ! 'tis now that my soul on swift pinions Scarce the victory is mine ere I'm eaptive would soar. again. And in ecstasy bid earth adieu evermore, E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUHLENBERG. with fears. _____ And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears. STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF A The festival trump ealls for jubilant FRIEND songs, THOU art gone to the grave: but we will But my spirit her own miserere prolongs. not deplore thee, I would not live alway: no, welcome the Though sorrows and darkness encompass tomb ; the tomb: Immortality's lamp burns there bright 'mid Thy Saviour has pass'd through its portal the gloom. before thee, There, too, is the pillow where Christ And the lamp of His love is thy guide bow'd his head; through the gloom ! Oh, soft be my slumbers on that holy bed 1 Thou art gone to the grave: we no longer And then the glad morn soon to follow behold thee. Nor tread the rough paths of the world that night, When the sunrise of glory shall burst on by thy side; But the wide arms of Mercy are spread to my sight, And the full matin-song as the sleepers arise enfold thee, And sinners may die, for the Sinless has To shout in the morning, shall peal through died ! the skies.

- sion forsaking,
 - Perhaps thy weak spirit in fear linger'd long:
- But the mild rays of Paradise beam'd on thy waking,

And the sound which thou heard'st was the Seraphim's song!

- Thou art gone to the grave : but we will not deplore thee;
 - Whose God was thy ransom, thy Guardian, and Guide!
- He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee;
 - And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died!

REGINALD HEBER.

BURIAL HYMN.

BROTHER, thou art gone before us; and thy saintly soul is flown

- Where tears are wiped from every eye, and sorrow is unknown ;
- From the burden of the flesh, and from care and fear released,
- Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.
- The toilsome way thou'st travelled o'er, and borne the heavy load;
- But Christ hath taught thy languid feet to reach His blest abode:
- Thou'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus upon his Father's breast.
- Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.
- Sin can never taint thee now, nor doubt thy faith assail,
- Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit fail :
- And there thou'rt sure to meet the good, whom on earth thou lovedst best.

Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

- Earth to earth, and dust to dust, the solemn priest hath said;
- So we lay the turf above thee now, and we seal thy narrow bed;

- Thou art gone to the grave : and, its man- | But thy spirit, brother, soars away among the faithful blest.
 - Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.
 - And when the Lord shall summon us, whom thou hast left behind,
 - May we, untainted by the world, as sure a welcome find !
 - May each, like thee, depart in peace, to be a glorious guest.
 - Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the wearv are at rest!

HENRY HART MILMAN.

A LITTLE WHILE.

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping I shall be soon; Beyond the waking and the sleeping, Beyond the sowing and the reaping, I shall be soon. Love, rest, and home ! Sweet hope! Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading I shall be soon ; Beyond the shining and the shading, Beyond the hoping and the dreading, I shall be soon. Love, rest, and home I Sweet hope! Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the rising and the setting I shall be soon; Beyond the calming and the fretting, Beyond remembering and forgetting, I shall be soon. Love, rest, and home! Sweet hope I Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the gathering and the strowing I shall be soon ; Beyond the ebbing and the flowing, Beyond the coming and the going, I shall be soon. Love, rest, and home! Sweet hope! Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the parting and the meeting I shall be soon; Beyond the farewell and the greeting, Beyond this pulse's fever beating, I shall be soon. Love, rest, and home! Sweet hope!

Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever I shall be soon; Beyond the rock-waste and the river, Beyond the ever and the never, I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home ! Sweet hope ! Lord, tarry not, but come. HORATUS BONAR.

ADDRESS TO THE SOUL.

DEATHLESS principle, arise ! Soar, thou native of the skies ; Pearl of price, by Jesus bought, To His glorious likeness wrought !

Go, to shine before His throne; Deck His mediatorial erown; Go, His triumphs to adorn; Made for God, to God return!

Lo, He beckons from on high! Fearless to His presence fly! Thine the merit of His Blood; Thine the Rightcousness of God.

Angels, joyful to attend, Hovering round thy pillow, bend; Wait to catch the signal given, And escort thee quick to Heaven.

Is thy earthly house distrest, Willing to retain her guest? 'Tis not thou, but she, must die; Fly, eelestial tenant, fly!

Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay, Sweetly breathe thyself away; Singing, to thy crown remove Swift of wing, and fired with love.

Shudder not to pass the stream; Venture all thy care on Him; Him, whose dying love and power Still'd its tossing, hush'd its roar.

Safe is the expanded wave, Gentle as a summer's eve; Not one object of His eare Ever suffer'd shipwreck there.

See the haven full in view; Love Divine shall bear thee through, Trust to that propitious gale; Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail.

Saints, in glory perfect made, Wait thy passage through the shade : Ardent for thy coming o'er, See, they throng the blissful shore !

Mount, their transports to improve; Join the longing choir above; Swiftly to their wish be given; Kindle higher joy in Heaven!

Such the prospects that arise To the dying Christian's eyes; Such the glorious vista faith Opens through the shades of death. Accustus Mostague Toplady.

The Dying Christian to his Soul.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame, Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame ! Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying, Oh, the pain, the bliss, of dying ! Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife, And let me languish into life !

Hark ! they whisper ; angels say, Sister Spirit, come away. What is this absorbs me quite— Steals my senses, shuts my sight, Drowns my spirit, draws my breath ? Tell me, my soul ! can this be death ?

The world recedes—it disappears ! Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears With sounds seraphic ring. Lend, lend your wings ! I mount, I fly ! O Grave ! where is thy victory ? O Death ! where is thy sting ?

ALEXANDER POPE.

THEY ARE ALL GONE.

THEY are all gone into the world of light, And I alone sit lingering here!

Their very memory is fair and bright, And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my eloudy breast, Like stars upon some gloomy grove,

Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest

After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory, Whose light doth trample on my days;

My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,

Mere glimmering and decays.

These are your walks, and you have show'd them me

To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteons death,---the jewel of the just,---

Shining nowhere but in the dark ! What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,

Could man ontlook that mark !

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know,

At first sight, if the bird be flown;

But what fair dell or grove he sings in now, That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams Call to the soul when man doth sleep,

So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,

And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb, Her captive flames must needs burn there ;

But when the hand that lockt her up gives room,

She'll shine through all the sphere.

- O Father of eternal life, and all Created glories under Thee !
- Resume Thy Spirit from this world of thrall Into true liberty !
- Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill

My perspective still as they pass;

Or else remove me hence unto that hill Where I shall need no glass. HENRY VAUGHAN.

FOR EVER WITH THE LORD.

For ever with the Lord! Amen! so let it be! Life from the dead is in that word, 'Tis immortality!

Here in the body pent, Absent from Him I roam, Yet nightly pitch my moving tent A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high, Home of my soul! how near, At times, to faith's far-seeing eye Thy golden gates appear!

Ah! then my spirit faints To reach the land I love, The bright inheritance of saints, Jerusalem above!

Yet clouds will intervene, And all my prospect flies;

Like Noah's dove, I flit between Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon the clouds depart, The winds and waters cease; While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart Expands the bow of peace!

Beneath its glowing arch, Along the hallow'd ground, I see cherubic armies march, A camp of fire around.

I hear at morn and even, At noon and midnight hour, The choral harmonies of heaven Earth's Babel tongues o'erpower.

Then, then I feel, that He, Remember'd or forgot, The Lord is never far from me, Though I perceive Him not. JAMES MONTGOMERY.

WHAT ARE THESE IN BRIGHT ARRAY.

WHAT are these in bright array, This innumerable throng, Round the altar, night and day, Hymning one triumphant song? "Worthy is the Lamb, once slain, Blessing, honor, glory, power, Wisdom, riches, to obtain, New dominion every hour."

These through fiery trials trod; These from great affliction came; Now, before the Throne of God, Seal'd with His Almighty Name, Clad in raiment pure and white, Victor-palms in every hand, Through their dear Redcemer's might, More than conquerors they stand.

Hunger, thirst, discase unknown, On immortal fruits they feed; Them the Lamb amidst the Throne Shall to living fonntains lead: Joy and gladness banish sighs; Perfect love dispels all fear; And for ever from their eyes God shall wipe away the tear. JAMES MONTEOWERY.

THE BETTER LAND.

- " I HEAR thee speak of the better land; Thou call'st its children a happy band; Mother! oh where is that radiant shore— Shall we not seek it and weep no more?
 - Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
 - And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle boughs?"

"Not there, not there, my child!"

" Is it where the feathery palmtrees rise,

- And the date grows ripe under sunny skies,
- Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas

Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,

And strange, bright birds on their starry wings

Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?" "Not there, not there, my child!"

" Is it far away in some region old

- Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold,---
- Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
- And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
- And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand,—
- Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"

"Not there, not there, my child!

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy! Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy,

Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,— Sorrow and death may not enter there; Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,

For, beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,

It is there, it is there, my child !" FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

PSALM LXXXVII.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken, Zion, city of our God ;

He, whose word cannot be broken, Form'd thee for His own abode:

On the Rock of Ages founded, What can shake thy sure repose? With salvation's walls surrounded,

Thon mayst smile at all thy foes.

See, the streams of living waters, Springing from eternal love, Well supply thy sons and daughters,

And all fear of want remove : Who can faint, while such a river Ever flows their thirst to assuage;

Grace, which, like the Lord the giver, Never fails from age to age?

Round each habitation hovering, See the cloud and fire appear, For a glory and a covering:

Showing that the Lord is near.

Thus deriving from their banner Light by night, and shade by day,

Safe they feed upon the manna, Which He gives them when they pray.

Saviour, if of Zion's city I, through grace, a member am, Let the world deride or pity, I will glory in Thy Name; Fading is the worldling's pleasure, All his boasted pomp and show; Solid joys and lasting treasure None but Zion's children know. Jour Newros.

THERE IS A HAPPY LAND.

THERE is a happy land, Far, far away, Where saints in glory stand, Bright, bright as day. Oh, how they sweetly sing, Worthy is our Saviour King ; Loud let his praises ring— Praise, praise for aye !

Come to this happy land— Come, come away; Why will ye doubting stand, Why still delay? Oh, we shall happy be, When, from sin and sorrow free, Lord, we shall live with Thee— Blest, blest for aye.

Bright in that happy land Beams every eye : Kept by a Father's hand, Love cannot die. On, then, to glory run ; Be a crown and kingdom won ; And, bright above the sun, Reign, reign for aye. ANDREW YOUNG.

THERE IS A LAND OF PURE DELIGHT.

THERE is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign, Infinite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides, And never-withering flowers; Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heavenly land from ours. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand dress'd in living green : So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan roll'd between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink To cross this narrow sea, And linger shivering on the brink, And fear to lannch away.

Oh could we make our doubts remove, These gloomy doubts that rise, And see the Canaan that we love With unbeclouded eyes,—

Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er,--Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold

flood,

Should fright us from the shore. ISAAC WATTS.

THERE IS A DWELLING-PLACE Above.

THERE is a dwelling-place above ; Thither, to meet the God of love, The poor in spirit go; There is a paradise of rest; For contrite hearts and sould distrest Its streams of comfort flow.

There is a goodly heritage, Where earthly passions cease to rage; The meek that haven gain: There is a board, where they who pine, Hungry, athirst, for grace divine, May feast, nor crave again.

There is a voice to mercy true; To them who mercy's path pursue That voice shall bliss impart; There is a sight from man conceal'd; That sight, the face of God reveal'd, Shall bless the pure in heart.

There is a name, in heaven bestow'd; That name, which hails them sons of God, The friends of peace shall know: There is a kingdom in the sky, Where they shall reign with God on high, Who serve Him best below.

Lord! be it mine like them to choose The better part, like them to use

The means Thy love hath given ! Be holiness my aim on earth, That death be welcomed as a birth To life and bliss in Heaven ! RICHARD MANT.

PSALM LXXXIV.

PLEASANT are Thy conrts above, In the land of light and love; Pleasant are Thy courts below, In this land of sin and woe. Oh, my spirit longs and faints For the converse of Thy saints, For the brightness of Thy face, For Thy fulness, God of grace !

Happy birds that sing and fly Round Thy altars, O Most High ! Happier souls that find a rest In a Heavenly Father's breast ! Like the wandering dove, that found No repose on earth around, They can to their ark repair, And enjoy it ever there.

Happy souls! their praises flow Even in this vale of woe; Waters in the desert rise, Manna feeds them from the skies: On they go from strength to strength, Till they reach Thy throne at length, At Thy feet adoring fall, Who has led them safe through all.

Lord! he mine this prize to win ! Guide me through a world of sin ! Keep me by Thy saving grace; Give me at Thy side a place: Sun and Shield alike Thou art; Guide and guard my erring heart! Grace and glory flow from Thee; Shower, oh shower them, Lord, on me ! HEART FARSE LATE.

THE HEART'S HOME.

HARK ! hark ! my soul ! angelic songs are swelling

O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore,

- How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
 - Of that new life, when sin shall be no more !
- Darker than night life's shadows fall around us,
 - And like benighted men we miss our mark :
- God hides Himself, and grace has scarcely found us,
 - Ere death finds out his victims in the dark.
- Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
- "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
- And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,

The music of the Gospel leads us home.

- Far, far away, like bell at evening pealing, The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
- And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
 - Kind Shepherd, thrn their weary steps to Thee.
- Rest comes at last, though life be long and dreary,
 - The day must dawn, and darksome night be past,

All journeys end in welcomes to the weary, And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

THE HEART'S LONGING.

O PARADISE! O Paradise! Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the happy land, Where they that loved are blest? Where loyal hearts and true Stand ever in the light, All rapture through and through, In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise! O Paradise! 'Tis weary waiting here: We long to be where Jesus is, To feel, to see Him near;

Where loyal hearts and true Stand ever in the light, All rapture through and through, In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise ! O Paradise ! We want to sin no more ; We want to be as pure on earth As on thy spotless shore ; Where loyal hearts and true Stand ever in the light, All rapture through and through, In God's most holy sight. FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

ST. AGNES' EVE.

DEEP on the convent-roof the snows Are sparkling to the moon : My breath to heaven like vapor goes: May my soul follow soon ! The shadows of the convent-towers Slant down the snowy sward, Still creeping with the creeping hours That lead me to my Lord : Make Thon my spirit pure and clear As are the frosty skies, Or this first snowdrop of the year That in my bosom lies, As these white robes are soil'd and dark, To yonder shining ground ; As this pale taper's earthly spark, To yonder argent round; So shows my soul before the Lamb, My spirit before Thee; So in mine earthly house I am, To that I hope to be.

Break up the heavens, O Lord ! and far, Thro' all yon starlight keen,

Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star, In raiment white and elean.

He lifts me to the golden doors; The flashes come and go;

All heaven bursts her starry floors, And strews her lights below,

And deepens on and up ! the gates Roll back, and far within

For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits, To make me pure of sin. The sabbaths of Eternity, One sabbath deep and wide— A light upon the shining sea— The Bridegroom with his bride !

PRAISE.

WORSHIP, honor, glory, blessing, Be to Him who reigns above! Young and old Thy Name confessing, Saviour! let us share Thy love!

As the saints in heaven adore Thee, We would bow before Thy throne; As Thine angels bow before Thee, So on earth Thy will be done! EDWARD OSLER.

RISE, MY SOUL, AND STRETCH THY WINGS.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace; Rise from transitory things Toward heaven, thy native place. Sun and moon and stars decay; Time shall soon this earth remove; Rise, my soul, and haste away To seats prepared above. Rivers to the ocean run.

Nor stay in all their course; Fire ascending seeks the sun; Both speed them to their source: So my soul, derived from God, Pants to view His glorious face, Forward tends to His abode, To rest in His embrace.

Fly me riches, fly me cares, Whilst I that coast explore; Flattering world, with all thy snares Solicit me no more ! Pilgrims fix not here their home; Strangers tarry but a night; When the last dear morn is come, They'll rise to joyful light.

Cease, ye pilgrims, eease to mourn; Press onward to the prize; Soon our Saviour will return Triumphant in the skies.

Yet a season, and you know Happy entrance will be given, All our sorrows left below, And earth exchanged for heaven. ROBERT SEAGRAVE.

THE NEW JERUSALEM;

OR, THE SOUL'S BREATHING AFTER THE HEAVENLY COUNTRY.

"Since Christ's fair truth needs no man's art, Take this rude song in better part."

O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem, When shall I come to thee? When shall my sorrows have an end---Thy joys when shall I see?

O happy harbor of God's saints ! O sweet and pleasant soil !

In thee no sorrows can be found— No grief, no care, no toil.

In thee no sickness is at all, No hurt, nor any sore; There is no death nor ugly night,

But life for evermore. No dimming cloud o'ershadows thee,

No cloud nor darksome night, But every soul shines as the sun—

For God himself gives light.

There lust and lucre eannot dwell, There envy bears no sway; There is no hunger, thirst, nor heat, But pleasures every way. Jernsalem ! Jerusalem ! Would God I were in thee ! Oh ! that my sorrows had an end,

Thy joys that I might see !

No pains, no pangs, no grieving grief, No woeful night is there; No sigh, no sob, no cry is heard— No well-away, no fear. Jerusalem the city is Of God our King alone; The Lamb of God, the light thereof, Sits there upon His throne.

O God ! that I Jerusalem With speed may go behold ! For why ? the pleasures there abound Which here cannot be told. Thy turrets and thy pinnacles With carbuncles do shineWith jasper, pearl, and chrysolite, Surpassing pure and fine. Thy houses are of ivory, Thy windows crystal clear, Thy streets are laid with beaten gold-There angels do appear. Thy walls are made of precious stone, Thy bulwarks diamond square, Thy gates are made of orient pearl-O God ! if I were there ! Within thy gates nothing can come That is not passing clean ; No spider's web, no dirt, nor dust, No filth may there be seen. Jehovah, Lord, now come away, And end my griefs and plaints-Take me to Thy Jerusalem, And place me with Thy saints ! Who there are crown'd with glory great, And see God face to face, They triumph still, and aye rejoice-Most happy is their ease. But we that are in banishment Continually do moan ; We sigh, we mourn, we sob, we weep--Perpetually we groan. Our sweetness mixed is with gall, Our pleasures are but pain, Our joys not worth the looking on-Our sorrows aye remain. But there they live in such delight, Such pleasure and such play, That unto them a thousand years Seems but as yesterday. O my sweet home, Jerusalem ! Thy joys when shall I see-The King sitting upon His throne, And thy felicity? Thy vineyards, and thy orchards, So wonderfully rare, Are furnish'd with all kinds of fruit, Most beautifully fair. Thy gardens and thy goodly walks Continually are green; There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers

As nowhere else are seen. There cinnamon and sugar grow, There nard and balm abound;

No tongue can tell, no heart can think, O sacred city, queen, and wife The pleasures there are found. Of Christ eternally ! There nectar and ambrosia spring-There music's ever sweet; There many a fair and dainty thing Is trod down under feet. Quite through the streets, with pleasant sound, The flood of life doth flow ; Upon the banks, on every side, The trees of life do grow. These trees each month yield ripen'd fruit-For evermore they spring; And all the nations of the world To thee their honors bring. Jerusalem, God's dwelling-place, Full sore I long to see; Oh ! that my sorrows had an end, That I might dwell in thee ! There David stands, with harp in hand. As master of the choir; A thousand times that man were blest That might his music hear. There Mary sings "Magnificat," With tunes surpassing sweet; And all the virgins hear their part, Singing about her feet. "Te Deum " doth St. Ambrose sing, St. Austin doth the like : Old Simeon and Zacharie Have not their songs to seek. There Magdalene hath left her moan, And cheerfully doth sing, With all blest saints whose harmony Through every street doth ring. earth Jerusalem ! Jerusalem ! Thy joys fain would I see; Come quickly, Lord, and end my grief, And take me home to Thee; 'scaped Oh ! paint Thy name on my forehead, And take me hence away. That I may dwell with Thee in bliss, And sing Thy praises aye. Jerusalem, the happy home-Jehovah's throne on high !

O comely queen with glory clad, With honor and degree, All fair thou art, exceeding bright-No spot there is in thee ! I long to see Jerusalem, The comfort of us all: For thou art fair and beautiful-None ill can thee befall. In thee, Jerusalem, I say, No darkness dare appear-No night, no shade, no winter foul-No time doth alter there. No candle needs, no moon to shine, No glittering star to light ; For Christ, the King of righteousness, For ever shineth hright. A Lamb unspotted, white and pure To Thee doth stand in lieu Of light-so great the glory is Thine heavenly King to view. He is the King of kings, beset In midst His servants' sight; And they, His happy household all, Do serve Him day and night. There, there the choir of angels sing-There the supernal sort Of citizens, which hence are rid From dangers deep, do sport. There be the prudent prophets all, The apostles six and six, The glorious martyrs in a row, And confessors betwixt. There doth the crew of righteous men And matrons all consist-Young men and maids that here on Their pleasures did resist. The sheep and lambs, that hardly The snare of death and hell, Triumph in joy eternally, Whereof no tongue can tell; And though the glory of each one

Doth differ in degree, Yet is the joy of all alike

And common, as we see

And Christ is all in all, Whom they most perfectly behold In joy celestial. They love, they praise-they praise, they love; They "Holy, holy," ery; They neither toil, nor faint, nor end, But laud continually. Oh! happy thousand times were I, If, after wretched days, I might with listening ears conceive Those heavenly songs of praise, Which to the eternal King are sung By happy wights above, By saved souls and angels sweet, Who love the God of love. Oh! passing happy were my state, Might I be worthy found To wait upon my God and King, His praises there to sound ; And to enjoy my Christ above, His favor and His grace, According to His promise made, Which here I interlace : " O Father dear," quoth he, " let them Which Thou hast put of old To me, be there where lo ! I am-Thy glory to behold ; Which I with Thee before the world Was made in perfect wise, Have had-from whence the fountain great Of glory doth arise." Again : " If any man will serve Thee, let him follow Me; For where I am, he there, right sure, Then shall My servant be." And still : " If any man loves Me, Him loves My Father dear, Whom I do love-to him Myself In glory will appear." Lord, take away my misery, That then I may be bold With Thee, in Thy Jerusalem, Thy glory to behold ; And so in Zion see my King, My love, my Lord, my all-

There love and charity do reign,

Where now as in a glass I see, There face to face I shall.

Oh ! blessed are the pure in heart— Their Sovereign they shall see ;

O ye most happy, heavenly wights, Which of God's household be !

O Lord, with speed dissolve my bands, These gins and fetters strong;

For I have dwelt within the tents Of Kedar over long.

Yet search me, Lord, and find me out! Fetch me Thy fold unto,

That all Thy angels may rejoice, While all Thy will I do.

O mother dear ! Jerusalem ! When shall I come to thee ?

When shall my sorrows have an end, Thy joys when shall I see?

Yet once again I pray Thee, Lord, To quit me from all strife, That to Thy hill I may attain, And dwell there all my life— With cherubims and scraphims And holy souls of men, To sing Thy praise, O God of hosts ! For ever and amen ! AVTHOR UNENOWS.

The Celestial Country.

THE world is very evil ; The times are waxing late: Be sober and keep vigil; The Judge is at the gate: The Judge that comes in mercy, The Judge that comes with might To terminate the evil, To diadem the right. When the just and gentle Monarch Shall summon from the tomb, Let man, the guilty, tremble, For Man, the God, shall doom. Arise, arise, good Christian ! Let right to wrong succeed; Let penitential sorrow To heavenly gladness lead; To the light that hath no evening, That knows nor moon nor sun, The light so new and golden, The light that is but one.

And when the Sole-Begotten Shall render up once more The kingdom to the Father Whose own it was before,-Then glory yet unheard of Shall shed abroad its ray, Resolving all enigmas, An endless Sabbath-day. Then, then from his oppressors The Hebrew shall go free, And eelebrate in triumph The year of Jubilee; And the sunlit land that reeks not Of tempest nor of fight. Shall fold within its bosom Each happy Israelite: The home of fadeless splendor, Of flowers that fear no thorn, Where they shall dwell as children, Who here as exiles mourn. Midst power that knows no limit, And wisdom free from bound, The Beatifie vision Shall glad the saints around : The peace of all the faithful, The ealm of all the blest. Inviolate, unvaried, Divinest, sweetest, best. Yes, peace! for war is needless,-Yes, calm ! for storm is past,-And goal from finish'd labor, And anchorage at last. That peace-but who may elaim it? The guileless in their way, Who keep the ranks of battle. Who mean the thing they say: The peace that is for heaven, And shall be for the earth : The palace that re-echoes With festal song and mirth; The garden, breathing spices, The paradise on high ; Grace beautified to glory, Unceasing minstrelsy. There nothing can be feeble, There none can ever mourn, There nothing is divided, There nothing ean be torn : 'Tis fury, ill, and seandal, 'Tis peaceless peace below ; Peace, endless, strifeless, ageless, The halls of Sion know :

O happy, holy portion, Refection for the blest : True vision of true beauty, Sweet cure of all distrest! Strive, man, to win that glory ; Toil, man, to gain that light: Send hope before to grasp it, Till hope be lost in sight: Till Jesus gives the portion Those blessed souls to fill, The insatiate, yet satisfied, The full, yet craving still. That folness and that eraving Alike are free from pain, Where thou, midst heavenly citizens, A home like theirs shalt gain. Here is the warlike trumpet; There, life set free from sin; When to the last Great Supper The faithful shall come in: When the heavenly net is laden With fishes many and great; So glorious in its fulness, Yet so inviolate: And the perfect from the shatter'd. And the fall'n from them that stand, And the sheep-flock from the goat-herd Shall part on either hand ! And these shall pass to torment, And those shall triumph, then; The new peculiar nation, Blest number of blest men. Jerusalem demands them : They paid the price on earth, And now shall reap the harvest In blissfulness and mirth: The glorious holy people, Who evermore relied Upon their Chief and Father, The King, the Crueified: The sacred ransom'd number Now bright with endless sheen, Who made the Cross their watchword Of Jesus Nazarene : Who, fed with heavenly neetar, Where soul-like odors play, Draw out the endless leisure Of that long vernal day: And through the sacred lilies, And flowers on every side, The happy dear-bought people Go wandering far and wide.

Their breasts are filled with gladness. Their mouths are tuned to praise, What time, now safe for ever. On former sins they gaze: The fouler was the error, The sadder was the fall, The ampler are the praises Of Him who pardon'd all. Their one and only anthem. The fulness of His love, Who gives instead of torment Eternal jovs above; Instead of torment, glory ; Instead of death, that life Wherewith your happy country, True Israelites, is rife.

Brief life is here our portion, Brief sorrow, short-lived care, The life that knows no ending. The tearless life, is there. O happy retribution ! Short toil, eternal rest, For mortals and for sinners A mansion with the blest! That we should look, poor wand'rers, To have our home on high ! That worms should seek for dwellings Beyond the starry sky! To all one happy guerdon Of one celestial grace; For all, for all, who mourn their fall, Is one eternal place; And martyrdom hath roses Upon that heavenly ground, And white and virgin lilies For virgin-souls abound. There grief is turn'd to pleasure, Such pleasure as below No human voice can utter, No human heart can know; And after fleshly scandal, And after this world's night, And after storm and whirlwind, Is calm, and joy, and light. And now we fight the battle. But then shall wear the crown Of full and everlasting And passionless renown; And now we watch and struggle, And now we live in hope,

And Sion, in her anguish. With Babylon must cope; But He whom now we trust in Shall then be seen and known, And they that know and see Him Shall have Him for their own. The miserable pleasures Of the body shall decay: The bland and flattering struggles Of the flesh shall pass away, And none shall there be jealous. And none shall there contend : Fraud, clamor, guile-what say I? All ill, all ill shall end ! And there is David's Fountain. And life in fullest glow, And there the light is golden, And milk and honey flow; The light that hath no evening, The health that hath no sore, The life that hath no ending. But lasteth evermore.

There Jesus shall embrace us, There Jesus be embraced,-That spirit's food and sunshine Whence earthly love is chased. Amidst the happy chorus. A place, however low, Shall show Him us, and showing, Shall satiate evermo. By hope we struggle onward, While here we must be fed By milk, as tender infants, But there by Living Bread. The night was full of terror, The morn is bright with gladness: The Cross becomes our harbor. And we triumph after sadness, And Jesus to His true ones Brings trophies fair to see, And Jesus shall be loved, and Beheld in Galilee: Beheld, when morn shall waken, And shadows shall decay, And each true-hearted servant Shall shine as doth the day : And every ear shall hear it,-Behold thy King's array, Behold thy God in beauty, The Law hath past away!

Yes! God my King and Portion, In fulness of His grace, We then shall see for ever, And worship face to face. Then Jacob into Israel, From earthlier self estranged, And Leah into Rachel, For ever shall be changed : Then all the halls of Sion For aye shall be complete, And, in the Land of Beauty, All things of beauty meet.

For thee, oh dear dear Country ! Mine eyes their vigils keep; For very love, beholding Thy happy name, they weep: The mention of thy glory Is unction to the breast, And medicine in sickness, And love, and life, and rest. O one, O onely Mansion ! O Paradise of Joy! Where tears are ever banish'd, And smiles have no allov: Beside thy living waters All plants are, great and small. The cedar of the forest. The hyssop of the wall: With jaspers glow thy bulwarks; Thy streets with emeralds blaze; The sardius and the topaz Unite in thee their rays: Thine ageless walls ere bonded With amethyst unpriced : Thy Saints build up its fabric, And the corner-stone is Christ. The Cross is all thy splendor, The Grucified thy praise: His laud and benediction Thy ransom'd people raise: Jesus, the Gem of Beauty, True God and Man, they sing ; The never-failing Garden, The ever-golden Ring: The Door, the Pledge, the Husband, The Guardian of his Court: The Day-star of Salvation. The Porter and the Port. Thou hast no shore, fair ocean! Thou hast no time, bright day !

Dear fountain of refreshment To pilgrims far away ! Upon the Rock of Ages They raise thy holy tower: Thine is the victor's laurel, And thine the golden dower: Thou feel'st in mystic rapture, O Bride that know'st no guile, The Prince's sweetest kisses, The Prince's loveliest smile : Unfading lilies, bracelets Of living pearl thine own; The Lamb is ever near thee, The Bridegroom thine alone: The Crown is He to guerdon. The Buckler to protect, And He Himself the Mansion. And He the Architect. The only art thou needest. Thanksgiving for thy lot: The only joy thou seekest, The Life where Death is not: And all thine endless leisure In sweetest accents sings, The ill that was thy merit,-The wealth that is thy King's!

Jerusalem the golden. With milk and honey blest, Beneath thy contemplation Sink heart and voice oppress'd: I know not, oh I know not, What social joys are there; What radiancy of glory, What light beyond compare ! And when I fain would sing them. My spirit fails and faints; And vainly would it image The assembly of the Saints. They stand, those halls of Sion, Conjubilant with song, And bright with many an angel, And all the martyr throng : The Prince is ever in them ; The daylight is serene ; The pastures of the Blessed Are deck'd in glorious sheen, There is the Throne of David .-And there, from care released, The song of them that triumph, The shout of them that feast:

And they who, with their Leader. Have conquer'd in the fight, For ever and for ever Are clad in robes of white ! O holy, placid harp-notes Of that eternal hymn! O sacred, sweet refection, And peace of Scraphim! O thirst for ever ardent, Yet evermore content! O true peculiar vision Of God cunetipotent! Ye know the many mansions For many a glorious name, And divers retributions That divers merits claim : For midst the constellations That deck our earthly sky, This star than that is brighter,-And so it is on high. Jerusalem the glorious ! The glory of the Elect ! O dear and future vision That eager hearts expect : Even now by faith I see thee: Even here thy walls discern : To thee my thoughts are kindled, And strive and pant and yearn : Jerusalem the onely, That look'st from heaven below, In thee is all my glory : In me is all my woe: And though my body may not, My spirit seeks thee fain, Till flesh and earth return me To earth and flesh again. Oh none can tell thy bulwarks, How gloriously they rise : Oh none can tell thy capitals Of beautiful device: Thy loveliness oppresses All human thought and heart: And none, O Peace, O Sion, Can sing thee as thou art. New mansion of new people, Whom God's own love and light Promote, increase, make holy, Identify, unite. Thou City of the Angels! Thou City of the Lord !

Whose everlasting music Is the glorious decachord ! And there the band of Prophets United praise ascribes. And there the twelvefold chorus Of Israel's ransom'd tribes: The lily-beds of virgins, The roses' martyr-glow, The cohort of the Fathers Who kept the faith below. And there the Sole-Begotten Is Lord in regal state; He. Judah's mystic Lion, He. Lamb Immaculate. O fields that know no sorrow ! O state that fears no strife ! O princely bow'rs! O land of flow'rs! O realm and home of life! Jerusalem, exulting On that securest shore, I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee, And love thee evermore ! I ask not for my merit: I seek not to denv My merit is destruction, A child of wrath am I: But yet with Faith I venture And Hope upon my way; For those perennial guerdons I labor night and day. The best and dearest Father Who made me, and who saved, Bore with me in defilement, And from defilement laved ; When in His strength I struggle, For very joy I leap, When in my sin I totter, I weep, or try to weep; And grace, sweet grace celestial, Shall all its love display, And David's royal Fountain Purge every sin away. O mine, my golden Sion !

O hine, my gotten short O lovelier far than gold! With laurel-girt battalions, And safe victorions fold; O sweet and blessed country, Shall I ever see thy face? O sweet and blessed country, Shall I ever win thy grace?

I have the hope within me To comfort and to bless! Shall I ever win the prize itself? Oh, tell me, tell me, Yes!

Exult, O dust and ashes ! The Lord shall be thy part ; His only, His for ever, Thou shalt be, and thou art ! Exult, O dust and ashes ! The Lord shall be thy part ; His only, His for ever, Thou shalt he, and thou art ! BERNARD OF CLUNY. (Translation of JOIN MASON NEALE.)

CHRIST WILL GATHER IN HIS OWN.

CHRIST will gather in His own To the place where He is gone, Where their heart and treasure lie, Where our life is hid on high.

Day by day the voice saith, "Come, Enter this eterual home;" Asking not if we can spare This dear soul its summons there.

Had He ask'd us, well we know We should cry, "Oh spare this blow!" Yes, with streaming tears should pray, "Lord, we love him ; let him stay."

But the Lord doth naught amiss, And, since He hath ordered this, We have naught to do but still Rest in silence on His will.

Many a heart no longer here, Ah ! was all too inly dear : Yet, O Love, 'tis Thou dost call, Thou wilt be our all in all.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

DIES IRÆ.

Dies Iræ, Dies Illa, dies tribulationis et angustiæ, dies calamitatis et miseriæ, dies tenebrarum et caliginis, dies nebuke et turbinis, dies tubæ et clangoris super civitatis munitas, et super angulos excelsos!— Sophonia, i. 15, 16.

> DIES Iræ, Dies Illa! Solvet sæclum in favillâ, Teste David cum Sybillâ. 39

Quantus tremor est futurus, Quando Judex est venturus, Cuncta stricte discussurus.

Tuba mirum spargens sonum Per sepulcra regionum, Coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit, et natura, Quum resurget creatura, Judicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur, In quo totum continetur, Unde mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo cum sedebit, Quidquid latet, apparebit : Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum, miser ! tunc dicturus, Quem patronum rogaturus, Quum vix justus sit securus ?

Rex tremendæ majestatis, Qui salvandos salvas gratis, Salva me, fons pictatis !

Recordare, Jesu pie, Quod sum causa tuæ viæ; Ne me perdas illâ die!

Quærens me, sedisti lassus, Redemisti, erucem passus : Tantus labor non sit cassus.

Juste Judex ultionis, Donum fac remissionis Ante diem rationis.

Ingemisco tanquam reus, Culpâ rubet vultus meus, Supplicanti parce, Deus!

Qui Mariam absolvisti, Et latronem exaudisti, Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Preces meæ non sunt dignæ, Sed Tu bonus fac benigne Ne perenni cremer igne l

Inter oves locum præsta, Et ab hædis me sequestra, Statuens in parte dextrâ.

Confutatis maledictis, Flammis acribus addictis, Voca me cum benedictis!

Oro supplex et acclinis, Cor contritum quasi cinis, Gere curam mei finis.

Lacrymosa dies illâ ! Qua resurget ex favillâ. Judicandus homo reus ; Huic ergo parce, Deus ! THOMAS DE CELANO.

DIES IR.E.

TRANSLATION OF WILLIAM J. IRONS.

DAY of wrath! O day of mourning!
See! once more the Cross returning,
Heaven and earth in ashes burning!

Oh what fear man's bosom rendeth When from Heaven the Judge descendeth, On whose sentence all dependeth !

Wondrous sound the Trumpet flingeth, Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth, All hefore the throne it bringeth!

Death is struck, and Nature quaking, All creation is awaking, To its Judge an answer making !

Lo, the Book, exactly worded! Wherein all hath been recorded; Thence shall judgment be awarded.

When the Judge His seat attaineth, And each hidden deed arraigneth, Nothing unaverged remaineth.

What shall I, frail man, be pleading, Who for me be interceding, When the just are mercy needing?

King of Majesty tremendous, Who dost free salvation send us, Fount of pity! then befriend us!

Think! kind Jesu, my salvation Caused Thy wondrous incarnation; Leave me not to reprobation!

Faint and weary Thou hast sought me, On the Cross of suffering bought me, Whall such grace be vainly brought me? Righteous Judge of retribution, Grant Thy gift of absolution, Ere that reck'ning day's conclusion !

Guilty, now I pour my moaning, All my shame with anguish owning; Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning !

Thou the sinful woman savedst, Thou the dying thief forgavest; And to me a hope vouchsafest!

Worthless are my prayers and sighing, Yet, good Lord, in grace complying, Rescue me from fires undying!

With Thy favor'd sheep, oh place me! Nor among the goats abase me; But to Thy right hand upraise me.

While the wicked are confounded, Doom'd to flames of woe unbounded, Call me! with Thy saints surrounded.

Low I kneel with heart submission; See, like ashes, my contrition; Help me, in my last condition!

Ah! that Day of tears and mourning! From the dust of earth returning, Man for judgment must prepare him; Spare, O God, in mercy spare him!

Lord, who didst our souls redeem, Grant a blessed Requiem! Amen.

DIES IR.E.

PARAPHRASE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day, When heaven and earth shall pass away. What power shall be the sinner's stay? How shall he meet that dreadful day?

When, shrivelling like a parchèd scroll, The flaming heavens together roll; When louder yet, and yet more dread, Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;

Oh, on that day, that wrathful day. When man to judgment wakes from clay, Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay, Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

DIES IR.E.

TRANSLATION OF JOHN A. DIX.

DAY of vengeance, without morrow ! Earth shall end in flame and sorrow, As from saint and seer we horrow.

Ah! what terror is impending, When the Judge is seen descending, And each secret veil is rending!

To the throne, the trumpet sounding, Through the sepulchres resounding, Summons all, with voice astounding.

Death and Nature, 'mazed, are quaking, When, the grave's long slumber breaking, Man to judgment is awaking.

On the written volume's pages Life is shown in all its stages,— Judgment-record of past ages!

Sits the Judge, the raised arraigning, Darkest mysteries explaining, Nothing unavenged remaining.

What shall I then say, unfriended, By no advocate attended, When the just are scarce defended?

King of majesty tremendous, By Thy saving grace defend us, Fount of pity, safety send us!

Holy Jesus, meck, forhearing, For my sins the death-crown wearing, Save me, in that day, despairing.

Worn and weary, Thou hast sought me, By Thy cross and passion bought me,— Spare the hope Thy labors brought me.

Righteous Judge'of retribution, Give, oh, give me absolution Ere the day of dissolution.

As a guilty culprit groaning, Flush'd my face, my errors owning, Hear, O God, my spirit's moaning!

Thou to Mary gav'st remission, Heard'st the dying thief's petition, Bad'st me hope in my contrition. In my prayers no grace discerning, Yet on me Thy favor turning, Save my soul from endless burning,

Give me, when thy sheep confiding Thou art from the goats dividing, On Thy right a place abiding !

When the wicked are confounded, And by bitter flames surrounded, Be my joyful pardon sounded:

Prostrate, all my guilt discerning, Heart as though to ashes turning, Save, oh, save me from the burning!

Day of weeping, when from ashes Man shall rise 'mid lightning-flashes, Guilty, trembling with contrition, Save him, Father, from perdition!

Lo! He Comes, with Clouds Descending!

Lo! He comes, with clouds descending ! Hark! the trump of God is blown, And th' Archangel's voice attending Makes the high procession known : Sons of Adam ! Rise, and stand before your God !

Crowns and sceptres fall before Him, Kings and conquerors own His sway; Haughtiest monarchs now adore Him, While they see His lightnings play: How triumphant Is the world's Redeemer now!

Hear His voice, as mighty thunder Sounding in eternal roar, While its echo rends in sunder Rocks and mountains, sea and shore: Hark ! His accents Through th' unfathom'd deep resound!

"Come, Lord Jesus! Oh come quickly!" Oft has pray'd the mourning Bride:

"Lo !" He answers, "I come quickly!" Who Thy coming may abide? All who loved Him, All who long'd to see His day.

"Come," he saith, "ye heirs of glory; Come, ye purchase of my blood; Claim the Kingdom now before yon, Rise, and fill the mount of God, Fix'd for ever Where the Lamb on Sion stands."

See! ten thousand burning seraphs From their thrones as lightnings fly; "Take," they cry, "your seats above us,

Nearest Him that rules the sky!" Patient sufferers, How rewarded are ye now!

Now their trials all are ended: Now the dubious warfare's o'er; Joy no more with sorrow blended, They shall sigh and weep no more; God for ever Wipes the tear from every eye.

Through His passion all victorious Now they drink immortal wine; In Emmanuel's likeness glorious As the firmanent they shine; Shine for ever, With the bright and morning Star.

Shout aloud, ye ethereal choirs! Triumph in Jchovah's praise! Kindle all your heavenly fires, All your palms of victory raise! Shout His conquests, Shout salvation to the Lamb!

In full triumph see them marching Through the gates of massy light, While the City walls are sparkling With meridian glory bright; Oh how lovely Are the dwellings of the Lamb! Hosts angelic all adore Him Circling round His orient seat; Elders cast their crowns before Him, Fall and worship at His feet; O how holy And how reverend is Thy Name!

Hail, Thou Alpha and Omega ! First and Last, of all alone ! He that is, and was, and shall be, And beside whom there is none ! Take the Glory, Great Eternal Three in One ! Thomas Ouvers.

LORD, DISMISS US WITH THY BLESSING.

LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace; Let us each, Thy love possessing, Triumph in redeeming grace; Oh refresh us, Travelling through this wilderness.

Thanks we give, and adoration, For Thy gospel's joyful sound; May the fruit of Thy salvation In our hearts and lives abound: May Thy presence With us evermore be found.

So, whene'er the signal's given Us from earth to call away, Borne on angels' wings to heaven, Glad the summons to obey, May we ever Reigu with Christ in endless day. WATTER SUBJERT.

PART XI.

MORAL AND DIDACTIC POETRY.



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MORAL AND DIDACTIC POETRY.

LIFE.

THE World's a bubble, and the Life of Man Less than a span: In his conception wretched, from the womb, So to the tomb; Curst from his eradle, and brought up to vears With cares and fears. Who then to frail mortality shall trust, But limns on water, or but writes in dust. Yet whilst with sorrow here we live opprest, What life is best? Courts are but only superficial schools To dandle fools : The rural parts are turn'd into a den Of savage men: And where's a city from foul vice so free, But may be term'd the worst of all the three? Domestic cares afflict the husband's bed, Or pains his head : Those that live single, take it for a curse, Or do things worse : Some would have children: those that have them, moan Or wish them gone: What is it, then, to have, or have no wife, But single thraldom, or a double strife? Our own affection still at home to please Is a disease : To cross the seas to any foreign soil, Peril and toil: Wars with their noise affright us; when theve cease, We are worse in peace ;--What then remains, but that we still should ery

For being born, or, being born, to die? LORD BACON.

LIFE.

LIFE! I know not what thou art, But know that thou and I must part; And when, or how, or where we met I own to me's a secret yet.

Life! we've been long together,

Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;

'Tis hard to part when friends are dear— Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;

-Then steal away, give little warning, Choose thine own time;

Say not Good-Night,—but in some brighter clime

Bid me Good-Morning. ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD.

MY PSALM.

I MOURN no more my vanish'd years: Beneath a tender rain,

An April rain of smiles and tears, My heart is young again.

The west winds blow, and, singing low, I hear the glad streams run;

The windows of my soul I throw Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward nor behind I look in hope or fear;

But, grateful, take the good I find, The best of now and here.

I plough no more a desert land, To harvest weed and tare;

The manna dropping from God's hand Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff,—I lay Aside the toiling oar;

The angel sought so far away 1 welcome at my door.

The airs of spring may never play Among the ripening corn, Nor freshness of the flowers of May Blow through the autumn morn;

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look Through fringèd lids to heaven, And the pale aster in the brook Shall see its image given ;—

The woods shall wear their robes of praise, The south wind softly sigh,

And sweet, calm days, in golden haze Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word Rebuke an age of wrong;

The graven flowers that wreathe the sword

Make not the blade less strong.

But smiting hands shall learn to heal,— To build as to destroy;

Nor less my heart for others feel That I the more enjoy.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds To give or to withhold, And knoweth more of all my needs Than all my prayers have told!

Enough that blessings undeserved Have mark'd my erring track;— That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved, Ilis chastening turn'd me back;—

That more and more a Providence Of love is understood,

Making the springs of time and sense Sweet with eternal good ;---

That death seems but a cover'd way Which opens into light,

Wherein no blinded child can stray Beyond the Father's sight ;—

That care and trial seem at last, Through Memory's sunset air, Like mountain-ranges overpast, In purple distance fair;--- That all the jarring notes of life Seem blending in a psalm, And all the angles of its strife Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart, And so the west winds play; And all the windows of my heart I open to the day.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Sonnet.

SAD is our youth, for it is ever going, Crumbling away beneath our very feet;

Sad is onr life, for onward it is flowing In current unperceived, because so fleet;

- Sad are onr hopes, for they were sweet in sowing-
 - But tares, self-sown, have overtopp'd the wheat;
- Sad are our joys, for they were sweet in blowing-
 - And still, oh still, their dying breath is sweet;
- And sweet is youth, although it hath bereft us
 - Of that which made our childhood sweeter still;

And sweet is middle life, for it hath left us A nearer good to cure an older ill;

- And sweet are all things, when we learn to prize them
- Not for their sake, but His who grants them or denies them !

AUBREY DE VERE.

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

O STREAM descending to the sea, Thy mossy banks between,

The flow'rets blow, the grasses grow, The leafy trees are green.

In garden-plots the children play, The fields the laborers-till,

And houses stand on either hand, And thou descendest still.

O life descending into death, Our waking eyes behold Parent and friend thy lapse attend, Companions young and old.

Strong purposes our minds possess, Our hearts affections fill; We toil and earn, we seek and learn,

And thou descendest still.

O end to which our currents tend, Inevitable sea

To which we flow, what do we know, What shall we guess of thee?

A roar we hear upon thy shore, As we our course fulfil; Searce we divine a sun will shine And be above us still. ARTURE HEAR CLOUGH

A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

TELL me not in mournful numbers, "Life is but an empty dream !" For the soul is dead that slumbers, And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest! And the grave is not its goal; 'Dust thou art, to dust returnest," Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, Is our destined end or way; But to act, that each to-morrow Finds us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting, And our hearts, though stout and brave, Still, like muffled drums, are beating Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle, In the bivouac of life, Be not like dumb, driven eattle, Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant! Let the dead past bury its dead ! Act—act in the living present ! Heart within, and God o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us We can make our lives sublime, And, departing, leave behind us Footprints on the sands of timeFootprints that perhaps another, Sailing o'er life's solemn main

A forlorn and shipwreek'd brother, Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing, With a heart for any fate; Still achieving, still pursuing, Learn to labor and to wait. HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

LIFE.

WE are born; we laugh; we weep; We love; we droop; we die! Ah! wherefore do we laugh or weep? Why do we live or die? Who knows that secret deep? Alas, not I!

Why doth the violet spring Unseen by human eye? Why do the radiant seasons bring Sweet thoughts that quickly fly? Why do our fond hearts eling To things that die?

We toil-through pain and wrong; We fight-and fly;

We love; we lose; and then, ere long, Stone-dead we lie.

O life ! is all thy song "Endure and—die ?" BRYAN WALLER PROCTER

(BARRY CORNWALL,)

THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

"He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down."-Job xiv. 2.

BEHOLD, How short a span Was long enough of old To measure out the life of man; In those well-temper'd days! his time was then Survey'd, cast up, and found but three-

score years and ten.

Alas ! And what is that ? They come, and slide, and pass, Before my pen can tell; thee what.

The posts of time are swift, which having run

Their seven short stages o'er, their shortlived task is done.

Our days

Begun we lend To sleep, to antic plays And toys, until the first stage end : Twelve waning moons, twice five times told, we give To unrecover'd loss : we rather breathe than live

We spend

A ten years' breath Before we apprehend What 'tis to live, or fear a death : Our childish dreams are fill'd with painted joys, Which please our sense a while, and waking, prove but toys.

How vain,

How wretched, is Poor man, that doth remain A slave to such a state as this! His days are short, at longest; few at most : They are but bad, at best; yet layish'd out,

or lost.

They be

The secret springs That make our minutes flee On wheels more swift than eagles' wings:

Our life's a clock, and every gasp of breath

Breathes forth a warning grief, till Time shall strike a death.

How soon Our new-born light Attains to full-aged noon ! And this, how soon to gray-hair'd night! We spring, we bud, we blossom, and we

blast, Ere we can count our days, our days they flee so fast.

They end

When scarce begun;

And ere we apprehend

- That we hegin to live, our life is done:
- Man, count thy days; and, if they fly too fast

For thy dull thoughts to count, count every day the last.

FRANCIS QUARLES

Stanzas.

My life is like the summer rose That opens to the morning sky, But, ere the shades of evening close,

Is scatter'd on the ground—to die ! Yet on the rose's humble bed The sweetest dews of night are shed, As if she wept the waste to see— But none shall weep a tear for me !

My life is like the autumn leaf

That trembles in the moon's pale ray; Its hold is frail—its date is brief,

Restless—and soon to pass away ! Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade, The parent tree will mourn its shade, The winds bewail the leafless tree— But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints which feet Have left on Tampa's desert strand; Soon as the ri ing tide shall beat,

All trace will vanish from the sand ; Yet, as if grieving to efface All vestige of the human race, On that lone shore loud moans the sea— But none, alas! shall mourn for me ! RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

THE MEANS TO ATTAIN HAPPY LIFE.

MARTIAL, the things that do attain The happy life be these, 1 find— The riches left, not got with pain; The fruitful ground, the quiet mind;

The equal friend; no grudge, no strife; No charge of rule, nor governance; Without disease, the healthful life; The household of continuance;

The mean diet, no delicate fare; True wisdom joined with simpleness; The night dischargèd of all care,

Where wine the wit may not oppress;

The faithful wife, without debate; Such sleeps as may beguile the night. Contented with thine own estate.

Ne wish for Death, ne fear his might. HENRY HOWARD, Earl of Surrey.

THE WEB OF LIFE.

My life, which was so straight and plain, Has now become a tangled skein,

Yet God still holds the thread; Weave as I may, His hand doth guide The shuttle's course, however wide The chain in woof be wed.

One weary night, when months went by, I plied my loom with tear and sigh,

In grief unnamed, untold; But when at last the morning's light Broke on my vision, fair and bright There gleaned a cloth of gold.

And now I never lose my trust, Weave as I may—and weave 1 must—

That God doth hold the thread; He guides my shuttle on its way, He makes complete my task each day; What more, then, can be said?

Clara J. Moore.

THERE BE THOSE.

THERE be those who sow beside The waters that in silence glide, Trusting no echo will declare Whose footsteps ever windered there.

The noiseless footsteps pass away, The stream flows on as yesterday; Nor can it for a time be seen A benefactor there had been.

Yet think not that the seed is dead Which in the lonely place is spread; It lives, it lives—the spring is nigh, And soon its life shall testify,

That silent stream, that desert ground, No more unlovely shall be found; But scattered flowers of simplest grace Shall spread their beauty round the place. And soon or late a time will come When witnesses, that now are dumb, With grateful eloquence shall tell From whom the seed, there scattered, fell. BERSARD BARTOS.

ENDURANCE.

- How much the heart may bear, and yet not break !
 - How much the flesh may suffer, and not die !

I question much if any pain or ache

Of soul or body brings our end more nigh: Death chooses his own time: till that is

sworn,

All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife,

Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel Whose edge seems searching for the quiver-

ing life,

Yet to our sense the bitter pangs reveal, That still, although the trembling flesh be torn,

This also can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way,

And try to flee from the approaching ill;

- We seek some small escape; we weep and pray;
 - But when the blow falls, then our hearts are still;
- Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn, But that it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life;

We hold it closer, dearer than our own: Anon it faints and fails in deathly strife.

- Leaving us stunned, and stricken, and alone;
- But ah! we do not die with those we mourn,---

This also can be borne.

Behold, we live through all things-famine, thirst,

Bereavement, pain; all grief and misery, All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst

On soul and body-but we cannot die.

Though we be sick, and tired; and faint, and worn,

Lo, all things can be borne.

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

GOOD-NIGHT.

Good-NIGHT to all the world! there's none Beneath the "over-going" sun To whom I feel or hate or spite, And so to all a fair good-night.

Would I could say good-night to pain, Good-night to conscience and her train, To cheerless poverty, and shame That I am yet unknown to fame!

Would I could say good-night to dreams That haunt me with delusive gleams, That through the sable future's veil Like meteors glimmer, but to fail!

Would I could say a long good-night To halting between wrong and right, And, like a giant with new force, Awake prepared to run my course!

But time o'er good and ill sweeps on, And when few years have come and gone, The past will be to me as naught, Whether remember'd or forgot.

Yet let me hope one faithful friend O'er my last couch shall tearful bend; And, though no day for me was bright, Shall bid me then a long good-night. Robert C. SANDER

HIS LAST VERSES.

- 1 AM! yet what I am who cares, or knows? My friends forsake me like a memory lost.
- I am the self-consumer of my woes,

They rise and vanish, an oblivious host, Shadows of life, whose very soul is lost.

And yet I am—I live—though I am toss'd

Into the nothingness of scorn and noise, Into the living sea of waking dream,

- Where there is neither sense of life nor joys,
 - But the huge shipwreck of my own esteem,
- And all that's dear. Even those I loved the best

Are strange—nay, they are stranger than the rest.

- I long for scenes where man has never trod,
 - For scenes where woman never smiled or wept;
- There to abide with my Creator, God,
- And sleep as I in childhood sweetly slept,
- Full of high thoughts, unborn. So let melie,

The grass below ; above, the vaulted sky. John Clare.

THE DEATH OF THE VIRTUOUS.

SWEET is the scene when virtue dies! When sinks a righteons soul to rest, How mildly beam the closing eyes, How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

So fades a summer cloud away, So sinks the gale when storms are o'er, So gently shuts the eye of day, So dies a wave along the shore.

Triumphant smiles the victor brow, Fanned by some angel's purple wing:— Where is, O grave! thy victory now? And where, insidious death! thy sting?

Farewell, conflicting joys and fears, Where light and shade alternate dwell!

How bright th' unchanging morn appears!-

Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

Its duty done,—as sinks the day, Light from its load the spirit flies; While heaven and earth combine to say "Sweet is the scene when virtue dies!" ANNA LETTIA BARBAULD

The Common Lot.

ONCE, in the flight of ages past, There liv'd a man; and who was he? Mortal! howe'er thy lot he cast, That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth, The land in which he died unknown;

His name has perish'd from the earth, This truth survives alone :

That joy, and grief, and hope, and fear, Alternate triumph'd in his breast; His bliss and woe,—a smile, a tear! Oblivion hides the rest.

He suffer'd,—but his pangs are o'er; Enjoy'd,—but his delights are fled;

Had friends,-his friends are now no more;

And foes,-his foes are dead.

He saw whatever thou hast seen; Encounter'd all that troubles thee:

He was—whatever thou hast been ; He is what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night, Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,

Erewhile his portion, life, and light, To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye That once their shades and glory threw, Have left in vonder silent sky

No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,

Their ruins, since the world began, Of him afford no other trace

Than this,-there lived a man ! JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE THREE WARNINGS.

THE tree of deepest root is found Least willing still to quit the ground : 'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,

That love of life increased with years So much, that in our later stages, When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,

The greatest love of life appears. This great affection to believe, Which all confess, but few perceive,

If old assertions can't prevail,— Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay,

On neighbor Dodson's wedding-day, Death call'd aside the jocund groom With him into another room,

And looking grave—"You must," says he, "Quit your sweet bride, and come with me." "With you! and quit my Susan's side! With you!" the hapless husband cried; "Young as I am, 'its monstrous hard! Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared: My thoughts on other matters go: This is my wedding-day, you know." What more he urged. I have not heard:

His reasons could not well be stronger; So Death the poor delinguent spared,

And left to live a little longer. Yet calling up a serious look—

His hour glass trembled while he spoke— "Neighbor," he said, "farewell! No more Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour; And farther, to avoid all blame Of cruelty upon my name, To give you time for preparation, And fit you for your future station, Three several warnings you shall have,

Before you're summon'd to the grave. Willing for once I'll quit my prey,

And grant a kind reprieve, In hopes you'll have no more to say, But, when I call again this way,

Well pleased the world will leave." To these conditions both consented, And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell, How long he lived, how wise, how well, How roundly he pursued his course, And smoked his pipe, and stroked his horse,

The willing Muse shall tell. He chaffer'd then, he bought, he sold, Nor once perceived his growing old,

Nor thought of Death as near; His friends not false, his wife no shrew, Many his gains, his children few,

He pass'd his hours in peace. But while he view'd his wealth increase, While thus along Life's dusty road The beaten track content he trod, Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares, Uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,

Brought on his eightieth year. And now, one night, in musing mood As all alone he sate.

Th' unwelcome messenger of Fate Once more before him stood.

Half kill'd with anger and surprise,

"So soon return'd!" old Dodson cries. "So soon, d'ye call it?" Death replies :

"Surely, my friend, you're but in jest! Since I was here before 'Tis six-and-thirty years at least, And you are now fourscore." "So much the worse," the clown rejoin'd: "To spare the aged would be kind: However, see your search be legal; And your authority-is't regal? Else you are come on a fool's errand, With but a secretary's warrant. Besides, you promised me Three Warnings. Which I have look'd for nights and mornings: But for that loss of time and ease, I can recover damages." "I know," eries Death, "that at the hest I seldom am a welcome guest; But don't be eaptious, friend, at least : I little thought you'd still be able To stump about your farm and stable; Your years have run to a great length; I wish you joy, though, of your strength!" "Hold," says the farmer, " not so fast! I have been lame these four years past." "And no great wonder," Death replies: "However, you still keep your eyes; And sure, to see one's loves and friends, For legs and arms would make amends." "Perhaps," says Dodson, "so it might, But latterly I've lost my sight." "This is a shocking tale, 'tis true, But still there's comfort left for you : Each strives your sadness to amuse; I warrant you hear all the news." "There's none," cries he; "and if there were. I'm grown so deaf I could not hear." "Nay, then," the spectre stern rejoin'd, "These are unwarrantable yearnings; If you are lame, and deaf, and blind, You've had your three sufficient warnings: So, come along, no more we'll part ;" He said, and touch'd him with his dart. And now old Dodson, turning pale, Yields to his fate-so ends my tale. HESTER THRALE PIOZZI.

NOW AND AFTER WARDS.

"Two hands upon the breast, and labor is past." RUSSIAN PROVERB.

"Two hands upon the breast, And labor's done;
Two pale feet cross'd in rest, — The race is won;
Two eyes with coin-weights shut, And all tears cease;
Two lips where grief is mute, Anger at peace:"
So pray we oftentimes, mourning our lot;
God in His kindness answereth not.
"Two hands to work addrest Aye for His praise;
Two for this praise;

Two feet that never rest Walking His ways; Two eyes that look above Through all their tears; Two lips still breathing love, Not wrath, nor fears:" So pray we afterwards, low on our knees; Pardon those erring prayers! Father, hear these!

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

TOMMY'S DEAD.

You may give over plough, boys, You may take the gear to the stead, All the sweat o' your brow, boys, Will never get beer and bread. The seed's waste, I know, boys, There's not a blade will grow, boys, 'Tis eropp'd out, I trow, boys, And Tommy's dead.

Send the colt to fair, boys, He's going blind, as I said, My old eyes can't bear, boys, To see him in the shed; The cow's dry and spare, boys, She's neither here nor there, boys, I doubt she's badly bred; Stop the mill to-morn, boys, There'll be no more corn, boys, Neither white nor red; There's no sign of grass, boys, You may sell the goat and the ass, boys, The land's not what it was, boys, And the beasts must be fed;

You may turn Peg away, boys, You may pay off old Ned, We've had a dull day, boys, And Tommy's dead.

Move my chair on the floor, boys, Let me turn my head; She's standing there in the door, boys, Your sister Winifred! Take her away from me, boys, Your sister Winifred ! Move me round in my place, boys, Let me turn my head, Take her away from me, boys, As she lay on her death-bed, The bones of her thin face, boys, As she lay on her death-bed ! I don't know how it be, boys, When all's done and said, But I see her looking at me, boys, Wherever I turn my head; Out of the big oak tree, boys, Out of the garden bed, And the lily as pale as she, boys, And the rose that used to be red. There's something not right, boys,

But I think it's not in my head, I've kept my precious sight, boys,-The Lord be hallowed! Outside and in The ground is cold to my tread, The hills are wizen and thin. The sky is shrivell'd and shred, The hedges down by the loan I can count them bone by bone, The leaves are open and spread, But I see the teeth of the land. And hands like a dead man's hand; And the eyes of a dead man's head. There's nothing but einders and sand, The rat and the mouse have fed, And the summer's empty and cold; Over valley and wold Wherever I turn my head There's a mildew and a mould,

The sun's going out overhead, And I'm very old, And Tommy's dead.

What am I staying for, boys? You're all born and bred, 'Tis fifty years and more, boys, Since wife and I were wed, And she's gone before, boys, And Tommy's dead.

She was always sweet, boys, Upon his eurly head, She knew she'd never see't, boys, And she stole off to bed; I've been sitting up alone, boys, For he'd come home, he said, But it's time I was gone, boys, For Tommy's dead. Put the shutters up, boys, Bring out the beer and bread, Make haste and sup, boys, For my eyes are heavy as lead; There's something wrong i' the cup, boys, There's something ill wi' the bread,

I don't care to sup, boys, And Tommy's dead.

Um not right, I doubt, boys, I've such a sleepy head, I shall nevermore be stont, boys, You may carry me to bed. What are you about, boys? The prayers are all said, The fire's raked out, boys, And Tommy's dead.

The stairs are too steep, hoys, You may carry me to the head, The night's dark and deep, hoys, Your mother's long in bed, 'Tis time to go to sleep, boys, And Tommy's dead.

I'm not used to kiss, boys, You may shake my hand instead, All things go amiss, boys, You may lay me where she is, boys, And I'll rest my old head: 'Tis a poor world, this, boys, And Tommy's dead.

SIDNEY DOBELL.

THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET.

O'ER a low couch the setting sun Had thrown its latest ray, Where in his last strong agony A dying warrior lay,

The stern, old Baron Rudiger, Whose frame had ne'er been bent By wasting pain, till time and toil Its iron strength had spent. "They come around me here, and say My days of life are o'er, That I shall mount my noble steed And lead my band no more ; They come, and to my beard they dare To tell me now, that 1, Their own liege lord and master born,-That I-ha! ha !--must die. "And what is Death? I've dared him oft Before the Paynim spear,-Think ye he's enter'd at my gate, Has come to seek me here? I've met him, faced him, scorn'd him, When the fight was raging hot,-I'll try his might-1'll brave his power ; Defy, and fear him not. "Ho! sound the toesin from my tower,---And fire the culverin,-Bid each retainer arm with speed,-Call every vassal in; Up with my banner on the wall,---The banquet-board prepare,-Throw wide the portal of my hall, And bring my armor there !" A hundred hands were busy then,-The banquet forth was spread,-And rung the heavy oaken floor With many a martial tread, While from the rich, dark tracery Along the vaulted wall, Lights gleam'd on harness, plume, and spear, O'er the proud old Gothie hall. Fast hurrying through the outer gate, The mail'd retainers pour'd, On through the portal's frowning arch,

And throng'd around the board. While at its head, within his dark, Carved oaken chair of state,

Armed cap-a-pic, stern Rudiger, With girded falehion, sate. "Fill every beaker up, my men, Pour forth the cheering wine; There's life and strength in every drop,— Thanksgiving to the vine!

Fill round, my tried and fearless ones, Each goblet to the brim.

"Ye're there, but yet I see ye not. Draw forth each trusty sword,— And let me hear your faithful steel Clash once around my board: I hear it faintly:—Louder yet!— What clogs my heavy breath ? Up all,—and shout for Rudiger, 'Defiance unto Death!"

Bowl rang to bowl,—steel clang'd to steel —And rose a deafening cry That made the torches flare around, And shook the flags on high:— "Ho! cravens, do ye fear him?— Slaves, traitors! have ye flown? Ho! cowards, have ye left me To meet him here alone?

" But I defy him :--let him come!" Down rang the massy cup, While from its sheath the ready blade Came flashing half-way up; And, with the black and heavy plumes Searce trembling on his head, There, in his dark, earved, oaken chair, Old Rudiger sat, dead.

THE SLEEP.

"He giveth His beloved sleep."-Psalm cxxvii, 2.

OF all the thoughts of God that are Borne inward unto souls afar

Along the Psalmist's music deep, Now tell me if that any is

For gift or grace surpassing this,— "He giveth His beloved sleep"?

What would we give to our beloved? The hero's heart to be unmoved,

The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep, The patriot's voice to teach and rouse,

The monarch's crown to light the brows? DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST. "He giveth His beloved sleep." THE glories of our blood and state Are shadows, not substantial things; What do we give to our beloved? There is no armor against fate; A little faith all undisproved, Death lays his icy hand on kings; A little dust to overweep. Sceptre and crown And bitter memories to make Must tumble down, The whole earth blasted for our sake. And in the dust be equal made "He giveth His beloved sleep." With the poor crooked scythe and spade. " "Sleep soft, beloved !" we sometimes say, But have no tune to charm away Some men with swords may reap the field, Sad dreams that through the eyelids And plant fresh laurels where they kill, creep. But their strong nerves at last must yield; But never dolefnl dream again They tame but one another still; Shall break the happy slumber when Early or late "He giveth His beloved sleep." They stoop to fate, And must give up their murmuring O earth, so full of dreary noises ! breath O men, with wailing in your voices ! When they, pale captives, creep to death. O delvèd gold, the wailers heap ! O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall ! The garlands wither on your brow; God strikes a silence through you all, Then boast no more your mighty deeds; And "giveth His beloved sleep." Upon Death's purple altar now See where the victor-victim bleeds; His dews drop mutely on the hill, Your heads must come His cloud above it saileth still, To the cold tomb; Though on its slope men sow and reap. Only the actions of the just More softly than the dew is shed, Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust. Or cloud is floated overhead, JAMES SHIRLEY. "He giveth His beloved sleep." Ay, men may wonder while they scan THE LAST CONQUEROR. A living, thinking, feeling man, VICTORIOUS men of earth, no more Confirm'd in such a rest to keep ; Proclaim how wide your empires are ; But angels say-and through the word Though you bind in every shore I think their happy smile is heard-And your triumphs reach as far "He giveth His beloved sleep." As night or day, For me, my heart, that erst did go Yet you, proud monarchs, must obey, Most like a tired child at a show. And mingle with forgotten ashes, when That sees through tears the mummers Death calls ye to the erowd of common leap, men. Would now its weary vision close,

Would childlike on His love repose

Who "giveth His beloved sleep !"

That this low breath is gone from me,

Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall,-

He giveth His beloved sleep."

Let one, most loving of you all,

And, friends, dear friends, when it shall be

And round my bier ye come to weep,

ELIZABETH BARBETT BROWNING.

Devouring Famine, Plague, and War, Each able to undo mankind, Death's servilè emissaries are; Nor to these alone confined, He hath at will More quaint and subtle ways to kill; A smile or kiss, as he will use the art, Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

THANA TOPSIS.	The powerful of the earth-the wise, the
Fo him who in the love of Nature holds Communion with her visible forms, she speaks A various language; for his gayer hours she has a voice of gladness, and a smile And cloquence of beauty, and she glides into his darker musings, with a mild And healing sympathy, that steals away fheir sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts Of the last bitter hour come like a blight Over thy spirit, and sad images Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall, And breathless darkness, and the narrow house, Make thee to shndder, and grow sick at	The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good, Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past, All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills Rock-ribb'd and ancient as the sun; the vales Stretching in pensive quietness between; The venerable woods; rivers that move In majesty, and the complaining brooks That make the meadows green; and, ponrid round all, Old Ocean's gray and melaneholy waste,— Are but the solenm decorations all Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun The planets, all the infinite host of heaven, Are shining on the sad abodes of death, Through the still lapse of ages. All that
heart;— Go forth, under the open sky, and list Go Nature's teachings, while from all around— Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,— Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee Che all-beholding sun shall see no more	tread The globe are but a handful to the tribes That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness, Of lose thyself in the continuous woods Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
 In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground, Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears, Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist Chy image. Earth, that nourish'd thee, shall claim Chy growth, to be resolved to earth again, And, lost each human trace, surrendering up l'chine individual heing, shalt thon go Co mix for ever with the elements, Fo be a brother to the insensible rock, 	 Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there: And millions in those solitudes, since first The flight of years began, have laid them down In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone. So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw In silence from the living, and no friend Take note of thy departure? All that breathe Will share thy destiny. The gay will
And to the slnggish clod, which the rude swain Curns with his share, and treads upon. The oak shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.	 When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care Plod on, and each one as before will chase His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Yet not to thine eternal resting-place shalt thou retire alone,—nor couldst thou wish ouch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,	Their mirth and their employments, and shall come, And make their bed with thee. As the long train Of ages glide away, the sons of men, The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes

- In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
- The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man,—
- Shall one by one be gather'd to thy side,
- By those who in their turn shall follow them.
 - So live, that when thy summons comes to join

The innumerable caravan, which moves

To that mysterious realm, where each shall take

His chamber in the silent halls of death,

- Thon go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
- Seourged to his dungeon, but, sustain'd and soothed
- By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
- Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
- About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

WHEN COLDNESS WRAPS THIS SUFFERING CLAY.

WHEN coldness wraps this suffering clay, Ah, whither strays the immortal mind?

It cannot die, it cannot stay, But leaves its darken'd dust behind,

Then, unembodied, doth it trace

By steps each planet's heavenly way? Or fill at once the realms of space,

A thing of eyes, that all survey?

Eternal, boundless, undecay'd,

A thought unseen, but seeing all, All, all in earth or skies display'd,

Shall it survey, shall it recall : Each fainter trace that memory holds

So darkly of departed years, In one broad glance the soul beholds,

And all that was at once appears.

Before creation peopled earth, Its eye shall roll through chaos back; And where the farthest heaven had birth, The spirit trace its rising track.

And where the future mars or makes, Its glance dilate o'er all to be, 40 While sun is quench'd or system breaks, Fix'd in its own eternity.

Above or love, hope, hate, or fear, It lives all passionless and pure:

An age shall fleet like earthly year; Its years as moments shall endure.

Away, away, without a wing, O'er all, through all, its thoughts shall

fly,— A nameless and eternal thing, Forgetting what it was to die.

LORD BYRON.

A DEATH-BED.

HER suffering ended with the day; Yet lived she at its close,

And breathed the long, long night away, In statue-like repose.

But when the sun, in all his state, Hlumed the eastern skies,

She pass'd through glory's morning-gate, And walk'd in Paradise!

JAMES ALDRICH.

THE DEATH-BED.

WE watch'd her breathing through the night,

Her breathing soft and low,

As in her breast the wave of life Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seem'd to speak, So slowly moved about,

As we had lent her half our powers To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears, Our fears our hopes belied—

We thought her dying when she slept, And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad And chill with early showers.

Her quiet cyclids closed—she had Another morn than ours.

THOMAS HOOD.

CORONACH.

HE is gone on the mountain, He is lost to the forest, Like a summer-dried fountain, When our need was the sorest.

The font, reappearing, From the raindrops shall borrow, But to us comes no cheering, To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper Takes the ears that are hoary, But the voice of the weeper Wails manhood in glory. The autumn winds, rushing, Waft the leaves that are serest; But our flower was in flushing When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi, Sage counsel in camber, Red hand in the foray, How sound is thy slumber ! Like the dew on the mountain, Like the foam on the river, Like the bubble on the fountain, Thou art gone, and for ever ! SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE KNIGHT'S TOMB.

WHERE is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn?

- Where may the grave of that good man be ?---
- By the side of a spring, on the breast of Helvellvn,

Under the twigs of a young birch tree! The oak that in summer was sweet to hear,

- And rnstled its leaves in the fall of the year,
- And whistled and roar'd in the winter alone,

Is gone, — and the birch in its stead is grown.—

The knight's bones are dust,

And his good sword rust ;-

It is soul is with the saints, I trust. SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE VOICELESS.

WE count the broken lyres that rest Where the sweet wailing singers slumber, But o'er their silent sister's breast

The wild-flowers who will stoop to number ? A few can touch the magie string, And noisy Fame is proud to win them :---

Alas for those that never sing, But die with all their music in them !

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone Whose song has told their hearts' sad story,—

Weep for the voiceless, who have known The cross without the erown of glory!

Not where Leucadian breezes sweep O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow,

But where the glistening night-dews weep On nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow.

O hearts that break and give no sign Save whitening lip and fading tresses,

Till Death pours out his cordial wine Slow-dropp'd from Misery's crushing presses,—

If singing breath or echoing chord To every hidden pang were given,

What endless melodies were pour'd, As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven ! OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

MAN'S MORTALITY.

LAKE as the damask rose you see, Or like the blossom on the tree, Or like the dainty flower in May, Or like the morning of the day, Or like the sun, or like the shade, Or like the gonrd which Jonas had,— E'en such is man;—whose thread is spun,

Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.— The rose withers, the blossom blasteth, The flower fades, the morning hasteth, The sun sets, the shadow flies, The gourd consumes,—and man he dies !

Like to the grass that's newly sprung, Or like a tale that's new begun, Or like the bird that's here to-day. Or like the pearled dew of May, Or like an hour, or like a span, Or like the singing of a swan,— E'en such is man;—who lives by breath, Is here, now there, in life and death.—

 The hour is hown, the dew as scentred. The hour is hown, the dew as scentred. The hour is short, the span is long, The swan's near death,—man's life is done! Statos Wastrat. Statos Wastrat. OH, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUDT OH, why should the spirit of mortal be proud? Like a fast-fitting meteor, a fast-filying cloud, A fash of the lightning, a break of the wave, A fash of the lightning, a break of the grave. The bares of the oak and the willow shall fade. Be scatter'd around and together be haid; And the young and the old, and the low and the high, Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie. The have da that a mother attended and loes in the devel. The have avay to heir dwellings of rest. The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye, Shone beauty and pleasure,—her triumpha are by; And the memory of those who have loved her and praised, Are alike from the minds of the living erased. The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne, The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne, The brave, and the heart of the brave, The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne, The cyc of the sage, and the heart of the sare. The prove of the sage, and the heart of the sare will come ; The prove of the sage, and the heart of the brave, The prove of the sage, and the heart of the brave, The prove of the sage, and the heart of the brave, The prove of the sage, and the heart of the sage will come ; The prove of the sage, and the heart of the sage is dumb. The prove of the sage, and the heart of the sage is dumb. 	The grass withers, the tale is ended, The bird is flown, the dew's ascended.	The peasant whose lot was to sow and to
 The swan's near death,—man's life is done ! SIMOS WASTELL. OH WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUDT OH, why should the spirit of mortal be proud? Like a fast-flitting meteor, a fast-flying cloud, A fash of the lightning, a break of the wave, He passeth from life to his rest in the grave. The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade, Be scatter'd around and together be laid; And the young and the old, and the low and the high. Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie. The husband that mother attended and loved, The husband that mother and infant wo hese'd,— Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest. The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye, Shone beauty and pleasure,—her triumpha are by; And the memory of those who have loved her and praised, The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne, The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne, The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne, The borw of, the ord the minter and infart worm, worn, erased. The bare, and a run the sage, and the heart of the brave, Are hidden and lost in the depths of the The brave, Are hidden and lost in the depths of the They joy'd, but the voice of their gladness The bare, and the inter that the opties of the ord the sore of their gladness The bare, and the induction of the wave the sore of their gladness The bare, and the main form the sore of the sign and the sore of their sof the bare of the sore of the s		reap, The herdsman who climb'd with his goats
OH WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUDTHave faded away like the grass that we tread.Ou, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?Have faded away like the grass that we tread.Like a fast-flitting meteor, a fast-flying cloud.The saint who enjoy'd the communion of heaven,A fash of the lightning, a break of the 	The swan's near death,-man's life is done !	to the steep,
Off will's Should the spirit of mortal be proud?tread.Out, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?the saint who enjoy'd the communion of heaven,Like a fast-flitting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,The saint who enjoy'd the communion of heaven,A fash of the lightning, a break of the wave,The sinner who dared to remain unfor- given,A fash of the lightning, a break of the grave.The sinner who dared to remain unfor- given,The passeth from life to his rest in the grave.The sinner who dared to remain unfor- given,The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,So the multitude goes, like the flower and the weed,The bustom duck to dust and together shall lie.So the multitude comes, even those we be- hold.The child that a mother attended and loved,For we are the same things our fathers have been;The husband that mother and infant who bless'd,—For we are the same sights that our fathers have seen,—The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,The thoughts we are thinking our fathers have run.The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,The thoughts we are thinking our fathers have run.The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne,The lowed, but their story we cannot un- fold;The land of the king that the sceptre hath borne,They poived, but the heart of the haughty is cold;The vare,Are hidden and lost in the depths of the brave,The wilden and lost in the depths of the brave,The yoy'd, but the voice of their gladness		
proud?heaven,Like a fast-flitting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,heaven,A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,The sinner who dared to remain unfor- given,He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.So the multitude goes, like the flower and the weed,The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,So the multitude goes, like the flower and the weed,The word,So the multitude comes, even those we be- hold,Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.For we are the same things our fathers have been;The mother that infant's affection who proved,For we are the same sights that our fathers have been;The mother that infant's affection who proved,We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun,Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.The thoughts we are thinking our fathers have been;The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,The thoughts we are thinking our fathers have run.Shone beauty and pleasure,—her triumpha are by;The thoughts we are thinking our fathers have run.Are alike from the minds of the living erased.The thoughts we are clinging to, they too would shrink;The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne,They loved, but their story we cannot un- fold;The brand of the king that the sceptre hath worn,They grieved, but no wail from their slum- bers will come;The hadden and lost in the depths of the brane,They grieved, but no wail fro		
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FIRESIDE ENCY	CLOPÆDIA (OF POETRY.
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They died,—ay! they died; and we things that are now,	As I lay in my dream; yet was it a chime That told of the flow of the stream of
Who walk on the turf that lies over their	time.
brow, Who make in their dwellings a transient	For a beautiful clock from the ceiling hung,
abode,	And a plump little girl, for a pendulum,
Meet the changes they met on their pil-	swung
grimage road.	(As you've sometimes seen, in a little ring That hangs in his cage, a canary-bird
Yea, hope and despondence, and pleasure	swing);
and pain, Are mingled together in sunshine and	And she held to her bosom a budding
rain;	bouquet, And, as she enjoy'd it, she seem'd to say,
And the smile and the tear, the song and	" Passing away ! passing away !"
the dirge, Still follow each other, like surge upon	Oh how bright were the wheels, that told
surge.	Of the lapse of time, as they moved
'Tis the twink of an eye, 'tis the draught	round slow; And the hands, as they swept o'er the dial
of a breath,	of gold,
From the blossom of health to the paleness	Seem'd to point to the girl below.
of death, From the gilded saloon to the bier and the	And lo! she had changed: in a few short hours
shroud,—	Her bouquet had become a garland of
Oh why should the spirit of mortal be proud?	flowers,
WILLIAM KNOX.	That she held in her outstretch'd hands, and flung
	This way and that, as she, daneing, swung
PASSING A WAY.	In the fulness of grace and of womanly
Was it the chime of a tiny bell That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,	pride, That told me she soon was to be a bride;
Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell	Yet then, when expecting her happiest
That he winds, on the beach, so mellow	day, In the same sweet voice I heard her say,
and clear, When the winds and the waves lie to-	"Passing away ! passing away !"
gether asleep,	While I moved at that fair and, shack a
And the Moon and the Fairy are watching	While I gazed at that fair one's cheek, a shade
the deep, She dispensing her silvery light,	Of thought or care stole softly over,
And he his notes as silvery quite,	Like that by a cloud in a summer's day made,
While the boatman listens and ships his	Looking down on a field of blossoming
oar, To eatch the music that comes from the	clover.
shore?	The rose yet lay on her cheek, but its flush
Hark ! the notes on my ear that play Are set to words ; as they float, they say,	Had something lost of its brilliant blush;
"Passing away! passing away!"	And the light in her eye, and the light on
But no; it was not a fairy's shell,	the wheels, That march'd so calmly round above her,
Blown on the beach, so mellow and	Was a little dimm'd,-as when Evening
elear;	steals Upon Noon's hot face. Yet one couldn't
Nor was it the tongue of a silver bell, Striking the hour, that fill'd my ear	but love her,
· · · ·	

For she look'd like a mother whose first	OVER THE RIVER.
babe lay	OVER the river they beckon to me,-
Rock'd on her breast, as she swung all day;	Loved ones who've cross'd to the farther
And she seem'd, in the same silver tone, to say,	side;
" Passing away! passing away!"	The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
	But their voices are drown'd in the
While yet I look'd, what a change there	rushing tide.
came !	There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
Her eye was quench'd, and her cheek	And eyes, the reflection of heaven's own
was wan;	blue;
Stooping and staff'd was her wither'd	He cross'd in the twilight, gray and cold,
frame,	And the pale mist hid him from mortal
Yet just as busily swung she on ;	view.
The garland beneath her had fallen to dust;	We saw not the angels who met him there; The gates of the city we could not see;
The wheels above her were eaten with	Over the river, over the river,
rust;	My brother stands waiting to welcome me!
The hands, that over the dial swept,	sign brother stands watching to welcome mer
Grew crooked and tarnish'd, but on they	Over the river, the boatman pale
kept,	Carried another, -the household pet:
And still there came that silver tone	Her brown curls waved in the gentle
From the shrivell'd lips of the toothless	gale-
erone	Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
(Let me never forget till my dying day	She cross'd on her bosom her dimpled
The tone or the burden of her lay),	hands,
"Passing away ! passing away !"	And fearlessly enter'd the phantom
JOHN PIERPONT.	bark ;
	We watch'd it glide from the silver sands,
HER LAST VERSES.	And all our sunshine grew strangely
EARTH, with its dark and dreadful ills,	dark. We know the interferent the first state
Recedes and fades away;	We know she is safe on the farther side, Where all the ransom'd and angels be;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly hills,	Over the river, the mystic river,
Ye gates of death, give way !	My childhood's idol is waiting for me.
My soul is full of whisper'd song,	my cantanood s ruot is waiting for me.
My blindness is my sight;	For none return from those quiet shores,
The shadows that I fear'd so long	Who cross with the boatman cold and
Are all alive with light.	pale;
The while my pulses faintly beat,	We hear the dip of the golden oars,
My faith doth so abound,	And catch a gleam of the snowy sail,-
I feel grow firm beneath my feet	And lo! they have pass'd from our yearu-
The green immortal ground.	ing heart;
That faith to me a courage gives,	They cross the stream, and are gone for
Low as the grave to go;	aye;
I know that my Redeemer lives:	We may not sunder the veil apart,
That I shall live I know.	That hides from our vision the gates of
The palace-walls I almost see,	day. We only know that their bashs as more
Where dwells my Lord and King;	We only know that their barks no more May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
O grave, where is thy victory?	Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen
O death, where is thy sting?	shore.
ALICE CARY.	They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.
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And 1 sit and think, when the sunset's gold Is flushing river, and hill, and shore,

- I shall one day stand by the water cold, And list for the sound of the boatman's par:
- I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail:
 - I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
- I shall pass from sight, with the boatman pale,

To the better shore of the spirit land;

I shall know the loved who have gone before,—

And joyfully sweet will the meeting be, When over the river, the peaceful river,

The Angel of Death shall carry me, NANCY A. W. WAKEFIELD.

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

LEAVES have their time to fall,

- And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
 - And stars to set,-but all,
- Thon hast all seasons for thine own, O Death !

Day is for mortal care,

- Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
 - Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer,---

But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth!

The banquet hath its hour,

Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine;

There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power.---

A time for softer tears,--but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose

- May look like things too glorious for decay,
 - And smile at thee,—but thou art not of those
- That wait the ripen'd bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,

And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,

And stars to set,-but all,

Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death !

We know when moons shall wane,

- When summer birds from far shall cross the sea.
 - When autumn's hues shall tinge the golden grain,---
- But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when Spring's first gale

- Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie? .
 - Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?--
- They have one season, -all are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,

- Thou art where music melts upon the air;
 - Thou art around us in our peaceful home;

And the world calls us forth,—and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,

Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest,-

Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend

The skies, and swords heat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,

And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,

And stars to set,-but all,

Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death !

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

- THE eurfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 - The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
- The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 - And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

	MORAL	AND	DIDACTIC	POETRY,
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Now fades the glimmering landscape on	Await alike th' inevitable hour :
the sight,	The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
And all the air a solemn stillness holds, Save where the beetle wheels his droning	Nor yon, ye prond, impute to these the
flight,	fault If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:	raise,
	Where through the long-drawn aisle and
Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower The moping owl does to the moon com-	fretted vault The pealing anthem swells the note of
plain	praise.
Of such as, wandering near her secret	Can storied urn or animated bust
bower, Molest her ancient solitary reign.	Back to its mansion call the fleeting
	breath?
Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade.	Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust, Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of
Where heaves the turf in many a moul-	Death?
dering heap, Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,	Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.	Some heart once pregnant with celestial
The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,	fire; Hands, that the rod of empire might have
The swallow twittering from the straw-	sway'd,
built shed,	Or waked to cestasy the living lyre:
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,	But Knowledge to their eyes her ample
No more shall rouse them from their	page
lowly hed.	Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
For them no more the blazing hearth shall	Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
burn Or busy housewife ply her evening care :	And froze the genial current of the soul.
No children run to lisp their sire's return,	Full many a gem of purest ray serene
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.	The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean hear:
	Full many a flower is born to blush un-
Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield, Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has	seen, And waste its sweetness on the desert
broke;	air.
How joeund did they drive their team	Some village Hampden, that with daunt-
afield! How bow'd the woods beneath their	less breast
sturdy stroke !	The little tyrant of his fields withstood, Some mute inglorious Milton here may
Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,	rest,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;	Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile	blood.
The short and simple annals of the	Th' applause of list'ning senates to com-
poor.	mand, The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,	To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,	And read their history in a nation's eyes,
8	

- Their lot forbade : nor circumscribed alone Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
- Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 - And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;
- The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 - To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,

Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife

Their sober wishes never learn'd tostray; Along the cool sequester'd vale of life

They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect

Some frail memorial still erected nigh,

With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,

Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,

The place of fame and elegy supply: And many a holy text around she strews That teach the rustic moralist to die.

- For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prev,
- This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
- Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,

Nor east one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies, Some pious drops the closing eye requires;

E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,

E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

- For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonor'd dead.
 - Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,

- If chance, by loncly Contemplation led, Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—
- Haply some hoary-headed swain may say, "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
- Brushing with hasty steps the dews away, To meet the sun upon the upland lawn;
- "There at the foot of yonder nodding beech That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
- His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 - And pore upon the brook that babbles by.
- "Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 - Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
- Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
 - Or erazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.
- "One morn I miss'd him on the 'custom'd hill,
 - Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;

Another came, nor yet beside the rill,

Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

- "The next with dirges due in sad array Slow through the churchway path we saw him borne;
- Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 - Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth

- A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown;
- Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 - And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.
- Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
 - Heaven did a recompense as largely send:

He gave to Misery all he had,-a tear,	To the pleasures which Mirth can afford,-
He gain'd from Heaven-'twas all he	The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?
wish'd—a friend.	Ah! here is a plentiful board l
No forther and his monito to disclose	But the guests are all mute as their pitiful
No farther seek his merits to disclose, Or draw his frailties from their dread	cheer,
abode	And none but the worm is a reveller here.
(There they alike in trembling hope re-	Shall we build to Affection and Love?
pose),	Ah, no! they have wither'd and died,
The bosom of his Father and his God.	Or fled with the spirit above:
THOMAS GRAY.	Friends, hrothers, and sisters are laid side
	by side,
LINES WRITTEN IN RICHMOND	Yet none have saluted, and none have re- plied.
Churchyard, Yorkshire.	piicu.
METHINKS it is good to be here;	Unto Sorrow ?- The dead cannot grieve;
If thou wilt, let us build,-but for whom?	Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,
Nor Elias nor Moses appear,	Which compassion itself could relieve. Ah! sweetly they slumber, nor hope, love,
But the shadows of eve that encompass the	nor fear,—
gloom,	Peace, peace is the watchword, the only
The abode of the dead and the place of the tomb.	one here!
tomb.	
Shall we build to Ambition? Oh, no!	Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow?
Affrighted, he shrinketh away;	Ah, no! for his empire is known,
For, see! they would pin him below, In a small, narrow cave, and, begirt with	And here there are trophies enow !
cold elay,	Beneath, the cold dead, and around, the
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a	dark stone,
prey.	Are the signs of a sceptre that none may
To Beauty? ah, no! She forgets	disown !
The charms which she wielded before.	The first tabernacle to Hope we will
Nor knows the foul worm that he frets	build,
The skin which bnt yesterday fools could	And look for the sleepers around us to
adore,	rise;
For the smoothness it held, or the tint which it wore.	The second to Faith, which ensures it fulfill'd;
which it wore.	And the third to the Lamb of the great
Shall we build to the purple of Pride,	sacrifice,
The trappings which 'dizen the proud ?	Who bequeathed us them both when he
Alas! they are all laid aside, And here's neither dress nor adornment	rose to the skies.
allow'd,	HERBERT KNOWLES.
But the long winding-sheet and the fringe	+>+>+
of the shroud.	HALLOWED GROUND.
To Riches? alas! 'tis in vain;	WHAT'S hallow'd ground? Has earth a
Who hid, in their turn have been hid;	clod
The treasures are squander'd again,	Its Maker meant not should be trod
And have in the group are all metule for	Du num the interes of his Cod

in the grave are all metals for- By man, the image of his God, bid,

But the tinsel that shines on the dark cof- Unscourged by superstition's rod fin-lid.

Erect and free, To bow the knee?

1 2 1

miss'd,	To
The lips repose our love has kiss'd :	10
But where's their memory's mansion? Is't	Th
Yon churchyard's bowers?	
No! in ourselves their souls exist,	Tra
A part of ours.	
A kiss can consecrate the ground	Pe
Where mated hearts are mutual bound ;	Th
The spot where love's first links were	Pr
wound,	
That ne'er are riven,	Th
Is hallow'd, down to earth's profound,	
And up to heaven!	
For time makes all but true love old;	To
The burning thoughts that then were	An
told	See
Run molten still in memory's mould;	Th
And will not cool Until the heart itself be cold	10
In Lethe's pool.	
	Th
What hallows ground where heroes sleep?	Th
'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap !	Bu
In dews that heavens far distant weep	Th
Their turf may bloom, Or genii twine beneath the deep	1.11
Their coral tomb.	
	Its
But strew his ashes to the wind	W
Whose sword or voice has served man- kind-	Ar
And is he dead whose glorious mind	Ma
Lifts thine on high?—	1111
To live in hearts we leave behind	
Is not to die.	Fa
	Ca
Is't death to fall for Freedom's right?	El
He's dead alone that lacks her light! And murder sullies in Heaven's sight	Ye
The sword he draws :	10
What can alone ennoble fight?	
A nohle cause !	Ar
	Ir
Give that! and welcome War to brace	Th
Her drums, and rend Heaven's reeking space !	
The colors planted face to face,	Ar
The charging cheer,	
Though Death's pale horse lead on the	W
chase,	
Shall still be dear.	To

And place our trophies where men kneel To Heaven !—But Heaven rebukes my zeal.

The cause of truth and human weal, O God above!

Transfer it from the sword's appeal To Peace and Love.

Peace! Love!—the cherubim that join Their spread wings o'er Devotion's shrine! Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine, Where they are not; The heart alone can make divine

The heart alone can make divine Religion's spot.

To incantations dost thou trust, And pompous rites in domes august? See mouldering stones and metal's rust Belie the vaunt, That men can bless one pile of dnst With chine or chaunt.

The ticking wood-worm mocks thee, man! Thy temples—creeds themselves grow wan! But there's a dome of nobler span, A temple given Thy faith, that bigots dare not ban—

Its space is Heaven!

Its roof star-pictured Nature's ceiling, Where, trancing the rapt spirit's feeling, And God Himself to man revealing, The harmonious spheres Make music, though unheard their pealing By mortal ears.

Fair stars! are not your beings pure? Can sin, can death, your worlds obscure? Else why so swell the thoughts at your Aspect above? Ye must be heavens that make us sure Of heavenly love!

And in your harmony sublime read the doom of distant time : Chat man's regenerate soul from erime Shall yet be drawn, And reason, on his mortal elime, Immortal dawn. What's hallow'd ground? 'Tis what gives

To sacred thoughts in souls of worth !---

birth

p	
Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth,	Thenee to their images on earth it flows,
Earth's compass round;	And in the breasts of kings and heroe
And your high pricsthood shall make	glows.
earth	Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an
All hallow'd ground! THOMAS CAMPBELL	age,
THOMAS CANFELL.	Dull sullen pris'ners in the body's cage :
	Dim lights of life, that burn a length of
EPITAPH UPON HUSBAND AND	years, Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres ;
WIFE	Like Eastern kings, a lazy state they keep
WHO DIED AND WERE BURIED TOGETHER.	And, close confined to their own palace
To these, whom death again did wed,	sleep.
This grave's the second marriage-bed,	From these perhaps (ere Nature bad
For though the hand of fate could force	her die)
'Twixt soul and body a divorce,	Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky
It could not sever man and wife,	As into air the purer spirits flow,
Because they both lived but one life.	And sep'rate from their kindred dreg
Peace, good reader, do not weep	below;
Peace, the lovers are asleep !	So flew the soul to its congenial place,
They (sweet turtles) folded lie,	Nor left one virtnê to redeem her race.
In the last knot love could tie.	But thou, false gnardian of a charge to
Let them sleep, let them sleep on,	good,
Till this stormy night be gone, And the eternal morrow dawn;	Thou mean deserter of thy brother's blood
Then the curtains will be drawn,	See on these ruby lips the trembling
And they wake into a light	breath, These cheeks now fading at the blast o
Whose day shall never end in night.	death !
Richard Crashaw.	Cold is that breast which warm'd th
	world before,
	And those love-darting eyes must roll n
ELEGY TO THE MEMORY OF AN	more,
UNFORTUNATE LADY.	Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball,
WHAT beck'ning ghost, along the moon-	Thus shall your wives, and thus your chil
light shade,	dren fall :
Invites my steps, and points to yonder	On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
glade?	And frequent hearses shall besiege you
'Tis she !but why that bleeding bosom	gates :
gored ?	There passengers shall stand, and pointin
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?	say
O ever beauteous! ever friendly! tell, Is it in Heav'n a crime to love too well?	(While the long fun'rals blacken all th way),
To bear too tender or too firm a heart,	"Lo! these were they, whose souls th
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?	Furies steel'd,
Is there no bright reversion in the sky	And cursed with hearts unknowing how t
For those who greatly think or bravely	vield."
die?	Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
Why bade ye else, ye pow'rs ! her soul	The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
aspire	So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd t
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?	glow
Ambition first sprung from your blest	For others' good, or melt at others' woe.
abodes,	What can atome (O ever-injured shade!
The glorious fault of angels and of gods :	Thy fate unpitied and thy rites unpaid?

No friend's complaint, no kind domestic	Ev'ı
tear Pleased thy pale ghost, or graced thy	Shal
mournful bier;	
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,	The
By foreign hands thy decent limbs com-	And
posed,	
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,	Life The
By strangers honor'd and by strangers	The
mourn'd.	
What though no friends in sable weeds	
appear,	
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a	
year,	
And bear about the mockery of woe	
To midnight dauces and the public	
show?	
What though no weeping Loves thy ashes	
grace,	
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face?	
What though no saered earth allow thee	
room, Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy	
tomb?	
Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be	
dress'd,	
And the green turf lie lightly on thy	
breast:	
There shall the morn her earliest tears	
bestow,	
There the first roses of the year shall	
blow:	
While angels with their silver wings o'er-	
shade	
The ground now sacred by thy relics made.	
So peaceful rests, without a stone, a	
name,	
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and	ļ
fame.	
How loved, how honor'd once, avails thee	
not,	
To whom related, or by whom begot;	1
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,	i
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall	
be!	
Poets themselves must fall like those	
they sung,	
Deaf the praised ear, and mute the tune- ful tongue.	
fur tongue.	

Ev'n	he,	whose	soul	now	melts	in	mourn-
	fuł	lays,					

- l shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;
- from his closing eyes thy form shall part.
- the last pang shall tear thee from his heart :

s idle business at one gasp be o'er,

Muse forgot, and thou beloved no more !

ALEXANDER POPE.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

I'm wearin' awa', Jean, Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean, I'm wearin' awa'

To the land o' the leal. There's nae sorrow there, Jean, There's neither cauld nor care, Jean, The day is ave fair In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean, She was baith gude and fair, Jean, And oh ! we grudged her sair

To the land o' the leal.

But sorrow's sel' wears past, Jean, And joy's a-comin' fast, Jean, The joy that's ave to last In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear that joy was bought, Jean, Sae free the battle fought, Jean. That sinfu' man e'er brought

To the land o' the leal.

Oh ! dry your glistening e'e, Jean, My soul langs to be free, Jean, And angels beckon me To the land o' the leal.

Oh ! haud ye leal and true, Jean, Your day it's wearin' thro', Jean, And I'll welcome you

To the land o' the leal. Now fare ve weel, my ain Jean, This warld's cares are vain, Jean, We'll meet, and we'll be fain,

In the land o' the leal.

LADY CAROLINA NAIRNE.

STANZAS.

FAREWELL, life ! my senses swim, And the world is growing dim ; Thronging shadows cloud the light, Like the advent of the night,— Colder, colder, colder still, Upward steals a vapor chill ; Strong the earthy odor grows,— I smell the mould above the rose !

Welcome, life ! the spirit strives ! Strength returns and hope revives : Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn Fly like shadows at the morn,— O'er the earth there comes a bloom ; Sunny light for sullen gloom, Warm perfume for vapor cold,— I smell the rose above the mould ! THOMAS HOOP.

THE DYING MAN IN HIS GARDEN.

WHY, Damon, with the forward day Dost thou thy little spot survey, From tree to tree, with doubtful cheer, Pursue the progress of the year, What winds arise, what rains descend, When thou before that year shalt end?

What do thy noontide walks avail, To clear the leaf, and pick the snail, Then wantonly to death decree An insect usefuller than thee ? Thou and the worm are hrother-kind, As low, as earthy, and as blind.

Vain wretch ! canst thon expect to see The downy peach make court to thee ? Or that thy sense shall ever meet The bean-flower's deep-embosom'd sweet Exhaling with an evening blast ? Thy evenings then will all be past !

Thy narrow pride, thy fancied green (For vanity's in little seen), All must be left when Death appears, In spite of wishes, groans, and tears ; Nor one of all thy plants that grow But Rosemary will with the go. Genore SewerL.

DIRGE.

FROM "CYMBELINE."

FEAR no more the heat o' the-sun, Nor the furious winter's rages;

Thou thy worldly task hast done, Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages: Golden lads and lasses must, As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great, Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;

Care no more to clothe, and eat; To thee the reed is as the oak: The sceptre, learning, physic, must All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone; Fear not slander, censure rash:

Thou hast finish'd joy and moan : All lovers young, all lovers must, Consign to thee, and come to dust. WILLIAN SHAKESPEARE.

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

SUNG BY GUIDERUS AND ARVERAGUS OVER FIDELE, SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb Soft maids and village hinds shall bring Each opening sweet of earliest bloom, And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear, To vex with shrieks this quiet grove: But shepherd lads assemble here, And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen----No goblins lead their nightly erew; The female fays shall haunt the green, And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The redbreast oft, at evening hours, Shall kindly lend his little aid, With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers, To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain In tempests shake the sylvan cell, Or 'midst the chase, on every plain, The tender thought on the shall dwell, Each lonely scene shall thee restore, For thee the tear be duly shed; Beloved till life can charm no more, And mourn'd till Pity's self be dead. WILLIAM COLLINS.

DIRGE.

FROM "THE WHITE DEVIL."

CALL for the rohin-redbreast and the wren, Since o'er shady groves they hover,

And with leaves and flowers do cover The friendless bodies of unburied men. Call unto his funeral dole

The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,

To raise him hillocks that shall keep him

warm,

And, when gay tombs are robb'd, sustain no harm;

But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,

For with his nails he'll dig them up again. JOHN WEBSTEB.

DIRGE.

SOFTLY ! She is lying With her lips apart ; Softly ! She is dying of a broken heart.

Whisper! , She is going To her final rest; Whisper! Life is growing Dim within her breast.

Gently ! She is sleeping ; She has breathed her last ! Gently.! While you're weeping, She to heaven has pass'd. CHARLES GAMOR EASTMAN,

FRIEND AFTER FRIEND DEPARTS.

FRIEND after friend departs: Who hath not lost a friend? There is no union here of hearts That finds not here an end; Were this frail world our only rest, Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time, Beyond this vale of death, There surely is some blessed clime Where life is not a breath, Nor life's affections transient fire, Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

There is a world above, Where parting is unknown; A whole eternity of love, Form'd for the good alone;

And faith beholds the dying here Translated to that happier sphere.

Thus star by star declines, Till all are pass'd away, As morning high and higher shines, To pure and perfect day; Nor sink those stars in empty night; They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

GANE WERE BUT THE WINTER CAULD.

GANE were but the winter cauld, And gane were but the snaw, I could sleep in the wild woods, Where primroses blaw.

Cauld's the snaw at my head, And cauld at my feet, And the finger o' Death's at my e'en, Closing them to sleep.

Let nane tell my father Or my mither sae dear ; I'll meet them baith in heaven At the spring o' the year. ALLAN CUNINGHAM.

THE ALPINE SHEEP.

WHEN on my ear your loss was knell'd, And tender sympathy upburst, A little spring from memory well'd, Which once had quench'd my bitter thirst.

And I was fain to bear to you A portion of its mild relief, That it might be as healing dew, To steal some fever from your grief.

After our child's untroubled breath Up to the Father took its way, And on our home the shade of Death Like a long twilight haunting lay,

And friends came round, with us to weep Her little spirit's swift remove, The story of the Alpine sheep

Was told to ns by one we love.

They, in the valley's sheltering eare, Soon crop the meadow's tender prime, And when the sod grows brown and bare,

The shepherd strives to make them elimb

To airy shelves of pasture green, That hang along the mountain's side,

Where grass and flowers together lean, And down through mist the sunbeams slide.

But naught can tempt the timid things The steep and rugged paths to try,

Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings, And sear'd below the pastures lie,

Till in his arms their lambs he takes, Along the dizzy verge to go;

Then, heedless of the rifts and breaks, They follow on, o'er rock and snow.

And in those pastures, lifted fair, More dewy-soft than lowland mead, The shepherd drops his tender care, And sheep and lambs together feed,

This parable, by Nature breathed, Blew on mc as the south wind free

O'er frozen brooks, that flow unsheathed From icy thraldrom to the sea.

A blissful vision, through the night, Would all my happy senses sway,

Of the good Shepherd on the height, Or climbing up the starry way,

Holding onr little lamb asleep,— While, like the murmur of the sea, Sounded that voice along the deep, Saying, "Arise and follow me?" MARIA WHITE LOWELL.

TOM BOWLING.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling, The darling of our crew; No more he'll hear the tempest howling-For Death has broach'd him to. His form was of the manliest beauty; His heart was kind and soft: Faithful below he did his duty : But now he's gone aloft. Tom never from his word departed-His virtues were so rare; His friends were many and true-hearted; His Poll was kind and fair. And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly-Ah, many's the time and oft! But mirth is turn'd to melancholy, For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather, When He, who all commands,

Shall give, to call life's erew together, The word to pipe all hands.

Thus Death, who kings and tars despatches, In vain Tom's life has doff'd;

For, though his body's under hatches, His soul is gone aloft.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

ONLY WAITING.

ONLY waiting till the shadows Are a little longer grown, Only waiting till the glimmer Of the day's last beam is flown; Till the night of earth is faded From the heart once full of day; Till the stars of Heaven are breaking Through the twilight soft and gray. Only waiting till the reapers Have the last sheaf gather'd home, For the summer-time is faded. And the autumn winds have come. Quickly, reapers! gather quickly The last ripe hours of my heart, For the bloom of life is wither'd, And I hasten to depart. Only waiting till the angels Open wide the mystic gate,

At whose feet I long have linger'd,

Weary, poor, and desolate.

Even now I hear the footsteps, And their voices far away; If they call me I am waiting, Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows Are a little longer grown, Only waiting till the glimmer Of the day's last beam is flown. Then from out the gather'd darkness, Holy, deathless stars shall rise,

By whose light my soul shall gladly Tread its pathway to the skies.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

WITHIN his sober realm of leafless trees The russet year inhaled the dreamy air;

- Like some tann'd reaper in his hour of ease,
 - When all the fields are lying brown and bare.
- The gray barns looking from their hazy hills
 - O'er the dim waters widening in the vales,

Sent down the air a greeting to the mills, On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

- All sights were mellow'd and all sounds subdued,
 - The hills seem'd farther and the streams sang low;

As in a dream the distant woodman hew'd His winter log with many a mutfled blow.

- The embattled forests, erewhile arm'd in gold,
 - Their banners bright with every martial hue,
- Now stood, like some sad beaten host of old,

Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

- On slumb'rous wings the vulture held his flight;
 - . The dove scarce heard its sighing mate's complaint ;

And like a star slow drowning in the light, The village church-vane seem'd to pale and faint.

- The sentinel-cock upon the hillside crew, Crew thrice, and all was stiller than before.—
- Silent till some replying warder blew His alien horn, and then was heard no more
- Where erst the jay, within the elm's tall crest.
 - Made garrulons trouble round her unfledged young,
- And where the oriole hung ber swaying nest,
 - By every light wind like a censer swung;--

Where sang the noisy masons of the eaves, The busy swallows circling ever near,

- Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
- An early harvest and a plenteous year;---
- Where every hird which charm'd the vernal feast,
- Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,

To warn the reaper of the rosy east, -

All now was songless, empty, and forlorn.

- Alone from out the stubble piped the quail,
 - And croak'd the crow through all the dreamy gloom;
- Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale, Made echo to the distant cottage loom.
- There was no bud, no bloom, upon the bowers;
- The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night;
- The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers, Sail'd slowly by, pass'd noiseless out of sight.
- Amid all this, in this most cheerless air,
- And where the woodbine shed upon the porch
- Its crimson leaves, as if the Year stood there
 - Firing the floor with his inverted torch :

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,

The white-hair'd matron with monotonous tread,

MORAL	AND	DIDACTIC	POETRY.
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Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mien, Sat, like a Fate, and watch'd the flying thread.	The storm that wrecks the winter sky No more disturbs their deep repose Than summer evening's latest sigh That shuts the rose.
She had known Sorrow,—he had walk'd with her, Oft supp'd and broke the bitter ashen crust;	I long to lay this painful head And aching heart beneath the soil, To slumber in that dreamless bed From all my toil.
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.	For Misery stole me at my birth, And cast me helpless on the wild : I perish ;—O my mother Earth, Take home thy child.
 While yet her check was bright with summer bloom, Her country summon'd and she gave her all; And twice War bow'd to her his sable 	On thy dear lap these limbs reclined, Shall gently moulder into thee; Nor leave one wretched trace behind Resembling me.
Regave the swords to rust upon her wall.	Hark !—a strange sound affrights mine ear, My pulse,—my brain runs wild,—I rave; —Ah ! who art thou whose voice I hear ? " I am the Grave !
Regave the swords,—but not the hand that drew And struck for Liberty its dying blow, Nor him who, to his sire and country true, Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.	" The Grave, that never spake before, Hath found at length a tongue to chide: Oh listen !—I will speak no more :— Be silent, Pride !
Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;Long, but not loud, the memory of the	"Art thou a Wretch of hope forlorn, The victim of consuming care? Is thy distracted conscience torn By fell despair?
gone Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tune. At last the thread was snapp'd: her head	"Do foul misdeeds of former times Wring with remoise thy guilty breast? And ghosts of unforgiven crimes Murder thy rest?
was bow'd: Life dropt the distaff through his hands serene; And loving neighbors smoothed her care- ful shroud, While Death and Winter closed the	" Lash'd by the furies of the mind, From Wrath and Vengeance wouldst thou flee? Ah! think not, hope not, fool, to find A friend in me.
autumn scene. Thomas Buchanan Read. — 🖘 — THE GRAVE.	" By all the terrors of the tomb, Beyond the power of tongue to tell; By the dread secrets of my womb; By Death and Hell;
THERE is a calm for those who weep, A rest for weary pilgrims found ; They softly lie and sweetly sleep Low in the ground. 41	"I charge thee live !—repent and pray, In dust thine infamy deplore ; There yet is mercy—go thy way, And sin no more.

"Art thou a Mourner?—Hast thou known The joy of innocent delights, Endearing days for ever flown, And tranquil nights?

" Oh live !—and deeply cherish still The sweet remembrance of the past : Rely on Heaven's unchanging will For peace at last.

"Art thou a Wanderer?—Hast thou seen O'erwhelming tempests drown thy bark? A shipwreck'd sufferer hast thou been, Misfortune's mark?

"Though long of winds and waves the sport,

Condemn'd in wretchedness to roam, Live !—thou shalt reach a sheltering port, A quiet home.

"To Friendship didst thou trust thy fame, And was thy friend a deadly foe, Who stole into thy breast to aim A surer blow ?

" Live !—and repine not o'er his loss, A loss unworthy to he told, Thou hast mistaken sordid dross For friendship's gold.

"Seek the true treasure seldom found, Of power the fiercest griefs to calm, And soothe the bosom's deepest wound With heavenly balm.

"Did Woman's charm thy youth beguile, And did the Fair One faithless prove? Hath she betray'd thee with a smile, And sold thy love?

"Live! "Twas a false bewildering fire: Too often Love's insidious dart Thrills the fond soul with wild desire, But kills the heart.

"Thou yet shalt know how sweet, how dear,

To gaze on listening Beauty's eye; To ask,—and pause in hope and fear Till she reply.

"A nobler flame shall warm thy breast, A brighter maiden faithful prove; Thy youth, thine age, shall yet be blest In woman's love. "-Whate'er thy lot,-whoe'er thou be-Confess thy folly, kiss the rod, And in thy chastening sorrows see The hand of God.

" A bruisèd reed He will not break ; Afflictions all his children feel ; He wounds them for His mercy's sake, He wounds to heal.

"Humbled beneath His mighty hand, Prostrate His Providence adore : 'Tis done !—Arise ! He bids thee stand, To fall no more.

"Now, Traveller in the vale of tears To realms of everlasting light, Through Time's dark wilderness of years, Pursue thy flight.

"There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for weary Pilgrims found; And while the mouldering ashes sleep Low in the ground,

"The Soul, of origin divine, God's glorious image, freed from elay, In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine A star of day.

"The Sun is but a spark of fire, A transient meteor in the sky; The Soul, immortal as its Sire, SHALL NEVER DIE." JAMES MONTGOMERY.

TO A SKELETON.

BEHOLD this rnin! 'Twas a skull Once of ethereal spirit full. This narrow cell was Life's retreat, This space was Thought's mysterious seat. What beauteous visions fill'd this spot! What dreams of pleasure long forgot! Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear, Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy Once shone the bright and busy eye, But start not at the dismal void,— If social love that eye employ'd, If with no lawless fire it glean'd, But through the dews of kindness beam'd, That eye shall be for ever bright When stars and sun are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue; If Falsehood's honey it disdain'd, And when it could not praise was chain'd; If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke, Yet gentle concord never broke,— This silent tongue shall plead for thee When Time unveils Eternity !

Say, did these fingers delve the mine? Or with the envied rubics shine? To hew the rock or wear a gem Can little now avail to them. But if the page of Truth they sought, Or confort to the mourner brought, These hands a richer meed shall claim Than all that wait on Wealth and Fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod These feet the paths of duty trod? If from the bowers of Ease they fled, To seek Affliction's humble shed; If Grandeur's guilty bribe they spurn'd, And home to Virtue's cot return'd,— These feet with angel wings shall vie, And tread the palace of the sky!

THE LAST MAN.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom, The Sun himself must die, Before this mortal shall assume Its immortality! I saw a vision in my sleep, That gave my spirit strength to sweep Adown the gulf of Time! I saw the last of human mould That shall Creation's death behold, As Adam saw her prime! The Sun's eye had a sickly glare, The Earth with age was wan; The skeletons of nations were Around that lonely man! Some had expired in fight,-the brands Still rusted in their bony hands, In plague and famine some!

Earth's cities had no sound nor tread; And ships were drifting with the dead

To shores where all was dumb !

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood, With dauntless words and high, That shook the sere leaves from the wood, As if a storm pass'd by, Saying, We are twins in death, proud Sun ! Thy face is cold, thy race is run, 'Tis Mercy bids thee go; For thou ten thousand thousand years Hast seen the tide of human tears, That shall no longer flow. What though beneath thee man put forth His pomp, his pride, his skill; And arts that made fire, flood, and earth The vassals of his will? Yet mourn I not thy parted sway, Thou dim, discrowned king of day; For all those trophied arts And triumphs that beneath thee sprang, Heal'd not a passion or a pang Entail'd on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall Upon the stage of men, Nor with thy rising beams recall Life's tragedy again : Its pitcous pageants bring not back, Nor waken flesh, upon the rack Of pain anew to writhe; Stretch'd in disease's shapes abhorr'd, Or mown in battle by the sword, Like grass beneath the scythe.

Even I am weary in yon skies To watch thy fading fire; Test of all sumless agonics, Behold not me expire. My lips that speak thy dirge of death, Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath To see thou shalt not boast. The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall, The majesty of Darkness shall Receive my parting ghost! This spirit shall return to Him Who gave its heavenly spark; Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim When thou thyself art dark! No! it shall live again, and shine

In bliss unknown to beams of thine, By Him recall'd to breath,

Who captive led captivity, Who robb'd the grave of Victory, And took the sting from Death!

Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up On Nature's awful waste To drink this last and bitter cup Of grief that man shall taste,— Go, tell the night that hides thy face, Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race, On Earth's sepulehral clod, The darkening universe defy To quench his immortality, Or shake his trust in God! THOMAS CAMPBELL

ODE.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM Recollections of Early Childhood. I.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream, The earth, and every common sight, To ne did scem Apparell'd in celestial light, The glory and the freshness of a dream. It is not now as it hath been of yore; Turn wheresoe'er I may, By night or day, The things which I have seen I now ean see no more.

II.

The Rainbow comes and goes, And lovely is the Rose; The Moon doth with delight Look round her when the heavens are bare, Waters on a starry night Are beautiful and fair; The sunshine is a glorious birth; But yet I know, where'er I go, That there hath pass'd away a glory from the earth.

III.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song, And while the young lambs bound As to the tabor's sound, To me alone there came a thought of grief: A timely utterance gave that thought relief.

And I again am strong:

The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep; No more shall grief of mine the season wrong; I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng, The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep, And all the earth is gay; Land and sea

Give themselves up to jollity, And with the heart of May Doth every Beast keep holiday ;— Thou Child of Joy, Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy Shepherd boy !

IV.

Ye blessed Creatures, I have heard the call Ye to each other make; I see The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee: My heart is at your festival, My head hath its coronal, The fulness of your bliss, I feel-I feel it all. O evil day ! if I were sullen While Earth herself is adorning, This sweet May morning, And the Children are culling On every side, In a thousand valleys far and wide, Fresh flowers: while the sun shines warm. And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm :---I hear, I hear, with joy I hear l -But there's a Tree, of many, one, A single Field which I have look'd upon, Both of them speak of something that is gone:

The Pansy at my feet Doth the same tale repeat : Whither is fled the visionary gleam ? Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

v.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting : The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star, Hath had elsewhere its setting, And cometh from afar :

Not in entire forgetfulness,

And not in utter nakedness,

But trailing clouds of glory do we come From God, who is our home : Heaven lies about us in our infancy !

Shades of the prison-house begin to close Upon the growing Boy,

But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,

He sees it in his joy;

The Youth, who daily farther from the east Must travel, still is Nature's Priest, And by the vision splendid Is on his way attended;

At length the Man perceives it die away, And fade into the light of common day.

VI.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;

Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,

And, even with something of a Mother's mind,

And no unworthy aim,

The homely Nurse doth all she can To makeher Foster-child, her Inmate Man,

Forget the glories he hath known, And that imperial palace whence he came.

VII.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses. A six years' Darling of a pigmy size! See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies. Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses, With light upon him from his father's eyes! See, at his feet, some little plan or chart, Some fragment from his dream of human life, Shaped by himself with newly-learned art: A wedding or a festival, A mourning or a funeral; And this hath now his heart, And unto this he frames his song : Then will he fit his tongue To dialogues of business, love, or strife; But it will not be long Ere this be thrown aside, And with new joy and pride The little Actor cons another part;

Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"

With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,

That Life brings with her in her equipage; As if his whole vocation

Were endless imitation.

VIII.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie The Soul's immensity;

Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,

That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,

Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,— Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!

On whom those truths do rest,

Which we are toiling all our lives to find, In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;

Thou, over whom thy Immortality

Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,

A Presence which is not to be put by;

- Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
- Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,

Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke

The years to bring the inevitable yoke,

Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?

Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,

And custom lie upon thee with a weight,

Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life !

IX.

Oh joy! that in our embers Is something that doth live,

That Nature yet remembers

What was so fugitive !

The thought of our past years in me doth breed

Perpetual benediction : not indeed

For that which is most worthy to be blest

Delight and liberty, the simple creed

Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,

With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast :---

Not for these I raise

The song of thanks and praise;

But for those obstinate questionings Of sense and outward things Fallings from us, vanishings; Blank misgivings of a Creature Moving about in worlds not realized, High instincts before which our mortal Nature Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised : But for those first affections Those shadowy recollections, Which, be they what they may, Are yet the fountain-light of all our day, Are yet a master light of all our seeing; Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make Our noisy years seem moments in the being Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake, To perish never; Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor. Nor Man nor Boy, Nor all that is at ennity with joy, Can utterly abolish or destroy ! Hence in a season of calm weather Though inland far we be, Our souls have sight of that immortal sea Which brought us hither, Can in a moment travel thither, And see the Children sport upon the shore. And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore. х. Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song! And let the young Lambs bound As to the tabor's sound; We in thought will join your throng, Ye that pipe and ye that play, Ye that through your hearts to-day Feel the gladness of the May ! What though the radiance which was once so bright Be now for ever taken from my sight, Though nothing can bring back the hour Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower; We will grieve not, rather find Strength in what remains behind ; In the primal sympathy Which having been must ever be :

In the soothing thoughts that spring Out of human suffering;

In the faith that looks through death, In years that bring the philosophic mind.

X1.

And O ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,

Forebode not any severing of our loves? Yet in my heart of hearts 1 feel your might; I only have relinquish'd one delight

To live beneath your more habitual sway. I love the Brooks which down their chan-

- nels fret,
 - Even more than when I tripp'd lightly as they;

The innocent brightness of a new-born Day

Is lovely yet;

The Clouds that gather round the setting sun

Do take a sober coloring from an eye

That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;

Another race hath been, and other palms are won.

Thanks to the human heart by which we live,

Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,

To me the meanest flower that blows can give

Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however watch'd and tended,

But one dead lamb is there!

There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended, But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying, And mournings for the dead;

The heart of Rachel, for her children crying, Will not be comforted !

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions Not from the ground arise,

But oftentimes celestial benedictions Assume this dark disguise.

- We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
- Amid these earthly damps
- What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers May be heaven's distant lamps.
- There is no Death! What seems so is transition :
 - This life of mortal breath
- Is but a suburb of the life elysian, Whose portal we call Death.
- She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
 - But gone unto that school
- Where she no longer needs our poor protection,

And Christ Himself doth rule.

- In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
 - By guardian angels led,
- Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,

She lives whom we call dead.

- Day after day we think what she is doing In those bright realms of air;
- Year after year, her tender steps pursuing, Behold her grown more fair.
- Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
 - The bond which Nature gives,
- Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken, .

May reach her where she lives.

- Not as a child shall we again behold her; For when with raptures wild
- In our embraces we again enfold her, She will not be a child :
- But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion, Clothed with celestial grace;
- And beautiful with all the soul's expansion

Shall we behold her face.

And though, at times, impetnous with emotion

And anguish long suppress'd,

The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,

That cannot be at rest,-

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling

We may not wholly stay;

By silence sanctifying, not concealing, The grief that must have way. HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

The Crowded Street.

LET me move slowly through the street, Fill'd with an ever-shifting train, Amid the sound of steps that beat

The murmuring walks like autumn rain.

How fast the flitting figures come ! The mild, the fierce, the stony face—

Some bright with thoughtless smiles, and some

Where secret tears have left their trace.

They pass to toil, to strife, to rest— To halls in which the feast is spread— To chambers where the funeral guest In silence sits beside the dead.

And some to happy homes repair, Where children, pressing cheek to cheek,

With mute caresses shall declare The tenderness they cannot speak.

And some, who walk in calmness here, Shall shudder as they reach the door Where one who made their dwelling dear, Its flower, its light, is seen no more.

Youth, with pale cheek and slender frame, And dreams of greatness in thine eye! Go'st thou to build an early name, Or early in the task to die?

Keen son of trade with eager brow ! Who is now fluttering in thy snare ? Thy golden fortunes, tower they now, Or melt the glittering spires in air ?

Who of this crowd to-night shall tread The dance till daylight gleam again? Who sorrow o'er the untimely dead? Who writhe in throes of mortal pain?

- Some, famine-struck, shall think how long The cold, dark hours, how slow the light;
- And some, who flaunt amid the throng, Shall hide in dens of shame to-night.

Each where his tasks or pleasures call; They pass, and heed each other not. There is Who heeds, Who holds them all In His large love and boundless thought.

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

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE HERMIT.

- AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
 - And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
- When naught but the torrent is heard on the hill,
 - And naught but the nightingale's song in the grove,
- 'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
 - While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began;
- No more with hum-elf or with Nature at war,

He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man:

- "Ah! why, all abandon'd to darkness and woe.
 - Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?
- For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
 - And sorrow no longer thy bosom inthrall.
- But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,--

Oh, soothe him whose pleasures like thine pass away !

Full quickly they pass,—but they never return.

"Now, gliding remote on the verge of the sky,

The moon, half extinguish'd, her crescent displays;

- But lately I mark'd when majestic on high
 - She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
- Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
 - The path that conducts thee to splendor again l
- But man's faded glory what change shall renew?

Ah, fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

- "'Tis_night, and the landscape is lovely no more.
 - I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
- For morn is approaching your charms to restore,
 - Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew.
- Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn,—
- Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save;
- But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn?
 - Oh, when shall day dawn on the night of the grave?
- "'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betray'd,
 - That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind,
- My thoughts wont to roam from shade onward to shade,
- Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
- 'Oh pity, great Father of light,' then I cried,
 - ' Thy creature, who fain would not wander from Thee !
- Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my . pride;
 - From doubt and from darkness Thou only canst free!'
- " And darkness and doubt are now flying away;

No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.

So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray, The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.

Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn;

- See truth, love, and mercy in triumph descending,
 - And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom !
- On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,
 - And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

URBES DEALITE

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

IN IMITATION OF THE TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

LET Observation, with extensive view, Survey mankind from China to Peru :

- Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife.
- And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;
- Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
- O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
- Where wavering man, betray'd by venturous pride
- To chase the dreary paths without a guide,
- As treacherous phantoms in the midst delude,
- Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good ;
- How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
- Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice;
- How nations sink, by darling schemes oppress'd,
- When Vengeance listens to the fool's request.
- Fate wings with every wish th' afflictive dart,
- Each gift of Nature and each grace of art;

With fatal heat impetnous courage glows,

With fatal sweetness elocution flows,

Impeachment stops the speaker's powerful breath,

And restless fire precipitates on death.

But, scarce observed, the knowing and the bold

Fall in the general massacre of gold;

Wide wasting pest! that rages unconfined And crowds with crimes the records of mankind:

- For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
- For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;
- Wealth heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys,

The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

Let History tell where rival kings command,

And dubious title shakes the madded land,

- When statutes glean the refuse of the sword.
- How much more safe the vassal than the lord !
- Low skulks the hind below the rage of power,
- And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tower;
- Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers sound;
- Though Confiscation's vultures hover round.

The needy traveller, serene and gay,

- Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.
- Does envy seize thee? crush th' upbraiding joy,
- Increase his riches, and his peace destroy:

Now fears in dire vicissitude invade,

- The rustling brake alarms, and quivering shade,
- Nor light nor darkness bring his pain relief,
- One shows the plunder and one hides the thief.

Yet still one general cry the skies assails, And gain and grandeur load the tainted

gales;

Few know the toiling statesman's fcar or care,

The insidious rival and the gaping heir.

Once more, Democritus, arise on earth,

With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth;

See motley life in modern trappings dress'd, And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest:

 Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a piece; Where welth unloved without a mourner died, And searce a sycophant was fed by pride; And searce a sycophant was fed by pride; Where near e'er was known the form of mock debate, Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state; Where change of favorites made no change of laws, And senates heard before they judged a cause; How wouldst thou shake at Britain's modish tribe, Dart the quick taunt and edge the piercing gibe? Attentive truth and nature to descry, And pierce each scene with philosophic ey, Attentive truth and nature to descry, And pierce each scene with philosophic ey, All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain, Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain. Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind, Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind, Such was the scorn ere yet thy voice dcare, Sunnumher'd suppliants crowd Preferment's gate, Athirst for wealth, and burning to grara; Delusive Fortune hears th' incessant cali, They mount, they shine, exaporate anfall. And exert as streager at and fall. Ant with score gance attend, Hate dogs their fight, and insult mocks, their end. Love ends with hope, the sinking states, man's door Pours in the morning worshipper no Kus the keen glance, and watch the sign to state. Where're he turns, he meets a stranger's cap, ey, or state end. Word hope, che sinking states, and watch the sign to shate. Were're he turns, he meets a stranger's cap, ey, or state end. Were're he turns, he meets a stranger's cap, ey, or state end. Were're he turns, hen nots a stranger's cap, ey, or state end. Were're he turns, hen nots a stranger's cap. Were're he turns, hen nots a stranger's cap. Were're he turns, hen nots a	Thou who couldst laugh, where want en- chain'd caprice,	For growing names the weekly scribbler lies.
 Where weath unloved without a mourner died, And sentee a sycophant was fed by prid; Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate, Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state; Where change of favorites made no change of laws, And senates heard before they judged a cause; How wouldst thou shake at Britain's modish tribe, Dart the quick taunt and edge the piercing gibe? And duetstation rids th' indignant wall. Cause; How wouldst thou shake at Britain's modish tribe, Dart the quick taunt and edge the piercing gibe? And duetstation rids th' indignant wall. Cause; And quick taunt and edge the piercing gibe? And pierce each scene with philosophic eye, To thee were solemn toys, or empty show, The robes of pleasure, and the veils of woe: All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain, Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain. Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind, Renew'd at every glance on human kind; How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare, Athirst for wealth, and burning to great; Delusive Fortune hears th' incessant call, They mount, they shine, evaporate an fall. On every stage the foes of peace attend, Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end. Love ends with hope, the sinking states man's door Pours in the morning worshipper not 	Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a	To growing wealth the dedicator flies;
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more;	more;	fly;

Now drops at once the pride of awful	Should Reason gnide thee with her bright-
state,	est ray,
The golden canopy, the glittering plate,	And pour on misty Doubt resistless day ;
The regal palace, the luxurious board,	Should no false kindness lure to loose de- light,
The liveried army, and the menial lord ;	0 ,
With age, with cares, with maladies op-	Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright;
press'd,	Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.	And Sloth diffuse her opiate fumes in vain;
Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,	Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of	Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart;
kings.	Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,
Speak, thou whose thoughts at humble	Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy
peace repine,	shade;
Shall Wolsey's wealth with Wolsey's end	Yet hope not life from grief or danger
be thine?	free,
Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,	Nor think the doom of man reversed for thee.
The wisest justice on the banks of Trent?	
For why did Wolsey, near the steeps of	Deign on the passing world to turn thine
fate,	eyes,
On weak foundations raise th' enormous	And pause a while from letters to be wise; There mark what ills the scholar's life
weight?	
Why but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,	assail,
With louder ruin to the gulfs below ?	Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
0	See nations, slowly wise and meanly just,
What gave great Villiers to the assassin's	To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
knife,	If dreams yet flatter, yet again attend,
And fixed disease on Harley's closing life?	Hear Lydiat's life and Galileo's end.
What murder'd Wentworth, and what	Nor deem, when Learning her last prize
exiled Hyde,	bestows,
By kings protected and to kings allied?	The glittering eminence exempt from foes;
What but their wish indulged in courts to	See, when the vulgar 'scapes, despised or
shine	awed,
And power too great to keep or to resign?	Rehellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.
	From meaner minds, though smaller fines
When first the college rolls receive his	content
name,	The plunder'd palace, or sequester'd rent,
The young enthusiast quits his ease for	Mark'd out by dangerous parts, he meets
fame;	the shock,
Resistless burns the fever of renown,	And fatal Learning leads him to the block ;
Caught from the strong contagion of the	Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,
gown; O'an Badlar's dama bis fature labora	Bnt hear his death, ye blockheads, hear
O'er Bodley's dome his future labors	and sleep.
spread, And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his	The festal blazes, the trinmphal show,
head.	The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,
	The senate's thanks, the Gazette's pompous
Are these thy views? Proceed, illustrious	tale.
youth, And Virtue guard thee to the throne of	With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
Truth !	Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia
Yet should thy soul indulge the generous	whirl'd,
heat	For such the steady Romans shook the
Till captive Science yields her last retreat;	world;
en captive setence yterus ner fast fetteat;	world,

For such in distant lands the Britons shine.	But did not Chance at length her error mend?
And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine;	Did no subverted empire mark his end? Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
This power has praise, that virtue scarce can warm	Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
Till Fame supplies the universal charm.	His fall was destined to a barren strand,
Yet Reason frowns on War's unequal game,	A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
Where wasted nations raise a single name;	He left the name, at which the world grew
And mortgaged states their grandsire's wreaths regret,	pale, To point a moral, or adorn a tale.
From age to age in everlasting debt;	
Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey	All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
To rust on medals, or on stones decay.	From Persia's tyrant to Bavaria's lord.
	In gay hostility and barbarous pride,
On what foundation stands the warrior's	With half mankind embattled at his side,
pride,	Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles	prey,
decide:	And starves exhausted regions in his way;
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,	Attendant Flattery counts his myriads o'er,
No dangers fright him, and no labors tire;	Till counted myriads soothe his pride no
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide	more;
domain, Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of	Fresh praise is tried till madness fires his mind,
pain;	The waves he lashes, and enchains the
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,	wind.
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;	New powers are claim'd, new powers are still bestow'd,
Behold surrounding kings their powers combine,	Till rude resistance lops the spreading god.
And one capitulate, and one resign;	The daring Greeks deride the martial
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her	show,
charms in vain;	And heap their valleys with the gaudy
"Think nothing gain'd," he cries, "till nanght remain,	• foe; Th' insulted sea with humbler thought he
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards	gains,
fly,	A single skiff to speed his flight remains;
And all be mine beneath the polar sky!"	Th' encumber'd oar scarce leaves the
The march begins in military state,	dreaded coast
And nations on his eye suspended wait; Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,	Through purple billows and a floating host.
And Winter barricades the realms of	The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
Frost ;	Tries the dread summits of Casarean
He comes, nor want nor cold his course	power,
delay ;—	With unexpected legions bursts away,
Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day :	And sees defenceless realms receive his
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken	sway;
bands,	Short sway! fair Austria spreads her
And shows his miseries in distant lands ; Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait,	mournful charms, The queen, the beauty, sets the world in
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.	arms;
• •	

- From hill to hill the beacon's rousing [The watchful guests still hint the last hlaze
- Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise ;
- The fierce Croatian and the wild Hussar,

With all the sons of ravage crowd the war:

The baffled prince, in honor's flattering bloom

Of hasty greatness, finds the fatal doom,

His foes' derision, and his subjects' blame,

And steals to death from anguish and from shame.

- . "Enlarge my life with multitude of days !"
- In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays ;
- Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know

That life protracted is protracted woe.

Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,

And shuts up all the passages of joy.

In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,

The fruit autumnal and the vernal flower;

- With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
- He views, and wonders that they please no more;
- Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,

And Luxury with sighs her slave resigns.

Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain.

Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain :

- No sounds, alas ! would touch th' impervious ear.
- Though dancing mountains witness'd Orpheus near :
- Nor lute nor lyre his feeble powers attend

Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend :

But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,

- Perversely grave, or positively wrong.
- The still returning tale, and lingering iest
- Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest,
- While growing hopes scarce awe the gathering sneer,

And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear;

- offence :
- The daughter's petulance, the son's expense;
- Improve his heady rage with treacherous skill.
- And mould his passions till they make his will.

Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade. Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade:

- But unextinguish'd Avarice still remains, And dreaded losses aggravate his pains ;
- He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands.

His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands; Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,

Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant, the virtues of a temperate prime

Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime;

An age that melts with unperceived decay, And glides in modest innocence away ;

- Whose peaceful day Benevolence endears, Whose night congratulating Conscience
- cheers: The general favorite as the general friend;
- Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?
 - Yet even on this her load Misfortune flings.

To press the weary minutes' flagging wings; New sorrow rises as the day returns.

A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns;

Now kindred Merit fills the sable bier.

Now lacerated Friendship claims a tear;

Year chases year, decay pursues decay,

- Still drops some joy from withering life away;
- New forms arise, and different views engage,

Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage, Till pitving Nature signs the last release, And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like these await.

Who set unclouded in the gulfs of Fate.

 From Lydia's monarch should the search descend, By Solon caution'd to regard his end, In life's last scene what prodigies surprise, Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise: From Martborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow, And Swift expires a driveller and a show ! The teeming mother, auxious for her 	Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate, Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate? Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise, No cries invoke the mercies of the skies? Inquirer, cease; petitions yet remain Which Heaven may hear, nor deem Re- ligion vain. Still raise for good the supplicating voice, But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice.
race, Begs for each birth the fortune of a face;	Safe in His power whose eyes discern
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty	afar The secret ambush of a specious prayer,
spring;	Implore His aid, in His decisions rest,
And Sedley cursed the form that pleased a king.	Secure, whate'er He gives, He gives the best.
Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,	Yet, when the sense of sacred presence
Whom Pleasure keeps too busy to be wise; Whom joys with soft varieties invite,	fires,
By day the frolic, and the dance by night; Who frown with vanity, who smile with	And strong devotion to the skies aspires, Pour forth thy fervors for a healthful mind,
art, And ask the latest fashion of the heart; What eare, what rules, your heedless	Obedient passions, and a will resign'd; For love, which scarce collective man can
charms shall save,	fill; For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted
Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave?	ill;
Against your fame with fondness hate	For faith, that, panting for a happier seat.
combines,	Counts death kind Nature's signal of re-
The rival batters, and the lover mines: With distant voice neglected Virtue calls,	treat. These goods for man the laws of Heaven
Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance	ordain;
falls ; Tired with contempt, she quits the slippery	These goods He grants who grants the
reign,	power to gain; With these celestial Wisdom calms the
And Pride and Prudence take her seat in vain.	mind,
In crowd at once, where none the pass de-	And makes the happiness she does not find.
fend,	SAMUEL JOHNSON.
The harmless freedom, and the private friend;	
The guardians yield, by force superior plied:	THE VANITY OF THE WORLD,
To Interest, Prudence; and to Flattery, Pride.	FALSE world, thou ly'st; thou canst not lend The least delight:
Here Beauty falls hetray'd, despised, dis-	Thy favors cannot gain a friend, They are so slight:
tress'd, And hissing Infamy proclaims the rest	Thy morning pleasures make an end
Where then shall Hope and Fear their	To please at night : Poor are the wants that thou supply'st,
objects find ?	And yet thou vaunt'st, and yet thou vy'st
Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?	With heaven; fond earth, thou boast'st; false world, thou ly'st.

Thy babbling tongue tells golden tales Of endless treasure : Thy bounty offers easy sales Of lasting pleasure : Thou ask'st the conscience what she ails, And swear'st to ease her ; There's none can want where thou supply'st: There's none can give where thou deny'st. Alas! fond world, thou boast'st; false world, thou ly'st. What well-advised ear regards What earth can say? Thy words are gold, but thy rewards Are painted clay: Thy cunning can but pack the cards, Thou canst not play : Thy game at weakest, still thou vy'st; If seen, and then revy'd, deny'st : Thou art not what thou seem'st; false world, thou ly'st. Thy tinsel bosom seems a mint Of new-coin'd treasure : A paradise, that has no stint, No change, no measure; A painted cask, but nothing in't, Nor wealth, nor pleasure : Vain earth ! that falsely thus comply'st With man; vain man, that thou rely'st On earth; vain man, thou doat'st; vain earth, thou ly'st. What mean dull souls, in this high measure. To haberdash In earth's base wares, whose greatest treasure Is dross and trash; The height of whose enchanting pleasure Is but a flash? Are these the goods that thou supply'st Us mortals with ? Are these the high'st? Can these bring cordial peace? False world, thou ly'st. FRANCIS QUARLES. THE LIE. Go, soul, the body's guest, Upon a thankless arrant;

Upon a thankless arrant; Fear not to touch the best, The truth shall be thy warrant: Go, since I needs must die, And give the world the lie.

Go, tell the court it glows And shines like rotten wood; Go, tell the Church it shows What's good, and doth no good. If Church and court reply, Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates they live Acting by others' action, Not loved unless they give, Not strong but by a faction. If potentates reply, Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition That rule affairs of state, Their purpose is ambition, Their practice only hate. And if they once reply, Then give them all the lie,

Tell them that brave it most, They beg for more by spending, Who, in their greatest cost, Seek nothing but commending. And if they make reply, Then give them all the lie.

Tell zeal it lacks devotion, Tell love it is but lust, Tell time it is but motion, Tell flesh it is but dust; And wish them not reply, For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth, Tell honor how it alters, Tell beauty how she blasteth, Tell favor how it falters. And as they shall reply, Give every one the lie. Tell wit how much it wrangles

Tell wisdom she entangles Herself in over-wiseness. And when they do reply, Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness, Tell skill it is pretension, Tell charity of coldness, Tell law it is contention.

And as they do reply, So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness, Tell Nature of decay, Tell friendship of unkindness, Tell justice of delay. And if they will reply, Theu give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness, But vary by esteeming; Tell schools they want profoundness, And stand too much on seeming. If arts and schools reply, Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the city; Tell how the country erreth; Tell, manhood shakes off pity; Tell, virtue least preferreth. And if they do reply, Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I Commanded thee, done blabbing, Although to give the lie Deserves no less than stabbing, Yet, stab at thee who will, No stab the soul can kill. Sik Watter Raleign.

Armstrong's Good-Night.

THIS night is my departing night, For here nae langer must I stay; There's neither friend nor foe o' mine But wishes me away.

What I have done thro' lack o' wit I never, never can recall.

I hope ye're a' my friends as yet: Good-night! and joy be wi' you all! AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

MELANCHOLIA.

HENCE, all you vain delights, As short as are the nights Wherein you spend your folly: There's naught in this life sweet If man were wise to see't, But only Melancholy, O sweetest Melancholy 1 Welcome, folded arms and fixed eyes, A sigh that piercing mortifies,

A sign that pictong mortines,

A look that's fasten'd to the ground, A tongue chain'd up without a sound ! Fountain-heads and pathless groves, Places which pale passion loves ! Moonlight walks, when all the fowls

Are warmly housed save bats and owls!

A midnight bell, a parting groan! These are the sounds we feed upon;

Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley;

Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely Melancholy.

JOHN FLETCHER.

SONNET.

A GOOD that never satisfies the mind,

A beauty fading like the April showers,

- A sweet with floods of gall that runs combined,
 - A pleasure passing ere in thought made ours,
- A honor that more fickle is than wind,

A glory at opinion's frown that lowers,

- A treasury which bankrupt time devours,
- A knowledge than grave ignorance more blind,
 - A vain delight our equals to command,
- A style of greatness in effect a dream,
- A swelling thought of holding sea and land,
- A servile lot deck'd with a pompous name: Are the strange ends we toil for here below
 - Till wisest death make us our errors know.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

THERE'S NOT A JOY THE WORLD CAN GIVE.

THERE's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away

When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's dull decay;

- 'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone which fades so fast,
- But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of happiness Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of excess: The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain	I am going to my own hearthstone, Boson'd in yon green hills alone— A secret nook in a pleasant land, Whose groves the frolic fairies plann'd, Where arches green, the livelong day, Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall never stretch again.	And vulgar feet have never trod,— A spot that is sacred to thought and God.
Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death itself comes down; It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream its own;	Oh, when I am safe in my sylvan home, I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome, And when I am stretch'd beneath the pines,
That heavy chill has frozen o'er the foun-	Where the evening star so holy shines,
tain of our tears, And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis	I laugh at the lore and pride of man,
where the ice appears.	At the sophist schools, and the learned clan:
	For what are they all, in their high conceit,
Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and	When man in the bush with God may
mirth distract the breast, Through midnight hours that yield no more	meet? Ralph Waldo Emerson.
their former hope of rest;	KALPH WALDO LAERSON.
'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruin'd	
turret wreathe,	No AGE CONTENT WITH HIS OWN
All green and wildly fresh without, but	ESTATE.
worn and gray beneath.	LAID in my quiet bed,
Oh could I feel as I have felt, or be what I	In study as I were,
have been,	I saw within my troubled head
Or weep as I could once have wept o'er many a vanish'd scene,—	A heap of thoughts appear.
As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all	And every thought did show
brackish though they be,	So lively in mine eyes,
So, midst the wither'd waste of life, those tears would flow to me!	That now I sigh'd, and then I smiled, As cause of thought did rise.
LORD BYRON.	I saw the little boy
	In thought, how oft that he
GOOD-BYE.	Did wish of God to 'scape the rod,
GOOD-BYE, proud world! I'm going home;	A tall young man to be.
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.	The young man eke that feels
Long through thy weary crowds I roam; A river-ark on the ocean brine,	His bones with pains oppress'd,
Long I've been toss'd like the driven foam,	How he would be a rich old man, To live and lie at rest.
But now, proud world, I'm going home.	To five and fie at rest.
Good-bye to flattery's fawning face,	The rich old man that sees
To grandeur, with his wise grimace,	If is end draw on so sore,
To upstart wealth's averted eye,	How he would be a boy again, To live so much the more.
To supple office, low and high,	
To crowded halls, to court and street,	Whereat full off I smiled,
To frozen hearts and hasting feet, To those who go and those who come,—	To see how all these three, From boy to man, from man to boy,
Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home.	Would chop and change degree.
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And musing thus, I think, The case is very strange, That man from wealth, to live in woe, Doth ever seek to change.

Thus thoughtful as I lay, I saw my wither'd skin, How it doth show my dented chews, The flesh was worn so thin;

And eke my toothless chaps, The gates of my right way, That opes and shuts as I do speak, Do thus unto me say:

"Thy white and hoarish hairs, The messengers of age, That show, like lines of true belief, That this life doth assuage;

"Bid thee lay hand, and feel Them hanging on thy chin. The which do write two ages past, The third now coming in.

"Hang up, therefore, the bit Of thy young wanton time, And thou that therein beaten art, The happiest life define."

Whereat I sigh'd, and said, "Farewell my wonted joy! Truss up thy pack, and trudge from me, To every little boy,

"And tell them thus from me, Their time most happy is, If to their time they reason had, To know the truth of this." HENEY HOWARD (Earl of Surrey).

DIFFERENT MINDS.

Some murmur when their sky is clear And wholly bright to view, If one small speek of dark appear In their great heaven of blue; And some with thankful love are fill'd If but one streak of light, One ray of God's good mercy, gild The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask, fa discontent and pride, Why life is such a dreary task, And all good things denied;

And hearts in poorest huts admire How Love has in their aid

(Love that not ever seems to tire) Such rich provision made. RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

THE PRAISE OF A SOLITARY LIFE.

- THRICE happy he, who by some shady grove,
 - Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own;

Though solitary, who is not alone,

But doth converse with that eternal Love.

- Oh how more sweet is bird's harmonious moan,
- Or the hoarse sobbings of the widow'd dove, Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's throne,
- Which good make doubtful, do the evil approve!
 - Oh! how more sweet is Zephyr's wholesome breath,
- And sighs embalm'd, which new-born flowers unfold,
 - Than that applause vain honor doth bequeath !
- How sweet are streams to poison drank in gold !
 - The world is full of horrors, troubles, slights:
 - Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

ON A CONTENTED MIND.

WHEN all is done and said, In the end this shall you find: He most of all doth bathe in bliss That hath a quiet mind; And, clear from worldly cares, To deem can be content The sweetest time in all his life In thinking to be spent. The body subject is

To fickle Fortune's power, And to a million of mishaps Is casual every hour;

And Death in time doth change It to a clod of clay, When as the mind, which is divine, Runs never to decay.

Companion none is like Unto the mind alone,

For many have been harm'd by speech,

Through thinking, few or none. Fear oftentimes restraineth words, But makes not thoughts to cease, And he speaks best that hath the skill When for to hold his peace.

Our wealth leaves us at death, Our kinsmen at the grave, But virtues of the mind unto The heavens with ns we have;

Wherefore, for virtue's sake, I can be well content The sweetest time of all my life

To deem in thinking spent. THOMAS, LORD VAUX.

A HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.

LOVELY, lasting peace of mind ! Sweet delight of human kind l Heavenly born, and bred on high, To crown the favorites of the sky With more of happiness below, Than victors in a trinmph know ! Whither, oh whither art thou fled, To lay thy meek, contented head ? What happy region dost thou please To make the seat of calms and case ?

Ambition searches all its sphere Of pomp and state, to meet thee there. Increasing Avarice would find Thy presence'in its gold enshrined. The bold adventurer ploughs his way, Through rocks amidst the foaming sea, To gain thy love; and then perceives Thou wert not in the rocks and waves. The silent heart, which grief assails, Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales, See daisies open, rivers run, And seeks (as I have vainly done) Amusing thought; but learns to know That Solitude's the nurse of woe. No real bappiness is found In trailing purple o'er the ground : Or in a soul exalted high, To range the circuit of the sky, Converse with stars above, and know All Nature in its forms below; The rest it seeks, in seeking dies, And doubts at last for knowledge rise.

Lovely, lasting peace, appear ! This world itself, if thon art here, Is once again with Eden blest, And man contains it in his breast.

'Twas thus, as under shade I stood, I sung my wishes to the wood, And, lost in thought, no more perceived The branches whisper as they waved : It seem'd as all the quiet place Confess'd the presence of the Grace. When thus she spoke—Go rule thy will, Bid thy wild passions all be still, Know God—and bring thy heart to know The joys which from religion flow : Then every Grace shall prove its gnest, And I'll be there to crown the rest.

Oh! by yonder mossy seat, In my hours of sweet retreat, Might I thus my soul employ With sense of gratitude and joy : Raised as ancient prophets were, In heavenly vision, praise and prayer ; Pleasing all men, hurting none, Pleased and bless'd with God alone : Then while the gardens take my sight, With all the colors of delight ; While silver waters glide along, To please my ear, and court my song ; P'll lift my voice, and tune my string, And Thee, great Source of Nature, sing.

The sun that walks his airy way, To light the world, and give the day; The moon that shines with borrow'd light; The stars that gild the gloomy night; The seas that roll unnumber'd waves; The wood that spreads its shady leaves; The field whose ears conceal the grain, The yellow treasure of the plain; All of these, and all I see, Should be sung, and sung by me: They speak their Maker as they can, But want and ask the tongue of man.

Go search among your idle dreams, Your busy or your vain extremes; And find a life of equal bliss, Or own the next begun in this. THOMAS PARNELL.

A CONTENTED MIND.

I WEIGH not fortnne's frown or smile; I joy not much in earthly joys;

I seek not state, I reek not style; I am not fond of fancy's toys: I rest so pleased with what I have I wish no more, no more I crave.

I quake not at the thunder's crack ; I tremble not at noise of war ;

I swound not at the news of wrack; I shrink not at a blazing star; I fear not loss, I hope not gain,

I envy none, I none disdain.

I see ambition never pleased; I see some Tantals starved in store;

I see gold's dropsy seldom eased; I see even Midas gape for more:

I neither want, nor yet abound— Enough's a feast, content is crown'd.

I feign not friendship where I hate; I fawn not on the great (in show);

This, this is all my choice, my cheer— A mind content, a conscience clear. JOSHUA SYLVESTER,

Sweet Content.

ART thon poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?

O sweet content!

Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexèd? O punishment!

- Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexèd
 - To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?

O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace; Honest labor bears a lovely face;

Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!

Canst drink the waters of the crispèd spring?

O sweet content!

Swimm'st thon in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tcars?

O punishment!

Then he that patiently want's burden bears

No burden bears, but is a king, a king!

O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace; Honest labor bears a lovely face;

Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!

THOMAS DEKKER.

CONTENT.

SWEET are the thoughts that savor of content—

The quiet mind is richer than a crown;

Sweet are the nights in eareless slumber spent—

The poor estate scorns fortune's angry frown:

Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,

Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbors quiet rest,

The cottage that affords no pride or care,

- The mean that 'grees with country music best,
 - The sweet consort of mirth and music's fare,

Obsenred life sets down a type of bliss:

A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

ROBERT GREENE.

CARELESS CONTENT.

I AM content, I do not care, Wag as it will the world for me;

When finss and fret was all my fare,

It got no ground as I could see: So when away my caring went,

I counted cost, and was content.

With more of thanks and less of thought, I strive to make my matters meet;

To seek what ancient sages sought, Physic and food in sour and sweet: To take what passes in good part, And keep the hiccups from the heart.

With good and gentle-humor'd hearts I choose to chat where er I come.

Whate'er the subject be that starts; But if I get among the glum,

I hold my tongue to tell the truth, And keep my breath to cool my broth.

For chance or change of peace or pain, For Fortune's favor or her frown,

For lack or glut, for loss or gain, I never dodge nor up nor down;

But swing what way the ship shall swim, Or tack about with equal trim.

I suit not where I shall not speed, Nor trace the turn of every tide;

If simple sense will not succeed, I make no bustling, but abide ;

For shining wealth or scaring woe, I force no friend, I fear no foe.

Of ups and downs, of ins and outs,

Of they're i' the wrong, and we're i' the right,

I shun the rancors and the routs; And wishing well to every wight, Whatever turn the matter takes, I deem it all but ducks and drakes.

With whom I feast I do not fawn, Nor if the folks should flout me, faint;

If wonted welcome be withdrawn, I cook no kind of a complaint: With none disposed to disagree, But like them best who best like me.

Not that I rate myself the rule How all my betters should behave ; But fame shall find me no man's fool,

Nor to a set of men a slave: I love a friendship free and frank, And hate to hang upon a hank.

Fond of a true and trusty tie,

I never loose where'er I link; Though if a business budges by,

I talk thereon just as I think; My word, my work, my heart, my hand, Still on a side together stand. If names or notions make a noise, Whatever hap the question hath, The point impartially 1 poise,

And read or write, but without wrath; For should I burn, or break my brains, Pray, who will pay me for my pains?

I love my neighbor as myself, Myself like him too, by his leave; Nor to his pleasure, power, or pelf

Came I to crouch, as I conceive : Dame Nature donbtless has design'd A man the monarch of his mind.

Now taste and try this temper, sirs; Mood it and brood it in your breast; Or if ye ween, for worldly stirs,

That man does right to mar his rest, Let me be deft, and debonair, I am content, I do not care.

JOHN BYROM.

CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught That serveth not another's will; Whose armor is his honest thought And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are, Whose soul is still prepared for death, Not tied unto the world with care Of public fame, or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise Or vice; who never understood How deepest wounds are given by praise; Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

Who hath his life from rumors freed, Whose conscience is his strong retreat; Whose state can neither flatterers feed, Nor ruin make accusers great;

Who God doth late and early pray More of Ilis grace than gifts to lend; And entertains the harmless day With a well-chosen book or friend;

--This man is freed from servile bands Of hope to rise, or fear to fall; Lord of himself, though not of lands; And having nothing, yet hath all. Sig Hessy Worros.

THE PULLEY.

WNEN God at first made Man, Having a glass of blessings standing by ; Let us (said He) pour on him all we can :

Let the world's riches, which dispersèd lie, Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way;

- Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honor, pleasure:
 - When almost all was out, God made a stay,

Pereciving that alone of all His treasure, Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said He)

Bestow this jewel also on My creature, He would adore My gifts instead of Me,

And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature : So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,

But keep them with repining restlessness: Let him be rich and weary, that at least,

If goodness lead him not, yet weariness May toss him to My breast.

GEORGE HERBERT.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

I SAY to thee, do thou repeat To the first man thou mayest meet, In lane, highway, or open street,—

That he, and we, and all men move Under a canopy of Love, As broad as the blue sky above:

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain, And anguish, all are shadows vain; That death itself shall not remain:

That weary deserts we may tread, A dreary labyrinth may thread, Through dark ways underground be led;

Yet, if we will one Guide obey, The dreariest path, the darkest way, Shall issue ont in heavenly day;

And we, on divers shores now east, Shall meet, our perilous voyage past, All in our Father's home at last. And ere thon leave him, say thon this: Yet one word more: They only miss The winning of that perfect bliss

Who will not count it true that Love, Blessing, not cursing, rules above, And that in it we live and move.

And one thing further make him know. That to believe these things are so, This firm faith never to forego,—

Despite of all which seems at strife With blessing, and with curses rife,— That this is blessing, this is life. RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

VIRTUE.

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright, The bridal of the earth and sky, The dew shall weep thy fall to-night; For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave, Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye, Thy root is ever in its grave— And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,

A box where sweets compacted lie, My music shows ye have your closes, And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul, Like season'd timber, never gives; But, though the whole world turn to coal, Then chiefly lives.

George Herbert.

THE GOOD, GREAT MAN.

How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits

Honor and wealth, with all his worth and pains !

It seems a story from the world of spirits

When any man obtains that which he merits,

Or any merits that which he obtains.

- For shame, my friend! renounce this idle strain!
- What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain?
- Wealth, title, dignity, a golden chain,
- Or heap of corses which his sword hath slain?
- Goodness and greatness are not means, but ends.
- Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
- - And calm thoughts, equable as infant's breath;
- And three fast friends, more sure than day or night,—
 - Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Sonnet to Hope.

- OH, ever skill'd to wear the form we love! To bid the shapes of fear and grief de
 - part,
- Come, gentle Hope! with one gay smile remove
- The lasting sadness of an aching heart.
- Thy voice, benign enchantress, let me hear;
 - Say that for me some pleasures yet shall bloom.
- That Fancy's radiance, Friendship's precious tear,
 - Shall soften, or shall chase, misfortune's gloom.
- But come not glowing in the dazzling ray
 - Which once with dear illusions charm'd my eye,
- Oh, strew no more, sweet flatterer, on my way
 - The flowers I fondly thought too bright to die;
- Visions less fair will soothe my pensive breast.
- That asks not happiness, but longs for rest1

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

THE PROBLEM.

I LIKE a church, I like a cowl, I love a prophet of the soul, And on my heart monastic aisles Fall like sweet strains or pensive smiles, Yet not for all his faith can see Would I that cowlèd churchman be.

Why should the vest on him allure, Which I could not on me endure?

Not from a vain or shallow thought His awful Jove young Phidias brought; Never from lips of cunning fell The thrilling Delphic oracle; Out from the heart of Nature roll'd The burdens of the Bible old ; The litanies of nations came, Like the volcano's tongue of flame, Up from the burning core below,-The canticles of love and woe. The hand that rounded Peter's dome, And groin'd the aisles of Christian Rome, Wrought in a sad sincerity. Himself from God he could not free; He builded better than he knew; The conscious stone to beanty grew.

Know'st thou what wove yon wood-bird's nest

Of leaves, and feathers from her breast? Or how the fish outbuilt her shell, Painting with morn each annual cell? Or how the sacred pine tree adds To her old leaves new myriads? Such and so grew these holy piles, Whilst love and terror laid the tiles. Earth proudly wears the Parthenon As the best gem upon her zone; And Morning opes with haste her lids To gaze upon the Pyramids; O'er England's abbeys bends the sky As on its friends with kindred eye; For, out of Thought's interior sphere These wonders rose to upper air, And Nature gladly gave them place, Adopted them into her race, And granted them an equal date With Andes and with Ararat.

These temples grew as grows the grass; Art might obey, but not surpass. The passive Master lent his hand To the vast Soul that o'er him plann'd, And the same power that rear'd the shrine, Bestrode the tribes that knelt within. Ever the fiery Pentecost Girds with one flame the countless host, Trances the heart through chanting choirs, And through the priest the mind inspires.

The word unto the prophet spoken Was writ on tables yet unbroken ; The word by seers or sibyls told, In groves of oak or fanes of gold, Still floats upon the morning wind, Still whispers to the willing mind. One accent of the Holy Ghost The heedless world hath never lost. I know what say the Fathers wise,-The Book itself before me lies,-Old Chrysostom, best Augustine, And he who blent both in his line. The younger Golden Lips or mines, Taylor, the Shakespeare of divines. His words are music in my ear, I see his cowlèd portrait dear, And yet, for all his faith could see, I would not the good bishop be.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

- Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase !)
- Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,

And saw within the moonlight in his room, Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,

An angel, writing in a book of gold;

Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,

And to the presence in the room he said,

"What writest thou?" the vision raised its head,

And with a look made of all sweet accord,

- Answer'd, "The names of those who love the Lord."
- "And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"

Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,

But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,

Write me as one that loves his fellowmen." The angel wrote and vanish'd. The next night

It came again, with a great wakening light, And show'd the names whom love of God had bless'd,

And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest. LEIGH HUNT.

ODE TO DUTY.

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God ! O Duty ! if that name thou love Who art a Light to guide, a Rod

To check the erring, and reprove; Thou, who art victory and law When empty terrors overawe; From vain temptations dost set free; And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye Be on them; who, in love and truth, Where no misgiving is, rely

Upon the genial sense of youth: Glad hearts! without reproach or blot; Who do thy work, and know it not: Long may the kindly impulse last! But thou, if they should totter, teach them to stand fast!

Serene will be our days and bright, And happy will our nature be, When love is an unerring light, And jov its own security,

And they a blissful course may hold Even now, who, not unwisely bold, Live in the spirit of this creed; Yet find that other strength, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried, No sport of every random gust,

Yet being to myself a guide,

Too blindly have reposed my trust: And oft, when in my heart was heard Thy timely mandate, 1 deferr'd

The task, in smoother walks to stray ;

But thee I now would serve more strictly, if 1 may.

Through no disturbance of my soul, Or strong computction in me wrought,

I supplicate for thy control ; But in the quietness of thought :

Me this uncharter'd freedom tires : But, though they slew him with the I feel the weight of chance desires : sword. My hopes no more must change their name, And in a fire his touchstone burn'd. I long for a repose that ever is the same. Its doings could not be o'erturn'd. Its undoings restored. Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear The Godhead's most benignant grace ; And when, to stop all future harm, Nor know we anything so fair They strew'd its ashes on the breeze; As is the smile upon thy face: They little guess'd each grain of these Flowers laugh before thee on their beds; Convey'd the perfect charm. And Fragrance in thy footing treads; WILLIAM ALLINGHAM. Thou dost preserve the Stars from wrong; And the most ancient Heavens, through thee, are fresh and strong. THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES. To humbler functions, awful Power! A MONK, when his rites sacerdotal were I call thee : 1 myself commend o'er. Unto thy guidance from this hour ; In the depths of his cell with his stone-Oh, let my weakness have an end ! cover'd floor, Give unto me, made lowly wise, Resigning to thought his chimerical brain, The spirit of self-sacrifice; Once form'd the contrivance we now shall The confidence of reason give; explain; And in the light of truth thy Bondman But whether by magic's or alchemy's let me live! powers WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. We know not; indeed, 'tis no business of ours. Perhaps it was only by patience and care, THE TOUCHSTONE. At last, that he brought his invention to A MAN there came, whence none could bear. tell. In youth 'twas projected, but years stole Bearing a touchstone in his hand; away, And tested all things in the land And ere 'twas complete he was wrinkled By its unerring spell. and gray; But success is secure, unless energy fails; Quick birth of transmutation smote And at length he produced THE PHILOSO-The fair to foul, the foul to fair; PHER'S SCALES. Purple nor ermine did he spare, Nor scorn the dusty coat. "What were they?" you ask. You shall presently see; Of heirloom jewels, prized so much, These scales were not made to weigh sugar Were many changed to chips and and tea. clods, Oh no; for such properties wondrous had And even statues of the gods they, Crumbled beneath its touch. That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they Then angrily the people cried, could weigh. "The loss outweighs the profit far; Together with articles small or immense, Our goods suffice us as they are; From mountains or planets to atoms of We will not have them tried." sense. And since they could not so avail Naught was there so bulky but there it

To check his unrelenting quest, They seized him, saying, "Let him test, How real is our jail!"

would lay, And naught so ethereal but there it would stay,

- And naught so reluctant but in it must go: All which some examples more clearly earl. will show. eurl. The first thing he weigh'd was the head of Voltaire, Which retain'd all the wit that had ever been there. and sense; As a weight, he threw in a torn scrap of a begirt, leaf. Containing the prayer of the penitent thief: the dirt: When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell suffice That it hounced like a ball on the roof of the cell. great price. One time he put in Alexander the Great, With the garment that Doreas had made for a weight; And though elad in armor from sandals to weight, crown. The hero rose up, and the garment went a rebuff down. the roof! A long row of almshouses, amply endow'd By a well-esteem'd Pharisce, busy and proud, Next loaded one scale; while the other was press'd By those mites the poor widow dropp'd cell. into the chest: Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce. And down, down the farthing-worth came with a bounce. grew; By further experiments (no matter how) He found that ten chariots weigh'd less cell. than one plough ; A sword with gilt trapping rose up in the well : scale, Though balanced by only a ten-penny days. nail: A shield and a helmet, a buckler and praise. spear, Weigh'd less than a widow's uncrystallized tear. rose : A lord and a lady went up at full sail, When a bee chanced to light on the opposite seale : sway:
 - Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one
 - Ten counsellors' wigs full of powder and
 - All heap'd in one balance and swinging from thence,
 - Weigh'd less than a few grains of candor
 - A first-water diamond, with brilliants
 - Than one good potato just wash'd from
 - Yet not mountains of silver and gold could

One pearl to outweigh .- 'twas the pearl of

- Last of all, the whole world was bowl'd in at the grate,
- With the soul of a beggar to serve for a
- When the former sprang up with so strong
- That it made a vast rent and escaped at

When balanced in air, it ascended on high, And sailed up aloft, a balloon in the sky;

- While the scale with the soul in't so mightily fell
- That it jerk'd the philosopher out of his

JANE TAYLOR.

THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view, From youth to age a reverend hermit

- The moss his bed, the eave his humble
- His food the fruits, his drink the crystal
- Remote from man, with God he pass'd the
- Prayer all his business, all his pleasure

A life so saered, such serene repose,

Seem'd heaven itself, till one suggestion

That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey, This sprung some doubt of Providence's

MORAL	AND	DIDACTIC	POETRY.
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His hopes no more a certain prospect	Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
boast,	Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.
And all the tenor of his soul is lost. So when a smooth expanse receives im-	Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of
prest	day
Calm Nature's image on its watery breast,	Came onward, mantled o'er with sober
Down bend the banks, the trees depending	gray;
grow,	Nature in silence bade the world repose :
And skies beneath with answering colors	When near the road a stately palace
glow;	rose :
But if a stone the gentle scene divide,	There by the moon through ranks of trees
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,	they pass,
And glimmering fragments of a broken	Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides
sun,	of grass.
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder	It chanced the noble master of the dome
run.	Still made his house the wandering stran-
	ger's home :
To clear this doubt, to know the world by	Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of
sight,	praise,
To find if books, or swains, report it	Proved the vain flourish of expensive
right	ease.
(For yet by swains alone the world he	The pair arrive: the liveried servants
knew,	wait;
Whose feet came wandering o'er the	Their lord receives them at the pompous
nightly dew),	gate.
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he	The table groans with costly piles of
bore,	food,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before ;	And all is more than hospitably good.
Then with the sun a rising journey went, Sedate to think, and watching each event.	Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
bedate to think, and watching each event.	Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of
The morn was wasted in the pathless	down.
grass,	dio fran
And long and lonesome was the wild to	At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of
pass;	day,
But when the southern sun had warm'd	Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;
the day,	Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;	creep,
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,	And shake the neighboring wood to banish
And soft in graceful ringlets waved his hair.	sleep.
Then near approaching, "Father, hail!"	Up rise the guests, obedient to the call : An early banquet deck'd the splendid
he cried,	hall;
"And hail, my son," the reverend sire re-	Rich luscious wine a golden goblet graced,
plied;	Which the kind master forced the guests
Words follow'd words, from question an-	to taste.
swer flow'd,	Then, pleased and thankful, from the porch
And talk of various kind deceived the	they go,
road;	And, but the landlord, none had cause of
Till each with other pleased, and loath to	woe;
part,	His cup was vanish'd ; for in secret guise
While in their age they differ, join in	The younger guest purloin'd the glittering
heart:	prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,	Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager
Glistening and basking in the summer	(Fach hardly around them both
ray, Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,	(Each hardly granted), served them both to dine;
Then walks with faintness on, and looks	And when the tempest first appear'd to
with fear:	eease,
So seem'd the sire; when, far upon the	A ready warning bid them part in peace.
road,	With still remark the pondering hermit
The shining spoil his wily partner show'd. He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trem-	view'd
bling heart,	In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part:	And why should such (within himself he cried)
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it	Lock the lost wealth a thousand want be-
hard,	side?
That generons actions meet a base reward.	But what new marks of wonder soon took place
While thus they pass, the sun his glory	In every settling feature of his face,
shrouds,	When from his vest the young companion
The changing skies hang out their sable	bore
clouds;	That cup the generous landlord own'd be-
A sound in air presaged approaching rain, And beasts to covert scud across the plain.	fore, And paid profusely with the precious bowl
Warn'd by the signs, the wandering pair	The stinted kindness of this churlish soul!
retreat,	
To seek for shelter at a neighboring seat.	But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,
"Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,	The sun emerging opes an azure sky; A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And strong, and large, and unimproved around :	And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the
Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,	day:
Unkind and griping, caused a desert there.	The weather courts them from the poor
As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,	retreat,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;	And the glad master bolts the wary gate.
The nimble lightning mix'd with showers	While hence they walk, the pilgrim's
began,	bosom wrought
And o'er their heads loud-rolling thunder	With all the travail of uncertain thought;
ran. Here long they knock, but knock or call in	His partner's acts without their cause
vain,	appear, 'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness
Driven by the wind, and batter'd by the	here:
rain.	Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast	Lost and confounded with the various
('Twas then, his threshold first received a	shows,
guest),	Now night's dim shades again involve the
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous	sky;
care,	Again the wanderers want a place to lie,
And half he welcomes in the shivering	Again they search, and find a lodging nigh:
pair ; One frugal fagot lights the naked walls,	The soil improved around, the mansion
And Nature's fervor through their limbs	neat,
· recalls:	And neither poorly low nor idly great:

- It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
- Content, and not for praise, but virtue kind.
- Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
- Then bless the mansion, and the master greet:
- Their greeting fair bestow'd with modest guise,
- The courteous master hears, and thus replies :
- "Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
- To Him who gives us all, I yield a part;
- From Him you come, for Him accept it here,
- A frank and sober, more than costly cheer."
- He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
- Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,
- When the grave household round his hall repair,
- Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.
- At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
- Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose:
- Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
- Near the closed cradle where an infant slept,
- And writhed his neck: the landlord's little pride,
- Oh strange return ! grew black, and gasp'd, and died.
- Horror of horrors ! what ! his only son !
- How look'd our hermit when the fact was done?
- Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,
- And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.
- Confused, and struck with silence at the deed,
- He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.

- His steps the youth pursues; the country lay
- Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way:
- A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
- Was nice to find; the servant trod before:
- Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,
- And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
- The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
- Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in;

Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,

Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

- Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes.
- He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
- When the strange partner seem'd no longer man:
- His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
- His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon bis feet;
- Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
- Celestial odors breathe through purpled air;
- And wings, whose colors glitter'd on the day,
- Wide at his back their gradual plumes display,
- The form ethereal bursts upon his sight, And moves in all the majesty of light.
- Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
- Sudden he gazed, and wist not what to do:
- Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
- And in a calm his settling temper ends.
- But silence here the beauteous angel broke
- (The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke):

 In sweet memorial rise before the thron: These charms snecess in our bright region find, And force an angel down, to calm thy mind; For this commission'd, I forsook the sky, Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I. "Then know the trath of government divine, And let these scruples be no longer thine. "The Maker justly claims that world Ha made, The Power exerts His attributes on high, The Power exerts His attributes on high, And bids the doubting sons of men ba still. "What strange events can strike with more surprise The great, vain man, who fared on costly food, Whoes life was too Inxurious to be good; Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine, And still he welcomes, but with less of cost. "The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bloted door Neither word in duty to the wandering poor; With him I left the cup, to teach his mint The if the the cup, to teach his mint The stray in duty to the wandering poor; With him I left the cup, to teach his mint The stray in duty to the wandering poor; With him I left the cup, to teach his mint The stray in a left, him, him I left the cup, to teach his mint The the wand in the torial of the sky; The fery pomp ascending left the view; The stray with' to follow too. 	"Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,	Conscious of wanting worth, he views the howl,
 find, And force an angel down, to calm thy mind; For this commission'd, I forsook the sky, Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I. "Then know the trath of government divine, And let these scruples be no longer thine. "The Maker justly claims that world He made, In this the right of Providence is laid; Its sacred majesty through all depends on using second means to work His ends: The Power exerts His attributes on high, Your actions uses, nor controls your will, And bids the doubting sons of men estill. "What strange events can strike with more surprise The those which lately struck thy wondering eyes? Yet taught by these, confess th' Almighty just, "The great, vain man, who fared on costly food, Whose life was too hxurious to be good; Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine, And still he welcomes, but with less of cost. The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door Ne'er moved in duty to the wandering poor; With him I left the cup, to teach lis mind. The leaven can bless, if mortals will The prophet gazed, and wish'd to follow 		
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 Still. "What strange events can strike with more surprise Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes? Yet taught by these, confess th' Almighty just, And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust! "The great, vain man, who fared on costly food, Whose life was too luxurious to be good; With lim I left the cup, to teach his mind The sage stood wondering as the seraph fiew. Thus look'd Elisha, when, to mount on high, His master took the chariot of the sky; The fiery pomp ascending left the view; 		
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 costly food, Whose life was too luxurious to be good; Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine, And forced his guests to morning draughts of wine, Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost, And still he welcomes, but with less of cost. "The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door Ne'er moved in duty to the wandering poor; With lim I left the cup, to teach his mind That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be The mean suspicious wretak whose bolted door Ne'er moved in duty to the wandering poor; That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be The mean will be be added and wish'd to follow The free more added and wish'd to follow 		back!
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 And forced his guests to morning draughts of wine, Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost, And still he welcomes, but with less of cost. "The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door Ne'er moved in duty to the wandering poor; With lim I left the cup, to teach his mind That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be "Thus Heaven instructs thy mind : this trial o'er, Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more." Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more." Don sounding pinions here the youth withdrew, The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew. Thus look'd Elisha, when, to mount on high, His master took the chariot of the sky; The fiery pomp ascending left the view: 	Who made his ivory stands with goblets	
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Ne'er moved in duty to the wandering poor; high, With him I left the cup, to teach his mind That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be His master took the chariot of the sky; That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be The prophet gazed, and wish'd to follow		
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That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be The prophet gazed, and wish'd to follow	* · ·	

- The bending hermit here a prayer begun:
- "Lord! as in heaven, on earth Thy will be done!"
- Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,

And pass'd a life of piety and peace. THOMAS PARNELL.

THE SQUIRE'S PEW.

A SLANTING ray of evening light Shoots through the yellow pane; It makes the faded crimson bright,

And gilds the fringe again; The window's Gothic framework falls In oblique shadows on the walls.

And since those trappings first were new, How many a cloudless day,

To rob the velvet of its hne, Has come and pass'd away! How many a setting sun hath made That curious lattice-work of shade!

Crumbled beneath the hillock green The cunning hand must be That carved this fretted door, I ween, Acorn, and fleur-de-lis;

And now the worm hath done her part In mimicking the chisel's art.

In days of yore (as now we call), When the first James was king, The courtly knight from yonder hall His train did hither bring, All seated round, in order due, With 'broider'd suit and buckled shoe,

On damask cushions deck'd with fringe All reverently they knelt; Prayer-books with brazen hasp and hinge, In ancient English spelt, Each holding in a lily hand, Responsive to the priest's command.

Now, streaming down the vaulted aisle, The sunbeam long and lone, Illumes the characters a while

Of their inscription-stone; And there in marble, hard and cold, The knight with all his train behold. Outstretch'd together are express'd He and my lady fair, With hands uplifted on the breast, In attitude of prayer; Long-visaged, clad in armor, he— With ruffled arm and bodice she.

Set forth in order as they died, Their numerous offspring bend, Devoutly kneeling side by side, As if they did intend For past omissions to atone By saying endless prayers in stone.

Those mellow days are past and dim, But generations new, In regular descent from him, Have fill'd the stately pew, And in the same succession go To occupy the vaults below.

And now the polish'd modern squire And his gay train appear, Who duly to the hall retire A season every year, And fill the seats with belle and heau, As 'twas so many years ago.

Perchance, all thoughtless as they tread The hollow-sounding floor Of that dark house of kindred dread, Which shall, as heretofore, In turn receive to silent rest Another and another guest :

The feather'd hearse and sable train, In all their wonted state, Shall wind along the village lane, And stand before the gate; Brought many a distant country through, To join the final rendezvous.

And when the race is swept away, All to their dusty beds, Still shall the mellow evening ray Shine gayly o'er their heads, While other faces, fresh and new, Shall fill the squire's deserted pew.

JANE TAYLOR.

With an old falconer, huntsman, and a THE OLD AND YOUNG COURTIER. kennel of hounds. An old song made by an aged old pate, That never hawk'd nor hunted but in his Of an old worshipful gentleman, who had own grounds, a great estate. Who, like a wise man, kept himself within That kept a brave old house at a bountiful his own bounds, rate. And when he died gave every child a And an old porter to relieve the poor at thousand good pounds; his gate : Like an old courtier of the queen's, Like an old courtier of the queen's, And the queen's old courtier. And the queen's old courtier. But to his eldest son his house and lands With an old lady, whose anger one word he assign'd, assuages, Charging him in his will to keep the old That every quarter paid their old servants bountiful mind. their wages. To be good to his old tenants, and to his And never knew what belong'd to coachneighbors be kind ; men, footmen, nor pages, But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear But kept twenty old fellows with blue how he was inclined ; coats and badges; Like a young courtier of the king's, Like an old courtier of the queen's, And the king's young courtier. And the queen's old courtier. Like a flourishing young gallant, newly With an old study fill'd full of learned old come to his land, books. Who keeps a brace of painted madams at With an old reverend chaplain, you might his command, know him by his looks; And takes up a thousand pounds upon his With an old buttery hatch, worn quite off father's land, the hooks, And gets drunk in a tavern till he can And an old kitchen that maintain'd half neither go nor stand; a dozen old cooks; Like a young courtier of the king's, Like an old courtier of the queen's, And the king's young courtier. And the queen's old courtier. With an old hall hung about with pikes, With a new-fangled lady, that is dainty, nice, and spare. guns, and bows, Who never knew what belong'd to good With old swords, and bucklers that had borne many shrewd blows, housekeeping, or care; Who buys gaudy-color'd fans to play with And an old frieze coat to cover his worship's trunk hose; wanton air, And seven or eight different dressings of And a cup of old sherry to comfort his copper nose ; other women's hair; Like an old courtier of the queen's, Like a young courtier of the king's, And the queen's old courtier. And the king's young courtier. With a good old fashion, when Christmas With a new-fashion'd hall, built where the was come, old one stood. To call in all his old neighbors with bag-Hung round with new pictures that do the pipe and drum, poor no good ; With good cheer enough to furnish every With a fine marble chimney, wherein burns old room. neither coal nor wood, And old liquor able to make a cat speak And a new smooth shovel-board, whereon and a man dumb; no victuals ne'er stood ; Like an old courtier of the queen's, Like a young courtier of the king's, And the queen's old courtier. And the king's young courtier.

With a new study stuff'd full of pamphlets and plays,	It is an irksome word and task,
And a new chaplain that swears faster than	And when he's laugh'd and said his say, He shows, as he removes the mask,
he prays, With a new buttery hatch that opens once	A face that's anything but gay.
in four or five days,	One word, ere yet the evening ends,-
And a new French cook to devise fine kick-	Let's close it with a parting rhyme,
shaws and toys; Like a young courtier of the king's,	And pledge a hand to all young friends, As fits the merry Christmas-time;
And the king's young courtier.	On life's wide scene you, too, have parts,
	That Fate ere long shall bid you play;
With a new fashion, when Christmas is drawing on,	Good-night! with honest gentle hearts A kindly greeting go alway.
And a new journey to London straight we	Good-night !I'd say the griefs, the joys,
all must be gone, And leave none to keep house but our new	Just hinted in this mimic page,
porter John,	The triumphs and defeats of boys,
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the	Are but repeated in our age; I'd say your woes are not less keen,
back with a stone; Like a young courtier of the king's,	Your hopes more vain, than those of
And the king's young courtier.	men,—
5, 5	Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen
With a new gentleman usher, whose car-	At forty-five play'd o'er again.
riage is complete; With a new coachman, footman, and pages	I'd say we suffer and we strive
to carry up the meat;	Not less nor more as men than boys, With grizzled bcards at forty-five,
With a waiting gentlewoman, whose dress-	As erst at twelve in corduroys;
ing is very neat, Who, when her lady has dined, lets the	And if, in time of sacred youth,
servants not eat;	We learn'd at home to love and pray,
Like a young courtier of the king's,	Pray Heaven that early love and truth May never wholly pass away.
And the king's young courtier.	
With new titles of honor, bought with his	And in the world, as in the school, I'd say how fate may change and shift,
father's old gold,	The prize be sometimes with the fool,
For which sundry of his ancestors' old manors are sold;	The race not always to the swift;
And this is the course most of our new	The strong may yield, the good may fall, The great man be a vulgar clown,
gallants hold,	The knave be lifted over all,
Which makes that good housekeeping is	The kind cast pitilessly down.
now grown so cold Among our young courtiers of the	Who knows the inscrntable design?
king,	Blessed be He who took and gave !
Or the king's young courtiers.	Why should your mother, Charles, not
Author Unknown.	mine, Be weeping at her darling's grave?
+>+>+	We bow to Heaven that will'd it so,
THE END OF THE PLAY.	That darkly rules the fate of all,
THE play is done, the curtain drops,	That sends the respite or the blow, That's free to give or to recall.
Slow falling to the prompter's bell;	
A moment yet the actor stops, And looks around to say farewell.	This crowns his feast with wine and wit: Who brought him to that mirth and state?
	in no brought min to that mitth and state;

His betters, see, below him sit, Or hunger hopeless at the gate. Who hade the mud from Dives' wheel To spurn the rags of Lazarus? Come, brother, in that dust we'll kneel, Confessing Heaven that ruled it thus. So each shall mourn, in life's advance, Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely kill'd, Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance, And longing passion unfulfill'd. Amen! whatever fate be sent, Pray God the heart may kindly glow, Although the head with cares be bent, And whiten'd with the winter snow. Come wealth or want, come good or ill, Let young and old accept their part, And bow before the awful Will, And bear it with an honest heart. Who misses, or who wins the prize. Go; lose or conquer as you can, But if you fail, or if you rise, Be each, pray God, a gentleman. A gentleman, or old or young! (Bear kindly with my humble lays); The sacred chorus first was sung Upon the first of Christmas days; The shepherds heard it overhead, The joyful angels raised it then: Glory to Heaven on high, it said, And peace on earth to gentle men! My song, save this, is little worth ; I lay the weary pen aside, And wish you health, and love, and mirth, As fits the soleum Christmas-tide. As fits the holy Christmas birth, Be this, good friends, our carol still,-Be peace on earth, be peace on earth, To men of gentle will. WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS,

AND HOW HE GAINED THEM.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,

The few locks which are left you are gray ;

You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man,

Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William replied,

I remember'd that youth would fly fast, And abused not my health and my vigor

at first,

That I never might need them at last.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,

And pleasures with youth pass away,

And yet you lament not the days that are gone,

Now tell me the reason, I pray.

- In the days of my youth, Father William replied,
- I remember'd that youth could not last; I thought of the future, whatever I did,

That I never might grieve for the past.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,

And life must be hastening away;

You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death,

Now tell me the reason, I pray.

I am cheerful, young man, Father William replied;

Let the cause thy attention engage;

In the days of my youth I remember'd my God !

And He hath not forgotten my age. ROBERT SOUTHEY.

IN THE DOWN-HILL OF LIFE,

In the down-hill of life, when I find I'm declining,

May my lot no less fortunate be

Than a snug elbow-chair can afford for reclining,

And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea;

With an ambling pad-pony to pace o'er the lawn,

While I carol away idle sorrow,

And blithe as the lark that each day hails the dawn,

Look forward with hope for to-morrow.

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade too,

As the sunshine or rain may prevail;

- And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade too,
 - With a barn for the use of the flail:
- A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game, And a purse when a friend wants to borrow;
- I'll envy no nabob his riches or fame, Nor what honors await him to-morrow.
- From the bleak northern blast may my cot be completely
 - Secured by a neighboring hill;
- And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly
- By the sound of a murmuring rill:
- And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
 - With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,
- With my friends may I share what to-day may afford,

And let them spread the table to-morrow.

- And when I at last must throw off this frail covering
 - Which I've worn for threescore years and ten,
- On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hovering,
- Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again :
- But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
 - And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow;
- As this old worn-out stuff, which is threadbare to-day,
 - May become everlasting to-morrow.

John Collins.

A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

WHO'LL press for gold this crowded street, A hundred years to come?

Who'll tread yon church with willing feet, A hundred years to come?

Pale, trembling age and fiery youth, And childhood with his brow of truth, The rich and poor, on land, on sea, Where will the mighty millions be,

A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves shall sleep, A hundred years to come; No living soul for us will weep, A hundred years to come. But other men our land will till, And others then our streets will fill, And other words will sing as gay, And bright the sunshine as to-day, A hundred years to come.

WILLIAM GOLDSMITH BROWN.

THE EVE OF ELECTION.

FROM gold to gray Our mild sweet day Of Indian Summer fades too soon; But tenderly Above the sea Hangs, white and calm, the hunter's moon.

In its pale fire, The village spire Shows like the Zodiac's spectral lance; The painted walls Whereon it falls Transfigured stand in marble trance!

O'er fallen leaves The west wind grieves, Yet comes a seed-time round again ; And morn shall see The State sown free With baleful tares or healthful grain.

Along the street The shadows meet Of Destiny, whose hands conceal The moulds of fate That shape the State, And make or mar the common weal.

Around I see The powers that be; I stand by Empire's primal springs; And princes meet

In every street, And hear the tread of uncrown'd kings l

Hark ! through the crowd The laugh runs loud, Beneath the sad, rebuking moon. God save the land, A careless hand May shake or swerve ere morrow's noon !

No jest is this; One cast amiss May blast the hope of Freedom's year. Oh, take me where Are hearts of prayer, And foreheads bow'd in reverent fear!

Not lightly fall Beyond recall The written scrolls a breath can float; The crowning fact, The kingliest act Of Freedom, is the freeman's vote !

For pearls that gem A diadem The diver in the deep sea dies ; The regal right We boast to-night Is ours through costlier sacrifice :

The blood of Vane, His prison pain Who traced the path the Pilgrim trod, And hers whose faith Drew strength from death, And praved her Russell up to God 1

Our hearts grow cold, We lightly hold A right which brave men died to gain; The stake, the cord, The axc, the sword, Grim nurses at its birth of pain.

The shadow rend, And o'er us bend, O martyrs, with your crowns and palms,— Breathe through these throngs Your battle-songs, Your scaffold prayers, and dungeon psalms!

Look from the sky, Like God's great eye, Thou solemn moon, with searching beam ; Till in the sight Of thy pure light Our mean self-seekings meaner seem.

Shame from our hearts Unworthy arts, The fraud design'd, the purpose dark; And smite away The hands we lay Profancly on the sacred ark. To party claims, And private aims, Reveal that august face of Truth, Whereto are given The age of heaven, The beauty of immortal youth.

So shall our voice Of sovereign choice Swell the deep bass of duty done, And strike the key Of time to be, When God and man shall speak as one! JOHN GREENLEAP WHITTIER.

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

ONCE this soft turf, this rivulet's sands, Were trampled by a hurrying crowd, And fiery hearts and armèd hands Encounter'd in the battle-cloud.

Ah, never shall the land forget How gush'd the life-blood of her brave,— Gush'd, warm with hope and courage yet, Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm, and fresh, and still; Alone the chirp of flitting bird, And talk of children on the hill, And bell of wandering kine, are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by The black-mouth'd gun and staggering wain;

Men start not at the battle-cry,— Oh, be it never heard again !

Soon rested those who fought; but thou Who minglest in the harder strife For truths which men receive not now,

Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long Through weary day and weary year; A wild and many-weapon'd throng Hang on thy front and flank and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof, And blench not at thy chosen lot; The timid good may stand aloof, The sage may frown,—vet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast, The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;

For with thy side shall dwell, at last, The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crush'd to earth, shall rise again,-The eternal years of God are hers; But Error, wounded, writhes in pain, And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust, When they who help'd thee flee in fear, Die full of hope and manly trust, Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield, Another hand the standard wave, Till from the trumpet's mouth is peal'd The blast of triumph o'er thy grave. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

IT was a summer evening,-Old Kaspar's work was done, And he before his cottage-door Was sitting in the sun : And by him sported on the green His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin Roll something large and round, Which he beside the rivulet, In playing there, had found ; He came to ask what he had found That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy, Who stood expectant by ; And then the old man shook his head, And, with a natural sigh,---"'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,

"Who fell in the great victory.

" I find them in the garden, For there's many hereabout; And often, when I go to plough, The ploughshare turns them out; For many thousand men," said he, "Were slain in that great victory."

" Now tell us what 'twas all about," Young Peterkin he cries ; And little Wilhelmine looks up With wonder-waiting eyes,-

" Now tell us all about the war, And what they fought each other for." "It was the English," Kaspar cried, "Who put the French to rout; But what they fought each other for I could not well make out; But everybody said," quoth he, "That 'twas a famous victory.

" My father lived at Blenheim then, Yon little stream hard by ; They burnt his dwelling to the ground, And he was forced to fly : So with his wife and child he fled, Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round Was wasted far and wide : And many a childing mother then, And new-born baby died ; But things like that, you know, must be At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight After the field was won,-For many thousand bodies here Lay rotting in the sun; But things like that, you know, must be After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won, And our good prince Eugene,"

"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing !" Said little Wilhelmine.

"Nay, nay, my little girl !" quoth he,

" It was a famous victory,

" And everybody praised the duke Who this great fight did win."

"But what good came of it at last ?" Quoth little Peterkin.

"Why, that I cannot tell," said he;

" But 'twas a famous victory." ROBERT SOUTHEY.

NOT ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

"To fall on the battle-field fighting for my dear country,-that would not be hard."-The Neighbors.

OH no. no.-let me lie

Not on a field of battle when I diel Let not the iron tread

Of the mad war-horse crush my helmèd bead;

Nor let the reeking knife, That I have drawn against a brother's life, Be in my hand when Death Thunders along, and tramples me beneath His heavy squadron's heels, Or gory felloes of his cannon's wheels. From such a dying bed. Though o'er it float the stripes of white and red. And the bald eagle brings The cluster'd stars upon his wide-spread wings To sparkle in my sight, Oh, never let my spirit take her flight! I know that Beauty's eye Is all the brighter where gay pennants fly. And brazen helmets dance, And sunshine flashes on the lifted lance: I know that bards have sung, And people shouted till the welkin rung, In honor of the brave Who on the battle-field have found a grave: I know that o'er their bones Have grateful hands piled monumental stones. Some of these piles I've seen : The one at Lexington upon the green Where the first blood was shed That to my country's independence led; And others on our shore, The "Battle Monument" at Baltimore, And that on Bunker's Hill. Ay, and abroad, a few more famous still; Thy "tomb," Themistoeles, That looks out yet upon the Grecian seas, And which the waters kiss That issue from the Gulf of Salamis. And thine, too, have I seen, Thy mound of earth, Patroelus, robed in green, That, like a natural knoll, Sheep climb and nibble over as they stroll. Watch'd by some turban'd boy, Upon the margin of the plain of Troy. Such honors grace the bed. I know, whereon the warrior lays his head, And hears, as life ebbs out,

The conquer'd flying, and the conqueror's shout;

But as his eye grows dim,

What is a column or a mound to him? What to the parting soul,

The mellow note of bugles? What the roll Of drums? No, let me die

Where the blue heaven bends o'er me lovingly,

And the soft summer air,

- As it goes by me, stirs my thin white hair, And from my forehead dries
- The death-damp as it gathers, and the skies

Seem waiting to receive

My soul to their elear depth! Or let me leave

The world when round my bed

Wife, ehildren, weeping friends are gatherèd,

And the ealm voice of prayer

And holy hymning shall my soul prepare To go and be at rest

With kindred spirits,-spirits who have bless'd

The human brotherhood

By labors, eares, and eounsels for their good.

And in my dying hour,

When riches, fame, and honor have no power

To bear the spirit up,

Or from my lips to turn aside the cup That all must drink at last,

Oh, let me draw refreshment from the past!

Then let my soul run back,

With peace and joy, along my earthly track,

And see that all the seeds

That I have scatter'd there, in virtuous deeds

Have sprung up, and have given,

Already, fruits of which to taste is Heaven!

And though no grassy mound

Or granite pile say 'tis heroic ground Where my remains repose,

Still will I hope—vain hope, perhaps! that those

Whom I have striven to bless, The wanderer reclaim'd, the fatherless,

May stand around my grave,

With the poor prisoner, and the poorer slave,

And breathe an humble prayer That they may die like him whose bones are mouldering there.

JOHN PIERPONT.

VERSES

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY ALEXANDER SELKIRK DURING HIS SOLITARY ABODE IN THE ISLAND OF JUAN FERNANDEZ.

I AM monarch of all I survey; My right there is none to dispute; From the centre all round to the sea I am lord of the fowl and the brute. O Solitude! where are the charms That sages have seen in thy face? Better dwell in the midst of alarms Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach; I must finish my journey alone; Never hear the sweet music of speech— I start at the sound of my own. The beasts that roam over the plain, My form with indifference see; They are so unacquainted with man, Their tameness is shocking to me. Society, Friendship, and Love, Divinely bestow'd upon man, Oh had I the wings of a dove, How soon would I taste you again I My sorrows I then might assnage In the ways of religion and truth,

Might learn from the wisdom of age, And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold Resides in that heavenly word! More precions than silver and gold,

Or all that this earth can afford.

But the sound of the church-going bell These valleys and rocks never heard; Never sigh'd at the sound of a knell,

Or smiled when a Sabbath appear'd.

Ye winds that have made me your sport, Convey to this desolate shore Some cordial endearing report Of a land I shall visit no more: My friends, do they now and then send A wish or a thought after me? Oh tell me I yet have a friend,

Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is the glance of the mind ! Compared with the speed of its flight, The tempest itself lags behind, And the swift-wingèd arrows of light. When I think of my own native land, In a moment I seem to be there ;

But, alas! recollection at hand Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest, The beast is laid down in his lair; Even here is a season of rest, And I to my cahin repair. There's mercy in every place, And mercy—encouraging thought!— Gives even affliction a grace.

And reconciles man to his lot.

WILLIAM COWPER.

WILLIAM COWPER

FAITH.

BETTER trust all and be deceived, And weep that trust and that deceiving, Than doubt one heart that if believed

Had bless'd one's life with true believing.

Oh, in this mocking world too fast The doubting fiend o'ertakes our youth; Better be cheated to the last

Than lose the blessed hope of truth. FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

The Ladder of St. Augustine.

SAINT AUGUSTINE! well hast thou said, That of our vices we can frame

A ladder, if we will but tread Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

All common things, each day's events, That with the hour begin and end, Our pleasures and our discontents, Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire, the base design, That makes another's virtues less; The revel of the ruddy wine, And all occasions of excess;

The longing for ignoble things;	Only, at times, a smoke-wreath
The strife for triumph more than truth;	With the drifting cloud-rack joins,—
The hardening of the heart, that brings	The smoke of the hunting-lodges
Irreverence for the dreams of youth;	Of the wild Assiniboins!
All thoughts of ill, all evil deeds,	Drearily blows the north wind
That have their root in thoughts of ill;	From the land of ice and snow;
Whatever hinders or impedes	The eyes that look are weary,
The action of the nobler will;	And heavy the hands that row.
All these must first be trampled down	And with one foot on the water,
Beneath our feet, if we would gain	And one upon the shore,
In the bright fields of fair renown	The Angel of Shadow gives warning
The right of eminent domain.	That day shall be no more.
We have not wings, we cannot soar;	Is it the clang of wild-geese,
But we have feet to scale and climb,	Is it the Indian's yell,
By slow degrees, by more and more,	That lends to the voice of the north wind
The cloudy summits of our time.	The tones of a far-off bell?
The mighty pyramids of stone	The voyageur smiles as he listens
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,	To the sound that grows apace;
When nearer seen, and better known,	Well he knows the vesper ringing
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.	Of the bells of St. Boniface,—
The distant mountains, that uprear	The bells of the Roman Mission,
Their solid bastions to the skies,	That call from their turrets twain
Are cross'd by pathways, that appear	To the boatman on the river,
As we to higher levels rise.	To the hunter on the plain !
The heights by great men reach'd and	Even so in our mortal journey
kept	The bitter north winds blow,
Were not attain'd by sudden flight,	And thus upon life's Red River
But they, while their companions slept,	Our hearts, as oarsmen, row.
Were toiling upward in the night.	And when the Angel of Shadow
Standing on what too long we bore With shoulders bent and downcast eyes, We may discern—unseen before— A path to higher destinies.	Rests his feet on wave and shore, And our eyes grow dim with watching And our hearts faint at the oar,
Nor deem the irrevocable Past	Happy is he who heareth
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,	The signal of his release
If, rising on its wrecks, at last	In the bells of the Holy City,
To something nobler we attain.	The chimes of eternal peace!
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.	JOIN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.
+0+	FAITHFULNESS.
THE RED RIVER VOYAGEUR.	"See that thou copy no man save in the matter of faithfulness."-WILLIAM PENN.
OUT and in the river is winding	LISTEN not when men shall tell thee, Here
The links of its long, red chain,	is work for thee to do;
Through belts of dusky pinc-land	There thy field of labor lieth and the good
And gusty leagues of plain.	thou should'st pursue:

Idle one when all are busy, bound, yet	Earth is full of groaning spirits—hearts
longing to arise,	that wear a galling chain—
Follow thou no mortal guidance, though	Minds, design'd for noble uses, bondaged
it come in prophet guise,	to the lust of gain—
While the cloud is on thy spirit and the	Souls, once beautiful in whiteness, crim-
mist is o'er thy eycs.	son'd with corruption's stain.
Not the stars above us shining, in Cre- ation's perfect plan, Have their places mark'd more surely than the living soul of man; And the laws are not more changeless which direct their daily course, Than the lines of light that issue from our being's radiant Source, To restrain the soul's ont-goings with an ever-gentle force.	 Through earth's wrong, and woe, and evil, sometimes seeing, sometimes blind, Ever must the homeward pathway of the humble Christian wind; Stooping over sin and sorrow—watching by the couch of pain— Holy promises outpouring, grateful as the summer rain, To the heart whose hope had wither'd never to revive again.
 Watch and wait, and as at Bethel, where of old the dreamer lay, Sleep-hound on his stony pillow, God Himself will set thy way: Wanderer without a foothold in illimitable space, With the first step simply taken on thy Heaven-appointed race, Thou wilt know the noiseless sliding of a stone into its place. Up, then, with the break of morning! while upon thy lifted eyes, Clear before thee, rounds of Duty one above another rise; On the steps let down from heaven, rugged though they seem and hard, Pilgrims from all lands will meet thee, silver-hair'd and battle-scarr'd, And the yong, in meekness lovely, shielded by an angel guard. With a grasp the worldling feels not, by a touch he cannot see, Holy joy their bosoms thrilling, they will greet and welcome thee; With their hymns of glad thanksgiving that thy mission is begun, That the Father's kingdom cometh, that His will on earth is done, Mingleth soft thy heart's "Eureka!"-Peace! The Father's boon is won. God hath many aims to compass, many messages to send, 	 Dark perplexing questions cross him — meet him as he onward goes ;— Why a God of love and mercy should permit Life's ills and woes ? Why the good should strive and differ ? If His love be over all, Why the guiltless and the guilty by the same dread stroke should fall ? Why the dread stroke should fall ? Why the haughty arm of power should meek innocence enthrall ? Why with Joy is Sorrow walking, hand in hand and side by side, Sparing not the sad and lowly—breaking in on strength and pride ? Grief and Gladness touch each other—pass each other in the street— Why should trains of sabled mourners young and happy lovers meet, Chilling on their lips the whisper, "Life is good, and Love is sweet !" As the earnest soul advances, step by step, to higher ground, Simple Faith and steady Patience slowly bring the answers round : Then it moves serenely forward, trusting less to Reason's span, Satisfied with Faith's revealings of a broad Paternal plan Which, by mutual dependence, fraternizes man and man. Down Existence one is sailing, by fair breezes borne along,
And His instruments are fitted, each to	Trilling on Life's solemn voyage evermore
some distinctive end :	a merry song;

- What, to him, is that wrapt thinker, wearing out the night in toil,
- Gleaning, for the thankless Future, from the Past, a golden spoil,
- But an idle, useless dreamer, but a cumberer of the soil?
- Say we these can never mingle ?--Soon the student's cheek shall pale,
- And the o'ertask'd brain shall weary, and the soul-lit eye shall fail.
- Whose bright face his sick room lighteth, with hope's language all aglow?

Whose kind hand the hair is smoothing backward from his hurning brow?

- Ah, his careless-hearted neighbor is a gentle brother now.
- There a proud man coldly gazes on a meek, forgiving face !
- Once he loved her-but ambition crept into affection's place;
- From her Christian garb unspotted turns he now his scornful eye,

But on his last lowly pillow when the great man comes to lie,

- He will long to hear the rustle of her white robe passing by.
- Thus are God's ways vindicated; and at length we slowly gain,

As our needs dispel our blindness, some faint glimpses of the chain

- Which connects the Earth with Heaven, Right with Wrong, and Good with Ill—
- Links in one harmonious movement, slowly learn we to fulfil
- Our appointed march in concert with His manifested will!

ELIZABETH LLOYD HOWELL.

ONE BY ONE.

ONE by one the sands are flowing, One by one the moments fall; Some are coming, some are going; Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee, Let thy whole strength go to each; Let no future dreams elate thee,

Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from Heaven) Joys are sent thee here below;

Take them readily when given, Ready too to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee, Do not fear an armèd band;

- One will fade as others greet thee; Shadows passing through the land.
- Do not look at life's long sorrow; See how small each moment's pain;

God will help thee for to-morrow, So each day begin again.

- Every hour that fleets so slowly Has its task to do or bear;
- Luminous the crown, and holy, When each gem is set with care.

Do not linger with regretting, Or for passing hours despond; Nor, the daily toil forgetting, Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token Reaching heaven; but one by one Take them, lest the chain be broken Ere the pilgrimage be done. ADELADE ANSE PROCEER.

CARDIPHONIA.

- IF the hard heart must be smitten ere the springs of life can flow,
- As the waters lock'd in Horeb gush'd beneath the prophet's blow;
- If the veil before the temple where our idols are enshrined,
- Must be rent in twain to teach us we are weak and frail and blind;
- If the whirlwind and the fire must the still small voice precede,
- Wakening in our sonls the echo, Earth is but a failing reed;
- If the waves which overwhelm us may not in their wrath be stay'd,
- Grant us still to feel, O Father! "It is Ibe not afraid."
- If beside our household altars we grow weary of our trust,
- If the wing of Faith is broken, and her pinions trail in dust;

- If we faint beneath our burdens, as we vainly question why
- All our springs of consolation and our wells of hope are dry;
- If our cup from Marah's fountain be replenish'd o'er and o'er,
- Till the dregs are drops of bitter Earth has not a solace for;
- Though our strength be born of sufferingthough our hearts be sore dismay'd,
- Oh sustain us with Thy presence—" It is I —be not afraid."
- If our pleasant pictures, fading, leave a background of despair,
- Let a ray of light from Heaven beam upon the darkness there,
- As in some old time-worn painting which the dust has gather'd o'er,
- Light discloses to the gazer beauty all unknown before;
- So the bright rays piercing downward thro' the mist which round us lies,
- May illume Life's darken'd canvas, and reveal before our eyes
- Glimpses sweet of pleasant waters, where our footsteps shall be stay'd,
- As we hearken to the whisper-" It is Ibe not afraid."
- It may be the spirit strengtheus, and the soul grows pure and white,
- When the clouds of sorrow darken, and all starless is the night;
- That within their gloom is gather'd gentle and refreshing rain,
- Every little germ of patience quickening into life again !
- But we fain would come before Thee, ere the evil days draw nigh,
- Ere the sun and moou are darken'd, or the clouds are in our sky;
- While life's silver cord is binding us to gladness and to mirth,
- And its golden bowl is filling from the choicest founts of earth.
- While the fragrance and the beauty of our morning round us lies,
- We would of the heart's libation pour to Thee a sacrifice;

- Trustful that the Hand which scatters blessings every morning new,
- Would refill the urn of offering, as a floweret with the dew:
- Pure and sweet the exhalations from a grateful heart to Heaven:
- Unto Thee then be the incense of our Cardiphonia given,
- Ere the noontide suu shall wither, or the gathering twilight honr
- Closes the outpouring chalice of the morn's expanded flower.

HANNAH LLOYD NEALE,

BETWEEN THE LIGHTS.

- A LITTLE pause in life —while daylight lingers
 - Between the sunset and the pale moonrise,
- When daily labor slips from weary fingers, And calm, gray shadows veil the aching eyes.
- Old perfumes wander back from fields of clover,
 - Seen in the light of stars that long have set;
- Beloved ones, whose earthly toil is over, Draw near as if they lived among us yet.
- Old voices call me-through the dusk returning
 - I hear the echo of departed feet;
- And then I ask with vain and troubled yearning,
 - "What is the charm which makes old things so sweet?"
- "Must the old joys be evermore withholden? Even their memory keeps me pure and trne;
- And yet from our Jerusalem the golden God speaketh, saying, "I make all things new."
- "Father," I cry, "the old must still be nearer;
- Stifle my love or give me back the past; Give me the fair old fields, whose paths are dearer
 - Than all Thy shining streets and mansions vast."

Peace! peace! the Lord of earth and heaven knoweth

The human soul in all its heat and strife; Out of His throne no stream of Lethe floweth,

But the pure river of eternal life.

He giveth life, ay, life in all its sweetness; Old loves, old sunny scenes will He restore;

Only the curse of sin and incompleteness Shall vex thy soul and taint thine earth no more.

Serve Him in daily toil and holy living, And Faith shall lift thee to His snnlit heights:

- Then shall a psalm of gladness and thanksgiving
 - Fill the calm hour that comes hetween the lights.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

A DOUBTING HEART.

WHERE are the swallows fled? Frozen and dead, Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore. O doubting heart1 Far over purple seas, They wait, in sunny ease, The balmy southern breeze, To bring them to their northern homes once more. Why must the flowers die? Prison'd they lie In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain. O doubting heart! They only sleep below The soft white ermine snow,

While winter winds shall blow, To breathe and smile upon you soon

again.

The sun has hid its rays These many days: Will dreary hours never leave the earth? O doubting heart! The stormy clouds on high Veil the same sunny sky, That soon (for spring is nigh) Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light Is quench'd in night. What sound can break the silence of despair?

O doubting heart!

Thy sky is overcast,

Yet stars shall rise at last,

Brighter for darkness past,

And angels' silver voices stir the air. ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

THE NEGLECTED CALL.

WHEN the fields were white with harvest. and the laborers were few,

- Heard I thus a voice within me, "Here is work for thee to do;
- Come thou up and help the reapers, I will show thee now the way,
- Come and help them bear the burden, and the toiling of the day."

"For a more convenient season," thus I answered, "will I wait,"

- And the voice reproving murmur'd, "Hasten, ere it be too late."
- Yet I heeded not the utterance, listening to lo! here-lo! there-

I lost sight of all the reapers in whose work I would not share;

Follow'd after strange devices-bow'd my heart to gods of stone,

Till like Ephraim join'd to idols, God wellnigh left me alone;

But the angel of His patience follow'd on my erring track,

Setting here and there a landmark, wherewithal to guide me back.

- Onward yet I went, and onward, till there met me on the way
- A poor prodigal *returning*, who, like me, had gone astray,
- And his faith was strong and earnest that a father's house would be
- Safest shelter from temptation for such sinful ones as he.

 "Hast thou need to toil and labor? art thon fitted for the work? Many a hidden stone to bruise thee in the harvest-field doth lurk; There are others call'd beside thee, and perchance the voice may be But thy own delusive fancy, which thon hearest calling thee— There is time enough before thee, all thy footsteps to retrace." Then I yielded to the Tempter, and the angel veil'd her face. Pleasure beckon'd in the distance, and her siren song was sweet, "Throngh a thornless path of flowers gently I will guide thy feet. Youth is as a rapid river, gliding noiseless- ly away, Earth is but a pleasant garden; cull its roese whilst thou may; Press the juice from purple clusters, fill life's chalice with the wine, flatal Circean cup; Ah! the path was smooth and easy, but a snare was set therein, And the canker-worm was hidden in the featflimesh of sin, And the canker-worm was hidden in the rose-leaf folded up, And the canker-worm was hidden in the fatal Circean cup; All the fruits were Dead Sea apples, tempting only to the sight, Fair yet fill'd with dust and ashes—beaut tiful, but touch'd with blight. "O my Father," cried I inly, "Thou hast striven—I have will'd; Now the mission of the angel of Thy patience is finfill'd; I have tasted earthy pleasures, yet my soul is craving foo; Let the summons Thou hast given to Thy harvest be renew'd; Answe Hursen Series. 	"Read the lesson," said the angel, "take the warning and repent;" But the wily Tempter queried, "Ere thy substance be unspeut?	I am ready now to labor—wilt thou call me once again ? I will join thy willing reapers as they garner up the grain."
 Pleasure beckon'd in the distance, and her siren song was sweet, "Through a thornless path of flowers gently I will guide thy feet. Youth is as a rapid river, gliding noiselessly away, Earth is but a pleasant garden; cull its roses whilst thou may; Press the juice from purple clusters, fill life's chalice with the wine, Taste the fairest fruits which tempt thee, all its richest fruits are thine." Ah I the path was smooth and easy, but a snare was set therein, And the canker-worm was hidden in the fearful mesh of sin, And the canker-worm was bidden in the rose-leaf folded up, And the sparkling wine of pleasure was a fatal Circean cup; All its fruits were Dead Sea apples, tempting only to the sight, Fair yet fill' with dust and ashes—beantiful, but touch'd with blight. "O my Father," eried I inly, "Thou hast striven—I have will'; Now the mission of the angel of Thy patience is fulfil'd; I have tasted earthly pleasures, yet my soul is craving food; Let the summons Thou hast given to Thy 	 thou fitted for the work ? Many a hidden stone to bruise thee in the harvest-field doth lurk; There are others call'd beside thee, and perchance the voice may be But thy own delusive fancy, which thou hearest calling thee— There is time enough before thee, all thy footsteps to retrace." Then I yielded to the Tempter, and the 	 Answer'd my awaken'd conscience, "As thou sowest thou shalt reap; God is just, and retribution follows each neglected call; Thou hadst thy appointed duty taught thee by the Lord of all; Thou wert chosen, but another fill'd the place assigned thee, Henceforth in my field of labor thou mayst but a gleaner be.
 Ah! the path was smooth and easy, but a snare was set therein, And the fearful mesh of sin, And the canker-worm was hidden in the rose-leaf folded up, And the sparkling wine of pleasure was a fatal Circean cup; All its fruits were Dead Sea apples, tempting only to the sight, Fair yet fill' with dust and ashes—bean tiful, but touch'd with blight. "O my Father," eried I inly, "Thou hast striven—I have will'd; I have tasted earthly pleasures, yet my soul is craving food; Let the summons Thou hast given to Thy 	siren song was sweet, "Through a thornless path of flowers gently I will guide thy feet. Youth is as a rapid river, gliding noiseless- ly away, Earth is but a pleasant garden; cull its roses whilst thou may; Press the juice from purple clusters, fill life's chalice with the wine, Taste the fairest fruits which tempt thee,	linger not again ; Separate the chaff thou gleanest, beat it from among the grain ; Follow after these my reapers, let thine eyes be on the field, Gather up the precious handfuls their abundant wheat-sheaves yield; Go not hence to glean, but tarry from the morning until night; Be thou faithful, thou mayst yet find favor in thy Master's sight."
Let the summons Thou hast given to Thy The weary wanderers home.	a snare was set therein, And the feet were oft entangled in the fearful mesh of sin, And the canker-worm was hidden in the rose-leaf folded up, And the sparkling wine of pleasure was a fatal Circean cup; All its fruits were Dead Sea apples, tempt- ing only to the sight, Fair yet fill'd with dust and ashes—bean- tiful, but touch'd with blight. "O my Father," cried I inly, "Thou hast striven—I have will'd; Now the mission of the angel of Thy patience is fulfil'd; I have tasted earthly pleasures, yet my	 THE LOT OF THOUSANDS. WHEN hope lies dead within the heart, By secret sorrow close conceal'd, We shrink lest looks or words impart What must not be reveal'd. 'Tis hard to smile when one would silent be; To speak when one would silent be; To wake when one should wish to sleep, And wake to agony. Yet such the lot by thousands east Who wander in this world of care, And hend heneath the bitter blast, To save them from despair. But Nature waits her guests to greet, Where disappointment cannot come;
	Let the summons Thou hast given to Thy	The weary wanderers home.

INFLUENCE OF TIME ON GRIEF.

- O TIME, who know'st a lenient hand to lay
 - Softest on sorrow's wound, and slowly thence
 - (Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)
- The faint pang stealest unperceived away;
- On thee I rest my only hope at last,
 - And think when thou hast dried the bitter tear
 - That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
- I may look back on every sorrow past,
- And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile,
 - As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
 - Sings in the sunbeam, of the transient shower
- Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while.
- Yet ah! how much must that poor heart endure,
- Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure!

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

THE CHAMELEON.

OFT has it been my lot to mark A proud, conceited, talking spark, With eyes that hardly served at most To guard their master 'gainst a post, Yet round the world the blade has been To see whatever could be seen. Returning from his finish'd tour Grown ten times perter than before ; Whatever word you chance to drop, The travell'd fool your mouth will stop ; "Sir, if my judgment you'll allow, I've seen—and sure I ought to know," So begs you'd pay a due submission, And acquiescé in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast, As o'er Arabia's wilds they pass'd, And on their way, in friendly chat, Now talk'd of this, and then of that, Discoursed a while, 'mongst other matter, Of the chameleon's form and nature. "A stranger animal," cries one, "Sure never lived beneath the sun. A lizard's body, lean and long, A fish's head, a serpent's tongue, Its foot with triple claw disjoin'd, And what a length of tail behind ! How slow its pace, and then its hue,— Who ever saw so fine a blue?"

"Hold, there !" the other quick replies; "'Tis green,-I saw it with these eves, As late with open mouth it lay, And warm'd it in the sunny ray; Stretch'd at its ease the beast I view'd, And saw it eat the air for food." "I've seen it, sir, as well as you, And must again affirm it blue; At leisure I the beast survey'd, Extended in the cooling shade." "'Tis green, 'tis green, sir, I assure ye." "Green !" cries the other in a fury,-"Why, sir, d'ye think I've lost my eyes?" "'Twere no great loss," the friend replies, "For if they always serve you thus, You'll find them of but little use."

So high at last the contest rose, From words they almost came to blows, When luckily came by a third,— To him the question they referr'd, And begg'd he'd tell 'em, if he knew, Whether the thing was green or blue. "Sirs," cries the umpire, "cease your pother!

The creature's neither one nor t'other. I caught the animal last night, And view'd it o'er by candlelight; I mark'd it well—'twas black as jet; You stare,—but, sirs, I've got it yet, And can produce it." "Pray, sir, do: I'll lay my life the thing is blue." "And I'll be sworn, that when you're seen The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."

"Well then, at once to ease the doubt," Replies the man, "I'll turn him out, And when before your eyes I've set him, If you don't find him black, I'll eat him." He said, then full before their sight Produced the beast, and lo !—'twas white.

Both stared; the man look'd wondrous wise-

"My children," the chameleon cries

MORAL AND DIDACTIC POETRY.

(Then first the creature found a tongue), "You all are right, and all are wrong; When next you talk of what you view, Think others see as well as you; Nor wonder, if you find that none Prefers your cycsight to his own." JAMES MERRICK.

I LAY IN SORROW, DEEP DIS-TRESSED.

I LAY in sorrow, deep distress'd; My grief a proud man heard; His looks were cold, he gave me gold, But not a kindly word. My sorrow pass'd,—I paid him back The gold he gave to me; Then stood erect and spoke my thanks, And bless'd his Charity. I lay in want, in grief and pain :

A poor man pass'd my way; He bound my head, he gave me bread, He watch'd me night and day.

How shall I pay him back again For all he did to me?

Oh, gold is great, but greater far Is heavenly Sympathy !

CHARLES MACKAY.

STANZAS.

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly, And finds too late that men hetray, What charm can soothe her melancholy, What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover, To hide her shame from every eye, To give repentance to her lover And wring his bosom, is—to die. OLIVEE GOLDSMITH.

NIGHT.

NIGHT is the time for rest; How sweet, when labors close,

To gather round an aching breast The curtain of repose, Stretch the tired limbs and lay the head Down on our own delightful bed !

Night is the time for dreams : The gay romance of life, When truth that is, and truth that seems, Mix in fantastic strife; Ah! visions less beguiling far Than waking dreams by daylight are! Night is the time for toil:

To plough the classic field, Intent to find the buried spoil Its wealthy furrows yield; Till all is ours that sages taught, That poets sang, and heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep: To wet with unseen tears Those graves of Memory, where sleep The joys of other years; Hopes that were angels at their birth, But died when young, like things of earth.

Night is the time to watch : O'er ocean's dark expanse, To hail the Pleiades, or catch The full moon's earliest glance, That brings into the homesick mind All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care : Brooding on hours misspent, To see the spectre of Despair Come to our lonely tent ; Like Brutus, 'midst his slumbering host, Summon'd to die by Cæsar's ghost.

Night is the time to think : When, from the eye, the soul Takes flight; and on the utmost brink Of yonder starry pole Discerns beyond the abyss of night The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray: Our Saviour oft withdrew To descrt mountains far away; So will His followers do, Steal from the throng to haunts untrod, And commune there alone with God. Night is the time for Death : When all around is peace, Calmly to yield the weary breath,

From sin and suffering cease, Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign To parting friends ;—such death be mine. JAMES MONTOOMERY.

GOOD-NIGHT.

DownwARD sinks the setting sun, Soft the evening shadows fall; Light is flying, Day is dying, Darkness stealeth over all. Good-night!

Autumn garners in her stores— Foison of the fading year; Leaves are dying, Winds are sighing— Whispering of the Winter near, Good-night!

Youth is vanished, manhood wanes; Age its forward shadows throws; Day is dying, Years are flying, Life runs onward to its close. Good-night! Authore Uxenows.

GOOD COUNSEIL OF CHAUCER.

FLEE fro the pres, and duelle with sothfastnesse;

Suffice the thy good though hit be smale; For horde hath hate, and elymbyng tikelnesse.

Preshath envye, and wele is blent over alle. Savoure no more then the behove shalle; Rede wel thy self that other folke canst rede, And trouthe the shal delyver, hit ys no drede.

Peyne the not eche croked to redresse In trust of hire that turneth as a balle,

Grete rest stant in lytil besynesse; Bewar also to spurne aveine an nalle,

Strvve not as doth a croke with a walle:

Daunt thy selfe that dauntest otheres dede, And trouthe the shal delyver, hit is no

drede.

That the ys sent receyve in buxomnesse,

The wrasteling of this world asketh a falle; Her is no home, her is but wyldyrnesse.

Forth pilgrime! forth best out of thy stalle!

Loke up on hye, and thonke God of alle; Weyve thy lust, and let thy goste the lede, And trouthe shal thee delyver, hit is no drede.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

SIC VITA.

LIKE to the falling of a star, Or as the flights of eagles are, Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue, Or silver drops of morning dew, Or like a wind that chafes the flood, Or bubbles which on water stood— E'en such is man, whose borrow'd light Is straight called in, and paid to-night. The wind blows out, the bubble dies, The spring entomb'd in autumn lies, The dew dries up, the star is shot, The flight is past—and man forgot!

LINES.

WRITTEN BY ONE IN THE TOWER, BEING Young And condemned to Die.

My prime of youth is but a frost of eares, My feast of joy is but a dish of pain,

My crop of corn is but a field of tares, And all my goodes is but vain hope of

and all my goodes is but vain hope of gain.

The day is fled, and yet I saw no sun; And now I live, and now my life is done!

My spring is past, and yet it hath not spring,

The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves are green;

My youth is past, and yet I am but young, I saw the world, and yet I was not seen.

My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun;

And now I live, and now my life is done !

I sought for death, and found it in the wombe,

I lookt for life, and yet it was a shade,

I trade the ground, and knew it was my tombe,

And now I die, and now I am but made. The glass is full, and yet my glass is run ; And now I live, and now my life is done ! CHIDIOCE TYCHEORM.

ON HIS DIVINE POEMS.

WHEN we for age could neither read nor write,

The subject made us able to indite: The soul, with nobler resolutions deck'd, The body stooping, does herself ereet: No mortal parts are requisite to raise If er that unbodied can her Maker praise.

MORAL AND DIDACTIC POETRY.

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er; So calm are we when passions are no more. For then we know how vain it was to boast Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.

Clouds of affection from our younger eyes Conceal that emptiness which age descries. The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and deeay'd,

Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become As they draw near to their eternal home. Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,

That stand upon the threshold of the new. EDNUND WALLER.

FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

I.

I HELD it truth, with him who sings To one clear harp in divers tones, That men may rise on stepping-stones Of their dead selves to higher things.

But who shall so forecast the years And find in loss a gain to match? Or reach a hand thro' time to catch The far-off interest of tears?

Let Love clasp Grief lest both be drown'd, Let darkness keep her raven gloss: Ah, sweeter to be drunk with loss, To dance with death, to beat the ground,

Than that the victor Hours should scorn The long result of love, and boast,

"Behold the man that loved and lost, But all he was is overworn."

XXVII,

I envy not, in any moods, The captive void of noble rage, The linnet born within the cage, That never knew the summer woods,

I envy not the beast that takes His license in the field of time, Unfetter'd by the sense of crime, To whom a conscience never wakes;

Nor, what may count itself as blcst, The heart that never plighted troth, But stagnates in the weeds of sloth; Nor any want-begotten rest.

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I hold it true, whate'er befall-I feel it, when I sorrow most-

"Tis better to have loved and lost Than never to have loved at all.

LIV.

Oh yet we trust that somehow good Will be the final goal of ill, To pangs of nature, sins of will, Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet; That not one life shall be destroyed, Or cast as rubbish to the void, When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain; That not a moth with vain desire Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire, Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything; I can but trust that good shall fall At last—far off—at last, to all, And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream : but what am I? An infant crying in the night: An infant crying for the light: And with no language but a cry.

LXXVIII.

Again at Christmas did we weave The holly round the Christmas hearth; The silent snow possessed the earth, And calmly fell our Christmas-eve:

The yule-clog sparkled keen with frost, No wing of wind the region swept, But over all things brooding slept The quiet sense of something lost.

As in the winters left behind Again our ancient games had place, The mimic picture's breathing grace, And dance and song and hoodman-blind.

Who show'd a token of distress? No single tear, no mark of pain: O sorrow, then can sorrow wane? O grief, can grief be changed to less?

O last regret, regret can die! No-mixt with all this mystic frame, Her deep relations are the same, But with long use her tears are dry.

CVI.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky, The flying cloud, the frosty light: The year is dying in the night; Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new, Ring, happy bells, across the snow: The year is going, let him go; Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind, For those that here we see no more; Ring out the feud of rich and poor, Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause, And ancient forms of party strife; Ring in the nobler modes of life, With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin, The faithless coldness of the times; Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes, But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood, The civic slander and the spite; Ring in the love of truth and right, Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease; Ring out the narrowing lust of gold; Ring out the thonsand wars of old, Ring in the thonsand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free, The larger heart, the kindlier hand; Ring ont the darkness of the land, Ring in the Christ that is to be.

CXIV.

Who loves not Knowledge? Who shall rail Against her beauty? May she mix With men and prosper! Who shall fix Her pillars? Let her work prevail.

But on her forehead sits a fire: She sets her forward countenance And leaps into the future chance, Submitting all things to desire.

Half-grown as yet, a child, and vain— She cannot fight the fear of death. What is she, cut from love and faith, But some wild Pallas from the brain Of Demons? fiery hot to burst All barriers in her onward race For power. Let her know her place; She is the second, not the first,

A higher hand must make her mild, If all be not in vain; and guide Her footsteps, moving side by side With Wisdom, like the younger child:

For she is earthly of the mind, But Wisdom heavenly of the soul. Oh, friend, who camest to thy goal So early, leaving me behind,

I would the great world grew like thee, Who grewest not alone in power And knowledge, but by year and hour In reverence and in charity.

CXVIII.

Contemplate all this work of Time, The giant laboring in his youth; Nor dream of human love and truth, As dying Nature's earth and lime;

But trust that those we call the dead Are breathers of an ampler day For ever nobler ends. They say, The solid earth whereon we tread

In tracts of fluent heat began, And grew to seeming-random forms, The seeming prey of cyclic storms, Till at the last arose the man;

Who throve and branch'd from clime to clime,

The herald of a higher race, And of himself in higher place, If so he type this work of time

Within himself, from more to more; Or, crown'd with attributes of woe Like glories, move his conrse, and show That life is not as idle ore.

But iron dug from central gloom, And heated hot with burning fears, And dipt in baths of hissing tears, And battered with the shocks of doom

To shape and use. Arise and fly The reeling Faun, the sensual feast; Move upward, working out the beast, And let the ape and tiger die.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

PART XII.

POEMS OF

LABOR AND SOCIAL QUESTIONS.



LABORARE EST ORARE.

PAUSE not to dream of the future before us; Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us;

Hark how Creation's deep, musical chorus, Unintermitting, goes up into Heaven!

Never the ocean-wave falters in flowing; Never the little seed stops in its growing; More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,

Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

- "Labor is worship!" the robin is singing;
- "Labor is worship !" the wild bee is ringing;
- Listen! that eloquent whisper, upspringing,
 - Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's great heart.
- From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
- From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing flower;
- From the small insect, the rich coral hower;
 - Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his part.
- Labor is life !-- 'Tis the still water faileth;

Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;

- Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth :
 - Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
- Labor is glory !---the flying cloud lightens; Only the waving wing changes and brightens:
- Idle hearts only the dark fnture frightens: Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune!

Labor is rest from the sorrows that greet us,

- Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
- Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
 - Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.
- Work,—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
- Work,—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
- Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow!
 - Work with a stout heart and resolute will!
- Labor is health !-Lo! the husbandman reaping,
- How through his veins goes the life-current leaping !
- How his strong arm, in its stalwart pride sweeping,
 - True as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides!
- Labor is wealth,—in the sea the pearl groweth;
- Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth;
- From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth;
 - Temple and statue the marble block hides.
- Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are round thee;
- Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee !
- Look to yon pure Heaven smiling beyond thee:

Rest not content in thy darkness,-a elod!	Matted and dense the tangled turf up- heaves,
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;	Mellow and dark the ridgy cornfield
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly: Labor!—all labor is noble and holy;	cleaves; Up the steep hillside, where the laboring
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy	train
God.	Slants the long track that scores the level
FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.	plain,
THE USEFUL PLOUGH.	Through the moist valley, clogg'd with oozing clay,
A COUNTRY life is sweet!	The patient convoy breaks its destined
In moderate cold and heat,	way;
To walk in the air, how pleasant and fair! In every field of wheat,	At every turn the loosening chains re-
The fairest of flowers, adorning the	sound, The swinging ploughshare circles glisten-
bowers,	ing round,
And every meadow's brow;	Till the wide field one billowy waste ap-
So that I say, no courtier may	pears,
Compare with them who clothe in gray,	And wearied hands unbind the panting
And follow the useful plough.	steers.
They rise with the morning lark,	These are the hands whose sturdy labor
And labor till almost dark ; Then folding their sheep, they hasten to	brings
sleep;	The peasant's food, the golden pomp of
While every pleasant park	kings;
Next morning is ringing with birds that	This is the page whose letters shall be seen
are singing	Changed by the sun to words of living green;
On each green, tender bough. With what content and merriment	This is the scholar whose immortal pen
Their days are spent, whose minds are	Spells the first lesson hunger taught to
bent	men;
To follow the useful plough !	These are the lines that heaven-commanded
Author Unknown.	Toil Shows on his deed,—the charter of the
The Ploughman.	soil!
CLEAR the brown path to meet his coul-	
ter's gleam !	O gracious Mother, whose benignant breast
Lo! on he comes, behind his smoking	Wakes us to life, and lulls us all to rest,
team,	How thy sweet features, kind to every clime,
With toil's bright dewdrops on his sun- burnt brow,	Mock with their smile the wrinkled front
The lord of earth, the hero of the plough !	of Time! We stain thy flowers,—they blossom o'er
First in the field before the reddening snn,	the dead;
Last in the shadows when the day is done,	We rend thy bosom, and it gives us bread;
Line after line, along the bursting sod,	O'er the red field that trampling strife has
Marks the broad acres where his feet have	torn
trod; Still where he treads the stubborn clods	Waves the green plumage of thy tassell'd corn ;
divide,	Our maddening conflicts scar thy fairest
The smooth, fresh furrow opens deep and	plain,
wide;	Still thy soft answer is the growing grain.

Yet, O our Mother, while uncounted charms Steal round our hearts in thine embracing arms, Let not our virtues in thy love decay,	You can hear his bellows blow ; You can hear him swing his heavy sledge, With measured beat and slow, Like a sexton ringing the village bell
And thy fond sweetness waste our strength	When the evening sun is low.
away. No! by these hills whose banners now dis- play'd In blazing cohorts Autumn has array'd;	And children coming home from school Look in at the open door ; They love to see the flaming forge,
By yon twin summits, on whose splintery	And hear the bellows roar,
crests	And eatch the burning sparks that fly
The tossing hemlocks hold the eagles'	Like chaff from a threshing-floor.
nests;	He goes on Sunday to the church,
By these fair plains the mountain circle	And sits among his boys;
screens,	He hears the parson pray and preach,
And feeds with streamlets from its dark	He hears his daughter's voice
ravines,—	Singing in the village choir,
True to their home, these faithful arms	And it makes his heart rejoice.
shall toil To show with passe their same anti-intel	
To crown with peace their own untainted soil;	It sounds to him like her mother's voice
And, true to God, to freedom, to mankind,	Singing in Paradise I
If her chain'd ban-dogs Faction shall un-	He needs must think of her once more,
bind,	How in the grave she lies;
These stately forms, that, bending even	And with his hard, rough hand he wipes A tear out of his eyes.
now,	A tear out of his eyes.
Bow'd their strong manhood to the hum-	Toiling-rejoicing-sorrowing-
ble plough,	Onward through life he goes :
Shall rise erect, the gnardians of the land,	Each morning sees some task hegin,
The same stern iron in the same right hand,	Each evening sees it close;
Till o'er their hills the shouts of triumph	Something attempted-something done,
run;	Has earn'd a night's repose.
The sword has rescued what the plough-	These here the second s
share won ! Oliver Wendell Holmes.	Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.	For the lesson thou hast taught! Thus at the flaming forge of Life
	Our fortunes must be wrought,
THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.	Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
	Each burning deed and thought.
UNDER a spreading chestnut tree	HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.
The village smithy stands;	
The smith, a mighty man is he,	+0+
With large and sinewy hands;	The Forging of the Anchor.
And the muscles of his brawny arms Are strong as iron bands.	COME, see the Dolphin's anchor forged!
and strong as non bands.	'tis at a white heat now-

- His hair is crisp, and black, and long; T His face is like the tan;
- His brow is wet with honest sweat; He earns whate'er he can,
- And looks the whole world in the face, For he owes not any man.

'tis at a white heat now-

- though, on the forge's brow,
- The little flames still fitfully play through the sable mound,
- And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking round,

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All clad in leathern panoply, their broad	And no
hands only bare, Some rest upon their sledges here, some	Then n
work the windlass there.	Then u
The windlass strains the tackle-chains,-	Swing
the black mould heaves below, And red and deep, a hundred veins burst	e anna
out at every throe.	Your b
It rises, roars, rends all outright,-O Vul-	f But wh
can, what a glow ! 'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright,—	Dut wh
the high sun shines not so !	The an
The high sun sees not, on the earth, such	Strike
fiery fearful show. The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth,	SUIKe
the ruddy lurid row	Our ha
Of smiths, that stand, an ardent band,	0
like men before the foe, As, quivering through his fleece of flame,	Our an
the sailing monster slow	For a h
Sinks on the anvil; all about, the faces	0
fiery grow: "Hurrah !" they shout, "leap out, leap	Our an
out!" bang, bang! the sledges go;	For th
Hurrah! the jetted lightnings are hissing	1171
high and low, A hailing fount of fire is struck at every	When,
squashing blow;	And so
The leathern mail rebounds the hail, the	
rattling cinders strow The ground around; at every bound the	
sweltering fountains flow;	In livi
And, thick and loud, the swinking crowd	
at every stroke pant "Ho!"	A shap
Leap out, leap out, my masters ! leap out,	O trust
and lay on load;	1
Let's forge a goodly anchor—a bower thick and broad,	What I
For a heart of oak is hanging on every	O deep
blow, I bode,	1
And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road,	The ho
The low reef roaring on her lce, the roll	To go j
of ocean pour'd	5
From stem to stern, sea after sea; the mainmast by the board;	And fo
The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the	Then o
boats stove at the chains;	
But courage still, brave mariners, the bower yet remains!	And so
bond yet temans.	

And not an inch to flinch he deigns, save when ye pitch sky-high;

Then moves his head, as though he said, "Fear nothing, here am I!"

- Swing in your strokes in order; let foot and hand keep time;
- Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's chime.
- But while ye swing your sledges, sing, and let the burthen be,
- The anchor is the anvil king, and royal craftsmen we!
- Strike in, strike in !---the sparks begin to dull their rustling red ;

Our hammers ring with sharper din-our work will soon be sped;

Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array

For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of clay;

Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen here

- For the yeo-heave-o and the heave away, and the sighing seamen's cheer-
- When, weighing slow, at eve they go, far, far from love and home;
- And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean foam.
- In livid and obdurate gloom, he darkens down at last;
- A shapely one he is, and strong, as e'er from cat was cast.

O trusted and trustworthy guard ! if thou hadst life like me,

- What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep green sea l
- O deep sea-diver, who might then behold such sights as thou?—
- The hoary monster's palaces !---Methinks what joy 'twere now
- To go plumb-plunging down, amid the assembly of the whales,
- And feel the churn'd sea round me boil beneath their scourging tails!

Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea-unicorn,

And send him foil'd and bellowing back, for all his ivory horn ;

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- To leave the subtle sworder-fish of bony blade forlorn;
- And for the ghastly-grinning shark, to laugh his jaws to scorn;
- To leap down on the kraken's back, where 'mid Norwegian isles
- He lies, a lubber anchorage for sudden shallow'd miles-
- Till, snorting like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls;
- Meanwhile to swing, a-buffeting the far astonish'd shoals
- Of his back-browsing ocean-calves; or, haply, in a cove

Shell-strown, and consecrate of old to some Undine's love,

- To find the long-hair'd mermaidens; or, hard by icy lands,
- To wrestle with the sea-serpent, upon cerulean sands.
- O broad-arm'd fisher of the deep! whose sports can equal thine?
- The dolphin weighs a thousand tons that tugs thy cable line;
- And night by night 'tis thy delight, thy glory day by day,
- Through sable sea and breaker white the giant game to play.
- But, shamer of our little sports! forgive the name I gave :
- A fisher's joy is to destroy—thine office is to save.
- O lodger in the sea-king's halls! couldst thou hut understand
- Whose be the white bones by thy side or who that dripping band,
- Slow swaying in the heaving wave, that round about thee bend,
- With sounds like breakers in a dream blessing their ancient friend-
- Oh, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps round thee,
- Thine iron side would swell with pridethou'dst leap within the sea !
- Give honor to their memories who left the pleasant strand
- To shed their blood so freely for the love of fatherland—

- Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy churchyard grave
- So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave !
- Oh, though our anchor may not be all I have fondly sung,

Honor him for their memory whose bones he goes among !

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

A LIFE on the ocean wave, A home on the rolling deep ; Where the scatter'd waters rave, And the winds their revels keep ! Like an eagle caged I pine On this dull, unchanging shore : Oh give me the flashing brine, The spray and the tempest's roar !

- Once more on the deck I stand, Of my own swift-gliding craft:
- Set sail! farewell to the land; The gale follows fair abaft.
- We shoot through the sparkling foam, Like an ocean-bird set free,-
- Like the ocean-bird, our home We'll find far out on the sea.

The land is no longer in view, The clouds have begun to frown;

- But with a stout vessel and crew,
- We'll say, Let the storm come down ! And the song of our hearts shall be,
- While the winds and the waters rave, A home on the rolling sea!

A life on the ocean wave !

EPES SARGENT.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A wer sheet and a flowing sea-A wind that follows fast,

And fills the white and rustling sail, And bends the gallant mast—

- And bends the gallant mast, my boys, While, like the eagle free,
- Away the good ship flies, and leaves Old England on the lee.

Oh for a soft and gentle wind ! I heard a fair one cry; But give to me the snoring breeze, And white waves heaving high-And white waves heaving high, my boys, The good ship tight and free; The world of waters is our home, And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon. And lightning in yon cloud; And hark the music, mariners! The wind is piping loud-The wind is piping loud, my boys, The lightning flashing free; While the hollow oak our palace is, Our heritage the sea. Allan Cunningham.

THE FISHERMAN'S SONG.

Away-away o'er the feathery crest Of the beautiful blue are we:

For our toil-lot lies on its boiling breast. And our wealth's in the glorious sea;

And we've hymn'd in the grasp of the fiercest night,

To the God of the sons of toil,

As we cleft the wave by its own white light,

And away with its scaly spoil.

- Then oh for the long and the strong oar-sweep
- We have given, and will again ; For when children's weal lies in the deep.

Oh ! their fathers must be men.

And we'll think, as the blast grows loud and long,

That we hear our offspring's cries-

And we'll think, as the surge grows tall and strong,

Of the tears in their mothers' eyes:

And we'll reel through the clutch of the shivering green,

For the warm, warm clasp at home-

For the soothing smile of each heart's own queen,

And her arms like the flying foam.

Then oh for the long and strong oarsweep

We have given, and will again :

For when children's weal lies in the deep,

Oh ! their fathers must be men.

Do we yearn for the land when toss'd on this?

Let it ring to the proud one's tread :

- Far worse than the waters and winds may hiss
 - Where the poor man gleans his bread.

If the adder-tongue of the upstart knave Can bleed what it may not bend,

- 'Twere better to battle the wildest wave That the spirit of storms could send.
 - Than be singing farewell to the bold oar-sweep
 - We have given, and will again ;
 - If our souls should bow to the savage deep,

Oh l they'll never to savage men.

And if Death, at times, through a foamy cloud.

On the brown-brow'd boatman glares,

He can pay him his glance with a soul as proud

As the form of a mortal bears;

And oh 'twere glorious, sure, to die, In our toils for some on shore,

With a hopeful eye fix'd calm on the sky, And a hand on the broken oar.

> Then oh, for a long, strong, steady sweep;

Hold to it-hurrah-dash on :

If our babes must fast till we rob the deep.

'Tis time that we had begun. AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

THE MARINER'S DREAM.

- In slumbers of midnight the sailor boy lay;
 - His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind:
- But watch-worn and weary, his care flew away,
 - And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

He dream'd of his home, of his dear native bowers, And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn: While Memory stood sideways half cover'd with flowers, And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn. Then Fancy her magical pinions spread wide, And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise : Now far, far behind him the green waters glide, And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes. The jessamine clambers in flower o'er the thatch, And the swallow sings sweet from her nest in the wall : All trembling with transport, he raises the latch, And the voices of loved ones reply to his call. A father bends o'er him with looks of delight: His cheek is impearl'd with a mother's warm tear: And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear. The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast; Joy quickens his pnlses-his hardships seem o'er; And a murmnr of happiness steals through his rest-Kind Fate, thou hast blest me-I ask for no more. Ah ! what is that flame which now bursts on his eye? Ah! what is that sound which now 'larums his ear ? 'Tis the lightning's red glare, painting hell on the sky! 'Tis the crashing of thunders, the groan

of the sphere !

- He springs from his hammock—he flies to the deck ;
 - Amazement confronts him with images dire;
- Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck ;
 - The masts fly in splinters; the shrouds are on fire!
- Like mountains the billows tremendously swell;
- In vain the lost wretch calls on Mercy to save;
- Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell;

And the death-angel flaps his broad wing o'er the wave !

- O sailor boy! woe to thy dream of delight!
 - In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss.
- Where now is the picture that Fancy touch'd bright-
 - Thy parents' fond pressure and love's honey'd kiss?
- O sailor boy ! sailor boy ! never again Shall home, love, or kindred thy wishes repay :
- Unbless'd and unhonor'd, down deep in the main,
 - Full many a fathom, thy frame shall decay.
- No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,
 - Or redeem form or frame from the merciless surge ;
- But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be,
 - And winds, in the midnight of winter, thy dirge!
- On beds of green sea-flowers thy limbs shall be laid;
 - Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow;
- Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made;
 - And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages shall circle away,	What argufies sniv'lling and piping your eve?
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll ;	Why, what a damn'd fool you must be! Can't you see the world's wide, and there's
Earth loses thy pattern for ever and aye:	room for us all, Both for seamen and lubbers ashore ?
soull William Dimond.	And if to old Davy I should go, friend Poll, You never will hear of me more:
+00+	What then? all's a hazard: come, don't be
POOR JACK.	so soft, Perhaps I may laughing come back,
Go patter to lubbers and swabs, do ye see, 'Bout danger, and fear, and the like ;	For, d'ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
A tight water-boat and good sea-room give	To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.
me, And it ent to a little I'll strike:	D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch All as one as a piece of the ship,
Though the tempest top-gallant masts smack smooth should smite,	And with her brave the world without offering to flinch,
And shiver each splinter of wood,	From the moment the anchor's a-trip.
Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bouse everything tight,	As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides, and ends,
And under reef'd foresail we'll scud : Avast! nor don't think me a milksop so	Nanght's a trouble from duty that
soft	springs, For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's
To be taken for trifles aback; For they say there's a Providence sits up	my friend's,
aloft,	And as for my life, 'tis the king's: Even when my time comes, ne'er believe
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.	me so soft
I heard our good chaplain palaver one	As for grief to be taken aback, For the same little cherub that sits up aloft
day About souls, heaven, mercy, and such;	Will look out a good berth for poor Jack. CHARLES DIBDIN.
And, my timbers! what lingo he'd coil	CHARLES DIBDIN.
and belay, Why, 'twas just all as one as High	HANNAH BINDING SHOES.
Dutch :	Poor lone Hannah,
For he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,	Sitting at the window, binding shoes ! Faded, wrinkled,
Without orders that come down below; And a many fine things that proved clear-	Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse!
ly to me	Bright-eyed beauty once was she, When the bloom was on the tree :
That Providence takes us in tow : For, says he, do you mind me, let storms	Spring and winter
e'er so oft	Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.
Take the topsails of sailors aback, There's a sweet little cherub that sits up	Not a neighbor` Passing nod or answer will refuse
aloft,	To her whisper,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack. $\sim f$	" Is there from the fishers any news?" Oh, her heart's adrift with one
I said to our Poll-for, d'yes e, she would	On an endless voyage gone!
cry, When last we weigh'd anchor for sea-	Night and morning Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.
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Fair young Hannah, Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gayly woos; Hale and clever, For a willing heart and hand he sues. May-day skies are all aglow, And the waves are laughing so! For her wedding Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing : Mid the apple-boughs a pigeon coos. Hannah shudders, For the mild south-wester mischief brews. Round the rocks of Marblehead, Outward bound, a schooner sped : Silent, lonesome, Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

'Tis November.

Now no tears her wasted cheek bedews. From Newfoundland Not a sail returning will she lose, Whispering hoarsely, "Fisherman, Have you, have you heard of Ben?" Old with watching,

Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Twenty winters

Bleach and tear the ragged shore she views. Twenty seasons ;— Never one has brought her any news. Still her dim eyes silently Chase the white sail o'er the sea :

Hopeless, faithful, Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

LUCY LARCOM.

THE THREE FISHERS.

- THREE fishers went sailing away to the west---
 - Away to the west as the sun went down;
- Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
 - And the children stood watching them out of the town;
- For men must work, and women must weep;
- And there's little to earn, and many to keep,

Though the harbor bar be moaning.

- Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
- And they trimm'd the lamps as the sun went down;
- They look'd at the squall, and they look'd at the shower,
 - And the night-rack came rolling up, ragged and brown;
- But men must work, and women must weep,
- Though storms be sudden, and waters deep, And the harbor bar be moaning.
- Three corpses lay out on the shining sands In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
- And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
 - For those who will never come home to the town;
- For men must work, and women must weep-
- And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep---
 - And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

"THEY'RE DEAR FISH TO ME."

THE farmer's wife sat at the door, A pleasant sight to see;

And blithesome were the wee, wee bairns That play'd around her knee.

When, bending 'neath her heavy creel, A poor fish-wife came by,

And, turning from the toilsome road, Unto the door drew nigh.

She laid her burden on the green, And spread its scaly store,

With trembling hands and pleading words She told them o'er and o'er.

But lightly laugh'd the young guidwife, "We're no sae scarce o' cheer;

Tak up your creel, and gang your ways,-I'll buy nae fish sae dear."

Bending beneath her load again, A weary sight to see; Right sorely sigh'd the poor fish-wife,

"They're dear fish to me!

"Our boat was oot ae fearfu' night, And when the storm blew o'er, My husband, and my three brave sons, Lay corpses on the shore. "I've been a wife for thirty years, A childless widow three; I maun buy them now to sell again,-They're dear fish to me !" The farmer's wife turn'd to the door,-What was't upon her cheek? What was there rising in her breast, That then she scarce could speak? She thought upon her ain guid man, Her lightsome laddies three; The woman's words had pierced her heart .--"They're dear fish to me!" "Come back," she cried, with quivering voice And pity's gathering tear; "Come in, come in, my poor woman, Ye're kindly welcome here. "I kentna o' your aching heart, Your weary lot to dree; I'll ne'er forget your sad, sad words: 'They're dear fish to me !' " Av, let the happy-hearted learn To pause ere they deny The meed of honest toil, and think How much their gold may buy,-How much of manhood's wasted strength, What woman's misery,-What breaking hearts might swell the cry: "They're dear fish to me !" AUTHOR UNKNOWN. THE PEARL-WEARER. WITHIN the midnight of her hair, Half hidden in its deepest deeps, A single peerless, priceless pearl,

All filmy-eyed, for ever sleeps. Without the diamond's sparkling eyes, The ruby's blushes,—there it lies! Modest as the tender Dawn When her purple veil's withdrawn,— The flower of gems,—a lily, cold and pale! Yet, what doth all avail? All its beanty, all its grace, All the honors of its place? He who pluck'd it from its bed

In the far blue Indian Ocean, Lieth, without life or motion,

In file arthly dwelling,—dead ! In file arthly dwelling,—dead ! And his children, one by one, When they look upon the sun, Curse the toil by which he drew The treasure from its bed of blue.

Gentle bride, no longer wear In thy night-black, odorous hair Snch a spoil! It is not fit That a tender soul should sit Under such accursed gem. What needst thou a diadem ?— Thou, within whose Eastern eyes Thought, a starry genius, lies ?— Thou, whom Ecauty has array'd,— Thou, whom Ecauty has array'd,— Thou, whom Love and Truth have made Beantiful ?—in whom we trace Woman's softness, angel's grace,— All we hope for, all that streams Upon us in our haunted dreams!

O sweet Lady! east aside, With a gentle, noble pride, All to sin or pain allied. Let the wild-eyed conqueror wear The bloody laurel in his hair; Let the black and snaky vine Round the drinker's temples twine; Let the slave-begotten gold Weigh on bosoms hard and cold; But be thou for ever known By thy natural light alone! BRYAN WALLER PROCTER. (BAREN CORNWALL)

SOLDIER, REST.

SOLDIER, rest ! thy warfare o'er, Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking ! Dream of battled fields no more,

Days of danger, nights of waking. In our isle's enchanted hall

Hands unseen thy couch are strewing, Fairy streams of music fall,

Every sense in slumber dewing. Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er, Dream of fighting fields no more; Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking, Moru of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear, Armor's clang or war-steed champing,

Trump nor pibroch summon here Mustering clan or squadron tramping. Yet the lark's shrill fife may come.

At the daybreak from the fallow, And the bittern sound his drum,

Booming from the sedgy shallow. Ruder sounds shall none be near, Guards nor warders challenge here, Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing, Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done, While our slumb'rous spells assail ye, Dream not with the rising sun,

Bugles here shall sound reveillé. Sleep ! the deer is in his den ;

Sleep ! thy hounds are by thee lying ; Sleep ! nor dream in yonder glen

How thy gallant steed lay dying. Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done, Think not of the rising sun, For at dawning to assail ye, Here no bugles sound reveillé. SIE WALTEE SCOTT.

THE BOATIE ROWS.

OH, weel may the boatie row, And better may she speed! And weel may the boatie row, That wins the hairns's bread! The boatie rows, the boatie rows, The boatie rows indeed; And happy be the lot of a' That wishes her to speed!

I cuist my line in Largo Bay, And fishes I caught nine; There's three to boil, and three to fry, And three to bait the line, The boatic rows, the boatic rows, The boatic rows indeed; And happy be the lot of a' That wishes her to speed!

Oh, weel may the boatie row, That fills a heavy creel, And cleads us a' frae head to feet, And buys our parritch meal. The boatie rows, the boatie rows, The boatie rows indeed; And happy be the lot of a' That wish the boatie speed!

When Jamie vowed he would be mine, And wan frae me my heart, Oh, muckle lighter grew my creel! He swore we'd never part! The boatie rows, the boatie rows, The boatie rows fu' weel; And muckle lighter is the lade When love bears up the creel.

My kurtch I pnt upon my head, And dressed mysel' fu' braw : I trow my heart was dowf and wae When Jamie gaed awa: But weel may the boatie row, And lucky be her part; And lightsome be the lassie's care That yields an honest heart!

When Sawnie, Jock, and Janetie Are up, and gotten lear, They'll help to gar the boatie row, And lighten a' our care. The boatie rows, the boatie rows, The boatie rows fu' weel; Aud lightsome be her heart that bears The murlain and the cree!!

And when wi' age we are worn down, And hirpling round the door, They'll row to keep us hale and warm, As we did them before: Then, weel may the boatie row, That wins the bairns's bread; And happy be the lot of a' That wish the boat to speed!

JOHN EWEN.

YE GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.

YE gentlemen of England That live at home at ease, Ah! little do you think upon The dangers of the seas. Give ear unto the mariners, And they will plainly show

All the eares and the fears When the stormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us When England is at war With any foreign nation, We fear not wound or sear; Our roaring guns shall teach 'em Our valor for to know, Whilst they reel ou the keel, And the stormy winds do blow.

Then courage, all brave mariners, And never be dismay'd; While we have bold adventurers, We ne'er shall want a trade: Our merchants will employ us To fetch them wealth, we kuow; Then be bold—work for gold, Wheu the storny winds do blow. MARTYN PARKER.

THE LABORER.

TOILING in the naked fields, Where no bush a shelter yields, Needy Labor dithering stands, Beats and blows his uumbing hands, And upon the crumping snows Stamps in vain to warm his toes.

Though all's in vain to keep him warm, Poverty must brave the storm, Friendship none its aid to lend,— Constaut health his only friend, Granting leave to live in pain, Giving strength to toil in vain.

JOHN CLARE.

CORONATION.

At the king's gate the subtle noon Wove filmy yellow nets of sun; Into the drowsy snare too soon The guards fell one by one.

- Through the king's gate, unquestioned then,
 - A beggar went, and laughed, "This brings

Me chance, at last, to see if men Fare hetter, being kings." The king sat bowed beneath his crown, Propping his face with listless hand; Watching the hour-glass sifting down Too slow its shiuing sand.

"Poor man, what wouldst thou have of me?"

The beggar turned, and, pitying, Replied, like one in a dream, "Of thee, Nothing. I want the king."

Uprose the king, and from his head Shook off the crown and threw it by. "O man, thou must have known," he said, "A greater king than 1!"

Through all the gates, unquestioned then, Went king and beggar hand in hand. Whispered the king, "Shall I know when Before *his* throne I stand?"

The beggar laughed. Free winds in haste Were wiping from the king's hot brow The erimson lines the crown had traced. "This is his presence now."

At the king's gate, the erafty noon Unwove its yellow nets of sun; Out of their sleep in terror soon The guards waked one by oue.

"Ho here! ho here! Has no man seen The king?" The cry ran to and fro; Beggar and king, they laughed, I ween, The laugh that freemen know.

On the king's gate the moss grew gray: The king came not. They called him dead;

And made his eldest son one day Slave in his father's stead.

HELEN HUNT.

TOM DUNSTAN; OR, THE POLITICIAN.

Now poor Tom Dunstan's cold, Our shop is duller; Scarce a story is told, And our chat has lost the old Red republican color l

Though he was sickly and thin, 'Twas a sight to see his face,-While, sick of the country's sin, With bang of the fist, and chin Thrust out, he argued the case ! He prophesied men should be free, And the money-bags be bled ;---"She's coming, she's coming," said he; "Courage, boys! wait and see! Freedom's ahead !" All day we sat in the heat, Like spiders spinning, Stitching full fine and fleet, While old Moses on his seat Sat greasily grinning; And here Tom said his say, And prophesied Tyranny's death; And the tallow burnt all day, And we stitch'd and stitch'd away In the thick smoke of our breath, Weary, weary were we, Our hearts as heavy as lead,-Bnt "Patience! she's coming!" said he; "Courage, boys! wait and see! Freedom's ahead !" And at night, when we took here The rest allow'd to ns, The paper came with the beer, And Tom read, sharp and clear, The news out loud to us, And then, in his witty way, He threw the jests about,-The cutting things he'd say Of the wealthy and the gay ! How he turn'd them inside out } And it made our breath more free To hearken to what he said: "She's coming, she's coming !" said he; "Courage, boys! wait and see! Freedom's ahead !" But grim Jack Hart, with a sneer, Would mutter, "Master, If Freedom means to appear, I think she might step here

A little faster !" Then 'twas fine to see Tom flame, And argue and prove and preach, Till Jack was silent for shame, Or a fit of coughing came O' sudden to spoil Tom's speech.

Ah! Tom had the eyes to see When Tyranny should be sped ;---"She's coming, she's coming !" said he; "Courage, boys! wait and see! Freedom's ahead !" But Tom was little and weak : The hard hours shook him; Hollower grew his cheek, And when he began to speak The coughing took him. Erelong the cheery sound Of his chat among us ceased, And we made a purse all round, That he might not starve, at least. His pain was sorry to see, Yet there, on his poor, sick bed, "She's coming, in spite of mel Courage and wait !" cried he, " Freedom's ahead !"

A little before he died, To see his passion! "Bring me a paper!" he cried, And then to study it tried In his old sharp fashion; And, with cycballs glittering, His look on me he bent, And said that savage thing Of the lords o' the Parliament. Then, dying, smilling on me, "What matter if one be dead ? She's coming, at last !" said he ; "Courage, boys! wait and see ! Freedom's ahead !"

Ay, now Tom Dunstan's cold, The shop feels duller; Scarce a tale is told, And our talk has lost the old Red republican color. But we see a figure gray, And we hear a voice of death, And the tallow burns all day, And we stitch and stitch away In the thick smoke of our breath, Ay, while in the dark sit we, Tom seems to call from the dead— "She's coming, she's coming !" says he; " Courage, boys ! wait and see! Freedom's ahead !"

How long, O Lord, how long Must Thy handmaid linger? She who shall right the wrong, Make the poor sufferer strong? Sweet morrow, bring her? Hasten her over the sea, O Lord, ere hope be fled,— Bring her to men and to me! O slave, pray still on thy knee, "Freedom's ahead!"

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

THE DEAD POLITICIAN.

FIFTH WARD.

"'WHO'S dead?' Ye want to know Whose is this funeral show— This A 1 corteg'? Well, it was Jim Adair, And the remains's hair Sported a short edge 1

"When a man dies like Jim, There's no expense of him We boys are sparing. In life he hated fuss, But—as he's left to us— Them plumes he's wearing.

" All the boys here, you see, Chock full each carriage ! Only one woman. She, Cousin by marriage.

"Who was this Jim Adair? Who? Welt, you've got me there! Reckon one of them 'air Fogy 'old res'dents.' Who? Why, that corpse you see Ridin' so peacefully, Head o' this jamboree— 'Lected three Pres'dents!

"Who was he? Ask the boys Who made the biggest noise, Rynders or Jimmy? Who, when his hat he'd fling, Knew how the 'Ayes' would ring, Oh no! not Jimmy!

"Who was he? Ask the Ward Who hed the rules aboard, All parliament'ry? Who ran the delegate That ran the Empire State, And—just as sure as fate— Ran the whole 'kentry ?

"Who was he? S'pose you try That chap as wipes his eye In that back's corner; Ask him, the only man That agin Jimmy ran,— Now his chief mourner!

"Well, that's the last o' Jim. Yes, we was proud o' him." F. BRET HARTE.

HONEST POVERTY.

Is there for honest poverty That hangs his head, and a' that? The coward slave, we pass him by ; We dare be poor for a' that ! For a' that and a' that. Our toils obscure, and a' that ; The rank is but the guinea's stamp-The man's the gowd for a' that ! What tho' on hamely fare we dine, Wear hoddin gray, and a' that; Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine-· A man's a man for a' that ! For a' that, and a' that, Their tinsel show, and a' that : The honest man, though e'er sae poor, Is king o' men for a' that! You see yon birkie ca'd a lord, Wha struts, and stares, and a' that-Tho' hundreds worship at his word, He's but a coof for a' that; For a' that, and a' that, His riband, star, and a' that ; The man of independent mind, He looks and laughs at a' that.

A king can make a belted knight, A marquis, duke, and a' that; But an honest man's aboon his might— Guid faith, he mauna fa' that ! For a' that, and a' that, Their dignities, and a' that; The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth, Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may, As come it will for a' that, That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth, May bear the gree, and a' that. For a' that, and a' that, It's coming yet, for a' that— That man to man, the warld o'er, Shall brothers be for a' that.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE HERITAGE.

THE rich man's son inherits lands, And piles of brick, and stone, and gold;

And he inherits soft white hands, And tender flesh, that fears the cold, Nor dares to wear a garment old;

A heritage, it seems to me, One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares : The bank may break, the factory burn,

A breath may burst his bubble shares, And soft white hands could hardly earn A living that would serve his turn;

A heritage, it seems to me,

One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants, His stomach craves for dainty fare;

With sated heart he hears the pants Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare, And wearies in his easy-chair;

A heritage, it seems to me,

One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit? Stout muscles and a sinewy heart.

A hardy frame, a hardier spirit; King of two hands, he does his part In every useful toil and art;

- A heritage, it seems to me,
- A king might wish to hold in fee.
- What doth the poor man's son inherit? Wishes o'erjoy'd with humble things,
- A rank adjudged with toil-won merit, Content that from employment springs, A heart that in his labor sings;
- A heritage, it seems to me,
- A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit? A patience learn'd of being poor, 45 Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it, A fellow-feeling that is sure To make the outcast bless his door; A heritage, it seems to me.

A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son ! there is a toil That with all others level stands : Large charity doth newer soil, But only whiten, soft white hands,— This is the best crop from thy lands ; A heritage, it seems to me, Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state; There is worse weariness than thine— In merely being rich and great: Toil only gives the soul to shine, And makes rest fragrant and benign,— A heritage, it seems to me, Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod, Are equal in the earth at last : Both, children of the same dear God, Prove title to your heirship vast By record of a well-fill'd past ; A heritage, it seems to me, Well worth a life to hold in fee. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

DIFFERENCES.

I.

THE king can drink the best of wine-So can I;

And has enough when he would dine— So have I;

And cannot order rain or shine-Nor can I.

Then where's the difference—let mc see— Betwixt my lord the king and me?

II.

Do trusty friends surround his throne Night and day?

Or make his interest their own? No, not they.

Mine love me for myself alone-Bless'd be thev!

And that's the difference which I see Betwixt my lord the king and me.

III.

Do knaves around me lie in wait To deceive? Or fawn and flatter when they hate, And would grieve? Or cruel pomps oppress my state By my leave? No, Heaven be thank'd! And here you More difference 'twixt the king and me.

IV.

He has his fools, with jests and guips, When he'd play; He has his armies and his ships-Great are they; But not a child to kiss his lips; Well-a-day ! And that's a difference sad to see Betwixt my lord the king and me.

v.

I wear the eap and he the crown-What of that? I sleep on straw and he on down-What of that? And he's the king and I'm the elown-What of that? If happy I, and wretched he, Perhaps the king would change with me. CHARLES MACKAY.

WE ARE BRETHREN A'.

A HAPPY bit hame this auld world would be

- If men, when they're here, could make shift to agree,
- An' ilk said to his neighbor, in eottage an' ha',
- "Come, gi'e me your hand,-we are brethren a'."
- I ken na why ane wi' anither should fight.
- When to 'gree would make a' body cosie an' right,
- When man meets wi' man, 'tis the best way_ava,

To say, "Gi'e me your hand,-we are brethren a'."

- My coat is a coarse ane, an' yours may be fine.
- And I maun drink water, while you may drink wine :
- But we baith ha'e a leal heart, unspotted to shaw :
- Sae gi'e me your hand,-we are brethren a'.
- The knave ye would scorn, the unfaithfu' deride;
- Ye would stand like a rock, wi' the truth on your side ;
- Sae would I, an' naught else would I value a straw :

Then gi'e me your hand,-we are brethren a'.

- Ye would scorn to do fausely by woman or man :
- I haud by the right aye, as weel as I ean;
- We are ane in our joys, our affections, an' a' :
- Come, gi'e me your hand,-we are brethren a'.
- Your mither has lo'ed you as mithers can lo'e:
- An' mine has done for me what mithers can do:
- We are ane high an' laigh, an' we shouldna be twa:
- Sae gi'e me your hand,-we are brethren a'.
- We love the same simmer day, sunny and fair :
- Hame ! oh, how we love it, an' a' that are there!
- Frae the puir air o' heaven the same life we draw :
- Come, gi'e me your hand,-we are brethren a'.
- Frail shakin' auld age will soon come o'er us baith,
- An' creepin' alang at his back will be death ;
- Syne into the same mither-yird we will fa':
- Come, gi'e me your hand,-we are brethren a'. +0+---

ROBERT NICOLL.

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.	Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
My coachman, in the moonlight there,	Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine
Looks through the side-light of the door;	height;
hear him with his brethren swear,	Nor knowest thou what argument
As I could do,—but only more.	Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
As I could do,—but only more.	All are needed by each one;
Plattening his nose against the pane,	Nothing is fair or good alone.
He envices me my brilliant lot,	I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Breathes on his aching fists in vain,	Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
And dooms me to a place more hot.	I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
And dooms me to a place more not.	He sings the song, but it cheers not now,
Te sees me in to supper go,	For I did not bring home the river and
A silken wonder by my side,	sky ;
Bare arms, bare shoulders, and a row	He sang to my ear,-they sang to my eye.
Of flounces, for the door too wide.	The delicate shells lay on the shore;
or nounces, for the door too wide.	The bubbles of the latest wave
Ie thinks how happy is my arm	Fresh pearls to their enamel gave;
'Neath its white-gloved and jewell'd	And the bellowing of the savage sea
load:	Greeted their safe escape to me.
And wishes me some dreadful harm,	I wiped away the weeds and foam,
Hearing the merry corks explode.	I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
returning the merry corks explore.	But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Icanwhile I inly curse the bore	Had left their beauty on the shore,
Of hunting still the same old coon,	With the sun and the sand and the wild
and envy him, outside the door,	uproar.
In golden quiets of the moon.	The lover watch'd his graceful maid,
	As 'mid the virgin train she stray'd,
'he winter wind is not so cold	Nor knew her beauty's best attire
As the bright smile he sees me win,	Was woven still by the snow-white choir.
for the host's oldest wine so old	At last she came to his hermitage,
As our poor gabble sour and thin,	Like the bird from the woodlands to the
liter the second second	cage;—
envy him the ungyved pranee	The gay enchantment was undone,
By which his freezing feet he warms,	A gentle wife, hut fairy none.
nd drag my lady's chains and dance The galley-slave of dreary forms.	Then I said, "I covet truth;
The ganey-slave of dreary forms,	Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
h, could he have my share of din,	I leave it behind with the games of youth."
And I his quiet !past a doubt	
fwould still be one man bored within,	As I spoke, beneath my feet The ground-pine curl'd its pretty wreath,
And just another hored without.	Running over the club-moss burrs;
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.	I inhaled the violet's hreath;
	Around me stood the oaks and firs;
	Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground;
EACH AND ALL.	Over me soar'd the eternal sky,
trat in thinks in the field stor as held 111	Full of light and of deity;
ITTLE thinks, in the field, yon red-cloak'd elown	Again I saw, again I heard,
f thee from the hill-top looking down;	The rolling river, the morning bird ;
he heifer that lows in the upland farm,	Beauty through my senses stole;
ar heard lows not thing on to sharm,	I vielded myself to the perfect whole

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The sexton tolling his bell at noon, Deems not that great Napoleon

perfect whole. RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

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NOTHING TO WEAR.	From ten-thousand-francs robes to
AN EPISODE OF CITY LIFE.	twenty-sous frills;
Martine Malian	In all quarters of Paris, and to every store,
MISS FLORA M'FLIMSEY, of Madison Square,	While M'Flimsey in vain storm'd, scolded,
Has made three separate journeys to	and swore,
Paris,	They footed the streets, and he footed
And her father assures me, each time she	the bills.
was there,	The last trip, their goods shipp'd by the
That she and her friend Mrs. Harris	steamer Arago
(Not the lady whose name is so famous in	Form'd, M'Flimsey declares, the bulk of
history, But plain Mrs. H., without romance or	her cargo,
mystery)	Not to mention a quantity kept from the
Spent six consecutive weeks without stop-	rest, Sufficient to fill the largest-sized chest,
ping,	Which did not appear on the ship's mani-
In one continuous round of shopping;	fest,
Shopping alone, and shopping together,	But for which the ladies themselves mani-
At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather :	fested
For all manner of things that a woman	Such particular interest that they in- vested
ean put	Their own proper persons in layers and
On the crown of her head or the sole of	rows
her foot,	Of muslins, embroideries, work'd under-
Or wrap round her shoulders, or fit round her waist,	clothes,
Or that can be sew'd on, or pinn'd on, or	Gloves, handkerchiefs, scarfs, and such
laced,	trifles as those ; Then, wrapp'd in great shawls, like Cir-
Or tied on with a string, or stitch'd on	cassian beauties,
with a bow,	Gave good-bye to the ship, and go-by to the
In front or behind, above or below: For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars, and	duties.
shawls;	Her relations at home all marvell'd, no
Dresses for breakfasts, and dinners, and	doubt, Miss Flora had grown so enormously stout
balls;	For an actual belle and a possible bride;
Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in;	But the miracle ceased when she turn'd
Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk	inside out,
in; Dresses in which to do nothing at all;	And the truth came to light, and the
Dresses for winter, spring, summer, and	dry-goods beside, Which, in spite of collector and custom-
fall;	house sentry,
All of them different in color and pattern,	Had entered the port without any entry.
Silk, muslin, and lace, crape, velvet, and	the state of the s
satin, Brocade, and broadcloth, and other ma-	And yet, though scarce three months have pass'd since the day
terial.	This merchandise went, on twelve carts
Quite as expensive and much more ethe-	up Broadway,
real;	This same Miss M'Flimsey, of Madison
In short, for all things that could ever be	Square,
thought of,	The last time we met, was in utter despair Because she had nothing whatever to
bought of,	wear!
	1

NOTHING TO WEAR! Now, as this is a true ditty,	On her virginal lips while I printed a kiss, She exclaim'd, as a sort of parenthesis,
I do not assert-this, you know, is be- tween us-	And by way of putting me quite at my ease,
That she's in a state of absolute undity, Like Powers' Greek Slave or the Medici	"You know, I'm to polka as much as I please,
Venus; But I do mean to say, I have heard her	And flirt when I like—now stop, don't you speak—
declare, When, at the same moment, she had on	And you must not come here more than twice in the week,
a dress Which cost five hundred dollars, and	Or talk to me either at party or ball, But always be ready to come when I call;
not a cent less, And jewelry worth ten times more, I	So don't prose to me about duty and stuff, If we don't break this off, there will be
should guess,	* time enongh
That she had not a thing in the wide world to wear !	For that sort of thing; but the bargain must be
I should mention just here, that out of	That, as long as I choose, I am perfectly free,
Miss Flora's Two hundred and fifty or sixty adorers,	For this is a sort of engagement, you see, Which is binding on yon, but not binding
I had just been selected as he who should throw all	on me."
The rest in the shade, by the gracious bestowal	Well, having thus woo'd Miss M'Flimsey, and gain'd her,
On myself, after twenty or thirty rejec-	With the silks, crinolines, and hoops that
tions, Of those fossil remains which she call'd	contain'd her, I had, as I thought, a contingent re-
her "affections,"	mainder
And that rather decay'd, but well-known work of art,	At least in the property, and the best right To appear as its escort by day and by
Which Miss Flora persisted in styling	night;
" her heart." So we were engaged. Our troth had been	And it being the week of the Stuckups' grand ball—
plighted,	Their cards had been out a fortnight or
Not by moonbeam or starbeam, by foun- tain or grove,	so, And set all the Avenue on the tip-toe—
But in a front parlor, most brilliantly	I considered it only my duty to call,
lighted,	And see if Miss Flora intended to go.
Beneath the gas-fixtures we whisper'd our love.	I found her—as ladies are apt to be found, When the time intervening between the
Without any romance, or raptures, or sighs,	first sound
Without any tears in Miss Flora's blue eyes,	Of the bell and the visitor's entry is shorter Than usual—I found—I won't say, I caught
Or blushes, or transports, or such silly	her
actions, It was one of the quietest business trans-	Intent on the pier-glass, undoubtedly meaning
actions,	To see if perhaps it didn't need cleaning.
With a very small sprinkling of sentiment, if any,	She turn'd as I enter'd—" Why, Harry, yon sinner,
And a very large diamond imported by Tiffany.	I thought that you went to the Flashers' to dinner!"

- "So I did," I replied, "but the dinner is swallow'd,
 - And digested, I trust, for 'tis now nine and more,
- So being relieved from that duty, I follow'd
 - Inclination, which led me, you see, to your door.
- And now will your ladyship so condescend As just to inform me if you intend
- Your beanty, and graces, and presence to lend,
- (All which, when I own, I hope no one will borrow)
- To the Stuckups', whose party, you know, is to-morrow?"
- The fair Flora look'd up with a pitiful air,
- And answer'd quite promptly, "Why Harry, mon cher,
- I should like above all things to go with you there;
- But really and truly-I've nothing to wear."

- Wear the dress you have on, and you'll be by far,
- I engage, the most bright and particular star
 - On the Stuckup horizon "-I stopp'd, for her eye,
- Notwithstanding this delicate onset of flattery,
- Open'd on me at once a most terrible battery
 - Of scorn and amazement. She made no reply,
- But gave a slight turn to the end of her nose
 - (That pure Grecian feature), as much as to say,
- "How absurd that any sane man should suppose
- That a lady would go to a ball in the clothes,
 - No matter how fine, that she wears every day!"
- So I ventured again—"Wear your crimson brocade"
- (Second turn up of nose)-" That's too dark by a shade."

- "Your blue silk "-" That's too heavy." "Your pink "-" That's too light."
- "Wear tulle over satin "—" I can't endure white."
- "Your rose-color'd, then, the best of the batch "----
- "I haven't a thread of point lace to match."
- "Your brown moire antique"—"Yes, and look like a Qnaker."
- "The pearl-color'd"—"I would, but that plaguey dressmaker
- Has had it a week."--" Then that exquisite lilae.
- In which you would melt the heart of a Shylock."
- (Here the nose took again the same elevation)
- "I wouldn't wear that for the whole of creation."
 - "Why not? It's my fancy, there's nothing could strike it
- As more *comme il faut*—" "Yes, but, dear me, that lean
 - Sophronia Stuckup has got one just like it,
- And I won't appear dress'd like a chit of sixteen."
- "Then that splendid purple, that sweet mazarine;
- That superb *point d'aguille*, that imperial green,
- That zephyr-like tarletan, that rich grenadine"—
- "Not one of all which is fit to be seen,"
- Said the lady, becoming excited and flush'd.

- Opposition, "that gorgeous toilette which you sported
- In Paris last spring, at the grand presentation,
- When you quite turn'd the head of the head of the nation;
 - And by all the grand court were so very much courted."
- The end of the nose was portentously tipp'd up,
 - And both the bright eyes shot forth iudignation,
 - As she burst upon me with the fierce exclamation,

[&]quot;Nothing to wear! Go just as you are;

[&]quot;Then wear," I exclaim'd, in a tone which quite crush'd

"I have worn it three times at the least	And my last faint, despairing attempt at
calculation, And that and the most of my dresses are	an obs- Ervation was lost in a tempest of sobs.
ripp'd up !"	*
Here I ripp'd out something, perhaps	Well, I felt for the lady, and felt for my hat, too,
rather rash, Quite innocent, though; but, to use an	Improvised on the crown of the latter a
expression	tattoo,
More striking than classic, it "settled my	In lieu of expressing the feelings which lay Quite too deep for words, as Wordsworth
hash,"	would say;
And proved very soon the last act of our session,	Then, without going through the form of
"Fiddlesticks, is it, sir? I wonder the	a bow, Found musclf in the outry - I headly know
ceiling	Found myself in the entry—I hardly knew how—
Doesn't fall down and crush you-oh, you men have no feeling,	On doorstep and sidewalk, past lamp-post
You selfish, unnatural, illiberal creatures,	and square,
Who set yourselves up as patterns and	At home and up stairs, in my own easy- chair:
preachers. Your silly pretence—why, what a mere	Poked my feet into slippers, my fire into
guess it is l	blaze,
Pray, what do you know of a woman's	And said to myself, as I lit my cigar, Supposing a man had the wealth of the
necessities? I have told you and shown you I've noth-	czar
ing to wear,	Of the Russias to boot, for the rest of
And it's perfectly plain you not only don't	his days, On the whole, do you think he would have
care, But you do not baliant ma?' (have the page	much to spare
But you do not believe me" (here the nose went still higher):	If he married a woman with nothing to
"I suppose if you dared you would call	wear?
me a liar.	Since that night, taking pains that it should not be bruited
Our engagement is ended, sir—yes, on the spot;	Abroad in society, I've instituted
You're a hrute, and a monster, and-I	A course of inquiry, extensive and
don't know what."	thorough,
I mildly suggested the words-Hottentot, Pickpocket, and cannibal, Tartar, and	On this vital subject, and find, to my horror,
thief,	That the fair Flora's case is by no means
As gentle expletives which might give	surprising,
relief; But this only proved as spark to the	But that there exists the greatest dis- tress
powder,	In our female community, solely arising
And the storm I had raised came faster	From this unsupplied destitution of
and louder, It blew, and it rain'd, thunder'd, light-	dress, Whose unfortunate victims are filling the
en'd, and hail'd	air
Interjections, verbs, pronouns, till lan-	With the pitiful wail of "Nothing to
guage quite fail'd To express the abusive, and then its ar-	wear." Researches in some of the "Upper Ten"
rears	districts
Were brought up all at once by a torrent	Reveal the most painful and startling
of tears,	statistics,

Of which let me mention only a few:	For she touchingly says that this sort of
In one single house, on the Fifth Avenue,	grief
Three young ladies were found, all below	Cannot find in Religion the slightest re-
twenty-two,	lief,
Who have been three whole weeks without	And Philosophy has not a maxim to spare
anything new	For the victims of such overwhelming de-
In the way of flounced silks, and thus left	spair.
in the lurch	But the saddest by far of all these sad
Are unable to go to ball, concert, or	. features
church.	Is the cruelty practised upon the poor
In another large mansion near the same	creatures
place	By husbands and fathers, real Bluebeards
Was found a deplorable, heart-rending	and Timons,
case	Who resist the most touching appeals
Of entire destitution of Brussels point	made for diamonds
lace.	By their wives and their daughters, and
In a neighboring block there was found, in	leave them for days
three calls,	Unsupplied with new jewelry, fans, or
Total want, long continued, of camel's-hair	bouquets,
shawls:	Even laugh at their miseries whenever
And a suffering family, whose case ex-	they have a chance,
hibits	And deride their demands as useless ex-
The most pressing need of real ermine.	travagance;
	One case of a bride was brought to my
tippets;	view,
One deserving young lady almost unable To survive for the want of a new Russian	Too sad for belief, but, alas! 'twas too
sable:	true,
Another confined to the house, when it's	Whose husband refused, as savage as
windier	Charon,
	To permit her to take more than ten
Than usual, because her shawl isn't India. Still another, whose tortures have been	trunks to Sharon.
most terrific	The consequence was, that when she got
Ever since the sad loss of the steamer	there.
	At the end of three weeks she had nothing
Pacific,	to wear ;
In which were engulf'd, not friend or re-	And when she proposed to finish the
lation	season
(For whose fate she perhaps might have	
found consolation,	At Newport, the monster refused out
Or borne it, at least, with serene resigna-	and out,
tion),	For his infamous conduct alleging no
But the choicest assortment of French	reason,
sleeves and collars	Except that the waters were good for
Ever sent out from Paris, worth thousands	his gout;
of dollars,	Such treatment as this was too shocking,
And all as to style most recherché and	of course,
rare,	And proceedings are now going on for
The want of which leaves her with nothing	divorce.
to wear,	But mine homens the feelings by lifting the
And renders her life so drear and dyspep-	But why harrow the feelings by lifting the
tic	curtain
That she's quite a recluse, and almost a	From these scenes of woe? Enough, it is
skeptic,	certain,

Has been here disclosed to stir up the pity	Where Hunger and Vice, like twin heasts of prey,
Of every henevolent heart in the city,	Have hunted their victims to gloom and
And spur up Humanity into a canter	despair;
To rnsh and relieve these sad cases in-	1 /
	Raise the rich, dainty dress, and the fine
stanter. Wan't south du moured by this touching	broider'd skirt,
Won't somebody, moved by this touching	Pick your delicate way through the damp-
description,	ness and dirt,
Come forward to-morrow and head a sub-	Grope through the dark dens, climb the
scription?	rickety stair
Won't some kind philanthropist, seeing	To the garret, where wretches, the young
that aid is	and the old,
So needed at once by these indigent ladies,	Half starved and half naked, lie crouch'd
Take charge of the matter? or won't Peter	from the cold.
Cooper	See those skeleton limbs, those frost-bitten
The corner-stone lay of some splendid	feet,
super-	All bleeding and brnised by the stones of
Structure, like that which to-day links his	the street;
name	Hear the sharp cry of childhood, the
In the Union unending of honor and fame;	deep groans that swell
And found a new charity just for the care	From the poor dying creature who
Of these unhappy women with nothing to	writhes on the floor,
wear,	Hear the curses that sound like the echoes
Which, in view of the cash which would	of Hell,
daily be claim'd,	As you sicken and shudder and fly from
The Laying-out Hospital well might be	the door;
named?	Then home to your wardrobes, and say, if
Won't Stewart, or some of our dry-goods	you dare—
importers,	Spoil'd children of Fashion-you've no-
Take a contract for clothing our wives and	thing to wear!
our daughters?	3
Or, to furnish the cash to supply these dis-	
tresses,	And oh, if perchance there should be a
And life's pathway strew with shawls, col-	sphere,
lars, and dresses,	Where all is made right which so puzzles
Ere the want of them makes it much	us here,
rougher and thornier.	Where the glare, and the glitter, and tin-
Won't some one discover a new Cali-	sel of Time
fornia ?	Fade and die in the light of that region
	sublime,
O ladies, dear ladies, the next sunny	Where the soul, disenchanted of flesh and
day	of sense,
Please trundle your hoops just out of	Unscreen'd by its trappings, and shows,
Broadway,	and pretence,
From its whirl and its bustle, its fashion	Must be clothed for the life and the service
and pride,	above,
And the temples of Trade which tower on	With purity, truth, faith, meekness, and
each side,	love;
To the alleys and lanes, where Misfortune	O daughters of Earth! foolish virgins,
and Guilt	beware l
Their children have gather'd, their city	Lest in that upper realm you have nothing
have built;	to wear!
nave built;	WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

THE COMPLAINTS OF THE POOR. I turn'd me to the rich man then, For silently stood he ; "AND wherefore do the poor complain?" "You ask'd me why the poor complain; The rich man ask'd of me: And these have answer'd thee!" "Come, walk abroad with me," I said, ROBERT SOUTHEY. "And I will answer thee." THE LADY'S DREAM. 'Twas evening, and the frozen streets Were cheerless to behold ; THE lady lay in her bed, And we were wrapp'd and coated well, Her couch so warm and soft. And yet we were a-cold. But her sleep was restless and broken still; We met an old, bareheaded man, For, turning often and oft His locks were thin and white : From side to side, she mutter'd and I ask'd him what he did abroad moan'd. In that cold winter's night. And toss'd her arms aloft. At last she started up, The cold was keen, indeed, he said-But at home no fire had he: And gazed on the vacant air With a look of awe, as if she saw And therefore he had come abroad Some dreadful phantom there-To ask for charity. And then in the pillow she buried her face We met a young barefooted child, From visions ill to bear. And she begg'd loud and bold: The very curtain shook, I asked her what she did abroad When the wind it blew so cold. Her terror was so extreme, And the light that fell on the broider'd She said her father was at home, anilt And he lay sick abed; Kept a tremulous gleam; And therefore was it she was sent And her voice was hollow, and shook as Abroad to beg for bread, she cried, "Oh me! that awful dream! We saw a woman sitting down Upon a stone to rest; "That weary, weary walk She had a baby at her back, In the churchyard's dismal ground! And another at her breast. And those horrible things, with shady wings, I ask'd her why she loiter'd there, That came and flitted round .--When the night-wind was so chill : Death, death, and nothing but death, She turn'd her head, and hade the child In every sight and sound! That scream'd behind, be still-"And oh ! those maidens young Then told us that her husband served, Who wrought in that dreary room, A soldier, far away; With figures drooping and spectres thin, And therefore to her parish she And cheeks without a bloom ;-Was begging back her way. And the voice that cricd, 'For the pomp We met a girl, her dress was loose of pride We haste to an early tomb!

> "'For the pomp and pleasures of pride We toil like the African slaves, And only to earn a home at last Where yonder eypress waves;'— And then it pointed—I never saw A ground so full of graves!

We met a girl, her dress was loose And sunken was her eye, Who with a wanton's hollow voice Address'd the passers-by;

I ask'd her what there was in guilt That could her heart allure

To shame, disease, and late remorse; She answer'd she was poor.

"And still the coffins came,	"I dress'd as the noble dress,
With their sorrowful trains and slow;	In cloth of silver and gold,
Coffin after coffin still,	With silk, and satin, and costly furs,
A sad and sickening show;	In many an ample fold;
From grief exempt, I never had dreamt	But I never remember'd the naked limbs,
Of such a world of Woe!	That froze with winter's cold.
"Of the hearts that daily break,	"The wounds I might have heal'd!
Of the tears that hourly fall,	The human sorrow and smart!
Of the many, many troubles of life,	And yet it never was in my soul
That grieve this earthly ball—	To play so ill a part:
Disease and Hunger, Pain and Want,	But evil is wrought by want of Thought,
But now I dream of them all !	As well as want of Heart!"
" For the blind and the cripple were there, And the babe that pined for bread, And the houseless man, and the widow poor, Who begg'd—to bury the dead ! The naked, alas! that I might have clad, The famish'd I might have fed!	She clasp'd her fervent hands, And the tears began to stream; Large, and bitter, and fast they fell, Remorse was so extreme; And yet, oh yet, that many a Dame Would dream the Lady's Dream! THOMAS HOOD.
"The sorrow I might have soothed, And the unregarded tears; For many a thronging shape was there, From long-forgotten years, Ay, even the poor rejected Moor, Who raised my childish fears!	GAFFER GRAY. Gaffer Gray? And why does thy nose look so blue?
"Each pleading look, that long ago	"Tis I'm grown very old,
I scann'd with a heedless eye;	"Tis I'm grown very old,
Each face was gazing as plainly there,	And my doublet is not very new,
As when I pass'd it by;	Well-a-day !"
Woe, woe for me if the past should be	Then line thy worn doublet with ale,
Thus present when I die! "No need of sulphurous lake, No need of fiery coal, But only that crowd of humankind Who wanted pity and dole—	Gaffer Gray; And warm thy old heart with a glass. "Nay, but credit I've none, And my money's all gone; Then say how may that come to pass? Well-a-day !"
In everlasting retrospect—	Hie away to the house on the brow,
Will wring my sinful soul!	Gaffer Gray,
"Alas! I have walk'd through life	And knock at the jolly priest's door.
Too heedless where I trod;	"The priest often preaches
Nay, helping to trample my fellow-worm,	Against worldly riches,
And fill the burial sod—	But ne'er gives a mite to the poor,
Forgetting that even the sparrow falls	Well-a-day !"
Not unmark'd of God!	The lawyer lives under the hill,
"I drank the richest draughts,	Gaffer Gray;
And ate whatever is good	Warmly fenced both in back and in front.
Fish, and flesh, and fowl, and fruit,	" He will fasten his locks,
Snpplied my hungry mood;	And will threaten the stocks
But I never remember'd the wretched ones	Should he evermore find me in want,
That starve for want of food!	Well-a-day!"

The squire has fat beeves and brown ale, Gaffer Gray; And the season will welcome you there. "His fat beeves and his beer, And his merry new year, Are all for the flush and the fair, Well-a-day!"

My keg is but low, I confess, Gaffer Gray; What then? While it lasts, man, we'll live. "The poor man alone, When he hears the poor moan,

Of his morsel a morsel will give, Well-a-day !"

THOMAS HOLCROFT.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

WITH fingers weary and worn, With eyelids heavy and red, A woman sat, in unwomanly rags, Plying her needle and thread-Stitch ! stitch ! stitch ! In poverty, hunger, and dirt, And still with a voice of dolorous pitch She sang the "Song of the Shirt !" "Work! work! work! While the cock is crowing aloof! And work-work-work, Till the stars shine through the roof! It's oh ! to be a slave Along with the barbarons Turk, Where woman has never a soul to save, If this is Christiau work ! "Work-work-work! Till the brain begins to swim ; Work-work-work ! Till the eyes are heavy and dim ! Seam, and gusset, and band, Band, and gusset, and seam,

Till over the buttons I fall asleep, And sew them on in a dream !

"O men, with sisters dear ! O men, with mothers and wives ! It is not linen you're wearing out, But human creatures' lives ! Stitch—stitch—stitch, In poverty, hunger, and dirt, Sewing at once with a double thread, A shroud as well as a shirt!

"But why do I talk of Death, That Phantom of grisly boue? I hardly fear his terrible shape, It seems so like my own-It seems so like my own, Because of the fast I keep: O God ! that bread should be so dear, And flesh and blood so cheap ! "Work-work-work ! My labor never flags; And what are its wages? A bed of straw, A crust of bread, and rags. A shatter'd roof-and this naked floor-A table—a broken chair— And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank For sometimes falling there! "Work-work work ! From weary chime to chime, Work-work-work-As prisoners work for crime! Band, and gusset, and seam, Seam, and gusset, and band, Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumb'd, As well as the weary hand. "Work-work-work

In the dull December light, And work—work—work When the weather is warm and bright— While underneath the eaves, The brooding swallows cling, As if to show me their sunny backs And twit me with the spring.

"Oh but to breathe the breath Of the cowslip and primrose sweet— With the sky above my head, And the grass beneath my feet; For only one short hour To feel as I used to feel, Before I knew the woes of want, And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh! but for one short hour! A respite however brief! No blessed leisure for love or hope, But only time for grief!

POEMS OF LABOR AND SOCIAL QUESTIONS.

- A little weeping would ease my heart, But in their briny bed
- My tears must stop, for every drop Hinders needle and thread !"
- With fingers weary and worn, With eyelids heavy and red,
- A woman sat in unwomanly rags, Plying her needle and thread—
- Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !

In poverty, hunger, and dirt,

- And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,— Would that its tone could reach the rich !--
 - She sang this "Song of the Shirt." THOMAS HOOD.

THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man, Whose trembling limbs have borne him

- to your door, Whose days are dwindled to the shortest
- span; Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless
 - your store.
- These tatter'd clothes my poverty bespeak,
 - These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years,
- And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
 - Has been the channel to a flood of tears.
- Yon house, erected on the rising ground, With tempting aspect, drew me from my road;

For plenty there a residence has found, And grandeur a magnificent abode.

- Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor! Here, as I craved a morsel of their bread,
- A pamper'd menial drove me from the door,

To seek a shelter in an humbler shed.

Oh! take me to your hospitable dome; Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!

Short is my passage to the friendly tomb, For I am poor, and miserably old.

- Should I reveal the sources of my grief, If soft humanity e'er touch'd your breast,
- Your hands would not withhold the kind relief.

And tears of pity would not be repress'd.

- Heaven sends misfortunes; why should we repine?
 - 'Tis Heaven has brought me to the state you see;
- Aud your condition may be soon like mine,

The child of sorrow and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot;

- Then, like the lark, I sprightly hail'd the morn;
- But, ah! oppression forced me from my cot, My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.
- My daughter, once the comfort of my age, Lured by a villain from her native home,
- Is cast abandon'd on the world's wide stage,

And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.

- My tender wife, sweet soother of my care, Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
- Fell, lingering fell, a victim to despair, And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,

- Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
- Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
 - Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

THOMAS MOSS.

THE VAGABONDS.

WE are two travellers, Roger and I.

- Roger's my dog. Come here, you scamp!
- Jump for the gentleman,—mind your eye ! Over the table, — look out for the lamp!—

The rogue is growing a little old;	We'll have some music, if you are will-		
Five years we've tramp'd through wind	ing,		
and weather,	And Roger (hem! what a plague a cough		
And slept out doors when nights were	is, sir!)		
cold,	Shall march a little.—Start, you villain!		
And ate and drank-and starved-to-	Stand straight! 'Bout face! Salute your		
gether.	officer!		
We've learn'd what comfort is, I tell	Put up that paw! Dress! Take your		
vou! .	rifle!		
A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,	(Some dogs have arms, you see!) Now hold your		
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow !	Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle		
The paw he holds up there has been	To aid a poor old patriot soldier.		
frozen),	To aid a poor ora pairior containt		
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle	*		
(This out-door business is bad for	March! Halt! Now show how the rebel		
strings),	shakes		
Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the	When he stands up to hear his sen-		
griddle,	tence.		
And Roger and I set up for kings!	Now tell how many drams it takes To honor a jolly new acquaintance.		
No then have also Taxon databa	Five yelps, that's five! he's mighty know-		
No, thank you, sir,—I never drink; Roger and I are exceedingly moral,—	ing!		
Aren't we, Roger ?—see him wink !—	The night's before us, fill the glasses!		
Well, something hot, then, we won't	Quick, sir! I'm ill,-my brain is going;		
quarrel.	Some brandy,-thank you; there,-it		
He's thirsty, too—see him nod his head?	passes!		
What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk !	1		
He understands every word that's said,-			
And he knows good milk from water and	Why not reform? That's easily said;		
chalk.	But I've gone through such wretched treatment,		
	Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,		
The truth is, sir, now I reflect,	And scarce remembering what meat		
I've been so sadly given to grog,	meant, .		
I wonder I've not lost the respect	That my poor stomach's past reform ;		
(Here's to you, sir!) even of my dog. But he sticks by, through thick and thin;	And there are times when, mad with		
And this old coat, with its empty pock-	thinking,		
ets,	I'd sell out Heaven for something warm		
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,	To prop a horrible inward sinking.		
He'll follow while he has eyes in his			
sockets.	Is there a way to forget to think?		
	At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends,		
There isn't another creature living	A dear girl's love,-but I took to		
Would do it, and prove, through every	drink ;—		
disaster,	The same old story; you know how it		
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving	ends. If you could have seen these classic fea-		
To such a miserable thankless master!	tures,		
No, sir !see him wag his tail and grin ! By George! it makes my old eyes	Yon needn't laugh, sir; they were not		
water!	then		
That is, there's something in this gin	Such a burning libel on God's creatures;		
That chokes a fellow. But no matter!	I was one of your handsome men!		

POEMS OF LABOR AND SOCIAL QUESTIONS.

If you had seen her, so fair and young, Whose head was happy on this breast! If you could have heard the songs I sung When the wine went round, you wouldn't have guess'd That ever I, sir, should be straying From door to door with fiddle and dog, Ragged and penniless, and playing To you to-night for a glass of grog. She's married since, a parson's wife; 'Twas better for her that we should part; Better the soberest, prosiest life Than a blasted home and a broken heart. I have seen her? Once: I was weak and spent On the dusty road; a carriage stopp'd; But little she dream'd, as on she went, Who kiss'd the coin that her fingers dropp'd! You've set me talking, sir; I'm sorry; It makes me wild to think of the change! What do you care for a beggar's story? Is it amusing? you find it strange? I had a mother so proud of mel 'Twas well she died before. Do you know If the happy spirits in Heaven can see The ruin and wretchedness here below? Another glass, and strong, to deaden This pain; then Roger and I will start. I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden, Aching thing, in place of a heart? He is sad sometimes, and would weep if he could. No doubt, remembering things that were-A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food, And himself a sober, respectable cur. I'm better now; that glass was warming,-You rascal! limber your lazy feet! We must be fiddling and performing For supper and bed, or starve in the street .--Not a very gay life to lead, you think? But soon we shall go where lodgings are free.

And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink ;—

The sooner the better for Roger and me. J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

"Drowned! drowned!"-Hamlet,

ONE more Unfortunate, Weary of breath, Rashly importunate, Gone to her death !

Take her up tenderly, Lift her with care,— Fashion'd so slenderly, Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments Clinging like cerements; Whilst the wave constantly Drips from her elothing; Take her up instantly, Loving, not loathing.—

Touch her not scornfully; Think of her mournfully, Gently and humanly; Not of the stains of her, All that remains of her Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny Into her mutiny Rash and undutiful : Past all dishonor, Death has left on her Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers, One of Eve's family— Wipe those poor lips of hers, Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses Escaped from the comb, Her fair auburn tresses; Whilst wonderment guesses Where was her home?

Who was her father? Who was her mother? Had she a sister? Had she a brother?

FIRESIDE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF POETRY.

Or was there a dearer one Still, and a nearer one Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity Of Christian charity Under the sun! Oh! it was pitiful! Near a whole city full, Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly, Fatherly, motherly, Feelings had changed : Love, by harsh evidence, Thrown from its eminence ; Even God's providence Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver So far in the river, With many a light From window and casement, From garret to basement, She stood with amazement, Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March Made her tremble and shiver; But not the dark arch, Or the black flowing river; Mad from life's history, Glad to death's mystery Swift to be hurl'd— Anywhere, anywhere Out of the world !

In she plunged boldly, No matter how coldly The rough river ran,— Over the brink of it, Pieture it—think of it, Dissolute man ! Lave in it, drink of it, Then, if you can !

Take her up tenderly, Lift her with care; Fashion'd so slenderly, Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly Stiffen too rigidly, Decently,—kindly,— Smooth and compose them; And her eyes, close them, Staring so hlindly!

Dreadfully staring Through muddy impurity, As when with the daring Last look of despairing Fix'd on futurity.

Perishing gloomily, Spurr'd by contumely, Cold inhumanity, Burning insanity, Into her rest.— Cross her hands humbly, As if praying dumbly, Over her breast!

Owning her weakness, Her evil behavior, And leaving, with meekness, Her sins to her Saviour! TROMAS HOOD.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

OH! the snow, the beautiful snow, Filling the sky and the earth below; Over the house-tops, over the street, Over the heads of the people you meet; Dancing, Flirting,

Skimming along, Beautiful snow! it can do nothing wrong. Flying to kiss a fair lady's check ; Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak. Beautiful snow, from the heavens above, Pure as an angel and fickle as lovel

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow ! How the flakes gather and laugh as they go! Whirling about in its maddening fun, It plays in its glee with every one. Chasing, Laughing, Hurrying by, It lights up the face and it sparkles the eye; And even the dogs, with a bark and a

And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,

Snap at the crystals that eddy around.

POEMS OF LABOR AND SOCIAL QUESTIONS.

The town is alive, and its heart in a glow To welcome the coming of beautiful snow. How the wild crowd goes swaying along, Hailing each other with humor and song ! How the gay sledges like meteors flash by-Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye, Ringing. Swinging, Dashing they go Over the crest of the beautiful snow : Snow so pure when it falls from the sky, To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by : To be trampled and track'd by the thousands of feet. Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street. Once I was pure as the snow-but I fell : Fell, like the snow-flakes, from heavento hell: Fell, to be tramp'd as the filth of the street: Fell, to be scoff'd, to be spit on, and beat, Pleading, Cursing, Dreading to die, Selling my soul to whoever would buy, Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread, Hating the living and fearing the dead. Merciful God ! have I fallen so low ? And yet I was once like this beautiful snow ! Once I was fair as the beautiful snow, With an eye like its crystals, a heart like its glow ; Once I was loved for my innocent grace-Flatter'd and sought for the charm of my face. Father, Mother, Sisters all, God, and myself, I have lost by my fall. The veriest wretch that goes shivering by Will take a wide sweep, lest I wander too nigh ; For all that is on or about me, I know There is nothing that's pure but the beantiful snow. 46

How strange it should be that this beantifnl snow

- Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to gol
- How strange it would be, when the night comes again,
- If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain 1

Fainting.

Freezing,

Dying alone I

Too wicked for prayer, too weak for my moan

To be heard in the crash of the crazy town,

Gone mad in their joy at the snow's coming down ;

To lie and to die in my terrible woe,

With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow 1

JOHN W. WATSON.

THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

TREAD softly,-bow the head,-In reverent silence bow.-No passing bell doth toll. Yet an immortal soul Is passing now.

Stranger! however great, With lowly reverence bow: There's one in that poor shed-One by that paltry bed-Greater than thon.

Beneath that beggar's roof. Lo! Death doth keep his state. Enter, no crowds attend ; Enter, no guards defend This palace-gate.

That pavement, damp and cold, No smiling courtiers tread; One silent woman stands. Lifting with meagre hands A dying head.

No mingling voices sound,-An infant wail alone; A sob suppress'd,-again That short deep gasp, and then-The parting groan.

FIRESIDE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF POETRY.

O change! O wondrous change! Burst are the prison-bars,— This moment *there* so low, So agonized, and now Beyond the stars.

O change! stupendous change! There lies the soulless clod; The sun eternal breaks, The new immortal wakes,— Wakes with his God. CAROLINE BOWLES SOUTHEY.

The PAUPER'S DRIVE.

THERE's a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round trot,—

- To the churchyard a pauper is going, I wot:
- The road it is rough, and the hearse has no springs;

And hark to the dirge which the mad driver sings:

Rattle his bones over the stones !

- He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!
- Oh, where are the mourners? Alas! there are none;
- He has left not a gap in the world, now he's gone,-
- Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man;

To the grave with his carcass as fast as you ean:

Rattle his bones over the stones!

He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!

What a jolting, and creaking, and splashing, and din !

The whip, how it cracks ! and the wheels, how they spin ! How the dirt, right and left, o'er the hedges is hurl'd !--

The panper at length makes a noise in the world !

Rattle his bones over the stones!

He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!

- Poor pauper defunct | he has made some approach
- To gentility, now that he's stretch'd in a coach !
- He's taking a drive in his carriage at last;

But it will not be long, if he goes on so fast:

Rattle his bones over the stones !

He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!

- You bumpkins ! who stare at your brother convey'd,
- Behold what respect to a cloddy is paid !

And be joyful to think, when by death you're laid low,

You've a chance to the grave like a gemman to go!

Rattle his bones over the stones!

He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!

But a truce to this strain; for my soul it is sad,

- To think that a heart in humanity clad
- Should make, like the brutes, such a desolate end,
- And depart from the light without leaving a friend !

Bear soft his bones over the stones!

Though a pauper, he's one whom his Maker yet owns!

THOMAS NOEL.

PART XIII.

POEMS OF SENTIMENT.











ON THE PROSPECT OF PLANTING | Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a ARTS AND LEARNING IN AMERICA.

THE Muse, disgusted at an age and clime Barren of every glorious theme.

In distant lands now waits a better time, Producing subjects worthy fame.

In happy climes, where from the genial sun

And virgin earth such scenes ensue.

The force of Art by Nature seems outdone, And fancied beauties by the true ;

In happy climes, the seat of innocence, Where Nature guides and Virtue rules,

Where men shall not impose for truth and sense

The pedantry of courts and schools;

There shall be sung another golden age. The rise of empire and of arts.

The good and great inspiring epic rage, The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay; Such as she bred when fresh and young,

When heavenly flame did animate her clay,

By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;

The four first acts already past,

A fifth shall close the drama with the day; Time's noblest offspring is the last. GEORGE BERKELEY.

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

WHAT was he doing, the great god Pan, Down in the reeds by the river? Spreading ruin and scattering ban,

goat. And breaking the golden lilies afloat

With the dragon-fly on the river?

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan. From the deep, cool bed of the river. The limpid water turbidly ran, And the broken lilies a-dving lay. And the dragon-fly had fled away, Ere he brought it out of the river. High on the shore sate the great god Pan, While turbidly flow'd the river,

And hack'd and hew'd as a great god can With his hard, bleak steel at the patient reed.

Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan (How tall it stood in the river!)

Then drew the pith like the heart of a man.

Steadily from the outside ring.

Then notch'd the poor dry empty thing In holes as he sate by the river.

"This is the way," laugh'd the great god Pan

"The only way since gods began

To make sweet music, they could succeed,"

Then dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed.

He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan,

Piercing sweet by the river !

Blinding sweet, O great god Pan !

The sun on the hill forgot to die,

And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly Came back to dream on the river.

⁽Laugh'd while he sate by the river).

FIRESIDE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF POETRY.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan, Then, round her slender waist he curl'd. To laugh, as he sits by the river, And stamp'd an image of himself, a sover-Making a poet out of a man. eign of the world. The true gods sigh for the cost and the The listening crowd admire the lofty pain,sound-For the reed that grows nevermore again A present deity! they shout around; As a reed with the reeds of the river. A present deity! the vaulted roofs re-ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. bound. With ravish'd ears The monarch hears. ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR, THE Assumes the god. POWER OF MUSIC. Affects to nod, AN ODE IN HONOR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY. And seems to shake the spheres. CHORUS. 'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won With ravish'd ears By Philip's warlike son: The monarch hears. Aloft, in awful state, Assumes the god, The godlike hero sate Affects to nod, On his imperial throne: And seems to shake the spheres. His valiant peers were placed around. Their brows with roses and with myrtles III. bound The praise of Bacchus, then, the sweet (So should desert in arms be crown'd); musician sung-The lovely Thais, by his side, Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young: Sate like a blooming Eastern bride, The jolly god in triumph comes: In flower of youth and beauty's pride. Sound the trumpets; beat the drums! Happy, happy, happy pair! Flush'd with a purple grace. None but the brave, He shows his bonest face; None but the brave. Now give the hautboys breath-he comes, None but the brave deserves the he comes! fair Bacchus, ever fair and young, CHORUS. Drinking joys did first ordain; Happy, happy, happy pair ! Bacchus' blessings are a treasure ; None but the brave, Drinking is the soldier's pleasure: None but the brave, Rich the treasure. None but the brave deserves the Sweet the pleasure; fair. Sweet is pleasure after pain. II. CHORUS. Timotheus, placed on high Amid the tuneful quire, Bacchus' blessings are a treasure ; With flying fingers touch'd the lyre; Drinking is the soldier's pleasure; The trembling notes ascend the sky, Rich the treasure, And heavenly joys inspire. Sweet the pleasure; The song began from Jove. Sweet is pleasure after pain. Who left his blissful seats above (Such is the power of mighty Love). IV.

A dragon's fiery form belied the god :

When he to fair Olympia press'd,

And while he sought her snowy

Sublime on radiant spires he rode,

breast:

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain:

Fought all his battles o'er again;

And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.

The master saw the madness rise-His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes; And, while he Heaven and earth defied, Changed his hand and check'd his pride. He chose a mournful muse, Soft pity to infuse: He sung Darius great and good, By too severe a fate Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen-Fallen from his high estate, And welt'ring in his blood: Deserted, at his utmost need, By those his former bounty fed; On the bare earth exposed he lies. With not a friend to close his eyes. With downcast looks the joyless victor sate Revolving in his alter'd soul The various turns of chance below: And, now and then, a sigh he stole; And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

Revolving in his alter'd soul The various turns of chance below; And, now and then, a sigh he stole;

And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see That love was in the next degree: 'Twas but a kindred sound to move, For pity melts the mind to love.

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures, Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures. War, he sung, is toil and trouble; Honor but an empty bubble—

Never ending, still beginning— Fighting still, and still destroying;

If the world be worth thy winning, Think, oh think it worth enjoying!

Lovely Thais sits beside thee— Take the good the gods provide thee.

The many rend the sky with loud applause;

So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain, Gazed on the fair Who caused his care. And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd, Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again.

- At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
- The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

CHORUS.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain, Gazed on the fair

Who caused his care,

And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd, Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again.

At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,

The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

VI.

Now strike the golden lyre again-A louder vet, and yet a louder strain ! Break his bands of sleep asunder, And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder. Hark, hark! the horrid sound Has raised up his head ! As awaked from the dead. And amazed, he stares around. Revenge! revenge! Timotheus cries; See the Furies arise ! See the snakes that they rear, How they hiss in their hair. And the sparkles that flash from their eyes! Behold a gliastly band, Each a torch in his hand! Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain, And unburied remain, Inglorious, on the plain ! Give the vengeance due To the gallant crew. Behold how they toss their torches on high. How they point to the Persian abodes, And glittering temples of their hostile gods! The princes applaud with a furious joy, And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy; Thais led the way To light him to his prey,

And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

FIRESIDE ENCYCLOP. EDIA OF POETRY.

And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy; Thais led the way To light him to his prey, And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

CHORUS.

VII.

Thus, long ago— Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow, While organs yet were mute— Timotheus, to his breathing flute And sounding lyre, Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft

desire. At last divine Cecilia came.

Inventress of the vocal frame:

The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,

Enlarged the former narrow bounds, And added length to solemn sounds,

With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.

> Let old Timotheus yield the prize, Or both divide the crown;

He raised a mortal to the skies— She drew an angel down.

GRAND CHORUS.

At last divine Cecilia came, Inventress of the vocal frame; The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred

store, Enlarged the former narrow bounds, And added length to solemn sounds,

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She drew an angel down. JOHN DRYDEN.

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

I.

FROM harmony, from heavenly harmony, This universal frame began. When Nature underneath a heap Of jarring atoms lay, And could not heave her head,

The tuneful voice was heard from high, Arise, ve more than dead !

Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry In order to their stations leap,

And Music's power obey.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony, This universal frame began :

From harmony to harmony Through all the compass of the notes it ran.

The diapason closing full in Man.

н.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

When Jubal struck the chorded shell His listening brethren stood around,

And, wondering, on their faces fell To worship that celestial sound.

Less than a god they thought there could not dwell

Within the hollow of that shell

That spoke so sweetly and so well.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

III.

The trumpet's loud clangor Excites us to arms, With shrill notes of anger And mortal alarms. The double double double beat Of the thundering drum Čries, "Hark ! the foes come ; Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat l''

IV.

The soft complaining flute In dying notes discovers The woes of hopeless lovers, Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

v.

Sharp violins proclaim Their jealous pangs and desperation, Fury, frantic indignation, Depth of pains, and height of passion For the fair, disdainful dame.

VI.

But oh! what art can teach, What human voice can reach, The sacred organ's praise? Notes inspiring holy love, Notes that wing their heavenly ways To mend the choirs above.

VII.

Orpheus could lead the savage race, And trees uprooted left their place Sequacious of the lyre: But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher: When to her organ vocal breath was given An angel heard, and straight appear'd—

An angel heard, and straight appear d— Mistaking Earth for Heaven l

GRAND CHORUS.

As from the power of sacred lays The spheres began to move,

And sung the great Creator's praise To all the blest above :

So when the last and dreadful hour This crumbling pageant shall devour, The trumpet shall be heard on high, The dead shall live, the living die, And Music shall untune the sky.

JOHN DRYDEN.

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

Ι.

DESCEND, ye Nine! descend and sing; The breathing instruments inspire;

Wake into voice each silent string, And sweep the sounding lyre!

In a sadly-pleasing strain

Let the warbling lute complain: Let the loud trumpet sound, Till the roofs all around

The shrill echoes rebound :

While in more lengthen'd notes and slow The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.

Hark ! the numbers soft and clear Gently steal upon the ear;

Now louder, and yet louder rise,

And fill with spreading sounds the skies;

Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,

In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats :

Till by degrees, remote and small, The strains decay, And melt away In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By Music, minds an equal temper know, Nor swell too high, nor sink too low. If in the breast tumnltuous joys arise, Music her soft, assuasive voice applies; Or, when the soul is press'd with cares, Exalts her in enliv'ning airs: Warriors she fires with animated sounds; Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:

Melancholy lifts her head, Melancholy lifts her head, Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes, List'ning Envy drops her snakes, Intestine war no more our Passions wage, And giddy Factions hear away their rage.

ш.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,

How martial music ev'ry bosom warms !

So when the first bold vessel dared the seas,

High on the stern the Thracian raised his strain,

While Argo saw her kindred trees Descend from Pelion to the main. Transported demigods stood round,

And men grew heroes at the sound, Inflamed with glorv's charms:

Each chief his sevenfold shield display'd, And half unsheathed the shining blade : And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound, To arms! to arms! to arms!

imb. to arms. to arr

IV.

But when through all th' infernal bounds, Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,

Love, strong as Death, the poet led To the pale nations of the dead,

What sounds were heard,

What scenes appear'd

O'er all the dreary coasts ! Dreadful gleams, Dismal screams, Fires that glow, Shrieks of woe,

Sullen moans, Hollow groans, And erics of tortured ghosts! But hark! he strikes the golden lyre; And see! the tortured ghosts respire,

See, shady forms advance! Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still, Ixion rests upon his wheel, And the pale speetres dance! The Furies sink upon their iron beds, And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their heads.

v.

By the streams that ever flow, By the fragrant winds that blow O'er th' Elysian flow'rs; By those happy souls who dwell In yellow meads of asphodel, Or amaranthine how'rs : By the heroes' armed shades, Glitt'ring through the gloomy glades, By the youths that died for love, Wand'ring in the myrtle grove; Restore, restore Eurydice to life: Oh take the husband, or return the wife! He sung, and Hell consented To hear the poet's prayer: Stern Proscrpine relented, And gave him back the fair. Thus song could prevail O'er Death and o'er Hell, A conquest how hard, and how glorious! Though Fate had fast bound her With Styx nine times round her,

Yet Music and Love were victorious.

VI.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes: Again she falls—again she dies—she dies! How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move? No erime was thine, if 'tis no erime to love. Now under hanging mountains, Beside the falls of fountains, Or where Hebrus wanders, Rolling in meanders, All alone, Unheard, unknown, He makes his moan; And calls her ghost, For ever, ever lost!

Now with Furies surrounded, Despairing, confounded, He trembles, he glows, Amidst Rhodope's snows: See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies; Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals' cries—Ah see, he dies! Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung, Eurydice still trembled on his tongue, Eurydice the woods, Eurydice the floods, Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung.

VII.

Music the fiercest grief can charm, And fate's severest rage disarm; Musie can soften pain to ease, And make despair and madness please; Our joys below it can improve, And antedate the bliss above. This the divine Ceeilia found. And to her Maker's praise confined the sound. When the full organ joins the tuneful quire, Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear; Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire, While solemn airs improve the sacred fire : And angels lean from Heav'n to hear. Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell, To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n ; His numbers raised a shade from Hell, Hers lift the soul to Heav'n. ALEXANDER POPE.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

A PINDARIC ODE.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,

And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.

From Helicon's harmonious springs

- A thousand rills their mazy progress take;
- The laughing flowers that round them blow

Drink life and fragrance as they flow.

Now the rich stream of Music winds along,

Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,

Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign;	The fond complaint, my song, disprove, And justify the laws of Jove.
Now rolling down the steep amain	Say, has he given in vain the heavenly
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour:	Muse?
The rocks and nodding groves re-bellow to the roar.	Night, and all her sickly dews, Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry
O Sovereign of the willing soul,	He gives to range the dreary sky,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing	Till down the eastern cliffs afar
airs,	Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering
Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares And frantic Passions hear thy soft con- trol.	shafts of war.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War	In elimes beyond the solar road
Has curb'd the fury of his car	Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built moun- tains roam,
And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy com-	The Muse has broke the twilight gloom
mand.	To cheer the shivering native's dull
Perching on the sceptred hand	abode.
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd	And oft, beneath the od'rous shade
king	Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
With ruffled plumes and flagging wing; Qnench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie	She deigns to hear the savage youth re-
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of	peat
his eye.	In loose numbers wildly sweet
	Their feather-cinctured chiefs and dusky
Thee the voice, the dance, obey	loves.
Temper'd to thy warbled lay.	Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
O'er Idalia's velvet-green	Glory pursue, and gen'rous Shame, Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen	holy flame.
On Cytherea's day,	Lory Manor
With antic Sport, and blue-eyed Pleasures,	
Frisking light in frolic measures; Now pursuing, now retreating,	Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Now in circling troops they meet,	Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,
To brisk notes in cadence beating	Fields, that cool Ilissus laves, Or where Mæander's amber waves
Glance their many-twinkling feet.	In lingering lab'rinths ereep,
Slow melting strains their Queen's ap-	How do your tuneful echoes languish,
proach declare:	Mute, but to the voice of anguish!
Where'er she turns the Graces homage	Where each old poetic mountain
pay.	Inspiration breathed around;
With arms sublime that float upon the air	Every shade and hallow'd fountain
In gliding state she wins her easy way:	Murmur'd deep a solemn sound ;
O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move	Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
The bloom of young Desire and purple	Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
light of Love.	Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant
0	Power,
Man's feeble race what ills await!	And eoward Vice, that revels in her
Labor, and Penury, the racks of Pain,	chains.
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,	When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms	They sought, O Albion! next, thy sea-en-
of Fate!	eircled coast.

Far from the sun and summer gale, In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid, What time, where lucid Avon stray'd, To him the mighty mother did unveil Her awful face: the dauntless child Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smiled. This pencil take (she said), whose colors clear Richly paint the vernal year; Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal boy! This can unlock the gates of Jov; Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears, Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears. Nor second he, that rode sublime Upon the scraph-wings of Ecstasy, The secrets of th' abyss to spy. He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time. The living Throne, the sapphire-blaze Where angels tremble while they gaze; He saw, but, blasted with excess of light, Closed his eyes in endless night. Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous ear Wide o'er the fields of glory bear Two coursers of ethereal race, With necks in thunder clothed, and longresounding pace. Hark ! his hands the lyre explore ! Bright-eved Fancy, hovering o'er, Scatters from her pictured urn Thoughts that breathe, and words that hurn But ah ! 'tis heard no more-O Lyre divine! what daring Spirit Wakes thee now? Tho' he inherit Nor the pride, nor ample pinion, That the Theban eagle bear, Sailing with supreme dominion Thro' the azure deep of air; Yet oft before his infant eyes would run Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun ; Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate, Beneath the Good how far, but far above the Great. THOMAS GRAY.

THE PASSIONS.

AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young, While yet in early Greece she sung, The Passions off, to hear her shell, Throng'd around her magic cell, Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting, Possest beyond the Muse's painting ; By turns they felt the glowing mind Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined; Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired, Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired, From the supporting myrtles round They snatch'd her instruments of sound, And, as they oft had heard apart Sweet lessons of her forceful art, Each, for Madness ruled the hour, Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try, Amid the chords bewilder'd laid, And back recoil'd, he knew not why,

E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd; his eyes on fire, In lightnings own'd his secret stings: In one rude clash he struck the lyre

And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair— Low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled ; A solemn, strange, and mingled air ;

'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair, What was thy delighted measure?

Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,

And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!

Still would her touch the strain prolong;

- And from the rocks, the woods, the vale
- She call'd on Echo still through all the song;
 - And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
 - A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;
- And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair.

And longer had she sung:-but with a frown	Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
Revenge impatient rose :	The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thun-	known. The oak-crown'd Sisters and their
der down ;	chaste-eyed Queen,
And with a withering look	Satyrs and Sylvan Boys were seen
The war-denouncing trumpet took, And blew a blast so loud and dread,	Peeping from forth their alleys green :
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of	Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear ;
woe!	And Sport leap'd up, and seized his
And ever and anon he heat	beechen spear.
The doubling drum with furious heat;	
And, though sometimes, each dreary pause	Last came Joy's ecstatic trial :
hetween,	He, with viny crown advancing,
Dejected Pity at his side	First to the lively pipe his hand ad-
Her soul-subdning voice applied,	drest;
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,	But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his head.	Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best :
bursting from his flead.	They would have thought who heard the
	strain
Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were	They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native
fix'd:	maids
Sad proof of thy distressful state!	Amidst the festal-sounding shades
Of differing themes the veering song was	To some unwearied minstrel dancing;
mix'd; And now it courted Love, now raving	While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the
call'd on Hate.	strings,
can d'on Hate.	Love framed with Mirth a gay, fantastic
	round: Loose were her tresses seen, her zone
With eyes upraised, as one inspired,	unbound;
Pale Melancholy sat retired ;	And he, amidst his frolie play,
And from her wild sequester'd seat, In notes by distance made more sweet,	As if he would the charming air repay,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pen-	Shook thousand odors from his dewy
sive soul :	wings.
And dashing soft from rocks around	
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound ;	O Music ! sphere-descended maid,
Through glades and glooms the mingled	Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid!
measure stole,	Why, goddess, why, to ns denied, Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
Or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond	As in that loved Athenian bower
delay, Deve la sela sela differina	You learn'd an all-commanding power,
Round an holy calm diffusing, Love of peace, and lonely musing,	Thy mimie soul, O nymph endear'd !
In hollow murmurs died away.	Can well recall what then it heard.
in honow marmars area away.	Where is thy native simple heart,
	Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?
But oh ! how alter'd was its sprightlier	Arise, as in that elder time,
tone	Warm, energic, chaste, sublime !
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthi-	Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
est hne, Her bow across her shoulder flung,	Fill thy recording Sister's page ;— 'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,	Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
genne a monthing den,	· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·

Had more of strength, diviner rage, Than all which charms this laggard age, E'en all at once together found Cecilia's mingled world of sound :---Oh bid our vain endeavors cease : Revive the just designs of Greece : Return in all thy simple state ! Confirm the tales her sons relate ! WILLIAM COLLINS.

INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

ORPHEUS with his lute made trees, And the mountain-tops that freeze, Bow themselves, when he did sing : To his music, plants and flowers Ever sprung, as sun and showers There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play, Even the billows of the sea, Hung their beads, and then lay by— In sweet music is such art: Killing care, and grief of heart,

Fall asleep, or, hearing, die. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

WITH A GUITAR, TO JANE.

Ariel to Miranda :- Take This slave of Music, for the sake Of him who is the slave of thee; And teach it all the harmony In which thou canst, and only thou, Make the delighted spirit glow. Till joy denies itself again, And, too intense, is turn'd to pain. For by permission and command Of thine own prince Ferdinand, Poor Ariel sends this silent token Of more than ever can be spoken; Your guardian spirit, Ariel, who From life to life must still pursue Your happiness, for thus alone Can Ariel ever find his own. From Prospero's enchanted cell, As the mighty verses tell, To the throne of Naples he Lit you o'er the trackless sea, Flitting on, your prow before, Like a living meteor. When you die, the silent Moon In her interlunar swoon Is not sadder in her cell Than deserted Ariel;

When you live again on earth, Like an unseen star of birth Ariel guides you o'er the sea Of life from your nativity. Many changes have been run Since Ferdinand and you begun Your course of love, and Ariel still Has track'd your steps and served your will.

Now in humbler, happier lot, This is all remember'd not; And now, alas! the poor sprite is Imprison'd for some fault of his In a body like a grave— From you he only dares to crave For his service and his sorrow A smile to-day, a song to-morrow.

The artist who this idol wrought To echo all harmonious thought, Fell'd a tree, while on the steep The woods were in their winter sleep, Rock'd in that repose divine On the wind-swept Apennine; And dreaming, some of autumn past, And some of spring approaching fast, And some of April buds and showers, And some of songs in July bowers, And all of love : and so this tree-Oh, that such our death may be !--Died in sleep, and felt no pain, To live in happier form again; From which, beneath Heaven's fairest star.

The artist wrought this loved guitar; And taught it justly to reply, To all who question skilfully, In language gentle as thine own; Whispering in enamor'd tone Sweet oracles of woods and dells, And summer winds in sylvan cells. For it had learn'd all harmonies Of the plains and of the skies, Of the forests and the mountains, And the many-voiced fountains; The clearest echoes of the hills. The softest notes of falling rills, The melodies of birds and bees, The murmuring of summer seas, And pattering rain, and breathing dew, And airs of evening; and it knew That seldom-heard mysterious sound Which, driven on its diurnal round,

As it foats through boundless day Our world enkindles on its way. All this it knows, but will not tell To those who cannot question well The spirit that inhabits it. It talks according to the wit Of its companions; and no more Is heard than has been felt before By those who tempt it to betray These secrets of an elder day. But, sweetly as its answers will Flatter hands of perfect skill, It keeps its highest, holiest tone For our beloved Jane alone. PERCT BYSHE SUBLEEY.

L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy, Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born! In Stygian cave forlorn, 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights nnholy, Find out some unconth cell, Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealons wings, And the night raven sings; There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks. As ragged as thy locks, In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell, But come thou Goddess fair and free, In heav'n y-clep'd Euphrosyne, And by men, heart-easing Mirth, Whom lovely Venus at a birth With two sister Graces more, To ivv-crownèd Bacchus bore: Or whether (as some sager sing) The frolic wind that hreathes the spring, Zephyr with Aurora playing, As he met her once a-maying; There on beds of violets blue, And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew, Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair, So buxom, blithe, and debonair. Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee Jest, and youthful Jollity,

Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles, Nods, and Becks, and wreathèd Smiles, Such as hang on Hebe's cheek, And love to live in dimple sleek;

Sport that wrinkled Care derides. And Laughter holding both his sides. Come, and trip it as you go, On the light fantastic toe; And in thy right hand lead with thee The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty; And, if I give thee honor due, Mirth, admit me of the crew, To live with her, and live with thee, In nnreprovèd pleasures free; To hear the lark begin his flight, And singing startle the dull night, From his watch-tow'r in the skies, Till the dappled dawn doth rise; Then to come in spite of sorrow, And at my window bid good-morrow, Through the sweet-brier, or the vine, Or the twisted eglantine: While the cock with lively din Scatters the rear of darkness thin, And to the stack, or the barn-door, Stoutly struts his dames before : Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn, From the side of some hoar hill, Through the high wood echoing shrill: Some time walking, not unseen, By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green, Right against the eastern gate, Where the great sun begins his state, Robed in flames, and amber light, The clouds in thousand liveries dight: While the ploughman near at hand Whistles o'er the furrow'd land, And the milkmaid singeth blithe, And the mower whets his scythe, And every shepherd tells his tale Under the hawthorn in the dale. Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures

Whilst the landscape round it measures;

Russet lawns, and fallows gray, Where the nibbling flocks do stray, Mountains, on whose barren breast The lab'ring clouds do often rest; Meadows trim with daisies pied, Shallow brooks, and rivers wide. Towers and battlements it sees Boson'd high in tufted trees, Where perhaps some beauty lies, The cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.

Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes, From hetwixt two aged oaks, Where Corydon and Thyrsis met Are at their savory dinner set Of herbs, and other country messes, Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses; And then in haste her bow'r she leaves, With Thestylis to bind the sheaves; Or, if the earlier season lead, To the tann'd havcock in the mead, Sometimes with secure delight The upland hamlets will invite, When the merry bells ring round, And the jocund rebecks sound To many a youth, and many a maid, Dancing in the chequer'd shade; And young and old come forth to play On a sunshine holiday. Till the live-long daylight fail; Then to the spicy nut-brown ale, With stories told of many a feat, How fairy Mab the junkets eat; She was pinch'd, and pull'd she said, And he by friars' lanthorn led Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat, To earn his cream-howl duly set, When in one night, ere glimpse of morn. His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn. That ten day-lab'rers could not end; Then lies him down the lubber fiend, And stretch'd out all the chimney's length, Basks at the fire his hairy strength, And crop-full out of doors he flings, Ere the first cock his matin rings. Thus done the tales, to bed they creep, By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep. Tower'd cities please us then, And the busy hum of men, Where throngs of knights and barons bold In weeds of peace high triumphs hold, With store of ladies, whose bright eyes Rain influence, and judge the prize Of wit, or arms, while both contend To win her grace, whom all commend.

There let Hymen oft appear In saffron robe, with taper clear, And pomp, and feast, and revelry, With mask, and antique pageantry, Such sights as youthful poets dream On summer eves by haunted stream. Then to the well-trod stage anon, If Jonson's learnèd sock be on, Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child, Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever against eating cares, Lap me in soft Lydian airs, Married to immortal verse; Such as the meeting soul may pierce, In notes, with many a winding bout Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out, With wanton heed and giddy cunning, The melting voice through mazes running.

Untwisting all the chains that tie The hidden soul of harmony; That Orpheus' self may heave his head From golden slumber on a bed Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear Such strains as would have won the ear Of Pluto, to have quite set free His half-regain'd Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give, Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

JOHN MILTON.

Sonnet to his Lute.

- My lute, be as thou wert when thou didst grow
 - With thy green mother in some shady grove,
 - When immelodious winds but made thee move,
- And birds their ramage did on thee bestow.

Since that dear voice which did thy sounds approve,

- Which wont in such harmonious strains to flow,
- Is reft from earth to tune the spheres above,
- What art thou but a harbinger of woe?
- Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more.
 - But orphan wailings to the fainting ear; Each stroke a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear;
- For which be silent as in woods before : Or if that any hand to touch thee deign, Like widow'd turtle still her loss com-

plain.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

A CANADIAN BOAT-SONG. Et remigem cantus hortatur.

QUINTILIAN.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime, Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time.

Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn. Row, brothers, row ! the stream runs fast, The rapids are near, and the daylight's past !

Why should we yet our sail unfurl ?— There is not a breath the blue wave to curl. But when the wind blows off the shore Oh ! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar. Blow, breezes, blow ! the stream runs fast, The rapids are near, and the daylight's past !

Utawa's tide! this trembling moon Shall see us float over thy surges soon. Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers— Oh! grant us cool heavens and favoring airs!

Blow, breezes, blow ! the stream runs fast, The rapids are near, and the daylight's past !

THOMAS MOORE.

IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding joys,

The brood of folly without father bred, How little you bestead,

Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys! Dwell in some idle brain,

And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,

As thick and numberless

As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,

Or likest hovering dreams,

The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train. But hail, thou goddess sage and holy, Hail, divinest Melancholy, Whose saintly visage is too bright To hit the sense of human sight, And therefore to our weaker view O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue; Black, but such as in esteem Prince Memnon's sister might beseem, Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove To set her beauty's praise above The Sea-Nymphs, and their pow'rs offended : Yet thou art higher far descended ; Thee bright-hair'd Vesta, long of yore, To solitary Saturn bore: His daughter she (in Saturn's reign Such mixture was not held a stain). Oft in glimmering bow'rs and glades He met her, and in secret shades Of woody Ida's inmost grove, While yet there was no fear of Jove. Come, pensive nun, devout and pure, Sober, steadfast, and demure, All in a robe of darkest grain, Flowing with majestic train, And sable stole of cyprus lawn Over thy decent shoulders drawn. Come, but keep thy wonted state, With even step, and musing gait, And looks commercing with the skies, Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes: There held in holy passion still, Forget thyself to marble, till With a sad leaden downward cast Thou fix them on the earth as fast : And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet, Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet, And hears the muses in a ring Aye round about Jove's altar sing : And add to these retired Leisure, That in trim gardens takes his pleasure ; But first, and chiefest, with thee bring, Him that yon soars on golden wing, Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne, The cherub Contemplation ; And the mute Silence hist along, 'Less Philomel will deign a song, In her sweetest, saddest plight, Smoothing the rugged brow of night, While Cynthia checks her dragon-yoke, Gently o'er th' accustom'd oak ; Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly. Most musical, most melancholy ! Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among I woo, to hear thy even-song; And missing thee, I walk unseen On the dry smooth-shaven green, To behold the wandering moon, Riding near her highest noon,

Like one that had been led astray Through the heav'n's wide pathless way ; And oft, as if her head she bow'd, Stooping through a fleecy cloud. Oft on a plat of rising ground, I hear the far-off curfew sound, Over some wide-water'd shore, Swinging slow with sullen roar : Or if the air will not permit, Some still removed place will fit, Where glowing embers through the room Teach light to counterfeit a gloom ; Far from all resort of mirth, Save the cricket on the hearth, Or the bellman's drowsy charm, To bless the doors from nightly harm Or let my lamp at midnight hour Be seen in some high lonely tow'r, Where I may oft outwatch the Bear, With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere The spirit of Plato, to unfold What worlds, or what vast regions, hold The immortal mind, that hath forsook Her mansion in this fleshly nook : And of those demons that are found In fire, air, flood, or under ground, Whose power hath a true consent With planet, or with element. Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy In sceptred pall come sweeping by, Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line, Or the tale of Troy divine, Or what (though rare) of later age Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage. But, O sad virgin, that thy power Might raise Museus from his bower, Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing Such notes as, warbled to the string, Drew iron tears down Pluto's check. And made Hell grant what love did seek. Or call up him that left half told The story of Cambuscan bold. Of Camball, and of Algarsife, And who had Canace to wife, That own'd the virtuons ring and glass, And of the wondrous horse of brass, On which the Tartar king did ride: And if aught else great bards beside In sage and solemn tunes have sung, Of turneys and of trophies hung. Of forests, and enchantments drear, Where more is meant than meets the ear. Thus Night oft see me in thy pale career, Till eivil-suited Morn appear, Nor trick'd and frounced as she was wont With the Attie boy to hunt, But kerehief'd in a comely cloud, While rocking winds are piping loud, Or usher'd with a shower still When the gust hath blown his fill, Ending on the rustling leaves, With minute drops from off the eaves. And when the sun begins to fling His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring To arched walks of twilight groves, And shadows brown that Sylvan loves Of pine, or monumental oak. Where the rude axe with heaved stroke Was never heard the nymphs to dannt. Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt. There in close covert by some brook, Where no profaner eye may look, Hide me from day's garish eye, While the bee with honey'd thigh, That at her flow'ry work doth sing, And the waters murmuring With such consort as they keep, Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep; And let some strange, mysterious dream Wave at his wings in aërv stream Of lively portraiture display'd, Softly on my eyelids laid. And as I wake sweet music breathe Above, about, or underneath, Sent by some spirit to mortals good, Or th' unseen genius of the wood. But let my dne feet never fail To walk the studious cloisters pale., And love the high-embowed roof, With antique pillars massy proof, And storied windows richly dight, Casting a dim religious right : There let the pealing organ blow, To the full-voiced quire below. In service high, and anthems clear, As may with sweetness, through mine ear, Dissolve me into ecstasies, And bring all heaven before mine eyes. And may at last my weary age Find out the peaceful hermitage, The hairy gown and mossy cell, Where I may sit and rightly spell Of every star that heav'n doth show, And every herb that sips the dew;

Till old experience do attain	For care, I care not what it is;			
To something like prophetic strain.	I feare not fortune's fatal law :			
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,	My minde is such as may not move			
And I with thee will choose to live.	For beantie bright, or force of love.			
John Milton.	for beautic bright, of force of force.			
Down Manager	I wish but what I have at will;			
	I wander not to seeke for more;			
MY MINDE TO ME A KINGDOM IS.				
MI MINDE IO ME A KINGDOM 13.	I like the plaine, I clime no hill;			
My minde to me a kingdom is;	In greatest stormes I sitte on shore,			
Such perfect joy therein I finde	And laugh at them that toile in vaine			
As farre exceeds all earthly blisse	To get what must be lost againe.			
That God or Nature hath assignde;	I kisse not where I wish to kill;			
Though much I want, that most would				
—	I feigne not love where most I hate;			
have,	I breake no sleepe to winne my will;			
Yet still my minde forbids to crave.	I wayte not at the mightie's gate.			
	I scorne no poore, I feare no rich;			
Content I live; this is my stay—	I feele no want, nor have too much.			
I seek no more than may suffice.	The econt we cont I like we heat!			
I presse to beare no haughtie sway ;	The court ne cart I like ne loath-			
Look, what I lack my minde supplies.	Extreames are counted worst of all;			
Loe, thus I triumph like a king,	The golden meane betwixt them both			
Content with that my minde doth bring.	Dost surest sit, and feares no fall ;			
	This is my choyce; for why, I finde			
I see how plentie surfets oft,	No wealth is like a quiet minde.			
And hastie clymbers soonest fall;				
I see that such as sit aloft	My wealth is health and perfect ease;			
Mishap doth threaten most of all.	My conscience clere my chiefe defence ;			
These get with toile, and keepe with feare :	I never seeke by bribes to please,			
Such cares my minde could never beare.	Nor by desert to give offence.			
shell cares any mande court herer beare.	Thus do I live, thus will I die;			
No princely pompe nor welthie store,	Would all did so as well as I !			
No force to win the victorie,	WILLIAM BYRD.			
No wylie wit to salve a sore,				
No shape to winne a lover's eye-				
	MY DAYS AMONG THE DEAD ARE			
To none of these I yeeld as thrall;	PASSED.			
For why, my minde despiseth all.	My down among the deal and all			
Some house too much mot still them some	My days among the dead are pass'd;			
Some have too much, yet still they crave;	Around me I behold,			
I little have, yet seek no more.	Where'er these casual eyes are cast,			
They are but poore, though much they have,	The mighty minds of old;			
And I am rich with little store.	My never-failing friends are they,			
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;	With whom I converse day by day.			
They lacke, I lend; they pine, I live.	With them I take delight to make			
Llaugh not at anothor's losse	With them I take delight in weal,			
I laugh not at another's losse,	And seek relief in woe;			
I grudge not at another's gaine;	And while I understand and feel			
No worldly wave my minde can tosse;	How much to them I owe,			
I brooke that is another's bane.	My checks have often been bedew'd			
I feare no foe, nor fawne on friend ;	With tears of thoughtful gratitude.			
I lothe not life, nor dread mine end.				
Liov not in no earthly blisse .	My thoughts are with the dead; with			

I weigh not Cresus' wealth a straw; I live in long-past years; Their virtues love, their faults condenn, Partake their hopes and fears, And from their lessons seek and find Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead; anon My place with them will be, And I with them shall travel on

Through all futurity, Yet leaving here a name, I trust, That will not perish in the dust.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THOUGHTS IN A LIBRARY.

SPEAK low! tread softly through these halls;

Here Genius lives enshrined; Here reign, in silent majesty, The monarchs of the mind.

A mighty spirit-host they come From every age and clime; Above the buried wreeks of years They breast the tide of Time.

And in their presence-chamber here They hold their regal state,

And round them throng a noble train, The gifted and the great.

O child of Earth! when round thy path The storms of life arise,

And when thy brothers pass thee by With stern, unloving eyes,

Here shall the poets chant for thee Their sweetest, loftiest lays,

And prophets wait to guide thy steps In Wisdom's pleasant ways.

Come, with these God-anointed kings Be thou companion here;

And in the mighty realm of mind Thon shalt go forth a peer! ANNE C. LYNCH BOTTA.

The Lawyer's Farewell to his Muse.

As, by some tyrant's stern command, A wretch forsakes his native land, In foreign climes condemn'd to roam An endless exile from his home; Pensive he treads the destined way, And dreads to go, nor dares to stay; Till on some neighboring monntain's brow

He stops, and turns his eyes below; There, melting at the well-known view, Drops a last tear, and bids adieu; So I, thus doom'd from thee to part, Gay Queen of Faney and of Art, Reluctant move, with doubtful mind, Oft stop, and often look behind.

Companion of my tender age, Serenely gay, and sweetly sage, How blithesome we were wont to rove By verdant hill or shady grove, Where fervent bees, with humming voice,

Around the honey'd oak rejoice, And aged elms with awful bend In long cathedral walks extend! Lull'd by the lapse of gliding floods, Cheer'd by the warbling of the woods, How bless'd my days, my thoughts how free

In sweet society with thee ! Then all was joyous, all was young, And years unheeded roll'd along : But now the pleasing dream is o'er, These scenes must charm me now no more;

Lost to the fields, and torn from you,— Farewell!—a long, a last adien.

Me wrangling courts, and stubborn law,

To smoke, and crowds, and eities draw: There selfish Faction rules the day, And Pride and Avarice throng the way; Diseases taint the murky air, And midnight conflagrations glare; Loose Revelry and Riot bold In frighted streets their orgies hold; Or, where in silence all is drown'd, Fell Murder walks his lonely round; No room for Peace, no room for you, Adieu, celestial nymph, adieu!

Shakespeare no more thy sylvan son, Nor all the art of Addison, Pope's heaven-strung lyre, nor Waller's

Pope's heaven-strung lyre, nor Waller's ease,

Nor Milton's mighty self, must please: Instead of these, a formal band In furs and coifs around me stand;

With sounds uncouth, and accents dry, That grate the soul of harmony; Each pedant sage unlocks his store Of mystic, dark, discordant lore; And points with tottering hand the ways That lead me to the thorny maze.

There, in a winding close retreat, Is Justice doom'd to fix her seat; There, fenced by bulwarks of the law, She keeps the wondering world in awe; And there, from vulgar sight retired, Like Eastern queen, is more admired.

Oh let me pierce the secret shade Where dwells the venerable maid ! There humbly mark, with reverend awe, The guardian of Britannia's law; Unfold with joy her sacred page, Th' united boast of many an age; Where mix'd, yet uniform, appears The wisdom of a thousand years. In that pure spring the bottom view, Clear, deep, and regularly true; And other doctrines thence imbibe Than lurk within the sordid scribe; Observe how parts with parts unite In one harmonious rule of right; See countless wheels distinctly tend By various laws to one great end: While mighty Alfred's piercing soul Pervades and regulates the whole.

Then welcome business, welcome strife, Welcome the cares, the thorns of life, The visage wan, the purblind sight, The toil by day, the lamp at night, The tedious forms, the solemn prate, The pert dispute, the dull debate, The drowsy bench, the babbling hall,-For thee, fair Justice, welcome all ! Thus though my noon of life be past, Yet let my setting sun, at last, Find out the still, the rural cell, Where sage Retirement loves to dwell! There let me taste the homefelt bliss Of innocence and inward peace; Untainted by the guilty bribe, Uncursed amid the harpy tribe; No orphan's cry to wound my ear; My honor and my conscience clear; Thus may I calmly meet my end, Thus to the grave in peace descend. SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAP-MAN'S HOMER.

- MUCH have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
- And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;

Round many western islands have I been Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold. Oft of one wide expanse had I been told That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne;

- Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
- Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold :

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies When a new planet swims into his ken; Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes He stared at the Pacific—and all his men Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—

Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

JOHN KEATS.

A VISION UPON THIS CONCEIT OF THE FAERIE QUEENE.

- METHOUGHT I saw the grave where Lanra lav,
- Within that temple, where the vestal flame

Was wont to burn; and passing by that way, To see that buried dust of living fame,

Whose tomb fair Love, and fairer Virtue kept,

All suddenly I saw the Faerie Qucene;

At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept,

- And, from thenceforth, those Graces were not seen;
- For they this Queen attended; in whose stead

Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse :

Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed.

And groans of buried ghosts the heavens did pierce,

Where Homer's spright did tremble all for grief.

And cursed the access of that celestial thiefl

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

ODE.

BARDS of passion and of mirth, Ye have left your souls on earth! Have ye souls in Heaven too, Double-lived in regions new? Yes, and those of Heaven commune With the spheres of sun and moon : With the noise of fountains wondrous, And the parle of voices thund'rous; With the whisper of Heaven's trees And one another, in soft ease Seated on Elysian lawns Browsed by none hut Dian's fawns; Underneath large blue-hells tented, Where the daisies are rose-scented, And the rose herself has got Perfume which on earth is not ; Where the nightingale doth sing Not a senseless, trancèd thing, But divine, melodious truth-Philosophic numbers smooth-Tales and golden histories Of Heaven and its mysteries.

Thus ye live on high, and then On the earth ye live again; And the souls ye left behind you Teach us here the way to find you, Where your other souls are joying, Never slumber'd, never cloying. Here your earth-born souls still speak To mortals, of their little week; Of their sorrows and delights; Of their glory and their spites; Of their glory and their shame; What doth strengthen and what maim. Thus ye teach us, every day, Wisdom, though fled far away.

Bards of passion and of mirth, Ye have left your souls on earth ! Ye have souls in Heaven too, Double-lived in regions new!

JOHN KEATS.

SONG.

STILL to be neat, still to be drest, As you were going to a feast; Still to be powder'd, still perfumed, Lady, it is to be presumed, Though art's hid causes are not found, All is not sweet, all is not sound. Give me a look, give me a face, That makes simplicity a grace; Robes loosely flowing, hair as free— Such sweet neglect more taketh me Than all the adulteries of art; They strike mine eyes, but not my heart. EEN JONSON.

Delight in Disorder.

A SWEET disorder in the dress Kindles in clothes a wantonness : A lawn about the shoulders thrown Into a fine distraction— An erring lace, which here and there Enthralls the crimson stomacher— A cuff neglectful, and thereby Ribbons to flow confusedly— A winning wave, deserving note, In the tempestuous petiticoat— A careless shoe-string, in whose tie I see a wild civility,— Do more bewitch me than when art Is too precise in every part.

ROBERT HERRICK.

THE LACHRYMATORY.

- FROM out the grave of one whose budding years
 - Were cropp'd by death when Rome was in her prime,
- I brought the vial of his kinsman's tears, There placed, as was the wont of ancient time:

Round me, that night, in meads of asphodel, The souls of th' early dead did come and go,

- Drawn by that flask of grief, as by a spell, That long-imprison'd shower of human woe:
- As round Ulysses, for the draught of blood, The heroes throng'd, those spirits flock'd to me,
- Where, lonely, with that charm of tears I stood;
- Two, most of all, my dreaming eyes did see;
- The young Marcellus, young, but great and good,
 - And Tully's daughter mourn'd so tenderly. CHARLES TURNER.

AGE AND SONG.

In vain men tell us time can alter

Old loves or make old memories falter, That with the old year the old year's life closes.

The old dew still falls on the old sweet flowers.

The old sun revives the new-fledged hours, The old summer rears the new-born roses.

Much more a Muse that bears upon her Raiment and wreath and flower of honor,

Gather'd long since and long since woven, Fades not or falls as falls the vernal Blossoms that bear no fruit eternal,

By summer or winter charr'd or cloven.

No time easts down, no time npraises Such loves, such memories and such praises,

As need no grace of sun or shower, No saving screen from frost or thunder, To tend and house around and under

The imperishable and peerless flower.

Old thanks, old thoughts, old aspirations, Outlive men's lives and lives of nations,

Dead, but for one thing which survives— The inalienable and unpriced treasure, The old joy of power, the old pride of pleasure,

That lives in light above men's lives. ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

BEAUTY FADES.

TRUST not, sweet soul, those curlèd waves of gold

- With gentle tides that on your temples flow,
- Nor temples spread with flakes of virgin snow,
- Nor snow of cheeks with Tyrian grain enroll'd.
- Trust not those shining lights which wrought my woe
- When first I did their azure rays behold,
- Nor voice, whose sounds more strange effects do show
 - Than of the Thracian harper have been told.

Look to this dying lily, fading rose,

- Dark hyacinth, of late whose blushing beams
- Made all the neighboring herbs and grass rejoice,
 - And think how little is 'twixt life's extremes:

The eruel tyrant that did kill those flowers Shall once, ah me ! not spare that spring of yours.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

SHE walks in beauty like the night Of cloudless climes and starry skies; And all that's best of dark and bright Meets in her aspect and her eyes: Thus mellow'd to that tender light Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less, Had half impair'd the nameless grace Which waves in every raven tress,

Or softly lightens o'er her face-

Where thoughts screnely sweet express How pure, how dear their dwellingplace.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow, So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,

The smiles that win, the tints that glow, But tell of days in goodness spent,

A mind at peace with all below,

A heart whose love is innocent.

HESTER.

WHEN maidens such as Hester die, Their place ye may not well supply, Though ye among a thousand try, With vain endeavor.

A month or more hath she been dead, Yet cannot I by force be led To think upon the wormy bed And her, together.

A springy motion in her gait,

- A rising step did indicate
- Of pride and joy no common rate, That flush'd her spirit;

FIRESIDE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF POETRY.

I know not by what name beside I shall it call: if 'twas not pride, It was a joy to that allied, She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule, Which doth the human feeling cool; But she was train'd in Nature's school— Nature had bless'd her.

A waking eye, a prying mind, A heart that stirs, is hard to bind; A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind— Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbor, gone before To that unknown and silent shore ! Shall we not meet, as heretofore, Some summer morning,

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray Hath struck a bliss upon the day— A bliss that would not go away— A sweet forewarning?

CHARLES LAMB.

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS Shaded.

HAS sorrow thy young days shaded, As clouds o'er the morning fleet? Too fast have those young days faded, That, even in sorrow, were sweet? Does Time with his cold wing wither Each feeling that once was dear?— Then, child of misfortune, come hither, I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

Has love to that soul, so tender, Been like our Lagenian mine, Where sparkles of golden splendor All over the surface shine? But, if in pursuit we go deeper, Allured by the gleam that shone, Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper, Like Love, the bright ore is gone.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story, That flitted from tree to tree With the talisman's glittering glory— Has Hope been that bird to thee? On branch after branch alighting, The gem did she still display, And, when nearest and most inviting, Then waft the fair gem away?

If thus the young hours have fleeted, When sorrow itself look'd bright;

If thus the fair hope hath cheated, That led thee along so light;

If thus the cold world now wither Each feeling that once was dear :---

Come, child of misfortune, come hither, I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

Thomas Moore.

Stanzas.

AND thou art dead, as young and fair As aught of mortal birth; And form so soft, and charms so rare, Too soon return'd to earth! Though Earth received them in her bed, And o'er the spot the crowd may tread In carelessness or mirth. There is an eye which could not brook A moment on that grave to look. I will not ask where thou liest low, Nor gaze upon the spot; There flowers or weeds at will may grow, So I behold them not : It is enough for me to prove That what I loved, and long must love, Like common earth can rot; To me there needs no stone to tell, 'Tis nothing that I loved so well. Yet did I love thee to the last As fervently as thou, Who didst not change through all the past, And canst not alter now. The love where death has set his seal, Nor age can chill, nor rival steal, Nor falsehood disavow: And what were worse, thou canst not see Or wrong, or change, or fault in me. The better days of life were ours;

The better days of life were ours; The worst can be but mine; The sun that cheers, the storm that lowers, Shall never more be thine. The silence of that dreamless sleep I envy now too much to weep; Nor need I to repine That all those charms have pass'd away, I might have watch'd through loug decay.

The flower in ripen'd bloom unmatch'd Must fall the earliest prey;

Though by no hand untimely snatch'd, The leaves must drop away:

And yet it were a greater grief To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,

Than see it pluck'd to-day; Since earthly eye but ill can bear To trace the change to foul from fair.

I know not if I could have borne To see thy beauties fade;

The night that follow'd such a morn Had worn a deeper shade :

Thy day without a cloud hath past, And thou wert lovely to the last;

Extinguish'd, not decay'd; As stars that shoot along the sky Shine brightest as they fall from high.

As once I wept, if I could weep, My tears might well be shed,

To think I was not near to keep One vigil o'er thy bed;

To gaze, how fondly! on thy face, To fold thee in a faint embrace,

Uphold thy drooping head; And show that love, however vain, Nor thou nor I can feel again.

Yet how much less it were to gain, Though thou hast left me free,

The loveliest things that still remain, Than thus remember thee!

The all of thine that cannot die Through dark and dread eternity

Returns again to me, And more thy buried love endears Than aught, except its living years. LORD BYRON.

OH! SNATCHED AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM.

OH! snatch'd away in beanty's bloom On thee shall press no ponderous tomb;

But on thy turf shall roses rear Their leaves, the earliest of the year;

And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom :

And oft by yon blue gushing stream Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head, And feed deep thought with many a dream, And lingering pause and lightly tread : Fond wretch! as if her step disturb'd the dead!

Away! we know that tears are vain, That death nor heeds nor hears distress. Will this unteach us to complain?

Or make one mourner weep the less? And thou—who tell'st me to forget, Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet. LORD BYRON.

THY VOICE IS HEARD THRO' ROLLING DRUMS.

THY voice is heard thro' rolling drums, That beat to battle where he stands; Thy face across his fancy comes,

And gives the battle to his hands: A moment, while the trumpets blow,

He sees his brood about thy knee; The next, like fire he meets the for,

And strikes him dead for thine and thee. ALFRED TENNYSON.

AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

How sweet it were, if without feeble tright,

Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight, An angel came to us, and we could bear

To see him issue from the silent air

At evening in our room, and bend on ours

His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers

News of dear friends, and children who have never

Been dead indeed—as we shall know for ever.

Alas! we think not what we daily see

About our hearths-angels that are to be,

Or may be if they will, and we prepare

Their souls and ours to meet in happy air; A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart sings

In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.

LEIGH HUNT.

CHORUS.

FROM "ATALANTA IN CALYDON."

BEFORE the beginning of years There came to the making of man Time, with a gift of tears; Grief, with a glass that ran; Pleasure, with pain for leaven ; Summer, with flower's that fell ; Remembrance, fallen from heaven ; And madness risen from hell ; Strength, without hands to smite; Love, that endures for a breath ; Night, the shadow of light, And life, the shadow of death. And the high gods took in hand Fire, and the falling of tears, And a measure of sliding sand From under the feet of the years; And froth and drift of the sea: And dust of the laboring earth : And bodies of things to be In the houses of death and of birth ; And wrought with weeping and langhter, And fashion'd with loathing and love, With life before and after, And death beneath and above, For a day and a night and a morrow, That his strength might endure for a span With travail and heavy sorrow, The holy spirit of man. From the winds of the north and the south They gather'd as unto strife; They breathed upon his mouth, They fill'd his body with life ; Eyesight and speech they wrought For the veils of the soul therein, A time for labor and thought, A time to serve and to sin : They gave him light in his ways, And love, and a space for delight, And beauty and length of days, And night, and sleep in the night, His speech is a burning fire; With his lips he travaileth : In his heart is a blind desire, In his eyes foreknowledge of death ; He weaves, and is clothed with derision ; Sows, and he shall not reap ; His life is a watch or a vision Between a sleep and a sleep. ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

QUA CURSUM VENTUS.

As ships becalm'd at eve, that lay With canvas drooping, side by side, Two towers of sail at dawn of day, Are scarce, long leagues apart, descried : When fell the night, upsprung the breeze, And all the darkling hours they plied. Nor dreamt but each the selfsame seas By each was cleaving, side by side : E'en so,-but why the tale reveal Of those whom, year by year unchanged, Brief absence join'd anew to feel, Astounded, sonl from soul estranged? At dead of night their sails were fill'd, And onward each rejoicing steer'd : Ab, neither blame, for neither will'd, Or wist, what first with dawn appear'd 1 To veer, how vain ! On, onward strain, Brave barks ! In light, in darkness too. Through winds and tides one compass guides,-To that, and your own selves, be true. But, O blithe breeze, and O great seas, Though ne'er, that earliest parting past, On your wide plain they join again, Together lead them home at last! One port, methought, alike they sought, One purpose hold where'er they fare,-O bounding breeze, O rnshing seas, At last, at last, unite them there. ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH. ADDRESS TO THE MUMMY IN BEL ZONPS EXHIBITION. AND thou hast walk'd about (how strange a story !)

In Thebes' streets three thousand years ago,

When the Memnonium was in all its glory, And time had not begun to overthrow

Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,

Of which the very ruins are tremendous?

Speak ! for thou long enough hast acted dummy;

Thou hast a tongue—come—let us hear its tune;

POEMS	OF	SEN	TIME	NT
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How the world look'd when it was fresh Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above ground, and young, mummy l And the great deluge still had left it Revisiting the glimpses of the moon-Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creagreen; Or was it then so old that history's pages tures. But with thy bones, and flesh, and limbs, Contain'd no record of its early ages? and features. Still silent ! incommunicative elf ! Art sworn to secreey? then keep thy Tell us-for doubtless thou canst recolvows; leet-But prythee tell us something of thyself-To whom should we assign the Sphinx's Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house; fame? Since in the world of spirits thou hast Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect slumber'd-Of either pyramid that bears his name? What hast thou seen-what strange adven-Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer? tures number'd? Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer? Since first thy form was in this box extended Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden We have, above ground, seen some By oath to tell the secrets of thy tradestrange mutations; Then say what secret melody was hidden The Roman empire has begun and ended-In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise New worlds have risen-we have lost play'd? old nations: Perhaps thou wert a priest-if so, my And countless kings have into dust been struggles humbled, Are vain, for priesteraft never owns its While not a fragment of thy flesh has juggles. erumbled. Perhaps that very hand, now pinion'd flat, Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy Has hob-a-nobb'd with Pharaoh, glass head to glass; When the great Persian conqueror, Cam-Or dropp'd a half-penny in Homer's hat; byses. Or doff'd thine own to let Queen Dido March'd armies o'er thy tomb with thunpass; dering tread-Or held, by Solomon's own invitation, O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis; A torch at the great temple's dedication. And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder. I need not ask thee if that hand, when When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder? arm'd. Has any Roman soldier maul'd and If the tomb's secrets may not be confess'd, knuckled :* The nature of thy private life unfold : For thou wert dead, and buried, and em-A heart has throbb'd beneath that leathern balm'd breast. Ere Romulus and Remus had been And tears adown that dusty check have suckled : roll'd : Antiquity appears to have begun Have children climb'd those knees and Long after thy primeval race was run. kiss'd that face? What was thy name and station, age and Thou could'st develop-if that wither'd race? tongue Statue of flesh-Immortal of the dead ! Might tell us what those sightless orbs Imperishable type of evanescence ! have seen-

FIRESIDE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF POETRY.

- row bed,
 - And standest undecay'd within our presence l
- Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning.
- When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.
- Why should this worthless tegument endure,
 - If its undying guest be lost for ever?
- Oh! let us keep the soul embalm'd and pure
 - In living virtue-that when both must sever.
- Although corruption may our frame consume.
- The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom !

HORACE SMITH.

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.

THOU still unravish'd hride of quietness! Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time!

- Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
 - Λ flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme !
- What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
 - Of deities or mortals, or of both,

In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?

- What men or gods are these? what maidens loath?
- What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?

What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

- Heard melodics are sweet, but those unheard
 - Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on-
- Not to the sensual ear, but more endear'd, Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone :
- Fair youth beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
 - Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare ;
 - Bold lover, never, never, canst thou kiss,

- Posthumous man-who quitt'st thy nar- Though winning near the goal; yet do not grieve-
 - She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss;
 - For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!
 - Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
 - Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu:
 - And, happy melodist, unwearied,

For ever piping songs for ever new;

- More happy love! more happy, happy love!
 - For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
 - For ever panting and for ever young;
- All breathing human passion far above,
- That leaves a heart high sorrowful and cloy'd,
 - A burning forehead and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?

To what green altar, O mysterious priest,

- Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies.
 - And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?

What little town by river or sea-shore,

Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel, Is emptied of its folk this pious morn?

And, little town, thy streets for evermore Will silent be; and not a soul, to tell Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

- O Attic shape 1 Fair attitude ! with brede Of marble men and maidens overwrought.
- With forest branches and the trodden weed ·
- Thou, silent form ! dost tease us out of thought,

As doth eternity. Cold pastoral!

- When old age shall this generation waste,
 - Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
- Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"-that is all

Ye know on carth, and all ye need to know.

JOHN KEATS.

THE MEN OF OLD.

I KNOW not that the men of old Were better than men now,
Of heart more kind, of hand more bold,
Of more ingenuous brow;
I heed not those who pine for force A ghost of time to raise,
As if they thus could check the course Of these appointed days.
Still it is true, and over-true, That I delight to close
This book of life self-wise and new,

- And let my thoughts repose On all that humble happiness The world has since foregone,— The daylight of contentedness
- That on those faces shone !
- With rights, though not too closely scann'd, Enjoy'd as far as known,
- With will, by no reverse unmann'd, With pulse of even tone,
- They from to-day, and from to-night, Expected nothing more
- Than yesterday and yesternight Had proffer'd them before.
- To them was life a simple art Of duties to be done,
- A game where each man took his part, A race where all must run;
- A battle whose great scheme and scope They little cared to know,
- Content, as men-at-arms, to cope Each with his fronting foe.
- Man now his virtue's diadem Puts on, and proudly wears,—
- Great thoughts, great feelings, came to them
 - Like instincts unawares;
- Blending their souls' sublimest needs With tasks of every day,
- They went about their gravest deeds As noble boys at play.

And what if Nature's fearful wound They did not probe and bare,

For that their spirits never swoon'd To watch the misery there,—

- For that their love but flow'd more fast, Their charities more free,
- Not conseious what mere drops they cast Into the evil sea.
- A man's best things are nearest him, Lie close about his feet;
- It is the distant and the dim That we are sick to greet;
- For flowers that grow our hands beneath We struggle and aspire,---
- Our hearts must die, except they breathe The air of fresh desire.
- Yet, brothers, who up reason's hill Advance with hopeful cheer,— Oh, loiter not, those heights are ehill,
- As chill as they are clear ;
- And still restrain your haughty gaze The loftier that ye go,
- Remembering distance leaves a haze On all that lies below.
 - RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES (LORD HOUGHTON).

OH! THE PLEASANT DAYS OF OLD!

- OH! the pleasant days of old, which so often people praise !
- True, they wanted all the luxuries that grace our modern days :
- Bare floors were strew'd with rushes-the walls let in the cold;
- Oh! how they must have shiver'd in those pleasant days of old!
- Oh I those ancient lords of old, how magnificent they were !
- They ruled their serfs right sternly; they took from Jews their gold--
- Above both law and equity were those great lords of old !
- Oh! the gallant knights of old, for their valor so renown'd!
- With sword and lance, and armor strong, they scour'd the country round;

And whenever aught to tempt them they met by wood or wold,	From the pyramid, temple, and treasured dead,
By right of sword they seized the prize—	We vainly ask for her wisdom's plan;
those gallant knights of old !	They tell us of the tyrant's dread-
	Yet there was hope when that day be-
Oh! the gentle dames of old! who, quite	gan.
free from fear or pain, Could gaze on joust and tournament, and	The Chaldee came, with his starry lore,
see their champions slain;	And built up Babylon's crown and creed;
They lived on good beefsteaks and ale,	And brick were stamp'd on the Tigris shore
which made them strong and bold— Oh! more like men than women were	With signs which our sages scarce can
those gentle dames of old !	read.
	From Ninus' temple, and Nimrod's tower, The rule of the old East's empire spread
Oh! those mighty towers of old! with	Unreasoning faith and unquestion'd pow-
their turrets, moat, and keep, Their battlements and bastions, their dun-	er—
geons dark and deep.	But still, Is it come? the watcher said.
Full many a baron held his court within	The light of the Persian's worshipp'd
the castle hold ; And many a captive languish'd there, in	flame,
those strong towers of old.	The ancient bondage its splendor threw; And once, on the West a sunrise came,
	When Greece to her freedom's trust was
Oh! the troubadours of old! with their	true;
gentle minstrelsie	With dreams to the utmost ages dear,
Of hope and joy, or deep despair, which- e'er their lot might be-	With human gods, and with god-like men,
For years they served their lady-love ere	No marvel the far-off day seem'd near
they their passions told—	To eyes that look'd through her laurels
Oh! wondrous patience must have had those troubadours of old!	then.
those troubations of old .	The Romans conquer'd, and revell'd too,
Oh ! those blessed times of old ! with their	Till honor, and faith, and power, were
chivalry and state;	gone ; And deeper old Europe's darkness grew,
I love to read their chronicles, which such brave deeds relate ;	As, wave after wave, the Goth came on.
I love to sing their ancient rhymes, to hear	The gown was learning, the sword was
their legends told-	law; The people served in the oxen's stead;
But, Heaven be thank'd! I live not in those blessed times of old!	But ever some gleam the watcher saw,
FRANCES BROWN.	And evermore, Is it come? they said.
	Poet and Seer that question caught,
Is it Come?	Above the din of life's fears and frets;
	It march'd with letters, it toil'd with
Is it come? they said, on the banks of the Nile,	thought, Through schools and creeds which the
Who look'd for the world's long-promised	earth forgets.
day,	And statesmen trifle, and priests deceive,
And saw but the strife of Egypt's toil, With the desert's sand and the granite	And traders barter our world away— Yet hearts to that golden promise cleave,
gray.	And still, at times, Is it come? they say.

The days of the nations bear no trace Of all the sunshine so far foretold; The cannon speaks in the teacher's place—

The age is weary with work and gold;

And high hopes wither, and memories wane;

On hearths and altars the fires are dead; But that brave faith hath not lived in vain—

And this is all that our watcher said. FRANCES BROWN.

THE LONG-AGO.

EYES, which can but ill define Shapes that rise about and near, Through the far horizon's line Stretch a vision free and clear; Memories, feeble to retrace Yesterday's immediate flow, Find a dear familiar face In each hour of Long-ago.

Follow yon majestic train Down the slopes of old renown; Knightly forms without disdain, Sainted heads without a frown: Emperors of thought and hand Congregate, a glorious show, Met from every age and land In the plains of Long-ago.

As the heart of childhood brings Something of eternal joy From its own unsounded springs, Such as life can scarce destroy; So, remindful of the prime, Spirits wandering to and fro Rest upon the resting-time In the peace of Long-ago.

Youthful Hope's religious fire, When it burns no longer, leaves Ashes of impure desire On the altars it bereaves; But the light that fills the Past Sheds a still diviner glow, Ever farther it is cast O'er the scenes of Long-ago.

Many a growth of pain and eare, Cumbering all the present hour, Yields, when onee transplanted there, Healthy fruit or pleasant flower. Thoughts that hardly flourish here, Feelings long have ceased to blow, Breathe a native atmosphere In the world of Long-ago.

On that deep-retiring shore Frequent pearls of beauty lie, Where the passion-waves of yore Fiercely beat and mounted high; Sorrows—that are sorrows still— Lose the bitter taste of woe; Nothing's altogether ill In the griefs of Long-ago.

Tombs where lonely love repines, Ghastly tenements of tears, Wear the look of happy shrines Through the golden mist of years; Death, to those who trust in good, Vindicates his hardest blow; Oh ! we would not, if we could, Wake the sleep of Long-ago!

Though the doom of swift decay Shocks the soul where life is strong; Though for frailer hearts the day Lingers sad and overlong:— Still the weight will find a leaven, Still the spoiler's hand is slow, While the future has its Heaven, And the past its Long-ago. RIGIARD MONCETORY MINUSS

GIVE ME THE OLD-

OLD WINE TO DRINK, OLD WOOD TO BURN, OLD BOOKS TO READ, AND OLD FRIENDS TO CONVERSE WITH.

OLD wine to drink !— Ay, give the slippery juice That drippeth from the grape thrown loose Within the tun; Pluck'd from beneath the cliff Of sunny-sided Teneriffe, And ripen'd 'neath the blink Of India's sun ! Peat whiskey hot, Temper'd with well-boil'd water ! These make the long night shorter,— Forgetting not

Good stout old English porter.

Old wood to burn !---Ay, bring the hill-side beech From where the owlets meet and screech, And ravens croak ; The crackling pine, and cedar sweet; Bring too a clump of fragrant peat, Dug 'neath the fern; The knotted oak, A fagot too, perhap, Whose bright flame, dancing, winking, Shall light us at our drinking; While the oozing sap Shall make sweet music to our thinking. Old books to read !-Ay, bring those nodes of wit, The brazen-elasp'd, the vellum writ, Time-honor'd tomes! The same my sire scann'd before, The same my grandsire thumb'd o'er, The same his sire from college bore, The well-earn'd meed Of Oxford's domes*: Old Homer blind, Old Horace, rake Anaereon, by Old Tully, Plautus, Terence lie; Mort Arthur's olden minstrelsie, Quaint Burton, quainter Spenser, ay ! And Gervase Markham's venerie---Nor leave behind The Holye Book by which we live and die. Old friends to talk !---Av, bring those chosen few, The wise, the courtly, and the true, So rarely found ; Him for my wine, him for my stud, Him for my easel, distich, bud In mountain-walk! Bring Walter good : With soulful Fred; and learned Will, And thee, my alter ego (dearer still For every mood). ROBERT HINCKLEY MESSINGER.

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

THERE'S a good time coming, boys, A good time coming: We may not live to see the day, But earth shall glisten in the ray Of the good time coming. Cannon-balls may aid the truth, But thought's a weapon stronger; We'll win our battle by its aid ;-Wait a little longer. There's a good time coming, boys, A good time coming : The pen shall supersede the sword, And Right, not Might, shall be the lord. In the good time coming. Worth, not Birth, shall rule mankind, And be acknowledged stronger; The proper impulse has been given ;--Wait a little longer. There's a good time coming, boys, A good time coming: War in all men's eyes shall be A monster of iniquity In the good time coming. Nations shall not quarrel then, To prove which is the stronger ; Nor slaughter men for glory's sake ;---Wait a little longer. There's a good time coming, boys, A good time coming: Hateful rivalries of creed Shall not make their martyrs bleed In the good time coming. Religion shall be shorn of pride, And flourish all the stronger; And Charity shall trim her lamp ;---Wait a little longer. There's a good time coming, boys, A good time coming: The people shall be temperate, And shall love instead of hate, In the good time coming. They shall use, and not abuse, And make all virtue stronger ;---The reformation has begun ;---Wait a little longer. There's a good time coming, boys, A good time coming: Let us aid it all we can, Every woman, every man, The good time coming. Smallest helps, if rightly given, Make the impulse stronger ;--

A PETITION TO TIME.

TOUCH us gently, Time ! Let us glide adown thy stream Gently,—as we sometimes glide Through a quiet dream ! Humble voyagers are we, Husband, wife, and children three,— (One is lost,—an angel, fled To the azure overhead).

Touch us gently, Time! We've not proud nor soaring wings; Our ambition, our content, Lies in simple things. Humble voyagers are we O'er life's dim, unsounded sea, Seeking only some calm clime;— Touch us gently, gentle Time! BRYAN WALLER PROCTER (BARRY CORWALL).

THE AGED MAN-AT-ARMS.

- HIS golden locks time hath to silver turn'd; O time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing!
- His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurn'd,
 - But spurn'd in vain; youth waneth by increasing:
- Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seen,
- Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.
- His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
 - And, lovers' sonnets turn'd to holy psalms,
- A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,
 - And feed on prayers, which are old age's alms;
- But though from court to cottage he depart.

His saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

- And when he saddest sits in homely cell, He'll teach his swains this carol for a song:
- "Bless'd be the hearts that wish my sovereign well,

Cursed be the souls that think her any wrong !" Goddess, allow this agèd man his right, To be your beadsman now that was your knight.

GEORGE PEELE.

THE ONE GRAY HAIR.

THE wisest of the wise Listen to pretty lies, And love to hear 'em told; Doubt not that Solomon Listen'd to many a one,— Some in his youth, and more when he grew old.

I never sat among The choir of Wisdom's song, But pretty lies loved I As much as any king---When youth was on the wing, And (must it then be told?) when youth had quite gone by.

Alas! and I have not The pleasant hour forgot, When one pert lady said, "O Walter! I am quite Bewilder'd with affright! I see (sit quiet now!) a white hair on your head!"

Another, more benign, Snipt it away from mine, And in her own dark hair Pretended it was found. . . . She lept, and twirl'd it round. Fair as she was, she never was so fair. WALTER SAYAGE LANDOR.

I'M GROWING OLD.

MY days pass pleasantly away, My nights are bless'd with sweetest sleep:

I feel no symptoms of decay,

I have no cause to mourn nor weep; My foes are impotent and shy,

My friends are neither false nor cold, And yet, of late, I often sigh,---

I'm growing old !

My growing talk of olden times, My growing thirst for early news,

My growing apathy for rhymes, My growing love for easy shoes, My growing hate of crowds and noise, My growing fear of taking cold, All whisper, in the plainest voice, T'm growing old!

I'm growing fonder of my staff, I'm growing dimmer in the eyes, I'm growing fainter in my laugh, I'm growing deeper in my sighs, I'm growing careless of my dress, I'm growing frugal of my gold, I'm growing wise, I'm growing—yes— I'm growing old!

I see it in my changing taste, I see it in my changing hair, I see it in my growing waist, I see it in my growing heir; A thousand signs proclaim the truth, As plain as truth was ever told, That even in my vaunted youth I'm growing old !

Ah me! my very laurels breathe The tale in my reluctant ears; And every boon the Hours bequeath But makes me debtor to the Years; E'en Flattery's honey'd words declare The secret she would fain withhold, And tells me in "How young you are!" I'm growing old !

Thanks for the years whose rapid flight My sombre muse too sadly sings;

Thanks for the gleams of golden light That tint the darkness of their wings,—

The light that beams from out the sky, Those heavenly mansions to unfold, Where all are blest, and none may sigh,

" I'm growing old !"

JOHN G. SAXE.

SONNET.

- To me, fair friend, you never can be old, For as you were, when first your eye I cyed,
- Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
 - Have from the forests shook three summers' pride;

- Three beauteous springs to yellow antumn turn'd,
- In process of the seasons have I seen;
- Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
 - Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
- Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
- Steal from his figure, and no pace perecived;
- So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
 - Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived:
- For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,—
- Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Sonnet.

- WHEN I do count the clock that tells the time,
 - And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;

When I behold the violet past prime,

- And sahle enrls all silver'd o'er with white;
- When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,

Which erst from heat did eanopy the herd,

- And Summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
 - Borne on the bier with white and bristly heard;
- Then, of thy beauty do I question make,

That thou among the wastes of time must go,

Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,

And die as fast as they see others grow : And nothing 'gainst Time's seythe can

- make defence,
- Save breed, to brave him, when he takes thee hence. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

SONNET.

Nor marble, nor the gilded monuments

Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;

- But you shall shine more bright in these contents
 - Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.
- When wasteful war shall statues overturn, And broils root out the work of masonry,
- Nor Mars his sword, nor war's quick fire shall burn

The living record of your memory.

'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity

- Shall you pace forth: your praise shall still find room
- Even in the eyes of all posterity,
 - That wear this world out to the ending doom.

So, till the judgment that yourself arise, You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Sonnet.

- OH, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
 - By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!

The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem For that sweet odor which doth in it live.

The canker blooms have full as deep a dye, As the perfumed tincture of the roses ;

- Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly When summer's breath their masked
- buds discloses ; But, for their virtue only is their show,

They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade; Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;

Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odors made:

And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth, When that shall fade, my verse distils

your truth. William Shakespeare.

SONNET.

- WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent thought
 - I summon up remembrance of things past,
- I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought, And with old woes new wail my dear

time's waste.

- Then, can I drown an eye, unused to flow, For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
- And weep afresh love's long-since cancell'd woe,
 - And moan th' expense of many a vanish'd sight.
- Then can I grieve at grievances foregone, And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
- The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan, Which I new pay, as if not paid before;
- But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
- All losses are restored, and sorrows end. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

Sonnet.

LIKE as the waves make toward the pebbled shore

So do our minutes hasten to their end ;

- Each changing place with that which goes before,
- In sequent toil all forward do contend.

Nativity once in the main of light

- Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
- Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
- And Time that gave, doth now his gift confound.
- Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
 - And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;

Feeds on the rarities of Nature's truth,

And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.

And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand

Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Sonnet.

- POOR Soul, the centre of my sinful earth, Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee array.
- Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
 - Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?

- Why so large cost, having so short a lease, Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
- Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
- Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?
- Then, Soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss.

And let that pine to aggravate thy store; Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;

Within be fed, without be rich no more :---

So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men.

And death once dead, there's no more dying then.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Sonnet.

- THEY that have power to hurt, and will do none.
 - That do not do the thing they most do show.
- Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
 - Unmovèd, cold, and to temptation slow.-

They rightly do inherit Heaven's graces,

- And husband Nature's riches from expense;
- They are the lords and owners of their faces.

Others, but stewards of their excellence.

The summer's flower is to the summer sweet.

Though to itself it only live and die;

But if that flower with base infection meet, The basest weed outbraves his dignity :

For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;

Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

-----THE OLD MAN'S WISH.

IF I live to grow old, as 1 find I go down, Let this be my fate : in a country town

- May I have a warm house, with a stone at my gate,
- And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald And when I am dead may the better sort pate.

- May I govern my passions with an absolute sway,
- Grow wiser and better as my strength wears away.
- Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

In a country town, by a murmuring brook,

- With the ocean at distance, on which I may look.
- With a spacious plain, without hedge or stile.
- And an easy pad nag to ride out a mile.

May I govern my passions with an absolute sway,

- Grow wiser and better as my strength wears away,
- Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.
- With Horace and Plutarch, and one or two more
- Of the best wits that lived in the ages before ;
- With a dish of roast mutton, not ven'son nor teal.
- And clean, though coarse linen at every meal.
 - May I govern my passions with an absolute swav.
 - Grow wiser and better as my strength wears away,
 - Without gout or stone, by a gentle dêcay.
- With a pudding on Sunday, and stout, humming liquor.
- And remnants of Latin to puzzle the vicar:
- With a hidden reserve of Burgundy wine
- To drink the king's health as oft as I dine.
 - May I govern my passions with an absolute sway,
 - Grow wiser and better as my strength wears away,
 - Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

With a courage undaunted may I face my last day.

say,

In the morning when sober, in the evening when mellow,

- * He's gone, and hain't left hehind him his fellow;
 - For he govern'd his passions with an absolute sway,
 - And grew wiser and better as his strength wore away,
 - Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay."

WALTER POPE.

THE LAST LEAF.

I saw him once before, As he pass'd by the door; And again The pavement-stones resound As he totters o'er the ground With his cane.

They say that in his prime, Ere the pruning-knife of Time Cut him down, Not a better man was found By the crier on his round Through the town.

But now he walks the streets, And he looks at all he meets Sad and wan; And he shakes his feeble head, That it seems as if he said, "They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest On the lips that he has press'd In their bloom ; And the names he loved to hear Have been carved for many a year On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said— Poor old lady ! she is dead Long ago— That he had a Roman nose, And his cheek was like a rose In the snow.

But now his nose is thin, And it rests upon his chin Like a staff; And a crook is in his back, And a melancholy crack In his laugh. I know it is a sin For me to sit and grin At him here, But the old three-corner'd hat, And the breeches,—and all that, Are so queer!

And if I should live to be The last leaf upon the tree In the spring, Let them smile, as I do now, At the old forsaken bough Where I cling. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care A few paternal acres bound, Content to breathe his native air In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,

Whose flocks supply him with attire; Whose trees in summer yield him shade, In winter, fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find Hours, days, and years, slide soft away In health of body, peace of mind, Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease Together mix'd; sweet recreation, And innocence, which most does please With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown; Thus unlamented let me die; Steal from the world, and not a stone Tell where I lie.

ALEXANDER POPE.

TO MY PICTURE.

WHEN age hath made me what I am not now,

- And every wrinkle tells me where the plough
- Of Time hath furrow'd; when an ice shall flow

Through every vein, and all my head be suow;

- When Death displays his coldness in my cheek,
- And I myself in my own picture seek,
- Not finding what I am, but what I was,
- In doubt which to believe—this or my glass;

Yet though I alter, this remains the same

As it was drawn, retains the primitive frame

And first complexion; here will still be seen Blood on the check and down nponthechin; Here the smooth brow will stay, the lively eve.

The ruddy lip, and hair of youthful dye. Behold what frailty we in man may see, Whose shadow is less given to change than

he!

THOMAS RANDOLPH.

CRABBÈD AGE AND YOUTH.

CRABBED age and youth Cannot live together; Youth is full of pleasance, Age is full of care; Youth like summer morn, Age like winter weather; Youth like summer brave, Age like winter bare. Youth is full of sport, Age's breath is short; Youth is nimble, age is lame : Youth is hot and hold, Age is weak and cold; Youth is wild, and age is tame. Age, I do abhor thee, Youth, I do adore thee; Oh, my love, my love is young! Age, I do defy thee; O sweet shepherd ! hie thee, For methinks thou stay'st too long. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

LIFE.

I MADE a posy, while the day ran by : Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie

My life within this band.

But time did beckon to the flowers, and they

By noon most cunningly did steal away, And wither'd in my hand.

- My hand was next to them, and then my heart;
- I took, without more thinking, in good part,

Time's gentle admonition ;

- Who did so sweetly death's sad taste convey,
- Making my mind to smell my fatal day, Yet sugaring the suspicion.
- Farcwell, dear flowers, sweetly your time ye spent,

Fit, while ye lived, for smell or ornament, And after death for cures.

I follow straight without complaints or grief,

Since, if my scent be good, I care not if It be as short as yours.

GEORGE HERBERT.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

- SWEET Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain,
- Where health and plenty cheer'd the laboring swain,
- Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
- And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd—
- Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
- Seats of my youth, when every sport could please—

How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,

- Where humble happiness endear'd each scene;
- How often have I paused on every charm—

The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,

The never-failing brook, the busy mill,

- The decent church that topt the neighboring hill,
- The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade
- For talking age and whispering lovers made;

How often have I blest the coming day,

When toil, remitting, lent its turn to play, And all the village train, from labor free,

Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;

While many a pastime circled in the shade,	And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
The young contending as the old survey'd;	Far, far away thy children leave the land.
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,	Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;	Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,	Princes and lords may flourish, or may
Succeeding sports the mirthful band in- spired :	fade— A breath can make them, as a breath has
The dancing pair, that simply sought re- nown	made; But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
By holding out, to tire each other down; The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,	When once destroy'd, can never be sup- plied.
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;	A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love, The matron's glance that would those	When every rood of ground maintain'd its man:
looks reprove: These were thy charms, sweet village!	For him light Labor spread her wholesome store—
sports like these,	Just gave what life required, but gave no
With sweet succession, taught even toil to	more; His best companions, innocence and
please; These round thy bowers their cheerful in-	health ;
fluence shed;	And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.	But times are alter'd: trade's unfeeling train
Sweet-smiling village, loveliest of the lawn!	Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain; Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;	Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp re- pose;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is	And every want to opulence allied,
seen, And desolation saddens all thy green ;	And every pang that folly pays to pride.
One only master grasps the whole domain,	Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;	Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day, But, choked with sedges, works its weedy	Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
way;	Lived in each look, and brighten'd all the
Along thy glades, a solitary guest, The hollow-sounding bittern guards its	green,— These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
nest;	And rural mirth and manners are no
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flics, And tires their echoes with unvaried	more.
cries;	Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,	hour,
And the long grass o'ertops the moulder- ing wall;	Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.

Here, as I take my solitary rounds	But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruin'd	Angels around befriending Virtue's friend;
grounds, And, many a year elapsed, return to	Bends to the grave with unperceived decay, While Resignation gently slopes the way;
view	And, all his prospects brightening to the
Where once the cottage stood, the haw-	last,
thorn grew,	His heaven commences ere the world be
Remembrance wakes with all her busy	past.
train, Swells at my breast, and turns the past to	Sweet was the sound, when oft at even- ing's elose
pain.	Up yonder hill the village nurmur rose;
In all my wanderings round this world of care,	There, as I pass'd with eareless steps and slow,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—	The mingling notes came soften'd from below:
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,	The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down ;	The sober herd that low'd to meet their young,
To husband out life's taper at the close,	The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
And keep the flame from wasting by re- pose;	The playful children jnst let loose from school,
I still had hopes-for pride attends us still-	The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whis- pering wind,
Amidst the swains to show my book-	And the lond laugh that spoke the vacant
learn'd skill,	mind,—
Around my fire an evening group to	These all in sweet confusion sought the shade.
draw, And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;	And fill'd each pause the nightingale had
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns	made.
pursue,	But now the sounds of population fail;
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,	No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale;
I still had hopes, my long vexations past, Here to return—and die at home at last.	No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
	For all the bloomy flush of life is fled-
O blest retirement! friend to life's de- cline!	All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
Retreats from care, that never must be	That feebly bends beside the plashy
minel	spring; She, wretched matron, forced in age, for
How happy he who crowns, in shades like	bread,
these,	To strip the brook with mantling cresses
A youth of labor with an age of ease; Who quits a world where strong tempta-	spread,
tions try,	To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to	To seek her nightly shed, and weep till
fly.	morn,— She only left of all the harmless train,
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,	The sad historian of the pensive plain.
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous	Near yonder copse, where once the gar-
deep;	den smiled,
No surly porter stands, in guilty state,	And still where many a garden-flower
To spurn imploring famine from the gate ;	* grows wild,

There, where a few torn shrubs the place | He tried each art, reproved each dull disclose,

The village preacher's modest mansion rose.

- A man he was to all the country dear,
- And passing rich with forty pounds a year:
- Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
- Nor e'er had changed, nor wish'd to change, his place;
- Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power
- By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour:
- Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize---
- More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
- His house was known to all the vagrant train .
- He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.
- The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
- Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast:
- The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
- Claim'd kindred there, and had his elaims allow'd:
- The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
- Sate by his fire, and talk'd the night away-
- Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done.
- "Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
- Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
- And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
- Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
- His pity gave ere charity began.
 - Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride;
- And e'en his failings lean'd to Virtue's side ;
- But in his duty prompt at every call,
- He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all;

And, as a bird each fond endearment tries

To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies.

- delay.
- Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
- Beside the bed where parting life was laid
- And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismay'd.
- The reverend champion stood. At his control
- Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul:
- Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise.
- And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.
- At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
- His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
- Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
- And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
- The service past, around the pions man,
- With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
- E'en children follow'd with endearing wile.
- And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
- His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest;
- Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress'd :
- To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given-
- But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
- As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
- Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm.
- Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread.
- Eternal snnshine settles on its head.
 - Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
- With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,

There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule, The village master taught his little school. A man severe he was, and stern to view-I knew him well, and every truant knew ;

 Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace The day's disasters in his morning face; Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee, At all his jokes, for many a joke had he; Full well the busy whisper, circling round, Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd; Yet he was kind—or, if severe in aught, The love he bore to learning was in fault. The village all declared how much he knew; 'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too; Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage, And e'en the story ran that he could gauge. In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill, For, e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still; While words of learnèd length and thundering sound Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around; And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew, That one small head could carry all he knew. But past is all his fame; the very spot, 	The chest contrived a double debt to pay— A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day, The pictures placed for ornament and use, The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose; The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day, With aspen boughs, and flowers and fennel gay; While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show, Ranged o'er the chimney, glisteu'd in a row. Vain, transitory splendors ! could not all Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall ? Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart An hour's importance to the poor man's heart; Thither no more the peasant shall repair To sweet oblivion of his daily care; No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale, No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear, Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear ;
 Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot. Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high, Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye, Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired, 	Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest, Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest. Yes! let the rich deride, the proud dis- dain, These simple blessings of the lowly train; To me more dear, congenial to my heart, One native charm than all the gloss of art Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its
 Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retired, Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound, And news much older than their ale went round. Imagination fondly stoops to trace The parlor splendors of that festive place: The whitewash'd wall, the nicely-sanded floor, The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door, 	play, The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway; Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind, Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined; But the long pomp, the midnight mas- querade, With all the freaks of wanton wealth ar- ray'd— In these, ere triflers half their wish ob- tain, The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;

- And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
- The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy.
 - Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
- The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay !
- 'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
- Between a splendid and a happy land.

Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,

- And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
- Hoards, e'en beyond the miser's wish, abound,
- And rich men flock from all the world around.
- Yet count our gains : this wealth is but a name,
- That leaves our useful products still the same.
- Not so the loss: the man of wealth and pride
- Takes up a space that many poor supplied—
- Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds--
- Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds:
- The robe that wraps his limbs in silken eloth
- Has robb'd the neighboring fields of half their growth;

His seat, where solitary sports are seen,

- Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
- Around the world each needful product flies,
- For all the luxuries the world supplies;
- While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure all,
- In barren splendor, feebly waits the fall.
 - As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
- Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
- Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
- Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;

- But when those charms are past—for charms are frail—
- When time advances, and when lovers fail,
- She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
- In all the glaring impotence of dress :
- Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd :
- In Nature's simplest charms at first array'd;

But, verging to decline, its splendors rise,

Its vistas-strike, its palaees surprise ;

- While, scourged by famine, from the smiling land
- The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
- And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
- The country blooms-a garden and a grave.
 - Where, then, ah! where shall poverty reside

To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?

- If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
- He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
- Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,

And even the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped, what waits him there?

- To see profusion that he must not share;
- To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
- To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;

To see those joys the sons of pleasure know Extorted from his fellow-creatures' woe.

Here while the courtier glitters in brocade,

- There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
- Here while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
- There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
- The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign,
- Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train;
- Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square--
- The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.

Sure seenes like these no troubles e'er an- nov!	Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
Sure these denote one universal joy!	The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Are these thy serious thoughts? Ah! turn	Where crouching tigers wait their hapless
thine eyes	prey,
Where the poor, houseless, shivering fe- male lies;	And savage men more murderous still than they;
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,	While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Has wept at tales of innocence distress'd;	Mingling the ravaged landscape with the
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,	skies.
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn:	Far different these from every former seene-
Now lost to all-her friends, her virtue	The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
fled—	The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her	That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.
head,	
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking	Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that
from the shower,	parting day
With heavy heart deplores that luckless	That call'd them from their native walks
hour	away;
When, idly first, ambitious of the town,	When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
She left her wheel, and robes of country	Hung round their bowers, and fondly look'd
brown.	their last,
Do thine, sweet Auburn-thine the love-	And took a long farewell, and wish'd in
liest train-	vain For east, like these heread the western
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?	For seats like these beyond the western main,
E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger	And, shuddering still to face the distant
led,	deep,
At proud men's doors they ask a little	Return'd and wept, and still return'd to
bread.	weep!
	The good old sire the first prepared to go
Ah, no! To distant climes, a dreary	To new-found worlds, and wept for others'
scene,	woe;
Where half the convex world intrudes be-	But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
tween,	He only wish'd for worlds beyond the
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps	grave.
they go, Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.	His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears, The fond companion of his helpless years,
Far different there, from all that charm'd	Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
before.	And left a lover's for a father's arms.
The various terrors of that horrid shore:	With louder plaints the mother spoke her
Those blazing suns that dart a downward	WOCS,
ray,	And bless'd the cot where every pleasure
And fiercely shed intolerable day;	rose;
Those matted woods where birds forget to	And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with
sing,	many a tear,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;	And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly
Those pois'nous fields, with rank luxuri-	dear;
ance erown'd, Where the dark scorpion gathers death	Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
around;	In all the silent manliness of grief.
aroana,	an an one sitent manniness of grift.

O Luxnry! thou curst by Heaven's decree, How ill exchanged are things like these for thee! How do thy potions, with insidious joy, Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy! Kingdoms by thee to sickly greatness grown Boast of a florid vigor not their own. At every draught more large and large they grow, A bloated mass of rank, unwieldy woe; Till, sapp'd their strength and every part unsound, Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.	 Still let thy voice, prevailing over time, Redress the rigors of th' inclement clime; Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain, Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain; Teach him that states, of native strength possest, Though very poor, may still be very blest; That trade's prond empire hastes to swift decay, As ocean sweeps the labor'd mole away; While self-dependent power can time defy, As rocks resist the billows and the sky.
Even now the devastation is begun, And half the business of destruction done; Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand, I see the rural virtnes lenve the land. Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail That, idly waiting, flaps with every gale— Downward they move, a melancholy band, Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand. Contented toil, and hospitable care, And kind connubial tenderness are there; And steady loyalty and faithful love. And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid, Still first to fly where sensual joys invade— Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame, To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame; Dear, charming nymph, neglected and de- eried, My shame in crowds, my solitary pride ! Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe— That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so; Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel, Thou nurse of every virtue—fare thee well! Farewell !—and oh ! where'er thy voice be tried, On Torno's eliffs, or Pambamarca's side— Whether where equinoctial fervors glow, Or winter wraps the polar world in	 I KNEW BY THE SMOKE THAT SO GRACEFULLY (URLED. I KNEW by the smoke that so gracefully curi'd Above the green elms, that a cottage was near, And I said, "If there's peace to be found in the world, A heart that is humble might hope for it here !" It was noon, and on flowers that languish'd around In silence reposed the voluptnous bee; Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech tree. And " Here in this lone little wood," I exclaim'd, " With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye, Who would blush when I praised her, and weep if I blamed, How blest could I live, and how calm could I die ! " By the shade of yon sumac, whose red berry dips In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to reeline, And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips, Which had never been sigh'd on by any but in !"
snow	THOMAS MOORE.

NEVER AGAIN.

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

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

Something beautiful is vanish'd, And we sigh for it in vain : We behold it everywhere, On the earth and in the air, But it never comes again ! RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

THE LEGACY.

WHEN in death I shall calmly recline, Oh bear my heart to my mistress dear; Tell her it lived upon smiles and wine

Of the brightest hue while it linger'd here.

Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow To sully a heart so brilliant and light;

But balmy drops of the red grape borrow, To bathe the relic from morn till night.

When the light of my song is o'er, Then take my harp to your ancient hall;

Hang it up at that friendly door, Where weary travellers love to call.

Then if some hard, who roams forsaken, Revive its soft note in passing along,

Oh! let one thought of its master waken Your warmest smile for the child of song.

Keep this enp, which is now o'erflowing, To grace your revel when I'm at rest;

- Never, oh! never its balm hestowing On lips that beauty hath seldom blest.
- But when some warm devoted lover To her he adores shall bathe its brim,

Then, then my spirit around shall hover, And hallow each drop that foams for him.

THOMAS MOORE.

A PEAL OF BELLS.

STRIKE the bells wantonly, Tinkle tinkle well; Bring me wine, bring me flowers, Ring the silver bell. All my lamps burn scented oil, Hung on laden orange trees, Whose shadow'd foliage is the foil To golden lamps and oranges. Heap my golden plates with fruit, Golden fruit, fresh plucked and ripe, Strike the bells and breathe the pipe: Shut out showers from summer hours-Silence that complaining lute-Shut out thinking, shut out pain, From hours that cannot come again. Strike the bells solemnly, Ding dong deep: My friend is passing to his bed, Fast asleep; There's plaited linen round his head, While foremost go his feet-His feet that cannot earry him. My feast's a show, my lights are dim; Be still, your music is not sweet,-There is no music more for him : His lights are out, his feast is done; His bowl that sparkled to the brim Is drain'd, is broken, cannot hold; My blood is chill, his blood is cold;

His death is full, and mine begun. CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

Those Evening Bells.

THOSE evening bells! those evening bells! How many a tale their music tells Of youth, and home, and that sweet time When last I heard their soothing chime !

Those joyous hours are pass'd away; And many a heart that then was gay Within the tomb now darkly dwells, And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone,— That tuneful peal will still ring on; While other bards shall walk these dells, And sing your praise, sweet evening bells. THOMAS MORE.

THE BELLS.

Ι.

HEAR the sledges with the bells,-Silver bells,-What a world of merriment their melody foretells ! How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, In the icy air of night! While the stars that oversprinkle All the heavens seem to twinkle With a crystalline delight,-Keeping time, time, time, In a sort of Runic rhyme, To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells From the bells, bells, bells, bells, Bells, bells, bells,-From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II.

Hear the mellow wedding-bells,-Golden bells! What a world of happiness their harmony foretells ! Through the balmy air of night How they ring out their delight ! From the molten-golden notes, And all in tune. What a liquid ditty floats To the turtle-dove that listens while she gloats On the moon ! Oh, from out the sounding cells What a gush of euphony voluminously wells ! How it swells ! How it dwells On the Future ! how it tells Of the rapture that impels To the swinging and the ringing Of the bells, bells, bells,

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells, Bells, bells, bells,— To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells.

ш.

Hear the loud alarum-bells,— Brazen bells ! What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells !

In the startled car of night How they scream out their affright ! Too much horrified to speak, They can only shriek, shriek, Out of tune, In the clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire. In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire Leaping higher, higher, higher, With a desperate desire, And a resolute endeavor. Now-now to sit or never. By the side of the pale-faced moon. Oh the bells, bells, bells, What a tale their terror tells Of despair! How they clang and elash and roar! What a horror they outpour On the bosom of the palpitating air ! Yet the ear it fully knows. By the twanging, And the clanging, How the danger ebbs and flows : Yet the ear distinctly tells, In the jangling, And the wrangling, How the danger sinks and swells, By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells,-Of the bells,-Of the bells, bells, bells, bells, Bells, bells, bells,-In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells,— Iron bells ! What a world of solemn thought their monody compels ! In the silence of the night, How we shiver with affright At the melancholy menace of their tone; For every sound that floats From the rust within their throats Is a groan. And the people,—ah, the people,— They that dwell up in the steeple, All alone, And who tolling, tolling, tolling, In that muffled monotone,

Feel a glory in so rolling On the human heart a stone-They are neither man nor woman,-They are neither brute nor human,-They are ghouls: And their king it is who tolls; And he rolls, rolls, rolls, Rolls, A pean from the bells ! And his merry bosom swells With the pæan of the bells! And he dances and he yells; Keeping time, time, time, In a sort of Runic rhyme, To the pæan of the bells,---Of the bells: Keeping time, time, time, In a sort of Runic rhyme, To the throbbing of the bells,-Of the bells, bells, bells,-To the sobbing of the bells; Keeping time, time, time, As he knells, knells, knells, In a happy Runic rhyme, To the rolling of the bells,-Of the bells, bells, bells,-To the tolling of the bells, Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,-Bells, bells, bells,-To the moaning and the groaning of the bells. EDGAR ALLAN POE.

WHY THUS LONGING?

WHY thus longing, thus for ever sighing, For the far-off, unattain'd and dim, While the beautiful, all round thee lying,

Offers up its low, perpetual hymn?

Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching, All thy restless yearnings it would still; Leaf and flower and laden bee are preaching

Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Poor indeed thou must be if around thee Thou no ray of light and joy eanst throw-

If no silken cord of love hath bound thee To some little world through weal and woe;

If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten-No fond voices answer to thine own; If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten, By daily sympathy and gentle tone. Not by deeds that win the crowd's applauses, Not by works that give thee world-renown, Not by martyrdom or vaunted crosses, Canst thou win and wear the immortal erown Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely. Every day a rich reward will give; Thou wilt find, by hearty striving only, And truly loving, thou eanst truly live. Dost thou revel in the rosy morning, When all Nature hails the lord of light, And his smile, the mountain-tops adorning, Robes yon fragrant fields in radiance bright? Other hands may grasp the field and forest. Proud proprietors in pomp may shine; But with fervent love if thou adorest, Thou art wealthier-all the world is thine. Yet if through earth's wide domains thou rovest. Sighing that they are not thine alone. Not those fair fields, but thyself thou lovest. And their beauty and thy wealth are gone. Nature wears the color of the spirit; Sweetly to her worshipper she sings; All the glow, the grace she doth inherit, Round her trusting child she fondly flings. HARRIET WINSLOW SEWALL. A LAMENT. O WORLD! O Life! O Time! On whose last steps I climb,

Trembling at that where I had stood before;

When will return the glory of your prime? No more-oh never more!

Out of the day and night	Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
A joy has taken flight:	Some fleeting good that mocks me with the
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter	view,
hoar	That, like the circle bounding earth and
Move my faint heart with grief, but with	skies,
delight	Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
No more—oh never more!	My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.	And find no spot of all the world my own.
	E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
THE TRAVELLER; OR, A PROSPECT	I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
OF SOCIETY.	And, placed on high above the storm's
OF SOCIETI.	career,
REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,	Look downward where a hundred realms
Or by the lazy Scheldt, or wandering Po,	appear:
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian	Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending
boor	wide,
Against the houseless stranger shuts the	The pomp of kings, the shepherd's hum-
door,	bler pride.
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,	When thus creation's charms around
A weary waste expanding to the skies;	combine,
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see, My heart untravell'd fondly turns to	Amidst the store should thankless pride
thee;	repine?
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless	Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
pain,	That good which makes each humbler
And drags at each remove a lengthening	bosom vain?
ehain.	Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
Eternal blessings crown my earliest	These little things are great to little man;
friend,	And wiser he whose sympathetic mind
And round his dwelling guardian saints	Exults in all the good of all mankind.
attend!	Ye glittering towns, with wealth and
Blest be that spot where cheerful guests retire	splendor crown'd ; Ye felde where energy rough a felde
To pause from toil, and trim their evening	Ye fields, where summer spreads profu- sion round;
fire!	Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy
Blest that abode where want and pain re-	gale;
pair,	Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery
And every stranger finds a ready chair;	vale,—
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty	For me your tributary stores combine :
erown'd,	Creation's heir, the world-the world is
Where all the ruddy family around	mine!
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never	
fail,	As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;	Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er.
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,	o er, Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
And learn the luxury of doing good!	Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting
But me, not destined such delights to	still:
share,	Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
My prime of life in wandering spent, and	Pleased with each good that Heaven to
care;	man supplies;

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Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall, To see the hoard of human bliss so small :	Where wealth and freedom reign, content- ment fails,
And oft I wish, amidst the scene to find	And honor sinks where commerce long
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,	prevails.
Where my worn soul, each wandering	Hence every state, to one loved blessing
hope at rest,	prone,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.	Conforms and models life to that alone.
But where to find that happiest spot be-	Each to the favorite happiness attends, And spurns the plan that aims at other
low	ends,
Who can direct, when all pretend to	Till, carried to excess in each domain,
know?	This favorite good begets peculiar pain.
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone	
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his	But let us try these truths with eloser
own; Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,	eyes,
And his long nights of revely and ease:	And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
The naked negro, panting at the line,	Here, for a while, my proper cares re-
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy	sign'd,
wine,	Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid	Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
wave,	That shades the steep, and sighs at every
And thanks his gods for all the good they	blast.
gave.	The share Another an
Such is the patriot's boast where'er we	Far to the right, where Apennine as- cends,
roam, H is first, best country, ever is at home.	Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
And yet perhaps, if countries we com-	Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's
pare,	side,
And estimate the blessings which they	Woods over woods, in gay theatric pride,
share,	While off some temple's mouldering tops
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom	between
find	With venerable grandeur mark the seene.
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;	Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
As different good, by Art or Nature given, To different nations, makes their blessings	The sons of Italy were surely blest :
even.	Whatever fruits in different elimes are
	found,
Nature, a mother kind alike to all,	That proudly rise, or humbly court the
Still grants her bliss at Labor's earnest	ground;
call; With food as well the peasant is supplied	Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear, Whose bright succession decks the varied
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side,	year;
And though the rocky-crested summits	Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
frown,	With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
These rocks by custom turn to beds of	These here disporting own the kindred
down.	soil,
From Art more various are the blessings	Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's
sent,—	toil; While me here rules their golid wing: ex-
Wealth, commerce, honor, liberty, content.	While sea-born gales their gelid wings ex- pand,
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,	To winnow fragrance round the smiling
That either seems destructive of the rest.	land.

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POEMS	OF SEN	VTIMENT.
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But small the bliss that sense alone bc- stows,	By sports like these are all their cares be- guiled;
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.	The sports of children satisfy the child:
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,	Each nobler aim, repress'd by long con-
Man scems the only growth that dwindles	trol,
here.	Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign:	While low delights, succeeding fast be- hind,
Though poor, luxurious; though submis-	In happier meanness occupy the mind.
sive, vain;	As in those domes where Cæsars once
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet	bore sway,
untrue;	Defaced by time, and tottering in decay,
And e'en in penance planning sins auew.	There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
All evils here contaminate the mind,	The shelter-seeking peasant builds his
That opulence departed leaves behind;	shed;
For wealth was theirs, not far removed	And, wondering man could want the larger
the date,	pile,
· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	
When commerce proudly flourish'd through the state.	Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.
At her command the palace learn'd to	My soul, turn from them! turn me to
rise,	survey,
Again the long-fall'n column sought the	Where rougher climes a nobler race dis-
skies,	
The canvas glow'd beyond e'en Nature	play,
	Where the bleak Swiss their stormy man-
warm,	sion tread,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human	And force a churlish soil for scanty bread :
form ;	No product here the barren hills afford
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,	But man and steel, the soldier and his sword;
Commerce on other shores display'd her	No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
sail;	But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
While naught remained, of all that riches	
	No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's
gave,	breast,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a	But meteors glare, and stormy glooms in-
slave:	vest.
And late the nation found, with fruitless	
skill,	Yet still, even here content can spread
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.	a charm,
	Redress the clime, and all its rage dis-
Yet still the loss of wealth is here sup-	arm.
plied	Though poor the peasant's hut, his feast
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former	though small,
pride;	He sees his little lot the lot of all;
From these the feeble heart and long-fallen	Secs no contiguous palace rear its head,
mind	To shame the meanness of his humble
An easy compensation seem to find.	shed;
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp ar-	No costly lord the sumptuous banquet
ray'd,	deal,
The pasteboard triumph and the caval-	To make him loathe his vegetable meal;
cade;	But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Processions form'd for piety and love,	Each wish contracting, fits him to the
A mistress or a saint in every grove.	soil.
49	

Cheerful at morn he wakes from short re-	Whence from such lands each pleasing
pose,	science flies,
Breasts the keen air, and carols as he	That first excites desire, and then supplies;
goes; With a stient angle trolle the form door	Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,	cloy, To fill the lenguid neuron with finen iour
Or drives his vent'rous ploughshare to the	To fill the languid pause with finer joy ; Unknown those powers that raise the soul
steep; Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark	to flame,
the way,	Catch every nerve, and vibrate through
And drags the struggling savage into day.	the frame.
At night returning, every labor sped,	Their level life is but a smouldering fire,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;	Unquench'd by want, unfaun'd by strong
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round sur-	desire:
veys	Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
His children's looks that brighten at the	On some high festival of once a year,
blaze,	In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
While his loved partner, boastful of her	Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.
hoard,	Dut not their investigate they convelop
Displays her cleanly platter on the board;	But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow,—
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,	Their morals, like their pleasures, are but
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.	low:
	For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
Thus every good his native wilds im-	Unalter'd, unimproved the manners run;
part	And love's and friendship's finely-pointed
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;	dart
And e'en those ills that round his mansion	Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
rise Enhance the bliss his seanty fund sup-	Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's
plies,	breast
Dear is that shed to which his soul con-	May sit like falcons cowering on the nest;
forms.	But all the gentler morals,—such as play
And dear that hill which lifts him to the	Through life's more cultured walks, and
storms;	charm the way,—
And as a child, when scaring sounds mo-	These, far dispersed, on timorous pinions fly, To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.
lest,	To sport and nutter in a kinder sky.
Clings close and closer to the mother's	To kinder skies, where gentler manners
breast,	reign,
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's	I turn, and France displays her bright do-
roar	main.
But bind him to his native mountains	Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
more.	Pleased with thyself, whom all the world
	can please,
Such are the charms to barren states	How often have I led thy sportive choir With tuneless pipe beside the murmuring
assign'd: Their wants but few, their wishes all con-	Loire?
fined.	Where shading elms along the margin grew,
Yet let them only share the praises due,-	And, freshen'd from the wave, the zephyr
If few their wants, their pleasures are but	flew ;
few :	And haply, though my harsh touch, fal-
For every want that stimulates the breast	tering still,
Becomes a source of pleasure when re-	But mock'd all tune and marr'd the dan-
dress'd.	cer's skill ;

Yet would the village praise my wondrous power, And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.	Methinks her patient sons before me stand, Where the broad ocean leans against the
Alike all ages : dames of ancient days	land.
Have led their children through the mirth-	And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
ful maze;	Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,	Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of three-	The firm connected bulwark seems to
score.	grow,
So blest a life these thoughtless realms	Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
display,	Scoops out an empire, and usurps the
Thus idly busy rolls their world away.	shore;
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,	While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
For honor forms the social temper here:	Sees an amphibious world beneath him
Honor, that praise which real merit gains,	smile; The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,	vale,
Here passes current; paid from hand to	The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
hand,	The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
It shifts in spleudid traffic round the land; From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,	A new creation rescued from his reign.
And all are taught an avarice of praise :	Thus while around the wave-subjected
They please, are pleased; they give to get	soil
esteem;	Impels the native to repeated toil,
Till, seeming hlest, they grow to what	Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
they seem.	And industry begets a love of gain. Hence all the good from opulence that
But while this softer art their bliss sup-	springs,
plies,	With all those ills superfluous treasure
It gives their follies also room to rise;	brings,
For praise too dearly loved, or warmly	Are here displayed. Their much-loved
sought, Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;	wealth imparts Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts:
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,	But view them closer, craft and fraud ap-
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.	pear;
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,	E'en liberty itself is barter'd here;
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools	At gold's superior charms all freedom
impart ; Here Vanity assumes her pert grimace,	flies,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper	The needy sell it, and the rich man buys. A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
lace;	Here wretches seek dishonorable graves,
Here beggar Pride defrauds her daily	And, calmly bent, to servitude conform,
cheer,	Dull as their lakes that slumber in the
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;	storm.
The mind still turns where shifting fashion	Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires
draws,	of old!
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-ap-	Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold.
plause.	War in each breast and freedom on each brow;
To men of other minds my fancy flies,	How much unlike the sons of Britain
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.	now!

Fired at the sound, my genius spreads	Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law.
her wing, And flies where Britain courts the western	Still gather strength, and force unwilling
spring;	awe.
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian	Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
pride, And brighter streams than famed Hydaspes	And talent sinks, and merit weeps un- known;
glide.	Till time may come when, stripp'd of all
There all around the gentlest breezes	her charms,
stray,	The land of scholars and the nurse of
There gentle music melts on every spray;	arms,
Creation's mildest charms are there com- bined,	Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Extremes are only in the master's mind.	Where kings have toil'd and poets wrote
Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her	for fame,
state,	One sink of level avarice shall lie,
With daring aims irregularly great; Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,	And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonor'd die.
I see the lords of humankind pass by :	
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,	But think not, thus when Freedom's ills
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's	I state, I mean to flatter kings or court the
hand,	great;
Fieree in their native hardiness of soul, True to imagined right, above control,—	Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul as-
While e'en the peasant boasts these rights	pire,
to scan,	Far from my bosom drive the low desire! And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to
And learns to venerate himself as man.	feel
Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pic-	The rabble's rage and tyrant's angry
tured here,	steel;
Thine are those charms that dazzle and	Thou transitory flower, alike undone By prond contempt or favor's fostering
endear! Too blest indeed were such without al-	sun
lov;	Still may thy blooms the changeful clime
But, fostered e'en by freedom, ills annoy;	endure!
That independence Britons prize too high	l only would repress them to secure. For just experience tells, in every soil,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;	That those who think must govern those
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,	that toil;
All claims that bind and sweeten life un-	And all that Freedom's highest aims can
known:	reach
Here, by the bonds of Nature feebly held, Minds combat minds, repelling and re-	Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each. Hence, should one order disproportion'd
pell'd;	grow, *
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,	Its double weight must ruin all below.
Repress'd ambition struggles round her	Oh then how blind to all that truth re-
shore, Till, overwrought, the general system feels	quires,
Its motions stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.	Who think it freedom when a part as-
	pires!
Nor this the worst : as Nature's ties de- eav.	Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms, Except when fast-approaching danger
As duty, love, and honor fail to sway,	warms;
• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •	

But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,	E'en now, perhaps, as there some pil- grim strays
Contracting regal power to stretch their own;	Through tangled forests and through dan- gerous ways,
When I behold a factious band agree To call it freedom when themselves are	Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
free,	And the brown Indian marks with mur-
Each wanton judge new penal statutes	derous aim ;
draw,	There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule	And all around distressful yells arise,
the law,	The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
The wealth of climes where savage nations roam	To stop too fearful, and too faint to go, Casts a long look where England's glorics
Pillaged from slaves to purchase slaves at	shine,
home,—	And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.
Fear, pity, justice, indignation, start,	Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
Tear off reserve and bare my swelling heart;	That bliss which only centres in the mind;
Till, half a patriot, half a coward grown,	Why have I stray'd from pleasure and re-
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.	pose
· · · · ·	To seek a good each government bestows?
Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful	In every government, though terrors reign, Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws re-
hour	strain,
When first ambition struck at regal power;	How small, of all that human hearts en-
And thus, polluting honor in its source,	dure,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.	That part which laws or kings can cause
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled	or cure ! Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
shore,	Our own felicity we make or find;
Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore?	With secret course which no loud storms
Seen all her triumphs but destruction	annoy Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
haste,	The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Like flaring tapers brightening as they	Luke's iron crown, and Damiens' bed of
waste? Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,	steel,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,	To men remote from power but rarely
And over fields where scatter'd hamlets	known, Leave reason, faith, and conscience all our
rose	own.
In barren, solitary pomp repose?	OLIVER GOLDSMITH.
Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call, The smiling, long-frequented village fall?	
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,	FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.
The modest matron, and the blushing	WHEN the hours of day are number'd,
maid,	And the voices of the night
Forced from their homes, a melancholy	Wake the better soul that slumber'd
train, To traverse climes beyond the western	To a holy, calm delight;
main,	Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps	And, like phantoms grim and tall,
around,	Shadows from the fitful firelight
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound?	Dance upon the parlor wall;

Then the forms of the departed Enter at the open door; The beloved, the true-hearted, Come to visit me once more.

He, the young and strong, who cherish'd Noble longings for the strife, By the roadside fell and perish'd, Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly, Who the cross of suffering bore, Folded their pale hands so meekly, Spake with us on carth no more !

And with them the Being Beauteous Who unto my youth was given,

More than all things else to love me, And is now a saint in Heaveu.

With a slow and noiscless footstep Comes that messenger divine, Takes the vacant chair beside me, Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me With those deep and tender eyes,

Like the stars, so still and saint-like, Looking downward from the skies.

Utter'd not, yet comprehended, Is the spirit's voiceless prayer, Soft rebukes, in blessings ended, Breathing from her lips of air.

Oh, though oft depress'd and lonely, All my fears are laid aside, If I hut remember only

Such as these have lived and died! HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

A DREAM.

ALL yesterday J was spinning, Sitting alone in the sun; And the dream that I spun was so lengthy, It lasted till day was done.

 heeded not cloud or shadow That flitted over the hill,
 Or the humming-bees, or the swallows, Or the trickling of the rill.

I took the threads for my spinning, All of blue summer air, And a flickering ray of sunlight Was woven in here and there.

The shadows grew longer and longer, The evening wind pass'd by, And the purple splendor of sunset

Was flooding the western sky. But I could not leave my spinning,

For so fair my dream had grown, I heeded not, hour by hour, How the silent day had flown.

At last the gray shadows fell round me, And the night eame dark and chill, And I rose and ran down the valley.

And left it all on the hill.

I went up the hill this morning, To the place where my spinning lay,— There was nothing but glistening dewdrops Remain'd of my dream to-day.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

THE DAY IS DONE.

THE day is done, and the darkness Falls from the wings of Night, As a feather is wafted downward From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village Gleam through the rain and the mist; And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me, That my soul eannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing, That is not akin to pain, And resembles sorrow only As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem, Some simple and heartfelt lay, That shall soothe this restless feeling, And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters, Not from the bards sublime, Whose distant footsteps echo

Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music, Their mighty thoughts suggest Life's endless toil and endeavor; And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet, Whose songs gush'd from his heart, As showers from the clouds of summer, Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor, And nights devoid of ease, Still heard in his soul the music Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet The restless pulse of care, And come like the benediction That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume The poem of thy choice; And lend to the rhyme of the poet The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be fill'd with music, And the cares that infest the day Shall fold their tents like the Arabs, And as silently steal away. HERRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

NIGHT.

THE crackling embers on the hearth are dead;

The indoor note of industry is still;

The latch is fast; upon the window-sill

- The small birds wait not for their daily bread;
- The voiceless flowers,-how quietly they shed
 - Their nightly odors !---and the household rill
 - Murmurs continuous dulcet sounds that fill

The vacant expectation, and the dread

Of listening night. And haply now she sleeps;

For all the garrulous noises of the air

Are hush'd in peace; the soft dew silent weeps,

Like hopeless lovers for a maid so fair :----

- Oh, that I were the happy dream that creeps
 - To her soft heart, to find my image there!

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

THE RAINY DAY.

THE day is cold, and dark and dreary; It rains, and the wind is never weary; The vine still elings to the mouldering wall, But at every gust the dead leaves fall, And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary. It rains, and the wind is never weary; My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,

But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast, And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart ! and cease repining ; Behind the clouds is the sun still shining ; Thy fate is the common fate of all, Into each life some rain must fall,

Some days must be dark and dreary. HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

NIGHT.

WHEN I survey the bright Celestial sphere, So rich with jewels hung that night Doth like an Ethiop bride appear,

My soul her wings doth spread, And heavenward flies, The Almighty's mysteries to read

In the large volume of the skies.

For the bright firmament Shoots forth no flame So silent but is eloquent In speaking the Creator's name.

No unregarded star Contracts its light Into so small charácter, Removed far from our human sight,

But if we steadfast look, We shall discern

In it, as in some holy book, How man may heavenly knowledge learn.

It tells the conqueror That far-stretch'd power,

Which his proud dangers traffic for, Is but the triumph of an hour,-

That from the farthest north Some nation may, Yet undiscover'd, issue forth, And o'er his new-got conquest sway!

Some nation, yet shut in With hills of ice, May be let out to scourge his sin, Till they shall equal him in vice.

And they likewise shall Their ruin have; For as yourselves your empires fall, And every kingdom hath a grave.

There those celestial fires, Though seeming mute, The fallacy of our desires And all the pride of life confute.

For they have watch'd since first The world had birth, And found sin in itself accursed, And nothing permanent on earth. WILLIAM HABINOTON.

Sonnet on Sleep.

- CARE-CHARMER Sleep, son of the sable Night, Brother to Death, in silent darkness born. Relieve my languish, and restore the light; . With dark forgetting of my care return. And let the day be time enough to mourn The shipwreck of my ill-adventured youth: Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn, Without the torment of the night's untruth. Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires, To model forth the passions of the morrow; Never let rising sun approve you liars To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow:
- Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
- And never wake to feel the day's dis, dain.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

SONNET ON SLEEP.

- COME sleep, O sleep ! the certain knot of peace,
 - The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe;
- The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
 - The indifferent judge between the high and low !
- With shield of proof, shield me from out the prease
 - Of those fierce darts Despair doth at me throw.

Oh make in me those eivil wars to cease; I will good tribute pay if thou do so.

- Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
 - A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light,

A rosy garland and a weary head;

- And if these things, as being thine by right,
- Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,

Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see. SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

ODE TO FEAR.

THOU, to whom the world unknown, With all its shadowy shapes, is shown, Who seest appall'd the unreal seene, While Fancy lifts the veil between:

Ah, Fear! ah, frantic Fear!

I see—I see thee near.

- I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eve!
- Like thee I start, like thee disorder'd fly,
- For, lo, what monsters in thy train appear!
- Danger, whose limbs of giant mould What mortal eye can fix'd behold?

Who stalks his round, a hideous form,

Howling amidst the midnight storm,

Or throws him on the ridgy steep Of some loose-hanging rock to sleep:

And with him thousand phantoms join'd,

- Who prompt to deeds accursed the
 - mind:

And those, the fiends, who, near allied, D'er Nathre's wounds and wrecks preside;

Whilst Vengeance, in the lurid air, Lifts her red arm, exposed and bare: On whom that ravening brood of Fate, Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait; Who, Fear, this ghastly train can see, And look not madly wild, like thee?

EPODE.

- In earliest Greece, to thee, with partial choice,
 - The grief-full Muse addrest her infant tongue;
- The maids and matrons, on her awful voice,
 - Silent and pale, in wild amazement hung.
- Yet he, the bard who first invoked thy name,
 - Disdain'd in Marathon its power to feel:
- For not alone he nursed the poet's flame,
- But reach'd from Virtue's hand the patriot's steel.
- But who is he, whom later garlands grace, Who left a while o'er Hyhla's dews to rove,
- With trembling eyes thy dreary steps to trace,
 - Where thou and Furies shared the baleful grove?
- Wrapt in thy cloudy veil, the incestuous queen
 - Sigh'd the sad call her son and husband heard :
- When once alone it broke the silent scene, And he, the wretch of Thebes, no more appear'd.
- O Fear, I know thee by my throbbing heart:
 - Thy withering power inspired each mournful line:
- Though gentle Pity claim her mingled part,
 - Yet all the thunders of the scene are thine!

ANTISTROPHE.

Thon who such weary lengths hast past, Where wilt thou rest, mad nymph, at last? Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted cell, Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell? Or, in some hollow'd seat '(Gainst which the big waves beat,

- Hear drowning seamen's cries in tempests brought?
- Dark power, with shuddering meek submitted thought,

Be mine to read the visions old Which thy awakening bards have told: And, lest thou meet my blasted view, Hold each strange tale devoutly true; Ne'er be I found, by thee o'erawed, In that thrice-hallow'd eve, abroad, When ghosts, as cottage-maids helieve, Their pebbled beds permitted leave, And goblins haunt from fire, o'r fen, Or mine, or flood, the walks of men!

O thou, whose spirit most possest The sacred seat of Shakespeare's breast! By all that from thy prophet broke, In thy divine emotions spoke; Hither again thy fury deal, Teach me but once like him to feel : His cypress wreath my meed decree, And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee ! WILLIAM COLLINS.

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power, Thou tamer of the human breast, Whose iron scourge and torturing hour The bad affright, afflict the best ! Bound in thy adamantine chain The proud are taught to taste of pain, And purple tyrants vainly groan With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth Virtue, his darling child, design'd,

To thee he gave the heavenly birth, And hade to form her infant mind. Stern, rugged nurse ! thy rigid lore With patience many a year she bore : What sorrow was thou bad'st her know, And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,

Wild Laughter, Noise and thoughtless Joy, And leave us leisure to be good. Light they disperse, and with them go The summer friend, the flattering foe; By vain Prosperity received, To her they vow their truth, and are again believed. Wisdom in sable garb array'd, Immers'd in rapturous thought profound. And Melancholy, silent maid, With leaden eye that loves the ground, Still on thy solemn steps attend : Warm Charity, the general friend, With Justice, to herself severe, And Pity dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear. Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head, Dread goddess, lay thy chastening hand ! Not in thy Gorgon terrors elad, Not circled with the vengeful band (As by the impious thou art seen) With thundering voice, and threatening mien. With screaming Horror's funeral ery, Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty: Thy form benign, O goddess, wear, Thy milder influence impart, Thy philosophic train be there To soften, not to wound my heart. The generous spark extinct revive, Teach me to love and to forgive, Exact my own defects to scan, What others are to feel, and know myself a Man. THOMAS GRAY. WHILST AS FICKLE FORTUNE SMILED. WHILST as fickle Fortune smiled, Thou and I were both beguiled. Every one that flatters thee Is no friend in misery. Words are easy, like the win TEL DA

Faithful friends are hard to t.

Every man will be thy friend Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend, But, if stores of crowns be scant, No man will supply thy want. If that one be prodigal, Bountiful they will him call; And, with such-like flattering, "Pity but he were a king." If he be addict to vice, Quickly him they will entice; But if Fortune once do frown, Then farewell his great renown ! They that fawn'd on him before Use his company no more. He that is thy friend indeed, He will help thee in thy need; If thou sorrow, he will weep, If thou wake, he cannot sleep. Thus, of every grief in heart, He with thee doth bear a part. These are certain signs to know Faithful friend from flattering foe. RICHARD BARNEFIELD.

TIMES GO BY TURNS.

THE loppèd tree in time may grow again; Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower:

- The sorest wight may find release of pain.
 - The driest soil suck in some moist'ning shower:

Times go by turns, and chances change by course,

From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow;

She draws her favors to the lowest ebb; Her tides have equal times to come and go;

Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web:

No joy so great but runneth to an end, No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring, No endless night, yet not eternal day; The saddest birds a season find to sing,

The roughest storm a calm may soon allay:

Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,

- That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.
- A chance may win that by mischance was lost;

The well that holds no great, takes little fish;

- In some things all, in all things none are cross'd;
 - Few all they need, but none have all they wish;

Unmeddled joys here to no man befall;

Who least, hath some; who most, hath never all,

ROBERT SOUTHWELL,

SONG.

RARELY, rarely, comest thou, Spirit of Delight! Wherefore hast thou left me now Many a day and night? Many a weary night and day 'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me Win thee back again ? With the joyous and the free Thou wilt scoff at pain. Spirit false ! thou hast forgot All but those who need thee not.

As a lizard with the shade Of a trembling leaf, Thou with sorrow art dismay'd; Even the sighs of grief Reproach thee, that thou art not near, And reproach thou wilt not hear.

Let me set my mournful ditty To a merry measure ;— Thou wilt never come for pity, Thou wilt come for pleasure ;— Pity, then, will cut away Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

I love all that thou lovest, Spirit of Delight! The fresh Earth in new leaves drest And the starry night; Autumn evening, and the morn When the golden mists are horn. I love snow and all the forms Of the radiant frost;

I love waves, and winds, and storms, Everything almost

Which is Nature's, and may be Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude, And such society As is quiet, wise, and good; Between thee and me What difference? But thou dost possess The things I seek, not love them less.

I love Love—though he has wings, And like light can flee, But above all other things, Spirit, I love thee— Thou art love and life ! Oh come ! Make once more my heart thy home ! PERCY BYSSIE SHELLEY.

TO LADY ANNE HAMILTON.

Too late I stay'd,—forgive the crime! Unheeded flew the hours; How noiseless falls the foot of Time

That only treads on flowers!

What eye with clear account remarks The ebhing of the glass, When all its sands are diamond sparks,

That dazzle as they pass?

Oh, who to sober measurement Time's happy swiftness brings, When birds of paradise have lent Their plumage for his wings? WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER.

O FAIREST OF THE RURAL MAIDS!

O FAIREST of the rural maids! Thy birth was in the forest shades; Green boughs, and glimpses of the sky, Were all that met thine infant eye.

Thy sports, thy wanderings, when a child, Were ever in the sylvan wild; And all the beauty of the place Is in thy heart and on thy face.

The twilight of the trees and rocks Is in the light shade of thy locks; Thy step is as the wind that weaves Its playful way among the leaves.

Thine eyes are springs, in whose screne And silent waters heaven is seen; Their lashes are the herbs that look On their young figures in the brook.

The forest depths, by foot nnpress'd, Are not more sinless than thy breast; The holy peace that fills the air Of those calm solitudes is there. WILLIAM COLLEN BRYANT.

ON AN INTAGLIO HEAD OF MINERVA.

BENEATH the warrior's helm behold The flowing tresses of a woman! Minerva—Pallas—what you will,— A winsome creature, Greek or Roman.

Minerva? No! 'tis some sly minx In cousin's helmet masquerading;

If not, then Wisdom was a dame For sonnets and for serenading.

I thought the goddess cold, austere, Not made for love's despairs and blisses:

Did Pallas wear her hair like that? Was Wisdom's mouth so shaped for kisses?

The nightingale should be her bird, And not the owl, big-eyed and solemn: How very fresh she looks.—and vet

She's older far than Trajan's Column l

The magic hand that carved this face, And set this vine-work round it running, Perhaps cre mighty Phidias wrought IIad lost its subtle skill and cunning.

Who was he? Was he glad or sad, Who knew to carve in such a fashion?

Perchance he 'graved the dainty head For some brown girl that scorn'd his passion.

Perchance, in some still garden-place, Where neither fount nor tree to-day is, He flung the jewel at the feet Of Phryne, or perhaps 'twas Lais. But he is dust; we may not know His happy or unhappy story: Nameless, and dead these centuries, His work outlives him—there's his glory!

Both man and jewel lay in earth Beneath a lava-buried eity; The countless summers came and went With neither haste, nor hate, nor pity.

Years blotted out the man, but left The jewel fresh as any blossom, Till some Visconti dug it up, To rise and fall on Mabel's bosom !

O nameless brother ! see how Time Your gracious handiwork has guarded; See how your loving, patient art Has come, at last, to be rewarded.

Who would not suffer slights of men, And pangs of hopeless passion also, To have his carven agate-stone On such a bosom rise and fall so?

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

DOLCINO TO MARGARET.

THE world goes up and the world goes down,

And the sunshine follows the rain;

And yesterday's sneer, and yesterday's frown

Can never come over again, Sweet wife,

No, never come over again.

For woman is warm, though man be cold, And the night will hallow the day;

Till the heart which at even was weary and old

Can rise in the morning gay, Sweet wife,

To its work in the morning gay. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

SONNET.

SWEET is the rose, but grows upon a brere;

Sweet is the juniper, but sharp his bough;

- Sweet is the eglantine, but pricketh near, Sweet is the firbloom, but his branches rough :
- Sweet is the cyprus, but his rind is tough:
- Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill; Sweet is the broom-flower, but yet sour enough;
- And sweet is moly, but his root is ill;
- So, every sweet with sour is temper'd still,
- That maketh it be covered the more: For easy things that may be got at will
- Most sorts of men do set but little store. Why then should I account of little pain That endless pleasure shall unto me gain?

EDMUND SPENSER.

SONNET.

SCORN not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frown'd,

Mindless of its just honors; with this Key Shakespeare unlocked his heart; the melody

- Of this small Lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound,
- A thousand times this Pipe did Tasso sound;

Camoens soothed with it an Exile's grief;

- The Sonnet glitter'd a gay myrtle Leaf Amid the cypress with which Dante crown'd
- His visionary brow : a glow-worm Lamp, It cheer'd mild Spenser, call'd from
- Faery-land
- To struggle through dark ways; and, when a damp
 - Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
- The Thing became a Trumpet, whence he blew

Soul-animating strains-alas, too few ! WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

SONNET.

BECAUSE I oft in dark abstracted guise Seem most alone in greatest company,

- With dearth of words, or answers quite awry
- To them that would make speech of speech arise,

- They deem, and of their doom the rumor flies,
 - That poison foul of bubbling Pride doth lie

So in my swelling breast, that only I

- Fawn on myself, and others do despise.
- Yet Pride, I think, doth not my soul possess,
- Which looks too oft in his unflattering glass;
- But one worse fault Ambition I confess,
 - That makes me oft my best friends overpass,
- Unseen, unheard, while thought to highest place
- Bends all his powers, even unto Stella's grace. SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

FAREWELL TO THEE, ARABYS

DAUGHTER.

- FAREWELL, farewell to thee, Araby's daughter!
 - (Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea);
- No pearl ever lay under Oman's green water
 - More pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee.
- Oh, fair as the sea-flower close to thee growing,
- How light was thy heart till love's witchery came,
- Like the wind of the south o'er a summer lute blowing,
- And hush'd all its music and wither'd its frame!
- But long upon Araby's green sunny highlands
 - Shall maids and their lovers remember the doom
- Of her who lies sleeping among the Pearl Islands,
 - With naught but the sea-star to light up her tomb.
- And still, when the merry date-season is burning,
 - And calls to the palm-groves the young and the old,

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The happiest there, from their pastime re- turning At sunset, will weep when thy story is told.	r .
The young village maid, when with flowers she dresses Her dark-flowing hair for some festival day, Will think of thy fate till, neglecting her tresses, She mournfully turns from the mirror away.	
Nor shall Iran, beloved of her hero! forget thee,— Though tyrants watch over her tears as they start, Close, close by the side of that hero she'll set thee, Embalm'd in the innermost shrine of her heart.	
Farewell 1—be it ours to embellish thy pillow With everything beauteous that grows in the deep; Each flower of the rock and each gem of the billow Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy sleep.	
 Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept; With many a shell, in whose hollow- wreathed chamber We, Peris of Ocean, by moonlight have slept. 	
 We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling, And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head; We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian are sparkling, And gather their gold to strew over thy bed. 	
Farewell!—farewell!—until Pity's sweet fountain Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,	

They'll weep for the Chieftain who died on that mountain,

They'll weep for the Maiden who sleeps in the wave.

THOMAS MOORE.

STANZAS.

THOUGHT is deeper than all speech, Feeling deeper than all thought; Souls to souls can never teach

What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils; Man by man was never seen; All our deep communing fails To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known; Mind with mind did never meet; We are columns left alone

Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky, Far apart though seeming near, In our light we scattered lie; All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company But a babbling summer stream? What our wise philosophy But the glancing of a dream?

Only when the sun of love Melts the scattered stars of thought, Only when we live above What the dim-eyed world hath taught,

Only when our souls are fed By the fount which gave them birth, And by inspiration led

Which they never drew from earth,

We, like parted drops of rain, Swelling till they meet and run, Shall be all absorbed again, Melting, flowing into one. CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.

THE MORNING STREET.

ALONE I walk the morning street, Filled with the silence vague and sweet: All seems as strange, as still, as dead, As if unnumbered years had fled,

POEMS OF SENTIMENT.

Letting the noisy Babel lie Breathless and dumb against the sky; The light wind walks with me alone Where the hot day flame-like was blown, Where the wheels roared, the dust was heat: The dew is in the morning street.

Where are the restless throngs that pour Along this mighty corridor While the noon shines?—the hurrying crowd Whose footsteps make the city loud,— The myriad faces, hearts that heat No more in the deserted street? Those footsteps in their dreaming maze Cross thresholds of forgotten days; Those faces brighten from the years In rising suns long set in tears; Those hearts,—far in the Past they beat, Unheard within the morning street.

A city of the world's gray prime, Lost in some desert far from time, Where noiseless ages, gliding through, Have only sifted sand and dew,— Yet a mysterious hand of man Lying on all the haunted plan, The passions of the human heart Quickening the marble breast of Art,— Were not more strange to one who first Upon its ghostly silence burst Than this vast quiet where the tide Of life, upheaved on either side, Hangs trembling, ready soon to bcat With human waves the morning street.

Ay, soon the glowing morning flood Breaks through the charmèd solitude: This silent stone, to music won, Shall murmur to the rising sun; The busy place, in dust and heat, Shall rush with wheels and swarm with feet; The Arachne-threads of Purpose stream Unseen within the morning gleam; The life shall move, the death be plain; The bridal throng, the funeral train, Together, face to face shall meet And pass within the morning street. JOHN JAMES PLATT.

PRE-EXISTENCE.

WHILE sauntering through the crowded street,

Some half-remembered face I meet,

Albeit upon no mortal shore That face, methinks, has smiled before.

Lost in a gay and festal throng, I tremble at some tender song,----

Set to an air whose golden bars I must have heard in other stars.

In sacred aisles I pause to share The blessings of a priestly prayer,---

When the whole scene which greets mine eyes In some strange mode I recognize

As one whose every mystic part I feel prefigured in my heart.

At sunset, as I calmly stand, A stranger on an alien strand,

Familiar as my childhood's home Seems the long stretch of wave and foam.

One sails toward me o'er the bay, And what he comes to do and say

I can foretell. A prescient lore Springs from some life outlived of yore.

O swift, instinctive, startling gleams Of deep soul-knowledge! not as *dreams*

For aye ye vaguely dawn and die, Bnt oft with lightning certainty

Pierce through the dark, oblivious brain, To make old thoughts and memories plain:

Thoughts which perchance must travel back

Across the wild, bewildering track

Of countless æons; memories far, High-reaching as yon pallid star,

Unknown, scarce seen, whose flickering grace

Faints on the outmost rings of space! PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

Sonnet on Parting with his Books.

As one who destined from his friends to part Regrets his loss, but hopes again crewhile To share their converse and enjoy their smile.

And tempers, as he may, affliction's dart; Thus, loved associates, chiefs of elder art,

Teachers of wisdom, who could once beguile

My tedious hours and lighten every toil, I now resign you! Nor with fainting heart; For pass a few short years, or days, or hours, And happier seasons may their dawn unfold,

And all your sacred fellowship restore; When, freed from earth, unlimited its pow-

ers, Mind shall with mind direct communion hold.

And kindred spirits meet to part no more. WILLIAM ROSCOE.

SIR MARMADUKE.

SIR MARMADUKE was a hearty knight; Good man! old man! He's painted standing bolt upright, With his hose rolled over his knee; His periwig's as white as chalk, And on his fist he holds a hawk, And he looks like the head Of an ancient family.

His dining-room was long and wide; Good man! old man! His spaniels lay by the fireside; And in other parts, d'ye see, Cross-bows, tobacco-pipes, old hats, A saddle, his wife, and a litter of cats; And he looked like the head Of an ancient family.

He never turned the poor from his gate; Good man! old man! But was always ready to break the pate Of his country's enemy. What knight could do a better thing Than serve the poor and fight for his king? And so may every head Of an ancient family. GEORME COLMAN THE YOUNCER.

PRAXITELES AND PHRYNE.

A THOUSAND silent years ago, The twilight faint and pale Was drawing o'er the sunset glow

Its soft and shadowy veil;

When from his work the Sculptor stayed His hand, and turned to one

Who stood beside him, half in shade, Said, with a sigh, "'Tis done.

"Thus much is saved from chance and change,

That waits for me and thee;

Thus much—how little !—from the range Of Death and Destiny.

"Phryne, thy human lips shall pale, Thy rounded limbs decay,---

Nor love nor prayers can aught avail To bid thy heauty stay;

"But there thy smile for centuries On marble lips shall live,— For Art can grant what love denies, And fix the fugitive.

"Sad thought! nor age nor death shall fade The youth of this cold bust;

When this quick brain and hand that made, And thou and I are dust!

"When all our hopes and fears are dead, And both our hearts are cold, And love is like a tune that's played, And Life a tale that's told,

"This senseless stone, so coldly fair, That love nor life can warm, The same enchanting look shall wear, The same enchanting form.

"Its peace no sorrow shall destroy; Its beauty age shall spare The bitterness of vanished joy, The wearing waste of care.

"And there upon that silent face Shall unborn ages see Perennial youth, perennial grace, And sealed serenity.

"And strangers, when we sleep in peace, Shall say, not quite unmoved, So smiled upon Praxiteles The Phryne whom he loved." WILLAW WETMORE STORY.

POEMS OF SENTIMENT.

THE HOUSE IS DARK AND DREARY.

THE house is dark and dreary, And my heart is full of gloom; But out of doors, in the blessed air, The sun is warm, the sky is fair, And the flowers are still in bloom.

A moment ago in the garden I scattered the shining dew: The wind was soft in the swaying trees, The morning-glories were full of hees, And straight in my face they flew!

Yet I left them unmolested, Draining their honey-wine, And entered the weary house again, To sit, as now, by a hed of pain, With a fevered hand in mine.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

EXCELSIOR.

THE shades of night were falling fast, As through an Alpine village pass'd A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice, A banner, with the strange device— Excelsior !

His brow was sad; his eye beneath Flash'd like a falchion from its sheath; And like a silver clarion rung The accents of that unknown tongue— Excelsion !

In happy homes he saw the light Of household fires gleam warm and bright:

Above, the spectral glaciers shone, And from his lips escaped a groan— Excelsior !

"Try not the pass," the old man said : "Dark lowers the tempest overhead ; The roaring torrent is deep and wide!" And loud that clarion voice replied, Excelsior !

"Oh stay," the maiden said, " and rest Thy weary head upon this breast !" A tear stood in his bright blue eye, But still he answer'd with a sigh, Excelsior ! "Beware the pine tree's wither'd branch ! Beware the awful avalanche !" This was the peasant's last good-night: A voice replied, far up the height, Excelsior !

At break of day, as heavenward The pious monks of St. Bernard Utter'd the oft-repeated prayer, A voice cried through the startled air, Excelsior 1

A traveller, by the faithful hound, Half buried in the snow was found, Still grasping in his hand of ice That banner with the strange device, Excelsior !

There in the twilight cold and gray, Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay, And from the sky, serene and far, A voice fell, like a falling star—

Excelsior ! HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

FATE.

"THE sky is clouded, the rocks are bare, The spray of the tempest is white in air, The winds are out with the waves at play, And I shall not tempt the sea to-day.

"The trail is narrow, the wood is dim, The panther elings to the arching limb,

And the lion's whelps are abroad at play,

And I shall not join in the chase to-day."

But the ship sail'd safely over the sea,

- And the hunters came from the chase in glee,
- And the town that was builded upon a rock
- Was swallow'd up in the earthquake shock.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

THE WRETCH, CONDEMNED WITH LIFE TO PART.

THE wretch, condemn'd with life to part, Still, still on hope relies,

And every pang that rends the heart Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimm'ring taper's light, Adorns and cheers the way; And still, as darker grows the night,

Emits a brighter ray. OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

WEEP NO MORE.

WEEP no more, nor sigh, nor groan, Sorrow calls no time that's gone : Violets pluck'd, the sweetest rain Makes not fresh nor grow again; Trim thy locks, look cheerfully, Fate's hidden ends eyes cannot see; Jovs as winged dreams fly fast, Why should sadness longer last? Grief is but a wound to woe; Gentlest fair one, mourn no mo. JOHN FLETCHER,

AFTER THE BALL.

THEY sat and comb'd their beautiful hair.

Their long, bright tresses, one by one, As they laugh'd and talk'd in the chamber there.

After the revel was done.

Idly they talk'd of waltz and quadrille, Idly they laugh'd, like other girls, Who over the fire, when all is still, Comb out their braids and curls.

Robe of satin and Brussels lace. Knots of flowers and ribbons, too, Scatter'd abont in every place,

For the revel is through.

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

Sit and comb their beautiful hair. Those wonderful waves of brown and gold.

Till the fire is out in the chamber there. And the little bare feet are cold.

Then out of the gathering winter chill, All out of the bitter St. Agnes weather,

While the fire is out and the house is still, Mand and Madge together,-

Mand and Madge in robes of white, The prettiest night-gowns under the sun.

Curtain'd away from the chilly night, After the revel is done .--

Float along in a splendid dream, To a golden gittern's tinkling tune, While a thousand lustres shimmering stream

In a palace's grand saloon.

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

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

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

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

O Maud and Madge, dream on together, With never a pang of jealous fear!

For, ere the bitter St. Agues weather Shall whiten another year,

Robed for the bridal, and robed for the tomb,

Braided brown hair and golden tress,

There'll be only one of you left for the bloom

Of the bearded lips to press,-

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

O beautiful Madge, in your bridal white, For you the revel has just begun,

But for her who sleeps in your arms tonight

The revel of Life is done l

But robed and crown'd with your saintly bliss,

Queen of heaven and bride of the snn, O beantiful Maud, you'll never miss

The kisses another hath won.

NORA PERRY.

INDIAN REVELRY.

WE meet 'neath the sounding rafter, And the walls around are bare; As they shout back our peals of laughter It seems that the dead are there. Then stand to your glasses, steady!

We drink in our comrades' eyes; One cup to the dead already— Hnrrah for the next that dies!

Not here are the goblets glowing, Not here is the vintage sweet;

'Tis cold, as our hearts are growing, And dark as the doom we meet.

But stand to your glasses, steady !

And soon shall our pulses rise; A cup to the dead already—

Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's many a hand that's shaking, And many a check that's sunk; But soon, though our hearts are breaking, They'll burn with the wine we've drunk. Then stand to your glasses, steady ! 'Tis here the revival lies; Quaff a cnp to the dead already— Hurrah for the next that dies ! Time was when we laugh'd at others;

We thought we were wiser then; Ha! ha! let them think of their mothers, Who hope to see them again. No! stand to your glasses, steady!

The thoughtless is here the wise; One cup to the dead already— Hurrah for the next that dies!

Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not a sigh for the lot that darkles, Not a tear for the friends that sink; We'll fall. 'midst the wine-eup's sparkles,

As mute as the wine we drink. Come stand to your glasses, steady !

'Tis this that the respite buys;

A cup to the dead already— Hurrah for the next that dies ! There's a mist on the glass congealing, 'Tis the hurricane's sultry breath ; And thus does the warmth of feeling Turn ice in the grasp of Dcath. But stand to your glasses, steady ! For a moment the vapor flice ; Quaff a cup to the dead already— Hurrah for the next that dies !

Who dreads to the dust returning? Whore the high and haughty yearning Of the soul can sting no more? No, stand to your glasses, steady! The world is a world of lies; A cup to the dead already— And hurrah for the next that dies!

Cut off from the land that bore us,

Betray'd by the land we find, When the brightest have gone before us, And the dullest are most behind— Stand, stand to your glasses, steady! 'Tis all we have left to prize; One cup to the dead already—

Hurrah for the next that dies ! BARTHOLOMEW DOWLING.

TITHONUS.

THE woods decay, the woods decay and fall,

The vapors weep their burthen to the ground,

Man comes and tills the field and lies beneath,

And after many a summer dies the swan.

Me only cruel immortality

Consumes: I wither slowly in thine arms,

Here at the quiet limit of the world,

A white-hair'd shadow roaming like a dream

The ever-silent spaces of the East,

Far-folded mists, and gleaming halls of morn.

Alas! for this gray shadow, once a man-So glorious in his beauty and thy choice.

Who madest him thy chosen, that he seem'd

To his great heart none other than a god !

I ask'd thee, "Give me immortality."	Why wilt thou ever seare me with thy
Then didst thou grant mine asking with a	tears,
smile,	And make me tremble lest a saying
Like wealthy men who eare not how they	learnt,
give.	In days far-off, on that dark earth, be
But thy strong Hours indignant work'd	true:
their wills,	"The gods themselves cannot recall their
And beat me down and marr'd and wasted	gifts."
me,	Ay me! ay me! with what another heart
And tho' they could not end me, left me	In days far-off, and with what other eyes
maim'd	I used to watch—if I be he that watch'd—
To dwell in presence of immortal youth,	The lucid outline forming round thee,
Immortal age beside immortal youth,	saw
And all I was, in ashes. Can thy love,	The dim curls kindle into sunny rings,
Thy heauty, make amends, tho' even now,	Changed with thy mystic change, and felt
Close over us, the silver star, thy guide,	my blood
Shines in those tremulous eyes that fill with tears	Glow with the glow that slowly crimson'd all
To hear me? Let me go: take back thy gift:	Thy presence and thy portals, while I lay,
Why should a man desire in any way	Mouth, forehead, eyelids, growing dewy-
To vary from the kindly race of men,	warm
Or pass beyond the goal of ordinance	With kisses balmier than half-opening
Where all should pause, as is most meet	buds
for all?	Of April, and could hear the lips that
	kiss'd
A soft air fans the cloud apart: there	Whispering I knew not what of wild and
comes	sweet,
A glimpse of that dark world where I was	Like that strange song I heard Apollo
born.	sing,
Once more the old mysterious glimmer	While Ilion like a mist rose into towers.
steals	Yet hold me not for ever in thine East:
From thy pure brows, and from thy shoul-	How can my nature longer mix with
ders pure,	thine?
And bosom heating with a heart re-	Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold
new'd.	Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled
Thy check begins to redden thro' the	feet
gloom,	Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when
Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly close to	the steam
mine, The set they blind the stars and the wild	Floats up from those dim fields about the
Ere yet they blind the stars, and the wild team	homes
Which love thee, yearning for thy yoke,	Of happy men that have the power to die,
arise,	And grassy barrows of the happier dead.
And shake the darkness from their loos-	Release me, and restore me to the ground;
en'd manes,	Thou seest all things, thou wilt see my
And beat the twilight into flakes of fire.	grave;
	Thou wilt renew thy beauty morn by
Lo! ever thus thou growest beautiful	morn; I earth in earth forget these empty
In silence, then before thine answer	courts.
given	And thee returning on thy silver wheels.
Departest, and thy tears are on my check.	Alfred Tennyson.
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POEMS OF SENTIMENT.

Ships at Sea.

I HAVE ships that went to sea More than fifty years ago: None have yet come home to me, But keep sailing to and fro. I have seen them, in my sleep, Plunging through the shoreless deep, With tattered sails and battered hulls, While around them screamed the gulls,

Flying low, flying low.

I have wondered why they stayed From me, sailing round the world; And I've said, "I'm half afraid

That their sails will ne'er be furled," Great the treasures that they hold-Silks and plumes, and bars of gold ; While the spices which they bear Fill with fragrance all the air,

As they sail, as they sail.

Every sailor in the port Knows that I have ships at sea, Of the waves and winds the sport;

And the sailors pity me. Oft they come and with me walk, Cheering me with hopeful talk, Till I put my fears aside, And contented watch the tide Rise and fall, rise and fall.

I have waited on the piers, Gazing for them down the bay,

Days and nights, for many years, Till I turned heart-sick away. But the pilots, when they land, Stop and take me by the hand, Saying, "You will live to see Your proud vessels come from sea, One and all, one and all."

So I never quite despair, Nor let hope or courage fail;

And some day when skies are fair, Up the bay my ship will sail. I can buy then all I need-

Prints to look at, books to read, Horses, wines, and works of art, Everything except a heart: That is lost, that is lost.

Onee when I was pure and young, Poorer, too, than I am now, Ere a cloud was o'er me flung,

Or a wrinkle creased my brow,

There was one whose heart was mine : But she's something now divine, And though come my ships from sea, They can bring no heart to me,

Evermore, evermore.

MY SHIP.

Down to the wharves, as the sun goes down, And the daylight's tumult and dust and din

Are dying away in the busy town, I go to see if my ship comes in.

I gaze far over the quiet sea, Rosy with sunset, like mellow wine,

Where ships, like lilies, lie tranquilly, Many and fair, but I see not mine.

I question the sailors every night Who over the bulwarks idly lean,

Noting the sails as they come in sight : " Have you seen my beautiful ship come in ?"

"Whence does she come?" they ask of me; "Who is her master, and what her name?"

And they smile upon me pityingly

When my answer is ever and ever the same.

Oh mine was a vessel of strength and truth, Her sails were white as a young lamb's fleece,

She sailed long since from the port of Youth .---

Her master was Love, and her name was Peace.

And like all beloved and beauteous things, She faded in distance and doubt away,-With only a tremble of snowy wings

She floated, swan-like, adown the bay,

Carrying with her a precious freight,-All I had gathered by years of pain;

A tempting prize to the pirate Fate,-And still I watch for her back again-

Watch from the earliest morning light, Till the pale stars grieve o'er the dying day,

To catch the gleam of her canvas white Among the islands which gem the bay.

R. B. Coffin.

But she comes not yet—she will never come To gladden my eyes and my spirit more;

- And my heart grows hopeless and faint and dumb,
 - As I wait and wait on the lonesome shore,
- Knowing that tempest and time and storm Have wrecked and shattered my beanteous bark;

Rank sea-weeds cover her wasting form,

- And her sails are tattered and stained and dark.
- But the tide comes up, and the tide goes down,
 - And the daylight follows the night's eclipse,---
- And still with the sailors, tanned and brown,
 - I wait on the wharves and watch the ships.

And still with a patience that is not hope, For vain and empty it long hath been,

I sit on the rough shore's rocky slope,

And watch to see if my ship comes in. ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

THE DREAM.

I.

OUR life is twofold: sleep hath its own world-

A boundary between the things misnamed

Death and existence: sleep hath its own world.

And a wide realm of wild reality;

- And dreams in their development have breath,
- And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;
- They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts;

They take a weight from off our waking toils;

They do divide our being; they become

A portion of ourselves as of our time,

And look like heralds of eternity;

They pass like spirits of the past,-they speak

They make us what we were not-what they will;

And shake us with the vision that's gone by, The dread of vanished shadows—are they

50?

Is not the past all shadow? What are they? Creations of the mind?—the mind can make

Substance, and people planets of its own

- With beings brighter than have been, and give
- A breath to forms which can ontlive all flesh.

I would recall a vision, which I dreamed Perchance in sleep—for in itself a thought, A slumbering thought, is capable of years, And curdles a long life into one hour.

11.

I saw two beings in the hues of youth Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill, Green and of mild declivity; the last, As 'twere the cape of a long ridge of such, Save that there was no sea to have its base, But a most living landscape, and the wave Of woods and cornfields, and the abodes of

Scattered at intervals, and wreathing smoke Arising from such rustic roofs; —the hill Was crowned with a peculiar diadem Of trees, in circular array—so fixed, Not by the sport of nature, but of man. These two, a maiden and a youth, were there Gazing—the one on all that was beneath Fair as herself—but the boy gazed on her; And both were young, and one was beautiful;

And both were young-yet not alike in youth.

As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge, The maid was on the eve of womanhood; The boy had fewer summers; but his heart Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye There was but one beloved face on earth,

And that was shining on him ; he had looked Upon it till it could not pass away ;

He had no breath, no being, but in hers;

She was his voice; he did not speak to her, But trembled on her words; she was his sight.

For his eye followed hers, and saw with hers,

POEMS OF SENTIMENT.

Which colored all his objects;-he had	He rose, and with a cold and gentle grasp
eeased	He took her hand; a moment o'er his face
To live within himself; she was his life,	A tablet of unutterable thoughts
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,	Was traced; and then it faded as it came.
Which terminated all; upon a tone,	He dropped the hand he held, and with
A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and	slow steps
flow,	Retired ; but not as bidding her adieu,
And his cheek change tempestuously-his	For they did part with mutual smiles. He
heart	passed
Unknowing of its cause of agony.	From out the massy gate of that old hall,
But she in these fond feelings had no share :	And, mounting on his steed, he went his
Her sighs were not for him; to her he was	way;
Even as a brother-but no more; 'twas	And ne'er repassed that hoary threshold
much;	more.
For brotherless she was, save in the name	IV.
Her infant friendship had bestowed on him;	A change came o'er the spirit of my dream :
Herself the solitary seion left	The boy was sprung to manhood. In the
Of a time-honored race.—It was a name	wilds
Which pleased him, and yet pleased him	Of fiery climes he made himself a home,
not-and why?	And his soul drank their sunbeams; he
Time taught him a deep answer-when she	was girt
loved	With strange and dusky aspects; he was not
Another. Even now she loved another;	Himself like what he had been; on the sea
And on the summit of that hill she stood	And on the shore he was a wanderer;
Looking afar, if yet her lover's steed	There was a mass of many images
Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.	Crowded like waves upon me, but he was
	A part of all; and in the last he lay
III. A change came o'er the spirit of my dream :	Reposing from the noontide sultriness,
There was an ancient mansion; and before	Couched among fallen columns, in the shade
Its walls there was a steed caparisoned.	Of ruined walls that had survived the names
	Of those who reared them; hy his sleeping
Within an antique oratory stood The boy of whom I spake;—he was alone,	side
And pale, and pacing to and fro. Anon	Stood camels grazing, and some goodly
He sate him down, and seized a pen and	steeds
traced	Were fastened near a fountain; and a man
	Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while,
Words which I could not guess of; then he leaned	While many of his tribe slumbered around;
	And they were canopied by the blue sky,
His bowed head on his hands, and shook	And they were canopied by the blue sky, So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
as 'twere	
as 'twere With a convulsion—then arose again;	So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
as 'twere With a convulsion—then arose again; And with his teeth and quivering hands	So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful, That God alone was to be seen in heaven. V.
as 'twere With a convulsion—then arose again; And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear	So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful, That God alone was to be seen in heaven. V. Λ change came o'er the spirit of my dream :
as 'twere With a convulsion—then arose again; And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear What he had written; but he shed no tears.	So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful, That God alone was to be seen in heaven. V. A change came o'er the spirit of my dream: The lady of his love was wed with one
as 'twere With a convulsion—then arose again; And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear What he had written; but he shed no tears. And he did calm himself, and fix his brow	So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful, That God alone was to be seen in heaven. V. A change came o'er the spirit of my dream: The lady of his love was wed with one Who did not love her better. In her home,
as 'twere With a convulsion—then arose again ; And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear What he had written ; but he shed no tears. And he did calm himself, and fix his brow Into a kind of quiet. As he paused	So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful, That God alone was to be seen in heaven. V. A change came o'er the spirit of my dream: The lady of his love was wed with one Who did not love her better. In her home, A thousand leagues from his,—her native
as 'twere With a convulsion—then arose again; And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear What he had written; but he shed no tears. And he did calm himself, and fix his brow Into a kind of quiet. As he paused The lady of his love re-entered there;	So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful, That God alone was to be seen in heaven. V. A change came o'er the spirit of my dream: The lady of his love was wed with one Who did not love her better. In her home, A thousand leagues from his,—her native home—
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as 'twere With a convulsion—then arose again; And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear What he had written; but he shed no tears. And he did calm himself, and fix his brow Into a kind of quiet. As he paused The lady of his love re-entered there; She was serene and smiling then; und yet She knew she was by him beloved : she knew,	So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful, That God alone was to be seen in heaven. V. A change came o'er the spirit of my dream: The lady of his love was wed with one Who did not love her better. In her home, A thousand leagues from his,—her native home— She dwelt, begirt with growing infancy, Daughters and sons of heauty. But behold !
as 'twere With a convulsion—then arose again ; And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear What he had written ; but he shed no tears. And he did calm himself, and fix his brow Into a kind of quiet. As he paused The lady of his love re-entered there ; She was serene and smiling then ; and yet She knew she was by him heloved : she knew, For quickly eomes such knowledge, that	So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful, That God alone was to be seen in heaven. V. A change came o'er the spirit of my dream: The lady of his love was wed with one Who did not love her better. In her home, A thousand leagues from his,—her native home— She dwelt, begirt with growing infancy, Daughters and sons of heauty. But behold! Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
as 'twere With a convulsion—then arose again ; And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear What he had written ; but he shed no tears. And he did calm himself, and fix his brow Into a kind of quiet. As he paused The lady of his love re-entered there ; She was serene and smiling then ; and yet She knew she was by him heloved : she knew, For quickly comes such knowledge, that his heart	So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful, That God alone was to be seen in heaven. V. A change came o'er the spirit of my dream: The lady of his love was wed with one Who did not love her better. In her home, A thousand leagues from his,—her native home— She dwelt, begirt with growing infancy, Daughters and sons of beauty. But behold! Upon her face there was the tint of grief, The settled shadow of an inward strife,
as 'twere With a convulsion—then arose again; And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear What he had written; but he shed no tears. And he did ealm himself, and fix his brow Into a kind of quiet. As he paused The lady of his love re-entered there; She was serene and smiling then; and yet She knew she was by him beloved: she knew, For quickly comes such knowledge, that his heart Was darkened with her shadow, and she saw	So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful, That God alone was to be seen in heaven. V. A change came o'er the spirit of my dream: The lady of his love was wed with one Who did not love her better. In her home, A thousand leagues from his,—her native home— She dwelt, begirt with growing infancy, Daughters and sons of beauty. But behold! Upon her face there was the timt of grief, The settled shadow of an inward strife, And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
as 'twere With a convulsion—then arose again ; And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear What he had written ; but he shed no tears. And he did calm himself, and fix his brow Into a kind of quiet. As he paused The lady of his love re-entered there ; She was serene and smiling then ; and yet She knew she was by him heloved : she knew, For quickly comes such knowledge, that his heart	So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful, That God alone was to be seen in heaven. V. A change came o'er the spirit of my dream: The lady of his love was wed with one Who did not love her better. In her home, A thousand leagues from his,—her native home— She dwelt, begirt with growing infancy, Daughters and sons of beauty. But behold! Upon her face there was the tint of grief, The settled shadow of an inward strife,

What could her grief be ?---She had all she loved;

And he who had so loved her was not there To trouble with bad hopes or evil wish,

Or ill-repressed affection, her pure thoughts. What could her grief be?—she had loved him not,

Nor given him cause to deem himself beloved;

Nor could he be a part of that which preyed Upon her mind—a spectre of the past.

VI.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream: The wanderer was returned—I saw him stand

Before an altar, with a gentle bride;

Her face was fair; but was not that which made

The starlight of his boyhood. As he stood, Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came

The self-same aspect, and the quivering shock

That in the antique oratory shook

His bosom in its solitude; and then-

As in that hour-a moment o'er his face

The tablet of unutterable thoughts

Was traced-and then it faded as it came;

- And he stood calm and quiet; and he spoke
- The fitting vows, but heard not his own words:
- And all things reeled around him; he could see

Not that which was, nor that which should have been—

But the old mansion, and the accustomed hall,

And the remembered chambers, and the place,

The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade,

All things pertaining to that place and hour,

And her who was his destiny, came back

And thrust themselves between him and the light:

What business had they there at such a time?

VII.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream: The lady of his love—oh! she was changed, As by the sickness of the soul; her mind

Had wandered from its dwelling; and her eyes,

They had not their own lustre, but the look Which is not of the earth; she was become The queen of a fantastic realm; her thoughts

Were combinations of disjointed things; And forms impalpable and unperceived Of others' sight familiar were to hers.

And this the world calls frenzy; but the wise

Have a far deeper madness, and the glance Of melancholy is a fearful gift;

What is it but the telescope of truth? Which strips the distance of its fantasies, And brings life near in utter nakedness, Making the cold reality too real!

VIII.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream :

The wanderer was alone, as heretofore;

The beings which snrrounded him were gone

Or were at war with him; he was a mark

For blight and desolation — compassed round

With hatred and contention; pain was mixed

In all which was served up to him; until, Like to the Pontic monarch of old days,

He fed on poisons, and they had no power,

But were a kind of nutriment. Ile lived

Through that which had been death to many men,

And made him friends of mountains. With the stars,

And the quick Spirit of the Universe,

He held his dialogues, and they did teach

To him the magic of their mysteries;

To him the book of night was opened wide.

And voices from the deep abyss revealed A maryel and a secret—Be it so.

IX.

My dream was past; it had no further change.

It was of a strange order, that the doom Of these two creatures should be thus

traced out

Almost like a reality-the one

To end in madness-both in misery.

LORD BYRON.

PART XIV.

WEIRD

AND

FANTASTIC POEMS.





THE FAIRY QUEEN.

COME, follow, follow me— You, fairy elves that be, Which circle on the green— Come, follow Mab, your queen ! Hand in hand let's dance around, For this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest, And snoring in their nest, Unheard and unespied, Through keyholes we do glide; Over tables, stools, and shelves, We trip it with our fairy elves.

And if the house be foul With platter, dish, or bowl, Up stairs we nimbly creep, And find the sluts asleep; There we pinch their arms and thighs— None escapes, nor none espies.

But if the house be swept, And from uncleanness kept, We praise the household maid, And duly she is paid; For we use, before we go, To drop a tester in her shoe.

Upon a mushroom's head Our tablecloth we spread; A grain of rye or wheat Is manchet, which we eat; Pearly drops of dew we drink, In acorn cups, fill'd to the brink.

The brains of nightingales, With unctuous fat of snails, Between two cockles stew'd, Is meat that's easily chew'd; Tails of worms, and marrow of mice, Do make a dish that's wondrous nice. The grasshopper, gnat, and fly, Serve us for our minstrelsy; Grace said, we dance a while, And so the time beguile; And if the moon doth hide her head, The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

On tops of dewy grass So nimbly do we pass, The young and tender stalk Ne'er bends when we do walk; Yet in the morning may be seen Where we the night before have been. Attruot USKOWN,

SONG OF THE FAIRIES.

By the moon we sport and play; With the night begins our day: As we dance the dew doth fall; Trip it, little urchins, all. Lightly as the little bee, Two by two, and three by three, And about go we, and about go we. JOHN LYLY.

FAIRY SONG.

SHED no tear! oh, shed no tear! The flower will bloom another year. Weep no more! oh, weep no more! Yoang buds sleep in the root's white core, Dry your eyes! oh, dry your eyes! For I was taught in Paradise To ease my breast of melodies,— Shed no tear.

Overhead ! look overhead ! 'Mong the blossoms white and red,— Look up, look up.! I flutter now On this fresh pomegranate bough. 793

See me! 'tis this silvery bill Ever cures the good man's ill. Shed no tear! oh, shed no tear! The flower will bloom another year. Adieu, adieu—I fly—adieu! I vanish in the Heaven's blue,— Adieu, adieu!

JOHN KEATS.

OVER HILL, OVER DALE.

FROM "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

OVER hill, over dale, Thorough bush, thorough brier, Over park, over pale, Thorough flood, thorough fire, I do wander everywhere, Swifter than the moon's sphere ; And I serve the fairy queen, To dew her orbs upon the green. The cowslips tall her pensioners be ! In their gold coats spots you see; Those be rubies, fairy favors, In those freckles live their savors : I must go seek some dewdrops here, And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear. WILLIAM SIAKESFEARE.

ARIEL'S SONGS. FROM "THE TEMPEST."

ĭ.

COME unto these yellow sands, And then take hands: Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,— The wild waves whist,— Foot it featly here and there; And, sweet sprites, the burden bear. Hark, hark! *Bow, wow.* The watch-dogs bark— *Bow, wow.* Hark, bark! I hear The strain of strutting chanticleer Cry Cock-a-diddle-dow.

Π.

Full fathom five thy father lies; Of his bones are coral made; Those are pearls that were his eyes; Nothing of him that doth fade But doth suffer a sea-change Into something rich and strange, Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell : Ding-dong.

Hark! now I hear them-ding, dong, bell!

III.

Where the bee sucks there suck I; In a cowslip's bell I lie; There I couch when owls do cry; On the bat's back I do fly After summer merrily. Merrily, merrily, shall I live now, Under the blossom that hangs on the bough. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Song of Fairies.

WE the fairies, blithe and antic, Of dimensions not gigantic, Though the moonshine mostly keep us, Oft in orchards frisk and peep us. Stolen sweets are always sweeter; Stolen kisses much completer; Stolen kisses much completer; Stolen, stolen be your apples. When to bed the world are bobbing; Then's the time for orchard-robbing; Yet the fruit were scarce worth peeling Were it not for stealing, stealing.

LEIGH HUNT. (From the Latin of THOMAS RANDOLPH.)

THE FAIRIES.

A CHILD'S SONG.

Up the airy mountain, Down the rushy glen, We daren't go a-hunting For fear of little men; Wee folk, good folk, Trooping all together; Green jacket, red cap, And white owl's feather l

Down along the rocky shore Some make their home, They live on crispy pancakes Of yellow tide-foam;

Some in the reeds Of the black mountain-lake, With frogs for their watch-dogs, All night awake.

High on the hill-top The old King sits; He is now so old and gray He's nigh lost his wits. With a bridge of white mist Columbkill he crosses, On his stately journeys From Sliev-league to Rosses; Or going up with music On cold starry nights, To sup with the Queen Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget For seven years long; When she came down again Her friends were all gone. They took her lightly back, Between the night and morrow, They thought that she was fast asleep, But she was dead with sorrow. They have kept her ever since Deep within the lakes, On a bed of flag-leaves, Watching till she wakes.

By the craggy hill-side, Through the mosses bare, They have planted thorn trees For pleasure here and there. Is any man so daring As dig one up in spite, He shall find the thornies set In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain, Down the rushy glen, We daren't go a-hunting For fear of little men ; Wee folk, good folk, Trooping all together ; Green jacket, red cap, And white owl's feather ! WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

AN HEROI-COMICAL POEM.

Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos ; Sed juvat hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis.—MART.

CANTO I.

- WHAT dire offence from amorous causes springs,
- What mighty contests rise from trivial things,

I sing—This verse to Caryl, muse! is due; This, e'en Belinda may vouchsafe to view; Slight is the subject, but not so the praise, If she inspire, and he approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, goddess ! could compel

A well-bred lord t' assault a gentle belle?

- Oh, say what stranger cause, yet unexplored,
- Could make a gentle helle reject a lord? In tasks so bold can little men engage,
- And in soft bosoms dwell such mighty rage? Sol through white curtains shot a timorous ray.
- And oped those eyes that must eclipse the day.
- Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake.

And sleepless lovers just at twelve awake:

Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,

And the press'd watch returned a silver sound.

Belinda still her downy pillow prest-

Her guardian sylph prolong'd the balmy rest;

'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed

The morning-dream that hover'd o'er her head:

A youth more glittering than a birthnight beau

(That e'en in slumber caused her cheek to glow),

Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,

- And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say:
 - " Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care

Of thousand bright inhabitants of air! If e'erone vision touch'd thy infant thought, Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught.

Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,	"Know further yet; whoever fair and
The silver token, and the circled green;	chaste
Or virgins visited by angel powers	Rejects mankind, is by some sylph em-
With golden crowns and wreaths of heav-	braced:
enly flowers-	For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with
Hear and believe! thy own importance know,	ease Assume what sexes and what shapes they
Nor bound thy narrow views to things	please.
below.	What guards the purity of melting maids,
Some secret truths, from learned pride con-	In courtly balls and midnight masquerades,
· cealed,	Safe from the treacherous friend, the dar-
To maids alone and children are re-	ing spark,
veal'd :	The glance by day, the whisper in the
What though no credit doubting wits may	dark
give? *	When kind occasion prompts their warm
The fair and innocent shall still believe.	desires,
Know, then, unnumber'd spirits round	When music softens, and when dancing
thee fly—	fires?
The light militia of the lower sky: These, though unseen, are ever on the	'Tis but their sylph, the wise celestials know,
wing,	Though honor is the word with men be-
Hang o'er the box, and hover round the	low.
ring.	"Some nymphs there are, too conscious
Think what an equipage thou hast in air,	of their face,
And view with scorn two pages and a	For life predestined to the gnome's em-
chair.	brace;
As now your own, our beings were of old,	These swell their prospects and exalt their
And once enclosed in woman's beauteous	pride,
mould;	When offers are disdain'd, and love de-
Thence, by a soft transition, we repair	nied;
From earthly vehicles to these of air. Think not, when woman's transient breath	Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain, While peers, and dukes, and all their
is fled.	sweeping train,
That all her vanities at once are dead;	And garters, stars, and eoronets appear,
Succeeding vanities she still regards,	And in soft sounds 'Your Grace' salutes
And, though she plays no more, o'erlooks	their ear.
the cards.	'Tis these that early taint the female
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,	soul,
And love of ombre, after death survive;	Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to
For when the fair in all their pride ex-	roll;
pire,	Teach infant cheeks a bidden blush to
To their first elements their souls retire,	know,
The sprites of fiery termagants in flame	And little hearts to flutter at a beau.
Mount up, and take a salamander's name; Soft yielding minds to water glide away,	"Oft when the world imagine women stray,
And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea;	The sylphs through mystic mazes guide
The graver prude sinks downward to a	their way;
gnome	Through all the giddy circle they pursue,
In search of mischief still on earth to	And old impertinence expel by new.
roam;	What tender maid but must a victim fall
The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair,	To one man's treat, but for another's
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.	ball?

When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,	From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?	And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
With varying vanities from every part They shift the moving toy-shop of their heart,	This casket India's glowing gems unlocks, And all Arabia breathes from yonder box. The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots strive,	Transform'd to combs—the speckled, and the white.
Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.	Here files of pins extend their shining rows;
This erring mortals levity may call— Oh, blind to truth! the sylphs contrive it all. "Of these am I, who thy protection	Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet-doux. Now awful beauty puts on all its arms; The fair each moment rises in her charms, Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
claim;	And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name. Late, as I ranged the crystal wilds of air,	Sees by degrees a purer blush arise, And keener lightnings quicken in her
In the clear mirror of thy ruling star, I saw, alas! some dread event impend,	eyes. The busy sylphs surround their darling
Ere to the main this morning's suu de- scend:	care, These set the head, and these divide the
But Heaven reveals not what, or how, or	hair;
where: Warn'd by the sylph, O pious maid, be- ware!	Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown; And Betty's praised for labors not her
This to disclose is all thy guardian can;	own.
This to disclose is all thy guardian can; Beware of all, but most beware of man !" He said; when Shock, who thought she	OWN. CANTO II.
This to disclose is all thy guardian can; Beware of all, but most beware of man " He said; when Shock, who thought she slept too long, Leap'd up, and waked his mistress with	own. CANTO II. Not with more glories, in th' ethereal plain,
 This to disclose is all thy guardian can; Beware of all, but most beware of man !" He said; when Shock, who thought she slept too long, Leap'd up, and waked his mistress with his tongue. 'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true, 	own. CANTO II. Not with more glories, in th' ethereal
This to disclose is all thy guardian can; Beware of all, but most beware of man !" He said; when Shock, who thought she slept too long, Leap'd up, and waked his mistress with his tongue. "Twas then, Belinda, if report say true, Thy eyes first open'd on a billet-doux; Wounds, charms, and ardors, were no sooner read,	own. CANTO II. Not with more glories, in th' ethereal plain, The sun first rises o'er the purpled main, Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames. Fair nymphs and well-dress'd youths
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Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,	But now secure the painted vessel glides.
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults	The sunbeams trembling on the floating
to hide:	tides,
If to her share some female errors fall,	While melting music steals upon the sky, And soften'd sounds along the waters
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.	die;
This nymph, to the destruction of man- kind,	Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Nourish'd two locks, which graceful hung behind	Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay.
In equal curls, and well conspired to deck With shining ringlets the smooth, ivory	All but the sylph—with careful thoughts oppress'd,
neck.	Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains, And mighty hearts are held in slender	He summons straight his denizens of air:
chains.	The lucid squadrons round the sails re-
With hairy springes we the birds betray;	pair;
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey;	Soft o'er the shrouds aërial whispers breathe,
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,	That seem'd hut zephyrs to the train be
And beauty draws us with a single hair.	neath.
Th' adventurous haron the bright locks admired;	Some to the sun their insect-wings un fold,
He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize as-	Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of
pired.	gold,
Resolved to win, he meditates the way,	Transparent forms, too fine for morta
By force to ravish, or by fraud hetray;	sight,
For when success a lover's toil attends,	Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light; Loose to the wind their airy garment
Few ask if fraud or force attain'd his ends.	flew,
For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had im-	Thin, glittering textures of the filmy dew Dipp'd in the richest tincture of the
plored Propitious Heaven, and every power	skies,
adored;	Where light disports in ever-mingling
But chiefly Love-to Love an altar built,	dyes;
Of twelve vast French romances neatly gilt.	While every beam new transient color flings,
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,	Colors that change whene'er they way their wings.
And all the trophies of his former loves;	Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
With tender hillet-doux he lights the pyre,	Superior by the head, was Ariel placed;
And breathes three amorous sighs to raise	His purple pinions opening to the sun,
the fire. Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent	He raised his azure wand, and thus be gnn:
eves	"Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your chie
Soon to obtain, and long possess the	give earl
prize.	Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and demons
The powers gave ear, and granted half	hear!
his prayer;	Ye know the spheres and various task
The rest the winds dispersed in empty air,	assign'd By laws eternal to th' aërial kind :

Some in the fields of purest ether play, And bask and whiten in the blaze of	Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball; Or whether Heaven has doom'd that Shock
day; Some guide the course of wandering orbs on high,	must fall— Haste, then, ye spirits! to your charge re- pair :
Or roll the planets through the boundless sky;	The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care ; The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign ;
Some, less refined, beneath the moon's pale light	And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine; Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favorite lock;
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,	Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock. "To fifty chosen sylphs, of special note,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below, Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,	We trust th' important charge, the petti- coat—
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,	Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain. Others, on earth, o'er human race pre-	Though stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale-
side, Watch all their ways, and all their actions	Form a strong line about the silver bound, And guard the wide circumference around.
guide: Of these the chief the care of nations	"Whatever spirit, careless of his charge, His post neglects, or leaves the fair at
own,	large,
And guard with arms divine the British throne.	Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
"Our humbler province is to tend the fair,	Be stopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;	Or plunged in lakes of bitter washes lie, Or wedged whole ages in a bodkin's eye;
To save the powder from too rude a gale, Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale;	Gums and pomatums shall his flight re- strain,
To draw fresh colors from the vernal flowers;	While clogg'd he beats his silken wings in vain;
To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in showers,	Or alum styptics with contracting power Shrink his thin essence like a rivell'd
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,	flower ; Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;	The giddy motion of the whirling mill; In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow, To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.	And tremble at the sea that froths be- low!"
"This day black omens threat the bright- est fair	He spoke; the spirits from the sails de- scend;
That e'er deserved a watchful spirit's care ;	Some, orb in orb, around the nymph ex- tend:
Some dire disaster, or by force or sleight;	Some thread the mazy ringlets of her
But what, or where, the Fates have wrapp'd in night	hair; Some hang upon the pendants of her
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,	ear; With beating hearts the dire event they
Or some frail china jar receive a flaw; Or stain her honor, or her new brocade;	wait, Anxious, and trembling for the birth of
Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade;	fate.

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CANTO III.	Straight the three bands prepare in arms
Close by those meads, for ever crown'd	to join,
with flowers.	Each band the number of the sacred
Where Thames with pride surveys his	Nine.
rising towers,	Soon as she spreads her hand, the aërial
There stands a structure of majestic	guard
frame,	Descend, and sit on each important card:
Which from the neighboring Hampton	First Ariel perch'd upon a matadore,
takes its name.	Then each according to the rank they
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall fore-	bore;
doom	For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at	race,
home;	Are, as when women, wondrous fond of
Here thou, great Anna! whom three	place.
realms obey,	Behold; four kings in majesty revered,
Dost sometimes counsel take-and some-	With hoary whiskers and a forky heard;
times tea.	And four fair queens, whose hands sustain
Hither the heroes and the nymphs re-	a flower,
sort,	Th' expressive emblem of their softer
To taste a while the pleasures of a court;	power;
In various talk th' instructive hours they	Four knaves, in garbs succinet, a trusty band.
past:	Caps on their heads, and halberts in their
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;	hand :
One speaks the glory of the British	And parti-colored troops, a shining train,
queen;	Draw forth to combat on the velvet
And one describes a charming Indian screen:	plain.
A third interprets motions, looks, and	The skilful nymph reviews her force with
eves-	care:
At every word a reputation dies;	"Let spades be trumps!" she said, and
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of	trumps they were.
chat.	Now move to war her sable matadores,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all	In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
that.	Spadillio first, unconquerable lord!
Meanwhile, declining from the noon of	Led off two captive trumps, and swept the
day,	board.
The sun obliquely shoots his burning	As many more Manillio forced to yield,
ray;	And march'd a victor from the verdant
The hungry judges soon the sentence	field.
sign,	Him Basto follow'd, but his fate more
And wretches hang that jurymen may	hard
dine;	Gain'd but one trump and one plebeian
The merchant from th' Exchange returns	eard.
in peace,	With his broad sabre next, a chief in
And the long labors of the toilet cease.	years,
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame in-	The hoary majesty of spades appears,
vites,	Puts forth one manly leg, to sight re-
Burns to encounter two adventurous	veal'd,
knights	The rest his many-color'd robe conceal'd.
At ombre singly to decide their doom,	The rebel knave, who dares his prince en-
And swells her breast with conquests yet	gage, Proves the just victim of his revel race
to come.	Proves the just victim of his royal rage.

An ace of hearts steps forth : the king un-E'en mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew, seen And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his cap-100. tive queen : Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid, He springs to vengeance with an eager Falls undistinguish'd by the victor spade! pace, Thus far both armies to Belinda yield; And falls like thunder on the prostrate Now to the baron fate inclines the field. ace. The nymph, exulting, fills with shouts the His warlike amazon her host invades, Th' imperial consort of the crown of sky; The walls, the woods, and long canals respades. The club's black tyrant first her victim ply. died, O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to Spite of his haughty mien and barbarous fate. Too soon dejected, and too soon elate! pride: What boots the regal eirele on his head, Sudden these honors shall be snatch'd His giant limbs, in state unwieldy away, And cursed for ever this victorious day. spread-That long behind he trails his pompous For lo! The board with cups and spoons is crown'd : robe, The berries crackle, and the mill turus And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe? round: The baron now his diamonds pours On shining altars of japan they raise The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze; apace: Th' embroider'd king who shows but half From silver spouts the grateful liquors his face. glide, While China's earth receives the smoking And his refulgent queen, with powers combined, tide. At once they gratify their scent and taste, Of broken troops an easy conquest find. Clubs, diamonds, hearts, in wild disorder And frequent cups prolong the rich repast. Straight hover round the fair her airy seen. With throngs promiseuous strew the level band: Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor green. Thus when dispersed a routed army runs, fann'd ; Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons-Some o'er her lap their eareful plumes dis-With like confusion different nations fly, play'd, Of various habit, and of various dye; Trembling, and conscious of the rich The pierced battalions disunited fall brocade. In heaps on heaps-one fate o'erwhelms Coffee (which makes the politician wise, them all. And see through all things with his half-The knave of diamonds tries his wily arts, shut eyes) And wins (oh, shameful chance!) the Sent up in vapors to the baron's brain queen of hearts. New stratagems, the radiant lock to gain. At this the blood the virgin's cheek for-Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too sook. late : A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look; Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's She sees, and trembles at th' approaching fate ! ilł. Changed to a bird, and sent to flit in air, Just in the jaws of ruin, and eodille. She dearly pays for Nisus' injured hair.! And now (as oft in some distemper'd But when to mischief mortals bend their state) will. On one nice trick depends the general fate : How soon they find fit instruments of ill!

- Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
- A two-edged weapon from her shining case:
- So ladies, in romanee, assist their knight— Present the spear and arm him for the fight.
- He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
- The little engine on his fingers' ends;
- This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
- As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
- Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair,
- A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
- And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
- Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
- Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought The close recesses of the virgin's thought:

As on the nosegay in her breast reclined,

- He watch'd the ideas rising in her mind,
- Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,

An earthly lover lurking at her heart.

- Amazed, confused, he found his power expired,
- Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retired.
- The peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,
- T' enclose the lock ; now joins it, to divide.
- E'en then, before the fatal engine closed,
- A wretched sylph too fondly interposed;
- Fate urged the shears, and cut the sylph in twain
- (But airy substance soon unites again);
- The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
- From the fair head, for ever, and for ever! Then flash'd the living lightning from her eves,
- And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.
- Not louder shricks to pitying Heaven are east
- When husbands, or when lapdogs, breathe their last;
- Or when rich china vessels, fallen from high,
- In glittering dust and painted fragments lie!

- "Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,"
- The victor cried, "the glorious prize is mine!
- While fish in streams, or birds delight in air;
- Or in a coach and six the British fair;
- As long as Atalantis shall be read,
- Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed;
- While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
- When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze;
- While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
- So long my honor, name, and praise shall live!
- What time would spare, from steel receives its date;
- And monuments, like men, submit to fate!
- Steel could the labor of the gods destroy,
- And strike to dust th' imperial towers of Troy;
- Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
- And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
- What wonder then, fair nymph ! thy hairs should feel
- The conquering force of unresisted steel?"

CANTO IV.

- But anxious cares the pensive nymph opprest,
- And secret passions labor'd in her breast.
- Not youthful kings in battle seized alive;
- Not scornful virgins who their charms survive :
- Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss;
- Not ancient ladies when refused a kiss;
- Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die;
- Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinn'd awry,
- E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
- As thon, sad virgin! for thy ravish'd hair.
 - For, that sad moment, when the sylphs withdrew,

And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,

Umbriel, a dusky, melaneholy sprite,

As ever sullied the fair face of light,

Down to the central earth, his proper	Unnumber'd throngs on every side are
scene,	seen,
Repair'd to search the gloomy cave of Spleen.	Of bodies changed to various forms by Spleen.
Swift on his sooty pinions flits the gnome,	Here living teapots stand, one arm held out,
And in a vapor reach'd the dismal dome.	One bentthe handle this, and that the
No cheerful breeze this sullen region	spont;
knows; The dreaded east is all the wind that blows.	A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod, walks; Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pie talks:
Here in a grotto shelter'd close from air,	Men prove with child, as powerful fancy
And screen'd in shades from day's detested	works;
glare,	And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed, Pain at her side, and Megrim at her	corks. Safe pass'd the gnome through this fan-
head.	tastic band,
Two handmaids wait the throne; alike	A branch of healing spleenwort in his
in place,	hand.
But differing far in figure and in face. Here stood Ill-nature, like an ancient	Then thus address'd the power—"Hail, wayward queen !
maid,	Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen;
Her wrinkled form in black and white	Parent of vapors and of female wit,
array'd;	Who give th' hysteric or poetic fit,
With store of prayers for mornings, nights, and noons,	On various tempers act by various ways, Make some take physic, others scribble
Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lam-	plays;
poons.	Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
There Affectation with a sickly mien,	And send the godly in a pet to pray;
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen; Practised to lisp, and hang the head aside,	A nymph there is that all your power dis- dains,
Faints into airs, and languishes with	And thousands more in equal mirth main-
pride;	tains.
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,	But oh! if e'er thy gnome could spoil a grace,
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for	Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
show. The fair ones feel such maladies as these,	Like citron-waters matrons' cheeks in- flame,
When cach new night-dress gives a new	Or change complexions at a losing game-
disease.	If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
A constant vapor o'er the palace flies;	Or rumpled petticoats or tumbled beds,
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise-	Or caused suspicion when no soul was rude, Or discomposed the head-dress of a prude,
Dreadful, as hermits' dreams in haunted	Or e'er to costive lapdog gave disease,
shades,	Which not the tears of brightest eyes
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.	could ease-
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,	Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin; That single act gives half the world the
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires;	spleen." The goddess, with a discontented air,
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,	Seems to reject him, though she grants his
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.	prayer.

Λ wondrous bag with both her hands she binds.	And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;	Exposed through crystal to the gazing eyes,
There she collects the force of female lungs,	And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.	On that rapacious hand for ever blaze? Sooner shall grass in Hyde Park circus
A vial next she fills with fainting fears,	grow,
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.	And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow;
The gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,	Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.	Men, monkeys, lapdogs, parrots, perish all !"
Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,	She said; then raging to Sir Plume re- pairs,
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound. Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he	And bids her beau demand the precious hairs.
rent,	Sir Plume, of amber snuff-hox justly vain,
And all the furies issued at the vent.	And the nice conduct of a clouded cane,
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire, And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.	With earnest eyes, and round, unthinking face,
"O wretched maid !" she spread her hands and cried	He first the snuff-box open'd, then the
(While Hampton's echoes, "Wretched	case, And thus broke out—" My lord, why, what
maid," replied),	the devil!
"Was it for this you took such constant care	Z-ds! damn the lock! 'fore Gad, you must be civil!
The bodkin, comb, and essence to pre- pare?	Plague on't! 'tis past a jest—nay, prithee, pox!
For this your locks in paper durance bound?	Give her the hair."—He spoke, and rapp'd his box.
For this with torturing irons wreathed around?	"It grieves me much (replied the peer again)
For this with fillets strain'd your tender head?	Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain;
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?	But by this lock, this sacred lock, I swear (Which never more shall join its parted
Gods! shall the ravisher display your	hair;
hair,	Which never more its honors shall renew,
While the fops envy, and the ladies stare?	Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew),
Honor forbid! at whose unrivall'd shrine	That, while my nostrils draw the vital air,
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.	This hand, which won it, shall for ever
Methinks already I your tears survey, Already hear the horrid things they say;	wear." He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph
Already near the norrid things they say; Already see you a degraded toast,	spread
And all your honor in a whisper lost !	The long-contended honors of her head.
How shall I, then, your hapless fame de-	But Umbriel, hateful gnome, forbears
fend? 'Twill then be infamy to seem your	not so; He breaks the vial whence the sorrows
friend!	flow.

Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal shears deappears, mands, Her eyes half languishing, half drown'd And tempts once more thy sacrilegious in tears; hands. On her heaved bosom hung her drooping Oh hadst thou, cruel! been content to head. seize Which with a sigh she raised, and thus she Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!" said: CANTO V. "For ever cursed be this detested day, Which snatch'd my best, my favorite curl She said: the pitying audience melt in away; tears; Happy! ah, ten times happy had I been, But Fate and Jove had stopp'd the baron's If Hampton Court these eves had never ears. seen ! In vain Thalestris with reproach assails, Yet am not I the first mistaken maid For who can move when fair Belinda By love of courts to numerous ills befails? trav'd. Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain, Oh had I rather unadmired remain'd While Anna begg'd and Dido raged in In some lone isle, or distant northern vain. Then grave Clarissa graceful waved her land: Where the gilt chariot never marks the fan; Silence ensued, and thus the nymph beway, Where none learn ombre, none e'er taste gan: bohea ! "Say, why are beauties praised and hon-There kept my charms conceal'd from or'd most, The wise man's passion, and the vain man's mortal eye, Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die. toast? What moved my mind with youthful lords Why deck'd with all that land and sea to roam? afford? Oh had I stay'd, and said my prayers at Why angels call'd, and angel-like adored? home! Why round our coaches crowd the white-'Twas this the morning omens seem'd to gloved beaux? tell. Why hows the side-hox from its inmost Thrice from my trembling hand the patchrows? box fell: How vain are all these glories, all our The tottering china shook without a pains, wind, Unless good sense preserve what heauty Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most gains; That men may say, when we the front box unkind! A sylph, too, warn'd me of the threats of grace. fate, Behold the first in virtue as in face! In mystic visions, now believed too late! Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all See the poor remnants of these slighted day, hairs! Charm'd the small-pox, or chased old age My hand shall rend what e'en thy rapine away, spares: Who would not scorn what housewife's These in two sable ringlets taught to cares produce, break, Or who would learn oue earthly thing of Once gave new beauties to the snowy use? neck; To patch, nay ogle, might become a The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone, saint; And in its fellow's fate foresees its own; Nor could it, sure, be such a sin to paint.

Triumphant Umbriel, on a sconce's But since, alas ! frail beauty must decay ; Curl'd or uncurl'd, since locks will turn to height, Clapp'd his glad wings, and sat to view the gray; Since painted, or not painted, all shall fight: Propp'd on their bodkin-spears, the sprites fade. And she who scorns a man must die a survey The growing combat, or assist the fray. maid: While through the press enraged Thales-What then remains, but well our power to tris flies. use, And keep good humor still, whate'er we And seatters death around from both her lose? eves, And trust me, dear, good humor can pre-A beau and witling perish'd in the throng-One died in metaphor, and one in song : vail, "O cruel nymph ! a living death I bear," When airs, and flights, and screams, and Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his scolding fail. Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may chair. A mournful glance Sir Fopling upward roll-Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the cast. "Those eyes are made so killing"-was soul." So spoke the dame, but no applause enhis last. Thus on Mæander's flowery margin lies sued; Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her Th' expiring swan, and as he sings he prude. dies. "To arms, to arms!" the fierce virago When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clacries. rissa down, And swift as lightning to the combat flies. Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a All side in parties, and begin th' attack; frown: Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whale-She smiled to see the doughty hero slain, But at her smile the beau revived again. bones crack: Heroes' and heroines' shouts confusedly Now Jove suspends his golden scales in rise. air. Weighs the men's wits against the lady's And bass and treble voices strike the hair ; skies. No common weapons in their hands are The doubtful beam long nods from side to foundside: Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside. wound. See, fierce Belinda on the baron flies, So when bold Homer makes the gods en-With more than usual lightning in her gage, And heavenly breasts with human passions eves: Nor fear'd the chief th' unequal fight to rage; 'Gainst Pallas Mars; Latona Hermes try, Who sought no more than on his foe to arms; And all Olympus rings with loud alarms: die. But this bold lord, with manly strength Jove's thunder roars, Heaven trembles all endued. around. She with one finger and a thumb subdued : Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps Just where the breath of life his nostrils resound : Earth shakes her nodding towers, the drew. A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw; ground gives way, And the pale ghosts start at the flash of The gnomes direct, to every atom just, The pungent grains of titillating dust. day!

WEIRD AND	FAI	VTA	ST	IC
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Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'er- flows,	There broken vows, and deathbed alms are found,
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose. "Now meet thy fate !" iucensed Belinda	And lovers' hearts with ends of riband bound,
cried,	The courtier's promises, and sick men's
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.	prayers,
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,	The smiles of harlots, and the tears of
Her great-great-grandsire wore about his neck.	heirs, Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
In three seal-rings; which after, melted	Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.
down,	But trust the Muse-she saw it upward
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's	rise,
gown;	Though mark'd by none but quick poetic
Her infant grandame's whistle next it	eyes
grew; The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;	(So Rome's great founder to the heavens withdrew,
Then in a bodkin graced her mother's	To Proculus alone confess'd in view);
hairs,	A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda	And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
wears.)	Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
"Boast not my fall (he cried), insulting foe!	The heavens bespangling with dishevell'd light.
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low;	The sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind ; All that I dread is leaving you behind !	And, pleased, pursue its progress through the skies.
Rather than so, ah let me still survive,	This the beau monde shall from the
And burn in Cupid's flames-but burn	Mall survey,
alive."	And hail with music its propitious ray;
"Restore the lock !" she cries; and all	This the blest lover shall for Venus take,
around "Restore the lock !" the vaulted roofs re-	And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake;
bound.	This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain	skies
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caused	When next he looks through Galileo's
his pain.	eyes;
But see how off ambitious aims are cross'd, And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!	And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
The lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept	The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.
with pain,	Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn
In every place is sought, but sought in vain:	thy ravish'd hair, Which adds new glory to the shining
With such a prize no mortal must be blest,	sphere !
So Heaven decrees! with Heaven who can contest?	Not all the tresses that fair head can boast
Some thought it mounted to the lunar	Shall draw such envy as the lock you lost.
sphere,	For after all the murders of your eye,
Since all things lost on earth are treasured there.	When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;
There heroes' wits are kept in ponderous	When those fair suns shall set, as set they
vases,	niust,
And beaux' in snuff-boxes and tweezer-	And all those tresses shall be laid in
cases;	dust—

- This lock the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
- And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

THE MERRY PRANKS OF ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW.

FROM Oberon, in fairy-land,
The king of ghosts and shadowes there,
Mad Robin, I, at his command,
Am sent to view the night-sports here.
What revell rout
Is kept about
In every corner where I go,
I will o'ersee,
And merrie be,
And make good sport with ho, ho, ho!

More swift than lightning ean I flye About this aery welkin soone, And in a minute's space descrye Each thing that's done belowe the moone. There's not a hag Or ghost shall wag, Or ery 'Ware goblins! where I go; But Robin, I, Their feates will spy, And send them home with ho, ho, ho!

Whene'er such wanderers I meete,
As from their night-sports they trudge home,
With counterfeiting voice I greete,
And call them on with me to roame Thro' woods, thro' lakes,
Thro' hogs, thro' brakes;
Or else unseene, with them I go,
All in the nicke To play some tricke,
And rolick it with ho, ho, ho!

Sometimes I meete them like a man, Sometimes an ox, sometimes a hound, And to a horse I turn me can, To trip and trot about them round; But if, to ride, My backe they stride, More swift than wind away I goe; O'er hedge and lands, Through pools and ponds, I whirry, laughing ho, ho, lo When lads and lasses merry be, With possets, and with junkets fine, Unseene of all the company, I eat their cakes and sip their wine; And to make sport I fume and snort, And out the candles I do blow. The maids I kiss,— They shrieke, Who's this ? I answer naught but ho, ho, ho !

Yet now and then, the maids to please, At midnight I card up their wooll, And while they sleepe and take their ease, With wheel to threads their flax I pull. I grind at mill Their malt up still; I dress their hemp, I spin their tow. If any wake, And would me take, I wend me, laughing ho, ho, ho!

When house or hearth doth sluttish lye, I pinch the maidens black and blue; The bedd-clothes from the bedd pull I, And lay them naked all to view. 'Twixt sleepe and wake I do them take, And on the key-cold floor them throw; If out they ery, Then forth I fly, And loudly laugh out, ho, ho, ho!

When any need to borrow aught,
We lend them what they do require,
And for the use demand we naught,—
Our owne is all we do desire.
If to repay
They do delay,
Abroad amongst them then I go;
And night by night
I them affright,
With pinchings, dreams, and ho, ho,
ho !

When lazie queans have naught to do But study how to eog and lye, To make debate and mischief too, 'Twixt one another secretly, I marke their gloze, And it disclose

To them whom they have wrongèd so. When I have done I get me gone, And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho !	"And what did you hear, my Mary, All up on the Caldon Hill?" "I heard the drops of the water made, And the ears of the green corn fill."
When men do traps and engines set In loope holes, where the vermine creepe, Who from their foldes and houses get Their duckes and geese, and lambes and	"Oh! tell me all, my Mary— All, all that ever you know; For you must have seen the fairies Last night on the Caldon Low."
sheepe, I spy the gin, And enter in, And seeme a vermine taken so; But when they there	"Then take me on your knee, mother; And listen, mother of mine: A hundred fairies danced last night, And the harpers they were nine;
Approach me neare, I leap out, langhing ho, ho, ho ! By wells and rills, in meadowes greene, We nightly dance our hey-day gnise,	"And their harp-strings rung so merrily To their dancing feet so small; But oh ! the words of their talking Were merrier far than all."
And to our fairye kinge and queene We chant onr moon-lighte minstrelsies. When larkes 'gin sing Away we fling,	" And what were the words, my Mary, That then you heard them say?" " I'll tell you all, my mother; But let me have my way.
And babes new-born steale as we go, And elfe in bed We leave instead, And wend us, laughing ho, ho, ho !	"Some of them play'd with the water, And roll'd it down the hill; 'And this,' they said, 'shall speedily turn The poor old miller's mill;
From hag-bred Merlin's time have I Thus nightly revell'd to and fro, And, for my prankes, men call me by The name of Robin Good-Fellow. Fiends, ghosts, and sprites	"' For there has been no water Ever since the first of May ; And a busy man will the miller be At dawning of the day.
Who haunt the nightes, The hags and goblins, do me know; And beldames old My feates have told,— So vale, vale 1 Ho, ho, ho !	"'Oh! the miller, how he will laugh When he sees the mill-dam rise! The jolly old miller, how he will laugh Till the tears fill both his eyes!"
Author Unknown.	"And some they seized the little winds That sounded over the hill; And each put a horn unto his mouth, And blew both loud and shrill;
LOW. A Midsunner Legend,	"And there,' they said, 'the merry winds
"AND where have you been, my Mary, And where have you been from me?" "I've been to the top of the Caldon Low, The midsummer night to see!"	Away from every horn; And they shall clear the mildew dank From the blind old widow's corn.
"And what did you see, my Mary, All up on the Caldon Low ?"	"'Oh! the poor, blind widow, Though she has been blind so long, She'll be blithe enough when the mil-

"I saw the glad sunshine come down, And I saw the merry winds blow."

And the corn stands tall and strong.'

dew's gone,

"And some they brought the brown lintseed. And flung it down from the Low; I see old fairyland's mirachlous show : And this,' they said, 'by the sunrise, In the weaver's croft shall grow. And fairies, swarming . . . Oh! the poor, lame weaver, How he will laugh outright τ. When he sees his dwindling flax-field All full of flowers by night !' night---"And then ontspoke a brownie, bright : With a long beard on his chin; 'I have spun up all the tow,' said he, And I want some more to spin. eloudless sky. "'I've spun a piece of hempen cloth, And I want to spin another; A little sheet for Mary's bed, And an apron for her mother. breast. "With that I could not help but laugh, In a silver cone on the wave below ; And I laugh'd ont loud and free; His sides are broken by spots of shade. And then on the top of the Caldon By the walnut bough and the cedar made, Low There was no one left but me. dark "And all on the top of the Caldon Low The mists were cold and gray, And nothing I saw but the mossy stones That round about me lay. pest's rack. п. "But, coming down from the hill-top, I heard afar below. How busy the jolly miller was, And how the wheel did go. "And I peep'd into the widow's field, And, sure enough, were seen The yellow ears of the mildew'd corn, All standing stout and green. shrill "And down by the weaver's croft I stole, To see if the flax were sprung: And I met the weaver at his gate, will, With the good news on his tongue, "Now this is all I heard, mother, And all that I did see: So, pr'ythee, make my bed, mother, For I'm tired as I can be." III. MARY HOWITT.

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THE CULPRIT FAY.

- " My visual orbs are purged from film, and, lo ! Instead of Anster's turnip-bearing vales,
- Her trees of tinsel kiss'd by freakish gales, Her ouphs that, cloak'd in leaf-gold, skim the breeze,

TENNANT'S Anster Fair.

'TIS the middle watch of a summer's

The earth is dark, but the heavens are

Naught is seen in the vault on high

But the moon, and the stars, and the

And the flood which rolls its milky hue,

A river of light on the welkin blue.

The moon looks down on old Cronest;

She mellows the shades on his shagey

And seems his huge gray form to throw

And through their clustering branches

Glimmers and dies the fire-fly's spark-Like starry twinkles that momently break Through the rifts of the gathering tem-

The stars are on the moving stream, And fling, as its ripples gently flow,

A burnish'd length of wavy beam In an eel-like, spiral line below;

The winds are whist, and the owl is still; The bat in the shelvy rock is hid :

And naught is heard on the lonely hill

But the cricket's chirp, and the answer

Of the gauze-wing'd katv-did;

And the plaint of the wailing whip-poor-

Who moans unseen, and ceaseless sings, Ever a note of wail and woe,

Till Morning spreads her rosy wings, And earth and sky in her glances glow.

'Tis the hour of fairy ban and spell : The wood-tick has kept the minutes well; He has counted them all with click and stroke

Deep in the heart of the mountain-oak, And he has awaken'd the sentry elve

Who sleeps with him in the haunted tree,

To bid him ring the hour of twelve, And call the fays to their revelry; Twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell ('Twas made of the white snail's pearly shell)— '' bidwick acures and all is well t

"Midnight comes, and all is well !

Hither, hither, wing your way !

'Tis the dawn of the fairy day."

IV.

They come from beds of lichen green,

They creep from the mullein's velvet screen;

Some on the backs of beetles fly

- From the silver tops of moon-touch'd trees,
 - Where they swung in their cobweb hammocks high,

And rock'd about in the evening breeze; Some from the hum-bird's downy nest-

They had driven him out by elfin power,

- And, pillow'd on plumes of his rainbow breast,
- Had slumber'd there till the charmèd hour;

Some had lain in the scoop of the rock, With glittering ising-stars inlaid;

And some had open'd the four-o'clock,

And stole within its purple shade.

And now they throng the moonlight glade,

Above-below-on every side,

Their little minim forms array'd

In the tricksy pomp of fairy pride!

v.

They come not now to print the lea In freak and dance around the tree, Or at the mushroom board to sup, And drink the dew from the buttercup;— A scene of sorrow waits them now, For an ouphe has broken his vestal vow; He has loved an earthly maid, And left for her his woodland shade; He has lain upon her lip of dew, And sunn'd him in her eye of blue, Fann'd her cheek with his wing of air, Play'd in the ringlets of her hair, And, nestling on her snowy breast, Forgot the lily-king's behest.

For this the shadowy tribes of air To the elfin court must haste away :---

And now they stand expectant there,

To hear the doom of the culprit fay.

VI.

The throne was rear'd upon the grass, Of spice-wood and the sassafras;

On pillars of mottled tortoise-shell

Hung the burnish'd canopy-

And over it gorgeous curtains fell Of the tulip's crimson drapery.

The monarch sat on his judgment-seat, On his brow the crown imperial shone,

The prisoner fay was at his fect,

And his peers were ranged around the throne.

He waved his sceptre in the air,

He look'd around and calmly spoke;

His brow was grave and his eye severe, But his voice in a soften'd accent broke:

VII.

" Fairy! fairy! list and mark: Thou hast broke thine elfin chain;

Thy flame-wood lamp is quench'd and dark.

And thy wings are dyed with a deadly stain-

Thou hast sullied thine elfin purity

In the glance of a mortal maiden's eye;

Thou hast scorn'd our dread decree, And thou shouldst pay the forfeit high.

But well I know her sinless mind Is pure as the angel forms above,

Gentle and meek, and chaste and kind, Such as a spirit well might love;

Fairy ! had she spot or taint, Bitter had been thy punishment : Tied to the hornet's shardy wings ; Toss'd on the pricks of nettle stings ; Or seven long ages doom'd to dwell With the lazy worm in the walnnt-shell ; Or every night to writhe and bleed Beneath the tread of the centipede ; Or bound in a cobweb dungcon dim, Your jailer a spider, huge and grim, 812

Amid the carrion bodies to lie	Through dreary beds of tangled fern,
Of the worm, and the bug, and the mur-	Through groves of nightshade dark and
der'd fly:	dern,
These it had been your lot to bear,	Over the grass and through the brake,
Had a stain been found on the earthly	Where toils the ant and sleeps the snake;
fair.	Now over the violet's azure flush
Now list, and mark our mild decree-	He skips along in lightsome mood;
Fairy, this your doom must be:	And now he thrids the bramble-bush,
	Till its points are dyed in fairy blood.
VIII.	He has leap'd the bog, he has pierced the
"Thou shalt seek the beach of sand	brier,
Where the water bounds the elfin land;	He has swum the brook, and waded the
Thou shalt watch the oozy brine	mire,
Till the sturgeon leaps in the bright moon-	Till his spirits sank, and his limbs grew weak,
shine,	And the red wax'd fainter in his cheek.
Then dart the glistening arch helow,	He had fallen to the ground outright,
And eatch a drop from his silver bow.	For rugged and dim was his onward
The water-sprites will wield their arms	track,
And dash around, with roar and rave,	But there came a spotted toad in sight,
And vain are the woodland spirits' charms; They are the imps that rule the wave.	And he laugh'd as he jump'd upon her
Yet trust thee in thy single might:	back;
If thy heart be pure and thy spirit right,	He bridled her mouth with a silkweed
Thou shalt win the warlock fight.	twist,
Thou shalt will the wallock light.	He lash'd her sides with an osier thong;
IX.	And now, through evening's dewy mist,
	With leap and spring they bound along,
"If the spray-bead gem be won,	Till the monntain's magic verge is past,
The stain of thy wing is wash'd away;	And the beach of sand is reach'd at last.
But another errand must be done	
Ere thy crime be lost for aye:	XI.
Ere thy crime be lost for aye: Thy flame-wood lamp is quench'd and	
Ere thy crime be lost for aye: Thy flame-wood lamp is queuch'd and dark,	Soft and pale is the moony beam,
Ere thy crime be lost for aye: Thy flame-wood lamp is quench'd and dark, Thou must reillume its spark.	Soft and pale is the moony beam, Moveless still the glassy stream ;
Ere thy crime be lost for aye: Thy flame-wood lamp is quench'd and dark, Thou must reillume its spark. Mount thy steed and spur him high	Soft and pale is the moony beam, Moveless still the glassy stream ; The wave is clear, the beach is bright
Ere thy crime be lost for aye: Thy flame-wood lamp is quench'd and dark, Thou must reillume its spark. Mount thy steed and spur him high To the heaven's blue canopy;	Soft and pale is the moony beam, Moveless still the glassy stream ; The wave is clear, the beach is bright With snowy shells and sparkling stones;
Ere thy crime be lost for aye: Thy flame-wood lamp is quench'd and dark, Thou must reillume its spark. Mount thy steed and spur him high To the heaven's blue canopy; And when thou seest a shooting star,	Soft and pale is the moony beam, Moveless still the glassy stream ; The wave is clear, the beach is bright With snowy shells and sparkling stones; The shore-surge comes in ripples light,
Ere thy crime be lost for aye: Thy flame-wood lamp is quench'd and dark, Thou must reillume its spark. Mount thy steed and spur him high To the heaven's blue canopy; And when thou seest a shooting star, Follow it fast, and follow it far—	Soft and pale is the moony beam, Moveless still the glassy stream; The wave is clear, the beach is bright With snowy shells and sparkling stones; The shore-surge comes in ripples light, In murmurings faint and distant moans;
Ere thy crime be lost for aye: Thy flame-wood lamp is quench'd and dark, Thou must reillume its spark. Mount thy steed and spur him high To the heaven's blue canopy; And when thou seest a shooting star, Follow it fast, and follow it far— The last faint spark of its burning train	Soft and pale is the moony beam, Moveless still the glassy stream ; The wave is clear, the beach is bright With snowy shells and sparkling stones; The shore-surge comes in ripples light,
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Ere thy crime be lost for aye: Thy flame-wood lamp is quench'd and dark, Thou must reillume its spark. Mount thy steed and spur him high To the heaven's blue canopy; And when thou seest a shooting star, Follow it fast, and follow it far— The last faint spark of its burning train Shall light the elfin lamp again. Thou hast heard our sentence, fay;	Soft and pale is the moony beam, Moveless still the glassy stream; The wave is clear, the beach is bright With snowy shells and sparkling stones; The shore-surge comes in ripples light, In murnurings faint and distant moans; And ever afar in the silence deep Is heard the splash of the sturgeon's leap, And the bend of his graceful bow is scen—
Ere thy crime be lost for aye: Thy flame-wood lamp is quench'd and dark, Thou must reillume its spark. Mount thy steed and spur him high To the heaven's blue canopy; And when thou seest a shooting star, Follow it fast, and follow it far— The last faint spark of its burning train Shall light the elfin lamp again.	Soft and pale is the moony beam, Moveless still the glassy stream ; The wave is clear, the beach is bright With snowy shells and sparkling stones ; The shore-surge comes in ripples light, In murnurings faint and distant moans ; And ever afar in the silence deep Is heard the splash of the sturgeon's leap, And the hend of his graceful bow is scen— A glittering arch of silver sheen,
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Ere thy crime be lost for aye: Thy flame-wood lamp is quench'd and dark, Thou must reillume its spark. Mount thy steed and spur him high to the heaven's blue canopy; And when thou seest a shooting star, Follow it fast, and follow it far The last faint spark of its burning train Shall light the elfin lamp again. Thou hast heard our sentence, fay; Hencel to the water-side, away !" X.	Soft and pale is the moony beam, Moveless still the glassy stream ; The wave is clear, the beach is bright With snowy shells and sparkling stones ; The shore-surge comes in ripples light, In murnurings faint and distant moans ; And ever afar in the silence deep Is heard the splash of the sturgeon's leap, And the hend of his graceful bow is scen— A glittering arch of silver sheen,
Ere thy crime be lost for aye: Thy flame-wood lamp is quench'd and dark, Thou must reillune its spark. Mount thy steed and spur him high To the heaven's blue canopy; And when thou seest a shooting star, Follow it fast, and follow it far— The last faint spark of its burning train Shall light the elfin lamp again. Thou hast heard our sentence, fay; Hencel to the water-side, away !" X. The goblin mark'd his monarch well;	Soft and pale is the moony beam, Moveless still the glassy stream ; The wave is clear, the beach is bright With snowy shells and sparkling stones; The shore-surge comes in ripples light, In murnurings faint and distant moans; And ever afar in the silence deep Is heard the splash of the sturgeon's leap, And the bend of his graceful bow is seen— A glittering arch of silver sheen, Spanning the wave of burnish'd blue,
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His soiled wing has lost its power,

For many a sore and weary hour.

And he winds adown the mountain high,

- As he lighted down from his courser toad;
- Then round his breast his wings he wound, And close to the river's brink he strode;

He sprang on a rock, he breathed a prayer, | He howls with rage, and he shricks with Above his head his arms he threw,

Then toss'd a tiny curve in air,

And headlong plunged in the waters blue.

XIII.

Up sprung the spirits of the waves From the sea-silk beds in their coral caves : With snail-plate armor snatch'd in haste, They speed their way through the liquid waste : Some are rapidly borne along On the mailed shrimp or the prickly prong; Some on blood-red leeches glide, Some on the stony star-fish ride, Some on the back of the lancing squab, Some on the sideling soldier-erab; And some on the jellied quark, that flings At once a thousand streamy stings; They cut the wave with the living oar, And hurry on to the moonlight shore. To guard their realms and chase away The footsteps of the invading fay.

XIV.

Fearlessly he skims along,

- His hope is high, and his limbs are strong;
- He spreads his arms like the swallow's wing.

And throws his feet with a frog-like fling; His locks of gold on the waters shine,

At his breast the tiny foam-beads rise. His back gleams bright above the brine,

And the wake-line foam behind him lies

But the water-sprites are gathering near To check his course along the tide :

- Their warriors come in swift career And hem him round on every side;
- On his thigh the leech has fix'd his hold.

The quarl's long arms are round him roll'd,

The prickly prong has pierced his skin, And the squab has thrown his javelin; The gritty star has rubb'd him raw,

And the crab has struck with his giant claw;

pain :

He strikes around, but his blows are vain; Hopeless is the unequal fight. Fairy | naught is left but flight.

XV.

He turn'd him round, and fled amain With hurry and dash to the beach again; He twisted over from side to side. And laid his cheek to the cleaving tide ; The strokes of his plunging arms are fleet, And with all his might he flings his feet, But the water-sprites are round him still, To cross his path and work him ill. They bade the waves before him rise; They flung the sea-fire in his eyes; And they stunn'd his ears with the seallop stroke,

- With the porpoise heave and the drum-fish eroak.
- Oh! but a weary wight was he

When he reach'd the foot of the dogwood tree.

- Gash'd and wounded, and stiff and sore,
- He laid him down on the sandy shore;

He bless'd the force of the charmed line. And he bann'd the water-goblins' spite,

For he saw around in the sweet moonshine

Their little wee faces above the brine,

- Giggling and laughing with all their might
 - At the piteous hap of the fairy wight.

XVI.

Soon he gather'd the balsam dew

From the sorrel-leaf and the henbanebud:

Over each wound the balm he drew,

- And with cobweb lint he stanch'd the blood
- The mild west wind was soft and low,
- It cool'd the heat of his burning brow,

And he felt new life in his sinews shoot,

As he suck'd the juice of the calamus-root;

And now be treads the fatal shore

As fresh and vigorous as before.

XVII.

Wrapp'd in musing stands the sprite; 'Tis the middle wane of night;

His task is hard, his way is far, But he must do his errand right

Ere dawning mounts her beamy ear, And rolls her chariot-wheels of light; And vain are the spells of fairy-land,— He must work with a human hand.

XVIII.

He cast a sadden'd look around, But he felt new joy his bosom swell, When, glittering on the shadow'd ground, He saw a purple mussel-shell;

Thither he ran, and he bent him low,

He heaved at the stern and he heaved at the bow,

And he push'd her over the yielding sand,

Till he came to the verge of the haunted land.

She was as lovely a pleasure-boat As ever fairy had travell'd in,

For she glow'd with purple paint without, And shone with silvery pearl within;

A sculler's notch in the stern he made,

An oar he shaped of the bootle-blade;

- Then sprung to his seat with a lightsome leap,
- And launch'd afar on the calm, blue deep.

XIX.

The imps of the river yell and rave; They had no power above the wave;

But they heaved the billow before the prow,

- And they dash'd the surge against her side, And they struck her keel with jerk and
- blow,
- Till the gunwale bent to the rocking tide.
- She whimpled about to the pale moonbeam,
- Like a feather that floats on a wind-toss'd stream;
- And momently athwart her track

The quarl uprear'd his island back,

And the fluttering scallop behind would float,

And spatter the water about the boat;

But he bail'd her out with his colen-bell,

And he kept her trimm'd with a wary tread,

While on every side like lightning fell The heavy strokes of his bootle-blade.

XX.

Onward still he held his way,

Till he came where the column of moonshine lay.

And saw beneath the surface dim The brown-back'd sturgeon slowly swim; Around him were the goblin train, But he scull'd with all his might and main, And follow'd wherever the sturgeon led, Till he saw him upward point his head; Then he dropp'd his paddle blade, And held his colen-goblet up To catch the drop in its crimson cup.

XXI.

With sweeping tail and quivering fin Through the wave the sturgeon flew,

And, like the heaven-shot javelin, He sprung above the waters blue.

Instant as the star-fall light,

He plunged him in the deep again, But left an arch of silver bright,

The rainbow of the moony main. It was a strange and lovely sight

To see the puny goblin there; He seem'd an angel form of light,

With azure wings and sunny hair,

Throned on a cloud of purple fair, Circled with blue and edged with white, And sitting at the fall of even Beneath the bow of summer heaven.

XXII.

A moment, and its lustre fell; But ere it met the billow blue,

He eaught within his crimson bell A droplet of its sparkling dew—

Joy to thee, fay! thy task is done, Thy wings are pure, for the gem is won— Cheerly ply thy dripping oar, And haste away to the elfin shore.

XXIII.

He turns, and, lo ! on either side

The ripples on his path divide;

And the track o'er which his boat must pass

Is smooth as a sheet of polish'd glass.

Around, their limbs the sea-nymphs lave, With snowy arms half swelling out,

While on the gloss'd and gleamy wave Their sea-green ringlets loosely float

They swim around with smile and song; They press the bark with pearly hand,

And gently urge her course along, Toward the beach of speckled sand;

And, as he lightly leap'd to land, They bade adieu with nod and bow;

Then gayly kiss'd each little hand, And dropp'd in the crystal deep below.

XXIV.

A moment stay'd the fairy there; He kiss'd the beach and breathed a prayer; Then spread his wings of gilded blue, And on to the elfin court he flew: As ever ye saw a bubble rise, And shine with a thousand changing dyes, Till, lessening far, through ether driven, It mingles with the hues of heaven; As, at the glimpse of morning pale, The lance-fly spreads his silken sail, And gleams with blendings soft and bright,

Till lost in the shades of fading night; So rose from earth the lovely fay— So vanish'd, far in heaven away!

* •

Up, fairy! quit thy chickweed bower, The cricket has call'd the second hour; Twice again, and the lark will rise To kiss the streakings of the skies— Up! thy charmed armor don, Thou'lt need it ere the night be gone.

XXV.

He put his acorn helmet on;
It was plumed of the silk of the thistledown;
The corslet-plate that guarded his breast
Was once the wild bee's golden vest;
His cloak, of a thousand mingled dyes,
Was form'd of the wings of butterflies;
His shield was the shell of a lady-bug queen,
Studs of gold on a ground of green;
And the quivering lance which he brandish'd bright
Was the sting of a wasp he had slain in fight.
Swift he bestrode his fire-fly steed;

He bared his blade of the bent-grass blue;

He drove his spurs of the cockle-seed,

- And away like a glance of thought he flew,
- To skim the heavens, and follow far The fiery trail of the rocket-star.

XXVI.

The moth-fly, as he shot in air,

Crept under the leaf, and hid her there;

The katy-did forgot its lay,

The prowling gnat fled fast away,

The fell mosquito check'd his drone

And folded his wings till the fay was gone,

And the wily beetle dropp'd his head,

- And fell on the ground as if he were dead;
- They crouch'd them close in the darksome shade,
 - They quaked all o'er with awe and fear,
- For they had felt the blue-bent blade,

And writhed at the prick of the elfin spear;

Many a time, on a summer's night,

When the sky was clear, and the moon was bright,

They had been roused from the haunted ground

By the yelp and bay of the fairy hound; They had heard the tiny bugle-horn,

- They had heard the twang of the maizesilk string,
 - When the vine-twig bows were tightly drawn,
 - And the nettle-shaft through the air was borne,

Feather'd with down of the hum-bird's wing.

And now they deem'd the courier ouphe

Some hunter-sprite of the elfin ground;

And they watch'd till they saw him mount the roof

That canopies the world around ;

Then glad they left their covert lair,

And freak'd about iu the midnight air.

XXVII.

Up to the vaulted firmament His path the fire-fly courser bent, And at every gallop on the wind, He flung a glittering spark behind; He flies like a feather in the blast

- Till the first light cloud in heaven is past. But the shapes of air have begun their work,
- And a drizzly mist is round him east;
- He cannot see through the mantle murk;
- He shivers with cold, but he urges fast; Through storm and darkness, sleet and shade.

He lashes his steed, and spurs amain-

- For shadowy hands have twitch'd the rein.
 - And flame-shot tongues around him play'd,
- And near him many a fiendish eye
- Glared with a fell malignity,

And yells of rage, and shricks of fear,

Came screaming on his startled ear.

XXVIII.

His wings are wet around his breast,

The plume hangs dripping from his crest,

- His eyes are blurr'd by the lightning's glare,
- And his ears are stunn'd with the thunder's blare,
- But he gave a shout, and his blade be drew,

He thrust before and he struck behind, Till he pierced their cloudy bodies through,

And gash'd their shadowy limbs of wind;

Howling the misty spectres flew,

They rend the air with frightful cries; For he has gain'd the welkin blue,

And the land of clouds heneath him lies.

XXIX.

Up to the cope careering swift, In breathless motion fast, Fleet as the swallow cuts the drift. Or the sea-roc rides the blast, The sapphire sheet of evc is shot, The spherèd moon is past,

The earth but seems a tiny blot On a sheet of azure cast.

Oh! it was sweet, in the clear moonlight, To tread the starry plain of even!

To meet the thousand eyes of night, And feel the cooling breath of heaven!

- But the elfin made no stop or stay
- Till he came to the bank of the milkyway;

Then he check'd his courser's foot,

And watch'd for the glimpse of the planetshoot.

XXX.

Sudden along the snowy tide

That swell'd to meet their footsteps' fall, The sylphs of heaven were seen to glide,

Attired in sunset's crimson pall; Around the fay they weave the dance,

They skip before him on the plain, And one has taken his wasp-sting lance,

And one upholds his bridle-rein; With warblings wild they lead him on

To where through clouds of amber.seen, Studded with stars, resplendent shone

The palaee of the sylphid queen. Its spiral columns, gleaming bright, Were streamers of the northern light; Its curtain's light and lovely flush Was of the morning's rosy blush; And the ceiling fair, that rose aboon, The white and feathery fleece of noon.

XXXI.

But, oh ! how fair the shape that lay Beneath a rainbow bending bright;

She seem'd to the entrancèd fay

The loveliest of the forms of light; Her mantle was the purple roll'd

At twilight in the west afar ;

'Twas tied with threads of dawning gold, And button'd with a sparkling star.

Her face was like the lily roon

That veils the vestal planet's hue; Her eyes, two beamlets from the moon,

Set floating in the welkin blue.

Her hair is like the sunny beam,

And the diamond gems which round it gleam

Are the pure drops of dewy even

That ne'er have left their native heaven.

XXXII.

She raised her eyes to the wondering sprite,

And they leap'd with smiles; for well I ween

Never before in the bowers of light Had the form of an earthly fay been seen. Long she look'd in his tiny face; Long with his butterfly cloak she play'd ; She smoothed his wings of azure lace, And handled the tassel of his blade; And as he told in accents low The story of his love and woe, She felt new pains in her bosom rise, And the tear-drop started in her eves. And "O sweet spirit of earth," she cried, "Return no more to your woodland height. But ever here with me abide In the land of everlasting light! Within the fleecy drift we'll lie, We'll hang upon the rainbow's rim; And all the jewels of the sky Around thy brow shall brightly beam! And thou shalt bathe thee in the stream That rolls its whitening foam aboon. And ride upon the lightning's gleam, And dance upon the orbed moon [We'll sit within the Pleiad ring. We'll rest on Orion's starry belt, And I will bid my sylphs to sing The song that makes the dew-mist melt: Their harps are of the umber shade That hides the blush of waking day, And every gleamy string is made Of silvery moonshine's lengthen'd ray; And thou shalt pillow on my breast, While heavenly breathings float around, And, with the sylphs of ether blest, Forget the joys of fairy ground." XXXIII. She was lovely and fair to see,

And the elfin's heart beat fitfully; But lovelier far, and still more fair, The earthly form imprinted there; Naught he saw in the heavens above Was half so dear as his mortal love, For he thought upon her look so meek, And he thought of the light flush on her check;

Never again might he bask and lie On that sweet cheek and moonlight eye; But in his dreams her form to see, To clasp her in his revery, To think upon his virgin bride, Was worth all heaven, and earth beside.

XXXIV.

"Lady," he cried, "I have sworn to-night, On the word of a fairy-knight, To do my sentence-task aright; My honor scarce is free from stain— I may not soil its snows again; Betide me weal, betide me woe, Its mandate must be answer'd now." Her bosom heaved with many a sigh, The tear was in her drooping eye; But she led him to the palace-gate,

And call'd the sylphs who hover'd there, And bade them fly and bring him straight,

Of clouds condensed, a sable car. With charm and spell she bless'd it there, From all the fiends of upper air; Then round him cast the shadowy shrond, And tied his steed behind the cloud; And press'd his hand as she bade him fly Far to the verge of the northern sky, For by its wan and wavering light There was a star would fall to-night.

XXXV.

Borne afar on the wings of the blast, Northward away he speeds him fast, And his courser follows the cloudy wain Till the hoof-strokes fall like pattering rain.

The clouds roll backward as he flies, Each flickering star behind him lies, And he has reach'd the northern plain, And back'd his fire-fly steed again, Ready to follow in its flight The streaming of the rocket-light.

XXXVI.

The star is yet in the vault of heaven, But it rocks in the summer gale;

And now 'tis fitful and uneven, And now 'tis deadly pale;

And now 'tis wrapp'd in sulphur-smoke, And quench'd is its rayless beam;

And now with a rattling thunder-stroke It bursts in flash and flame.

As swift as the glance of the arrowy lance That the storm-spirit flings from high,

The star-shot flew o'er the welkin blue,

As it fell from the sheeted sky.

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As swift as the wind in its train behind	COMUS: A MASK.
The elfin gallops along :	The First Scene Discovers a Wild
The fiends of the clouds are bellowing loud,	Wood.
But the sylphid charm is strong;	The ATTENDANT SPIRIT descends or enters.
He gallops unhurt in the shower of fire,	
While the cloud-fiends fly from the blaze;	BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's court
He watches each flaké till its sparks expire,	My mansion is, where those immortal
And rides in the light of its rays.	shapes
But he drove his steed to the lightning's	Of bright aërial spirits live inspher'd
speed,	In regions mild of calm and serene air,
And caught a glimmering spark ;	Above the smoke and stir of this dim
Then wheel'd around to the fairy ground,	spot,
And sped through the midnight dark.	Which men call Earth; and with low-
* * * * * *	thoughted care
	Confined, and pester'd in this pinfold here,
Ouphe and goblin ! imp and sprite !	Strive to keep up a frail and feverish
Elf of eve! and starry fay !	being,
Ye that love the moon's soft light,	Unmindful of the erown that Virtue gives,
Hither—hither wend your way;	After this mortal change, to her true ser-
Twine ye in a jocund ring,	vants,
Sing and trip it merrily,	Amongst the enthroned gods on sainted
Hand to hand, and wing to wing,	seats.
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.	Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
TT 11.1 1	To lay their just hands on that golden
Hail the wanderer again	key,
With dance and song, and lute and lyre;	That opes the palace of eternity;
Pure his wing and strong his chain, And doubly bright his fairy fire.	To such my errand is; and but for such,
Twine ye in an airy round,	I would not soil these pure ambrosial
Brush the dew and print the lea;	weeds
Skip and gambol, hop and bound,	With the rank vapors of this sin-worn
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.	mould.
Tound the wind when haber free	But to my task. Neptune, besides the
The beetle guards our holy ground,	sway Of every salt flood, and each ebbing
He flies about the haunted place,	stream,
And if mortal there be found,	Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether
He hums in his ears and flaps his face;	Jove
The leaf-harp sounds our roundelay,	Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,
The owlet's eyes our lanterns be;	That like to rich and various gems inlay
Thus we sing and dance and play	The unadornèd bosom of the deep;
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.	Which he, to grace his tributary gods,
XXXVII.	By course commits to several government,
	And gives them leave to wear their sap-
But hark ! from tower on tree-top high	phire erowns,
The sentry-elf his call has made;	And wield their little tridents : but this
A streak is in the eastern sky, Shapes of moonlight! flit and fade!	Isle,
The hill-tops gleam in morning's spring,	The greatest and the best of all the main,
The skylark shakes his dabbled wing,	He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities :
The day-glimpse glimmers on the lawn,	And all this tract that fronts the falling
The cock has crow'd, and the fays are gone.	sun
JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.	A noble Peer of mickle trust and power

- Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
- An old and haughty nation proud in arms: Where his fair offspring, nursed in princely lore,

Are coming to attend their father's state,

And new-entrusted sceptre; but their way

Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear wood,

The nodding horror of whose shady brows

Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger;

- And here their tender age might suffer peril,
- But that by quick command from sovereign Jove
- I was despatch'd for their defence and guard;

And listen why, for I will tell you now

What never yet was heard in tale or song,

- From old or modern bard, in hall or bower. Bacehus, that first from out the purple grape
- Crush'd the sweet poison of misusèd wine,

After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,

- Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,
- On Circe's island fell. (Who knows not Circe,
- The daughter of the Sun, whose charmèd cup

Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,

- And downward fell into a grovelling swine?)
- This Nymph that gazed upon his clust'ring locks,

With ivy berries wreathed, and his blithe youth,

Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son

Much like his father, but his mother more,

Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus named:

Who ripe, and frolic of his full-grown age, Roving the Celtie and Iberian fields,

- At last betakes him to this ominons wood,
- And in thick shelter of black shades embower'd

Excels his mother at her mighty art,

Offering to every weary traveller

His orient liquor in a crystal glass,

To quench the drouth of Phœbus; which as they taste

- (For most do taste through fond intem- p'rate thirst),
- Soon as the potion works, their human count'nance,
- Th' express resemblance of the gods, is changed
- Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear,
- Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
- All other parts remaining as they were;
- And they, so perfect is their misery,
- Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
- But boast themselves more comely than before,
- And all their friends and native home forget,

To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.

- Therefore, when any favor'd of high Jove Chances to pass through this adventurous
- glade,
- Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star
- I shoot from heaven, to give him safe convoy,

As now I do: But first I must put off

- These my sky robes spun out of Iris' woof,
- And take the weeds and likeness of a swain,

That to the service of this house belongs,

- Who with his soft pipe, and smooth-dittied song,
- Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
- And hush the waving woods; nor of less faith,

And in this office of his mountain-watch,

Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid

Of this occasion. But I hear the tread

Of hateful steps; I must be viewless now.

- COMUS enters with a charming-rod in one hand, his glass in the other; with him a rout of monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like men and women, their apparel glistering; they come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.
 - COMUS. The star that bids the shepherd fold

Now the top of heaven doth hold;

And the gilded car of day

His glowing axle doth allay

In the steep Atlantic stream; And the slope sun his upward beam Shoots against the dusky pole, Pacing toward the other goal Of his chamber in the east. Meanwhile welcome joy, and feast, Midnight shout and revelry, Tipsy dance and jollity, Braid your loeks with rosy twine. Dropping odors, dropping wine. Rigor now is gone to bed, And Advice with scrupulous head, Strict Age, and sour Severity, With their grave saws in slumber lie. We that are of purer fire Imitate the starry quire, Who in their nightly watchful spheres Lead in swift round the months and years. The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove, Now to the moon in wavering morrice move: And on the tawny sands and shelves Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves. By dimpled brook, and fountain brim, The wood-nymphs, deck'd with daisies trim. Their merry wakes and pastimes keep; What hath night to do with sleep? Night hath better sweets to prove. Venus now wakes, and wakens Love. Come, let us our rites begin, 'Tis only daylight that makes sin, Which these dun shades will ne'er report. Hail, goddess of nocturnal sport. Dark-veil'd Cotytto! t' whom the secret flame Of midnight torches burns; mysterious dame. That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon womb Of Stygian darkness spets her thickest gloom, And makes one blot of all the air: Stay thy cloudy ehon chair, Wherein thou rid'st with Heeat', and befriend Us thy yow'd priests, till utmost end Of all thy dues be done, and none left out.

Ere the babbling eastern scout,

The nice Morn on th' Indian steep, From her cabin'd loophole peep, And to the tell-tale Sun desery Our conceal'd solemnity. Come, kuit hands, and beat the ground In a light fantastic round.

The Measure.

- Break off, break off, I feel the different pace
- Of some chaste footing near about this ground.
- Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and trees;
- Our number may affright. Some virgin sure
- (For so I can distinguish by mine art)
- Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms,
- And to my wily trains; I shall ere long
- Be well stock'd with as fair a herd as grazed
- About my mother Ciree. Thus I hurl
- My dazzling spells into the spongy air,
- Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
- And give it false presentments, lest the place
- And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
- And put the damsel to suspicious flight,
- Which must not be, for that's against my course :
- I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,
- And well-placed words of glozing courtesy,
- Baited with reasons not unplausible,

Wind me into the easy-hearted man,

And hug him into snares. When once her eye

Hath met the virtue of this magic dust,

- I shall appear some harmless villager,
- Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.
- But here she comes; I fairly step aside, And hearken, if I may, her business here.

The LADY enters.

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,

My best guide now; methought it was the sound

- Of riot and ill-managed merriment,
- Such as the jocund flute or gamesome pipe
- Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds, When for their teeming flocks, and granges full.
- In wanton dance, they praise the bounteous Pan,
- And thank the gods amiss. I should be loath
- To meet the rudeness, and swill'd insolence
- Of such late wassailers; yet oh! where else
- Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
- Iu the blind mazes of this tangled wood?
- My brothers, when they saw me wearied out
- With this long way, resolving here to lodge
- Under the spreading favor of these pines,
- Stepp'd, as they said, to the next thicketside

To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit As the kind hospitable woods provide.

- They left me then, when the gray-hooded Even,
- Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
- Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.
- But where they are, and why they came not back,
- Is now the labor of my thoughts; 'tis likeliest
- They had engaged their wand'ring steps too far;
- And envious darkness, ere they could return,
- Had stole them from me: else, O thievish Night,
- Why shouldst thon, but for some felonious end,
- In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,
- That Nature hung in heav'n, and fill'd their lamps
- With everlasting oil, to give due light
- To the misled and lonely traveller?

This is the place, as well as I may guess, Whence even now the tunult of load mirth Was rife, and perfect in my list'ning ear, Yet naught but single darkness do I find. What might this be? A thousand fantasies Begin to throng into my memory, Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,

And airy tongues, that syllable men's names On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.

- These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
- The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
- By a strong-siding champion, Conscience,-
- O welcome pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,
- Thou hovering Angel, girt with golden wings,
- And thou, unblemish'd form of Chastity! I see ye visibly, and now believe
- That he, the Supreme Good, t' whom all things ill
- Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
- Would send a glist'ring guardian, if need were,
- To keep my life and honor unassail'd.
- Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
- Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
- I did not err, there does a sable cloud
- Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
- And casts a gleam over this tufted grove:
- I cannot halloo to my brothers, but
- Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
- I'll venture, for my new-enliven'd spirits
- Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

Song.

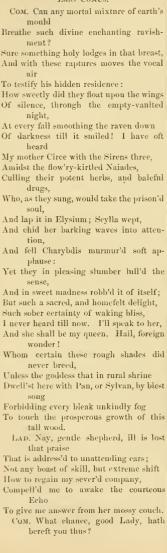
- Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
 - Within thy airy shell,
- By slow Mæander's margent green,
- And in the violet-embroider'd vale,

Where the love-lorn nightingale

- Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;
 - Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair That likest thy Narcissus are? Oh, if thou have
 - Hid them in some flow'ry cave, Tell me but where,
 - Sweet Queen of Parley, Daughter of the Sphere !
- So mayst thou be translated to the skies,

And give resounding grace to all Heav'n's harmonies.

Enter COMUS.



LAD. Dim	darkness,	and this	s leafy	laby-
rinth.				

- Com. Could that divide you from nearushering guides?
- LAD. They left me weary on a grassy turf.
- Com. By falsehood, or disconrtesy, or why?
- LAD. To seek i' th' valley some cool friendly spring.
- Com. And left your fair side all unguarded, Lady?
- LAD. They were but twain, and purposed quick return.
- Com. Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.
- LAD. How easy my misfortune is to hit !
- COM. Imports their loss, beside the present need?
- LAD. No less than if I should my brothers lose.
- Com. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?
- LAD. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.
- Com. Two such I saw, what time the labor'd ox
- In his loose traces from the furrow came,
- And the swink'd hedger at his supper sat; I saw them under a green mantling vine
- That erawls along the side of yon small hill.
- Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;
- Their port was more than human, as they stood :
- I took it for a facry vision
- Of some gay creatures of the element,
- That in the colors of the rainbow live,
- And play i' th' plighted clouds. I was awestrnek,
- And as I pass'd, I worshipp'd; if those you seek,
- It were a journey like the path to heaven,
- To help you find them.
 - LAD. Gentle villager,
- What readiest way would bring me to that place?
 - Com. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.
 - LAD. To find that out, good shepherd, I suppose,

In such a scant allowance of star-light,	2 Br. Or if our eyes
Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,	Be barr'd that happiness, might we but
Without the sure guess of well-practised	hear
feet.	The folded flocks penn'd in their wattled
Com. I know each lane, and every alley	cotes,
green,	Or sound of past'ral reed with oaten
Dingle or bushy dell of this wild wood,	stops,
And every bosky bourn from side to side,	Or whistle from the lodge, or village
My daily walks and ancient neighbor-	cock
hood;	Count the night watches to his feathery
And if your stray attendants be yet lodged Or shroud within these limits, I shall	dames,
know	'Twould be some solace yet, some little
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark	cheering In this close dungeon of innumerous
From her thatch'd pallat rouse; if other-	boughs.
wise,	But oh, that hapless virgin, our lost
I can conduct you, Lady, to a low	sister!
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe	Where may she wander now, whither be-
Till further quest.	take her
LAD. Shepherd, I take thy word,	From the chill dew, among rude burs and
And trust thy honest-offer'd courtesy,	thistles?
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds	Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster
With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls	now,
And courts of princes, where it first was	Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad
named,	elm
And yet is most pretended : in a place	Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with
Less warranted than this, or less secure,	sad fears.
I cannot be, that I should fear to change	What, if in wild amazement, and affright,
it.	Or, while we speak, within the direful
Eye me, blest Providence, and square my	grasp
trial	Of savage hunger, or of savage heat?
To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd, lead on.	1 BR. Pcace, brother, be not over ex- guisite
leau on.	To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
Enter The Two BROTHERS,	For grant they be so, while they rest un-
1 BR. Unmuffle, ye faint stars, and thou,	known,
fair moon.	What need a man forestall his date of
That wont'st to love the traveller's benizon,	grief,
Stoop thy pale visage through an amher	And run to meet what he would most
cloud,	avoid?
And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here	Or if they be but false alarms of fear,
In double night of darkness and of shades;	How bitter is such self-delusion!
Or if your influence be quite damm'd up	I do not think my sister so to seek,
With black usurping mists, some gentle	Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,
- taper,	And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms
Though a rush candle, from the wicker-	ever,
hole	As that the single want of light and noise
Of some clay habitation, visit us	(Not being in danger, as I trust she is
With thy long-levell'd rule of streaming	not) Could stir the constant mood of her colm
light;	Could stir the constant mood of her calm
And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,	thoughts, And put them into misbecoming plight.
Or Tyrian Cynosure.	and Par them into mispecoming pright.

Virtue could see to do what virtue would	Infer, as if I thought my sister's state
By her own radiant light, though sun and	Secure without all doubt, or controversy;
moon	Yet where an equal poise of hope and
Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's	fear
self	Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,	That I incline to hope, rather than fear,
Where, with her best nurse Contempla-	And gladly banish squint suspicion.
· · · · · ·	
tion,	My sister is not so defenceless left,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow	As you imagine; she has a hidden
her wings,	strength
That in the various bustle of resort	Which you remember not.
Were all-to ruffled, and sometimes im-	2 BR. What hidden strength,
pair'd.	Unless the strength of Heaven, if you
He that has light within his own clear	mean that?
breast,	I BR. I mean that too, but yet a hidden
May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright	strength,
day:	Which, if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul	her own;
thoughts,	'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity :
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;	She that has that, is clad. in complete
Himself is his own dungeou.	steel,
2 Br. 'Tis most true,	And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows
That musing meditation most affects	keen
0	
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,	May trace huge forests, and unharbor'd
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and	heaths,
herds,	Infamous hills, and sandy perilons wilds,
And sits as safe as in a senate-house;	Where through the sacred rays of chas-
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,	tity,
His few books, or his beads, or maple	No savage fierce, bandite, or monntaineer
dish,	Will dare to soil her virgin purity :
Or do his gray hairs any violence?	Yea there, where very desolation dwells,
But beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree	By grots, and caverns shagg'd with horrid
Laden with blooming gold, had need the	shades,
guard	She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,
Of dragon watch with unenchanted eye,	Be it not done in pride, or in presump-
To save her blossoms, and defend her	tion.
fruit	Some say no evil thing that walks by
From the rash hand of bold incontinence.	night,
You may as well spread out the unsunn'd	In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
heaps	Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid
Of miser's treasure by an outlaw's den,	ghost, That basely his provis shains at surfary
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope	That breaks his magic chains at curfew-
Danger will wink on opportunity,	time,
And let a single helpless maiden pass	No goblin, or swart facry of the mine,
Uninjured in this wild surrounding waste.	Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
Of night, or loneliness, it recks me not;	Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
I fear the dread events that dog them	Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
both,	To testify the arms of chastity?
Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the	Hence had the huntress Dian her dread
person	bow,
Of our unownèd sister.	Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,
1 BR. I do not, brother,	Wherewith she tamed the brinded lioness

And spotted mountain-pard, and set at	And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
naught	Where no crude surfeit reigns.
The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and	1 BR. List, list, I hear
men Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen	Some far-off halloo break the silent air. 2 Br. Methought so too; what should
o' the woods.	it be?
What was that snaky-headed Gorgon	1 BR. For certain
shield,	Either some one like us night-founder'd
That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd	here,
virgin,	Or else some neighbor woodman, or, at
Wherewith she freezed her foes to con-	worst,
geal'd stone,	Some roving robber calling to his fellows.
But rigid looks of chaste austerity,	2 BR. Heaven keep my sister! Again,
And noble grace that dash'd brute vio- lence	again, and near!
With sudden adoration and blank awe?	Best draw, and stand upon our guard. 1 Br. I'll halloo;
So dear to Heav'n is saintly chastity,	If he be friendly, he comes well; if not,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,	Defence is a good cause, and Heav'n be
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,	for us.
Driving far off each thing of sin and	
guilt,	Enter the ATTENDANT SPIRIT, habited like
And in clear dream, and solenin vision,	a shepherd.
Tell her of things that no gross ear can	That halloo I should know, what are you?
hear,	speak:
Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants Begins to cast a beam on th' outward	Come not too near, you fall on iron stakes else.
shape,	SPIR. What voice is that? my young
The unpolluted temple of the mind,	Lord? speak again.
And turns it by degrees to the soul's es-	2 BR. O brother, 'tis my father's shep-
sence,	herd, sure.
Till all be made immortal: but when	1 BR. Thyrsis! Whose artful strains
lust,	have oft delay'd
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul	The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
talk,	And sweeten'd every musk-rose of the
But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,	dale.
Lets in defilement to the inward parts, The soul grows clotted by contagion,	How cam'st thou here, good swain? hath any ram
Embodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose	Slipt from the fold, or young kid lost his
The divine property of her first being.	dam,
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows	Or straggling wether the pent flock for-
damp	sook?
Oft seen in charnel vaults, and sepulchres,	How could'st thou find this dark seques-
Ling'ring and sitting by a new-made	ter'd nook ?
grave,	SPIR. O my loved master's heir, and his
As loath to leave the body that it loved,	next joy,
And link'd itself by carnal sensuality	I came not here on such a trivial toy
To a degenerate and degraded state. 2 BR. How charming is divine philos-	As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the stealth Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleecy
ophy!	wealth
Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools sup-	That doth enrich these downs is worth a
pose,	thought
But musical as is Apollo's lute,	To this my errand, and the care it brought.

But, oh my virgin Lady, where is she?. Had ta'en their supper on the savory herb How chance she is not in your company? Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in 1 BR. To tell thee sadly, Shepherd, fold, without blame. I sat me down to watch upon a bank Or our neglect, we lost her as we came. With ivy eanopied, and interwove SPIR. Ave me unhappy! then my fears With flaunting honeysuckle, and began, Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy, are true. 1 BR. What fears, good Thyrsis? Pri-To meditate my rural minstrelsy, thee briefly shew. Till Fancy had her fill; but ere a close, SPIR, I'll tell ye; 'tis not vain or fabu-The wonted roar was up amidst the woods, lous. And fill'd the air with barbarous disso-Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance, nanee : What the sage poets, taught by th' heav-At which I ceased, and listen'd them a while, enly Muse, Storied of old in high immortal verse, Till an unusual stop of sudden silence Of dire chimæras, and enchanted isles, Gave respite to the drowsy frighted steeds, And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to That draw the litter of close-curtain'd Hell: sleep; For such there be, but unbelief is blind. At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound Within the navel of this hideous wood, Rose like a steam of rich-distill'd per-Immured in eypress shades a sorcerer fumes, dwells, And stole upon the air, that even Silence Was took ere she was ware, and wish'd she Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus. might Deep skill'd in all his mother's witch-Deny her nature, and be never more, Still to be so displaced. I was all car, eries: And took in strains that might create a And here to every thirsty wanderer By sly enticement gives his baneful cup, soul With many murmurs mix'd, whose pleas-Under the ribs of death : but oh ere long Too well I did perceive it was the voice ing poison The visage quite transforms of him that Of my most honor'd Lady, your dear sister. drinks, Amazed I stood, harrow'd with grief and And the inglorious likeness of a beast Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintfear. And O poor hapless nightingale, thought I, age Charáeter'd in the face: this I have learnt How sweet thou sing'st, how near the Tending my flocks hard by i' th' hilly deadly snare ! crofts. Then down the lawns I ran with headlong That brow this bottom-glade, whence, haste. Through paths and turnings often trod by night by night, He and his monstrous rout are heard to day, Till guided by mine ear I found the place, howl, Where that damn'd wizard, hid in sly dis-Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their guise prey, Doing abhorred rites to Hecate (For so by certain signs I knew), had met-Already, ere my best speed could prevent, In their obscured hannts of inmost bowers, The aidless innocent lady his wish'd prey; Yet have they many baits, and guileful Who gently ask'd if he had seen such two, spells, Supposing him some neighbor villager. T' inveigle and invite th' unwary sense Of them that pass unweeting by the way. Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd This evening late, by then the chewing Ye were the two she meant; with that I flocks sprung

Into swift flight, till I had found you	1 BR. Why prithee, Shepherd,
here,	How durst thou then thyself approach so
But further know I not.	near,
2 Br. O night and shades,	As to make this relation?
How are ye join'd with Hell in triple knot,	SPIR. Care and utmost shifts
Against th' unarmèd weakness of one vir-	How to secure the lady from surprisal
gin,	Brought to my mind a certain shepherd
Alone and helpless! Is this the confidence	lad,
You gave me, brother?	Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd
1 Br. Yes, and keep it still,	In every virtuous plant and healing herb,
Lean on it safely; not a period	That spreads her verdant leaf to th' morn-
Shall be unsaid for me: against the threats	ing ray:
Of malice or of soreery, or that power	He loved me well, and oft would beg me
Which erring men call Chauce, this I hold	sing,
firm,	Which when I did, he on the tender grass
Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,	Would sit, and hearken e'en to ecstasy,
Surprised by unjust force, but not en-	And in requital ope his leathern serip,
thrall'd;	And show me simples of a thousand names,
Yea even that which Mischief meant most	Telling their strange and vigorous faculties.
harm,	Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory :	But of divine effect, he cull'd me out;
But evil on itself shall back recoil,	The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on
And mix no more with goodness, when at	it,
last	But in another country, as he said,
Gather'd like seum, and settled to itself,	Bore a bright golden flow'r, but not in this
It shall be in eternal restless change	soil:
Self-fed, and self-consumed : if this fail,	Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,	swain
And earth's base built ou stubble. But	Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon:
come, let's on.	And yet more med'cinal is it than that
Against the opposing will and arm of	moly
Heaven	That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave;
May never this just sword be lifted up;	He call'd it Hæmony, and gave it me,
But for that damn'd magician, let him be	And bade me keep it as of sovereign use
girt	'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blast, or
With all the grisly legions that troop	damp,
Under the sooty flag of Acheron,	Or ghastly Furies' apparition.
Harpies and Hydras, or all the monstrous	1 pursed it up, but little reck'ning made,
forms	Till now that this extremity compell'd;
'Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out,	But now I find it true, for by this means
And force him to restore his purchase back,	I knew the foul enchanter though dis-
Or drag him by the curls to a foul death, Cursed as his life.	guised,
	Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,
SPIR. Alas! good vent'rous youth, I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise;	And yet came off: if you have this about
	you (A. Lwill rise root riker and real)
But here thy sword can do thee little stead; Far other arms and other weapons must	(As I will give you when we go), you may
Be those that quell the might of hellish	Boldly assault the neeromancer's hall;
charms:	Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood,
He with his bare wand can unthread thy	And brandish'd blade rush on him, break his glass,
joints,	And shed the luscious liquor on the
And erumble all thy sinews.	ground,
I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I	5. candy

But seize his wand; though he and his cursed crew	Why should you be so cruel to yourself, And to those dainty limbs which Nature
Fierce sign of battle make, and menace	lent
high,	For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?
Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoke,	But you invert the covenants of her trust,
Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink. 1 BR. Thyrsis, lead on apace, I'll fol-	And harshly deal, like an ill borrower, With that which you received on other
low thee,	terms;
And some good angel bear a shield before	Scorning the unexempt condition
us.	By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
The seene changes to a stately palace, set out	Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
with all manner of deliciousness; soft	That have been tired all day without re- past,
music, tables spread with all dainties.	And timely rest have wanted; but, fair
COMUS appears with his rabble, and the	virgin,
LADY set in an enchanted chair, to whom he offers his glass, which she puts by, and	This will restore all soon.
goes about to rise.	LAD. 'Twill not, false traitor,
COM. Nay, Lady, sit; if I but wave	'Twill not restore the truth and honesty That thou hast banish'd from thy tongue
this wand,	with lies.
Your nerves are all chain'd up in alabas-	Was this the cottage, and the safe abode
ter,	Thou toldst me of? What grim aspects are
And you a statue, or as Daphne was,	these,
Root-bound, that fied Apollo. LAD. Fool, do not boast,	These ugly-headed monsters? Mercy guard me!
Thou eanst not touch the freedom of my	Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul
mind	deceiver l
With all thy charms, although this cor-	Hast thou betray'd my eredulous innocence
poral rind	With visor'd falsehood and base forgery? And would'st thou seek again to trap me
Thou hast immanaeled, while Heaven sees good.	here
Com. Why are you vext, Lady? why	With liquorish baits fit to ensnare a brute?
do you frown?	Were it a draft for Juno when she ban-
Here dwell no frowns nor anger; from	quets,
these gates Sorrow flies far; see, here be all the	I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none
pleasures	But such as are good men can give good
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,	things,
When the fresh blood grows lively, and re-	And that which is not good, is not de-
turns	licious
Brisk as the April buds in primrose sea- son.	To a well-govern'd and wise appetite. Com. O foolishness of men! that lend
And first behold this cordial julep here,	their ears
That flames, and dances in his crystal	To those budge doctors of the Stoie fur,
bounds,	And fetch their precepts from the Cynic
With spirits of balm, and fragrant syrups mix'd.	tub, Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence.
Not that Nepenthes, which the wife of	Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties
Thone	forth,
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,	With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Is of such pow'r to stir up joy as this,	Covering the earth with odors, fruits, and
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.	flocks,

Thronging the seas with spawn innumer- able,	It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.
But all to please, and sate the curious taste?	Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown
And set to work millions of spinning worms,	In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities, Where most may wonder at the workman-
That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk	ship ; It is for homely features to keep home,
To deck her sons; and that no corner might	They had their name thence; coarse com- plexions,
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins	And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to
She hutch'd th' all-worshipp'd ore, and	ply
precious gems, To store her children with: if all the	The sampler, and to tease the huswife's wool.
world	What need a vermeil-tinctured lip for that,
Should in a pet of temperance feed on	Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the
pulse,	morn ?
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear	There was another meaning in these gifts;
but frieze,	Think what, and he advised, you are but
Th' All-giver would be unthank'd, would be	young yet.
unprais'd,	LAD. I had not thought to have un-
Not half his riches known, and yet de-	lockt my lips
spised;	In this unhallow'd air, but that this jng-
And we should serve him as a grudging	gler
master,	Would think to charm my judgment, as
As a penurious niggard of his wealth ;	mine eyes,
And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,	Obtruding false rules prank'd in reason's garb.
Who would be quite surcharged with her	I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
own weight,	And virtue has no tongue to check her
And strangled with her waste fertility;	pride.
Th' earth cumber'd, and the winged air	Impostor, do not charge most innocent
dark'd with plumes,	Nature,
The herds would over-multitude their	As if she would her children should be
lords,	riotous
The sea o'erfraught would swell, and th'	With her abundance; she, good cateress,
unsought diamonds	Means her provision only to the good,
Would so emblaze the forehead of the	That live according to her sober laws,
deep,	And holy dictate of spare temperance:
And so hestud with stars, that they below	If every just man, that now pines with
Would grow inured to light, and come at last	want, Had but a moderate and beseeming share
To gaze upon the sun with shameless	Of that which lewdly-pamper'd luxury
brows.	Now heaps upon some few with vast
List, Lady, be not coy, and be not cozen'd	excess,
With that same vannted name Virginity.	Nature's full blessings would be well dis-
Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be	pensed
hoarded,	In unsuperfluous even proportion,
But must be current, and the good thereof	And she no whit encumher'd with her
Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,	store;
Unsavory in th' enjoyment of itself;	And then the Giver would be better
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose	thank'd,

His praise due paid ; for swinish gluttony Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast. But with besotted base ingratitude Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on? Or have I said enow? To him that dares Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words Against the sun-clad power of Chastity, Fain would I something say, yet to what end? Thou hast nor ear, nor soul to apprehend The sublime notion, and high mystery, That must be utter'd to unfold the sage And serious doctrine of Virginity, And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know More happiness than this thy present lot, Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetorie, That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence: Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinced: Yet should I try, the uncontrolled worth Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits To such a flame of sacred vehemence, That dumb things would be moved to sympathize. And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and shake. Till all thy magic structures rear'd so high, Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head. COM. She fables not: I feel that I do fear Her words set off by some superior power : And though not mortal, yet a cold shudd'ring dew Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus, To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble, And try her yet more strongly. Come, no more. This is mere moral babble, and direct Against the canon laws of our foundation: I must not suffer this; yet 'tis but the lees And settlings of a melancholy blood : Butthis will cure all straight; one sip of this

Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight, Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.—

The BROTHERS rush in with swords drawn, wrest his glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground; his rout make sign of resistance, but are all driven in. The ATTENDANT SPIRIT comes in,

SPIR. What, have you let the false enchanter 'scape ?

Oh ye mistook, ye should have snatch'd his wand,

And bound him fast; without his rod reversed,

And backward mutters of dissevering power,

We cannot free the Lady that sits here

In stony fetters fix'd, and motionless:

- Yet stay, be not disturb'd: now I bethink me,
- Some other means I have which may be used,

Which once of Melibœus old I learnt,

The soothest shepherd that e'er piped on plains.

- There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
- That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,
- Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure ;
- Whilom she was the daughter of Locrine,
- That had the sceptre from his father Brute.
- She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
- Of her enraged stepdame Guendolen,
- Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
- That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course.
- The water-nymphs that in the bottom play'd,
- Held up their pearled wrists, and took her in,

Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall,

Who piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,

And gave her to his daughters to imbathe In nectar'd lavers strow'd with asphodil,

And through the porch and inlet of each sense

Dropp'd in ambrosial oils, till she revived,	Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,
And underwent a quick immortal change,	Slecking her soft alluring locks,
Made Goddess of the river: still she re-	By all the nymphs that nightly dance
tains	Upon thy streams with wily glance,
Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve	Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
Visits the herds along the twilight mea-	From thy coral-paven bed,
dows,	And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck	Till thou our summons answer'd have.
signs	Listen and save.
That the shrewd meddling elf delights to	SABRINA rises, attended by water-nymphs,
make,	and sings.
Which she with precious vial'd liquors	By the rushy-fringèd bank,
heals;	Where grows the willow and the osier
For which the shepherds at their festivals	dank,
Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,	My sliding chariot stays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into	Thick set with agate, and the azurn
her stream	sheen
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils. And, as the old swain said, she can un- lock	Of turkis blue, and emerald green, That in the channel strays;
The clasping charm, and thaw the numb-	Whilst from off the waters fleet,
ing spell,	Thus I set my printless feet
If she be right invoked in warbled song;	O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift	That hends not as I tread; Gentle Swain, at thy request I am here.
To aid a virgin, such as was herself,	SPIR. Goddess dear,
In hard-besetting need; this will I try,	We implore thy pow'rful hand
And add the pow'r of some adjuring verse.	To undo the charmèd band
Song,	Of true virgin here distrest,
Sabrina fair,	Through the force, and through the wile
Listen where thou art sitting	Of unbless'd enchanter vile.
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,	SABR. Shepherd, 'tis my office best
In twisted braids of lilies knitting	To help ensnarèd chastity:
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair; Listen for dear honor's sake, Goddess of the silver lake,	Brightest Lady, look on me; Thus I sprinkle on thy breast Drops that from my fountain pure I have kept of precious enre,
Listen and save.	Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
Listen and appear to us	Thrice upon thy rubied lip;
In name of great Oceanns,	Next this marble venom'd seat,
By th' earth-shaking Neptune's mace,	Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,
And Tethys' grave majestic pace,	I touch with chaste palms moist and
By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,	cold:
And the Carpathian wizard's hook, By sealy Triton's winding shell, And old soothsaying Glaucus' spell, By Leucothea's lovely hands,	Now the spell hath lost his hold; And I must haste ere morning hour To wait in Amphitrite's bow'r.
And her son that rules the strands, By Thetis' tinsel-slipper'd feet, And the songs of sirens sweet,	SABRINA descends, and the LADY rises out of her seat.
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,	SPIR. Virgin, daughter of Locrine,
And fair Ligea's golden comb,	Sprung of old Anchises' line,

May thy brimmed waves for this Their full tribute never miss From a thonsand petty rills, That tumble down the snowy hills : Summer drouth, or singed air Never scoreh thy tresses fair, Nor wet October's torrent flood Thy molten erystal fill with mud; May thy billows roll ashore The beryl, and the golden ore; May thy lofty head be erown'd With many a tow'r and terrace round, And here and there thy banks upon With groves of myrrh and einnamon.

Come, Lady, while Heav'n lends us grace,

Let us fly this eursed place. Lest the sorecrer us entice With some other new device. Not a waste or needless sound Till we come to holier ground; I shall be your faithful guide Through this gloomy covert wide, And not many furlongs thence Is your Father's residence, Where this night are met in state Many a friend to gratulate His wish'd presence, and beside All the swains that there abide, With jigs and rural dance resort : We shall eatch them at their sport, And our sudden coming there Will double all their mirth and cheer; Come let us haste, the stars grow high, But night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.

The scene changes, presenting Ludlow town and the President's eastle; then come in country dancers, after them the ATTEND-ANT SPIRIT, with the Two BROTHERS and the LADY.

Song.

SPIR. Back, Shepherds, back, enough your play,
Till next sunshine holiday;
Here be without duck or nod
Other trippings to be trod
Of lighter toes, and such court guise
As Mercury did first devise,
With the mincing Dryades,
On the lawns, and on the leas.

This second Song presents them to their Father and Mother.

Noble Lord, and Lady bright, I have brought ye new delight, Here behold so goodly grown Three fair branches of your own ; Heav'n hath timely tried their youth, Their faith, their patience, and their truth, And sent them here through hard assays With a crown of deathless praise, To triumph in victorious dance O'er sensual folly, and intemperance.

The dances ended, the SPIRIT epiloguizes.

SPIR. To the ocean now I fly, And those happy elines that lie Where day never shuts his eye, Up in the broad fields of the sky : There I suck the liquid air All amidst the gardens fair Of Hesperus, and his daughters three That sing about the golden tree : Along the crispèd shades and bowers

Revels the spruce and jocund Spring, The Graces, and the rosy-bosom'd Hours,

Thither all their bounties bring; There eternal Summer dwells,

And west winds, with musky wing, About the cedarn alleys fling Nard and cassia's balmy smells. Iris there with humid bow Waters the odorous banks, that blow Flowers of more mingled hue Than her purfled scarf can shew, And drenches with Elvsian dew (List, mortals, if your ears be true), Beds of hyacinth and roses, Where young Adonis oft reposes, Waxing well of his deep wound In slumber soft, and on the ground Sadly sits th' Assyrian queen ; But far above in spangled sheen Celestial Cupid her famed son advanced, Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranced, After her wand'ring labors long, Till free consent the Gods among Make her his eternal bride, And from her fair unspotted side Two blissful twins are to be born, Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn. But now my task is smoothly done,

I can fly, or I can run

Quickly to the green earth's end, Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend, And from thence can soar as soon To the corners of the moon.

Mortals, that would follow me, Love Virtue, she alone is free; She can teach ye how to climb Higher than the sphery chime: Or, if Virtue feeble were, Heav'n itself would stoop to her. Jour MILTOR,

FAREWELL TO THE FAIRIES.

FAREWELL rewards and Fairies! Good housewives now may say;

For now foule sluts in dairies Doe fare as well as they:

And though they sweepe their hearths no less

Than mayds were wont to doe,

Yet who of late for cleaneliness Finds sixe-pence in her shoe?

Lament, lament old Abbies, The fairies lost command; They did but change priests babies.

But some have changed your land:

And all your children stoln from thence Are now growne Puritanes,

Who live as changelings ever since, For love of your demaines.

At morning and at evening both You merry were and glad,

So little care of sleepe and sloth, These prettie ladies had.

When Tom came home from labour, Or Ciss to milking rose,

Then merrily went their tabour, And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelayes Of theirs, which yet remaine;

Were footed in Queenc Maries dayes On many a grassy playne.

But since of late Elizabeth And later James came in;

They never danced on any heath, As when the time hath bin.

By which wee note the fairies Were of the old profession: 53

Their songs were Ave Maries, Their dances were procession. But now, alas! they all are dead, Or gone beyond the seas. Or farther for religion fled, Or else they take their ease. A tell-tale in their company They never could endure : And whose kept not secretly Their mirth, was punish'd sure : It was a just and Christian deed To pinch such blacke and blue: Oh how the common-welth doth need Such justices as you ! Now they have left our quarters; A Register they have, Who can preserve their charters ; A man both wise and grave. An hundred of their merry pranks, By one that I could name Are kept in store; con twenty thanks To William for the same, To William Churne of Staffordshire

To writing characteristic of scattordshife Give laud and praises due, Who every meale can mend your cheare With tales both old and true: To William all give audience, And pray yee for his noddle: For all the fairies evidence Were lost, if it were addle.

RICHARD CORBET.

KILMENY.

BONNY Kilmeny gaed up the glen; But it wasna to meet Duneira's men, Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see, For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be. It was only to hear the Yorlin sing, And pu' the cress-flower round the spring; The scalet hyppe, and the hindberry,

And the nut that hung frae the hazel tree;

For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.

- But lang may her minny look o'er the wa',
- And lang may she seek i' the greenwood shaw;

Lang the laird of Duneira blame,

And lang, lang greet or Kilmeny come hame !

When many lang day had come and fled,	When she spake of the lovely forms she
When grief grew ealm, and hope was	had seen,
dead,	And a land where sin had never been;
When mess for Kilmeny's soul had been	A land of love, and a land of light,
sung,	Withouten sun, or moon, or night;
When the bedes-man had prayed, and the	Where the river swa'd a living stream,
deadbell rung :	And the light a pure and cloudless beam;
Late, late in a gloamin when all was	The land of vision it would seem,
still,	A still, an everlasting dream.
When the fringe was red on the westlin	In yon greenwood there is a waik,
hill,	And in that waik there is a wene,
The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,	And in that wene there is a maike,
The reek o' the cot hung o'er the plain,	That neither has flesh, nor blood, nor bane;
Like a little wee cloud in the world its	And down in yon greenwood he walks his
lane;	lane.
When the ingle lowed with an eiry leme,	
Late, late in the gloamin Kilmeny came hame!	In that green wene Kilmeny lay,
name :	Her bosom happ'd wi' flowerets gay;
"Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you	But the air was soft and the silence deep,
been?	And bonny Kilmeny fell sound asleep.
Lang hac we sought baith holt and dean;	She kenned nac mair, nor open'd her ee,
By linn, by ford, and greenwood tree,	Till waked by the hymns of a far conn-
Yet you are halesome and fair to see.	trye.
Where gat yon that joup o' the lily	She woke on a couch of the silk sae
sheen?	slim,
That bonny snood o' the birk sae green?	All striped wi' the bars of the rainbow's
And these roses the fairest that ever was	rim ;
seen ?—	And lovely beings round were rife,
Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you	Who erst had travelled mortal life;
been ?"	And aye they smiled, and 'gan to speer,
Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,	"What spirit has brought this mortal
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's	here ?"
face;	"Lang have I ranged the world wide,"
As still was her look, and as still was	A meek and reverend fere replied;
her ee,	"Baith night and day I have watched the
As the stillness that lay on the emerant	fair
lea,	Eident a thousand years and mair.
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless	Yes, I have watched o'er ilk degree,
sea.	Wherever blooms femenitye ;
For Kilmeny had been she ken'd not	And sinless virgin, free of stain
where,	In mind and body, fand I nane.
And Kilmeny had seen what she could	Never, since the banquet of time,
not declare;	Found I a virgin in her prime,
Kilmeny had been where the cock never	Till late this bonnic maiden I saw,
erew,	As spotless as the morning snaw :
Where the rain never fell, and the wind	Full twenty years she has lived as free
never blew.	As the spirits that sojourn in this coun-
But it seemed as the harp of the sky had	trye:
rung,	I have brought her away frae the snares of
And the airs of heaven played round her	men, That sin or dooth she never may her?
tongue,	That sin or death she never may ken."

They clasped her waist and her hands sae	The sky was a dome of crystal bright,
fair,	The fonntain of vision, and fountain of
They kissed her cheek, and they kemed	light:
her hair;	The emerant fields were of dazzling glow,
And round came many a blooming fere,	And the flowers of everlasting blow.
Saying, "Bonny Kilmeny, ye're welcome	Then deep in the stream her body they
here!	laid,
Women are freed of the littand scorn :	That her youth and beauty never might
O, blessed be the day Kilmeny was born l	fade ;
Now shall the land of the spirits see,	And they smiled on heaven, when they
Now shall it ken what a woman may be!	saw her lie
Many lang year in sorrow and pain,	In the stream of life that wandered by,
Many lang year through the world we've	And she heard a song, she heard it sung,
gane,	She kend not where; but sae sweetly it
Commissioned to watch fair womankind,	rung,
For it's they who nurse the immortal	It fell on her ear like a dream of the
mind.	morn :—
We have watched their steps as the dawn-	"O, blest be the day Kilmeny was
ing shone,	born!
And deep in the greenwood walks alone;	Now shall the land of the spirits see,
By lily bower and silken bed,	Now shall it ken what a woman may be!
The viewless tears have o'er them shed;	The sun that shines on the world sae
Have soothed their ardent minds to sleep,	bright,
Or left the couch of love to weep.	A borrowed gleid frae the fountain of
We have seen! we have seen! but the time	light;
maun come,	And the moon that sleeks the sky sae dun,
And the angels will weep at the day of	Like a gouden bow, or a beamless sun,
doom !	Shall wear away and be seen nae mair,
	And the angels shall miss them travelling
"O, would the fairest of mortal kind	the air.
Aye keep these holy truths in mind,	But lang, lang after baith night and day,
That kindred spirits their motions see,	When the sun and the world have fled
Who watch their ways with anxious ee,	away;
And grieve for the guilt of humanitye!	When the sinner has gane to his waesome
O, sweet to Heaven the maiden's prayer, And the sigh that heaves a bosom sae fair!	doom,
And dear to Heaven the words of truth,	Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom !"
And the praise of virtue frae beauty's	They bore her away, she wist not how,
month!	For she felt not arm nor rest below;
And dear to the viewless forms of air,	But so swift they wained her through the
The mind that kythes as the body fair!	light,
The mind that kythes as the body fail t	'Twas like the motion of sound or sight;
"O bonny Kilmeny! free frae stain,	They seemed to split the gales of air,
If ever you seek the world again,	And yet nor gale nor breeze was there.
That world of sin, of sorrow, and fear,	Unnumbered groves below them grew;
O, tell of the joys that are waiting here;	They came, they past, and backward
And tell of the signs you shall shortly see;	flew,
Of the times that are now and the times	Like floods of blossoms gliding on,

Of the times that are now, and the times Lil that shall be."

They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away, And she walked in the light of a sunless day: A moment seen, in a moment gone. O, never vales to mortal view

Appeared like those o'er which they flew ! That land to human spirits given,

The lowermost vales of the storied heaven;

From thence they can view the world below,	She saw the plaid and the broad claymore, And the brows that the badge of freedom
And heaven's blue gates with sapphires	bore ;—
glow,	And she thought she had seen the land be-
More glory yet unmeet to know.	fore.
They bore her far to a mountain green,	She saw a lady sit on a throne,
To see what mortal never had seen ;	The fairest that ever the sun shone on :
And they seated her high on a purple	A lion licked her hand of milk,
sward,	And she held him in a leish of silk :
And bade her heed what she saw and	And a leifu' maiden stood at her knee,
heard;	With a silver wand and melting ee;
And note the changes the spirits wrought,	Her sovereign shield till love stole in,
For now she lived in the land of	And poisoned all the fount within.
thought.	
She looked, and she saw nor sun nor skies,	Then a gruff untoward bedes-man came,
But a crystal dome of a thousand dyes; She looked, and she saw nae land aright,	And hundit the lion on his dame ; And the guardian maid wi' the dauntless
But an endless whirl of glory and light:	ce,
And radiant beings went and came	She dropped a tear, and left her knee;
Far swifter than wind, or the linked flame.	And she saw till the queen frae the lion
She hid her een frac the dazzling view;	fled,
She looked again, and the scene was new.	Till the bonniest flower of the world lay dead;
She saw a sun on a summer sky,	A coffin was set on a distant plain,
And clouds of amber sailing by;	And she saw the red blood fall like rain:
A lovely land beneath her lay, And that land had lakes and mountains	Then bonny Kilmeny's heart grew sair,
gray;	And she turned away, and could look nae mair.
And that land had valleys and hoary	man.
piles,	Then the gruff grim carle girned amain,
And marled seas and a thousand isles.	And they trampled him down, but he rose
Its fields were speekled, its forests green,	again;
And its lakes were all of the dazzling	And he baited the lion to deeds of weir,
sheen,	Till he lapped the blood to the kingdom
Like magic mirrors, where slumbering lay	dear ; And weening his head was danger-preef,
The sun and the sky, and the cloudlet	When crowned with the rose and clover
gray; Which heaved and trembled, and gently	leaf.
swung,	He gowled at the carle, and chased him
On every shore they seemed to be hung :	away
For there they were seen on their down-	To feed wi' the deer on the mountain
ward plain	gray.
A thousand times, and a thousand again;	He gowled at the carle, and he gecked at
In winding lake, and placid firth,	Heaven;
Little peaceful heavens in the bosom of	But his mark was set, and his arles given.
earth.	Kilmeny a while her een withdrew; She looked again, and the scene was new.
Kilmeny sighed and seemed to grieve,	one tooked again, and the scene was new.
For she found her heart to that land did	She saw below her fair unfurled
cleave ;	One half of all the glowing world,
She saw the corn wave on the vale,	Where oceans rolled, and rivers ran,
She saw the deer run down the dale;	To bound the aims of sinful man.

She saw a people, fierce and fell,	When seven lang years had come and
Burst frae their bounds like fiends of hell;	fled ;
There lilies grew, and the eagle flew,	When grief was calm, and hope was dead;
And she herked on her ravening erew,	When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's
Till the eities and towers were wrapt in a	name,
blaze,	Late, late in a gloamin Kilmeny came
And the thunder it roared o'er the lands and the seas.	hame. And O, her beauty was fair to see,
The widows they wailed, and the red blood	But still and steadfast was her ee!
ran,	Such beauty bard may never declare,
And she threatened an end to the race of	For there was no pride nor passion there;
man :	And the soft desire of maidens' een
She never lened, nor stood in awe,	In that mild face could never be seen.
Till eaught by the lion's deadly paw.	Her seymar was the lily flower,
Oh! then the eagle swinked for life,	And her check the moss-rose in the
And brainzelled up a mortal strife;	shower;
But flew she north, or flew she sonth,	And her voice like the distant melodye,
She met wi' the gowl of the lion's mouth.	That floats along the twilight sea.
	But she loved to raike the lanely glen,
With a mooted wing and waefn' maen,	And keep afar frae the hannts of men;
The eagle sought her eiry again;	Her holy hymns unheard to sing,
But lang may she cower in her bloody nest,	To suck the flowers and drink the spring.
And lang, lang sleek her wonnded breast,	But wherever her peaceful form appeared,
Before she sey another flight, To play wi' the norland lion's might.	The wild beasts of the hills were cheered;
To play we the normand non's might.	The wolf played blythely round the field,
But to sing the sights Kilmeny saw,	The lordly byson lowed and kneeled; The dun deer wooed with manner bland,
So far surpassing nature's law,	And cowered aneath her lily hand.
The singer's voice wad sink away,	And when at eve the woodlands rung,
And the string of his harp wad cease to	When hymns of other worlds she sung
play.	In eestasy of sweet devotion,
But she saw till the sorrows of man were	O, then the glen was all in motion !
by,	The wild beasts of the forest came,
And all was love and harmony;—	Broke from their boughts and faulds the
Till the stars of heaven fell calmly away,	tame,
Like the flakes of snaw on a winter's day.	And goved around, charmed and amazed ;
Then Kilmeny begged again to see	Even the dull cattle crooned and gazed,
The friends she had left in her own	And murmured and looked with anxious
eountrye,	pain.
To tell of the place where she had been,	For something the mystery to explain.
And the glories that lay in the land un-	The buzzard came with the throstle-cock;
seen;	The corby left her honf in the rock;
To warn the living maidens fair,	The blackbird along wi' the eagle flew;
The loved of Heaven, the spirits' care,	The hind came tripping o'er the dew; The wolf and the kid their raike began,
That all whose minds unmeled remain	And the tod, and the lamb, and the leveret
Shall bloom in beanty when time is gane.	ran ;
With distant music, soft and deep,	The hawk and the hern attour them hung,
They hulled Kilmeny sound asleep;	And the merl and the mavis forhooyed
And when she awakened, she lay her lane,	their young ;
All happed with flowers in the greenwood	And all in a peaceful ring were hurled :-
wene.	It was like an eye in a sinless world !

when a month and day had come and	The hand that held the eleine
gane,	The hand that held the glaive,
Kilmeny sought the greenwood wene; There laid her down on the leaves sae	For leaves to spread our lowly bed, And stakes to fence our cave.
	And stakes to lence our cave.
green, And Kilmeny on earth was never mair	"And for vest of pall, thy fingers small,
seen.	That wont on harp to stray,
But O, the words that fell from her	A cloak must shear from the slaughter'd
mouth,	deer,
Were words of wonder and words of	To keep the cold away."—
truth !	"O Richard! if my brother died,
But all the land were in fear and dread,	'Twas but a fatal chance;
For they kendna whether she was living	For darkling was the battle tried,
or dead.	And fortune sped the lance.
It wasna her hame, and she couldna re-	And fortune spea the fance.
main;	"If pall and vair no more I wear,
She left this world of sorrow and pain,	Nor thou the crimson sheen,
And returned to the land of thought again.	As warm, we'll say, is the russet gray,
JAMES HOGG.	As gay the forest green.
+>+	
SONG	"And, Richard, if our lot be hard,
FROM "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."	And lost thy native land,
	Still Alice has her own Richard, And he his Alice Brand."
TELL me where is fancy bred, Or in the heart, or in the head?	And he his Ance brand,
How begot, how nourished?	'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood,
Reply, reply.	So blithe Lady Alice is singing;
icepty, repty.	On the beech's pride, and oak's brown side
It is engender'd in the eyes,	Lord Richard's axe is ringing.
With gazing fed; and fancy dies	
In the cradle where it lies:	Up spoke the moody Elfin King,
Let us all ring fancy's knell;	Who wonn'd within the hill,—
I'll begin it,-Ding, dong, bell.	Like wind in the porch of a ruin'd cburch
Ding, dong, bell.	His voice was ghostly shrill.
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.	"Why sounds yon stroke on beech and
+0+	oak,
ALICE BRAND.	Our moonlight circle's screen ?
MERRY it is in the good greenwood,	Or who comes here to chase the deer,
When the mavis and merle are sing-	Beloved of our Elfin Queen?
ing,	Or who may dare on wold to wear
When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds	The fairie's fatal green?
are in cry,	(TT. There up t to you monthl his
And the hunter's horn is ringing.	"Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal hie,
" O Alice Brand, my native land	For thou wert christen'd man; For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,
Is lost for love of you;	For mutter'd word or ban.
And we must hold by wood and wold,	for matter a word of ban.
As outlaws wont to do.	"Lay on him the curse of the wither'd
	heart,
"O Alice, 'twas all for thy locks so bright,	The curse of the sleepless eye;
And 'twas all for thine eyes so blue,	Till he wish and pray that his life would
That on the night of our luckless flight,	part,
Thy brother bold I slew.	Nor yet find leave to die."

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good green-	"But wist I of a woman bold,
wood,	Who thrice my brow durst sign,
Though the birds have still'd their singing;	I might regain my mortal mold, As fair a form as thine."
The evening blaze doth Alice raise, And Richard is fagots bringing.	She cross'd him once-she cross'd him twice-
Up Urgan starts, that hideons dwarf, Before Lord Richard stands, And, as he cross'd and bless'd himself, "I fear not sign," quoth the grisly elf, "That is made with bloody hands."	That lady was so brave; The fouler grew his goblin hue, The darker grew the cave. She cross'd him thrice, that lady bold;
But out then spoke she, Alice Brand,	He rose beneath her hand
That woman void of fear,—	The fairest knight on Scottish mold,
"And if there's blood upon his hand,	Her brother, Ethert Brand !
"Tis but the blood of deer,—"	Merry it is in good greenwood,
"Now loud thou liest, thou hold of mood! It cleaves unto his kand, The stain of thine own kindly blood, The blood of Ethert Brand."	When the mavis and merle are singing, But merrier were they in Dunfermline grey, When all the bells were ringing. SIR WALTER SCOT.
The blood of Enert biand. Then forward stepp'd she, Alice Brand, And made the holy sign,— "And if there's blood on Richard's hand, A spotless hand is mine.	THE BLESSED DAMOZEL. THE blessed damozel leaned out From the gold bar of Heaven;
"And I conjure thee, Demon elf,	Her eyes were deeper than the depth
By Him whom Demons fear,	Of waters stilled at even;
To show us whence thou art thyself,	She had three lilles in her hand,
And what thine errand here?—"	And the stars in her hair were seven.
"'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in Fairy-land, When fairy birds are singing, When the court doth ride by their mon- arch's side, With bit and bridle ringing:	Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem, No wrought flowers did adorn, But a white rose of Mary's gift, For service meetly worn; Her hair that lay along her back Was yellow like ripe corn.
"And gaily shines the Fairy-land—	Her seemed she scarce had been a day
But all is glistening show,	One of God's choristers;
Like the idle gleam that December's	The wonder was not yet quite gone
beam	From that still look of hers;
Can dart on ice and snow.	Albeit, to them she left, her day
"And fading, like that varied gleam, Is our inconstant shape, Who now like knight and lady seem,	Had counted as ten years. (To one, it is ten years of years.
And now like dwarf and ape.	Yet now, and in this place,
"It was between the night and day,	Surely she leaned o'er me; her hair
When the Fairy King has power,	Fell all about my face
That I sunk down in a sinful fray,	Nothing: the autumn fall of leaves.
And, 'twixt life and death, was snatch'd	The whole year sets apace.)
away	It was the rampart of God's house
To the joyless Elfin bower.	That she was standing on;

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By God built over the sheer depth The which is Space begun ; So high, that looking downward thence She scarce could see the sun. It lies in Heaven, across the flood Of ether, as a bridge. Beneath, the tides of day and night With flame and darkness ridge The void, as low as where this earth Spins like a fretful midge. Heard hardly, some of her new friends Amid their loving games Spake evermore among themselves Their virginal chaste names; And the souls mounting up to God Went by her like thin flames. And still she bowed herself, and stooped Out of the circling charm; Until her bosom must have made The bar she leaned on warm. And the lilies lay as if asleep Along her bended arm. From the fixed place of Heaven she saw Time like a pulse shake fierce Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove Within the gulf to pierce Its path; and now she spoke as when The stars sang in their spheres. The sun was gone now; the curlèd moon Was like a little feather Fluttering far down the gulf; and now She spoke through the still weather. Her voice was like the voice the stars Had when they sang together. (Ah, sweet! Even now, in that bird's song, Strove not her accents there, Fain to be hearken'd? When those bells Possessed the mid-day air, Strove not her steps to reach my side Down all the echoing stair?) " I wish that he were come to me, For he will come," she said. "Have I not pray'd in heaven ?---on earth, Lord, Lord, has he not pray'd? Are not two prayers a perfect strength? And shall I feel afraid?

"When round his head the aurcole clings And he is clothed in white, I'll take his hand and go with him To the deep wells of light; We will step down as to a stream. And bathe there in God's sight. "We two will stand beside that shrine, Occult, withheld, untrod, Whose lamps are stirred continually With prayer sent up to God; And see our old prayers, granted, melt Each like a little cloud. "We two will lie i' the shadow of That living mystic tree, Within whose secret growth the Dove Is sometimes felt to be, While every leaf that His plumes touch Saith His name audibly. "And I myself will teach to him. I myself, lying so, The songs I sing here; which his voice Shall pause in, hushed and slow, And find some knowledge at each pause. Or some new thing to know." (Alas] We two, we two, thou say'st ! Yea, one wast thou with me That once of old. But shall God lift To endless unity The soul whose likeness with thy soul Was but its love for thee?) "We two," she said, "will seek the groves Where the lady Mary is, With her five handmaidens, whose names Are five sweet symphonics,

Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen, Margaret and Rosalys.

"Circlewise sit they, with bound locks And foreheads garlanded;

Into the fine cloth white like flame, Weaving the golden thread,

To fashion the birth-robes for them Who are just born, being dead.

"He shall fear, haply, and be dumb : Then will I lay my cheek

To his, and tell about our love, Not once abash'd or weak :

And the dear Mother will approve My pride, and let me speak.

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"Herself shall bring us, hand in hand, To Him round whom all souls Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered heads

Bowed with their aureoles : And angels meeting us shall sing

To their eitherns and citoles.

"There will I ask of Christ the Lord Thus much for him and me :— Only to live as once on earth

With Love,—only to be, And then a while, for ever now

Together, I and he."

She gazed and listened, and then said, Less sad of speech than mild,—

"All this is when he comes." She ceased. The light thrill'd toward her, fill'd

With angels in strong level flight. Her eyes prayed, and she smiled.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path Was vague in distant spheres; And then she cast her arms along

The golden barriers,

And laid her face between her hands, And wept. (I heard her tears.) DANTE GAERIEL ROSSETTI.

CHRISTABEL.

PART I.

'TIS the middle of night by the eastle clock,

And the owls have awakened the crowing cock;

Tu-whit !- Tu-whoo !

And hark, again ! the crowing cock, How drowsily it crew.

Sir Leoline, the Baron rich, Hath a toothless mastiff bitch ; From her kennel beneath the rock She maketh answer to the clock, Four for the quarters, and twelve for the hour; Ever and aye, by shine and shower, Sittere, bet here is not seen budge

Sixteen short howls, not over-loud; Some say, she sees my lady's shroud.

Is the night chilly and dark? The night is chilly, but not dark. The thin gray cloud is spread on high, It covers but not hides the sky. The moon is behind, and at the full; And yet she looks both small and dull. The night is chill, the cloud is gray: "Its a month before the month of May, And the Spring comes slowly up this way.

The lovely lady, Christabel, Whom her father loves so well, What makes her in the wood so late, A furlong from the eastle-gate? She had dreams all yesternight Of her own betrothèd knight; And she in the midnight wood will pray For the weal of her lover that's far away,

She stole along, she nothing spoke, The sighs she heaved were soft and low, And naught was green upon the oak, But moss and rarest mistletoe: She kneels beneath the huge oak tree, And in silence prayeth she.

The lady sprang up suddenly, The lovely lady, Christabel ! It moaned as near, as near can be, But what it is, she cannot tell.— On the other side it seems to be, Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak tree.

The night is chill; the forest bare; Is it the wind that moanth bleak? There is not wind enough in the air To move away the ringlet curl From the lovely lady's cheek— There is not wind enough to twirl The one red leaf, the last of its clan, That dances as often as dance it can, Hanging so light, and hanging so high, On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel I Jesu, Maria, shield her well! She folded her arms heneath her cloak, And stole to the other side of the oak. What sees she there?

There she sees a damsel bright, Drest in a silken robe of white, That shadowy in the moonlight shone: The neck that made that white robe wan, Her stately neck, and arms were bare; Her blue-veined feet unsandall'd were,

The gens entangled in her hair.Will he send forth and friends withalI guess, 'twas frightful there to seeA lady so 'richly clad as she,—Beautiful exceedingly!To guide and guard you safe and free"Mary mother, save me now!"Home to your noble father's hall."(Said Christabel;) "And who art thou?"She rose: and forth with steps they passedThe lady strange made answer meet, And her voice was faint and sweet:—The hall as silent as the eall;"Have pity on my sore distress,"Sir Leoline is weak in health, And mus not well awakened be, Eut we will more as if in stealth, And may not well awakened be, Eut we will more as if in stealth, And may not well awakened be, Eut we will more as if in stealth, And may not well awakened be, Eut we will more as if in stealth, And may not well awakened be, Eut we will more as if in stealth, And may not well awakened be, Eut we will more as if in stealth, And may not well awakened be, Eut we will more as if in stealth, And my name is Geraldine: Five warriors seized me yestermorn, Me, even me, a maid forlorn : They choked my cries with force and fright, And they rode furiously behind. They spured amain, their steeds were white:The lady sank, belike through pain, And Christabel with might and main Lifted her up, a weary weight, Over the threshold of the gate: Then the lady rose again, And moved, as she were not in pain. Word a I know how long it is (For I have lain entranced I wis) Since one, the tallest of the five, Took me from the palfrey's back, A weary woman, scarce alive.So free from danger, free from far, They reseved the court : right glad they were.So free from danger, free from danger, free from danger, free from danger, free	And wildly glittered here and there	And gladly our stout chivalry
A lady so richly clad as she,— Beautiful exceedingly! "Mary mother, save me now !" (Said Christabel ;) "And who art thou ?" The lady strange made answer meet, And her voice was faint and sweet:— "Have pity on my sore distress, I scarce can speak for weariness." "Stretch forth thy hand, and have no fear !" Said Christabel ; "how cannest thou here ?" And the hady, whose voice was faint and sweet, Did thus pursue her answer meet:— "My sire is of a noble line, And my name is Geraldine: Five warriors seized me yestermorn, Me, even me, a maid forlorn: They choked my cries with force and fright, And tied me on a palfrey white. They alfrey was as fleet as wind, And they rode furiously behind. They spurred amain, their steeds were white: And once we crossed the shade of night. As sure as Heaven shall rescue me, I have no thought what men they be ; Nor do I know how long it is (For I have lain entranced I wis) Since one, the tallest of the five, Took me from the palfrey's back, A wary woman, scarce alive. Some muttered words his comrades spoke ; He placed me underneach this oak ; He placed me underneach this oak ; He swore they would return with haste;	The gems entangled in her hair.	Will he send forth and friends withal
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 ^a My sire is of a noble line, And my name is Geraldine: Five warriors seized me yestermorn, Me, even me, a maid forlorn: They choked my cries with force and fright, And tied me on a palfrey white. The palfrey was as fleet as wind, And they rode furiously behind. They spurred amain, their steeds were white: And once we crossed the shade of night. As sure as Heaven shall rescue me, I have no thought what men they be ; Nor do I know how long it is (For I have lain entranced I wis) Soince one, the tallest of the five, Took me from the palfrey's back, A weary woman, scarce alive. Some muttered words his comrades spoke: He placed me underneath this oak; He swore they would return with haste; 		
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Whither they went I cannot tell— were. I thought I heard, some minutes past,		were.
Sounds as of a castle bell. Outside her kennel the mastiff old		Outside her kennel the mastiff old
Stretch forth thy hand" (thus ended she), Lay fast asleep, in moonshine cold.		
"And help a wretched maid to flee." The mastiff old did not awake,		
Yet she an angry moan did make	And neip a wretched maid to nee.	
Then Christabel stretched forth her hand And what can ail the mastiff bitch?	Then Christabel stretched forth her hand	
And comforted fair Geraldine: Never till now she uttered yell		
"Oh, well, bright dame! may you com- Beneath the eye of Christabel.		
mand Perhaps it is the owlet's scritch,		
The service of Sir Leoline; For what can ail the mastiff bitch?		

They passed the hall, that echoes still, Pass as lightly as you will! The brands were flat, the brands were dying, Amid their own white ashes lying; But when the lady passed, there came A tongue of light, a fit of flame; And Christabel saw the lady's eye, And nothing else saw she thereby, Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline tall, Which hung in a mnrky old niche in the wall. "O, softly tread!" said Christabel, "My father seldom sleepeth well." Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare,

And, jealous of the listening air, They steal their way from stair to stair, Now in glimmer, and now in gloom, And now they pass the Baron's room, As still as death with stifled breath! And now have reach'd her chamber door; And now doth Geraldine press down The rushes of the chamber floor.

The moon shines dim in the open air, And not a moonbeam enters here. But they without its light can see The ebamber carved so curiously, Carved with figures strange and sweet, All made out of the carver's brain, For a lady's chamber meet: The lamp with twofold silver chain Is fastened to an angel's feet. The silver lamp burns dead and dim ; But Christabel the lamp, will trim. She trinamed the lamp, and made it bright, And left it swinging to and fro, While Geraldine, in wretched plight, Sank down upon the floor below.

"O weary lady, Geraldine, I pray you, drink this cordial wine! It is a wine of virtnous powers; My mother made it of wild flowers."

"And will your mother pity me, Who am a maiden most forlorn?" Christabel answered —" Woe is me! She died the hour that I was born. I have heard the gray-haired friar tell, How on her deathbed she did say, That she should hear the castle-bell Strike twelve npon ny wedding day. O mother dear! that thon wert here!" " I would," said Geraldine, " she were!" But soon with altered voice, said she— " Off, waudering mother! Peak and pine! I have power to bid thee flee." Alas! what ails poor Geraldine? Why stares she with unsettled cye? Can she the bodiless dead espy? And why with hollow voice cries she, " Off, wonan, off! this hour is mine— Though thou her guardian spirit be, Off, wonan, off! 'tis given to me."

Then Christabel knelt by the lady's side, And raised to heaven her eyes so blue— "Alas!" said she, "this glfustly ride— Dear lady! it hath wildered you!" The lady wiped her moist cold brow, And faintly said, "'tis over now!"

Again the wild-flower wine she drank : Her fair large eyes 'gan glitter bright, And from the floor whereon she sank, The lofty lady stood upright ; She was most beautiful to see, Like a lady of a far countrée.

And thus the lofty lady spake— "All they, who live in the upper sky, Do love you, holy Christabel ! And you love them, and for their sake And for the good which me befell, Even I in my degree will try, Fair maiden, to requite yon well. But now unrobe yourself; for I Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie."

Qnoth Christabel, "So let it be !" And as the lady bade, did she. Her gentle limbs did she undress, And lay down in her loveliness.

But through her brain of weal and woe So many thoughts moved to and fro, That vain it were her lids to close; So halfway from the bed she rose, And on her elbow did recline To look at the Lady Geraldine.

Beneath the lamp the lady bowed, And slowly rolled her eyes around; Then drawing in her breath aloud Like one that shuddered, she unbound The cincture from beneath her breast: Her silken robe, and inner vest,

Dropt to her feet, and full in view, Behold ! her bosom and half her side-A sight to dream of, not to tell ! O shield her ! shield sweet Christabel ! Yet Geraldine nor speaks nor stirs; Ah ! what a stricken look was hers ! Deep from within she seems half-way To lift some weight with sick assay, And eyes the maid and seeks delay ; Then suddenly as one defied Collects herself in scorn and pride, And lay down by the maiden's side |---And in her arms the maid she took. Ah well-a-day ! And with low voice and doleful look These words did say: " In the touch of this bosom there worketh a spell, Which is lord of thy utterance, Christabel! Thou knowest to-night, and wilt know tomorrow This mark of my shame, this seal of my sorrow: But vainly thou warrest, For this is alone in Thy power to declare, That in the dim forest Thou heard'st a low moaning. And found'st a bright lady, surpassingly fair: And didst bring her home with thee in love and in charity. To shield her and shelter her from the damp air." THE CONCLUSION TO PART I. It was a lovely sight to see The Lady Christabel, when she Was praying at the old oak tree. Amid the jagged shadows Of mossy leafless boughs, Kneeling in the moonlight, To make her gentle vows; Her slender palms together prest, Heaving sometimes on her breast; Her face resigned to bliss or bale-Her face, oh call it fair not pale, And both blue eyes more bright than elear. Each about to have a tear.

With open eyes (ah, woe is me!) Asleep, and dreaming fearfully, Fearfully dreaming, yet I wis, Dreaming that alone which is— O sorrow and shame 1 Can this be she, The lady who knelt at the old oak tree ? And lo! the worker of these harms, That holds the maiden in her arms, Seems to slumber still and mild, As a mother with her child.

A star hath set, a star hath risen, O Geraldine! since arms of thine Have been the lovely lady's prison. O Geraldine! one hour was thine-Thou'st had thy will ! By tarn and rill, The night-birds all that hour were still. But now they are jubilant anew, From cliff and tower, tu-whoo! tu-whoo! Tu-whoo! tu-whoo! from wood and fell! And seel the Lady Christabel Gathers herself from out her trance; Her limbs relax, her countenance Grows sad and soft; the smooth thin lids Close o'er her eyes; and tears she sheds-Large tears that leave the lashes bright! And oft the while she seems to smile As infants at a sudden light! Yea, she doth smile, and she doth weep, Like a vouthful hermitess, Beauteous in a wilderness, Who, praving always, prays in sleep. And, if she move unquietly, Perchance, 'tis but the blood so free, Comes back and tingles in her feet. No doubt, she hath a vision sweet. What if her guardian spirit 'twere? What if she knew her mother near? But this she knows, in joys and woes, That saints will aid if men will call: For the blue sky bends over all !

PART II.

"Each matin bell," the Baron saith, "Knells us back to a world of death." These words Sir Leoline first said, When he rose and found his lady dead: These words Sir Leoline will say, Many a morn to his dying day!

And hence the custom and law began, That still at dawn the sacristan,

Who duly pulls the heavy bell, Five and forty beads must tell Between each stroke—a warning knell, Which not a soul can choose but hear From Bratha Head to Wyndermere.

Saith Bracy the bard, "So let it knell! And let the drowsy sacristan Still count as slowly as he can. There is no lack of such, I ween, As well fill up the space hetween. In Langdale Pike and Witch's Lair, And Dungeon-ghyll so foully rent, With ropes of rock and bells of air Three sinful sextons' ghosts are pent, Who all give back, one after t'other, The death-note to their living brother; And oft too, by the knell offended, Just as their one! two! three! is ended, The devil mocks the doleful tale With a merry peal from Borodale."

The air is still! through mist and cloud That merry peal comes ringing loud; And Geraldine shakes off her dread, And rises lightly from the bed; Puts on her silken vestments white, And tricks her hair in lovely plight, And, nothing doubting of her spell, Awakens the Lady Christabel. "Sleep you, sweet Lady Christabel? I trust that you have rested well."

And Christabel awoke and spied The same who lay down by her side-O, rather say, the same whom she Raised up beneath the old oak tree! Nay, fairer yet ! and yet more fair ! For she belike hath drunken deep Of all the blessedness of sleep! And while she spake, her looks, her air, Such gentle thankfulness declare, That (so it seemed) her girded vests Grew tight beneath her heaving breasts. "Sure I have sinned !" said Christabel, "Now Heaven be praised if all be well !" And in low faltering tones, yet sweet, Did she the lofty lady greet With such perplexity of mind As dreams too lively leave behind.

So quickly she rose, and quickly arrayed Her maiden limbs, and having prayed That He, who on the cross did groan, Might wash away her sins unknown, She forthwith led fair Geraldine To meet her sire, Sir Leoline.

The lovely maid and the lady tall Are pacing both into the hall, And pacing on through page and groom, Enter the Baron's presence room.

The Baron rose, and while he prest His gentle daughter to his breast, With cheerful wonder in his eyes The Lady Geraldine espies, And gave such welcome to the same As might beseem so bright a dame !

But when he heard the lady's tale, And when she told her father's name, Why waxed Sir Leoline so pale, Murmuring o'er the name again, Lord Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine?

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

Sir Leoline, a moment's space, Stood gazing on the damsel's face : And the youthful Lord of Tryermaine Came back npon his heart again.

O then the Baron forgot his age, His noble heart swelled high with rage; He swore by the wounds in Jesu's side, He would proclaim it far and wide With trump and solemn heraldry, That they who thus had wronged the dame,

Were base as spotted infamy !	Nay, by my soul !" said Leoline.
"And if they dare deny the same,	"Ho! Bracy, the bard, the charge be thine !
My herald shall appoint a week,	Go thou, with music sweet and loud,
And let the recreant traitors seek	And take two steeds with trappings prond,
My tourney conrt—that there and then	And take the youth whom thou lov'st
I may dislodge their reptile souls	best
From the bodies and forms of men !"	To bear thy harp, and learn thy song,
He spake: his eye in lightning rolls!	And clothe you both in solemn vest,
For the lady was ruthlessly seized; and he	And over the mountains haste along,
kenned	Lest wandering folk, that are abroad,
In the beautiful lady the child of his	Detain you on the valley road.
friend !	And when he has erossed the Irthing flood,
And now the tears were on his face,	My merry bard ! he hastes, he hastes
And fondly in his arms he took	Up Knorren Moor, through Halegarth
Fair Geraldine, who met the embrace,	Wood,
Prolonging it with joyous look.	And reaches soon that eastle good
Which when she viewed, a vision fell	Which stands and threatens Seotland's
Upon the sonl of Christabel,	wastes.
The vision of fear, the touch and pain!	
She shrunk and shuddered, and saw again-	"Bard Bracy! Bard Bracy! your horses
(Ah, woe is me! Was it for thee,	are fleet,
Thou gentle maid ! such sights to see ?)	Ye must ride up the hall, your music so
Again she saw that bosom old,	sweet,
Again she felt that bosom cold,	More loud than your horses' echoing feet !
And drew in her breath with a hissing	And loud and loud to Lord Roland call,
sound ;	Thy daughter is safe in Langdale hall!
Whereat the Knight turned wildly round,	Thy beautiful daughter is safe and free,—
And nothing saw, but his own sweet maid	Sir Leoline greets thee thus through me.
With eyes upraised, as one that prayed.	He bids thee come without delay
	With all thy numerous array;
The touch, the sight, had passed away,	And take thy lovely daughter home :
And in its stead that vision blest,	And he will meet thee on the way With all his numerous array
Which comforted her after-rest	White with their panting palfreys' foam :
While in the lady's arms she lay,	
Had put a rapture in her breast,	And by mine honor ! I will say, That I repent me of the day
And on her lips and o'er her eyes	
Spread smiles like light !	When I spake words of fierce disdain
With new surprise,	To Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine ! For since that evil hour hath flown,
"What ails then my beloved child ?"	
The Baron said.—His daughter mild	Many a summer's sun hath shone ; Yet ne'er found I a friend again
Made answer, "All will yet be well !"	Like Roland de Vanx of Tryermaine."
I ween, she had no power to tell	Like Roland de Vaux of Tryenhande.
Aught else : so mighty was the spell.	The lady fell, and elasp'd his knees,
Yet he, who saw this Geraldine,	Her face upraised, her eyes o'erflowing;
Had deemed her sure a thing divine.	And Braey replied, with faltering voice,
Such sorrow with such grace she blended,	His gracious hail on all bestowing !
As if she feared she had offended	"Thy words, thou sire of Christabel,
Sweet Christabel, that gentle maid !	Are sweeter than my harp ean tell;
And with such lowly tones she prayed,	Yet might I gain a boon of thee,
She might be sent without delay	This day my journey should not be,
Home to her father's mansion.	So strange a dream hath come to me;

"Nay !

That I had vowed with music loud

To clear yon wood from thing unblest, Warned by a vision in my rest! For in my sleep I saw that dove, That gentle bird, whom thou dost love, And call'st by thy own daughter's name— Sir Leoline! I saw the same Fluttering, and uttering fearful moan, Among the green herbs in the forest alone. Which when I saw and when I heard, I wonder'd what might ail the bird; For nothing near it could I see, Save the grass and green herbs underneath the old tree.

"And in my dream methought I went To search out what might there be found ; And what the sweet bird's trouble meant, That thus lay fluttering on the ground. I went and peered and could descry No cause for her distressful cry; But yet for her dear lady's sake I stooped, methought, the dove to take, When lo! I saw a bright green snake Coil'd around its wings and neck, Green as the herbs on which it couched. Close by the dove's its head it crouched; And with the dove it heaves and stirs, Swelling its neck as she swell'd hers ! I woke; it was the midnight hour, The clock was echoing in the tower; But though my slumber was gone by, This dream it would not pass away-It seems to live upon my eye ! And thence I vowed this selfsame day, With music strong and saintly song To wander through the forest bare, Lest aught unholy loiter there."

Thus Bracy said : the Baron, the while, Half listening heard him with a smile ; Then turned to Lady Geraldine, His eyes made up of wonder and love, And said in courtly accents fine, "Sweet maid, Lord Roland's beauteous dove, With arms more strong than harp or song, Thy sire and I will crush the suake !" He kissed her forehead as he spake, And Geraldine, in maiden wise, Casting down her large bright eyes, With blushing check and courtesy fine

She turned her from Sir Leoline;

Softly gathering up her train, That o'er her right arm fell again; And folded her arms across her chest, And couched her head upon her breast, And looked askance at Christabel— Jesu Maria, shield her well!

- A snake's small eye blinks dull and shy,
- And the lady's eyes they shrunk in her head,

Each shrunk up to a scrpent's eye, And with somewhat of malice, and more of dread, At Christabel she look'd askance!—

One moment—and the sight was field! But Christabel, in dizzy trance Stumbling on the unsteady ground, Shuddered aloud, with a hissing sound; And Geraldine again turned round, And like a thing, that sought relief, Full of wonder and full of grief, She rolled her large bright eyes divine Wildly on Sir Leoline.

The maid, alas! her thoughts are gone. She nothing sees-no sight but one! The maid, devoid of guile and sin, I know not how, in fearful wise So deeply had she drunken in That look, those shrunken serpent eyes, That all her features were resigned To this sole image in her mind; And passively did imitate That look of dull and treacherous hate! And thus she stood, in dizzy trance, Still picturing that look askance With forced unconscious sympathy Full before her father's view-As far as such a look could be. In eves so innocent and blue ! And when the trance was o'er, the maid Pausèd a while, and inly pray'd: Then falling at the Baron's feet, " By my mother's soul do I entreat That thou this woman send away !" She said: and more she could not say: For what she knew she could not tell. O'er-mastered by the mighty spell.

Why is thy cheek so wan and wild, Sir Leoline? Thy only child Lies at thy feet, thy joy, thy pride, So fair, so innocent, so mild; The same for whom thy lady died! O by the pangs of her dear mother Think thou no evil of thy child! For her, and thee, and for no other, She prayed the moment ere she died, Prayed that the babe for whom she died, Might prove her dear lord's joy and pride! That prayer her deadly pangs beguiled,

Sir Lcoline ! And wonldst thou wrong thy only child, Her child and thine ?

Within the Baron's heart and brain, If thoughts like these had any share, They only swell'd his rage and pain, And did but work confusion there. His heart was cleft with pain and rage, His checks they quivered, his eyes were wild. Dishonored thus in his old age; Dishonored by his only child, And all his hospitality To the wrong'd daughter of his friend, By more than woman's jealousy Brought thus to a disgraceful end.—

He roll'd his eyes with stern regard Upon the gentle minstrel bard, And said in tones abrupt, austere— "Why, Bracy! dost thou loiter here? I bade thee hence!" The bard obeyed; And turning from his own sweet maid, The aged knight, Sir Leoline, Led forth the Lady Geraldine!

THE CONCLUSION TO PART II.

A little ehild, a limber elf. Singing, dancing to itself, A fairy thing with red round cheeks. That always finds, and never seeks, Makes such a vision to the sight As fills a father's eyes with light; And pleasures flow in so thick and fast Upon his heart, that he at last Must needs express his love's excess With words of unmeant bitterness, Perhaps 'tis pretty to force together Thoughts so all unlike each other; To mutter and moek a broken charm, To dally with wrong that does no harm. Perhaps 'tis tender too and pretty At each wild word to feel within A sweet recoil of love and pity. And what if in a world of sin

(O sorrow and shame should this be true!)

Such giddiness of heart and brain Comes seldom save from rage and pain, So talks as it's most used to do.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

KUBLA KHAN.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan A stately pleasure-dome decree : Where Alph, the sacred river, ran Through caverns measureless to mau Down to a sunless sea. So twice five miles of fertile ground With walls and towers were girdled round: And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree; And here were forests ancient as the hills, Enfolding sunny spots of greenery. But oh ! that deep romantic chasm which slanted Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover! A savage place! as holy and enchanted As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted By woman wailing for her demon-lover! And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething, As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing, A mighty fountain momently was forced: Amid whose swift, half-intermitted hurst Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail. Or ehaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail: And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever It flung up momently the sacred river. Five miles meandering with a mazy motion Through wood and dale the sacred river ran, Then reached the caverns measureless to man. And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean : And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from fur Ancestral voices prophesying war !

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice l
A damsel with a duleimer
In a vision once I saw;
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me
That, with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them
there,
And all should cry, Beware! beware
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE RAVEN.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,

- Over many a quaint and eurious volume of forgotten lore,
- While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
 - As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber-door.

"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber-door— Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,

And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.

- Eagerly I wished the morrow;--vainly I had tried to borrow
 - From my books surcease of sorrowsorrow for the lost Lenore-

For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore,

Nameless here for evermore.

- And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
 - Thrilled me,—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before ;
- So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
 - "'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door,

Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door;

This it is and nothing more."

- Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
 - "Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
- But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
 - And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber-door,
 - That I scarce was sure I heard you."--Here I opened wide the door;--Darkness there and nothing more.
- Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing, Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal

ever dared to dream before;

- But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
 - And the only word there spoken was the whispered word " Lenore !"

This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word "Lenore!"— Merely this and nothing more.

- Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me bnrning,
 - Soon again I heard a tapping, somewhat louder than before.
- "Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window-lattice;
 - Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore,

Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore; 'Tis the wind, and nothing more !"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with

many a flirt and flutter, In there stepp'd a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.

	The of Tommer.
Not the least obeisance made he; not an	Till the dirges of his Hope that melan-
instant stopped or stayed he;	choly burden bore-
But with mien of lord or lady, perched	Of 'Never'-' Nevermore,'"
above my chamber-door,—	
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just	Det the Decement'll 1 will 1
	But the Raven still beguiling all my sad
above my chamber-door,-	sonl into smiling,
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.	Straight I wheel'd a cushion'd seat in
	front of bird, and bust, and door;
Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad	Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook
fancy into smiling,	myself to linking
By the grave and stern decorum of the	Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this
countenance it wore,	ominous bird of yore-
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven,	What this grim, ungainly, ghastly,
thou," I said, "art sure no eraven,	gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wan-	Meant in croaking "Nevermore."
dering from the Nightly shore,-	
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the	This I sat engaged in guessing, but no
Night's Plutonian shore."	syllable expressing
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."	To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned
Quota the naven, revenuore.	into my bosom's core;
Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to	This and more I sat divining, with my
hear discourse so plainly,	head at case reclining
Though its answer little meaning—little	On the euclidean of the second
relevancy bore ;	lamplight gloated o'er,
For we cannot help agreeing that no living	But whose velvet violet lining with the
human being	lamplight gloating o'er-
Ever yet was blest with seeing bird above	She shall press, ah, nevermore !
his chamber-door-	
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust	Then, methought the air grew denser, per-
above his chamber-door,	fumed from an unseen censer
With such name as "Nevermore."	Swung by Seraphim whose footfalls
	tinkled on the tufted floor.
But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid	"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent
bust, spoke only	thee-by these angels he hath sent
That one word, as if his soul in that one	thee
word he did outpour.	Respite-respite and nepenthe from thy
Nothing further then he uttered; not a	memories of Lenore !
feather then he fluttered—	Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and
Till I scarcely more than muttered,	forget this lost Lenore !"
"Other friends have flown before—	Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."
On the morrow he will leave me, as my	enoui me naven, recommere.
Hopes have flown before."	"Decel at 12 acid I "thing of avil ! proph
	"Prophet !" said I, "thing of evil ! proph-
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."	et still, if bird or devil 1—
	Whether Tempter sent, or whether tem-
Startled at the stillness broken by reply so	pest tossed thee here ashore,
aptly spoken,	Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is	land enchanted—
its only stock and store,	On this home by Horror haunted-tell
Caught from some unhappy master whom	me truly, I implore-
unmerciful Disaster	Is there-is there balm in Gilead ?-tell
Followed fast and followed faster till his	me, tell me, I implore !"
song one burden bore—	Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

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"Prophet !" said I, "thing of evil,-proph-	And bit the babies in the cradles,
et still, if bird or devil!	And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
By that Heaven that bends above us-	And lick'd the soup from the cook's own
by that God we both adore—	ladles,
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within	Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
the distant Aidenn,	Made nests inside men's Sunday hats, And even spoil'd the women's chats,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom	By drowning their speaking
the angels name Lenore— Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom	With shrieking and squeaking
the angels name Lenore."	In fifty different sharps and flats.
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."	in may and the biar po and hats.
equota the initial, itercondete.	At last the people in a body
"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or	To the Town Hall came flocking:
fiend !" I shricked, upstarting-	"'Tis clear," cried, they "our Mayor's a
"Get thee back into the tempest and the	noddy;
Night's Plutonian shore !	And as for our Corporation—shocking
Leave no black plume as a token of that	To think we buy gowns lined with er-
lie thy soul hath spoken !	mine .
Leave my loneliness unbroken ! quit the	For dolts that can't or won't determine
bust above my door !	What's best to rid us of our vermin !
Take thy beak from out my heart, and	You hope, because you're old and obese,
take thy form from off my door !"	To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."	Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a rack- ing
And the Raven, never flitting, still is sit-	To find the remedy we're lacking,
ting, still is sitting	Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above	At this the Mayor and Corporation
my chamber-door ;	Quaked with a mighty consternation.
And his eyes have all the seeming of a	
demon's that is dreaming,	An hour they sate in counsel,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming	At length the Mayor broke silence:
throws his shadow on the floor;	"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor,	l wish I were a mile hence!
Shall be lifted—nevermore !	It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
EDGAR ALLAN POE.	I'm sure my poor head aches again,
	I've scratch'd it so, and all in vain. Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap !"
	Just as he said this, what should hap
THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.	At the chamber-door but a geutle tap?
HAMELIN Town's in Brunswick,	"Bless us!" cried the Mayor, "what's
By famous Hanover city;	that?"
The river Weser, deep and wide,	(With the Corporation as he sat,
Washes its wall on the southern side;	Looking little though wondrous fat;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;	Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
But, when begins my ditty,	Than a too long-open'd oyster,
Almost five hundred years ago,	Save when at noon his paunch grew
To see the townsfolk suffer so	mutinous
From vermin was a pity.	For a plate of turtle, green and glutin- ous)
Rats!	"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
They fought the dogs, and kill'd the	Anything like the sound of a rat
cats,	Makes my heart go pit-a-pat !"

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FIRESIDE	ENCYCLOP.	EDIA OF	POETRY.
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"Come in !"-the Mayor cried, looking	Into the street the piper stept,
bigger :	Smiling first a little smile,
And in did come the strangest figure !	As if he knew what magic slept
His queer long coat from heel to head	In his quiet pipe the while;
Was half of yellow and half of red;	Then, like a musical adept,
And he himself was tall and thin,	To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,	And green and blue his sharp eyes twink-
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,	led,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,	Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled;
But lips where smiles went out and in-	And ere three shrill notes the pipe utter'd,
There was no guessing his kith and kin!	You heard as if an army mutter'd;
And nobody could enough admire	And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
The tall man and his quaint attire:	And the grumbling grew to a mighty rum-
Quoth one : "It's as my great-grandsire,	bling;
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's	And out of the houses the rats came tum-
tone,	bling.
Had walk'd this way from his painted	Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny
tombstone !"	rats, ·
	Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawuy
He advanced to the council-table:	rats,
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm	Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
able,	Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
By means of a secret charm, to draw	Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
All creatures living beneath the sun,	Families by tens and dozens,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,	Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives-
After me so as you never saw!	Follow'd the piper for their lives.
And I chiefly use my charm	From street to street he piped advancing,
On creatures that do people harm,	And step for step they follow'd dancing,
The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper;	Until they came to the river Weser,
And people call me the Pied Piper."	Wherein all plunged and perish'd,
(And here they noticed round his neck	Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
A searf of red and yellow stripe,	Swam across and lived to carry
To match with his coat of the selfsame	(As the manuscript he cherish'd) To Rat-land home his commentary,
check;	Which was, "At the first shrill notes of
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;	
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever	the pipe, I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
straying As if impatient to be playing	And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled	Into a eider press's gripe:
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)	And a moving away of pickle-tub boards,
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,	And a leaving ajar of conserve-cup-
In Tartary 1 freed the Cham,	boards,
Last June, from his huge swarm of gnats;	And a drawing the corks of train-oil
I eased in Asia the Nizam	flasks,
Of a monstrous brood of vampyre bats;	And a breaking the hoops of butter-easks;
And, as for what your brain bewilders—	And it seemed as if a voice
If I can rid your town of rats,	(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"	Is breathed) call'd out, O rats, rejoice !
"One? fifty thousand !" was the exclama-	The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
tion	So munch on, erunch on, take your nun-
Of the astonish'd Mayor and Corpora-	cheon,
tion.	Breakfast, supper. dinner, luncheon!

And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,	Of a nest of scorpions no survivor—
All ready staved, like a great sun shone	With him I proved no bargain-driver.
Glorious scarce an inch before me,	With you, dou't think I'll bate a stiver!
Just as methought it said, Come, bore me!	And folks who put me in a passion
I found the Weser rolling o'er me."	May find me pipe to another fashion,"
 I found the Weser rolling o'er me." You should have heard the Hamelin people Ringing the bells till they rock'd the steeple; "Go," cried the Mayor, " and get long poles! Poke out the nests and block up the holes! Consult with carpenters and builders, And leave in our town not even a trace Of the rats!"—when suddenly up the face Of the rats!"—when suddenly up the face Of the rats!", if you please, my thousand guilders! The Mayor look'd blue; So did the Corporation too. For council dinners made rare havoe With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock; And half the money would replenish Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish. To pay this sum to a wandering fellow With a gypsy coat of red and yellow! "Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink, "Our business was done at the river's brink; We saw with our eyes the vermin sink, And what's dead can't come to life, I think. So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink From the duty of giving you something for drink, And a matter of money to put in your poke; But, as for the guilders, what we spoke Of them, as you very well know, was in joke. Beside, our losses have made us thrifty; A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty l'" The piper's face fell and he cried, "No triffing ! I can't wait! beside, P've promised to visit by dinner-time 	May find me pipe to another fashion." "How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I'll brook Being worse treated than a Cook? Insulted by a lazy ribald With idle pipe and vesture piebald? You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst, Blow your pipe there till you burst!" Once more he stept into the street; And to his lips again . Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane; And ere he blew three notes (such sweet Soft notes as yet musician's cunning Never gave the enraptured air) There was a rustling, that seem'd like a bustling Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling, Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering, Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering, And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barly is scattering, Out came the children running. All the little boys and girls, With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls, And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls, Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after The wonderful music with shouting and laughter. The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood As if they were changed into blocks of wood, Unable to move a step, or cry To the children merrily skipping by— And could only follow with the eye That joyous crowd at the Piper's back. But how the Mayor was on the rack, And the wretched Conncil's bosoms beat, As the Piper turn'd from the High Street
Bagdat, and accept the prime	To where the Weser roll'd its waters
Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,	Right in the way of their sons and daugh-
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,	ters!

However, hc turned from south to west, And to Koppelberg Hill his steps address'd. And after him the children press'd; Great was the joy in every breast. "He never can cross that mighty top! He's forced to let the piping drop, And we shall see our children stop !" When, lo, as they reach'd the mountain's side. A wondrous portal open'd wide, As if a cavern was suddenly hollow'd; And the Piper advanced and the children follow'd, And when all were in to the very last, The door in the mountain-side shut fast. Did I say all? No! one was lame, And could not dance the whole of the way, And in after years, if you would blame His sadness, he was used to say, "It's dull in our town since my playmates left! I can't forget that I'm bereft Of all the pleasant sights they see, Which the Piper also promised me, For he led us, he said, to a joyous land, Joining the town and just at hand, Where waters gush'd and fruit trees grew, And flowers put forth a fairer hue, And everything was strange and new; The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here. And their dogs outran our fallow deer, And honey-bees had lost their stings, And horses were born with eagles' wings; And just as I became assured My lame foot would be speedily eured, The music stopp'd, and I stood still, And found myself outside the Hill, Left alone against my will, To go now limping as before, And never hear of that country more !" Alas, alas for Hamelin ! There came into many a burgher's pate A text which says that Heaven's Gate

Opes to the rich at as easy rate As the needle's eye takes a camel in ! The Mayor sent east, west, north, and south

To offer the Piper by word of mouth, Wherever it was men's lot to find him, Silver and gold to his heart's content, If he'd only return the way he went,

And bring the children behind him. But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor, And Piper and dancers were gone for ever,

They made a decree that lawyers never Should think their records dated duly If, after the day of the month and year, These words did not as well appear:

"And so long after what happen'd here On the twenty-second of July, Thirteen hundred and Seventy-six;" And the better in memory to fix The place of the children's last retreat, They call'd it the Pied Piper's Street, Where any one playing on pipe or tabor Was sure for the future to lose his labor. Nor suffer'd they hostelry or tavern

To shock with mirth a street so solemn, But opposite the place of the cavern

They wrote the story on a column, And on the great church-window painted The same, to make the world acquainted How their children were stolen away, And there it stands to this very day. And I must not omit to say That in Transylvania there's a tribe Of alien people that ascribe The outlandish ways and dress On which their neighbors lay such stress, To their fathers and mothers having risen

Out of some subterranean prisou, Into which they were trepann'd Long time ago in a mighty band Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land, But how or why, they don't understand.

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers

- Of scores out with all men-especially pipers;
- And, whether they pipe us free, from rats or from mice,

If we've promised them aught, let us keep onr promise.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MAR-	The bride hath paced into the hall, The wed-		
INER.	Red as a rose is she; heareth		
PART I.	Nodding their heads before her the bridal goes but the		
An an- cient IT is an ancient mariner,	The merry minstrelsy. continu-		
manines A 11	eth his tale.		
harmer And he stoppeth one of three, meeteth three gal-"By thy long gray beard and glit- lants hid- den to a tering eye,	The wedding guest he beat his		
den to a tering eye, wedding feast, and Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?	breast,		
detaineth	Yet he cannot choose but hear;		
one. "The Bridegroom's doors are open-	And thus spake on that ancient man,		
ed wide,	The bright-eyed mariner.		
And I am next of kin;	And now the storm-blast came, and The ship drawn by		
The guests are met, the feast is	he a storm toward		
set:	Was tyrannous and strong: the south		
May'st hear the merry din."	He struck with his o'ertaking wings, ^{pole.}		
	And chased us south along.		
He holds him with his skinny hand,	TITLE 1 1 Court Handau		
"There was a ship," quoth he.	With sloping masts and dipping		
"Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard	prow,		
loon !"	As who pursued with yell and blow Still treads the shadow of his foe		
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.	And forward bends his head,		
The wedge and an and a state of the state of	The ship drove fast, loud roar'd the		
The wed-He holds him with his glittering	blast,		
is spell- eye-	And southward aye we fled.		
the eye of The wedding guest stood still, the old sea-faring And listens like a three years child:	1114 Countries of a no room		
sea-faring And listens like a three years child. man, and The mariner hath his will. constrain-	And now there came both mist and		
constrain- ed to hear	snow,		
his tale. The wedding guest sat on a stone :	And it grew wondrous cold:		
He cannot choose hut hear;	And ice, mast-high, came floating		
And thus spake on that ancient	by,		
man,	As green as emerald.		
The bright-eyed mariner.	And through the drifts the snowy The land		
	clifts of fearful		
The ship was cheer'd, the harbor	Did cond a dismal sheen : sounds,		
clear'd,	Nor shapes of men nor heasts we living		
Merrily did we drop Below the birk below the bill	ken- to be seen.		
Below the kirk, helow the hill, Below the lighthouse top.	The ice was all between.		
Delow the lighthouse top.			
The mar-The sup came up upon the left.	The ice was here, the ice was there,		
The mar-The sun came up upon the left, how the Out of the sea came he!	The ice was all around :		
ship sail- ed south- And he shone bright, and on the	It crack'd and growl'd, and roar'd		
	and howl'd,		
wind and Went down into the sea.	Like noises in a swound l		
	to 1 at 11 and an all streng mail a		
it reached the line. Higher and higher every day,	At length did cross an albatross, Till a great sea-		
Till over the mast at noon-	Thorough the fog it came; hird call-		
The wedding guest here beat his	As if it had heen a Christian soul, barross We hail'd it in God's name.		
breast,	the snow-		
For he heard the loud hassoon.	fog, and was received with great joy and hospitality.		

And in ! the alba- tross	It ate the food it ne'er had eat, And round and round it flew. The ice did split with a thunder-fit; The helmsman steer'd us through ! And a good south wind sprung up behind;	The furrow follow'd free; We were the first that ever burst Into that silent sea.	The fair brecze contin- nes; the ship en- ters the Pacific Ocean, and sails
proveth a bird of good omen, and fol- loweth the ship as it re- turned north- ward through fog and floating ice.	The albatross did follow, And every day, for food or play, Came to the mariners' hollo ! In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud, It perch'd for vespers nine; Whiles all the night, through fog- smoke white, Glimmer'd the white moonshine.	Aropt down, 'Twas sad as sad could be; And we did speak only to break The silence of the seal All in a hot and copper sky, The bloody Sun, at noon,	hath been snddenly becalm- ed;
The an- cieut mariner inhospi- tably kill- eth the pious bird of good omen.	"God save thee, ancient mariner! From the fiends, that plague thee thus ! Why look'st thou so?"With my cross-bow	Right up above the mast did stand, No bigger than the Moon. Day after day, day after day, We stuck, nor breath nor mo-	
	I shot the albatross. PART II. The Sun now rose upon the right: Out of the sea came he,	tion ; As idle as a painted ship Upon a painted ocean.	
	Still hid in mist, and on the left Went down into the sea. And the good south wind still blew	Water, water, everywhere, And all the boards did shrink; Water, water, everywhere, Nor any drop to drink.	And the albatross begins to be avenged.
	behind, But no sweet bird did follow, Nor any day, for food or play, Came to the mariners' hollo1	The very deep did rot: O Christ! That ever this should be! Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs	
mates ery out against the an- cient mariner,	And I had done an hellish thing, And it would work 'em woe: For all aver'd, I had kill'd the bird That made the breeze to blow. Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay, That made the breeze to blow!	About, about, in reel and rout, The death-fires danced at night, The water, like a witch's oils, Burnt green, and blue, and white.	
the log eleared off, they justify the same and thus make them- selves ac	Nor dim nor red, like God's own head The glorious Sun uprist: Then all averr'd, I had kill'd the bird That brought the fog and mist. 'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay, That bring the fog and mist.	And some in dreams assured were Of the spirit that plagued us so; Nine fathom deep he had follow'd us From the land of mist and snow. planet, neither departed souls nor angels; whom the learned Jew Josephus, and th Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellas, maj sulted. They are very numerous, and t climate or element without one or more.	the invis- ible in- habitants

The ship- mates, in their sore distress, would fain throw the whole guil	 And every tongue, through utter drought, Was wither'd at the root; We could not speak, no more than if We had been choked with soot. Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks Had I from old and young! Instead of the cross, the albatross About my neck was hung. ton the accept in sign whereof 	See! see! (I cried), she tacks no And hor- more! Hither to work us weal; Without a breeze, without a tide, She steadies with upright keel! The western wave was all aflame, The day was well-nigh done! Almost upon the western wave Rested the broad bright Sun; When that strange shape drove suddenly
	the dead sea-hird round his neck. PART III. There pass'd a weary time. Each throat Was parch'd, and glazed each eyc. A weary time! a weary time! How glazed each weary eye, When looking westward, I beheld A something in the sky. At first it seem'd a little speck, And then it seem'd a mist; It moved and moved, and took at	Betwixt us and the Sun. And straight the Sun was fleck'd It scenn- with bars but the (Heaven's Mother send us grace!), of a ship. As if through a dungeon-grate he pcer'd With broad and burning face. Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud), How fast she nears and nears! Are those her sails that glance in the Suu, Like restless gossameres?
	last A certain shape I wist. A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist; And still it near'd and near'd; As if it dodged a water-sprite, It plunged and tack'd and veer'd.	Are those her ribs through which And its the Sun Did peer, as through a grate? And is that Woman all her crew? two? Is Death that woman's mate? And is beat her woman's mate? The beat her beat her works and an or other the spectree works and are there the spectree works and an or the spectree works
At its nearer ap- proach, it seemeth hun to be a ship; and at a dear ran- som he freeth his speech from the honds of thirst.	We could nor laugh nor wail; Through utter drought all dumb we stood ! I bit my arm, I suck'd the blood, And cried, A sail! a sail!	Her lips were red, her looks were the skelp- free, Like ves- ton-ship. Like ves- sel, like ves-
A flash of joy.	With throats unslaked, with black lips baked, Agape they heard me call; Gramercy I they for joy did grin, And all at once their breath drew in, As they were drinking all.	The naked hulk alongside came, And the twain were casting dice; "The game is done! I've won, I've have won I" Quoth she, and whistles thrice. winneth the ancient mariner.

No twi- light out; the courts At one stride comes the dark; sun. With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea, Off shot the spectre-bark. At the ris- ing of the up ! Fear at my heart, as at a cup;	Alone, alone, all, all alone, Alone on a wide, wide sea 1 And never a saint took pity on My soul in agony. The many men so beautiful ! He despis- eth the And they all dead did lie: creatures And a thousand thousand slimy of the things Lived on; and so did I.
My life-blood seem'd to sip! The stars were dim, and thick the night, . The steersman's face by his lamp gleam'd white; From the sails the dew did drip— Till elombe above the eastern bar The horned Moon, with one bright star Within the nether tip.	 I look'd upon the rotting sea, And drew my eyes away; I look'd upon the rotting deck, And there the dead men lay. I look'd to heaven, and tried to pray; But, or ever a prayer had gusht, A wicked whisper eame, and made My heart as dry as dust.
One after One after one, by the star-dogg'd Moon, Too quick for groan or sigh, Each turn'd his face with a ghastly pang, And cursed me with his eye. His ship-Four times fifty living men dawn (and I heard nor sigh nor groan), dewn (dewn, With heavy thump, a lifeless lump, They dropp'd down one by one. Bat Life-The souls did from their bodies begins her fly,— work on the art they flet to bliss or woe!	I closed my lids, and kept them elose, And the balls like pulses beat; For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky, Lay like a load on my weary eye, And the dead were at my feet. The cold sweat melted from their But the eurse live the for Nor rot nor reek did they: The look with which they look'd the dead on me Had never pass'd away.
 cient mariner. And every soul, it pass'd me by, Like the whizz of my cross-bow! PART IV. The wed-"I fear thee, ancient mariner! ding guest I fear they skinny hand! faiking to hou art long, and lank, and brown, atking to how the is brown, as is the ribb'd sea-sand. "I fear thee and thy glittering eye, And thy skinny hand so brown."— But the Fear not, fear not, thou wedding- 	An orphan's curse would drag to hell A spirit from on high; But oh ! more horrible than that Is a curse in a dead man's eye! Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse, And yet I could not die. The moving Moon went up the sky, In his land insea And nowhere did abide : Softly she was going up, And a star or two beside— incoment moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move
mariner guest! assureth him of his This body dropt not down. bodfy life, and proceedeth to relate his horrible penance.	on ward; and everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country, and their own natural homes, which they enter unan- nonneed, as lords that are certainly expected, and yet there is a selent joy at their arrival.

WEIRD	AND	FANT	FASTIC.
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	Her beams bemock'd the sultry main.	My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
	Like April hoar-frost spread ;	My garments all were dank;
	But where the ship's huge shadow	Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
	lay,	And still my body drank.
	The charmèd water burnt alway A still and awful red.	I moved, and could not feel my
		limbs:
By the	Beyond the shadow of the ship,	I was so light—almost
light of the moon he he-	I watch'd the water-snakes :	I thought that I had died in sleep,
holdeth God's	They moved in tracks of shining white,	And was a blessed ghost.
creatures of the	And when they rear'd, the elfish	And soon I heard a roaring wind: He hear-
great calm.	light	It did not come anear: sounds
	Fell off in hoary flakes.	But with its sound it shook the and seeth sails, sights and
	Within the shadow of the ship	That were so thin and sere tions in
	I watch'd their rich attire:	The upper air burst into life! the sky and the element.
	Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,	The upper air burst into life ! element. And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
	They coil'd and swam; and every	To and fro they were hurried about!
	track Was a flash of golden fire.	And to and fro, and in and out,
	was a hash of golden life.	The wan stars danced between.
Their	O happy living things! no tongue	And the coming wind did roar more
beauty and their happi-	Their beauty might declare:	loud,
ness.	A spring of love gush'd from my heart,	And the sails did sigh like sedge;
He bless-	And I bless'd them unaware:	And the rain pour'd down from one black cloud;
eth them in his heart.	Sure my kind saint took pity on	The Moon was at its edge.
incur of	me, And I bless'd them unaware.	The dial black indexes dot
	And I bless a them anaware.	The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The spell	The selfsame moment I could pray;	The Moon was at its side:
begins to break.	And from my neck so free	Like waters shot from some high
	The albatross fell off, and sank Like lead into the sea.	crag, The lightning fell with never a
	Like lead into the sea.	jag,
	PART V.	A river steep and wide.
	Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,	The loud wind never reach'd the The bod-
	Beloved from pole to pole!	ship, Ship, Ship, Ship's Crew are
	To Mary Queen the praise be giv-	1 et now the ship moved on : inspired.
	en! She sent the gentle sleep from	Beneath the lightning and the ship Moon moves on;
	Heaven,	The dead men gave a groan.
	That slid into my soul.	
By grace of the	The sills buskets on the dest-	They groan'd, they stirr'd, they all uprose,
holy mo-	The silly buckets on the deck, That had so long remain'd,	Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
ther, the ancient marioer	I dreamt that they were fill'd	It had been strange, even in a
is re- freshed	with dew;	dream,
with rain	And when I awoke, it rain'd.	To have seen those dead men rise.

	The helmsman steer'd, the ship moved on; Yet never a breeze up blew; The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,	Till noon we quietly sail'd on, Yet never a breeze did breathe : Slowly and smoothly went the ship, Moved onward from beneath.
	 Where they were wont to do; They raised their limbs like lifeless tools— We were a ghastly crew. The body of my brother's son 	Under the keel nine fathom deep, The lone- some spir- from the land of mist and snow, it from The spirit slid: and it was he pole car- that made the ship to go. the ship The sails at noon left off their as far as
	Stood by me, knee to knee : The body and I pull'd at one rope, But he said naught to me.	tune, And the ship stood still also, trop but still
actions	"I fear thee, ancient mariner!" Be calm, thou wedding guest! 'Twas not those souls that fled in pain, Which to their corses came again, But a troop of spirits blest:	The Sun, right up above the mast, requiretb Had fix'd her to the ocean: year- But in a minute she 'gan stir, With a short uncasy motion— Backwards and forwards half her length
troop of angelic spirits, sent down by the invo-	For when it dawn'd—they dropp'd their arms, And cluster'd round the mast; Sweet sounds rose slowly through their months, And from their bodies pass'd.	With a short uneasy motion. Then like a pawing horse let go, She made a sudden bound : It flung the blood into my head And I fell down in a swound.
	Around, around, flew each sweet sonnd, Then darted to the Sun; Slowly the sounds came back again, Now mix'd, now one by one.	How long in that same fit I lay, I have not to declare ; But ere my living life return'd, I heard, and in my soul discern'd Two voices in the air,
	Sometimes a-dropping from the sky, I heard the skylark sing; Sometimes all little birds that are, How they seem'd to fill the sea and air With their sweet jargoning!	" Is it he ?" quoth one, "Is this the wrong; man ? of them By Him who died on cross, With his cruel bow he laid full the other. low The harmless albatross. vy for the ancient
	And now 'twas like all instruments, Now like a lonely flute; And now it is an angel's song That makes the heavens be mute.	"The spirit who bideth by himself hath been accorded In the land of mist and snow, to the Po- to th
	It ceased; yet still the sails made on A pleasant noise till noon, A noise like of a hidden brook	Who shot him with his bow." ward. The other was a softer voice, As soft as honey-dew:
	In the leafy month of June, That to the sleeping woods all night Singeth a quiet tune.	Quoth he, "The man hath penance done, And penance more will do."

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PART VI.

FIRST VOICE. But tell me, tell me! speak again Thy soft response renewing-What makes that ship drive on so fast? What is the ocean doing?

SECOND VOICE.

Still as a slave before his lord, The ocean hath no blast; His great bright eye most silently Up to the Moon is cast-

If he may know which way to go; For she guides him smooth or grim. See, brother, see! how graciously She looketh down on him.

FIRST VOICE.

The mar-But why drives on that ship so fast, been cast Without or wave or wind? trance for the SECOND VOICE. angelie power The air is cut away before, causeth the vessel And closes from behind. to drive north ward, fast er thau Fly, brother, fly ! more high, more human high ! life could endure. Or we shall be belated: For slow and slow that ship will go, When the mariner's trance is abated. I woke, and we were sailing on The supernatur-al motion As in a gentle weather: is retard- 'Twas night, calm night, the moon mariner was high; awakes, and his The dead men stood together. penance begins anew. All stood together on the deck, For a charnel-dungeon fitter: All fix'd on me their stony eyes That in the Moon did glitter. The pang, the curse, with which they died, Had never pass'd away : I could not draw my eyes from theirs.

Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt : once The curse is finall more expiated; I view'd the ocean green,

And look'd far forth, yet little saw

Of what had else been seen-

Like one, that on a lonesome road Doth walk in fear and dread,

And having once turn'd round walks on,

And turns no more his head : Because he knows a frightful fiend Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me

Nor sound nor motion made: Its path was not upon the sea, In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fann'd my cheek

Like a meadow-gale of spring-It mingled strangely with my fears, Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship, Yet she sail'd softly too: Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze-On me alone it blew.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed The lighthouse top I see? Is this the hill? is this the kirk? Is this mine own countree?

And the ancient mariner beholdeth his native country.

We drifted o'er the harbor-bar, And I with sobs did pray-Oh let me be awake, my God! Or let me sleep alway.

The harbor-bay was clear as glass, So smoothly it was strewn ! And on the bay the moonlight lav.

And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less.

That stands above the rock:

The moonlight steep'd in silentness

The steady weathercock.

	And the bay was white with silent	He kneels at morn, and noon, and
	light,	eve-
The an-	Till rising from the same,	He hath a cushion plump: It is the moss that wholly hides
gelic spir-	Full many shapes, that shadows were,	The rotted old oak-stump.
its leave the dead bodies,	In crimson colors came.	•
And ap-	A l'ule listence from the prom	The skiff-boat near'd: I heard
pear in	A little distance from the prow Those crimson shadows were:	them talk,
forms of		"Why, this is strange, I trow!
light.	I turn'd my eyes upon the deck— O Christ! what saw I there!	Where are those lights so many and fair,
	O Christ! what saw I there?	That signal made but now?"
	Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,	
	And by the holy rood !	"Strange, by my faith !" the her-Ap- proach-
	A man all light, a seraph man,	mit said— eth the
	On every corse there stood.	"And they answer'd not our cheer! ship with wonder.
		The planks look'd warp'd! and see those sails
	This seraph-band, each waved his	How thin they are and sere!
	hand:	I never saw aught like to them,
	It was a heavenly sight!	Unless perchance it were
	They stood as signals to the land, Each one a lovely light;	
	Each one a lovely light,	Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
	This seraph-band, each waved his	My forest-brook along;
	hand,	When the ivy-tod is heavy with
	No voice did they impart—	snow, And the owlet whoops to the wolf
	No voice; but oh! the silence sank	helow,
	Like music on my heart.	That eats the she-wolf's young."
	But soon I heard the dash of oars,	
	I heard the pilot's cheer;	"Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish
	My head was turn'd perforce away,	look
	And I saw a boat appear.	(The pilot made reply)—
		I am a-fear'd."" Push on, push on !"
	The pilot and the pilot's boy,	Said the hermit cheerily.
	I heard them coming fast:	isald the hermit cheering.
	Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy	The boat came closer to the ship,
	The dead men could not blast.	But I nor spake nor stirr'd;
	I saw a third—I heard his voice :	The boat came close beneath the
	It is the hermit good!	ship,
	He singeth loud his godly hymns	And straight a sound was heard.
	That he makes in the wood.	Under the water it rumbled on, The ship
	He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash	Still louder and more dread : suddenly sinketh.
	away	It reach'd the ship, it split the bay;
	The albatross's blood.	The ship went down like lead.
		Stunn'd by that loud and dreadful The an-
	PART VII.	sound, Which shy and occan smote saved in
The her	This hermit good lives in that wood	Which sky and ocean shore, the pilot's
wood.	Which slopes down to the sea.	Like one that hath been seven days boat.
	How loudly his sweet voice he	drown'd
	rears!	My body lay afloat;
	He loves to talk with marineres	But swift as dreams, myself I found
	That come from a far countree.	Within the pilot's boat.

	Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,	What loud uproar bursts from that	
	The boat spun round and round;	door ! The wedding-guests are there:	
	And all was still, save that the hill	But in the garden-bower the bride	
	Was telling of the sound.	And bride-maids singing are:	
		And hark the little vesper-bell,	
	I moved my lips-the pilot shrick'd	Which biddeth me to prayer!	
	And fell down in a fit;		
	The holy hermit raised his eyes,	O wedding-guest! this soul hath	
	And pray'd where he did sit.	been	
		Alone on a wide wide sea :	
	I took the oars: the pilot's boy,	So lonely 'twas, that God himself	
	Who now doth erazy go,	Scarce seemèd there to be.	
	Laugh'd loud and long, and all the		
	while His eyes went to and fro.	Oh sweeter than the marriage-feast,	
	"Ha! ha!" quoth he, "full plain	'Tis sweeter far to me,	
	I see,	To walk together to the kirk	
	The Devil knows how to row."	With a goodly company I—	
	And now, all in my own countree,	To walk together to the kirk,	
	I stood on the firm land !	And all together pray,	
	The hermit stepp'd forth from the	While each to his great Father bends,	
	boat,	Old men, and babes, and loving	
	And scarcely he could stand.	friends,	
		And youths and maidens gay I	
The an- cient	"Oh shrieve me, shrieve me, holy		
mariner earnestly	man !" The hermit cross'd his brow.	Farewell, farewell! but this I tell And to	
eth the	"Say quick," quoth he "I hid thee	To thee, thou wedding-guest ! his own	1
hermit to shrieve	83 V	He prayeth well, who loveth well love and	d –
him; and the pen- ance of	What manner of man art thou?"	Both man, and bird, and beast. reveren to all	
life falls		things that Go	d,
on him.	Forthwith this frame of mine was	He prayeth best, who loveth best	aa
	wrench'd	All things both great and small;	
	With a woeful agony,	For the dear God who loveth us,	
	Which forced me to begin my tale;	He made and loveth all.	
	And then it left me free.		
	~	The mariner, whose eye is bright,	
and anon	Since then, at an uncertain hour, That agony returns:	Whose beard with age is hoar, Is gone; and now the wedding-	
through- out his fu-	And till my ghastly tale is told,	guest	
an agony	This heart within me burns.	Turn'd from the bridegroom's door.	
eth him			
to travel from land	I pass, like night, from land to land;	He went like one that hath been	
to land.	I have strange power of speech;	stunn'd,	
	That moment that his face I see,	And is of sense forlorn:	
	I know the man that must hear	A sadder and a wiser man,	
	me; To him my tale I teach.	He rose the morrow morn.	
	To min my tare I teach.	SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.	

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.

"SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest! Who, with thy hollow breast Still in rude armor drest, Comest to daunt me! Wrapt not in Eastern balms, But with thy fleshless palms Stretch'd, as if asking alms; Why dost thou hannt me?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes Pale flashes seem'd to rise, As when the Northern skies Gleam in December; And, like the water's flow Under December's snow, Came a dull voice of woe From the heart's chamber.

" I was a Viking old ! My deeds, though manifold, No Skald in song has told, No Saga taught thee ! Take heed, that in thy verse Thou dost the tale rehearse, Else dread a dead man's curse ; For this 1 sought thee.

"Far in the Northern land, By the wild Baltic's strand, I, with my childish hand, Tamed the ger-falcon; And, with my skates fast bound, Skimm'd the half-frozen sound, That the poor whimpering hound Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair Track'd I the grisly hear, While from my path the hare Fled like a shadow; Oft through the forest dark Follow'd the wcre-wolf's bark, Until the soaring lark Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew, Joining a corsair's crew, O'er the dark sea I flew With the maranders. Wild was the life we led; Many the souls that sped, Many the hearts that bled, By our stern orders. "Many a wassail bout Wore the long winter out; Often our midnight shout Set the cocks crowing, As we the Berserk's tale Measured in cups of ale, Draining the oaken pail, Fill'd to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee Tales of the stormy sea, Soft eyes did gaze on me, Burning, yet tender ; And as the white stars shine On the dark Norway pine, On that dark heart of mine Fell their soft splendor

" I woo'd the blue-eved maid, Yielding, yet half afraid, And in the forest's shade Our vows were plighted. Under its loosen'd vest Flutter'd her little breast, Like birds within their nest By the hawk frighted.

"Bright in her father's hall Shields gleam'd upon the wall, Lond sang the minstrels all, Chanting his glory; When of old Hildebrand I ask'd his daughter's hand, Mute did the minstrels stand To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaff'd, Lond then the champion laugh'd, And as the wind-gusts waft The sea-foam brightly, So the loud laugh of scorn, Out of those lips unshorn, From the deep drinking-horn Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a prince's child, I but a Viking wild, And though she blush'd and smiled I was discarded! Should not the dove so white Follow the sea-mew's flight? Why did they leave that night Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea, Bearing the maid with me,— Fairest of all was she Among the Norsemen !— When on the white sea-strand, Waving his armèd hand, Saw we old Hildebrand, With twenty horsemen.

"Then launch'd they to the blast, Bent like a reed each mast, Yet we were gaining fast, When the wind fail'd us; And with a sudden flaw Came round the gusty Skaw, So that our foe we saw Laugh as he hail'd us.

"And as to catch the gale Round veer'd the flapping sail, Death ! was the helmsman's hail, Death without quarter ! Mid-ships with iron keel Struck we her ribs of steel; Down her black hulk did reel Through the black water !

As with his wings aslant, Sails the fierce cormorant, Seeking some rocky haunt, With his prey laden, So toward the open main, Beating to sea again, Through the wild hurricane Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore, And when the storm was o'er, Clond-like we saw the shore Stretching to leeward; There for my lady's bower Built I the lofty tower, Which, to this very hour, Stands looking seaward.

"There lived we many years; 'Time dried the maiden's tears; She had forgot her fears, She was a mother; Death closed her mild blue eyes, Under that tower she lies; Ne'er shall the sun arise On such another! 55 "Still grew my bosom then, Still as a stagnant fen ! Hateful to me were men, The sunlight hateful. In the vast forest here, Clad in my warlike gear, Fell I upon my spear, Oh, death was grateful !

"Thus, seam'd with many scars, Bursting these prison-bars, Up to its native stars My soul ascended. There, from the flowing bowl Deep drinks the warrior's soul, Skoal! to the Northland! skoal!" —Thus the tale ended. HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.

OH what can ail thee, knight-at-arms ! Alone and palely loitering ? The sedge has wither'd from the lake, And no birds sing.

Oh what can ail thee, knight-at-arms ! So haggard and so woe-begone ? The squirrel's granary is full, And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow, With anguish moist and fever dew; And on thy cheeks a fading rose Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the mead— Full beautiful, a fairy's child; Her hair was long, her foot was light, And her eyes were wild.

I made a garland for her head, And bracelets too, and fragrant zone; She look'd at me as she did love, And made sweet moan.

I set her on my pacing steed, And nothing else saw all day long; For sidelong would she bend, aud sing A fairy song.

She found me roots of relish sweet, And honey wild, and manna dew; And sure in language strange she said— "I love thee true."

She took me to her elfin grot, And there she wept, and sigh'd full sore; And there I shut her wild, wild eyes With kisses four.

And there she lull'd me asleep ; And there I dream'd—Ah ! woe betide ! The latest dream I ever dream'd On the cold hill's side.

I saw pale kings and princes too— Pale warriors, death-pale were they all; They cried—" La belle dame sans merci

Hath thee in thrall !"

I saw their starved lips in the gloam, With horrid warning gapèd wide; And I awoke, and found me here, On the cold hill's side.

And this is why I sojourn here, Alone and palely loitering, Though the sedge is wither'd from the

lake,

And no birds sing.

JOHN KEATS.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

A ROMANCE.

" 'A jolly place,' said he, 'in days of old, But something ails it now; the spot is curst.'" HART-LEAP WELL, BY WORDSWORTH.

PART I.

SOME dreams we have are nothing else but dreams,

Unnatural and full of contradictions, Yet others of our most romantic schemes Are something more than fictions.

It might be only on enchanted ground, It might be merely by a thought's expansion,

But in the spirit, or the flesh, I found An old deserted mansion.

A residence for woman, child, and man, A dwelling-place,—and yet no habitation;

- A house—but under some prodigious ban Of excommunication.
- Unhinged the iron gates half open hung, Jarr'd by the gusty gales of many winters,

That from its erumbled pedestal had flung One marble globc in splinters.

- No dog was at the threshold, great or small,
 - No pigeon on the roof, no household creature,

No cat demurely dozing on the wall-Not one domestic feature.

No human figure stirr'd, to go or come, No face look'd forth from shut or open casement,

No chimney smoked—there was no sign of home

From parapet to basement.

With shatter'd panes the grassy court was starr'd;

- The time-worn coping-stone had tumbled after,
- And through the ragged roof the sky shone, barr'd

With naked beam and rafter.

O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear, A sense of mystery the spirit daunted, And said, as plain as whisper in the ear, The place is haunted!

The flow'r grew wild and rankly as the weed, Roses with thistles struggled for espial, And vagrant plants of parasitic breed

Had overgrown the dial.

But gay or gloomy, steadfast or infirm,

- No heart was there to heed the hour's duration;
- All times and tides were lost in one long term
 - Of stagnant desolation.
- The wren had built within the porch; she found
 - Its quiet loneliness so sure and thorough;

And on the lawn, within its turfy mound, The rabbit made his burrow.

- The rabbit wild and gray, that flitted through
 - The shrubby clumps, and frisk'd, and sat, and vanish'd,

But leisurely and bold, as if hc knew His enemy was banish'd.

WEIRD	AND	FAN	TASTIC,
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The wary crow, the pheasant from the woods,	The pear and quince lay squander'd on the grass;
Lull'd by the still and everlasting same- ness,	The mould was purple with unheeded showers
Close to the mansion, like domestic broods, Fed with a "shocking tameness."	Of bloomy plums—a wilderness it was Of fruits, and weeds, and flowers !
The coot was swimming in the reedy pond, Beside the water-hen, so soon affrighted,	The marigold amidst the nettles blew, The gourd embraced the rose-bush in
And in the weedy moat the heron, fond Of solitude, alighted,—	its ramble, The thistle and the stock together grew, The hollyhock and bramble.
The moping heron, motionless and stiff, That on a stone, as silently and stilly,	
Stood, an apparent sentinel, as if To guard the water-lily.	The bearbine with the lilac interlaced, The sturdy burdock choked its slender neighbor,
No sound was heard except, from far away, The ringing of the witwall's shrilly	The spicy pink. All tokens were effaced Of human care and labor.
laughter, Or, now and then, the chatter of the jay,	The very yew formality had train'd To such a rigid pyramidal stature,
That Echo murmur'd after.	For want of trimming had almost regain'd The raggedness of nature.
But Echo never mock'd the human tongue; Some weighty crime, that Heaven could not pardon,	The fountain was a-dry-neglect and time
A secret curse on that old building hung, And its deserted garden.	Had marr'd the work of artisan and mason, And efts and croaking frogs, begot of
The beds were all untouch'd by hand or tool:	slime, Sprawl'd in the ruin'd basin.
No footstep mark'd the damp and mossy gravel,	The statue, fallen from its marble base, Amidst the refuse leaves, and herbage
Each walk as green as is the mantled pool, For want of human travel.	rotten,
The vine unpruned, and the neglected	Lay like the idol of some bygone race, Its name and rites forgotten.
peach, Droop'd from the wall with which they used to grapple;	On ev'ry side the aspect was the same, All ruin'd, desolate, forlorn, and savage: No hand or foot within the precinct came
And on the canker'd tree, in easy reach, Rotted the golden apple.	To rectify or ravage.
But awfully the truant shunn'd the ground, The vagrant kept aloof, and daring	For over all there hung a cloud of fear, A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
poacher;	And said, as plain as whisper in the ear, The place is haunted!
In spite of gaps that through the fences round	PART II.
Invited the encroacher.	Oh, very gloomy is the house of Woe,
For over all there hung a cloud of fear, A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,	Where tears are falling while the bell is knelling,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear, The place is haunted !	With all the dark solemnities which show That Death is in the dwelling !

Oh very, very dreary is the room Where Love, domestic Love, no longer	While fallen fragments danced upon the floor
nestles.	Like dead leaves in December.
But, smitten by the common stroke of doom,	The startled bats flew out-bird after bird-
The corpse lies on the trestles!	The screech-owl overhead began to flut-
But House of Woe, and hearse, and sable pall,	ter, And seem'd to mock the cry that she had heard
The narrow home of the departed mortal,	Some dying victim utter !
Ne'er looked so gloomy as that ghostly hall, With its deserted portal!	A shriek that echo'd from the joisted roof, And up the stair, and further still and
The centipede along the threshold erept,	further,
The cobweb hung across in mazy tangle, And in its winding-sheet the maggot slept At every nook and angle.	Till in some ringing chamber far aloof It ceased its tale of murther!
The keyhole lodged the earwig and her brood, '	Meanwhile the rusty armor rattled round, The banner shudder'd, and the ragged
The emmets of the steps had old posses- sion,	streamer ; All things the horrid tenor of the sound Acknowledged with a tremor.
And march'd in search of their diurnal	The antlers, where the helmet hung and
food In undisturb'd procession,—	belt.
	Stirr'd as the tempest stirs the forest
As undisturb'd as the prehensile cell Of moth or maggot, or the spider's tissue,	branches, Or as the stag had trembled when he felt
For never foot upon that threshold fell,	The bloodhound at his haunches.
To enter or to issue.	The window jingled in its crumbled frame,
O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear, A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,	And through its many gaps of desti- tution
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear, The place is haunted !	Dolorous moans and hollow sighings came, Like those of dissolution.
Howbeit, the door I push'd—or so I dream'd—	The woodlouse dropp'd, and roll'd into a ball,
Which slowly, slowly gaped—the hinges creaking	Touch'd by some impulse occult or me-
With such a rusty eloquenee, it seem'd That Time himself was speaking.	chanic, And nameless beetles ran along the wall In universal panic.
But Time was dumb within that mansion old.	
Or left his tale to the heraldic banners	Hung like a spy on human guilt and error,
That hung from the corroded walls, and told	Suddenly turn'd, and up its slender thread
of former men and manners,—	Ran with a nimble terror.
Those tatter'd flags, that with the open'd	The very stains and fractures on the wall, Assuming features solemn and terrific,
door Seem'd the old wave of battle to re	- Hinted some tragedy of that old hall,
member.	Lock'd up in hieroglyphic,

- Some tale that might, perchance, have solved the doubt
 - Wherefore, amongst those flags so dull and livid,
- The banner of the Bloody Hand shone out So ominously vivid;
- Some key to that inscrutable appeal, Which made the very frame of Nature quiver;
- And every thrilling nerve and fibre feel So ague-like a shiver.
- For over all there hung a cloud of fear, A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,

And said, as plain as whisper in the ear, The place is haunted !

If but a rat had linger'd in the house, To lure the thought into a social channel!

But not a rat remain'd, or tiny mouse, To squeak hehind the panel.

- Huge drops roll'd down the walls, as if they wept;
 - And where the cricket used to chirp so shrilly,
- The toad was squatting, and the lizard crept

On that damp hearth and chilly.

- For years no cheerful blaze had sparkled there,
 - Or glanced on coat of buff or knightly metal;
- The slug was crawling on the vacant chair, The snail upon the settle.
- The floor was redolent of mould and must, The fungus in the rotten seams had quicken'd :

While on the oaken table coats of dnst Perennially had thicken'd.

- No mark of leathern jack or metal can, No eup-no horn-no hospitable token,-
- All social ties between that board and man Had long ago been broken.

There was so foul a rumor in the air, The shadow of a presence so atrocious;

No human creature could have feasted there, Even the most ferocious ! For over all there hung a cloud of fear, A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,

And said, as plain as whisper in the ear, The place is haunted !

PART III.

'Tis hard for human actions to account,

Whether from reason or from impulse only-

But some internal prompting bade me mount

The gloomy stairs and lonely,-

- Those gloomy stairs, so dark, and damp, and cold,
 - With odors as from bones and relics carnal,

Deprived of rite, and consecrated mould, The chapel vanit, or charnel;

- Those dreary stairs, where with the sounding stress
- Of ev'ry step so many echoes blended,
- The mind, with dark misgivings, fear'd to gness

How many feet ascended.

- The tempest with its spoils had drifted in, Till each unwholesome stone was darkly spotted,
- As thickly as the leopard's dappled skin, With leaves that rankly rotted.
- The air was thick—and in the upper gloom The bat—or something in its shape—was winging;

And on the wall, as chilly as a tomb, The Death's-head moth was clinging,—

That mystic moth, which, with a sense profound

Of all unholy presence, augurs truly; And with a grim significance flits round The taper burning bluely.

Such omens in the place there seem'd to be, At every erooked turn, or on the landing, The straining eyeball was prepared to see Some apparition standing.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear, A sense of mystery the spirit daunted, And said, as plain as whisper in the car, The place is haunted!

Yet no portentous shape the sight amazed; Each object plain, and tangible, and valid; But from their tarnish'd frames dark figures gazed, And faces spectre-pallid.	The Bloody Hand that with a lurid stain Shone on the dusty floor, a dismal token, Projected from the casement's painted pane, Where all beside was broken;
Not merely with the mimic life that lies Within the compass of Art's simulation: Their souls were looking through their painted eyes With awful speculation.	The Bloody Hand significant of crime, That, glaring on the old heraldic banner, Had kept its crimson unimpair'd by time, In such a wondrous manner! O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear,
On every lip a speechless horror dwelt; On every brow the burden of affliction; The old ancestral spirits knew and felt The house's malediction.	A sense of mystery the spirit daunted, And said, as plain as whisper in the ear, The place is haunted !
Such earnest woe their features overcast, They might have stirr'd, or sigh'd, or wept, or spoken; But, save the hollow moaning of the blast, The stillness was unbroken.	The death-watch tick'd behind the pan- ell'd oak, Inexplicable tremors shook the arras, And echoes strange and mystical awoke, The fancy to embarrass.
No other sound or stir of life was there, Except my steps in solitary clamber From flight to flight, from humid stair to stair, From chamber into chamber.	Prophetic hints that fill'd the soul with dread,But through one gloomy entrance pointing mostly,The while some secret inspiration said,That chamber is the ghostly !
Deserted rooms of luxury and state, That old magnificence had richly fur- nish'd With pietures, cabinets of ancient date, And carvings gilt and buruish'd.	Across the door no gossamer festoon Swung pendulons—no web—no dusty fringes, No silky chrysalis or white cocoon, Ahout its nooks and hinges.
Rich hangings, storied by the needle's art With Scripture history, or classic fable; But all had faded, save one ragged part, Where Cain was slaying Abel.	The spider shunn'd the interdicted room, The moth, the beetle, and the fly were banish'd, And where the sunbeam fell athwart the gloom
The silent waste of mildew and the moth Had marr'd the tissue with a partial	The very midge had vanish'd.
ravage ; But undecaying frown'd upon the cloth Each feature stern and savage.	One lonely ray that glanced upon a bed, As if with awful aim direct and certain, To show the Bloody Hand in burning red
The sky was pale; the cloud a thing of doubt;	Embroider'd on the curtain.
Some hues were fresh, and some decay'd and duller; But still the Bloody Hand shone strangely	And yet no gory stain was on the quilt— The pillow in its place had slowly rotted:
out With vchemence of color!	The floor alone retain'd the trace of guilt, Those boards obscurely spotted,—

Obscurely spotted to the door, and thence With mazy doubles to the grated case- ment— Oh what a tale they told of fear intense, Of horror and amazement! What human creature in the dead of night Had coursed like hunted hare that cruel distance? Had sought the door, the window, in his fight, Striving for dear existence? What shricking spirit in that bloody room Its mortal frame had violently quitted?— Across the sunbeam, and along the wall, But painted on the air so very dimly, It hardly veil'd the tapestry at all, Or portrait frowning grimly. O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear, A sense of mystery the spirit daunted, And said, as plain as whisper in the ear, The place is hannted! THE HAUNTED PALACE. Is the greenest of our valleys, By good angels tenanted, Once a fair and stately place (Radiant place) rear'd its head. In the monarch Thought's dominion It stood there ! Never scraph spread a pinion Over fabric half so fair. Eanners, yellow, glorions, golden, On its roof did float and flow (This, all this, was in the olden Time, long ago); And every gentle air that dallied In that sweet day, Along the ramparts plumed and pallid, A wingèd odor went away.	Round about a throne, where, sitting (Porphyrogene !) In state his glory well befitting, The ruler of the realm was seen. And all with pearl and ruby glowing Was the fair palace-door, Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing, And sparkling evermore, A troop of echoes, whose sweet duty Was but to sing, In voices of surpassing beauty, The wit and wisdom of their king. But evil things, in robes of sorrow, Assail'd the monarch's high estate (Ah ! let us mourn, for never morrow Shall dawn upon him, desolate); And round about his home the glory That blush'd and bloom'd Is but a dim-remember'd story Of the old time entomb'd. And travellers now, within that valley, Through the red-litten windows see Vast forms that move fantastically To a discordant melody; While, like a ghastly, rapid river, Through the pale door A hideous throng rush out for ever, And laugh—but smile no more. EDGAR ALLAN POE. ALONZO THE BRAVE AND THE FAIR INOGINE. A WAREIOR so bold, and a virgin so bright, Conversed as they sat on the green; They gazed on each other with tender de- light; Alonzo the Brave was the name of the knight, The maiden's, the Fair Imogine. "Aud oh !" said the youth, "since to-mor- row I go To fight in a far-distant land,
Time, long ago); And every gentle air that dallied In that sweet day, Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,	"Aud oh !" said the youth, "since to-mor- row I go
Wanderers in that happy valley Through two luminous windows saw Spirits moving musically To a lute's well-tunèd law;	Your tears for my absence soon ceasing to flow, Some other will court you, and you will bestow On a wealthier suitor your hand."

FIRESIDE	ENCYCLe)PÆDIA –	OF POETRY.
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"Oh, hush these suspicions," Fair Imo- gine said,	All pleasure and laughter were hush'd at his sight;
"Offensive to love and to me;	The dogs, as they eyed him, drew back in
For if you be living, or if you he dead,	affright;
I swear by the Virgin that none in your	The lights in the chamber burn'd blue!
stead	
Shall husband of Imogine be.	His presence all bosoms appear'd to dismay; The guests sat in silence and fear;
"If e'er I, by lust or by wealth led aside,	At leugth spake the bride—while she
Forget my Alonzo the Brave,	trembled—"I pray,
God grant that, to punish my falsehood	Sir Knight, that your helmet aside you
and pride,	would lay,
Your ghost at the marriage may sit by my	And deign to partake of our cheer."
side,	The lady is silent; the stranger complies,
May tax me with perjury, claim me as	His visor he slowly unclosed;
bride,	O God! what a sight met fair Imogine's eyes!
And bear me away to the grave !"	What words can express her dismay and
To Palestine hasten'd the hero so bold;	surprise
His love she lamented him sore,	When a skeleton's head was exposed l
But scarce had a twelvemonth elapsed,	All present then utter'd a terrified shout,
when, behold !	All turn'd with disgust from the scene;
A baron, all cover'd with jewels and	The worms they crept in, and the worms
gold, Arrived at Fair Imogine's door.	they crept out,
Minted at 1 an Inogine's door.	And sported his eyes and his temples
His treasures, his presents, his spacious	about,
domain,	While the spectre address'd Imogine.
Soon made her untrue to her vows;	"Behold me, thou false one, behold me!"
He dazzled her eyes, he bewilder'd her brain,	he eried,
He caught her affections, so light and so	"Remember Alonzo the Brave!
vain,	God grants that, to punish thy falsehood
And carried her home as his spouse.	and pride,
And now had the marriage been bless'd	My ghost at thy marriage should sit by thy side.
by the priest,	Should tax thee with perjury, claim thee
The revelry now was begun,	as bride,
The tables they groan'd with the weight	And bear thee away to the grave !"
of the feast,	
Nor yet had the laughter and merriment	Thus saying, his arms round the lady he
ceased,	wound, While loudly she shrick'd in dismay;
When the bell at the castle toll'd one.	Then sunk with his prey through the wide-
Then first with amazement fair Imogine	yawning ground,
found	Nor ever again was Fair Imogine found,
A stranger was placed by her side;	Or the spectre that bore her away.
His air was terrific, he utter'd no sound,	Not long lived the baron, and none, since
Ile spake not, he moved not, he look'd not around,	that time,
But earnestly gazed on the bride.	To inhabit the castle presume,
	For chronicles tell that, by order sublime,
His visor was closed, and gigantic his	There Imogine suffers the pain of her
0,	
height, His armor was sable to view;	There Imogine suffers the pain of her crime, And mourns her deplorable doom.

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WEIRD .	$AND F_{-}$	ANTASTIC.
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At midnight, four times in each year, does	She prophesy'd, that late or soon,
her sprite,	Thou would be found deep drown'd in
When mortals in slumber are bound,	Doon;
Array'd in her bridal apparel of white,	Or eatch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
Appear in the hall with the skeleton	By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.
knight,	Ah, gentle dames ! it gars me greet,
And shrick as he whirls her around.	To think how mony eounsels sweet,
While they drink out of skulls newly torn	How mony lengthen'd sage advices,
from the grave,	The husband frae the wife despises!
* Dancing round them the spectres are	Dut to our tales. As market night
seen;	But to our tale :—Ae market night,
Their liquor is blood, and this horrible	Tam had got planted unco right; Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
stave	Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
They howl: "To the health of Alonzo the	And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
Brave,	His aneient, trusty, drouthy erony;
And his consort, the Fair Imogine !"	Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS.	They had been fou for weeks thegither !
	The night drave on wi' sangs an' elatter ;
TAM O'SHANTER.	And ay the ale was growing better :
	The landlady and Tam grew gracious;
A TALE.	Wi' favors secret, sweet, and precions;
"Of brownys and of bogilis full is this buke."- GAWIN DOUGLAS.	The Souter tauld his queerest stories ;
	The landlord's laugh was ready chorus .
WHEN chapman billies leave the street,	The storm without might rair and rustle-
And drouthy neebors neebors meet,	Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.
As market-days are wearing late,	Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
An' folks begin to tak' the gate ;	E'en drown'd himself amang the nappy !
While we sit bousing at the nappy,	As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
An' gettin' fou and uneo happy, We think na on the lang Scots miles,	The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,	Kings may be blest, bnt Tam was glorious,
That lie between us and our hame,	O'er a' the ills of life victorions.
Where sits our sulky sullen dame,	But pleasures are like poppies spread,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,	You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.	Or like the snow falls in the river,
I with g bot to be to be to be	A moment white-then melts for ever;
This truth fand honest Tam O'Shanter,	Or like the borealis race,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter	That flitere you can point their place;
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,	Or like the rainbow's lovely form
For honest men and bonny lasses).	Evanishing amid the storm.
O Tam ! hadst thou but been sae wise,	Nae man ean tether time or tide;
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice !	The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,	That hour, o' night's black arch the key-
A blethering, blustering, drnnken blellum;	stane,
That frae November till October,	That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
As market-day thou was not sober;	And sic a night he taks the road in
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,	As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller ; That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,	The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
That every hang was cald a shoe on, The smith and thee gat roaring fou on ;	The rattling show'rs rose on the blast;
The smith and the gat loaring for on, That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,	The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.	Lond, deep, and lang the thunder bellow'd;

That night, a child might understand, The De'il had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg, A better never lifted leg, Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire, Despising wind, and rain, and fire; Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet; Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet:

Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares, Lest bogles catch him unawares; Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh, Where ghaists and houlets nightly ery .--By this time he was cross the foord Where in the snaw the chapman smoor'd; And past the birks and meikle stane. Where drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane; And thro' the whins, and by the cairn, Where hunters fand the murder'd bairn ; And near the thorn, aboon the well, Where Mungo's mither hang'd hersel. Before him Doon pours all his floods; The doubling storm roars thro' the woods; The lightnings flash from pole to pole; Near and more near the thunders roll; When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees, Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze; Thro' ilka bore the heams were glancing; And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn ! What dangers thou canst make us scorn ! Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil ; Wi' usquabae we'll face the devil! The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle. Fair play, he cared nae deils a boddle. But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd, 'Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd, She ventured forward on the light; And, wow ! Tam saw an unco sight ! Warlocks and witches in a dance : Nae cotillon brent new frae France. But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels, Put life and mettle in their heels: A winnock-bunker in the east, There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast; A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large, To gie them music was his charge; He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl, Till roof and rafters a' did dirl .----Coffins stood round, like open presses; That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;

And by some devilish cantrip slight Each in its cauld hand held a light-By which heroic Tam was able To note upon the halv table, A murderer's banes in gibbet airns; Twa span-lang, wee unchristen'd bairns; A thief, new-cutted frae a rape, Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape; Five tomahawks, wi' blnid red-rusted; Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted; A garter, which a babe had strangled; A knife, a father's throat had mangled, Whom his ain son o' life bereft, The gray hairs yet stack to the heft: Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu', Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowr'd, amazed, and eurious, The mirth and fun grew fast and furious: The piper loud and louder blew; The dancers quick and quicker flew; They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit, 'Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,

And coost her duddies to the wark, And linket at it in her sark !

Now Tam, O Tam ! had thae been queans A' plump and strapping, in their teens ; Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen, Been snaw-white seventeen-hnnder lineu, Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair, That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair, I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies, For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies !

But wither'd heldams, and droll, Rigwoodie hags, wad spean a foal, Lowping an' flinging on a cummock, I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie,

There was a winsome wench and walie, That night enlisted in the core (Lang after kenn'd on Carriek shore; For mony a beast to dead she shot, And perish'd mony a bonnie boat, And shook baith meikle corn and bear, And kept the conntry-side in fear). Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn, That while a lassie she had worn, In longitude tho' sorely scanty, It was her best, and she was vauntie.—

Ah! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie, That sark she coft for her wee Nannie, Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches), Wad ever graced a dance of witches!

But here my muse her wing maun cour; Sie flights are far heyond her pow'r; To sing how Nannie lap and flang (A souple jade she was and strang), And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd, And thought his very een enrich'd; Even Satan glowr'd, and fldged fu' fain, And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main: 'Till first ac caper, syne anither, Tam tint his reason a' thegither, And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!" And in an instant all was dark : And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,

When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke, When plundering herds assail their byke; As open pussie's mortal foes, When, pop! she starts before their nose; As eager runs the market-crowd, When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud; So Maggie runs, the witches follow, Wi' mony an eldritch screech and hollow.

Ah, Tam ! ah, Tam ! thou'll get thy fairin' !

In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'! In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'! Kate soon will be a woefu' woman ! Now do thy speedy utmost, Meg, And win the key-stane of the brig ; There at them thou thy tail may toss, A running stream they darena cross ! But ere the key-stane she could make, The fient a tail she had to shake ! For Nannie, far before the rest, Hard upon nohle Maggie prest, And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle ; But little wist she Maggie's mettle-Ae spring brought off her master hale, But left behind her ain gray tail : The carlin claught her by the rump, And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read, Ilk man and mother's son, take heed : Whene'er to drink you are inclined, Or cutty-sarks run in your mind, Think ! ye may buy the joys o'er dear---Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare. Robert BURNS.

THE HAG.

THE hag is astride, This night for to ride— The devil and she together; Through thick and through thin, Now out and then in, Though ne'er so foul be the weather.

A thorn or a bur She takes for a spur; With a lash of the bramble she rides now; Through brakes and through briers, O'er ditches and mires, She follows the spirit that guides now.

No beast, for his food, Dares now range the wood, But husht in his lair he lies lurking; While mischiefs, by these, On land and on seas, At noon of night are a-working.

The storm will arise, And trouble the skies, This night; and, more the wonder, The ghost from the tomb Affrighted shall come, Call'd out by the clap of the thunder. ROBERT HERRICK.

SISTER HELEN.

"WHY did you melt your waxen man, Sister Helen? To-day is the third since you began." "The time was long, yet the time ran, Little brother." (O Mother, Mary Mother,

Three days to-day, between hell and heaven !)

"But if you have done your work aright, Sister Helen,

You'll let me play, for you said I might." "Be very still in your play to-night, Little brother."

(O Mother, Mary Mother, Little brother?" Third night, to-night, between hell and (O Mother, Mary Mother, heaven!) What sound to-night, between hell and heaven?) "You said it must melt ere vesper-bell, Sister Helen, "I hear a horse-tread, and I see, If now it be molten, all is well." Sister Helen, "Even so,-nay, peace ! you cannot tell, Three horsemen, that ride terribly," Little brother." "Little brother, whence come the three, (O Mother, Mary Mother, Little brother ?" Oh what is this between hell and heaven?) (O Mother, Mary Mother, Whence should they come, between hell "Oh the waxen knave was plump to-day, and heaven?) Sister Helen; How like dead folk he has dropp'd away!" "They come by the hill-verge from Boyne "Nay now, of the dead what can you say, Bar, Little brother ?" Sister Helen. (O Mother, Mary Mother, And one draws nigh, but two are afar." What of the dead, between hell and "Look, look, do you know them who they heaven?) are. Little brother?" "See, see, the sunken pile of wood, (O Mother, Mary Mother, Sister Helen, Who should they be between hell and Shines through the thinn'd wax red as heaven?) blood !" "Nay, now, when look'd you yet on blood, "Oh, it's Keith of Eastholm rides so fast, Little brother?" Sister Helen, (O Mother, Mary Mother, For I know the white mane on the blast." How pale she is between hell and heaven !) "The hour has come, has come at last, Little brother." "Now close your eyes, for they're sick and (O Mother, Mary Mother, sore, Her hour at last between hell and heaven !) Sister Helen. And I'll play without the gallery door." "IIe has made a sign and call'd, Halloo, "Ay, let me rest,-I'll lie on the floor, Sister Helen, Little brother." And he says that he would speak with you." (O Mother, Mary Mother, "Oh tell him I fear the frozen dew, What rest to-night between hell and Little brother," heaven?) (O Mother, Mary Mother, Why laughs she thus between hell and "Here high up in the balcony, heaven?) Sister Helen. The moon flies face to face with me," "The wind is loud, but I hear him ery, "Ay, look and say whatever you see, Sister Helen. Little brother." That Keith of Ewern's like to die." (O Mother, Mary Mother, "And he and thou, and thou and I, What sight to-night, between hell and Little brother." heaven?) (O Mother, Mary Mother, And they and we between hell and heaven.) "Outside it's merry in the wind's wake, Sister Helen: "For three days now he has lain abed, In the shaken trees the chill stars shake," Sister Helen, "Hush, heard you a horse-tread as you And he prays in torment to be dead." spake, "The thing may chance if he have pray'd,

Little brother." (O Mother, Mary Mother, If he have pray'd between hell and heaven!)

"But he has not ceased to ery to-day, Sister Helen, That you should take your enrse away." "My prayer was heard—he need but pray, Little brother." (O Mother, Mary Mother,

Shall God not hear between hell and heaven?)

"But he says, till you take back your ban, Sister Helen, His soul would pass, yet never ean." "Nay, then, shall I slay a living man, Little brother ?" (O Mother, Mary Mother, A living soul between hell and heaven!)

"But he calls for ever on your name, Sister Helen, And says that he melts before a flame." "My heart for his pleasure fared the same, Little brother." (O Mother, Mary Mother, Fire at the heart between hell and heaven!)

"Here's Keith of Westholm riding fast, Sister Helen, For I know the white plume on the blast." "The hour, the sweet hour, I foreeast, Little brother." (O Mother, Mary Mother, Is the hour sweet between hell and heaven?)

"He stops to speak, and he stills his horse, Sister Helen;

But his words are drown'd in the wind's course."

"Nay, hear! nay, hear! you must hear perforce,

Little brother !" (O Mother, Mary Mother, A word ill heard between hell and heaven !)

"Oh, he says that Keith of Ewern's cry, Sister Helen,

Is ever to see you ere he die." "He sees me in earth, in moon, and sky, Little brother." (O Mother, Mary Mother, Earth, moon, and sky between hell and heaven!)

"He sends a ring and a broken coin, Sister Helen, And bids you mind the banks of Boyne."
"What else he broke will he ever join, Little brother?" (O Mother, Mary Mother, Oh never more between hell and heaven!)
"He yields you these and craves full fain, Sister Helen, You pardon him in his mortal pain."
"What else he took will he give again, Little brother?" (O Mother, Mary Mother, No more, no more, between hell and heaven!)

"He calls your name in an agony, Sister Helen,

That even dead Love must weep to see." "Hate, born of Love, is blind as he, Little brother!"

(O Mother, Mary Mother,

Love turn'd to hate between hell and heaven !)

"Oh, it's Keith of Keith now that rides fast,

Sister Helen, For I know the white hair on the blast." "The short, short hour will soon be past, Little hrother."

(O Mother, Mary Mother, Will soon be past, between hell and heaven!)

"He looks at me, and he tries to speak, Sister Helen,

But oh, his voice is sad and weak !" "What here should the mighty Baron seek,

Little brother?" (O Mother, Mary Mother, Is this the end, between hell and heaven?)

"Oh, his son still eries if you forgive, Sister Helen,

The body dies, but the soul shall live." "Fire shall forgive me as I forgive, Little brother."

(O Mother, Mary Mother, As she forgives between hell and heaven !) "Oh, he prays you as his heart would rive. Sister Helen, To save his dear son's soul alive." " Nay, flame cannot slay it; it shall thrive, Little brother." (O Mother, Mary Mother, Alas, alas, between hell and heaven !) " He cries to you, kneeling in the road, Sister Helen. To go with him for the love of God !" "The way is long, to his son's abode, Little brother." (O Mother, Mary Mother, The way is long between hell and heaven!) "O Sister Helen, you heard the bell, Sister Helen: More loud than the vesper-chime it fell." "No vesper-chime, but a dying knell, Little brother." (O Mother, Mary Mother, His dying knell, between hell and heaven!) "Alas, but I fear the heavy sound, Sister Helen; Is it in the sky or in the ground ?" "Say, have they turn'd their horses round, Little brother?" (O Mother, Mary Mother, What would she more, between hell and heaven?) "They have raised the old man from his knee. Sister Helen. And they ride in silence hastily." "More fast the naked soul doth flee, Little brother." (O Mother, Mary Mother, The naked soul, between hell and heaven!) "Oh, the wind is sad in the iron chill, Sister Helen, And weary sad they look by the hill." "But Keith of Ewern's sadder still, Little brother." (O Mother, Mary Mother, Most sad of all, between hell and heaven!)

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"See, see, the wax has dropp'd from its place,

Sister Helen, And the flames are winning up apace." "Yet here they burn but for a space,

Little brother."

(O Mother, Mary Mother, Here for a space, between hell and heaven!)

"Ah! what white thing at the door has cross'd,

Sister Helen?

Ah! what is this that sighs in the frost?" "A soul that's lost as mine is lost,

Little brother."

(O Mother, Mary Mother,

Lost, lost, all lost, between hell and heaven!)

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

THE ABBOT M'KINNON.

M⁴KINNON's tall mast salntes the day, And beekons the breeze in Iona bay; Plays lightly up in the morning sky, And nods to the green wave rolling by; The anchor upheaves, the sails unfurl, The pennons of silk in the breezes curl; But not one monk on holy ground Knows whither the Abbot M⁴Kinnon is bound.

Well could that bark o'er the ocean glide, Though monks and friars alone must guide : For never man of other degree On board that sacred ship might be. On deek M'Kinnon walk'd soft and slow; The haulers sung from the gilded prow; The helmsman turn'd his brow to the sky, Upraised his cowl and upraised his eve, And away shot the bark on the wing of the wind, Over billow and bay like an image of mind. Aloft on the turret the monks appear, To see where the bark of their abbot would bear; They saw her sweep from Iona bay, And turn her prow to the north away,

Still lessen to view in the hazy screen,

And vanish amid the islands green.

Then they turn'd their eyes to the female	His teeth the ivory polish'd new,
dome,	And his lip like the morel when gloss'd
And thought of the nuns till the abbot came home.	with dew,
came nome.	While under his cowl's embroider'd fold Were seen the curls of waving gold.
Three times the night with aspect dull	This could youth, of beauty so bright,
Came stealing o'er the moors of Mull;	Abode with the abbot by day and by
Three times the sea-gull left the deep,	night.
To doze on the knob of the dizzy steep,	mgno.
By the sound of the ocean lull'd to sleep;	When arm in arm they walk'd the isle,
And still the watch-lights sailors see	Young friars would beckon, and monks
On the top of the spire, and the top of	would smile;
Dun-ye;	But sires, in dread of sins unshriven,
And the laugh rings through the sacred	Would shake their heads and look up to
dome,	heaven,
For still the abbot is not come home.	Afraid the frown of the saint to see,
	Who rear'd their temple amid the sea,
But the wolf that nightly swam the sound,	And pledged his soul to guard the dome,
From Rosa's rude impervious bound,	Till Virtue should fly her western home.
On the ravenous burrowing race to feed,	But now a stranger of hidden degree,
That loved to haunt the home of the dead,	Too fair, too gentle a man to be-
To him Saint Columb had left in trust	This stranger of beauty and step so light
To guard the bones of the royal and just,	Abode with the abbot by day and by
Of saints and of kings the sacred dust;	night.
The savage was scared from his charnel of	
death,	The months and the days flew lightly by,
And swam to his home in bunger and wrath,	The monks were kind and the nuns were
For he momently saw, through the night	shy; But the gray-hair'd sires, in trembling
so dun,	mood,
The cowering monk, and the veiled nun,	Kneel'd at the altar and kiss'd the rood.
Whispering, sighing, and stealing away	
By cross dark alley and portal gray.	M'Kinnon he dream'd that the saint of
Oh, wise was the founder, and well said he,	the isle
"Where there are women, mischief must	Stood by his side, and with courteous
be."	smile, Bade him arise from his guilty sleep,
No more the motel from alcome to the	And pay his respects to the God of the
No more the watch-fires gleam to the blast.	deep,
M'Kinnon and friends arrive at last.	In temple that north in the main appear'd,
A stranger youth to the isle they brought,	Which fire from bowels of ocean had
Modest of mien and deep of thought,	sear'd,
In costly sacred robes bedight,	Which the giant builders of heaven had
And he lodged with the abbot by day and	rear'd,
by night.	To rival in grandeur the stately pile
	Himself had uprear'd in Iona's isle;
His breast was graceful, and round withal,	For round them rose the mountains of
His leg was taper, his foot was small,	sand,
And his tread so light that it flung no	The fishes had left the coasts of the land,
sound	And so high ran the waves of the angry
On listening ear or vault around.	sea,
His eye was the morning's brightest ray,	They had drizzled the cross on the top of
And his neck like the swan's in Iona bay;	Dun-ye.

The cycle was elosed and the period run; He had vow'd to the sea, he had vow'd to the sun,	And behind her far to the southward shone A pathway of snow on the waste alone,
If in that time rose trouble or pain,	A pathway of show on the waste atone.
Their homage to pay to the God of the main.	But now the dreadful strand they gain, Where rose the sacred dome of the main;
Then he bade him haste and the rites pre- pare,	Oft had they seen the place before, And kept aloof from the dismal shore,
Named all the monks should with him fare.	But now it rose before their prow, And what they beheld they did not know.
And promised again to see him there.	The tall gray forms in close-set file, Upholding the roof of that holy pile;
M'Kinnon awoke from his vision'd sleep, He open'd his casement and look'd on the	The sheets of foam and the clouds of spray,
deep; He look'd to the mountains, he look'd to	And the groans that rush'd from the por- tals gray,
the shore, The vision amazed him and troubled him	Appall'd their hearts and drove them away.
sore, He never had heard of the rite before;	They wheel'd their bark to the east around,
But all was so plain, he thought meet to obey,	And moor'd in basin, by rocks imbound; Then, awed to silence, they trode the
He durst not decline, and he would not	strand
delay.	Where furnaced pillars in order stand, All framed of the liquid burning levin,
Uprose the abbot, uprose the morn, Uprose the sun from the Bens of Lorn;	And bent like the bow that spans the heaven,
And the bark her course to the northward	Or npright ranged in horrid array,
framed,	With purfle of green o'er the darksome
With all on board whom the saint had named.	gray.
	Their path was on wondrous pavement of
The clouds were journeying east the sky,	old, Its blocks all cast in some giant mould,
The wind was low and the swell was high, And the glossy sea was heaving bright	Fair hewn and grooved by no mortal hand,
Like ridges and hills of liquid light;	With countermure guarded by sea and by
While far on her lubrick bosom were seen	land.
The magic dyes of purple and green.	The watcher Bushella frown'd over their way,
How joy'd the bark her sides to lave ! She lean'd to the lee and she girdled the	Enrobed in the sea-baize, and hooded with gray ;
wave;	The warder that stands by that dome of the deep,
Aloft on the stayless verge she hung, Light on the steep wave veer'd and swung,	With spray-shower and rainbow, the en-
And the crests of the billows before her	trance to keep. But when they drew nigh to the chancel
flung. Loud murmur'd the ocean with downward	of Ocean,
growl,	And saw her waves rush to their raving
The seal swam aloof and the dark sea- fowl;	devotion, Astounded and awed to the antes they
The pie-duck sought the depth of the	elung, Aud listen'd the hymns in her temple she
main, And rose in the wheel of her wake again;	sung.

The song of the cliffs, when the winter	Or risest like mountain amid the sea,
winds blow, The thunder of heaven, the earthquake	Where mountain was never, and never will be.
below,	And rearest thy proud and thy pale chap-
Conjoin'd, like the voice of a maiden	eroon
would be,	'Mid walks of the angels and ways of the
Compared with the anthem there sung by the sea.	moon; To these to these this using my more
the sea.	To thee, to thee, this wine we pour, God of the western wind, God of the
The solemn rows in that darksome den	shower!
Were dimly seen like the forms of men,	
Like giant monks in ages agone,	To thee, who bid'st those mountains of brine
Whom the God of the ocean had sear'd to	Softly sink in the fair moonshine,
stone,	And spread'st thy couch of silver light,
And bound in his temple for ever to lean,	To lure to thy bosom the queen of the
In sackcloth of gray and visors of green, An everlasting worship to keep,	night;
And the big salt tears eternally weep.	Who weavest the cloud of the ocean dew,
0 · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	And the mist that sleeps on her breast so
So rapid the motion, the whirl and the	blue;
boil,	When the murmurs die at the base of the hill, And the shadows lie rock'd and slumber-
So loud was the tumult, so fierce the tur-	ing still,
moil, Appall'd from those portals of terror they	And the solan's young, and the lines of
turn.	foam,
On pillar of marble their incense to burn.	Are scarcely heaved on thy peaceful home,
Around the holy flame they pray,	We pour this oil and this wine to thee,
Then turning their faces all west away,	God of the western wind, God of the sea !— "Greater yet must the offering be."
On angel pavement each bent his knee,	Greater yet must the onering be.
And sung this hymn to the God of the	
sea.	The monks gazed round, the abbot grew
THE MONKS' HYMN.	wan, For the electron pater was not store a brown
Thou, who makest the ocean to flow,	For the closing notes were not sung by man. They came from the rock, or they came
Thou, who walkest the channels below;	from the air,
To thee, to thee, this incense we heap,	From voice they knew not, and knew not
Thou, who knowest not slumber nor sleep,	where;
Great Spirit that mov'st on the face of the deep !	But it sung with a mournful melody,
To thee, to thee, we sing to thee,	"Greater yet must the offering be."
God of the western wind, God of the sea!	In holy dread they pass'd away,
	And they walk'd the ridge of that isle so
To thee, who bringest with thy right hand	gray,
The little fishes around our land;	And saw the white waves toil and fret,
To thee, who breath'st in the bosom'd sail, Rulest the shark and the rolling uhals	An hundred fathoms below their feet;
Rulest the shark and the rolling whale, Flingest the sinner to downward grave,	They look'd to the countless isles that lie From Barra to Mull, and from Jura to
Lightest the gleam on the mane of the	Skye;
wave,	They look'd to heaven, they look'd to the
Bid'st the billows thy reign deform,	main,
Laugh'st in the whirlwind, sing'st in the	They look'd at all with a silent pain,
storm;	As on places they were not to see again.

A little hay lies hid from sight,	The abbot arose in dumb dismay,
O'erhung by cliffs of dreadful height;	They turn'd and fled from the height
When they drew nigh that airy steep,	away,
They heard a voice rise from the deep,	For dark and portentous was the day.
And that voice was sweet as voice could be,	When they came in view of their rocking
And they fear'd it came from the Maid of	sail, ·
the Sea.	They saw an old man who sat on the wale;
	His beard was long and silver-gray,
M'Kinnon lay stretch'd on the verge of	Like the rime that falls at the break of
the hill,	day ;
And peep'd from the height on the bay so	His locks like wool and his color wan,
still;	And he scarcely look'd like an earthly
And he saw her sit on a weedy stone,	man.
Laving her fair breast, and singing alone;	
And aye she sank the wave within,	They ask'd his errand, they ask'd his
Till it gurgled around her lovely chin,	name,
Then comb'd her locks of the pale sea-	Whereunto bound, and whence he came ;
green,	But a sullen, thoughtful silence he kept,
And aye this song was heard between.	And turn'd his face to the sea and wept.
	Some gave him welcome, and some gave
THE MERMAID'S SONG.	him scorn,
	But the abbot stood pale, with terror o'er-
Matilda of Skye	borne;
Alone may lie,	He tried to be jocund, but trembled the
And list to the wind that whistles by:	more,
Sad may she be,	For he thought he had seen the face be-
For deep in the sea,	fore.
Deep, deep, deep in the sea,	1010.
This night her lover shall sleep with me.	Away went the ship with her canvas all
She may turn and hide	spread,
From the spirits that glide,	So glad to escape from that island of
And the ghost that stands at her bedside :	dread :
But never a kiss the vow shall seal,	And skimm'd the blue wave like a streamer
Nor warm embrace her bosom feel;	of light,
For far, far down in the floors below,	Till fell the dim veil 'twixt the day and
Moist as this rock-weed, cold as the snow,	the night.
With the eel, and the clam, and the pearl	Then the old man arose and stood up on
of the deep,	the prow,
On soft sea-flowers her lover shall sleep;	And fix'd his dim eyes on the ocean be-
And long and sound shall his slumber he,	• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •
In the coral bowers of the deep with me.	low; And they heard him saying, "Oh, woe is
The trembling sun, far, far away,	But great as the sin must the sacrifice
Shall pour on his couch a soften'd ray,	
And his mantle shall wave in the flowing	be."
tide,	Oh, mild was his eye, and his manner
And the little fishes shall turn aside;	sublime,
But the waves and the tides of the sea	When he look'd unto heaven, and said,
shall cease,	"Now is the time."
Ere wakes her love from his bed of peace.	He look'd to the weather, he look'd to the
No home ! no kiss ! No, never ! never !	lee.
His couch is spread for ever and ever.	He look'd as for something he dreaded to
·	see,

 Then stretch'd his pale hand, and pointed his eye To a gleam on the verge of the eastern sky. The monks soon beheld, on the lofty Ben-More, A sight which they never had seen before, A belt of blue lightning around it was driven, And its crown was encircled by morion of heaven; And they heard a herald that loud did cry, "Prepare the way for the abbot of I !" Then a sound arose, they knew not where, It came from the sea or it came from the 	He sits upon the headlands, And sings a mournful stave Of all he saw and felt on earth, Far from the kind sea-wave. Sings how, a knight, he wander'd By castle, field, and town— But earthly knights have harder hearts Than the sea-children own. Sings of his earthly bridal— Priest, knights, and ladies gay. "—And who art thou," the priest began, "Sir Knight, who wedd'st to-day?"— "—I am no knight," he answer'd; "From the sea-waves I come."—
 air, 'Twas louder than tempest that ever blew, And the sea-fowls scream'd, and in terror flew; Some ran to the cords, some kneel'd at the shrine, But all the wild elements seem'd to combine; 'Twas just but one moment of stir and commotion, And down went the ship like a bird of the occan ! 	The knights drew sword, the ladies scream'd, The surpliced priest stood dumb. He sings how from the chapel He vanish'd with his bride, And bore her down to the sea-halls, Beneath the salt sea-tide. Hc sings how she sits weeping 'Mid shells that round her lie. "—False Neckan shares my bed," she weeps; "No Christian mate have I."—
This moment she sail'd all stately and fair, The next, nor ship nor shadow was there, But a hoil that arose from the deep below; A mountain-gurgling column of snow: It sunk away with a murnuring moan— The sea is calm, and the sinners are gone. JAMES HOGO. THE NECKAN.	He sings how through the billows He rose to earth again, And sought a priest to sign the cross, That Neckan heaven might gain. He sings how, on an evening, Beneath the birch trees cool, He sate and play'd his harp of gold, Beside the river-pool.
 IN summer, on the headlands, The Baltic Sea along, Sits Neckan with his harp of gold, And sings his plaintive song. Green rolls, beneath the headlands, Green rolls the Baltic Sea; And there, below the Neckan's feet, His wife and children be. 	Beside the pool sate Neckan— Tears fill'd his mild blue eye. On his white mule, across the bridge, A cassock'd priest rode by. "—Why sitt'st thou there, O Neckan, And play'st thy harp of gold? Sooner shall this, my staff, bear leaves, Than thou shalt heaven behold."
He sings not of the ocean, Its shells and roses pale; Of earth, of earth the Neckan sings— He hath no other tale.	But lo, the staff, it budded! It green'd, it branch'd, it waved. "—O ruth of God," the priest cried out, "This lost sea-creature saved!"

The eassoek'd priest rode onward, And vanish'd with his mule; But Neckan in the twilight gray Wept by the river-pool.

He wept: "The earth hath kindness, The sea, the starry poles; Earth, sea, and sky, and God above— But, ah, not human souls!"

In summer, on the headlands, The Baltic Sea along, Sits Neckan with his harp of gold, And sings this plaintive song. MATHEW ARNOLD.

HALLO, MY FANCY.

In melancholie faney, Out of myself, In the vulcan dancy, All the world surveying, Nowhere staying, Just like a fairy elf: Out o'er the tops of highest mountains skipping, Out o'er the hills, the trees and valleys tripping. Out o'er the ocean seas, without an oar or shipping. Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go? Amidst the misty vapors, Fain would I know What doth eause the tapers; Why the clouds benight us, And affright us While we travel here below. Fain would I know what makes the roaring thunder. And what these lightnings be that rend the clouds asunder, And what these comets are on which we gaze and wonder. Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go? Fain would I know the reason Why the little ant, All the summer season, Layeth up provision, On condition

To know no winter's want:

And how housewives, that are so good and painful, Do unto their husbands prove so good and

gainful,

And why the lazy drones to them do prove disdainful.

Hallo, my faney, whither wilt thou go?

Ships, ships, I will descry you Amidst the main;I will come and try you What you are protecting,

And projecting,

What's your end and aim.

One goes abroad for merchandise and trading,

Another stays to keep his country from invading,

A third is coming home with rich and wealth of lading.

Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

When I look before me, There I do behold There's none that sees or knows me; All the world's a-gadding, Running madding, None doth his station hold. He that is below envicth him that riseth, And he that is above, him that's below despiseth.

So every man his plot and counterplot deviseth.

Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

Look, look, what bustling Here I do espy : Each another jostling, Every one turmoiling, Th' other spoiling, As I did pass them by. One sitteth musing in a dumpish passion, Another hangs his head, because he's out of fashion, A third is fully bent on sport and recreation. Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go? Amidst the foamy ocean, Fain would I know What doth cause the motion, And returning In its journeying,

And doth so seldom swerve!

And how these little fishes, that swim	Fain would I conclude this,
beneath salt water,	At least make essay,
Do never blind their eye; methinks it is a	What similitude is;
matter	Why fowls of a feather
An inch above the reach of old Erra	Flock and fly together,
Pater !	And lambs know beasts of prey:
Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?	How Nature's alchymists, these small
	laborious creatures,
Foir would I be meeted	Acknowledge still a prince in ordering
Fain would I be resolved	their matters,
How things are done;	And suffer none to live, who slothing lose
And where the bull was calved	their features.
Of bloody Phalaris,	Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?
And where the tailor is	
That works to the man i' the	I'm rapt with admiration,
moon!	When I do ruminate,
Fain would I know how Cnpid aims so	Men of an occupation,
rightly;	How each one calls him brother,
And how these little fairies do dance and	Yet each envieth other,
leap so lightly;	And yet still intimate!
And where fair Cynthia makes her ambles	Yea, I admire to see some natures farther
nightly.	sund'red,
Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?	Than antipodes to us. Is it not to be wond'red,
I and the life of the second	In myriads ye'll find, of one mind scarce
In conceit like Phaeton,	a hundred?
I'll mount Phœbus' chair,	Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?
Having ne'er a hat on,	
All my hair a-burning	What multitude of notions
In my journeying,	Doth perturb my pate,
Hurrying through the air.	Considering the motions,
Fair would I hear his fiery horses neigh-	How the heavens are preserved, And this world served
ing,	In moisture, light, and heat!
And see how they on foamy bits are play-	If one spirit sits the outmost circle turning,
ing;	
All the stars and planets I will be survey-	Or one turns another, continuing in jour-
ing!	neying, If rapid circles' motion be that which
Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?	they call burning !
	Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?
Oh, from what ground of nature	frano, my rancy, whither witt thou go:
Doth the pelican,	Fain also would I prove this,
That self-devouring creature,	By considering
Prove so froward	What that, which you call love, is:
And untoward.	Whether it he a folly
Her vitals for to strain?	Or a melancholy,
And why the subtle fox, while in death's	Or some heroic thing!
wounds is lying,	Fain I'd have it proved, by one whom love
Doth not lament his pangs by howling and	hath wounded,
by crying;	And fully upon one his desire hath founded,
And why the milk-white swan doth sing	Whom nothing else could please though
when she's a-dying.	the world were rounded.
Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?	Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?
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To know this world's centre,	The quarter-chimes, serencly tolled
Height, depth, breadth, and	From Trinity's undaunted steeple,—
length, Fain would I adventure	Even there I heard a strange, wild strain
To search the hid attractions	Sound high above the modern clamor,
Of magnetic actions,	Above the cries of greed and gain,
And adamantine strength.	The curbstone war, the auction's ham-
Fain would I know, if in some lofty moun-	mer;
tain,	And swift, on Music's misty ways,
Where the moon sojourns, if there be	It led, from all this strife for millions,
trees or fountain;	To ancient, sweet do-nothing days
If there be beasts of prey, or yet be fields	Among the kirtle-robed Sicilians.
to hunt in.	
Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?	And as it stilled the multitude,
	And yet more joyous rose, and shriller,
Fain would I have it tried	I saw the minstrel, where he stood
By experiment,	At ease against a Doric pillar:
By none can be denied!	One hand a droning organ played,
If in this bulk of nature,	The other held a Pan's pipe (fashioned
There be voids less or greater, Or all remains complete.	Like those of old) to lips that made The reeds give out that strain impas-
Fain would I know if beasts have any	sioned.
reason;	stoned.
If falcons killing eagles do commit a	'Twas Pan himself had wandered here
treason;	A-strolling through this sordid eity,
If fear of winter's want make swallows fly	And piping to the civic ear
the season.	The prelude of some pastoral ditty !
Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?	The demigod had crossed the seas,-
., , , ,,	From haunts of shepherd, nymph, and
Hallo, my faney, hallo!	satyr,
Stay, stay at home with me,	And Syracusan times,-to these
I can thee no longer follow,	Far shores and twenty centuries late
For thou hast betray'd me,	
And bewray'd me;	A ragged cap was on his head;
It is too much for thee.	But-hidden thus-there was no doubt-
Stay, stay at home with me; leave off thy	ing
lofty soaring;	That, all with crispy locks o'erspread,
Stay thou at home with me, and on thy	His gnarlèd horns were somewhere
books be poring;	sprouting; His slub fast, sayed in rusty shoes
For he that goes abroad lays little up in	His club feet, eased in rusty shoes, Were crossed, as on some frieze you see
storing: Thou'rt welcome home, my fancy, wel-	them,
come howe to me	And trousers, patched of divers hues,
come home to me. WILLIAM CLELAND.	Concealed his crooked shanks beneath
	them.
PAN IN WALL STREET.	
A. D. 1867.	He filled the quivering reeds with sound,
JUST where the Treasury's marble front	And o'er his mouth their changes shifted,
Looks over Wall Street's mingled nations;	And with his goat's-eyes looked around
Where Jews and Gentiles most are wont	Where'er the passing current drifted;
To throng for trade and last quotations;	And soon, as on Trinacrian hills
Where, hour by honr, the rates of gold	The nymphs and herdsmen ran to hear
Outrival, in the ears of people,	him,

- Even now the tradesmen from their tills. With clerks and porters, crowded near him.
- The bulls and bears together drew From Jauncey Court and New Street Alley,
- As erst, if pastorals be true, Came beasts from every wooded valley ;

The random passers stayed to list,-A boxer Ægon, rough and merry, A Broadway Daphnis, on his tryst

With Nais at the Brooklyn Ferry. A one-eved Cyclops halted long

In tattered cloak of army pattern, And Galatea joined the throng .---

- A blowsy, apple-vending slattern ; While old Silenus staggered out
- From some new fangled lunch house handy.
- And bade the piper, with a shout, To strike up Yankee Doodle Dandy !
- A news-boy and a peanut-girl Like little Fauns began to caper :

His hair was all in tangled curl. Her tawny legs were bare and taper;

And still the gathering larger grew, And gave its pence and crowded nigher, While aye the shepherd-minstrel blew His pipe, and struck the gamut higher.

- O heart of Nature, beating still With throbs her vernal passion taught her.--
- Even here, as on the vineclad hill, Or by the Arethusan water!
- New forms may fold the speech, new lands Arise within these ocean-portals,
- But Music waves eternal wands .--Enchantress of the souls of mortals!

So thought I,-but among us trod A man in blue, with legal baton. And scoffed the vagrant demigod,

- And pushed him from the step I sat on. Doubting I mused upon the ery,
- "Great Pan is dead !"-and all the people
- Went on their ways :--- and clear and high The quarter sounded from the steeple. EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

HYMN TO NEPTUNE

GOD of the mighty deep! wherever now The waves beneath thy brazen axles bow-Whether thy strong, proud steeds, windwing'd and wild, Trample the storm-vex'd waters round them piled, Swift as the lightning-flashes, that reveal The quick gyrations of each brazen wheel; While round and under thee, with hideous roar. The broad Atlantic, with thy scourging sore. Thundering, like antique Chaos in his spasms, In heaving mountains and deep-yawning chasms Fluctuates endlessly; while, through the gloom, Their glossy sides and thick manes fleck'd with foam, Career thy steeds, neighing with frantic glee In fierce response to the tumultuous sea,--Whether thy coursers now career below, Where, amid storm-wrecks, hoary seaplants grow, Broad-leaved, and fanning with a ceaseless motion The pale, cold tenants of the abysmal ocean-Oh, come! our altars waiting for thee stand Smoking with incense on the level strand ! Perhaps thou lettest now thy horses roam Upon some quiet plain; no wind-toss'd foam Is now upon their limbs, but leisurely They tread with silver feet the sleeping sea. Fanning the waves with slowly-floating manes, Like mist in sunlight; haply, silver strains From clamorous trumpets round thy chariot ring, And green-robed sea-gods unto thee, their king, Chant, loud in praise: Apollo now doth gaze With loving looks upon thee, and his rays

.

Light up thy steeds' wild eyes: a pleasant	THE LADY OF SHALOTT.
warmth	PART I.
Is felt upon the sea, where fierce, cold	On either side the river lie
storm	Long fields of barley and of rye,
Has just been rushing, and the noisy	That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
winds, That Æolus now within their prison binds,	And through the field the road rnns by
Flying with misty wings: perhaps, below	To many-tower'd Camelot;
Thou liest in green caves, where bright	And up and down the people go,
things glow	Gazing where the lilies blow
With myriad colors-many a monster cum-	Round an island there below-
bers	The island of Shalott.
The sand a-near thee, while old Triton	Willows whiten; aspens quiver;
slumbers	Little breezes dusk and shiver
As idly as his wont, and bright eyes peep	Through the wave that runs for ever
Upon thee every way, as thou dost sleep.	By the island in the river,
	Flowing down to Camelot.
Perhaps thou liest on some Indian isle,	Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Under a waving tree, where many a mile	Overlook a space of flowers;
Stretches a sunny shore, with golden sands	And the silent isle imbowers
Heap'd up in many shapes by Naiads'	The Lady of Shalott.
hands,	
And, blushing as the waves come rippling	By the margin, willow-veil'd,
on,	Slide the heavy barges, trail'd
Shaking the sunlight from them as they	By slow horses; and, unhail'd, The shallop flitteth, silken-sail'd—
run	Skimming down to Camelot :
And curl upon the heach-like molten	But who hath seen her wave her hand?
gold	Or at the casement seen her stand?
Thick-set with jewelry most rare and	Or is she known in all the land,
old;	The Lady of Shalott?
And sea-nymphs sit, and, with small, del-	
icate shells, Make thee sweet melody: as in deep dells	Only reapers, reaping early
We hear, of summer nights, by fairies	In among the bearded barley,
made,	Hear a song that echoes cheerly
The while they dance within some quiet	From the river, winding clearly Down to tower'd Camelot:
shade,	And by the moon the reaper weary,
Sounding their silver flutes most low and	Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
sweet,	Listening, whispers, "'T is the fairy
In strange but beautiful tunes, that their	Lady of Shalott."
light feet	
May dance upon the bright and misty	PART II.
dew	There she weaves by night and day
In better time: all wanton airs that blew	A magie web with colors gay.
But lately over spice trees, now are here,	She has heard a whisper say
Waving their wings, all odor-laden, near	A curse is on her if she stay
The bright and laughing sea. Oh, wilt thou rise,	To look down to Camelot.
And come with them to our new sacrifice!	She knows not what the curse may be;
And come with them to out new sacrince, Albert Pike,	And so she weaveth steadily,
	And little other earchath she,
] The Lady of Shalott.

WEIRD AND FANTASTIC.

And, moving through a mirror clear That hangs before her all the year, Shadows of the world appear. There she sees the highway near, Winding down to Camelot: There the river-eddy whirls; And there the surly village-churls, And the red cloaks of market-girls.

Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad, An abbot on an ambling pad— Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad, Or long-hair'd page, in crimson clad, Goes by to tower'd Camelot; And sometimes through the mirror blue The knights come riding, two and two: She hath no loyal knight and true, The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights To weave the mirror's magic sights; For often, through the silent nights, A funeral, with plumes and lights And music, went to Camelot:

Or, when the moon was overhead, Came two young lovers lately wed; "I am half sick of shadows," said The Lady of Shalott.

PART III.

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves He rode between the harley sheaves; The sun came dazzling through the leaves, And fiamed upon the brazen greaves Of bold Sir Lancelot. A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd To a lady in his shield, That sparkled on the yellow field, Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free, Like to some branch of stars we see Hnng in the golden galaxy. The bridle bells rang merrily,

As he rode down to Camelot : And, from his blazon'd baldric slung, A mighty silver bugle hung ; And as he rode his atmor rung, Beside remote Shalott. All in the blue unclouded weather Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather; The helmet and the helmet-feather Burn'd like oue burning flame together,

As he rode down to Camelot. As often, through the purple night, Below the starry clusters bright, Some bearded meteor, trailing light, Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd; On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode; From underneath his helmet flow'd His coal-black curls as on he rode.

As he rode down to Camelot. From the bank and from the river He flash'd into the crystal mirror : "Tirra lirra," by the river, Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom; She made three paces through the room; She saw the water-lily bloom; She saw the helmet and the plume; She look'd down to Camelot: Out flew the web, and floated wide; The mirror crack'd from side to side; "The curse is come upon me," cried The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV.

In the stormy east-wind straining, The pale yellow woods were waning, The broad stream in his banks complaining, Heavily the low sky raining Over tower'd Camelot; Down she came, and found a boat

Beneath a willow left afloat; And round about the prow she wrote *The Lady of Shalott.*

And down the river's dim expanse— Like some bold seer in a trance, Seeing all his own mischance— With a glassy countenance Did she look to Camelot. And at the closing of the day She loosed the chain, and down she lay; The broad stream bore her far away, The Lady of Shalott.

Lying robed in snowy white, That loosely flew to left and right— The leaves upon her falling light— Throngh the noises of the night She floated down to Camelot.

And as the boat-head wound along, The willowy hills and fields among, They heard her singing her last song, The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy, Chanted loudly, chanted lowly, Till her blood was frozen slowly, And her eyes were darken'd wholly, Turn'd to tower'd Camelot. For ere she reach'd, upon the tide, The first house by the water-side, Singing, in her song she died, The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony, By garden-wall and gallery, A gleaming shape she floated by, Dead-pale between the houses high, Silent, into Camelot. Out upon the wharfs they came, Knight and burgher, lord and dame; And round the prow they read her name, *The Lady of Shalott.*

Who is this? and what is here? And in the lighted palace near Died the sound of royal cheer; And they cross'd themselves for fear, All the knights at Camelot: But Lancelot mused a little space; He said, "She has a lovely face; God in his mercy lend her grace, The Lady of Shalott." ALFRED TENNYSON.

"PROUD MAISIE IS IN THE WOOD."

PROUD Maisic is in the wood, Walking so early; Sweet robin sits on the bush, Singing so rarely.

"Tell me, thou bonny bird, When shall I marry me?" "When six braw gentlemen Kirkward shall carry ye."

"Who makes the bridal bed, Birdie, say truly?" "The gray-headed sexton That delves the grave duly.

"The glow-worm o'er grave and stone Shall light thee steady; The owl from the steeple sing Welcome, proud lady !" SIK WALTER SCOTT.

PART XV.

HUMOROUS

AND

SATIRICAL POEMS.



THE COURTIN'.

GOD makes seeh nights, all white an' still Fur'z you can look or listen, Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill, All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown, An' peek'd in thru the winder, An' there sot Huldy all alone, 'Ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace fill'd the room's one side, With half a cord o' wood in--

There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died) To bake ye to a pnddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out Towards the pootiest, bless her ! An' leetle flames danced all about The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung, An' in amongst 'en rusted The ole queen's-arm thet gran'ther Young Fetch'd back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in, Seem'd warm from floor to ceilin', An' she look'd full ez rosy agin Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come to look On sech a blessed cretur, A dogrose blushin' to a brook

Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A, 1, Clean grit an' human natur'; None couldn't quicker pitch a ton, Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd spark'd it with full twenty gals, Hed squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em, Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells— All is, he couldn't love 'em. But long o' her his veins 'ould run All crinkly like curl'd maple, The side she bresh'd felt full o' sun

Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing Ez hisn in the choir ;

My! when he made Ole Hunderd ring, She *know'd* the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer, When her new meetin'-bunnet Felt somehow thru its crown a pair O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she look'd some ! She seemed to've gut a new soul, For she felt sartin-sure he'd come, Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' know'd it tu, A-raspin' on the scraper,— All ways to once her feelin's flew Like sparks in burnt-up paper,

He kin' o' l'iter'd on the mat, Some donbtfle o' the sekle, His heart kep' goin' pity-pat, But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk, Ez though she wish'd him fnrder, An' on her apples kep' to work, Parin' away like murder.

"Yon want to see my pa, I s'pose?" "Wal....I come dasignin'"—

"To see my ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals acts so or so, Or don't, 'ould be presumin'; Mebby to mean yes an' say no Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust, Then stood a spell on t'other, An' on which one he felt the wust He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin;" Says she, "Think likely, mister;" Thet last word prick'd him like a pin, An'.... Wal, he up an' kist her.

When wa bimeby upon 'em slips, Huldy sot pale ez ashes, All kin' o' smily roun' the lips An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quict kind Whose naturs never vary,

Like streams that keep a summer mind Snow-hid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued Too tight for all expressin', Tell mother see how matters stood, An' gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide Down to the Bay o' Fundy, An' all I know is they was cried In mectin' come nex' Sunday. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL,

The Laird o' Cockpen.

THE laird o' Cockpen he's proud and he's great,

His mind is ta'en up with the things o' the state ;

He wanted a wife his braw house to keep, Bnt favor wi' wooin' was fashious to seek.

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell, At his table-head he thought she'd look well;

M'Lish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee, A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouther'd, and as gude as new;

His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;

He put on a ring, a sword, and cock'd hat, And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that? He took the gray mare, and rade cannily— And rapp'd at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee:

"'Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,

She's wanted to speak to the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean was makin' the elder-flower wine :

"And what brings the Laird at sic a like time?"

She put aff her apron, and on her silk gown,

Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' down.

And when she cam' ben, he bow'd fu' low, And what was his errand he soon let her know:

Amazed was the Laird when the lady said "Na;"

And wi' a laigh curtsey she turnèd awa'.

Dumfounder'd he was-nae sigh did he gie;

He mounted his mare-he rade cannily;

And aften he thought, as he gaed through the glen,

She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

- And now that the Laird his exit had made,
- Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said;
- "Oh! for ane I'll get better, it's waur I'll get ten,

I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

Next time that the Laird and the lady were seen,

They were gaun arm-in-arm to the kirk on the green.

Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit hen---

But as yet there's nae chickens appear'd at Cockpen.

LADY CAROLINA NAIRNE.

THE WHISKERS.

THE kings who ruled mankind with haughty sway,

The prouder pope, whom even kings obey-

Love, at whose shrine both popes and mon-	"Oh no, dear sir, I do not ask
archs fall,	So long a voyage, so hard a task ;
And e'en self-interest, that controls them	You must—but ah! the boon I want,
all—	I have no hope that you will grant."
Possess a petty power, when all combined,	"Shall I, like Bonaparte, aspire
Compared with fashion's influence on man-	To be the world's imperial sire?
kind :	Express the wish, and here I vow,
For love itself will oft to fashion bow: The following story will convince you how:	To place a crown upon your brow."
A petit maitre woo'd a fair,	"Sir, these are trifles," she replied—
Of virtue, wealth, and graces rare;	"But, if you wish me for your bride,
But vainly had preferr'd his claim,	You must—but still I fear to speak—
The maiden own'd no answering flame;	You'll never grant the boon I seek."
At length by doubt and anguish torn,	"O say," he cried—" dear angel, say—
Suspense too painful to be borne,	What must 1 do, and 1 obey;
Low at her feet he humbly kneel'd,	No longer rack me with suspense,
And thus his ardent flame reveal'd :	Speak your commands, and send me
(Dits an arisef, arguile fair	hence."
"Pity my grief, angelic fair, Behold my anguish and despair; For you this heart must ever burn— Oh bless me with a kind return;	"Well, then, dear generous youth!" she cries,
My love no language can express, Reward it, then, with happiness; Nothing on earth but you I prize, All else is trifling in my eyes;	"If thus my heart you really prize, And wish to link your fate with mine, On one condition I am thine; "Twill then become my pleasing duty To contemplate a husband's beauty;
And cheerfully would I resign	And, gazing on your manly face,
The wealth of worlds to call you mine.	His feelings and his wishes trace;
But, if another gain your hand,	To banish thence each mark of care,
Far distant from my native land,	And light a smile of pleasure there.
Far hence from you and hope I'll fly,	Oh let me, then, 'tis all I ask,
And in some foreign region die."	Commence at once the pleasing task;
The virgin heard, and thus replied:	Oh let me, as becomes my place,
"If my consent to be your bride	Cut those huge whiskers from your
Will make you happy, then be blest;	face."
But grant me, first, one small request; A sacrifice I must demand, And in return will give my hand."	She said—hut oh what strange surprise Was pictured in her lover's eyes! Like lightning from the ground he sprung,
"A sacrifice ! Oh speak its name,	While wild amazement tied his tongue;
For you I'd forfeit wealth and fame;	A statue, motionless, he gazed,
Take my whole fortune—every cent—"	A stonished, horror-struck, amazed.
"'Twas something more than wealth I meant."	So look'd the gallant Perseus, when Medusa's visage met his ken ; So look'd Macbeth, whose guilty eye
"Must I the realms of Neptune trace? Oh speak the word—where'er the place, For yon, the idol of my soul, I'd e'en explore the frozen pole;	Discern'd an "air-drawn dagger" nigh; And so the Prince of Denmark stared, When first his father's ghost appear'd.
Arabia's sandy deserts tread,	At length our hero silence broke, And thus in wildest accents spoke:

- "Cut off my whiskers! O ye gods! I'd sooner lose my ears by odds; Madam, I'd not be so disgraced,
 - So lost to fashion and to taste,

To win an empress to my arms,

- Though blest with more than mortal charms.
- My whiskers! zounds!" He said no more,

But quick retreated through the door, And sought a less obdurate fair

To take the beau with all his hair.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

THE BUMBOAT WOMAN'S STORY.

- I'm old, my dears, and shrivell'd, with age, and work, and grief,
- My eyes are gone, and my teeth have been drawn by Time, the thief!
- For terrible sights I've seen, and dangers great I've run-
- I'm nearly seventy now, and my work is almost done !
- Ah! I've been young in my time, and I've play'd the deuce with men—
- I'm speaking of ten years past—I was barely sixty then :
- My checks were mellow and soft, and my eyes were large and sweet,
- Poll Pineapple's eyes were the standing toast of the Royal Fleet.
- A bumboat woman was I, and I faithfully served the ships
- With apples and cakes, and fowls and beer, and halfpenny dips,
- And beef for the generous mess, where the officers dine at nights,
- And fine fresh peppermint drops for the rollicking midshipmites.
- Of all the kind commanders who anchor'd in Portsmouth Bay,
- By far the sweetest of all was kind Lieutenant Belaye.
- Lieutenant Belaye commanded the gunboat Hot Cross Bun,
- She was seven-and-thirty feet in length, and she carried a gun.

- With the laudable view of enhancing his country's naval pride,
- When people inquired her size, Lieutenant Belaye replied,
- "Oh, my ship? my ship is the first of the Hundred and seventy-ones!"
- Which meant her tonnage, but people imagined it meant her guns.
- Whenever I went on board he would beekon me down below :
- "Come down, Little Buttercup, come !" (for he loved to call me so).
- And he'd tell of the fights at sea in which he'd taken a part,
- And so Lieutenant Belaye won poor Poll Pineapple's heart !
- But at length his orders came, and he said one day, said he,
- "I'm order'd to sail with the Hot Cross Bun to the German Sea."
- And the Portsmouth maidens wept when they learnt the evil day,
- For every Portsmouth maid loved good Lieutenant Belaye.
- And I went to a back, back street, with plenty of cheap, cheap shops,
- And I bought an oilskin hat, and a secondhand suit of slops,
- And I went to Lieutenant Belaye (and he never suspected me),
- And I enter'd myself as a chap as wanted to go to sea.
- We sail'd that afternoon at the mystic hour of one,—
- Remarkably nice young men were the crew of the Hot Cross Bun,
- I'm sorry to say that I've heard that sailors sometimes swear,
- But I never yet heard a Bun say anything wrong, I declare.
- When Jack Tars meet, they meet with a "Messmate, ho! what cheer?"
- But here, on the Hot Cross Bun; it was "How do you do, my dear?"
- When Jack Tars growl, I believe they growl with a big big D--
- But the strongest oath of the Hot Cross Buns was a mild "Dear me!"

Yet, though they were all well-bred, you could hardly call them slick:	He up and he says, says he, "O crew of the Hot Cross Bun,
Whenever a sea was on, they were all extremely sick;	Here is the wife of my heart, for the church has made us one."
And whenever the weather was calm, and the wind was light and fair,	And as he utter'd the word, the crew went out of their wits,
They spent more time than a sailor should on his back, back hair.	And all fell down in so many separate fainting fits.
They certainly shiver'd and shook when order'd aloft to run,	And then their hair came down, or off, as the case might be,
And they scream'd when Lieutenant Belaye discharged his only gun.	And lo! the rest of the crew were simple
And as he was proud of his gun—such pride is hardly wrong—	girls, like me, Who all had fled from their homes in a sailor's blue array,
The lieutenant was blazing away at inter- vals all day long.	To follow the shifting fate of kind Lieuten- ant Belaye.
They all agreed very well, though at times you heard it said	* * * * * *
That Bill had a way of his own of making his lips look red	It's strange to think I should ever have loved young men,
That Joe look'd quite his age-or some- body might declare	But I'm speaking of ten years past-I was barely sixty then,
That Barnacle's long pig-tail was never his own, own hair.	And now my cheeks are furrow'd with grief and age, I trow ! And poor Poll Pineapple's eyes have tost
Belaye would admit that his men were of	their lustre now ! WILLIAM S. GILBERT.
no great use to him, "But then," he would say, "there is little	
to do on a gun-boat trim. I can hand, and reef, and steer, and fire my	
big gun too-	THE SORROWS OF WERTHER.
And it is such a treat to sail with a gentle, well-bred crew."	WERTHER had a love for Charlotte, Such as words could never utter; Would you know how first he met her?
I saw him every day! How the happy moments sped!	She was cutting bread and butter.
Reef topsails! Make all taut! There's	Charlotte was a married lady,
dirty weather ahead !	And a moral man was Werther, And for all the wealth of Indies
(I do not mean that tempests threaten'd the Hot Cross Bun:	Would do nothing for to hurt her.
In that case I don't know whatever we should have done !)	So he sigh'd and pined and ogled,
· ·	And his passion boil'd and bubbled,
After a fortnight's cruise, we put into port one day,	Till he blew his silly brains out,
And off on leave for a week went kind	And no more was by it troubled.
Lieutenant Belaye,	Charlotte, having seen his body
And after a long, long week had pass'd (and it seem'd like a life)	Borne before her on a shutter,
Lieutenant Belaye return'd to his ship	Like a well-conducted person, Went on cutting bread and butter.
with a fair young wife!	William Makepeace Thackeray.

THE JRISHMAN.

THERE was a lady lived at Leith, A lady very stylish, man, And yet, in spite of all her teeth, She fell in love with an Irishman,— A nasty, ugly Irishman, A wild, tremendous Irishman, A tearing, swearing, thumping, bumping, ramping, roaring Irishman.

His face was no ways beautiful,

For with small-pox'twas scarr'd across, And the shoulders of the ugly dog Were almost double a yard across, Oh, the lump of an Irishman, The whiskey-devouring Irishman,

The great he-rogue, with his wonderful brogue, the fighting, rioting Irishman!

One of his eyes was bottle-green, And the other eye was out, my dear, And the calves of his wicked-looking

legs

Were more than two feet about, my dear. Oh, the great big Irishman,

The rattling, battling Irishman,

The stamping, ramping, swaggering, staggering, leathering swash of an Irishman!

He took so much of Lundy-Foot

That he used to snort and snuffle, oh ! And in shape and size the fellow's neck

Was as bad as the neck of a buffelo. Oh, the horrible Irishman, The thundering, blundering, Irish-

man,

The slashing, dashing, smashing, lashing, thrashing, hashing Irishman!

His name was a terrible name indeed, Being Timothy Thady Mulligan;

And whenever he emptied his tumbler of punch

He'd not rest till he fill'd it full again.

The boozing, bruising Irishman, The 'toxicated Irishman,

The whisky, frisky, rummy, gummy, brandy, no-dandy lrishman! This was the lad the lady loved, Like all the girls of quality,

And he broke the skulls of the men of Leith,

Just by the way of jollity. Oh, the leathering Irishman,

The barbarous, savage Irishman!

The hearts of the maids, and the gentlemen's heads, were bother'd, I'm sure, by this Irishman.

WILLIAM MAGINN.

FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY,

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

BEN BATTLE was a soldier bold, And used to war's alarms : But a cannon-ball took off his legs, So he laid down his arms!

Now as they hore him off the field, Said he, "Let others shoot,

For here I leave my second leg, And the Forty-second Foot!"

The army-surgeons made him limbs : Said he, "They're only pegs; But there's as wooden Members quite, As represent my legs!"

Now, Ben he loved a pretty maid, Her name was Nelly Gray; So he went to pay her his devours When he'd devour'd his pay!

But when he called on Nelly Gray, She made him quite a scoff; And when she saw his wooden legs

Began to take them off!

"O Nelly Gray! O Nelly Gray! Is this your love so warm? The love that loves a searlet coat

Should be more uniform !"

Said she, "I loved a soldier once, For he was blithe and brave; But I will never have a man With both legs in the grave!

"Before you had those timber toes, Your love I did allow;

But then, you know, you stand upon Another footing now !"

"O Nelly Gray! O Ne'ly Gray!	But as they fetch'd a walk one day,
For all your jeering speeches,	They met a press-gang crew;
At duty's call, I left my legs,	And Sally she did faint away,
In Badajos's breaches!"	Whilst Ben he was brought to.
"Why, then," said she, "you've lost the feet Of legs in war's alarms, And now you cannot wear your shoes Upon your feats of arms!"	The boatswain swore with wicked words, Enongh to shock a saint, That though she did seem in a fit, 'Twas nothing but a feint.
"O false and fickle Nelly Gray!	"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your head,
I know why you refuse:	He'll be as good as me;
Though I've no feetsome other man	For when your swain is in our boat,
Is standing in my shoes!	A boatswain he will be."
"I wish I ne'er had seen your face;	So when they'd made their game of her,
But now a long farewell!	And taken off her elf,
For you will be my death;—alas!	She roused, and found she only was
You will not be my <i>Nell</i> !"	A-coming to herself.
Now when he went from Nelly Gray,	"And is he gone? and is he gone?"
His heart so heavy got,	She cricd, and wept outright:
And life was such a hurden grown,	"Then I will to the waterside,
It made him take a knot!	And see him out of sight."
So round his melancholy neck,	A waterman came up to her—
A rope he did entwine,	"Now, young woman," said he,
And, for his second time in life,	"If you weep on so, you will make
Enlisted in the Line.	Eye-water in the sea."
One end he tied around a beam,	"Alas! they've taken my beau Ben
And then removed his pegs,	To sail with old Benbow;"
And, as his legs were off—of course	And her woe began to run afresh,
He soon was off his legs!	As if she'd said, Gee woe!
And there he hung, till he was dead	Says he, "They've only taken him
As any nail in town,—	To the Tender ship, you see."
For, though distress had cut him up,	"The Tender ship!" cried Sally Brown,
It could not cut him down!	"What a hard-ship that must be!
A dozen men sat on his corpse,	"Oh! would I were a mermaid now,
To find out why he died—	For then I'd follow him;
And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,	But oh !I'm not a fish-woman,
With a stack in his inside!	And so I cannot swim.
THOMAS HOOD. FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN. AN OLD BALLAD.	"Alas! I was not born beneath The Virgin and the Scales, So I must curse my cruel stars, And walk about in Wales."
YOUNG BEN he was a nice young man,	Now Ben had sail'd to many a place
A carpenter by trade;	That's underneath the world,
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,	But in two years the ship came home,
That was a lady's maid.	And all her sails were furl'd.

That was a lady's maid. 57

But when he call'd on Sally Brown, To see how she got on, He found she'd got another Ben, Whose Christian name was John.

"O Sally Brown! O Sally Brown! How could you serve me so? I've met with many a breeze before, But never such a blow."

Then reading on his 'bacco-box, He heaved a bitter sigh, And then began to eye his pipe, And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing "All's well," But could not, though he tried; His head was turn'd, and so he chew'd His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happen'd in his berth, At forty-odd befell:

They went and told the sexton, and The sexton toll'd the bell.

THOMAS HOOD.

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

A WELL there is in the west country, And a clearer one never was seen; There is not a wife in the west country But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm tree stand beside, And behind doth an ash tree grow, And a willow from the bank above Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the well of St. Keyne; Joyfully he drew nigh,

For from cock-crow he had been travelling, And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear, For thirsty and hot was he;

And he sat down upon the bank Under the willow tree.

There came a man from the house hard by At the well to fill his pail;

On the well-side he rested it, And he bade the stranger hail. "Now, art thou a bachelor, stranger?" quoth he;

"For an if thou hast a wife,

The happiest draught thou hast drank this day

That ever thou didst in thy life.

- "Or has thy good woman, if one thou hast, Ever here in Cornwall been?
- For an if she have, I'll venture my life, She has drank of the well of St. Keyne."
- "I have left a good woman who never was here,"

The stranger he made reply;

"But that my draught should be the better for that,

I pray you answer me why."

"St. Keyne," quoth the Cornish-man, "many a time

Drank of this crystal well;

And before the angel summon'd her, She laid on the water a spell.

"If the husband of this gifted well Shall drink before his wife,

- A happy man thenceforth is he, For he shall be master for life.
- "But if the wife should drink of it first,— God help the husband then !"
- The stranger stoopt to the well of St. Keyne, And drank of the water again.
- "You drank of the well, I warrant, betimes?"

He to the Cornish-man said;

But the Cornish-man smiled as the stranger spake,

And sheepishly shook his head.

"I hasten'd as soon as the wedding was done,

And left my wife in the porch;

But i' faith she had been wiser than me, For she took a bottle to church."

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY PRETTY MAID ?

"WHERE are you going, my pretty maid ?" "I am going a-milking, sir," she said.







THEN I CAN: MARET THUN METRET (* 1999) NOBODY ASIE (*)

- "May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
- "You're kindly welcome, sir," she said.

"What is your father, my pretty maid ?"

" My father's a farmer, sir," she said.

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"

" My face is my fortune, sir," she said.

"Then I won't marry you, my pretty maid?"

"Nobody asked you, sir," she said. AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

THE OLD MAN DREAMS.

OH for one hour of youthful joy! Give back my twentieth spring! I'd rather laugh a bright-hair'd boy Than reign a gray-beard king!

Off with the spoils of wrinkled age! Away with learning's crown l Tear out life's wisdom-written page, And dash its trophies down !

One moment let my life-blood stream From boyhood's fount of flame ! Give me one giddy, reeling dream Of life all love and fame !

My listening angel heard the prayer, And, calmly smiling, said,

" If I but touch thy silver'd hair, Thy hasty wish hath sped.

"But is there nothing in thy track To bid thee fondly stay,

While the swift seasons hurry back To find the wish'd-for day ?"

Ah! truest soul of womankind! Without thee what were life? One hliss I cannot leave behind: I'll take—my—precious—wife!

The angel took a sapphire pen And wrote in rainbow dew, "The man would be a boy again, And be a husband, too !"

"And is there nothing yet unsaid Before the change appears? Remember, all their gifts have fled With those dissolving years!" "Why, yes; for memory would recall My fond paternal joys;

I could not bear to leave them all : I'll take—my—girl—and—boys !"

The smiling angel dropp'd his pen-"Why, this will never do;

The man would be a boy again, And be a father, too !"

- And so I laugh'd—my laughter woke The household with its noise—
- And wrote my dream, when morning broke,

To please the gray-hair'd boys. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

In ancient times, as story tells, The saints would often leave their cells, And stroll about, but hide their quality, To try good people's hospitality.

It happen'd on a winter night, As authors of the legend write, Two brother hernits, saints by trade, Taking their tour in masquerade, Disguised in tatter'd habits, went To a small village down in Kent; Where, in the strollers' canting strain, They begg'd from door to door in vain, Tried every tone might pity win; But not a soul would let them in.

Our wandering saints, in woeful state, Treated at this ungodly rate, Having through all the village past, To a small cottage came at last Where dwelt a good old honest ye'man, Call'd in the neighborhood Philemon; Who kindly did these saints invite In his poor hut to pass the night; And then the hospitable sire Bid Goody Baucis mend the fire; While he from out the chimney took A flitch of bacon off the hook, And freely from the fattest side Cut out large slices to be fried ; Then stepp'd aside to fetch them drink, Fill'd a large jug up to the brink, And saw it fairly twice go round ; Yet (what was wonderful) they found 'Twas still replenish'd to the top, As if they ne'er had touch'd a drop.

The good old couple were amazed, And often on each other gazed : For both were frighten'd to the heart, And just began to cry "What ar't?" Then softly turn'd aside to view Whether the lights were burning blue. The gentle pilgrims, soon aware on't, Told them their calling and their errand : "Good folks, you need not be afraid, We are but saints," the hermits said ; "No hurt shall come to you or yours : But for that pack of churlish boors, Not fit to live on Christian ground. They and their houses shall be drown'd ; While you shall see your cottage rise, And grow a church before your eyes."

They searce had spoke, when fair and soft,

The roof began to mount aloft; Aloft rose every beam and rafter; The heavy wall climb'd slowly after.

The chimney widen'd, and grew higher, Became a steeple with a spire.

The kettle to the top was hoist, And there stood fasten'd to a joist, But with the up side down, to show Its inclination for below : In vain; for a superior force Applied at bottom stops its course : Doom'd ever in suspense to dwell, 'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.

A wooden jack, which had almost Lost by disuse the art to roast, A sudden alteration feels, Increased by new intestine wheels; And, what exalts the wonder more, The number made the motion slower. The filer, though it had leaden feet, Turn'd round so quick you scarce could see't;

But, slacken'd by some secret power, Now hardly moves an inch an hour. The jack and chimney, near allied, Had never left each other's side ; The chimney to a steeple grown, The jack would not be left alone ; But, up against the steeple rear'd, Became a clock, and still adhered ; And still its love to household eares, By a shrill voice at noon, declares, Warning the cook-mail not to burn That roast ucat which it cannot turn. The groaning chair began to crawl, Like a huge snail, along the wall; There stuck aloft in public view, And with small change, a pulpit grew.

The porringers, that in a row Hung high, and made a glittering show, To a less noble substance changed, Were now but leathern buckets ranged.

The ballads pasted on the wall, Of Joan of France, and English Moll, Fair Rosamond, and Robin Hood, The little Children in the Wood, Now seem'd to look abundance better, Improved in picture, size, and letter: And, high in order placed, describe The heraldry of every tribe.

A bedstead of the antique mode, Compact of timber many a load, Such as our ancestors did use, Was metamorphosed into pews; Which still their ancient nature keep By lodging folks disposed to sleep.

The cottage, by such feats as these, Grown to a church by just degrees, The hermits then desired their host To ask for what he fancied most. Philemon, having paused a while, Return'd them thanks in homely style; Then said, "My house is grown so fine, Methinks, I still would call it mine. I'm old; and fain would live at ease; Make me the parson if you please."

He spoke, and presently he feels His grazier's coat fall down his heels: He sees, yet hardly can believe, About each arm a pudding sleeve; His waistcoat to a eassock grew, And both assumed a sable hue; But, being old, continued just As threadbare, and as full of dust, His talk was now of tithes and dues : He smoked his pipe, and read the news; Knew how to preach old sermons next, Vamp'd in the preface and the text; At christenings well could act his part, And had the service all by heart; Wish'd women might have children fast, And thought whose sow had farrow'd last; Against dissenters would repine, And stood up firm for "right divine;" Found his head fill'd with many a system; But classic authors,-he ne'er miss'd 'em.

Thus having furbish'd up a parson, Dame Baueisnext they play'd their farce on. Instead of homespun coifs, were seen Good pinners edged with colberteen; Her petticoat, transform'd apace, Became black satin, flounced with lace. "Plain Goody" would no longer down, "Twas" Madame," in her grogram gown. Philemon was in great surprise, And hardly could believe his eyes. Amazed to see her look so prim, And she admired as much at him.

Thus happy in their change of life, Were several years this man and wife : When on a day, which proved their last, Discoursing o'er old stories past, They went by chance, amid their talk, To the churchyard to take a walk ; When Bancis hastily cried out, "My dear, I see your forehead sprout !"— "Sprout !" quoth the man ; "What's this you tell us ?

I hope you don't believe me jealous ! But yet, methinks I feel it true, And really yours is budding too— Nay,—now I cannot stir my foot ; It feels as if 'twere taking root."

Description would but tire my Muse, In short, they both were turn'd to yews. Old Goodman Dobson of the green Remembers he the trees has seen : He'll talk of them from noon till night, And goes with folks to show the sight; On Sundays after evening prayer, He gathers all the parish there; Points out the place of either yew, Here Baucis, there Philemon grew : Till once a parson of our town, To mend his barn, cut Baucis down : At which, 'tis hard to be believed How much the other tree was grieved, Grew scrubbed, died a-top, was stunted. So the next parson stubb'd and burnt it, JONATHAN SWIFT.

TAKE THY OLD CLOAK ABOUT THEE.

THIS winters weather itt waxeth cold, And frost doth freese on every hill, And Boreas blowes his blasts soe bold, That all our cattell are like to spill; Bell my wiffe, who loves noe strife, Shee sayd unto me quietlye,

Rise up, and save cow Cumbockes liffe, Man, put thine old cloake about thee.

HE.

O Bell, why dost thou flyte "and scorne?" Thou kenst my cloak is very thin:

Itt is soe bare and overworne A cricke he theron cannot renn :

Then Ile no longer borrowe nor lend, "For once lle new appareld bee,

To-morrow Ile to towne and spend,"

For Ile have a new cloake about mee.

She.

Cow Cumbocke is a very good cowe, Shee ha beene alwayes true to the payle, Shee has helpt us to butter and cheese, I

trow,

And other things shee will not fayle ; I wold be loth to see her pine,

Good husband, councell take of mee, It is not for us to go soe fine,

Man, take thine old cloake about thee.

He.

My cloake it was a very good cloake, Itt hath been always true to the weare,

But now it is not worth a groat; I have had it four and forty yeere;

Sometime itt was of cloth in graine, 'Tis now but a sigh clout as yon may see, It will neither hold out winde nor raine:

And Ile have a new cloake about mee.

SHE.

It is four and fortye yeeres agoe Since the one of us the other did ken, And we have had betwixt us towe Of children either nine or ten;

Wee have brought them up to women and men;

In the feare of God I trow they bee; And why wilt thou thyselfe misken? Man, take thine old cloake about thee.

ΉE.

O Bell my wiffe, why dost thou "floute?" Now is nowe and then was then :

Secke now all the world throughout,

Thou kenst not clownes from gentlemen.

They are clad in blacke, greene, yellow, or gray,

See far above their owne degree : Once in my life Ile "doe as they," For Ile have a new cloake about mee.

She.

King Stephen was a worthy peere, His breeches cost him but a crowne, He held them sixpence all too deere; Therefore he called the taylor Lowne. He was a wight of high renowne, And thouse but of a low degree : Itt's pride that putts this countrye downe, Man, take thine old cloake about thee.

ΗE.

"Bell my wife she loves not strife, Yet she will lead me if she can;

And oft, to live a quiet life,

I am forced to yield, though Ime goodman;"

Itt's not for a man with a woman to threape, Unlesse he first gave oer the plea:

As wee began wee now will leave, And He take mine old cloake about mee.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

THE BACHELOR'S DREAM.

My pipe is lit, my grog is mix'd, My curtains drawn and all is snug; Old Puss is in her elbow-chair, And Tray is sitting on the rug. Last night I had a curious dream, Miss Susan Bates was Mistress Mog---What d'ye think of that, my cat? What d'ye think of that, my dog?

She look'd so fair, she sang so well, I could but woo, and she was won; Myself in blue, the bride in white, The ring was-placed, the deed was done!

Away we went in chaise-and-four, As fast as grinning boys could flog— What d'ye think of that, my cat,

What d'ye think of that, my dog?

What loving *tête-à-têtes* to come ! But *tête-à-têtes* must still defer ! When Susan came to live with *me*, Her mother came to live with *her* ! With Sister Belle she couldn't part, But all my ties had leave to jog— What d'ye think of that, my cat? What d'ye think of that, my dog?

The mother brought a pretty Poll-A monkey, too, what work he made ! The sister introduced a beau, My Susan brought a favorite maid. She had a tabby of her own,-A snappish mongrel christen'd Gog,-What d'ye think of that, my eat? What d'ye think of that, my dog? The monkey bit, the parrot scream'd, All day the sister strumm'd and sung; The petted maid was such a scold ! My Susan learn'd to use her tongue; Her mother had such wretched health, She sate and croak'd like any frog-What d've think of that, my cat? What d've think of that, my dog? No longer Deary, Duck, and Love, I soon came down to simple "M!" The very servants cross'd my wish, My Susan let me down to them. The poker hardly seem'd my own, I might as well have been a log-What d'ye think of that, my eat? What d'ye think of that, my dog?

My clothes they were the queerest shape ! Such coats and hats she never met ! My ways they were the oddest ways ! My friends were such a vulgar set ! Poor Tompkinson was snubb'd and huff'd, She could not bear that Mister Blogg— What d'ye think of that, my eat ? What d'ye think of that, my dog ? At times we had a spar, and then

Mamma must mingle in the song— The sister took a sister's part— The maid declared her master wrong— The partot learn'd to call me "Fool !" My life was like a London fog— What d'ye think of that, my cat ? What d'ye think of that, my dog ?

My Susan's taste was superfine, As proved by bills that had no end; I never had a decent coat— I never had a coin to spend!

HUMODOUG AND SATIDIOAL

C.

HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL. 903		
the forced me to resign my club, Lay down my pipe, retrench my grog— What d'ye think of that, my cat? What d'ye think of that, my dog? Cach Sunday night we gave a rout To fops and flirts, a pretty list; And when I tried to steal away, I found my study full of whist! Chen, first to come and last to go,	 "Lullaby, O, lullaby ! Two such nights and I shall die ! Lullaby, O, lullaby ! He'll be bruised, and so shall I— How can I from bedposts keep, When I'm walking in my sleep ?'' "Lullaby, O, lullaby ! Sleep his very looks deny— Lullaby, O, lullaby ! 	
There always was a Captain Hogg— Vhat d'ye think of that, my cat? What d'ye think of that, my dog?	Nature soon will stupefy— My nerves relax—my eyes grow dim— Who's that fallen—me or him ?" Trioxas Hoop.	
Now was not that an awful dream For one who single is and snug, Vith Pussy in the elbow-chair,	ODE TO MY LITTLE SON. THOU happy, happy elf!	
And Tray reposing on the rug?— f I must totter down the hill, 'Tis safest done without a clog—	(But stop—first let me kiss away that tear)— Thou tiny image of myself!	
What d'ye think of that, my cat? What d'ye think of that, my dog? THOMAS HOOD.	(My love, he's poking peas into his earl) Thou merry, laughing sprite l With spirits feather-light,	
A SERENADE.	Untouch'd by sorrow, and unsoil'd by sin (Good heavens! the child is swallowing a pin!)	
"LULLABY, O, lullahy!" Thus I heard a father ery. "Lullaby, O, lullaby! The brat will never shut an eye; Hither come, some power divine!	Thou little tricksy Puck1 With antic toys so funnily bestuck, Light as the singing bird that wings the air—	
Close his lids, or open mine!" " Lullaby, O, lullaby !	(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!) Thou darling of thy sire!	
What the devil makes him cry? Lullaby, O, lullaby ! Still he stares—I wonder why,	(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire !) Thou imp of mirth and joy ! In Love's dear chain so strong and bright	
Why are not the sons of earth Blind, like puppies, from their birth?" "Lullaby, O, lullaby!"	a link, Thou idol of thy parents—(Drat the boy ! There goes my ink !)	
Thus I heard the father cry; "Lullaby, O, lullaby! Mary, you must come and try!—	Thou cherub—but of earth; Fit playfellow for Fays, by moonlight pale, In harmless sport and mirth—	
Hush, oh, hush, for mercy's sake— The more I sing, the more you wake!" "Lullaby, O, lullaby!	(That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail !) Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey	
Fig. you little greature fiel	From avour blossom in the world that	

Lullaby, O, lullaby!

Is no poppy-syrup nigh?

I am nodding to his fall !"

Give him some, or give him all,

blossom in the world that every blows. Singing in youth's elysium ever sunny-

(Another tumble !- that's his precious nose!)

Thy father's pride and hope!	That chill'd my very blood;
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping-	And lo! from out a dirty alley,
rope!)	Where pigs and Irish wont to rally,
With pure heart newly stamp'd from	I saw a crazy woman sally,
Nature's mint-	Bedaub'd with grease and mud.
(Where did he learn that squint?)	She turn'd her east, she turn'd her west,
Thou young domestie dove l	Staring like Pythoness possest,
(Ile'll have that jug off, with another	With streaming hair and heaving breast,
shove!)	As one stark mad with grief.
Dear nursling of the Hymeneal nest!	This way and that she wildly ran,
(Are those torn clothes his best?)	Jostling with woman and with man-
Little epitome of man!	Her right hand held a frying-pan,
(He'll climb upon the table, that's his	The left a lump of beef.
plan!)	At last her frenzy seem'd to reach
Touch'd with the beauteous tints of dawn-	A point just capable of speech,
ing life—	And with a tone almost a screech,
(He's got a knife!)	As wild as ocean birds,
(IIC S got a kinic.)	Or female Ranter moved to preach,
Thou enviable being!	
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky fore-	She gave her "sorrow words:"
seeing,	
0,	"O Lord! O dear! my heart will break, I
Play on, play on,	shall go stick stark staring wild!
My elfin John !	Has ever a one seen anything about the
Toss the light ball-bestride the stick-	
(I knew so many cakes would make him	streets like a crying lost-looking
sick!)	child ?
With fancies, buoyant as the thistle-down,	Lawk help me, I don't know where to look,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic	or to run, if I only knew which way-
	A Child as is lost about London streets,
brisk,	and especially Seven Dials, is a
With many a lamb-like frisk—	needle in a bottle of hay.
(He's got the scissors, snipping at your	I am all in a quiver-get out of my sight,
gown!)	
Ŭ,	do, you wretch, you little Kitty
Thou pretty opening rose!	M'Nab !
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your	You promised to have half an eye to him,
nose!)	you know you did, you dirty deceit-
Balmy and breathing music like the south-	ful young drab.
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)	The last time as ever I see him, poor thing,
	was with my own blessed Motherly
Fresh as the moru, and brilliant as its	
star—	eyes,
(I wish that window had an iron bar!)	Sitting as good as gold in the gutter, a-
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove-	playing at making little dirt pies.
(I'll tell you what, my love,	I wonder he left the court where he was bet-
I cannot write, unless he's sent above !)	ter off than all the other young boys,
THOMAS HOOD.	With two bricks, an old shoe, nine oyster-
	shells, and a dead kitten by way of
The Lost Heir.	toys. When his Eather somes home and he
	When his Father comes home-and he
" Oh where, and oh where,	always comes home as sure as ever

Oh where, and oh where, Is my bonny laddie gone?"-OLD SONG.

ONE day, as I was going by That part of Holborn christen'd High, I heard a loud and sudden ery

the clock strikes one-He'll be rampant, he will, at his child being lost; and the beef and the inguns not done l

- La bless you, good folks, mind your own consarns, and don't be making a mob in the street;
- O Sergeant M'Farland ! you have not come across my poor little boy, have you in your beat?
- Do, good people, move on ! don't stand staring at me like a parcel of stupid stuck pigs;
- Saints forbid! but he's p'r'aps been inviggled away up a court for the sake of his clothes by the prigs;
- He'd a very good jacket, for certain, for I bought it myself for a shilling one day in Rag Fair,
- And his trowsers considering not very much patch'd, and red plush, they was once his Father's best pair.
- His shirt, it's very lucky I'd got washing in the tub, or that might have gone with the rest;
- But he'd got on a very good pinafore with only two slits and a burn on the breast.
- He'd a goodish sort of hat, if the crown was sew'd in, and not quite so much jagg'd at the brim.
- With one shoe on, and the other shoe is a boot, and not a fit, and you'll know by that if it's him.
- Except being so well dress'd, my mind would misgive, some old beggar woman, in want of an orphan,
- Had borrow'd the child to go a-begging with, but I'd rather see him laid out in his coffin!
- Do, good people, move on, such a rabble of boys! I'll break every bone of 'em I come near,
- Go home—you're spilling the porter—go home—Tommy Jones, go along home with your beer.
- This day is the sorrowfullest day of my life, ever since my name was Betty Morgan,
- Them vile Savoyards! they lost him once before all along of following a Monkey and an Organ :
- O my Billy—my head will turn right round—if he's got kiddynapp'd with them Italians,
- They'll make him a plaster parish image boy, they will, the outlandish tatterdemalions.

- Billy—where are you, Billy?—I'm as hoarse as a crow with screaming for ye, you young sorrow!
- And sha'n't have half a voice, no more I sha'n't, for crying fresh herrings tomorrow.
- O Billy, you're bursting my heart in two, and my life won't be of no more vally,
- If I'm to see other folks' darlins, and none of mine, playing like angels in our alley;
- And what shall I do but cry out my eyes, when I looks at the old three-legged chair
- As Billy used to make coach and horses of, and there ain't no Billy there?
- I would run all the wide world over to find him, if I only know'd where to run.
- Little Murphy, now I remember, was once lost for a month through stealing a penny bun,---
- The Lord forbid of any child of mine! I think it would kill me raily
- To find my Bill holdin' up his little innocent hand at the Old Bailey.
- For though I say it as oughtn't, yet I will say, you may search for miles and mileses
- And not find one better brought up, and more pretty behaved, from one end to t'other of St. Giles's.
- And if I call'd him a beauty, it's no lie, but only as a mother ought to speak;
- You never set eyes on a more handsomer face, only it hasn't been wash'd for a week;
- As for hair, tho' it's red, it's the most nicest hair when I've time to just show it the comb;
- I'll owe 'em five pounds, and a blessing besides, as will only bring him safe and sound home.
- He's blue eyes, and not to be call'd a squint, though a little cast he's certainly got;
- And his nose is still a good un, tho' the bridge is broke by his falling on a pewter pint pot;
- He's got the most elegant wide mouth in the world, and very large teeth for his age;
- And quite as fit as Mrs. Murdockson's child to play Cupid on the Drury Lane stage.

- And then he has got such dear winning ways—but oh I never, never shall see him no more!
- Oh dear! to think of losing him just after nussing him back from death's door!
- Only the very last month when the windfalls, hang 'em, was at twenty a penny!
- And the threepence he'd got by grottoing was spent in plums, and sixty for a child is too many.
- And the Cholera man came and whitewash'd ns all, and, drat him, made a seize of our hog.—
- It's no use to send the Crier to cry him about, he's such a blunderin' drunken old dog;
- The last time he was fetch'd to find a lost child, he was guzzling with his bell at the Crown,
- And went and cried a boy instead of a girl, for a distracted mother and father about town.
- Billy—where are you, Billy, I say? come, Billy, come home, to your best of mothers!
- I'm seared when I think of them Cabroleys, they drive so, they'd run over their own sisters and brothers.
- Or may be he's stole by some chimblysweeping wretch, to stick fast in narrow flues, and what not,
- And be poked up behind with a pick'd pointed pole, when the soot has ketch'd, and the chimbly's red hot.
- Oh I'd give the whole wide world, if the world was mine, to clap my two longin' eyes on his face,
- For he's my darlin of darlins, and if he don't soon come back, you'll see me drop stone dead on the place.
- I only wish I'd got him safe in these two Motherly arms, and wouldn't I hug him and kiss him !
- Lauk! I never knew what a precious he was-but a child don't not feel like a child till you miss him.
- Why, there he is! Punch and Judy hunting, the young wretch, it's that Billy as sartin as sin!
- But let me get him home, with a good grip of his hair, and I'm blest if he shall have a whole bone in his skin ! THOMAS HOOD.

THE TWINS.

IN form and feature, face and limb, I grew so like my brother,

That folks got taking me for him, And each for one another.

It puzzled all our kith and kin, It reach'd a fearful pitch;

For one of us was born a twin, And not a soul knew which.

One day, to make the matter worse, Before our names were fix'd,

As we were being wash'd by nurse, We got completely mix'd;

And thus, you see, by Fate's decree, Or rather nurse's whim,

- My brother John got christen'd me, And I got christen'd him.
- This fatal likeness ever dogg'd My footsteps when at school,
- And I was always getting flogg'd When John turn'd out a fool.

I put this question, fruitlessly, To every one I knew,

"What would you do, if you were me, To prove that you were you?"

Our close resemblance turned the tide Of my domestic life,

For somehow, my intended bride Became my brother's wife.

In fact, year after year the same Absurd mistakes went on,

And when I died, the neighbors came Aud buried brother John.

HENRY S. LEIGH.

THE KING OF BRENTFORD'S TES-TAMENT.

THE noble king of Brentford Was old and very sick;

He summon'd his physicians To wait upon him quick;

They stepp'd into their coaches, And brought their best physic.

They cramm'd their gracious master With potion and with pill;

They drench'd him and they bled him: They could not cure his ill.

"Go fetch," says he, "my lawyer; I'd better make my will."

The monarch's royal mandate	"Ned drives about in buggies,
The lawyer did obey;	Tom sometimes takes a 'bus;
The thought of six-and-eightpence	Ah, cruel Fate! why made you
Did make his heart full gay.	My children differ thus?
"What is't," says he, "Your Majesty	Why make of Tom a dullard,
Wonld wish of me to-day?"	And Ned a genius?"
"The doctors have belabor'd me	"Yon'H cut him with a shilling,"
With potion and with pill :	Exclaim'd the man of wits:
My hours of life are counted,	"I'll leave my wealth," said Brentford,
O man of tape and quill!	"Sir Lawyer, as befits,
Sit down and mend a peu or two,	And portion both their fortunes
I want to make my will.	Unto their several wits."
"O'er all the land of Brentford	"Your Grace knows best," the lawyer said,
I'm lord, and eke of Kew:	"On your commands I wait."
P've three per cents, and five per cents.;	"Be silent, sir," says Brentford;
My debts are but a few;	"A plague upon yonr prate !
And to inherit after me	Come, take your pen and paper,
I have but children two.	And write as I dictate."
" Prince Thomas is my eldest son,	The will, as Brentford spoke it,
A sober prince is he;	Was writ, and sign'd, and closed;
And from the day we breech'd him,	He bade the lawyer leave him,
Till now he's twenty-three,	And turn'd him round and dozed;
He never caused disquiet	And next week in the churchyard
To his poor mamma or me.	The good old king reposed.
"At school they never flogg'd him;	Tom, dress'd in crape and hatband,
At college, though not fast,	Of mourners was the chief;
Yet his little go and great go	In bitter self-upbraidings
He creditably pass'd,	Poor Edward show'd his grief;
And made his year's allowance	Tom hid his fat, white countenance
For eighteen months to last.	In his pocket handkerchief.
"He never owed a shilling,	Ned's eyes were full of weeping,
Went never drunk to bed,	He falter'd in his walk;
He has not two ideas	Tom never shed a tear,
Within his honest head;	But onward he did stalk,
In all respects he differs	As pompous. black, and solemn
From my second son, Prince Ned.	As any catafalque.
"When Tom has half his income	And when the bones of Brentford—
Laid by at the year's end,	That gentle king and just—
Poor Ned has ne'er a stiver	With bell, and book, and candle
That rightly he may spend,	Were duly laid in dust,
But sponges on a tradesman,	"Now, gentlemen," says Thomas,
Or borrows from a friend.	"Let business be discuss'd.
 While Tom his legal studies Most soberly pursues, Poor Ned must pass his mornings A-dawdling with the Muse; While Tom frequents his banker, Young Ned frequents the Jews. 	"When late our sire beloved, Was taken deadly ill, Sir Lawyer, you attended him (I mean to tax your bill); And, as yon sign'd and wrote it, I prithee read the will."

The lawyer wiped his spectacles, And drew the parchment out; And all the Brentford family Sat eager round abont; Poor Ned was somewhat anxious, But Tom had ne'er a doubt.

"My son, as I make ready To seek my last long home, Some earcs I have for Neddy, But none for thee, my Tom : Sobriety and order You ne'er departed from.

"Ned hath a brilliant genius, And thou a plodding brain; On thee I think with pleasure, On him with doubt and pain." ("You see, good Ned," says Thomas, "What he thought about us twain.")

"Though small was your allowance, You saved a little store; And those who save a little Shall get a plenty more." As the lawyer read this compliment, Tom's eyes were running o'er.

"The tortoise and the hare, Tom, Set out, at each his pace; The hare it was the fleeter, The tortoise won the race; And since the world's beginning This ever was the case.

"Ned's genius, blithe and singing, Steps gayly o'er the ground; As steadily you trudge it, He clears it with a bound; But dulness has stout legs, Tom, And wind that's wondrous sound,

"O'er fruits and flowers alike, Tom, You pass with plodding feet; You heed not one nor t'other, But onward go your beat, While Genius stops to loiter With all that he may meet;

"And ever, as he wanders, Will have a pretext fine For sleeping in the morning, Or loitering to dine, Or dozing in the shade, Or basking in the shine. "Your little steady eyes, Tom, Though not so bright as those That restless round about him His flashing genius throws, Are excellently suited To look before your nose,

"Thank Heaven, then, for the blinkers It placed before your eyes; The stupidest are weakest, The witty are not wise; Oh bless your good stupidity, It is your dearest prize!

"And though my lands are wide, And plenty is my gold, Still better gifts from Nature, My Thomas, do you hold— A brain that's thick and heavy, A heart that's dull and cold;

"Too dull to feel depression, Too hard to heed distress, Too cold to yield to passion Or silly tenderness. March on—your road is open To wealth, Tom, and success.

"Ned sinneth in extravagance, And you in greedy lust."

"I' faith," says Ned, "our father Is less polite than just,"

"In you, son Tom, I've confidence, But Ned I cannot trust.

"Wherefore, my lease and copyholds, My lands and tenements, My parks, my farms, and orchards, My houses and my rents, My Dutch stock, and my Spanish stock, My five and three per cents.,

" I leave to you, my Thomas" — ("What, all?" poor Edward said; "Well, well, I should have spent them, And Ton's a prudent head")— " I leave to you, my Thomas,— To you, IN TRUST for Ned." The wrath and consternation

What poet e'er could trace That at this fatal passage Came o'er Prince Tom his face; The wonder of the company, And honest Ned's amaze!

"'Tis surely some mistake," Good-naturedly cries Ned; The lawyer answer'd gravely, "'Tis even as I said; 'Twas thus His Gracious Majesty Ordain'd on his deathbed.

"See, here the will is witness'd, And here's his autograph." "In truth, our father's writing," Says Edward, with a laugh; "But thou shalt not be a loser, Tom, We'll share it half and half."

"Alas! my kind young gentleman, This sharing cannot be;
'Tis written in the testament That Brentford spoke to me,
'I do forbid Prince Ned to give Prince Tom a halfpenny.

"'He hath a store of money, But ne'er was known to lend it; He never help'd his brother; The poor he ne'er befriended; He hath no need of property Who knows not how to spend it.

"' Poor Edward knows but how to spend, And thrifty Tom to hoard; Let Thomas be the steward then, And Edward be the lord; And as the honest laborer Is worthy his reward,

"' I pray Prince Ned, my second son, And my successor dear, To pay to his intendant Five hundred pounds a year; And to think of his old father, And live and make good cheer.'"

Such was old Brentford's honest testament;
He did devise his moneys for the best,
And lies in Brentford church in peaceful rest.
Prince Edward lived, and money made and spent;

But his good sire was wrong, it is confess'd,

To say his son, young Thomas, never lent. He did. Young Thomas lent at interest, And nobly took his twenty-five per cent. Long time the famous reign of Ned endured O'er Chiswick, Fulham, Brentford, Putnev, Kew;

But of extravagance he ne'er was cured; And when both died, as mortal men will do,

'Twas commonly reported that the steward Was very much the richer of the two. WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

LITTLE BILLEE.

THERE were three sailors of Bristol City Who took a boat and went to sea, But first with beef and captain's biscuits And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was gorging Jack and guzzling Jimmy, And the youngest he was little Billee; Now when they'd got as far as the Equator They'd nothing left but one split pea.

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy, "I am extremely hungaree." To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy, "We've nothing left, us must cat we."

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy, "With one another we shouldn't agree! There's little Bill, he's young and tender, We're old and tough, so let's eat he."

"O Billy! we're going to kill and eat you, So undo the button of your chemie." When Bill received this information, He used his pocket-handkerchie.

"First let me say my catechism Which my poor mammy taught to me."
"Make haste! make haste!" says guzzling Jimmy, While Jack pull'd out his snickersnee.
So Billy went up to the main-top-gallant mast, And down he fell on his bended knee; He scarce had come to the twelfth commandment, When up he jumps—"There's land I see!

"Jerusalem and Madagascar And North and South Amerikee; There's the British flag a-riding at anchor, With Admiral Napier, K. C. B."

So when they got aboard of the Admiral's, He hang'd fat Jack and flogg'd Jimmee, But as for little Bill, he made him The captain of a Seventy-three. WILLIAM MAKEPE&CE THACKERAY.	"There was me, and the cook, and the captain bold, And the mate of the Naney brig, And the bo'sun tight and a midshipmite, And the crew of the captain's gig.
THE TARY OF THE "ATANGE PELL"	"For a month we'd neither wittles nor
THE YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL." 'Twas on the shores that round onr coast From Deal to Ramsgate span, That I found alone, on a piece of stone, An elderly naval man.	drink, Till a-hungry we did feel, So we draw'd a lot, and, accordin', shot The captain for our meal.
His hair was weedy, his beard was long, And weedy and long was he; And I heard this wight on the shore	"The next lot fell to the Naney's mate, And a delicate dish he made; Then our appetite with the midshipmite We seven survivors stay'd.
rccite, In a singular minor key :—	"And then we murder'd the bo'sun tight, And he much resembled pig;
"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold, And the mate of the Nancy brig,	Then we wittled free, did the cook and me, On the crew of the captain's gig.
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite, And the crew of the captain's gig."	"Then only the cook and me was left, And the delicate question, Which
And he shook his fists and he tore his hair, Till I really felt afraid, For I couldn't help thinking the man had been drinking,	Of ns two goes to the kettle?' arose, And we argued it out as sich. "For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,
And so I simply said :	And the cook he worshipp'd me; But we'd both be blow'd if we'd either be
" O elderly man, it's little I know Of the duties of men of the sea, And I'll eat my hand if I understand	stow'd In the other chap's hold, you see.
How ever you can be " At once a cook and a captain bold,	"'I'll be eat if you dines off me,' says Tom.
And the mate of the Nancy brig, And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite, And the crew of the captain's gig !"	'Yes, that,' says I, 'you'll be. I'm boil'd if I die, my friend,' quoth I; And 'Exactly so,' quoth he.
Then he gave a hitch to his trowsers, which Is a trick all seamen larn, And having got rid of a thumping quid, He spun this painful yarn :	"Says he: 'Dear James, to murder me Were a foolish thing to do, For don't you see that you can't cook me, While I can—and will—cook you?'
"'Twas in the good ship Nancy Bell That we saiPd to the Indian sea, And there on a reef we come to grief, Which has often occurr'd to me.	"So he boils the water, and takes the salt And the pepper in portions true (Which he never forgot), and some chopp'd shalot, And some sage and parsley too.
"And pretty nigh all o' the crew was drown'd	"' Come here,' says he, with a proper pride,
(There was seventy-seven o' soul);	Which his smiling features tell;
And only ten of the Nancy's men Said 'Here!' to the muster-roll.	"Twill soothing be if 1 let you see How extremely nice you'll smell."

 "And he stirt'd it round and round, round, And he sniff'd at the foaming froth; When I ups with his heels, and smothers his squeals In the seum of the boiling broth. "And I eat that cook in a week or less, And as I eating be The last of his chops, why I almost drops, For a wessel in sight¶ see. * * * * * * * * "And I never larf, and I never smile, And I never lark nor play; 	Asylums, hospitals, and schools, He used to swear were made to cozen; All who subscribed to them were fools,— And he subscribed to half a dozen: It was his doctrine that the poor Were always able, never willing; And so the beggar at his door Had first abuse, and then a shilling. Some public principles he had, But was no flatterer nor fretter; He rapp'd his box when things were bad, And said, "I cannot make them better!" And much he loathed the patriot's snort, And much he scorn'd the placeman's
But I sit and croak, and a single joke I have—which is to say : "Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,	snuffle; And cut the fiercest quarrels short With "Patience, gentlemen, and shuffle!"
And the mate of the Nancy brig, And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite, And the crew of the captain's gig !" WILLAM S. GILBERT.	For full ten years his pointer Speed Had couch'd beneath her master's ta- ble;
	For twice ten years his old white steed
QUINCE.	Had fatten'd in his master's stable ;
NEAR a small village in the West, Where many very worthy people	Old Quince averr'd, upon his troth, They were the ugliest beasts in Devon; And none knew why he fed them both
Eat, drink, play whist, and do their best To guard from evil church and steeple,	With his own hands six days in seven.
There stood—alas! it stands no more !	Whene'er they heard his ring or knock,
A tenement of brick and plaster,	Quicker than thought the village slat-
Of which, for forty years and four,	terns
My good friend Quince was lord and master.	Flung down the novel, smoothed the frock, And took up Mrs. Glasse and patterns; Adine was studying baker's bills;
Welcome was he in hut and hall	Louisa look'd the queen of knitters;
To maids and matrons, peers and peas- ants; He won the sympathies of all	Jane happen'd to be hemming frills, And Bell by chance was making fritters.
By making puns and making presents.	But all was vain; and while decay
Though all the parish were at strife,	Came like a tranquil moonlight o'cr him,
He kept his counsel and his carriage,	And found him gouty still and gay,
And laugh'd, and loved a quiet life,	With no fair nurse to bless or bore him,
And shrank from chancery suits and marriage.	His rugged smile and easy-chair, His dread of matrimonial lectures,
Sound was his claret-and his head;	His wig, his stick, his powder'd hair, Were themes for very strange conjec-
Warm was his double ale—and feelings;	tures.
His partners at the whist-club said That he was faultless in his dealings:	Some same thought the store shows
He went to church but once a week;	Some sages thought the stars above Had crazed him with excess of know-
Yet Dr. Poundtext always found him	ledge;
An upright man who studied Greek,	Some heard he had been crost in love
And liked to see his friends around him.	Before he came away from college;

Some darkly hinted that His Grace Did nothing great or small without him; Some whisper'd with a solemn face That there was "something odd about him!" I found him, at threescore and ten, A single man, but hent quite double; Sickness was coming on him then, To take him from a world of trouble : He prosed of slipping down the hill, Discover'd he grew older daily: One frosty day he made his will, The next he sent for Doctor Bailey. And so he lived, and so he died !---When last I sat beside his pillow, He shook my hand, and "Ah !" he cried, "Penelope must wear the willow. Tell her I hugg'd her rosy chain While life was flickering in the socket;

And say that when I call again, I'll bring a license in my pocket.

" I've left my house and grounds to Fag, I hope his master's shoes will suit him; And I've bequeathed to you my nag, To feed him for my sake, or shoot him. The vicar's wife will take old Fox, She'll find him an uncommon mouser; And let her husband have my box, My Bible, and my Assmanshauser.

"Whether I ought to die or not, My doctors cannot quite determine; It's only clear that I shall rot, And be like Priam food for vermin. My debts are paid; but Nature's debt Almost escaped my recollection : Tom ! we shall meet again; and yet I cannot leave you my direction." WISTHEOF MACKWORTH FRAED.

AN ELEGY ON THAT GLORY OF HER SEX, MRS. MARY BLAIZE.

> Good people all, with one accord Lament for Madame Blaize, Who never wanted a good word— From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom pass'd her door, And always found her kind; She freely lent to all the poor— Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighborhood to please With manners wondrous winning; And never follow'd wicked ways— Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new, With hoop of monstrous size, She never slumber'd in her pew— But when she shut her eyes.

But now, her wealth and finery fied, Her hangers-on cut short all, The doctors found when she was dead— Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament in sorrow sore, For Kent street well may say, That had she lived a twelvemonth more, She had not died to-day.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

OLD GRIMES.

His heart was open as the day, His feelings all were true; His hair was some inclined to gray, He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain, His breast with pity bnrn'd; The large, round head upon his cane From ivory was turn'd.

Kind words he ever had for all; He knew no base design: His eyes were dark and rather small, His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,	Back flew the bolt of lissom lath;
In friendship he was true:	Fair Margaret. in her tidy kirtle,
His coat had pocket-holes behind,	Led the lorn traveller up the path,
His pantaloons were blue.	Through clean-clipp'd rows of box and
Inhormed the six which couth pollutes	myrtle; And Don and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,
Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes He pass'd securely o'er;	Upon the parlor steps collected,
And never wore a pair of boots	Wagg'd all their tails, and seem'd to say,
For thirty years or more.	"Our master knows you; you're ex-
2 of barry years of motor	pected."
But good old Grimes is now at rest,	
Nor fears misfortune's frown;	Up rose the reverend Doctor Brown,
He wore a double-breasted vest;	Up rose the doctor's "winsome marrow;"
The stripes ran up and down.	The lady laid her knitting down,
	Her husband clasp'd his ponderous Barrow.
He modest merit sought to find,	Whate'er the stranger's caste or creed,
And pay it its desert;	Pundit or papist, saint or sinner,
He had no malice in his mind, No ruffles on his shirt.	He found a stable for his steed,
NO TUMES ON MIS SMITE.	And welcome for himself, and dinner.
His neighbors he did not abuse,	
Was sociable and gay;	If, when he reach'd his journey's end,
He wore large buckles on his shoes,	And warm'd himself in court or college,
And changed them every day.	He had not gain'd an honest friend,
	And twenty curious scraps of know- ledge;
His knowledge, hid from public gaze,	If he departed as he came,
He did not bring to view—	With no new light on love or liquor,
Nor make a noise town-meeting days, As many people do.	Good sooth, the traveller was to blame,
As many people do.	And not the vicarage nor the vicar.
His worldly goods he never threw	
In trust to Fortune's chances;	His talk was like a stream which runs
But lived (as all his brothers do)	With rapid change from rocks to roses; It slipp'd from politics to puns,
In easy circumstances.	It pass'd from Mahomet to Moses,
	Beginning with the laws which keep
Thus, undisturb'd by anxious cares,	The planets in their radiant courses,
His peaceful moments ran ; And everybody said he was	And ending with some precept deep
A fine old gentleman.	For dressing eels or shoeing horses.
Albert G. Greene.	He was a shrewd and sound divine,
	Of loud dissent the mortal terror,
	And when, by dint of page and line,
THE VICAR.	He 'stablish'd truth or startled error,
	The Baptist found him far too deep,
Some years ago, ere time and taste	The Deist sigh'd with saving sorrow,
Had turn'd our parish topsy-turvy,	And the lean Levite went to sleep,
When Darnel Park was Darnel Waste, And roads as little known as scurvy,	And dream'd of tasting pork to-morrow.
The man who lost his way between	His sermons never said or show'd
St. Mary's Hill and Sandy Thicket	That earth is foul, that heaven is gracious,
Was always shown across the green,	Without refreshment on the road,
And guided to the parson's wicket.	From Jerome or from Athanasius;
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Sit in the vicar's scat; you'll hear And sure a righteous zeal inspired The doctrine of a gentle Johnian, The hand and head that penn'd and Whose hand is white, whose tone is plann'd them, For all who understood admired, clear. Whose phrase is very Ciceronian. And some who did not understand Where is the old man laid? Look down them. And construe on the slab before you-"Hic jacet Gylielmys Brown, He wrote too, in a quiet way, Vir nullâ non donandus lauru." Small treatises, and smaller verses, WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED. And sage remarks on chalk and elay, And hints to noble lords and nurses; True histories of last year's ghost; Lines to a ringlet or a turban, THE VICAR OF BRAY. And trifles for the "Morning Post," IN good King Charles's golden days, And nothings for Sylvanus Urban. When loyalty no harm meant, A zealous high-churchman was I, He did not think all mischief fair, Although he had a knack of joking; And so I got preferment. He did not make himself a bear, To teach my flock I never miss'd: Kings were by God appointed, Although he had a taste for smoking; And lost are those that dare resist And when religious sects ran mad, He held, in spite of all his learning, Or touch the Lord's anointed. That if a man's belief is bad, And this is law that I'll maintain It will not be improved by burning. Until my dying day, sir, That whatsoever king shall reign, Still I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir. And he was kind, and loved to sit In the low hut or garnish'd cottage, And praise the farmer's homely wit, When royal James possess'd the crown, And share the widow's homelier pot-And popery grew in fashion, The penal laws I hooted down, tage. At his approach complaint grew mild, And read the declaration; The Church of Rome I found would fit And when his hand unbarr'd the shutter, The clammy lips of fever smiled Full well my constitution ; The welcome which they could not utter. And I had been a Jesuit. But for the revolution. He always had a tale for me And this is law that I'll maintain Of Julius Cæsar or of Venus; Until my dying day, sir, That whatsoever king shall reign, From him I learnt the rule of three, Cat's cradle, leap-frog, and Que genus. Still I'll be the viear of Bray, sir. I used to singe his powder'd wig, To steal the staff he put such trust in, When William was our king declared, And make the puppy dance a jig To ease the nation's grievance; When he began to quote Augustine. With this new wind about I steer'd, And swore to him allegiance; Old principles I did revoke, Alaek, the change! In vain I look Set conscience at a distance ; For haunts in which my boyhood trifled, Passive obedience was a joke, The level lawn, the trickling brook, A jest was non-resistance. The trees I climb'd, the beds I rifled! And this is law that I'll maintain The church is larger than before, Until my dying day, sir, You reach it by a carriage entry; That whatsoever king shall reign, It holds three hundred people more, Still I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir. And pews are fitted up for gentry.

When royal Anne became our queen, The Church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a Tory;
Occasional conformists base,
I blamed their moderation;
And thought the Church in danger was
By such prevarication.
And this is law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign, Still I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir,

When George in pudding-time came o'er, And moderate men look'd big, sir, My principles I changed once more, And so became a Whig, sir; And thus preferment I procured From our new Faith's defender, And almost every day abjured The pope and the Pretender. And this is law that I'll maintain Until my dying day, sir, That whatsoever king shall reign, Still I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

Th' illustrious house of Hanover And Protestant succession, To these I do allegiance swear— While they can keep possession : For in my faith and loyalty I never more will falter, And George my lawful king shall be— Until the times do alter. And this is haw that I'll maintain Until my dying day, sir, That whatsoever king shall reign, Still I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir. AUTIOR USKNOWK.

St. Anthony's Sermon to the Fishes.

ST. ANTHONY at church Was left in the lurch, So he went to the ditches And preached to the fishes; They wriggled their tails, In the sun glanced their scales.

The carps, with their spawn, Are all hither drawn; Have open'd their jaws, Eager for each clause. No sermon beside Had the carps so edified.

Sharp-snouted pikes,
Who keep fighting like tikes,
Now swam up harmonious
To hear St. Antonius.
No sermon beside
Had the pikes so edified.

And that very odd fish, Who loves fast days, the cod-fish,— The stock-fish, I mean,— At the sermon was seen. No sermon beside Had the cods so edified.

Good eels and sturgeon, Which aldermen gorge on, Went ont of their way To hear preaching that day. No sermon beside Had the eels so edified.

Crabs and turtles also, Who always more slow, Made haste from the bottom, As if the devil had got 'em. No sermon heside Had the crabs so edified.

Fish great and fish small, Lords, lackeys, and all, Each look'd at the preacher Like a réasonable creature : At God's word, They Anthony heard.

The sermon now ended, Each turned and descended; The pikes went on stealing, The cels went on eeling; Much delighted were they, But preferr'd the old way.

The crabs are backsliders, The stock-fish thick-siders, The earps are sharp-set, All the sermon forget; Much delighted were they, But preferr'd the old way. Arrnog UNKNOWN.

1	HE	JES	TER'S	SERMON.	

- THE Jester shook his hood and bells, and leap'd upon a chair,
- The pages laugh'd, the women scream'd, and toss'd their scented hair;
- The falcon whistled, staghounds bay'd, the lapdog bark'd without,
- The seullion dropp'd the pitcher brown, the cook rail'd at the lout;
- The steward, counting out his gold, let pouch and money fall,

And why? because the Jester rose to say grace in the hall!

- The page play'd with the heron's plume, the steward with his chain.
- The butler drumm'd upon the board, and laugh'd with might and main;
- The grooms beat on their metal cans, and roar'd till they were red,
- But still the Jester shut his eyes and roll'd his witty head;

And when they grew a little still, read half a yard of text,

- And, waving hand, struck on the desk, then frown'd like one perplex'd.
- " Dear sinners all," the Fool began, "man's life is but a jest,
- A dream, a shadow, bubble, air, a vapor at the best.
- In a thousand pounds of law I find not a single ounce of love;
- A blind man kill'd the parson's cow in shooting at the dove;
- The fool that eats till he is sick must fast till he is well;
- The wooer who can flatter most will bear away the belle.
- "Let no man halloo he is safe till he is through the wood;
- He who will not when he may, must tarry when he should;
- He who laughs at crooked men should need walk very straight;
- Oh, he who onee has won a name may lie abed till eight!
- Make haste to purchase house and land, be very slow to wed;
- True coral needs no painter's brush, nor need be daub'd with red.

- "The friar, preaching, cursed the thief (the pudding in his sleeve),
- To fish for sprats with golden hooks is foolish, by your leave,--
- To travel well—an ass's ears, ape's face, hog's mouth, and ostrich legs,
- He does not care a pin for thieves who limps about and begs.
- Be always first man at a feast and last man at a fray ;
- The short way round, in spite of all, is still the longest way.
- When the hungry curate licks the knife, there's not much for the clerk;
- When the pilot, turning pale and sick, looks up,-the storm grows dark."
- Then loud they laugh'd, the fat cook's tears ran down into the pan:
- The steward shook, that he was forced to drop the brimming can;
- And then again the women scream'd, and every staghound bay'd,---

And why? because the motley Fool so wise a sermon made.

GEORGE WALTER THORNBURY.

I AM A FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

I AM a friar of orders gray, And down in the valleys I take my way; I pull not blackberry, haw, or hip— Good store of venison fills my serip; My long bead-roll I merrily chant; Where'er I walk no money I want; And why I'm so plump the reason I tell— * Who leads a good life is sure to live well.

What baron or squire, Or knight of the shire, Lives half so well as a holy friar?

What haron or squire,

Or knight of the shire, Lives half so well as a holy friar? JOIN O'KEEFE.

THE DEVIL'S THOUGHTS.	He saw a Turnkey in a trice
FROM his brimstone bed at break of day	Fetter a troublesome blade ;
A-walking the Devil is gone,	"Nimbly," quoth he, "do the fingers
To visit his snug little farm the Earth,	move
And see how his stock goes on.	If a man be but used to his trade."
Over the hill and over the dale,	He saw the same Turnkey unfetter a man
And he went over the plain,	With but little expedition;
And backward and forward he switch'd	Which put him in mind of the long
his long tail,	debate
As a gentleman switches his cane.	On the Slave-trade abolition.
And how then was the Devil drest?	He saw an old acquaintance
Oh! he was in his Sunday's hest:	As he pass'd by a Methodist meeting;
His jacket was red and his breeches were	She holds a consecrated key,
blue,	And the Devil nods her a greeting.
And there was a hole where the tail came through.	She turn'd up her nose, and said, " Avaunt !—my name's Religion !"
He saw a Lawyer killing a viper	And she look'd to Mr,
On a dunghill hard by his own stable ;	And leer'd like a love-sick pigeon.
And the Devil smiled, for it put him in mind	He saw a certain minister,
Of Caiu and his brother, Abel.	A minister to his mind,
He saw an Apothecary on a white horse	Go up into a certain House,
Ride by on his vocations,	With a majority behind ;
And the Devil thought of his old friend	The Devil quoted Genesis,
Death in the Revelations.	Like a very learnèd clerk,
He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,	How "Noah and his creeping things
A cottage of gentility;	Went up into the Ark."
And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin	He took from the poor,
Is pride that apes humility.	And he gave to the rich,
He peep'd into a rich bookseller's shop;	And he shook hands with a Scotchman,
Quoth he, "We are both of one college!	For he was not afraid of the ——.
For I sate myself like a cormorant, once,	* * * * * * * *
Hard by the tree of knowledge."	General ——'s burning face
Down the river did glide, with wind and tide,	He saw with consternation, And back to Hell his way did he take—
A pig with vast celerity, And the Devil look'd wise as he saw how,	For the Devil thought by a slight mistake It was a general conflagration. SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.
the while, It cut its own throat. "There!" quoth he	
with a smile, "Goes England's commercial prosper-	JOLLY GOOD ALE AND OLD.
ity." As he went through Coldbath Fields he	I CANNOT eat but little meat— My stomach is not good; But sure I think that I can drink
saw	With him that wears a hood.
A solitary cell;	Though I go bare, take ye no care;
And the Devil was pleased, for it gave him	I am nothing a-cold,
. a hint.	I stuff my skin so full within
For improving his prisons in Hell.	Of jolly good ale and old.

Back and side go bare, go bare; Both foot and hand go cold; But, belly, God send thee good ale enough, Whether it be new or old 1 I love no roast but a nut-brown toast, And a crab laid in the fire; And little bread shall do me stead-Much bread I nought desire. No frost, no snow, no wind, I trow, Can hurt me if I wold-I am so wrapt, and thorowly lapt Of jolly good ale and old. Back and side go bare, go bare; Both foot and hand go cold; But, belly, God send thee good ale enough, Whether it be new or old! And Tyb, my wife, that as her life Loveth well good ale to seek, Full oft drinks she, till you may see The tears run down her check; Then doth she trowl to me the bowl, Even as a malt-worm shold ; And saith "Sweetheart, I took my part Of this jolly good ale and old." Back and side go bare, go bare; Both foot and hand go cold; But, belly, God send thee good ale enough, Whether it be new or old! Now let them drink till they nod and wink, Even as good fellows should do; They shall not miss to have the bliss Good ale doth bring men to : And all poor souls that bave scour'd bowls, Or have them lustily trowl'd, God save the lives of them and their wives, Whether they be young or old ! Back and side go bare, go bare; Both foot and hand go cold;

But, belly, God send thee good ale enough, Whether it be new or old ! Joun STILL

JOIN DITL

THE JOVIAL BEGGAR.

THERE was a jovial beggar, He had a wooden leg, Lame from his cradle, And forced for to beg. And a-begging we will go, Will go, will go, And a-begging we will go. A bag for his oatmeal, Another for his salt, And a long pair of crutches, To show that he can halt. And a-begging we will go, Will go, will go, And a-begging we will go.

A bag for his wheat, Another for his rye, And a little bottle by his side, To drink when he's a-dry. And a-begging we will go, Will go, will go, And a-begging we will go.

Seven years I begg'd For my old master Wilde, He taught me how to beg When I was but a child. And a-begging we will go, Will go, will go, And a-begging we will go.

I begg'd for my master, And got him store of pelf, But, Goodness now be praised, I'm begging for myself. And a-begging we will go, Will go, will go, And a-begging we will go.

In a hollow tree I live, and pay no rent, Providence provides for me, And 1 am well content. And a-begging we will go, Will go, will go, And a-begging we will go.

Of all the occupations, A beggar's is the best, For whenever he's a-weary, He can lay him down to rest. And a-begging we will go, Will go, will go, And a-begging we will go.

I fear no plots against me, I live in open cell; Then who would be a king, lads, When the beggar lives so well? And a-begging we will go, Will go, will go, And a-begging we will go. Armon Usknows.

A FAREWELL TO TOBACCO.

MAY the Babylonish curse Straight confound my stammering verse, If I can a passage see In this word-perplexity, Or a fit expression find, Or a language to my mind (Still the phrase is wide or scant), To take leave of thee, Great Plant! Or in any terms relate Half my love, or half my hate: For I hate, yet love thee so, That whichever thing I show, The plain truth will seem to be A constrain'd hyperbole, And the passion to proceed More from a mistress than a weed.

Sooty retainer to the vine, Bacchus' black servant, negro fine; Sorcerer, that mak'st us dote upon Thy begrimed complexion, And, for thy pernicious sake, More and greater oaths to break Than reclaimèd lovers take 'Gainst women: thou thy siege dost lay Much too in the female way, While thou suck'st the lab'ring breath Faster than kisses, or than death.

Thou in such a cloud dost hind us That our worst foes cannot find us, And ill-fortune, that would thwart us, Shoots at rovers, shooting at us; While each man, through thy height'ning steam,

Does like a smoking Etna seem, And all about us does express (Fancy and wit in richest dress) A Sicilian fruitfulness.

Thou through such a mist dost show us, That our best friends do not know us, And for those allowed features, Due to reasonable creatures, Liken'st us to fell chimeras, Monsters that, who see us, fear us; Worse than Cerberus or Geryon, Or, who first loved a eloud, Ixion.

Bacchus we know, and we allow His tipsy rites. But what art thou, That but by reflex canst show What his deity can do, As the false Egyptian spell Aped the true Hebrew miracle? Some few vapors thou may'st raise, The weak brain may serve to amaze, But to the reins and nobler heart Canst not life nor heat impart.

Brother of Bacchus, later born, The old world was sure forlorn, Wanting thee, that aidest more The god's victories than before All his panthers, and the brawls Of his piping Bacchanals. These, as stale, we disallow, Or judge of *thee* meant: only thou His true Indian conquest art; And for ivy round his dart, The reformèd god now weaves A finer thyrsus of thy leaves.

Scent to match thy rich perfume Chemic art did ne'er presume Through her quaint alembic strain, None so sov'reign to the brain : Nature, that did in thee excel, Framed again no second smell. Roses, violets, but toys For the smaller sort of boys; Or for greener damsels meant; Thou art the only manly scent.

Stinking'st of the stinking kind, Filth of the mouth, and fog of the mind, Africa, that brags her foison, Breeds no such prodigious poison; Henhane, nightshade, both together, Henhock, aconite—

Nay, rather, Plant divine, of rarest virtue; Blisters on the tongue would hurt you. 'Twas but in a sort I blamed thee; None e'er prosper'd who defamed thee; Irony all, and feign'd abuse, Such as perplex'd lovers use At a need, when in despair, To paint forth their fairest fair, Or in part but to express That exceeding comeliness Which their fancies doth so strike, They borrow language of dislike;

And, instead of Dearest Miss, Jewel, Honey, Sweethcart, Bliss, And those forms of old admiring, Call her Cockatrice and Siren. Basilisk, and all that's evil, Witch, Hyena, Mermaid, Devil, Ethiop, Wench, and Blackamoor, Monkey, Ape, and twenty more; Friendly Trait'ress, loving Foe-Not that she is truly so, But no other way they know A contentment to express, Borders so upon excess, That they do not rightly wot Whether it be pain or not.

Or as men, constrain'd to part With what's nearest to their heart, While their sorrow's at the height. Lose discrimination quite, And their basty wrath let fall, To appease their frantic gall On the darling thing whatever Whence they feel it death to sever, Though it be, as they, perforce, Guiltless of the sad divorce. For I must (nor let it grieve thee, Friendliest of plants, that I must) leave thee. For thy sake, Tobacco, I Would do anything but die, And but seek to extend my days Long enough to sing thy praise. But as she, who once hath been A king's consort, is a queen Ever after, nor will bate Any tittle of her state, Though a widow, or divorced, So I, from thy converse forced, The old name and style retain, A right Katherine of Spain ; And a seat, too, 'mongst the joys Of the blest Tobacco Boys; Where, though I, by sour physician, Am debarr'd the full fruition Of thy favors, I may eatch Some collateral sweets, and snatch Sidelong odors, that give life Like glances from a neighbor's wife; And still live in the by-places And the suburbs of thy graces; And in thy borders take delight, An unconquer'd Canaanite.

THE BRIEFLESS BARRISTER.

AN Attorney was taking a turn, In shabby habiliments dress'd; His coat it was shockingly worn, Aud the rust had invested his vest. His breeches had suffer'd a breach, His linen and worsted were worse: He had scarce a whole crown in his hat. And not half a crown in his purse. And thus as he wander'd along, A cheerless and comfortless elf. He sought for relief in a song, Or complainingly talk'd to himself :---"Unfortunate man that I am ! I've never a client but grief: The case is, I've no ease at all, And in brief, I've ne'er had a brief! "I've waited and waited in vain, Expecting an 'opening' to find, Where an honest young lawyer might gain Some reward for toil of his mind. "'Tis not that I'm wanting in law, Or lack an intelligent face, That others have cases to plead, While I have to plead for a case. "Oh, how can a modest young man E'er hope for the smallest progression --The profession's already so full Of lawyers so full of profession !"

While thus he was strolling around, His eve accidentally fell On a very deep hole in the ground, And he sigh'd to himself, "It is well !"

To curb his emotions, he sat On the curbstone the space of a minute, Then cried, "Here's an opening at last !" And in less than a jiffy was in it !

Next morning twelve citizens came ('Twas the coroner bade them attend), To the end that it might be determined How the man had determined his end!

"The man was a lawyer, I hear," Quoth the foreman who sat on the corse. "A lawyer? Alas !" said another, " Undoubtedly died of remorse !"

CHARLES LAMB.

A third said, "He knew the deceased, An attorney well versed in the laws, And as to the cause of his death,

'Twas no doubt for the want of a canse."

The jury decided at length,

After solemnly weighing the matter,

"That the lawyer was drownded, because He could not keep his head above water !"

JOHN G. SAXE.

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF AN ONLY CLIENT.

OH! take away my wig and gown, Their sight is mockery now to me :

I pace my chambers up and down, Reiterating, "Where is he?"

Alas! wild Echo, with a moan, Murmurs above my feeble head: In the wide world I am alone; Ha! ha! my only client's-dead!

In vain the robing-room I seek ; The very waiters scarcely bow ; Their looks contemptuously speak, "He's lost his only elient now."

E'en the mild usher, who, of yore, Would hasten when his name 1 said, To hand in motions, comes no more; He knows my only client's dead.

Ne'er shall I, rising up in conrt, Open the pleadings of a suit : Ne'er shall the judges cut me short While moving them for a compute.

No more with a consenting brief Shall I politely how my head; Where shall I run to hide my grief? Alas! my only client's dead.

Imagination's magic power Brings back, as clear as clear can be, The spot, the day, the very hour, When first I sign'd my maiden plea.

In the Exchequer's hindmost row I sat, and some one touch'd my head; He tender'd ten-and-six, but oh! That only client now is dead. In vain I try to sing—I'm hoarse: In vain I try to play the flute;

A phantom seems to flit across— It is the ghost of a compute.

I try to read,—but all in vain; My chamber listlessly I tread; Be still, my heart: throb less, my brain;

Ho! ho! my only client's dead.

I think I hear a double knock : I did—alas! it is a dun.

Tailor-avannt! my sense you shock; Ile's dead! you know I had but one.

What's this they thrust into my hand? A bill return'd —ten pounds for bread ! My butcher's got a large demand; I'm mad! my only client's dead.

LONDON PUNCH.

TO Q. H. F.

Suggested by a Chapter in Theodore Martin's "Horace."

"HORATIUS FLACCUS, B. C. 8," There's not a doubt about the date,— Yon're dead and buried: As you remarked, the seasons roll, And 'cross the Styx full many a soul Has Charon ferried, Since, mourned of men and Muses nine, They laid you on the Esquiline.

And that was centuries ago! You'd think we'd learned enough, I know, To help refine us, Since last yon trod the Sacred Street, And tacked from mortal fear to meet The bore Crispinus; Or, by your cold Digentia, set The web of winter birding-net.

Ours is so far-advanced an age ! Sensition tales, a classic stage, Commodious villas ! We boast high art, an Albert Hall, Australian meats, and men who call Their sires gorillas ! We have a thousand things, you see, Not dreamt in your philosophy.

And yet, how strange! our "world," to-day, Tried in the scale, would scarce outweigh Your Roman cronies; Walk in the Park, you'll seldom fail To find a Sybaris on the rail By Lydia's ponies; Or hap on Barrus, wigged and stayed, Ogling some unsuspecting maid.

The great Gargilius then behold! His "long-bow" hunting tales of old Are now but duller; Fair Neobule, too! Is not One Hebrus here—from Aldershot? Aha, you color! Be wise! There old Canidia sits; No doubt she's tearing you to bits.

And look, dyspeptic, brave, and kind, Comes dear Mæcenas, half behind Terentia's skirting; Here's Pyrrha, "golden-haired" at will; Prig Damasippus, preaching still; Asterie firting,— Radiant‡of course. We'll make her black: Ask her when Gyges' ship comes back.

So with the rest. Who will may trace Behind the new each clder face Defined as clearly; Science proceeds, and man stands still; Our "world" to-day's as good or ill,---As cultured (nearly), As yours was, Horace! You alone, Unmatched, unmet, we have not known. AUSTIN DOISON,

THE MODERN BELLE.

SHE sits in a fashionable parlor, And rocks in her easy-chair;
She is clad in silks and satins, And jewels are in her hair;
She winks and giggles and simpers, And simpers and giggles and winks;
And though she talks hut little, 'Tis a good deal more than she thinks.
She lies abed in the morning Till near the hour of noon,

Then comes down snapping and snarling Because she was called so soon;

Her hair is still in papers,

Her cheeks still fresh with paint,---

Remains of her last night's blushes, Before she intended to faint.

She dotes upon men unshaven, And men with "flowing hair;" She's eloquent over moustaches, They give such a foreign air. She talks of Italian music. And falls in love with the moon : And, if a mouse were to meet her. She would sink away in a swoon. Her feet are so very little, Her hands are so very white. Her jewels so very heavy, And her head so very light; Her color is made of cosmetics (Though this she will never own), Her body is made mostly of cotton, Her heart is made wholly of stone. She falls in love with a fellow Who swells with a foreign air: He marries her for her money, She marries him for his hair!

One of the very best matches,— Both are well mated in life; She's got a fool for a husband, He's got a fool for a wife!

STARK.

WHAT MR. ROBINSON THINKS.

+0+--

GUVENER B. is a sensible man; He stays to his home an' looks arter his folks; He draws his furrer ez straight ez he can, An' into nobody's tater-patch pokes; But John P. Robinson, he Sez he wun't vote fer Guvener B. My! ain't it terrible! Wnt shall we du?

Guess we shall hev to come round (don't you?)

An' go in fer thunder an' guns, an' all that;

Fer John P. Robinson, he Sez he wun't vote fer Guvener B.

Gineral C. is a dreffle smart man: He's ben on all sides thet give places or pelf; But consistency still wuz a part of his plan,-He's ben true to one party,-an' thet is himself :---So John P. Robinson, he Sez he shall vote fer Gineral C. Gineral C, he goes in fer the war; He don't vally principle more'n an old end: Wut did God make us raytional creeturs fer, But glory an' gunpowder, plunder an' blood? So John P. Robinson, he Sez he shall vote fer Gineral C. We were gittin' on nicely up here to our village. With good old idees o' wut's right an' wut ain't, We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage, An' thet eppyletts worn't the best mark of a saint: But John P. Robinson, he Sez this kind o' thing's an exploded idee. The side of our country must ollers be took, An' Presidunt Polk, you know, he is our country. An' the angel thet writes all our sin in a book, Puts the debit to him, an' to us the per contry; An' John P. Robinson, he Sez this is his viewoo' the thing to a T. Parson Wilbnr he calls all these argimunts lies; Sez they're nothin' on airth but jest fee, faw. fum : An' thet all this big talk of our destinies Is half on it ign'auce, an' t'other half rum;

But John P.

Robinson, he • Sez it ain't no sech thing; an', of course, so must we.

Parson Wilbur sez he never heerd in his life

Thet th' apostles rigg'd out in their swaller-tail coats,

An' march'd round in front of a drum an' a fife,

To git some on 'em office, an' some ou 'em votes;

But John P.

Robinson, he Sez they didn't know everythin' down in Judee.

Wal, it's a marcy we've gut folks to tell us The rights and the wrongs o' these matters, I vow,—

God sends country lawyers, an' other wise fellers,

To start the world's team when it gits in a slough;

Fer John P.

Robinson, he

Sez the world'll go right of he hollers out Gec!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE NEW TALE OF A TUB.

THE Orient day was fresh and fair, A breeze sang soft in the ambient air, Men almost wonder'd to find it there, Blowing so near Bengal, Where waters bubble as boil'd in a pot, And the gold of the sun spreads melting hot, And there's hardly a breath of wind to be got At any price at all. Unless, indeed, when the great Simoom Gets up from its bed with the voice of doom. And deserts no rains e'er drench Rise up and roar with a dreadful gust, Pillars of sand and clouds of dust

Rushing on drifted, and rapid to burst,

And filling all India's throat with thirst That its Ganges couldn't quench.

No great Simoom rose up to-day, • But only a gentle breeze, And that of such silent and voiceless play That a lady's bustle Had made more rustle Than <i>it</i> did among the trees. 'Twas not like the breath of a British vale, Where each green are is bless'd with a gale Whenever the natives please; But it was of that soft, inviting sort That it tempted to revel in picnic sport A couple of Bengalese.	 Those two gentlemen were, if you please, The aforesaid couple of Bengalese, And the tub or barrel that stood be- yond— For short we will call it a tub— Contain'd with pride, In its jolly inside, The prize of which they were doatingly fond, The aforesaid gentlemen's grub. "Leave us alone—come man or come beast," Said the eldest, "we'll soon have a shy at the feast."
Two Bengalese Resolved to seize The balmy chance of that cool-wing'd weather, To revel in Bengal case together. One was tall, the other was stout, They were natives both of the glorions East, And both so fond of a rural feast That off they roam'd to a country plain, Where the breeze roved free about, That during its visits brief, at least, If it never were able to blow again, It might blow upon their blow-out. The country plain gave a view as small As ever man clapp'd his eyes on, Where the sense of sight did easily pall, For it kept on seeing nothing at all As far as the far horizon. Nothing at all !oh, what do I say ? Something certainly stood in the way (Though it had neither cloth nor tray, With its " tifin" I wouldn't quarrel). It was a sort of hermaphrodite thing (It might have been fill'd with sugar or ling, But is very nnfit for a muse to sing), Betwixt a tub and a barrel. It stood in the midst of that Indian plain, A parenthesis balanced 'twixt pleasure and pain, And as stiff as if it were starching, When up to it, over the brown and green of that Indian soil, were suddenly scen	 They are now at their picnic with might and with main, But what do we see in the front of the plain? A jungle, a thicket of bush, weed, and grass, And in it reposing—eh?—no, not an ass—o Not an ass, not an ass,—that could not come to pass; No donkey, no donkey, no donkey at all, But, superb in his slumber, a Royal Bengal. Though royal, he wasn't a king—No such thing 1 He didn't rule lands from the Thames to the Niger, But he did hold a reign O'er that jungle and plain, And besides was a very magnificent tiger. There he lay, in his skin so gay, His passions at rest, and his appetites curb'd; A Minister Prime, In his proudest time, Asleep, was never more undisturb'd; For who would come to shake him? Oh, it's certain sure, in his dream demure, That none would dare to wake him. Only the royal snore may creep Over the dreams of a tiger's sleep. The Bengalese, in cool apparel, Meanwhile have reach'd their picnic barrel; In other words, they have toss'd the grub
Two gentlemen anxiously marching.	Out of their great provision-tub,

And, standing it up for shelter, Sit guzzling underneath its shade, With a glorious dinner ready-made, Which they're eating helter-skelter. Ham and chicken, and bread and cheese, They make a pass to spread on the grass, They sit at ease, with their plates on their knees. And now their hungry jaws they appease, And now they turn to the glass: For Hodgson's ale Is genuine pale, And the bright champagne Flows not in vain. The most convivial souls to please Of these very thirsty Bengalese. Ha! one of the two has relinquish'd his fork. And wakes up the tiger by drawing a cork. Blurting and spurting! List! oh, list! Perhaps the tiger thinks he is hiss'd. Effervescing and whizz'd and phizz'd! Perhaps His Majesty thinks he is quizz'd, Or haply deems, As he's roused from his dreams, That his visions have come to a thirsty stop, And resolves to moisten his throat with a drop. At all events, with body and soul, He gives in his jungle a stretch and a roll, Then regally rises to go for a stroll, With a temperate mind, For a beast of his kind, And a tail uncommonly long behind. He knows of no water, By field or by flood; He does not seek slaughter, He does not scent blood. No! the utmost scope Of his limited hope Is that these Bengalese, When they find he arrives, May not rise from their picnic and run for their lives.

But simply bow on that beautiful plain, And offer Sir Tiger a glass of champagne. "From my jungle it true is

They woke me, I think, So the least they can do is To give me some drink."

Gently Tiger crouches along, Humming a kind of animal song, A sweet subdued familiar lay As ever was warbled by beast of prey; And all so softly, tunefully done, That it made no more sound Than his shade on the ground; So the Bengalese heard it, never a one!

Gently Tiger steals along, "Mild as a moonbeam," meek as a lamb: What so suddenly changes his song From a tune to a growl? "Och! by my sowl, Nothing on earth but the smell of the ham!" He quickens his pace, The illigant baste, And he's running a race With himself for a taste. And he's taken to roaring, and given up humming, Just to let the two Bengalese know he is coming. What terrors seize The Bengalese! As the roar of the tiger reaches the ear, Their hair is standing on end with fear. Short-and-stout, with his hair all gray, Has a rattling note in his jolly old throat: If choking his laugh with a truss of hay, He couldn't more surely have stifled the gay. While Tall-and-thin, with his hair all carrotty, Looks thrice as red with fright as his head. And his face bounds plump, at a single jump, Into horror, and out of hilarity.

All they can hear, in their terrible fear,	The while they shine,
Behind and before, is the tiger's roar;	" If I mean to dine,
Again and again, o'er the plain,	I had better hegin."
Clearer and clearer, nearer and nearer,	And then, with a grin,
Into the tub now its way it has found,	And a voice the loudest that ever was
Where its echoes keep rolling round and	heard,
round,	He roars, "Never trust to a tiger's word,
Till out of the bunghole they bursting	If this dodge shall last much longer!
come,	No, no, no, no,-it shall be no go!
Like a regiment of thunders escaped from	There's a way of disturbing this tub's re-
a drum.	pose;
	So down on your knees,
If an earthquake had shatter'd a thousand	You Bengalese,
	And prepare to be eaten up, if
kegs, The terrified Bengalese couldn't, i' fegs,	you please.
	Here goes !
Have leapt more rapidly on to their legs.	Here goes! here goes!" and he gave a
He's at 'em, he's on 'em, the jungle	spring.
guest	The gentlemen, looking for no such thing,
When a man's life by peril is prest,	Might have fallen a prey to the tiger's
His wits will sometimes be at their best.	
So the presence of Tiger, I find,	fling; But a contain interference
Inspires our heroes with presence of mind.	But a certain interference,
There's no time to be lost—	Which bursts from their most intelligent
Down the glasses are toss'd,	tub,
The Bengalese have abandon'd their grub,	May enable them to return to their grub
And they're dodging their gentleman	On the selfsame plain a year hence.
round the tub.	The tub, though empty of roll and ration,
Active and earnest, they nowhere lodge,	Is full of a certain preservation,
And he can't get at them, because of their	Of which—though it does not follow
dodge.	In every case of argumentation
Short and-stout and Tall-and-thin	It is full because it is hollow.
Never before such a scrape were in.	For, not having a top, and no inside
Nor ever yet used-can you well have a	things,
doubt of it?	It turns top-heavy when tiger springs,
So uncommonly artful a dodge to get out	And, making a kind of balancing pause,
of it.	Keeps holding the animal up by his
Tiger keeps prowling,	claws,
Howling, and growling:	In a manner that seems to fret it,
He feels himself that their dodge is	While Short-and-stout, in a state of
clever:	doubt,
But the quick fresh blood of the Ben-	Keeps on his belly a sharp lookout,
galese	And Tall-and-thin, with an impudent
Nicer and nicer he snuffs on the breeze.	grin,
The more they practise their dodge re-	Exults in his way,
citals.	As much as to say,
The more he longs to dine on their vitals.	"I only wish you may get it!
His passion is np, his hunger is keen,	But much as I may respect your ability,
His jaws are ready, his teeth are clean,	I don't see at present the great proba-
And sharpen'd their limbs to sever.	bility."
The fire is flashing in light from his	
eyes;	The tiger has leapt up, heart and soul.
In his own peculiar manner he cries,	It's clear he meant to go the whole
in the own pectruit mutilier ac erros,	and the decision of the state of the

Hog, in his hungry efforts to seize The two defianceful Bengalese. But the tub! the tub! Av. there's the rub! At present he's balanced atop of the tub, His fore legs inside, And the rest of his hide, Not weighing so much as his head and his legs, And having no hand in A pure understandin' Of the just equilibrium of casks and of kegs. Not bred up in attics, Nor taught mathematics, To work out the problems of Euclid with pegs,---He has plunged with the impetus wild of a lover, And the tub bas loom'd large, balanced, paused, and turn'd over. The tiger at first had a hobby-horse ride, But now he is decently quarter'd inside; And the question is next, long as fortune may frown on him, How the two Bengalese are to keep the tub down on him. 'Bout this there's no blunder, The tiger is under The tub! My verse need not run To the length of a sonnet, To tell how the Bengalese Both jump'd upon it, While the beautiful barrel Keeps acting as bonnet To the tiger inside, Who no more in his pride Can roam over jungle and plain, But, shelter'd alike from the sun and the rain. Around its interior his sides deigns to rub With a fearful hubbub, And longs for his freedom again. The two Bengalese, Not at all at their ease, Hear him roar, And deplore Their prospects as sore,

Forgetting both picnic and flask : Each, wondering, dumb, What of both will become, Helps the other to press on the cask ; Resign'd to their fate, But increasing their weight By action of muscle and sinew, In order that foreibly you, Mr. Tub, Whom their niggers this morning Roll'd here with their grub, May still keep the tiger within you. On the top of the tub, In the warmest of shirts. The thin man stands. While the fat by his skirts Holds, anxiously puffing and blowing : And the thin peers over the top of the cask, "Is there any hope for us?" As much as to ask, With a countenance cunning and knowing; And just as he mournfully 'gins to bewail, In a grief-song that ought to be sung whole. He twigs the long end of the old tiger's As it twists itself out of the hunghole. Then, sharp on the watch, He gives it a catch. And shouts to the tiger, "You've now got your match; You may rush and may riot, may wriggle and roar, But I'm blest if I'll let your tail go any more !" It's as safe as a young roasted pig in a larder. And no two Bengalese could hold on by it harder. With the tiger's tail clench'd fast in his fist, And his own coat-tail grasp'd fast to assist, Stands Tall-and-thin, with Short-and-stout, Both on the top of the tub to scout. Tiger within and they without, And both in a pretty pickle. . The tiger begins by giving a bound; The tub's half turn'd, but the men are found To have very carefully jump'd to the ground-

At trifles they must not stickle.	Hold! stay! I'm fainting away.
It's no use quaking and turning pale,	Laughter I'm certain will kill me to-day;
Pluck and patience must now prevail,	And Short-and-stout is bursting his skin,
They must keep a hold on the tiger's tail,	And almost in fits is Tall-and-thin,
	And Tiger is free, yet they do not quail,
And neither one be fickle.	
There they must pull, if they pull for	Though temper has all gone wrong
weeks,	with him.
Straining their stomachs and bursting their	No! they've tied a knot in the tiger's tail,
cheeks,	And he's carried the tub along with
While Tiger alternately roars and squeaks,	him;
Trying to break away from 'em;	He's a freehold for life, with a tail out of
They must keep the tub turn'd over his	joint,
back,	And has made his last climax a true knotty
And never let his long tail get slack,	point.
For fear he should win the day from	FREDERICK W. N. BAYLEY.
'em.	
Yes, yes, they must hold him tight,	COLOGNE.
From night till morning, from morn till	
night,—	IN Köln, a town of monks and bones,
	And pavements fang'd with murderous
Mustn't stop to eat, mustn't stop to weep,	stones,
Mustn't stop to drink, mustn't stop to	And rags and hags and hideous wenches-
sleep,—	I counted two-and-seventy stenches,
No cry, no laugh, no rest, no grub,	All well-defined and several stinks !
Till they starve the tiger under the tub,	Ye nymphs that reign o'er sewers and
Till the animal dies,	sinks!
To his own surprise,	The river Rhine, it is well known,
With two Bengalese in a deadly quarrel,	Doth wash your city of Cologne;
And his tale thrust through the hole of a	But tell me, nymphs ! what power divine
barrel.	Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?
	SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.
Oh dear! oh dear! it's very clear	
They can't live so, but they daren't let	
go-	ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A
Fate for a pitying world to wail,	MAD DOG.
Starving behind a tiger's tail.	Goon people all, of every sort,
If Invention be Necessity's son,	Give ear unto my song ;
Now let him tell them what's to be done.	And if you find it wond'rous short
What's to be done? Ha! I see a grin	It cannot hold you long.
Of joy on the face of Tall-and-thin,	In Islington there was a man,
Some new device he has hit in a trice,	Of whom the world might say
The which he is telling all about	That still a godly race he ran
To the gratified gentleman, Short-and	Whene'er he went to pray.
stout.	Whene er ne went to proje
What's to be done? what precious fun !	A kind and gentle heart he had,
Haven't they found out what's to be done?	To comfort friends and foes;
See! see! what glorious glee!	The naked every day he clad
Note! mark! what a capital lark!	When he put on his clothes.
Tiger and tub, and bunghole and all,	•
Baffled by what is about to befall.	And in that town a dog was found,
Excellent! marvellous! beautiful! oh !	As many dogs there be,
Isn't it now an original go?	Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
What, stop ! I'm ready to drop.	And eurs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends:	Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said;
But when a pique began,	And, for that wine is dear,
The dog, to gain some private ends,	We will be furnish'd with our own,
Went mad, and bit the man.	Which is both bright and clear."
Around from all the neighboring streets	John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife;
The wondering neighbors ran,	O'erjoy'd was he to find
And swore the dog had lost his wits,	That, though on pleasure she was bent,
To hite so good a man.	She had a frugal mind.
The wound it seem'd both sore and sad	The morning came, the chaise was bronght,
To every Christian eye:	But yet was not allow'd
And while they swore the dog was mad,	To drive up to the door, lest all
They swore the man would die.	Should say that she was proud.
But soon a wonder came to light, That show'd the rogues they lied : The man recover'd of the bite, The dog it was that died. OLIVER GOLDSMITH.	So three doors off the chaise was stay'd, Where they did all get in— Six precious souls, and all agog To dash through thick and thin.
The Diverting History of John	Smack went the whip, round went the
Gilpin.	wheel
HOWING HOW HE WENT FARTHER THAN HE	The stones did rattle underneath,
INTENDED, AND CAME SAFE HOME AGAIN.	As if Cheapside were mad.
JOHN GILPIN was a citizen	John Gilpin at his horse's side
Of credit and renown ;	Seized fast the flowing mane,
A trainband captain eke was he	And up he got, in haste to ride—
Of famous London town.	But soon came down again :
John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear—	For saddletree scarce reach'd had he,
"Tho' wedded we have been	His journey to begin,
These twice ten tedious years, yet we	When, turning round his head, he saw
No holiday have seen.	Three customers come in.
"To-morrow is our wedding-day,	So down he came : for loss of time,
And we will then repair	Although it grieved him sore,
Unto the Bell at Edmonton	Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
All in a chaise and pair.	Would trouble him much more.
" My sister and my sister's child, Myself and children three, Will fill the chaise; so you must ride On horseback after we."	"Twas long before the customers Were suited to their mind; When Betty, screaming, came down stairs
He soon replied, "I do admire	"Good laek!" quoth he—" yet bring it me,
Of womankind but one,	My leathern belt likewise,
And you are she, my dearest dear:	In which I bear my trusty sword
Therefore it shall be done.	When I do exercise."
"I am a linendraper bold,	Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul !)
As all the world doth know;	Had two stone bottles found,
And my good friend, the calender,	To hold the liquor that she loved,
Will lend his horse to go."	And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,	Away went Gilpin—who but he?
Through which the belt he drew,	His fame soon spread around—
And hung a bottle on each side,	"He carries weight! he rides a race!
To make his balance true.	'Tis for a thousand pound!"
Then over all, that he might be	And still as fast as he drew near,
Equipp'd from top to toe,	'Twas wonderful to view
His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,	How in a trice the turnpike-men
He manfully did throw.	Their gates wide open threw.
Now see him mounted once again	And now, as he went bowing down
Upon his nimble steed,	His reeking head full low,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,	The bottles twain hehind his back
With caution and good heed.	Were shatter'd at a blow.
But finding soon a smoother road	Down ran the wine into the road,
Beneath his well-shod feet,	Most piteous to be seen,
The snorting heast began to trot,	Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
Which gall'd him in his seat.	As they had basted been.
So, "Fair and softly," John he eried,	But still he seem'd to carry weight,
But John he cried in vain;	With leathern girdle braced;
That trot became a gallop soon,	For all might see the bottle-necks
In spite of eurb and rein.	Still dangling at his waist.
So stooping down, as needs he must	Thus all through merry Islington
Who cannot sit upright,	These gambols he did play,
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,	Until he came unto the Wash
And eke with all his might.	Of Edmonton so gay ;
His horse, who never in that sort	And there he threw the wash about
Had handled been before,	On hoth sides of the way,
What thing upon his back had got	Just like unto a trundling mop,
Did wonder more and more.	Or a wild goose at play.
Away went Gilpin, neek or naught;	At Edmonton his loving wife
Away went hat and wig;	From the balcony spied
He little dreamt, when he set out,	Her tender husband, wondering much
Of running such a rig.	To see how he did ride.
The wind did blowthe cloak did fly, Like streamer long and gay; Till, loop and button failing both, At last it flew away.	"Stop, stop, John Gilpin! here's the house," They all at once did cry; "The dinner waits, and we are tired:" Said Gilpin—"So am I!"
Then might all people well discern	But yet his horse was not a whit
The bottles he had slung	Inclined to tarry there;
A bottle swinging at each side,	For why?—his owner had a house
As hath heen said or sung.	Full ten miles off, at Ware.
The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,	So like an arrow swift he flew,
Up flew the windows all;	Shot by an archer strong;

And every soul cried ont, "Well done !" As loud as he could bawl. So did he fly—which brings me to The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath, And sore against his will, Till at his friend's the calender's His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see His neighbor in such trim,

Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate, And thus accosted him :

"What news? what news? your tidings tell;

Tell me you must and shall— Say why bareheaded you are come, Or why you come at all ?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit, And loved a timely joke; And thus unto the calender In merry guise he spoke:

" I came because your horse would come; And, if I well forbode,

My hat and wig will soon be here, They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find His friend in merry pin, Return'd him not a single word, But to the honse went in ;

Whence straight be came with bat and wig A wig that flow'd behind,

A hat not much the worse for wear-Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn Thus show'd his ready wit---

" My head is twice as big as yours, They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away That hangs upon your face; And stop and eat, for well you may Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding-day, And all the world would stare

If wife should dine at Edmonton, And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said, "I am in haste to dine;

'Twas for your pleasure you came here-You shall go back for mine." Ah, luckless speech and bootless boast, For which he paid full dear ! For, while he spake, a braying ass Did sing most loud and clear ;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he Had heard a lion roar, And gallop'd off with all his might, As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away Went Gilpin's hat and wig: He lost them sooner than at first, For why?—they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw Her husband posting down Into the country far away, She pull'd out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth she said That drove them to the Bell, "This shall be yours when you bring back My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet John coming back amain— Whom in a trice he tried to stop, By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant, And gladly would have done, The frighted steed he frighted more, And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away Went post-boy at his heels, The post-boy's horse right glad to miss The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road, Thus seeing Gilpin fly, With post-boy scampering in the rear, They raised the hue and cry:

"Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwaymau !" Not one of them was mute; And all and each that pass'd that way Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike-gates again Flew open in short space : The toll-men thinking as before, That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too, For he got first to town; Nor stopp'd till where he had got up He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the king! And Gilpin, long live he;

And when he next doth ride abroad, May I be there to see!

WILLIAM COWPER.

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE, OR THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS SILAY."

A LOGICAL STORY.

HAVE you heard of the wonderful onehoss shay,

That was built in such a logical way, It ran a hundred years to a day, And then, of a sudden, it— Ah, but stay, I'll tell you what happen'd without delay, Searing the parson into fits, Frightening people out of their wits, Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five. Georgius Secundus was then alive,— Snuffy old drone from the German hive. That was the year when Lisbon-town Saw the earth open and gulp her down, And Braddock's army was done so brown, Left without a scalp to its crown. It was on the terrible Earthquake-day That the Deacon finish'd the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what, There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot,— In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill, In panel, or cross-bar, or floor, or sill, In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace,—lurking still

Find it somewhere you must and will,— Above, or below, or within or withiout,— And that's the reason, beyond a doubt, That a chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out*.

But the Deacon *swore* (as Deacons do, With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell *ycow*") He would build one shay to beat the taown 'N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun'; It should be so built that it *couldn't* break daown; "Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain

Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;

'N' the wayt' fix it, uz I maintain, Is only jest

T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk

Where he could find the strongest oak, That couldn't be split nor bent nor broke,—

That was for spokes and floor and sills;

He sent for lancewood to make the thills; The cross-bars were ash, from the straightest trees;

The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,

But lasts like iron for things like these;

The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum,"-

Last of its timber—they couldn't sell 'em, Never an axe had seen their chips, And the wedges flew from between their lips, Their blunt ends frizzled like eelery-tips; Step and prop-iron, bolt and serew, Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too, Steel of the finest, bright and blue; Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide; Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide Found in the pit when the tanner died. That was the way he "put her through."— "There !" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew."

Do! I tell you, I rather guess She was a wonder, and nothing less! Colts grew horses, beards turn'd gray, Deacon and deaconess dropp'd away, Children and grandchildreu—where were they? But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay, As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day! Eighteen Hundred ;—it came and found The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.

Eighteen hundred increased by ten; "Hahnsum kerridge" they call'd it then. Eighteen hundred and twenty came;— Running as usual; much the same. Thirty and forty at last arrive, And then come fifty, and fifty-five.

.

Little of all we value here Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year Without both feeling and looking queer. In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth, So far as I know, but a tree and truth. (This is a moral that runs at large; Take it.—You're welcome.—No extra charge.)	What do you think the parson found When he got up and stared around? The poor old chaise in a heap or mound, As if it had been to the mill and ground! You see, of course, if you're not a dunce, How it went to pieces all at once,— All at once, and nothing first,— Just as bubbles do when they burst,—
First of November,the Earthquake	End of the wonderful one-hoss shay. Logic is logic. That's all I say. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.
day,— There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay, A general flavor of mild decay,— But nothing local, as one may say. There couldn't be,—for the Deacon's art Had made it so like in every part That there wasn't a chance for one to start. For the wheels were just as strong as the thills, And the floor was just as strong as the floor, And the panels just as strong as the floor, And the whippletree neither less nor more, And the back crossbar as strong as the fore, And spring and axle and hub <i>encore</i> .	PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES. WHICH I wish to remark,— And my language is plain,— That for ways that are dark, And for tricks that are vain, The heathen Chinee is peculiar, Which the same I would rise to explain. Ah Sin was bis name; And I shall not deny In regard to the same What that name might imply, But his smile it was pensive and child- like, As I frequent remark'd to Bill Nye.
And yet, as a whole, it is past a doubt, In another hour it will be worn out !	It was August the third, And quite soft was the skies;
 First of November, 'Fifty-five! This morning the parson takes a drive. Now, small boys, get out of the way! Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay, Drawn by a rat-tail'd, ewe-neek'd bay. "Huddup!" said the parson.—Off went they. 	 Which it might be inferr'd That Ah Sin was likewise; Yet he play'd it that day upon William And me in a way I despise. Which we had a small game, And Ah Sin took a hand : It was euchre. The same
The parson was working his Sunday's text,— Had got to <i>fifthly</i> , and stopp'd perplex'd At what the—Moses—was coming next. All at once the horse stood still, Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.	He did not understand; But he smiled as he sat by the table, With a smile that was child-like and bland.
First a shiver, and then a thrill, Then something decidedly like a spill,— And the parson was sitting upon a rock, At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock,— Just the hour of the earthquake shock !	Yet the cards they were stock'd In a way that I grieve, And my feelings were shock'd At the state of Nye's sleeve, Which was stuff'd full of aces and bowers, And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were play'd By that heathen Chinee, And the points that he made, Were quite frightful to see,— Till at last he put down a right bower, Which the same Nyc had dealt unto me.

Then I look'd up at Nye, And he gazed upon me; And he rose with a sigh, And said, "Can this be? We are ruin'd by Chinese cheap labor;" And he went for that heatheu Chinee.

In the scene that ensued I did not take a hand, But the floor it was strew'd Like the leaves on the strand With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding, In the game he "did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long, He had twenty-four packs,— Which was coming it strong, Yet I state but the facts; And we found on his nails, which were taper, What is frequent in tapers,— that's wax.

Which is why I remark,— And my language is plain, — That for ways that are dark, And for tricks that are vain, The heathen Chinee is peculiar,— Which the same I am free to maintain. FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

MASSACRE OF THE MACPHERSON.

FHAIRSHON swore a fend Against the clan M'Tavish---March'd into their land To murder and to rafish; For he did resolve To extirpate the vipers, With four-and-twenty men, And five-and-thirty pipers.

But when he had gone Half-way down Strath-Canaan, Of his fighting tail Just three were remainin'. They were all he had To back him in ta battle; All the rest had gone Off to drive ta cattle.

"Fery coot !" cried Fhairshon— "So my clan disgraced is ; Lads, we'll need to fight Pefore we touch the peasties. Here's Mhic-Mac-Methusalch Coming wi' his fassals— Gillics seventy-three, And sixty Dhuinéwassails !" "Coot tay to you, sir!

Are not you ta Fhairshon? Was you coming here To visit any person? You are a plackguard, sir! It is now six hundred Coot long years, and more, Since my glen was plunder'd."

"Fat is tat you say? Dar you cock your peaver? I will teach you, sir, Fat is coot pehavior ! You shall not exist For another day more; I will shot you, sir, Or stap you with my claymore!"

" I am fery glad To learn what you mention, Since I can prevent Any such intention." So Mhic-Mac-Methusaleh Gave some warlike howls, Trew his skhian-dhu, An' stuck it in his powels. In this fery way

Tied ta faliant Fhairshon, Who was always thought A superior person. Fhairshon had a son, Who married Noah's daughter, And nearly spoil'd ta flood By trinking up ta water—

Which he would have done, I at least believe it, Had ta mixture peen Only half Glenlivet.

This is all my tale : Sirs, I hope 'tis new t'ye ' Here's your fery good healths, And tamn ta whusky tuty ! WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN.

THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY AND THE KNIFE-GRINDER.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

"NEEDY knife-grinder, whither are you going? .

- Rough is the road, your wheel is out of order—
- Bleak blows the blast, your hat has got a hole in't,

So have your breeches!

- "Weary knife-grinder, little think the proud ones,
- Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-

Road, what hard work 'tis erying all day 'Knives and

Seissors to grind, oh !'

"Tell me, knife-grinder, how came you to grind knives?

Did some rich man tyrannically use you?

Was it the squire? or parson of the parish? Or the attorney?

"Was it the squire, for killing of his game, or

Covetous parson, for his tithes distraining?

Or roguish lawyer, made you lose your little

All in a lawsuit?

- "(Have you not read the *Rights of Man*, by Tom Paine?)
- Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
- Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your

Pitiful story."

KNIFE-GRINDER.

"Story! God bless you, I have none to tell, sir;

Only last night a-drinking at the Chequers, This poor old hat aud breeches, as you

see, were

Torn in a scuffle.

"Constables came up, for to take me into Custody; they took me before the justice; Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish Stocks for a vagrant.

- "I should be glad to drink your honor's health in
- A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence;

But for my part, I never love to meddle With politics, sir."

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

"I give thee sixpence! I will see the damn'd first-

Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance---

Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded, Spiritless outcast!"

[Kicks the knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit in a transport of republican enthusiasm and universal philanthropy.]

GEORGE CANNING.

SONG.

SUNG BY ROGERO IN THE BURLESQUE PLAY OF "THE ROVER."

WHENE'ER with haggard eyes I view This dungeon that I'm rotting in, I think of those companions true Who studied with me at the U--niversity of Gottingen-

-niversity of Gottingen.

[Weeps, and pulls out a blue kerchief, with which he wipes his eyes; gazing tenderly at it, he proceeds--]

Sweet kerchief, check'd with heavenly blue, Which once my love sat knotting in : ---

Alas! Matilda then was true!

At least I thought so at the U-—niversity of Gottingen—

-niversity of Gottingen.

[At the repetition of this line *Rogero* clanks his chains iu cadence.]

Barbs! barbs! alas! how swift you flew Her neat post-wagon trotting in ! Ye bore Matilda from my view ; Forlorn I languish'd at the U-—niversity of Gottingen— —niversity of Gottingen,

This faded form 1 this pallid hue ! This blood my veins is clotting in, My years are many—they were few When first I entered at the U-—niversity of Gottingen— —niversity of Gottingen.

There first for thec my passion grew, Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottingen! Thou wast the daughter of my tu----tor, law professor at the U-

-niversity of Gottingenniversity of Gottingen.

Sun, moon, and thou, vain world, adieu, That kings and priests are plotting in;

Here doom'd to starve on water gru----el, never shall I see the U-

-niversity of Gottingen--niversity of Gottingen.

[During the last stanza *Royero* dashes his head repeatedly against the walls of his prison, and, finally, so hard as to produce a visible contosion; he then throws himself on the floor in an agony. The curtain drops, the music still continuing to play till it is wholly fallen.]

GEORGE CANNING.

A TALE OF DRURY LANE.

[To be spoken by Mr. Kemble, in a suit of the Black Prince's Armor, borrowed from the Tower.]

SURVEY this shield, all bossy bright— These cuisses twin behold !

Look on my form in armor dight Of steel inlaid with gold;

My knees are stiff in iron buckles, Stiff spikes of steel protect my knuckles. These once belonged to sable prince, Who never did in battle wince; With valor tart as pungent quince,

He slew the vaunting Gaul. Rest there a while, my bearded lance, While from green curtain I advance To yon footlights, no trivial dance, And tell the town what sad mischance Did Drury Lane befall.

THE NIGHT.

On fair Augusta's towers and trees Flitter'd the silent midnight breeze, Curling the foliage as it past, Which from the moon-tipp'd plumage cast

A spangled light, like dancing spray, Then reassumed its still array; When, as night's lamp unclouded hung, And down its full effulgence flung, It shed such soft and balmy power – That cot and castle, hall and bower, And spire and dome, and turret height, Appear'd to slumber in the light. From Henry's Chapel, Rufus' Hall, To Savoy, Temple, and St. Paul, From Knightsbridge, Pancras, Camden Town, To Redriff, Shadwell, Horsleydown, No voice was heard, no eye unclosed, But all in deepest sleep reposed.

They might have thought, who gazed around

Amid a silence so profound, It made the senses thrill,

That 'twas no place inhabited,

But some vast city of the dead-

All was so hush'd and still.

THE BURNING.

As Chaos, which, by heavenly doom, Had slept in everlasting gloom, Started with terror and surprise When light first flash'd upon her eyes-So London's sons in night-cap woke, In bed-gown woke her dames; For shouts were heard 'mid fire and smoke. And twice ten hundred voices spoke-"The playhouse is in flames !" And lo ! where Catharine street extends, A fiery tail its lustre lends To every window-pane; Blushes each spout in Martlet Court, And Barbican, moth-eaten fort, And Covent Garden kennels sport A bright ensanguined drain; Menx's new brewhouse shows the light, Rowland Hill's chapel, and the height Where patent shot they sell. The Tennis-Court, so fair and tall, Partakes the ray with Surgeons' Hall, The ticket-porters' house of call, Old Bedlam, close by London Wall, Wright's shrimp and oyster shop withal, And Richardson's Hotel. Nor these alone, but far and wide,

Across red Thames's gleaning tide,

To distant fields the blaze was borne, And daisy white and hoary thorn In borrow'd lustre seemed to sham The rose of red sweet Wil-li-am. To those who on the hills around Beheld the flames from Drury's mound,

As from a lofty altar rise, It seem'd that nations did conspire To offer to the god of fire

Some vast stupendous sacrifice ! The summon'd firemen woke at call, And hied them to their stations all : Starting from short and broken snooze, Each sought his pond'rous hobnail'd shoes, But first his worsted hosen plied, Plush breeches next, in crinison dyed,

His nether bulk embraced; Then jacket thick, of red or blue, Whose massy shoulder gave to view The badge of each respective crew,

In tin or copper traced. The engines thunder'd through the street, Fire-hook, pipe, bucket, all complete, And torches glared, and clattering feet

Along the pavement paced. And one, the leader of the band, From Charing Cross along the Strand, Like stag by beagles hunted hard, Ran till he stopp'd at Vin'gar Yard. The burning badge his shoulder bore, The belt and oil-skin hat he wore, The cane he had, his men to bang, Show'd foreman of the British gang— His name was Higginbottom. Now 'Tis meet that I should tell you how

The others came in view: The Hand-in-Hand the race begun, Then came the Phœnix and the Sun, Th' Exchange, where old insurers run,

The Eagle, where the new; With these came Rumford, Bumford, Cole, Robins from Hoekley-in-the-Hole, Lawson and Dawson, cheek by jowl,

Crump from St. Giles's Pound; Whitford and Mitford join'd the train, Huggins and Muggins from Chick Lane, And Clutterbuck, who got a sprain

Before the plug was found. Hobson and Johson did not sleep, But ah! no trophy could they reap, For both were in the Donjon Keep

Of Bridewell's gloomy mound !

E'en Higginbottom now was posed. For sadder scene was ne'er disclosed. Without, within, in hideous show, Devouring flames resistless glow, And blazing rafters downward go, And never halloo "Heads below !" Nor notice give at all. The firemen, terrified, are slow To bid the pumping torrent flow, For fear the roof would fall. Back, Robins, back ! Crump, stand aloof ! Whitford, keep near the walls! Huggins, regard your own behoof, For lo! the blazing, rocking roof Down, down, in thunder falls ! An awful pause succeeds the stroke, And o'er the ruins volumed smoke, Rolling around its pitchy shroud, Coneeal'd them from th' astonish'd crowd. At length the mist a while was clear'd, When, lo ! amid the wreck uprear'd, Gradually a moving head appear'd, And Eagle firemen knew 'Twas Joseph Muggins, name revered, The foreman of their crew. Loud shouted all in signs of woe, "A Muggins ! to the rescue, ho !" And pour'd the hissing tide: Meanwhile the Muggins fought amain, And strove and struggled all in vain, For, rallying but to fall again, He totter'd, sunk, and died !

Did none attempt, before he fell, To succor one they loved so well? Yes, Iligginbottom did aspire (His fireman's soul was all on fire) His brother chief to save ; But ah ! his reckless generous ire Served but to share his grave ! 'Mid blazing beams and scalding streams, Through fire and smoke he dauntless broke. Where Muggins broke before. But sulphury stench and boiling drench, Destroying sight, o'erwhelm'd him quite, He sunk to rise no more. Still o'er his head, while Fate he braved, His whizzing water-pipe he waved ; "Whitford and Mitford, ply your pumps, Yon, Clutterbuck, come, stir your stumps,

Were the last words of Higginbottom.

THE REVIVAL.

Peace to his soul ! new prospects bloom, And toil rebuilds what fires consume ! Eat we, and drink we, be our ditty, "Joy to the managing committee !" Eat we and drink we, join to rum Roast beef and pudding of the plum; Forth from *thy nook, John Horner, come,

With bread of ginger brown thy thumb, For this is Drury's gay day : Roll, roll thy hoop, and twirl thy tops,

And buy, to glad thy smiling chops, Crisp parliament with lollypops, And fingers of the Lady.

Didst mark how toil'd the busy train From morn to eve, till Drury Lane Leap'd like a roebuek from the plain? Ropes rose and sunk, and rose again,

And nimble workmen trod; To realize bold Wyatt's plan Rush'd many a howling Irishman; Loud clatter'd many a porter-can, And many a ragamufin clan,

With trowel and with hod. Drury revives! her rounded pate Is blue, is heavenly blue, with slate; She "wings the midway air," elate

As magpie, crow, or chough ; White paint her modish visage smears, Yellow and pointed are her ears. No pendent portico appears Dangling beneath, for Whitbread's shears

Have out the bauble off. Yes, she exalts her stately head; And, but that solid bulk outspread Opposed you on your onward tread, And posts and pillars warranted That all was true that Wyatt suid, You might have deem'd her walls so thick Were not composed of stone or brick, But all a phantom, all a triek, Of brain disturb'd and fancy-sick, So high she soars, so vast, so quick ! HORACE SMITH.

THE THEATRE.

- Interior of a Theatre described...Pit gradually fills... The Check-taker...Pit full...The Orchestra tuned... One Fiddle rather dilatory...Is reproved, and repents...Evolutions of a Play-bill...Its final Settlement on the Spikes...The Gods taken to task-and why...Motley Group of Play-goers...Holywell street, St. Pancras...Emanuel Jenniogs hinds his Son apprentice--not in London-- and why...Episode of the Hat.
- 'TIS sweet to view, from half-past five to six,
- Our long wax-candles, with short cotton wicks,
- Touch'd by the lamplighter's Promethean art,
- Start into light, and make the lighter start;
- To see red Phœbus through the gallerypane
- Tinge with his beams the beams of Drury Lane;
- While gradual parties fill our widen'd pit,
- And gape, and gaze, and wonder, ere they sit.
 - At first, while vacant seats give choice and ease,
- Distant or near, they settle where they please;
- But when the multitude contracts the span,
- And seats are rare, they settle where they can.
 - Now the full benches to late comers doom
- No room for standing, miscall'd standingroom.
 - Hark ! the check-taker moody silence breaks,
- And bawling "Pit full !" gives the checks he takes;
- Yet onward still the gathering numbers cram,
- Contending crowders shout the frequent damn,
- And all is bustle, squeeze, row, jabbering, and jam.
- See, to their desks Apollo's sons repair---
- Swift rides the rosin o'er the horse's hair !

 In unison their various tones to tune, Murmurs the hantboy, growls the coarse bassoon; In soft vibration sighs the whispering lute, Tang goes the harpsichord, too-too the finte, Brays the loud trumpet, squeaks the fiddle sharp, Winds the French horn, and twangs the 	 Bankers from Paper Buildings here resort, Bankrupts from Golden Square and Riche court; From the Haymarket canting rogues in grain, Gulls from the Poultry, sots from Wate Lane; The lottery cormorant, the auction shark, The full-price master, and the half-price
tingling harp ; Till, like great Jove, the leader, fingering in, Attunes to order the chaotic din. Now all seems hush'd—but, no, one fiddle	clerk; Boys who long linger at the gallery door, With pence twice five—they want but two
will Give, half ashamed, a tiny flourish still. Foil'd in his clash, the leader of the clan Reproves with frowns the dilatory man : Then on his candlestick thrice taps his bow, Nods a new signal, and away they go.	pence more; Till some Samaritan the twopence spares And seuds them jumping up the gallery stairs. Critics we boast who ne'er their malice
 Perchance, while pit and gallery cry "Hats off!" And awed Consumption checks his chided cough, Some giggling daughter of the Queen of Love Drops, 'reft of pin, her play-bill from above: Like Icarus, while laughing galleries clap, Soars, ducks, and dives in air the printed scrap; But, wiser far than he, combustion fears, And, as it flies, eludes the chandeliers; Till, sinking gradual, with repeated twirl, It settles, curling, on a fiddler's curl; Who from his powder'd pate the intruder strikes, And, for mere malice, sticks it on the spikes. 	 balk, But talk their minds: we wish they'd mind their talk: Big-worded bullies, who by quarrels live—Who give the lie, and tell the lie they give; Jews from St. Mary's Axe, for jobs so wary That for old clothes they'd even ax St Mary; And bucks with pockets empty as their pate, Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait; Who oft, when we our house lock up, carouse With tippling tipstaves in a lock-up house. Yet here, as elsewhere, Chance can joy bestow,
Say, why these Babel strains from Babel tongues ? Who's that calls "Silence!" with such leathern lungs ? He who, in quest of quiet, "Silence!" hoots, Is apt to make the hubbub he imputes. What various swains our motley walls contain 1 Fashion from Moorfields, honor from Chick Lane;	 Where scowling fortune seem'd to threaten woe. John Richard William Alexander Dwyer Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire; But when John Dwyer 'listed in the Blues, Emanuel Jennings polish'd Stubbs's shoes. Emanuel Jennings brought his youngest boy Up as a corn-cutter—a safe employ;

In Holywell street, St. Pancras, he was bred

- IIe would have bound him to some shop in town,
- But with a premium he could not come down.
- Pat was the urchin's name—a red-hair'd youth,
- Fonder of purl and skittle-grounds than truth.

The Muse shall tell an accident she saw.

Pat Jennings in the upper gallery sat,

But, leaning forward, Jennings lost his hat:

Down from the gallery the beaver flew,

And spurn'd the one to settle in the two.

How shall he act? Pay at the gallerydoor

- Two shillings for what cost, when new, but four?
- Or till half-price, to save his shilling, wait,

And gain his hat again at half-past eight? Now, while his fears anticipate a thief,

- John Mullins whispers, "Take my handkerchief."
- "Thank you," cries Pat; "but one won't make a line."

"Take mine," cries Wilson; and cries Stokes, "Take mine."

A mothey eable soon Pat Jennings ties,

Where Spitalfields with real India vies.

Like Iris' bow, down darts the painted clew,

- Starr'd, striped, and spotted, yellow, red, and blue,
- Old calico, torn silk and muslin new.
- George Green below, with palpitating hand
- Loops the last 'kerchief to the beaver's band-
- Up soars the prize! The youth with joy unfeign'd,

Regain'd the felt, and felt the prize regain'd; While to the applauding galleries grateful Pat

Made a low bow, and touch'd the ransom'd hat.

JAMES SMITH.

THE BABY'S DEBUT.

[Spoken in the character of Nancy Lake, a girl of eight years of age, who is drawn upon the stage in a child's chaise by Sannel Hughes, her nucle's porter.]

My brother Jack was nine in May, And I was eight on New Year's day; So in Kate Wilson's shop Papa (he's my papa and Jack's) Bought me, last week, a doll of wax, And brother Jack a top.

Jack's in the pouts, and this it is-

He thinks mine came to more than his; So to my drawer he goes,

Takes out the doll, and, oh, my stars! He pokes her head between the bars,

And melts off half her nose !

Quite cross, a bit of string I beg, And tie it to his peg-top's peg,

And bang, with might and main, Its head against the parlor-door: Off flies the head, and hits the floor, And breaks a window-pane.

This made him cry with rage and spite; Well, let him cry, it serves him right.

A pretty thing, forsooth ! If he's to melt, all scalding hot, Half my doll's nose, and I am not

To draw his peg-top's tooth !

Aunt Hannah heard the window break, And cried, "O naughty Nancy Lake,

Thus to distress your aunt ! No Drury Lane for you to-day !"

And while papa said, "Pooh, she may !" Mamma said, "No, she sha'n't !"

Well, after many a sad reproach, They got into a hackney-coach,

And trotted down the street.

I saw them go: one horse was blind, The tails of both hung down behind, Their shoes were on their feet.

⁽At number twenty-seven, it is said),

Facing the pump, and near the Granby's Head :

Silence, ye gods ! to keep your tongue in awe,

The chaise in which poor brother Bill Used to be drawn to Pentonville, Stood in the lumber-room: I wiped the dust from off the top, While Mollie mopp'd it with a mop, And brush'd it with a broom.

My uncle's porter, Samuel Hughes, Came in at six to black the shoes (I always talk to Sam): So what does he, but takes, and drags Me in the chaise along the flags, And leaves me where I am?

My father's walls are made of brick, But not so tall and not so thick As these; and, goodness me! My father's beams are made of wood, But never, never half so good As those that now I see.

What a large floor! 'tis like a town! The carpet, when they lay it down, Won't hide it, I'll be bound; And there's a row of lamps!--my eye! How they do blaze! I wonder why They keep them on the ground?

At first I caught hold of the wing, And kept away; but Mr. Thingumbob, the prompter-man, Gave with his hand my chaise a shove, And said, "Go on, my pretty love; Speak to 'em, little Nan.

"You've only got to curtsy, whisper, hold your chin up, laugh and lisp, And then you're sure to take:

I've known the day when brats, not quite

Thirteen, got fifty pounds a night; Then why not Nancy Lake?"

But while I'm speaking, where's papa? And where's my aunt? and where's mamma? Where's Jack? Oh there they sit!

They smile, they nod; I'll go my ways, And order round poor Billy's chaise,

To join them in the pit.

And now, good gentlefolks, I go To join mauma, and see the show; So, bidding you adieu, I curtsy like a pretty miss, And if you'll blow to me a kiss, I'll blow a kiss to you.

[Blows a kiss, and exit.] JAMES SMITH.

THE EXECUTION.

My Lord Tomnoddy got up one day; It was half after two; he had nothing to do.

So his lordship rang for his cabriolet.

Tiger Tim was clean of limb,

His boots were polish'd, his jacket was trim;

With a very smart tie in his smart cravat,

And a smart cockade on the top of his hat;

Tallest of boys, or shortest of mcn,

- He stood in his stockings just four foot ten,
- And he ask'd, as he held the door on the swing,

"Pray, did your lordship please to ring?"

My Lord Tomnoddy he raised his head, And thus to Tiger Tim he said :

"Malibran's dead, Duvernay's fled,

Taglioni has not yet arrived in her stead;

Tiger Tim, come tell me true,

What may a nobleman find to do?"

Tim look'd up, and Tim look'd down,

He paused, and he put on a thoughtful frown,

And he held up his hat, and he peep'd in the crown;

He bit his lip, and he scratch'd his head,

He let go the handle, and thus he said,

- As the door, released, behind him bang'd: "An't please you, my lord, there's a man
 - to be hang'd."
- My Lord Tomnoddy jump'd up at the news:
 - "Run to M'Fuze and Lieutenant Tregooze,
- And run to Sir Carnaby Jenks of the Blues.

Rope-dancers a score I've seen before-

Madame Sacchi, Antonio, and Master Blackmore;

But to see a man swing at the end of a	Ale-glasses and jugs, and rummers and
string,	mugs, And sand on the floor, without carpets or
With his neck in a noose, will be quite a new thing.	rugs,
new thing.	Cold fowl and eigars, pickled onions in
My Lord Tomnoddy stepp'd into his cab-	jars,
Dark rifle green, with a lining of drab;	Welsh rabbits and kidneys-rare work for
Through street and through square,	the jaws—
His high-trotting mare,	And very large lobsters, with very large
Like one of Ducrow's, goes pawing the	claws;
air.	And there is M'Fuze and Lieutenant
Adown Piceadilly and Waterloo Place	Tregooze,
Went the high-trotting mare at a very	And there is Sir Carnaby Jenks of the
quick pace;	Blues, All come to see a man "die in his shocs."
She produced some alarm, but did no	All come to see a man die in his shots.
great harm,	The clock strikes one. Supper is done,
Save frightening a nurse with a child on her arm,	And Sir Carnaby Jenks is full of his
Spattering with elay two urchins at	fun,
play,	Singing "Jolly companions every one."
Knocking down-very much to the sweep-	My Lord Tomnoddy is drinking gin-
er's dismay—	toddy,
An old woman who wouldn't get out of	And laughing at everything and every-
the way,	body.
And upsetting a stall near Exeter Hall,	The clock strikes two, and the clock
Which made all the pious church-mission	strikes three;
folks squall.	"Who so merry, so merry as we?"
But eastward afar, through Temple Bar, My Lord Tomnoddy directs his car,	Save Captain M'Fuze, who is taking a
Never heeding their squalls,	snooze,
Or their calls, or their bawls;	While Sir Carnaby Jenks is busy at work
He passes by Waithman's emporium for	Blacking his nose with a piece of burnt
shawls,	cork.
And, merely just eatching a glimpse of	The clock strikes four: round the debt-
St. Paul's,	ors' door
Turns down the Old Bailey,	Are gather'd a couple of thousand or
Where in front of the jail he	more;
Pulls up at the door of the gin-shop, and	As many await at the press-yard gate,
gayly Crics, "What must I fork out to-night, my	Till slowly its folding doors open, and
trump,	straight
For the whole first floor of the Magpie and	The mob divides, and between their ranks
Stump?"	A wagon comes loaded with posts and
1	with planks.
	The clock strikes five. The sheriffs ar-
The clock strikes twelve-it is dark mid-	rive,
night	And the erowd is so great that the street
Yet the Magpie and Stump is one blaze of	seems alive;
light,	But Sir Carnaby Jenks blinks and
The parties are met, the tables are set,	winks, Λ candle burns down in the socket, and
There is "punch," "cold without," "hot	A candle burns down in the socket, and stinks,
with," heavy wet,	Stilles,

Lieutenant Tregooze is dreaming of Jews, And acceptances all the bill-brokers re- fuse; My Lord Tomnoddy has drunk all his toddy, And just as the dawn is beginning to peep The whole of the party are fast asleep. Sweetly, oh sweetly the morning breaks, With roseate streaks, Like the first faint blush on a maiden's	 And Tregooze and Sir Carnaby Jenks arose, And Captain M'Fuze, with the black on his nose, And they stared at each other, as much as to say, "Hollo! hollo! Here's a rum go! Why, captain!-my lord!-Here's the devil to pay; The fellow's been cut down and taken
cheeks; Seem'd as that mild and clear blue sky Smiled upon all things far and high, On all—save the wretch condemn'd to die! Alack! that ever so fair a sun As that which its course has now begun, ' Should rise on such a scene of misery!	away! What's to be done? We've miss'd all the fun. Why, they'll laugh at and quiz us all over the town, We are all of ns done so uncommonly brown!"
Should gild with rays so light and free That dismal, dark-frowning gallows-tree! And hark!—a sound comes big with fate: The clock from St. Sepulchre's tower strikes—eight! List to that low funereal bell; It is tolling, alas! a living man's knell!	 What was to be done? 'Twas perfectly plain That they could not well hang the man over again; What was to be done? The man was dead. Naught could be done—naught could be
And see ! from forth that opening door They come—HE steps that threshold o'er Who never shall tread upon threshold more ! God ! tis a fearsome thing to see That pale wan man's mute agony,—	said, So my Lord Tomnoddy went home to bed! Richard Harris Barham. THE BIRTH OF ST. PATRICK.
The glare of that wild, despairing eye, Now bent on the crowd, now turn'd to the sky As though 'twere scanning, in doubt and in fear, The path of the spirit's unknown career. Those pinion'd arms, those hands that	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
nc'er Shall be lifted again—not even in prayer; That heaving chest! Enough; 'tis done! The bolt has fallen, the spirit is gone, For weal or for woe is known but to One! Oh, 'twas a fearsome sight! Ah me! A deed to shudder at,—not to see.	and morn; For mistakes will occur in a hurry and shock, And some blamed the babby—and some blamed the clock— Till with all their cross-questions sure no one could know If the child was too fast, or the clock was
Again that clock! 'tis time, 'tis time! The hour is past; with its earliest chime The cord is sever'd, the lifeless clay By "dnngcon villains" is borne away; Nine !twas the last concluding stroke, And then my Lord Tomnoddy awoke.	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 ninthe more would die,	Now nothing could be finer or more beau- tiful to see
And who wouldn't see right, sure they	Than the first six months' proceedings of
blacken'd his eye ! At last, both the factions so positive grew,	that same society, Till Brown of Calaveras brought a lot of fossil bones
That each kept a birthday, so Pat then had two,	That he found within a tunnel near the tenement of Jones.
Till Father Mulcahy, who show'd them their sins,	Then Brown he read a paper, and he re-
Said, "No one could have two birthdays, but a twins."	constructed there, From those same bones, an animal that
Says he, "Boys, don't be fightin' for eight or for nine.	was extremely rare; And Jones then ask'd the chair for a sus- pension of the rules
Don't be always dividin'but sometimes combine;	Till he could prove that those same bones was one of his lost mules.
Combine eight with nine, and seventeen is the mark,	Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile, and said he was at fault.
So let that be his birthday,"—"Amen," says the clerk.	It seemed he had been trespassing on
"If he wasn't a twins, sure our hist'ry will show	Jones's family vault: He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr. Brown,
That, at least, he's worthy any two saints that we know !"	And on several occasions he had clean'd out the town.
Then they all got blind dhrunk—which complated their bliss,	Now I hold it is not decent for a scientific
And we keep up the practice from that day to this.	gent To say another is an ass,—at least, to all
SAMUEL LOVER.	intent; Nor should the individual who happens to
THE SOCIETY UPON THE STAN-	be meant Reply by heaving rocks at him to any
ISLO W.	great extent.
I RESIDE at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James;	Then Abner Dean of Angel's raised a point of order-when
I am not up to small deceit, or any sinful games;	A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen,
And I'll tell in simple language what I know about the row	And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curl'd up on the floor,
That broke up our society upon the Stan- islow.	And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.
But first I would remark, that it is not a proper plan	For, in less time than I write it, every member did eugage
For any scientific gent to whale his fellow- man,	In a warfare with the remnants of a palæo- zoic age;
And, if a member don't agree with his peculiar whim,	And the way they heaved those fossils in their anger was a sin,
To lay for that same member for to "put a head" on him.	Till the skull of an old Mammoth caved the head of Thompson in.

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And this is all I have to say of these im-	Around this place there lived the num- 'rous clans
For I live at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James; And I've told in simple language what I know about the row That broke up our society upon the Stan- islow. FRANCIS BRET HARTE.	Tous chains Of honest, plodding, foreign artisans, Known at that time by th' name of Refugees— The rod of persecution from their home Compell'd th' inoffensive race to roam, And here they lighted like a swarm of bees.
MONSIEUR TONSON. THERE lived, as Fame reports, in days of yore, • At least some fifty years ago or more, A pleasant wag on town, yclep'd Tom King; A fellow that was clever at a joke, Expert in all the arts, to tease and smoke,— In short, for strokes of humor quite the thing.	 Well! our two friends were saunt'ring thro' the street, In hopes some food for humor soon to meet, When in a window high a light they view, And, though a dim and melancholy ray, It seem'd the prologue to some merry play, So toward the gloomy dome our hero
 To many a jovial club this King was known, With whom his active wit unrivall'd shone— Choice Spirit, grave Free-Mason, Buck, and Blood, Would crowd, his stories and bon-mots to hear, And none a disappointment e'er could fear, His humor flow'd in such a copious flood. 	drew. Straight at the door he gave a thund'ring knock (The time, we may suppose, near two o'clock)— "Pll ask," says King, "if Thompson lodges here." "Thompson!" cries t'other, "who the devil's he?" "I know not," King replies, "but want to see What kind of animal will now ap- pear."
To him a frolic was a high delight— A frolic he would hunt for day and night, Careless how Prudence on the sport might frown. If e'er a pleasant mischief sprang to view, At once o'er ditch and hedge away he flew, Nor left the game till he had run it down.	After some time a little Frenchman came One hand display'd a rushlight's trem- bling flame, And from the other dangled his cu- lotte;
One night our hero, rambling with a friend, Near famed St. Giles's chanced his course to bend, Just by that spot the Seven Dials hight,	An old striped woollen night-cap graced his head, A tatter'd waistcoat o'er one shoulder spread; Scarce half awake, he heaved a yawning note.
 'Twas silence all around, and clear the coast, The watch, as usual, dozing on his post, And scarce a lamp display'd a twink-ling light. 60 	Though thus untimely roused, he cour- teous smiled, And soon address'd our wag in accents mild,

 ^{an} Pray, sare, vat vant yon, dat you come so late— 1 beg your pardon, sare, to make you vait— 1 beg your pardon, sare, to make you vait— 1 word "ring what fiend again disturb'd his sleep— The wag salutes him with a civil leer; Thus drawling out, to heighten the surprise, While the poor Frenchman rubb'd his heavy eyes. " Is there—a Mr. Thompson—lodging here?" The Frenchman falter'd, with a kind of fright— 6 and thell, 1 f there's a Mr. Thompson lodges here? The shiv'ring Frenchman, though not pleased to find The business of this unimportant kind, Too simple to suspect 'twas meant in jeer, The shiver, no Monsieur Tonson lodges here." No may begg'd out a sigh, that thus his rest should break, Then, with unalter'd courtesy, he spake— While the poor Frenchman erawl'd again to bed; Dut King resolved not thus to drop the jest— So the next night, with more of whim than graze, Again he made a visit to the place, To break once more the poor old Frenchman's rest. He knock'd—but waited longer that before, No footstep seen'd approaching to the door, Firm on his post determined to remain, And oft, indeed, he made the door resound. 	Bending his head obsequious to his knee,—	At last King hears him o'er the passage creep—
 I beg your pardon, sare, to make you vait— Pray tell me, sare, vat your commands vit me?" The wag salntes him with a civil leer; Thus drawling out, to heighten the surprise, or start in the served. While the poor Frenchman rubb'd his heavy eyes, "I is there—a Mr. Thompson—lodging here?" The shiv'ring I though that you perhaps could tell, Among the folks who in this street may dwell, At there is a Mr. Thompson lodges here?" The shiv'ring Frenchman, though not pleased to find The shiv'ring Frenchman, though not pleased to find The business of this unimportant kind, Too simple to suspect 'twas meant iger, Strugg'd out a sigh, that thus his rest should break, Our wag begg'd pardon, and toward home he sped, While the poor Frenchman erawl'd again to bed; Sut king resolved not thus to drop the grace, Again he made a visit to the place, To break once more the poor of fund— No footstep seem'd approaching to the door, Our Frenchman lay in such a sleep profumd— King with the knocker thunder'd then again, Firm on his post determined to remain, And oft, indeed, he made the door remain. And hen she sust fetch her master day. And hen she sust fetch her master day. And hen she sust fetch her master day. And her she must fet	"Pray, sare, vat vant you, dat you come	Wond'ring what fiend again disturb'd his
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- Thus urged, she went the snoring man to lot * call, And long, indeed, was she obliged to bawl Ere she could rouse the torpid lump of elay. At last he wakes-he rises-and he swears-But scarcely had he totter'd down the arise, stairs, When King attacks him in his usual way. The Frenchman now perceived 'twas all in he said : vain To this tormentor mildly to complain, dead-And straight in rage began his crest to rear,place." "Sare, vat de devil make you treat me so?-Sare, I inform you, sare, tree nights ago, Begar, I swear, no Monsieur Tonson roar, here." True as the night King went and heard a peal? strife Between the harass'd Frenchman and his to say, wife. Which should descend to chase the fiend away: wheel ! At length to join their forces they agree, And straight impetuously they turn the key, foe, Prepared with mutual fury for the fray. Our hero, with the firmness of a rock, ago, Collected to receive the mighty shock, Utt'ring his old inquiry, calmly stood,pears; The name of Thompson raised the storm so high. He deem'd it then the safest plan to fly, With "Well, I'll call when you're in came. gentler mood." hears. In short our hero, with the same intent, Full many a night to plague the Frenchman went. sight. So fond of mischief was the wicked wit; They threw out water-for the watch they call. sore-But King, expecting, still escapes from all-Monsieur at last was forced his house to strain. quit. again !" It happen'd that our wag, about this time, On some fair prospect sought the Eastern more. clime;
 - Six ling'ring years were there his tedious lot :

At length, content amid his ripening store, He treads again on Britain's happy shore,

And his long absence is at once forgot.

- To London with impatient hope he flies,
- And the same night, as former freaks arise,
 - He fain must stroll the well-known haunt to trace.
- "Ah! here's the scene of frequeut mirth," he said;
- "My poor old Frenchman, I suppose, is dead—

Egad, I'll knock, and see who holds his place."

- With rapid strokes he makes the mansion roar,
- And while he eager eyes the op'ning door, Lo! who obeys the knocker's rattling peal?
- Why, e'en our little Frenchman; strange to say,
- He took his old abode that very day-

Capricious turn of sportive Fortune's wheel!

- Without one thought of the relentless foe,
- Who, fiend-like, haunted him so long ago,
 - Just in his former trim he now appears;
- The waistcoat and the night-cap seem'd the same,
- With rushlight, as before he creeping came,
 - And King's detested voice astouish'd hears.
- As if some hideous spectre struck his sight,
- His senses seem'd bewilder'd with affright; His face, indeed, bespoke a heart full sore—

Then starting, he exclaim'd in rueful strain,

"Begar! here's Monsieur Tonson come again !"

Away he ran— and ne'er was heard of more.

JOHN TAYLOR.

NONGTONGPAW.

JOHN BULL for pastime took a prance, Some time ago, to peep at France; To talk of sciences and arts, And knowledge gain'd in foreign parts. Monsieur, obscquious, heard him speak, And answer'd John in heathen Greek: To all he ask'd 'bout all he saw, 'Twas, " Monsieur, je vous n'entends pas."

John to the Palais Royal come, Its splendor almost struck him dumb: "I say, whose house is that there here?" "House! Je vous n'entends pas, monsieur." "What, Nongtongpaw again !" cries John, "This fellow is some nighty Don: No doubt he's plenty for the maw, I'll breakfast with this Nongtongpaw."

John saw Versailles from Marle's height, And cried, astonish'd at the sight, "Whose fine estate is that there here?" "State! Je vous n'entends pas, monsieur." "His? What! the land and houses too? The fellow's richer than a Jew : On everything he lays his claw; I'd like to dine with Nongtongpaw."

Next tripping came a courtly fair, John cried, enchanted with her air, "What lovely wench is that there here?" "Ventch! Je vous n'entends pas, monsieur." "What! he again ? Upon my life!

A palace, lands, and then a wife Sir Joshua might delight to draw; I'd like to sup with Nongtongpaw.

- "But hold! whose funeral's that?" cries John.
- "Je vous n'entends pas."—"What! is he gone?

Wealth, fame, and beauty could not save Poor Nongtongpaw, then, from the grave ? His race is run, his game is up ;— I'd with him breakfast, dine, and sup ; But since he chooses to withdraw, Good-night t'ye, Mounseer Nongtongpaw." CHARLES DIRDLE.

EPITAPH ON THE TOMBSTONE EREC-TED OVER THE MARQUIS OF AN-GLESEA'S LEG, LOST AT THE BAT-TLE OF WATERLOO.

HERE rests, and let no savey knave Presume to sneer and laugh,

To learn that mouldering in the grave Is laid a British Calf.

For he who writes these lines is sure, That those who read the whole, Will find such langh was premature,

For here, too, lies a sole.

And here five little ones repose, Twin born with other five, Unheeded by their brother toes, Who all are now alive.

A leg and foot, to speak more plain, Rests here of one commanding;

Who, though his wits he might retain, Lost half his understanding.

And when the guns, with thunder fraught, Pour'd bullets thick as hail,

Could only in this way be taught To give the foe leg-bail.

And now in England, just as gay As in the battle brave, Goes to a rout, review, or play,

With one foot in the grave.

Fortune in vain here show'd her spite, For he will still be found, Should England's sons engage in fight,

Resolved to stand his ground.

But Fortune's pardon I must beg; She meant not to disarm,

For when she lopp'd the hero's leg, She did not seek his harm.

And but indulged a harmless whim; Since he could walk with one, She saw two legs were lost on him,

Who never meant to run. GEORGE CANNING.

MALBROUCK.

MALBROUCK, the prince of commanders, Is gone to the war in Flanders; His fame is like Alexander's; But when will be come home?

Perhaps at Trinity feast; or Perhaps he may come at Easter. Egad! he had better make haste, or We fear he may never come.

For Trinity feast is over, And has brought no news from Dover; And Easter is past, moreover, And Malbrouck still delays.

Milady in her watch-tower Spends many a pensive hour, Not knowing why or how her Dear lord from England stays.

While sitting quite forlorn in That tower, she spies returning A page clad in deep mourning, With fainting steps and slow.

"O page, prythee, come faster! What news do you bring of your master? I fear there is some disaster— Your looks are so full of woe,"

"The news I bring, fair lady," With sorrowful accent said he, "Is one you are not ready So soon, alas! to hear.

"But since to speak I'm hurried," Added this page quite flurried, "Malbrouck is dead and buried!" --And here he shed a tear.

"He's dead! he's dead as a herring! For I beheld his berring, And four officers transferring His corpse away from the field.

"One officer carried his sabre; And he carried it not without labor, Much envying his next neighbor, Who only bore a shield.

"The third was helmet-bearer— That helmet which on its wearer Fill'd all who saw with terror, And cover'd a hero's brains.

"Now, having got so far, 1 Find that—by the Lord Harry!— The fourth is left nothing to carry ;— So there the thing remains." FRANCTS MANOXY ("Father Prout.)" (From the French.)

THE MARCH TO MOSCOW.

THE Emperor Nap he would set off On a summer exentsion to Moscow; The fields were green, and the sky was blue, Morbleu ! Parbleu ! What a pleasant excursion to Moscow!

Four hundred thousand men and more Must go with him to Moscow: There were Marshals by the dozen, And Dukes by the score; Princes a few, and Kings one or two; While the fields are so green, and the sky so blue. Morbleu! Parbleu! What a pleasant excursion to Moscow!

There was Junot and Augereau, Heigh-ho for Moscow! Dombrowsky and Poniatowsky, Marshal Ney, lack-a-day! General Rapp and the Emperor Nap; Nothing would do, While the fields were so green, and the sky so blue, Morbleu! Parbleu! Nothing would do For the whole of this crew, But they must be marching to Moscow.

The Emperor Nap he talk'd so big That he frighten'd Mr. Roscoe. John Bull, he cries, if you'll be wise, Ask the Emperor Nap if he will please To grant you peace upon your knees.

Because he is going to Moscow!

He'll make all the Poles come out of their holes,

And heat the Russians, and eat the Prussians;

For the fields are green, and the sky is blue, Morhleu! Parbleu!

And he'll certainly march to Moscow!

And Counsellor Brougham was all in a fume

At the thought of the march to Moscow: The Russians, he said, they were undone.

> And the great Fee-Faw-Fum Would presently come,

With a hop, step, and jump, unto London;

For, as for his conquering Russia, However some persons might scoff it. Do it he could, and do it he would, And from doing it nothing would come but good. And nothing could call him off it, Mr. Jeffrey said so, who must certainly know. For he was the Edinburgh Prophet. They all of them knew Mr. Jeffrey's Review, Which with Holy Writ ought to be reckon'd: It was, through thick and thin, to its party true; Its back was buff, and its sides were blue. Morbleu! Parbleu! It served them for Law and for Gospel too. But the Russians stoutly they turn'd to Upon the road to Moscow. Nap had to fight his way all through: They could fight, though they could not parlez-vous; But the fields were green, and the sky was blue. Morbleu! Parbleu! And so he got to Moscow. He found the place too warm for him, For they set fire to Moscow. To get there had cost him much ado, And then no better course he knew, While the fields were green, and the sky was blue, Morbleu ! Parbleu ! But to march back again from Moscow. The Russians they stuck close to him All on the road from Moscow. There was Tormazow and Jemalow, And all the others that end in ow; Milarodovitch and Jaladovitch, And Karatschkowitch, And all the others that end in itch ; Schamscheff, Souchosaueff; And Schepaleff,

And all the others that end in eff;

Wasiltehikoff, Kostomaroff, And Tchoglokoff, And all the others that end in off; Rajeffsky, and Novereffsky, And Rieffsky, And all the others that end in effsky; Oscharoffsky and Rostoffsky, And all the others that end in offsky; And Platoff he play'd them off, And Shouvaloff he shovell'd them off. And Markoff he mark'd them off. And Krosnoff he cross'd them off. And Touchkoff he touch'd them off. And Boroskoff he bored them off And Kutousoff he cut them off. And Parenzoff he pared them off. And Worronzoff he worried them off, And Doctoroff he doctor'd them off, And Rodionoff he flogg'd them off, And, last of all, an Admiral came. A terrible man with a terrible name. A name which you all know by sight very well. But which no one can speak, and no one can spell. They stuck close to Nap with all their might; They were on the left and on the right, Behind and before, and by day and by night; He would rather parlez-vous than fight : But he look'd white, and he look'd blue, Morbleu! Parbleu! When parlez-yous no more would do: For they remember'd Moscow. And then came on the frost and snow. All on the road from Moscow. The wind and the weather he found, in that hour. Cared nothing for him, nor for all his power-For him who, while Europe crouch'd under his rod. Put his trust in his Fortune, and not in

his God.

Worse and worse every day the elements grew,

The fields were so white, and the sky so blue, Sacrebleu ! Ventrebleu !

- What a horrible journey from Moscow!
 - What then thought the Emperor Nap

Upon the road from Moscow? Why, I ween he thought it small delight

- To fight all day, and to freeze all night;
- And he was besides in a very great fright,

For a whole skin he liked to be in; And so, not knowing what else to do, When the fields were so white, and the sky

so blue Morbleu! Parbleu! He stole away,—I tell you true,— Upon the road from Moscow. 'Tis myself, quoth he, I mnst mind most; So the Devil may take the hindmost.

Too cold upon the road was he: Too hot had he been at Moscow; But colder and hotter he may be, For the grave is colder than Muscovy : And a place there is to be kept in view, Where the fire is red, and the brimstone hlue Morbleu! Parbleu! Which he must go to, If the Pope say true, If he does not in time look about him · Where his namesake almost He may bave for his host: He has reckon'd too long without him: If that host get him in Purgatory, He won't leave him there alone with his glory; But there he must stay for a very long day. For from thence there is no stealing away. As there was on the road from Moscow. ROBERT SOUTHEY.

The Lawyer's Invocation to Spring.

WHEREAS, on certain boughs and sprays, Now divers birds are heard to sing,

And sundry flowers their heads upraise, Hail to the coming on of Spring!

The songs of those said birds arouse The memory of our youthful hours, As green as those said sprays and boughs, As fresh and sweet as those said flowers,

- The birds aforesaid—happy pairs!— Love, 'mid the aforesaid boughs, inshrines
- In freehold nests; themselves, their heirs, Administrators, and assigns.

O busiest term of Cupid's court, Where tender plaintiffs actions bring,— Season of frolic and of sport.

Hail, as aforesaid, coming Spring ! HENRY P HOWARD BROWNELL.

THE ART OF BOOK KEEPING.

How hard, when those who do not wish To lend, thus lose, their books,

Are snared by anglers—folks that fish With literary hooks—

Who call and take some favorite tome, But never read it through;

They thus complete their set at home By making one at you.

I, of my "Spenser" quite bereft, Last winter sore was shaken;

Of "Lamb" I've but a quarter left, Nor could I save my "Bacon;"

And then I saw my "Crabbe " at last, Like Hamlet, backward go,

And, as the tide was ebbing fast, Of course I lost my "Rowe."

My "Mallet" served to knock me down, Which makes me thus a talker,

And once, when I was out of town, My "Johnson" proved a "Wałker."

While studying o'er the fire one day My "Hobbes " amidst the smoke,

They bore my "Colman" clean away, And carried off my "Coke."

They pick'd my "Locke," to me far more Than Bramal's patent worth, And now my losses I deplore, Without a "Home" on earth. If once a book you let them lift, Another they conceal, For though I caught them stealing "Swift," As swiftly went my "Steele."	They still have made me slight returns, And thus my griefs divide; For oh, they cured me of my "Burns," And eased my "Akenside." But all I think I shall not say, Nor let my anger burn, For, as they never found me "Gay," They have not left me "Sterne."
"Hope" is not now upon my shelf,	THOMAS HOOD.
Where late he stood elated, But, what is strange, my "Pope" himself Is excommunicated.	Epicurean Reminiscences of a Sentimentalist.
My little "Suckling" in the grave	"My Tables ! Meat it is, I set it down !"-HAMLET.
Is sunk to swell the ravage, And what was Crusoe's fate to save,	I THINK it was Spring-but not certain I am-
Twas mine to lose—a "Savage." Even "Glover's " works I cannot put	When my passion began first to work; But I know we were certainly looking for lamb,
My frozen hands upon, Though ever since I lost my "Foote"	And the season was over for pork.
My "Bunyan" has been gone. My "Hoyle" with "Cotton" went op-	'Twas at Christmas, I think, when I met with Miss Chase,
press'd, My "Taylor," too, must fail,	Yes-for Morris had ask'd me to dinc- And I thought I had never beheld such a
To save my "Goldsmith" from arrest, In vain I offer'd "Bayle."	face, Or so noble a turkey and chine.
I "Prior" sought, but could not see The "Hood" so late in front,	Placed close by her side, it made others
And when I turn'd to hunt for "Lee," Oh, where was my "Leigh Hunt"?	quite wild With sheer envy, to witness my luck ; How she blush'd as I gave her some turtle,
I tried to laugh, old Care to tickle, Yet could not "Tickell" touch,	and smiled As 1 afterward offer'd some duck.
And then, alack ! I miss'd my "Mickle,"	
And surely mickle's much, 'Tis quite enough my griefs to feed,	I look'd and I languish'd, alas! to my cost, Through three courses of dishes and meats;
My sorrows to excuse,	Getting deeper in love—but my heart was
To think I cannot read my "Reid," Nor even use my "Hughes."	quite lost When it came to the trifle and sweets.
My classics would not quiet lie, A thing so fondly hoped;	With a rent-roll that told of my houses
Like Dr. Primrose, I may cry,	and land,
My "Livy" has eloped.	To her parents I told my designs- And then to herself I presented my hand,
My life is ebbing fast away; I suffer from these shocks;	With a very fine pottle of pines!
And though I fix'd a lock on "Gray,"	I ask'd her to have me for weal or for
There's gray upon my locks. I'm far from "Young," am growing pale,	woe, And she did not object in the least;
I see my "Butler" fly,	I can't tell the date-but we married I
And when they ask about my ail, "Tis " Burton " I reply.	know Just in time to have game at the feast.

HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL

We went to, it certainly was the sea-	But wh
side ; For the next, the most blessed of morns,	And
I remember how fondly I gazed at my bride Sitting down to a plateful of prawns.	Oh my i d Were
Oh never may memory lose sight of that	were
year, But still hallow the time as it ought!	ADL
That season the "grass" was remarkably dear,	WRITTE OUSLY
And the peas at a guinea a quart.	My cur That sh
So happy, like hours, all our days seem'd to haste,	And thi
A fond pair, such as poets have drawn, So united in heart—so congenial in taste—	Tearing
We were both of us partial to brawn!	When f
A long life I look'd for of bliss with my hride, But then Death—I ne'er dreamt about	Rheuma Our nei
that! Oh there's nothing is certain in life, as I	But the
cried When my turbot eloped with the eat.	Adown I kiek t
My dearest took ill at the turn of the year, But the cause no physician could nab;	As roun
But something, it seemed like consumption, I fear	While, :
It was just after supping on erab.	O' a' th
In vain she was doctor'd, in vain she was dosed,	Ill har's Or wort
Still her strength and her appetite pined; She lost relish for what she had relish'd the most,	The trie
Even salmon she deeply deelined !	Where's Whenes
For months still I linger'd in hope and in doubt, While her form it more most does 1 think	And rar
While her form it grew wasted and thin ; But the last dying spark of existence went out,	Thou, T
As the oysters were just coming in !	O thou That ga
She died, and she left me the saddest of men,	'Till dat
To indulge in a widower's moan;	Gie a' f

Oh! I felt all the power of solitude then, As I ate my first "natives" alone! But when I beheld Virtue's friends in their cloaks,

And with sorrowful crape on their hats, Oh my grief pour'd a flood I and the out-ofdoor folks

Were all crying—I think it was sprats! THOMAS HOOD.

ADDRESS TO THE TOOTHACHE.

WRITTEN WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS GRIEV-OUSLY TORMENTED BY THAT DISORDER.

MY eurse upon thy venom'd stang, That shoots my tortnred gums alang; And thro' my lugs gies mony a twang, Wi' gnawing vengeanee; Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang, Like raeking engines!

When fevers burn, or agne freezes, Rheumatics gnaw, or colic squeezes, Our neighbors' sympathy may ease us, Wi' pitying moan ; But thee—thou hell o' a' diseases, Aye mocks our groan !

Adown my beard the slavers trickle! I kiek the wee stools o'er the miekle, As round the fire the giglets keckle, To see me loup; While, raving mad, I wish a heckle Were in their doup.

O' a' the num'rous human dools, Ill har'sts, daft bargains, cutty-stools, Or worthy friends raked i' the mools, Sad sight to see! The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools,

Thou bear'st the gree.

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell, Whenee a' the tones o' mis'ry yell, And rankèd plagues their numbers tell, In dreadfu' raw,

Thou, Toothaehe, surcly bear'st the hell, Among them a';

O thou grim mischief-making chiel, That gars the notes of discord squeal, 'Till daft mankind aft dance a reel In gore a shoe-thick !--Gic a' the faes o' Scotland's weal A towmond's Toothache! Robert Burss.

UNFORTUNATE MISS BAILEY. (An Experiment.)

WHEN he whispers, "O Miss Bailey, Thon art brightest of the throng "— She makes murmur, softly-gayly— "Alfred, I have loved thee long,"

Then he drops upon his knees, a Proof his heart is soft as wax: She's—I don't know who, but he's a Captain bold from Halifax.

Though so loving, such another Artless bride was never seen, Coachee thinks that she's his mother —Till they get to Gretna Green.

There they stand, by him attended, Hear the sable smith rehearse That which links them, when 'tis ended, Tight for better—or for worse.

Now her heart rejoices—ugly Troubles need disturb her less— Now the Happy Pair are snugly Seated in the night express.

So they go with fond emotion, So they journey through the night— London is their land of Goshen— See, its subnrbs are in sight!

Hark! the sound of life is swelling, Pacing up, and raeing down, Soon they reach her simple dwelling— Burley Street, by Somers Town.

What is there to so astound them? She eries "Oh!" for he cries "Hah!" When five brats emerge—eonfound them !— Shouting out, "Mamma !—PAPA!"

While at this he wonders blindly, Nor their meaning can divine, Proud she turns them round, and kindly, "All of these are mine and thine!" * * * *

Here he pines and grows dyspeptic, Losing heart, he loses pith— Hints that Bishop Tait's a sceptic— Swears that Moses was a myth. Sees no evidence in Paley— Takes to drinking ratifia; Shies the muffins at Miss Bailey While she's pouring ont the tea.

One day, knocking up his quarters, Poor Miss Bailey found him dead, Hanging in his knotted garters, Which she knitted ere they wed. FREDERICK LOCKER.

CAPTAIN REECE.

OF all the ships upon the blue, No ship contain'd a better crew Than that of worthy Captain Reeee, Commanding of The Mantelpiece.

He was adored by all his men, For worthy Captain Reece, R. N., Did all that lay within him to Promote the comfort of his crew.

If ever they were dull or sad, Their captain danced to them like mad, Or told, to make the time pass by, Droll legends of his infancy.

A feather bed had every man, Warm slippers and hot-water can, Brown windsor from the captain's store, A valet, too, to every four.

Did they with thirst in summer burn, Lo, seltzogenes at every turn, And on all very sultry days Cream ices handed round on trays.

Then currant wine and ginger pops Stood handily on all the "tops:" And, also, with anusement rife, A "Zoetrope, or Wheel of Life."

New volumes came across the sea From Mister Mudie's libraree; The Times and Saturday Review Beguiled the leisure of the erew.

Kind-hearted Captain Reeee, R. N., Was quite devoted to his men; In point of fact, good Captain Reece Bentified The Mantelpiece.

HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL.

One summer eve, at half-past ten, He said (addressing all his men):

- "Come, tell me, please, what I can do To please and gratify my crew.
- "By any reasonable plan I'll make you happy if I can; My own convenience count as *nil*; It is my duty, and I will."

Then up and answer'd William Lee (The kindly captain's coxswain he, A nervous, shy, low-spoken man); He cleared his throat, and thus began:

- "You have a daughter, Captain Reece, Ten female cousins and a niece, A ma, if what I'm told is true, Six sisters, and an aunt or two.
- "Now, somehow, sir, it seems to me, More friendly-like we all should be, If you united of 'em to Unmarried members of the crew.
- "If you'd ameliorate our life, Let each select from them a wife; And as for nervous me, old pal, Give me your own enchanting gal!"

Good Captain Reece, that worthy man, Debated on his coxswain's plan:

- "I quite agree," he said, "O Bill; It is my duty, and I will.
- "My daughter, that enchanting gurl, Has just been promised to an earl, And all my other familee To peers of various degree.
- "But what are dukes and viscounts to The happiness of all my crew? The word I gave you I'll fulfil; It is my duty, and I will.
- "As you desire it shall befall, I'll settle thousands on you all, And I shall be, despite my hoard, The only bachelor on board."

The boatswain of The Mantelpiece, He blush'd and spoke to Captain Recce: "I beg your honor's leave," he said, "If you would wish to go and wed, "I have a widow'd mother who Would be the very thing for you-She long has loved you from afar, She washes for you, Captain R."

The captain saw the dame that day— Address'd her in his playful way— "And did it want a wedding-ring?

- It was a tempting ickle sing!
- "Well, well, the chaplain I will seek, We'll all be married this day weck At yonder church npon the hill; It is my duty, and I will!"

The sisters, cousins, aunts, and niece, And widow'd ma of Captain Reece, Attended there as they were bid; It was their duty, and they did. WILLIAN & GILBERT.

MR. MOLONY'S ACCOUNT OF THE BALL

GIVEN TO THE NEPAULESE AMBASSADOR BY THE PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL COM-PANY.

OH will ve choose to hear the news? Bedad, I cannot pass it o'er : I'll tell you all about the ball To the Naypaulase ambassador. Begor ! this fête all balls does bate At which I've worn a pump, and I Must here relate the splendthor great Of th' Oriental Company. These men of sinse dispoised expinse, To fête these black Achilleses. "We'll show the blacks," says they, "Almack's. And take the rooms at Willis's." With flags and shawls, for these Nepauls, They hung the rooms of Willis up, And deck'd the walls, and stairs, and halls, With roses and with lilies up. And Jullien's band it tuck its stand So sweetly in the middle there, And soft bassoons play'd heavenly chunes, And violins did fiddle there. And when the coort was tired of spoort, I'd lave you, boys, to think there was

A nate buffet before them set, Where lashins of good dhrink there was !

FIRESIDE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF POETRY.

At ten, before the ball-room door His moighty Excellency was; He smoiled and bow'd to all the erowd-So gorgeous and immense he was. His dusky shuit, sublime and mute, Into the doorway follow'd him; And oh the noise of the blackguard boys, As they hurrood and hollow'd him ! The noble Chair stud at the stair, And bade the dhrums to thump; and be Did thus evince to that Black Prince The welcome of his Company. Oh fair the girls, and rich the curls, And bright the oves you saw there, was; And fixed each oye, ye there could spoi, On Gineral Jung Bahawther was! This Gineral great then tuck his sate, With all the other ginerals (Bedad, his troat, his belt, his coat, All bleezed with precious minerals); And as he there, with princely air, Recloinin' on his cushion was. All round about his royal chair The squeezin' and the pushin' was. O Pat, such girls, such jukes and earls, Such fashion and nobilitee! Just think of Tim, and faney him Amidst the hoigh gentilitee! There was Lord De L'Huys, and the Portygeese Ministher and his lady there; And I reckonized, with much surprise, Our messmate, Bob O'Grady, there. There was Baroness Brunow, that look'd like Juno, And Baroness Rehausen there, And Countess Roullier, that looked peculiar Well in her robes of gauze, in there, There was Lord Crowhurst (I knew him first When only Mr. Pips he was), And Mick O'Toole, the great big fool, That after supper tipsy was, There was Lord Fingall and his ladies all, And Lords Killeen and Dufferin, And Paddy Fife, with his fat wife-I wondther how he could stuff her in. There was Lord Belfast, that by me past, And seem'd to ask how should I go there:

And the widow Maerae, and Lord A. Hay,

And the marchioness of Sligo there.

Yes, jukes and earls, and diamonds and pearls,

And pretty girls, was spoorting there; And some beside (the rogues!) I spied

Behind the windles, coorting there. Oh, there's one I know, bedad, would show

As beautiful as any there;

And I'd like to hear the pipers blow, And shake a fut with Fanny there I WILLIAM MAREPEACE THACKERAY.

MR. BARNEY MAGUIRE'S ACCOUNT OF THE CORONATION.

OCH! the Coronation! what eelebration For emulation can with it compare?

When to Westminster the Royal Spinster, And the Duke of Leinster, all in order did repair!

- 'Twas there you'd see the new Polishemen Making a skrimmage at half-after four,
- And the Lords and Ladies, and the Miss O'Gradys,
 - All standing round before the Abbey door.
- Their pillows scorning, that self-same morning
 - Themselves adorning, all by the candlelight,
- With roses and lilies and daffy-down dillies, And gould, and jewels, and rich di'monds bright.

And then approaches five hundred coaches, With Giniral Dullbeak. Och 1 'twas mighty fine

To see how asy bould Corporal Casey,

With his sword drawn, prancing, made them kape the line.

Then the Guns' alarums, and the King of Arums,

All in his Garters and his Clarence shoes,

- Opening the massy doors to the bould Ambassydors,
 - The Prince of Potboys and great haythen Jews;

'Twould have made you erazy to see Esterhazy

All joo'ls from his jasey to his di'mond boots,

HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL.

With Alderman Harmer and that swate charmer, The famale heiress, Miss Anja-ly Coutts.	Like Venus or Hebe, or the Queen of Sheby, With eight young ladies houlding up her gown.
2 10 millio	Sure 'twas grand to see her, also for to he-ar
And Wellington, walking with his swoord	The big drums bating and the trumpets blow,
drawn, talking To IIill and Hardinge, haroes of great	And Sir George Smart! oh! he play'd a
fame:	Consarto,
And Sir De Lacy and the Duke Dalmasey (They call'd him Sowlt afore he changed his name),	With his four-and-twenty fiddlers all on a row.
Themselves presading Lord Melbourne, lading	Then the Lord Archbishop held a goulden dish up
The Queen, the darling, to her royal chair,	For to resave her bounty and great wealth,
And that fine ould fellow, the Duke of Pell- Mello.	Saying, "Plase yonr Glory, great Queen Vic-tory!
The Queen of Portingal's Chargy-de-fair.	Ye'll give the Clargy lave to dhrink your health !"
Then the noble Prussians, likewise the Rus-	Then his Riverence, retrating, discoorsed
sians, In fine laced jackets with their goulden	the mating; "Boys, here's your Queen! deny it if you
cuffs,	can l
And the Bavarians, and the proud Hunga- rians,	And if any bould traitour or infarior cray- thur
And Everythingarians all in furs and muffs.	Sneezes at that, I'd like to see the man !"
Then Misthur Spaker, with Misthur Pays the Quaker,	Then the Nobles kneeling to the Pow'rs appealing,
All in the Gallery you might persave;	"Heaven send your Majesty a glorious
But Lord Brougham was missing, and gone	reign !"
a-fishing, Ounly crass Lord Essex would not give	And Sir Claudius Hunter he did confront her.
him lave.	All in his scarlet gown and goulden chain.
There was Daren Alter himself exciting	The great Lord May'r, too, sat in his chair, too,
There was Baron Alten himself exalting, And Prince Von Schwartzenburg, and	But mighty sarious, looking fit to ery,
many more,	For the Earl of Surrey, all in his hurry,
Och! I'd be bother'd and entirely smoth- er'd To tell the half of 'em was to the fore;	Throwing the thirteens, hit him in his eye.
With the swate Peeresses, in their crowns	Then there was preaching, and good store
and dresses,	of speeching,
And Aldermanesses, and the Boord of Works:	With Dukes and Marquises on bended knee:
But Mehemet Ali said, quite gintaly,	And they did splash her with raal Macas-
"I'd be proud to see the likes among the Turks !"	shur, And the Queen said, "Ah! then thank
TULKS	ye all for me!"
Then the Queen, Heaven bless her! och!	Then the trumpets braying and the organ
they did dress her In her purple garaments and her goulden	playing, And sweet trombones with their silver
crown;	tones;

FIRESIDE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF POETRY.

- But Lord Rolle was rolling ;—'twas mighty eonsoling
 - To think that his Lordship did not break his bones!
- Then the crames and custard, and the beef and mustard,
 - All on the tombstones like a poultherer's shop;
- With lobsters and white-bait, and other swatemeats,

And wine, and nagus, and Imperial Pop !

- There was eakes and apples in all the Chapels,
 - With fine polonies, and rich mellow pears,---
- Och! the Count Von Strogonoff, sure he got prog enough,

The sly ould Divil, undernathe the stairs.

- Then the eannons thunder'd, and the people wonder'd,
 - Crying, "God save Victoria, our Royal Queen !"
- -Och! if myself should live to be a hundred,
 - Sure it's the proudest day that I'll have seen !

And now I've ended, what I pretended, This narration splendid in swate pocthry.

Ye dear bewitcher, just hand the pitcher, Faith, it's myself that's getting mighty dhry!

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

__⊷__ A Virtuoso.

BE seated, pray. "A grave appeal"? The sufferers by the war, of course; Ah, what a sight for us who feel,— This monstrous *melodrame* of Force! We, sir, we connoisseurs, should know On whom its heaviest burden falls; Collections shattered at a blow, Museums turned to hospitals!

"And worse," you say; "the wide distress!" Alas, 'tis true distress exists,

Though, let me add, our worthy Press Have no mean skill as colorists ;—

Speaking of color, next your seat There hangs a sketch from Vernet's hand;

Some Moscow fancy, incomplete, Yet not indifferently planned;

Note specially the gray old Guard, Who tears his tattered coat to wrap

A closer bandage round the scarred

And frozen comrade in his lap;-But, as regards the present war,-

Now, don't you think our pride of pence Goes-may I say it?—somewhat far For objects of benevolence?

You hesitate. For my part, I— Though ranking Paris next to Rome, Æsthetically—still reply

- That "Charity begins at home." The words remind me. Did you catch
- My so-named "Hunt"? The girl's a gem; And look how those lean rascals snatch
- The pile of seraps she brings to them l
- "But your appeal's for home," you say, "For home, and English poor !" Indeed
- I thought Philanthropy to-day Was blind to mere domestic need---
- However sore—yet though one grants That home should have the foremost claims,

At least these Continental wants Assume intelligible names;

While here with us—Ah! who could hope To verify the varied pleas,

Or from his private means to cope With all our shrill necessities?

- Impossible! One might as well Attempt comparison of creeds;
- Or fill that huge Malayan shell With these half-dozen Indian beads.

Moreover, add that every one So well exalts his pet distress,

'Tis-Give to all, or give to none, If you'd avoid invidiousness.

Your case, I feel, is sad as A's, The same applies to B's and C's;

By my selection I should raise An alphabet of rivalries;

And life is short,—I see you look At yonder dish, a priceless bit; You'll find it etched in Jacquemart's book, They say that Raphael painted it;—

And life is short, you understand; So, If I only hold you out

HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL.

An open though an empty hand, Why, you'll forgive me, I've no doubt.

Nay, do not rise. You seem amused; One can but be consistent, sir!

'Twas on these grounds I just refused Some gushing lady-almoner,—

Believe me, on these very grounds. Good-bye, then. Ah, a rarity!

That cost me quite three hundred pounds, That Dürer figure,—"Charity."

AUSTIN DOBSON.

A RECIPE FOR A SALAD.

To make this condiment, your poet begs The pounded yellow of two hard-boil'd eggs;

Two boil'd potatoes, pass'd through kitchen sieve.

Smoothness and softness to the salad give; Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl, And, half suspected, animate the whole; Of mordant mustard add a single spoon, Distrust the condiment that bites so soon; But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault

To add a double quantity of salt;

Four times the spoon with oil from Lucca crown,

- And twice with vinegar procured from town:
- And, lastly, o'er the flavor'd compound toss

A magic soupeon of anchovy sauce.

Oh, green and glorious! oh, herbaceous treat!

'Twould tempt a dying anchorite to eat :

Back to the world he'd turn his fleeting soul,

And plunge his fingers in the salad-bowl! Serenely full, the epicure would say,

"Fate cannot harm me, I have dined today !"

SYDNEY SMITH.

EPIGRAM.

SLY Beelzebub took all occasions To try Job's constancy and patience. He took his honor, took his health, He took his children, took his wealth, His servants, oxen, horses, cows— But curning Satan did *not* take his spouse. But Heaven, that brings out good from evil, And loves to disappoint the devil, Had predetermined to restore *Twofold* all he had before; His servants, horses, oxen, cows— Short-sighted devil, *not* to take his sponse!

A NOCTURNAL SKETCH.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

EVEN is come; and from the dark Park, hark,

The signal of the setting sun-one gun !

And six is sounding from the chime, prime time

To go and see the Drury-Lane Dane slain, Or hear Othello's jealous doubt spout out.

Or Maebeth raving at that shade-made blade.

Denying to his frantic clutch much touch ;---Or else to see Ducrow with wide stride ride

Four horses as no other man can span;

Or in the small Olympic Pit, sit split

Laughing at Liston, while you quiz his phiz.

- Anon Night comes, and with her wings brings things
- Such as, with his poetic tongue, Young sung;
- The gas up-blazes with its bright white light,
- And paralytic watchmen prowl, howl, growl,

About the streets and take up Pall-Mall Sal,

Who, hasting to her nightly jobs, robs fobs.

Now thieves to enter for your cash, smash, crash,

Past drowsy Charley, in a deep sleep, creep, But frightened by Policeman B. 3, flee,

And, while they're going, whisper low, "No go!"

- Now puss, while folks are in their beds, treads leads,
- And sleepers waking grumble, "Drat that cat!"
- Who in the gutter caterwauls, squalls, mauls

Some feline foe, and screams in shrill illwill.

Now Bulls of Bashan, of a prize size, rise In childish dreams, and with a roar gore poor

FIRESIDE ENCYCLOP_EDIA OF POETRY.

Georgy, or Charley, or Billy, willy-nilly ;---But Nursemaid in a nightmare rest, chestpressed, Dreameth of one of her old flames, James Games,

And that she hears—what faith is man's !— Ann's banus

And his, from Reverend Mr. Rice, twice, thrice:

White ribbons flourish, and a stout shout out,

That upward goes, shows Rose knows those bows' woes!

THOMAS HOOD.

THE SIEGE OF BELGRADE.

An Austrian army, awfully arrayed, Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade. Cossaek commanders cannonading come, Dealing destruction's devastating doom. Every endeavor engineers essay, For fame, for fortune fighting,—furious fray !

Generals 'gainst generals grapple - gracions God !

How honors Heaven heroic hardihood!

Infuriate, indiscriminate in ill,

Kindred kill kinsmen, kinsmen kindred kill.

Labor low levels longest, loftiest lines;

Men march mid mounds, mid moles, mid murderous mines ;

Now noxious, noisy numbers nothing, naught

Of outward obstacles, opposing ought;

Poor patriots, partly purchased, partly pressed,

Quite quaking, quickly "Quarter! Quarter!" quest.

Reason returns, religious right redounds,

Suwarrow stops such sanguinary sounds.

Truce to thee, Turkey! Triumph to thy train,

Unwise, unjust, unmerciful Ukraine!

Vanish, vain victory ! vanish, victory vain ! Why wish we warfare ? Wherefore welcome were

Xerxes, Ximenes, Xanthus, Xavier?

Yield, yield, ye youths! ye yeomen, yield your yell!

Zeus's, Zarpater's, Zoroaster's zeal, Attracting all, arms against acts appeal! AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

NOTES

EXPLANATORY AND CORROBORATIVE.



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NOTES

EXPLANATORY AND CORROBORATIVE.

Page 1.—Home, Sweet Home!—The following additional verses to the song of "Home, Sweet Home!" Mr. Payne affixed to the sheet music, and presented them to Mrs. Bates in London, a relative of his, and the wife of a rich banker:

To us, in despite of the absence of years, How sweet the remembrance of *home* still appears! From allurements abroad, which but flatter the eve.

The unsatisfied heart turns, and says with a sigh, "Home, home, sweet, sweet home! There's no place like home!" There's no place like home!"

Your exile is blest with all fate can bestow; But mine has been checkered with many a woe! Yet, tho' different our fortunes, our thoughts are the same.

And both, as we think of Columbia, exclaim, "Home, home, sweet, sweet home! There's no place like home!" -Life and Writings of John Howard Poyne, 4to, Albany, 1875.

Page 2.—The COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.— The house of William Barns was the scene of this fine, devout, and tranquil drama, and William himself was the saint, the father, and the busband who gives life and sentiment to the whole. "Robert had frequently remarked to me," says Gilbert Barns, "that be thought there was something peculiarly venerable in the phrase, 'Let us worship God!" nsed by a decent, sober head of a family, introducing family worship." To this sentiment of the author the world is indebted for the "Cotter's Saturday Night." He owed some little, however, of the inspiration to Fergusson's "Farmer's ingle," a poem of great merit.

-Burns's Poetical Works, Svo ed., Philada.

Page 7.— MATRIMUNIAL HAPPINESS.— Lapraik was a very worthy facetions old fellow, late of Dalfram near Muirkirk, which little property he was obliged to sell in consequence of some connection as security for some persons concerned in that villainous bubble, "The Ayr Bank." He has often told me that he composed this song one day of 1

when his wife had been fretting over their misfortunes.—Robert Burns.

Page 10 .- THE MARINER'S WIFE .- This most felicitous song is hetter known as "There's nae Luck about the House." It first appeared on the streets about the middle of the last century, and was included in Herd's Collection, 1776. The authorship is a matter of doubt. A copy of it, like a first draught, was found among the papers of William Julius Mickle, and the song has hence been believed to be his, notwithstanding that he did not include it in his own works. On the other hand, there has been some plausible argument to show that it must have been the work of a Mrs. Jane Adams, who kept a school at Crawford's Dyke, near Greenock ; it is not, however, included in her volume of Miscellany Poems, published as early as 1734. Jane Adams gave Shakespearian readings to her pupils, and so admired Richardson's Clarissa Harlowe that she walked to London to see the author. Toward the close of her life she became a wandering beggar, died in the poorhouse of Glasgow on April 3, 1765, and was "buried at the house expense."-Notes and Queries, Third Series, vol. x.

Notwithstanding the weighty authority of Notes and Queries, I am inclined to ascribe its anthorship to Jean Adam (not Jane Adams). Mickle never lived near a seaport, and never wrote anything as good as this poem. The remarkable statement that the poem does not appear in any of the published works of either claimant is, as far as it goes, an argument in favor of Miss Adam. She was poor, and probably published but one edition of her poems, which had a sale so small that the industrious Allihone does not mention her name in his Dictionary of Authors, while the scholarly translator of the Lusiad published many volumes of poems, some of which ran into several editions; and the fact that he never included "The Mariner's Wife" in any of them should determine the question of its authorship in her favor.

Page 11.-THE EXILE TO HIS WIFE.-JOSEPH Brennan (h. 1829, d. 1857) was a native of the north of ireland. He joined the Young Ireland party in 1848, and was one of the conductors of 961

the Irish Felon. He was imprisoned for nine months in Dublin, afterward edited the *Irishmang*, and in Outober, 1849, being implicated in an insurrectionary movement in Tipperary, fled to America. He was for three years connected with the New Orleans Delta, and died in that eity in "May, 1857.--Single Framous Poems.

Page 21 .- LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAWENT .-The subject of this pathetic ballad the editor once thought might possibly relate to the Earl of Bothwell, and his desertion of his wife, Lady Jean Gordon, to make room for his marriage with the Queen of Scots. But this opinion he now helieves to be groundless; indeed, Earl Bothwell's age, who was upward of sixty at the time of that marriage, renders it unlikely that he should be the object of so warm a passion as this elegy supposes. He has been since informed that it entirely refers to a private story. A young lady of the name of Buthwell-or rather Boswellhaving heen, together with her child, deserted by her husband or lover, composed these affecting lines herself .- Percy's Reliques.

Page 22.—THE ANGELS' WHISPER.—A superstition of great heauty prevails in Ireland, that when a child smiles in its sleep it is "talking with the angels."—Lover's Lyrics of Ireland.

Page 27.-GOLDEN TRESSED ADELAIDE .- The gifted child of the puet, Adelaide Anne Procter.

Page 34.—THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.,—An Inverary correspondent writes: "Thom gave me the following narrative as to the origin of 'The Mitherless Bairn;' I quote his own words: 'When I was livin' in Abordeen, I was limping roun' the house to my garret, when I heard the greetin' o' a wean. A lassie was thumpin' a bairn, when out cam' a big dame, bellowin', "Ye hussie! will ye lick a mitherless hairn?" I hobbled up the stair and worte the sang afore sleepin'."

Page 41 .- THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD .- The subject of this very popular ballad (which has heen set in so favorable a light by The Spectator, No. 85) seems to be taken from an old play, entitled "Two Lamentable Tragedies; the one of the murder of Maister Beech, a chandler in Thamesstreete, etc. The other of a young child murthered in a wood by two ruffins, with the consent of his unkle. By Rob. Yarrington, 1601, 4to." Our ballad-maker has strictly followed the play in the description of the father's and mother's dying charge; in the uncle's promise to take care of their issue; his hiring two ruffians to destroy his wards, under pretence of sending them to school; their choosing a wood to perpetrate the murder in; one of the ruffians relenting and a battle ensuing, etc. In other respects he has departed from the play. In the latter the seene is laid in Padua; there is but one child, which is murdered by a sudden stab of the unrelenting ruffian; he is slain himself by his less bloody companion, but cre he dies he gives the other a mortal wound. the latter living just long enough to impeach the uncle, who, in consequence of this impeachment, is arraigned and executed by the hand of justice, etc. Wheever compares the play with the ballad will have no doubt but the former is the original : the language is far more obsolete, and such a vein of simplicity runs through the whole performance that, had the ballad been written first, there is no doubt but every circumstance of it would have been received into the drama; whereas this was probably built on some Italian novel.

Printed from two ancient copies, one of them in black-letter in the *Pepps Collection*. Its title at large is, *The Children in the Wood*, or *The Norfolk Gentlemon's Last Will and Testament*, to the tune of Rogero. etc.—*Percy's Reliques*.

Page 75.—WOOMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.—This song owes its existence to the following incident: The author some years since was riding out with a friend in the suburbs of New York City, and when near Bloomingdale they observed a cottager in the act of sharpening his axe under the shadow of a noble ancestral tree. His friend, whe was once the proprietor of the estate on which the tree stood, suspected that the woodman intended to cut it down, remonstrated against the act, and, accompanying the protest with a ten-dollar note, succeeded in preserving from destruction this legendary memorial of his earlier and better days. —Frederick Saudaer's Featural of Song.

Page 81. - AULD LANG SYNE, - Of the two versions of this song, we adopt for our text that supplied to Johnson in preference to the copy made for George Thomson. The arrangement of the verses is more natural; it wants the redundant syllable in the fourth line of stanza first; and the spelling of the Scotch words is more correct. The poet transcribed the song for Mrs. Dunlop in bis letter to her dated 17th December, 1788, and it is unfortunate that Dr. Currie did not print a verbatim copy of it, along with that letter, instead of simply referring his reader to the Thom son correspondence for it. Thumson's closing verse stands second in Johnson, where it seems in its proper place, as having manifest reference to the earlier stages of the interview between the long-separated friends. Many of our readers must have observed that when a social company unites in singing the song before dispersing, it is the custom for the singers to join hands in a circle at the words, "And there's a hand," etc. This ought to conclude the song, with the chorus sung rapidly and emphatically thereafter. But

how awkwardly and out of place does the slow singing of Thomson's closing verse come in after that excitement —" And surely ye'll be your pint stowp," etc. No, no! The play is over; no more pint stowps!— *Burne's Poems*, William Scott Douglas's elition.

Page 87.—One for AX INDIAN GOLD COM.—This remarkable poem was written in Cherical, Malahar, the author having left his native land, Scotland, in quest of a fortune in India. He died shortly afterward in Java.—Frederick Saunders's Fedical of Song.

Page 103.-WALY, WALY, BUT LOVE BE DOX-NY.-Nothing is known with certainty as to the authorship of this exquisite song, one of the most affecting of the many that Scotland can boast. It had been supposed to refer to an incident in the life of Lady Barbara Erskine, wife of the second Marquis of Douglas; but the allasions are evidently to the deeper wees of one rot a wife --who "loved now wisely, but too well."--Huatrated Book of Scottin Song.

Page 112.—THE NUT-BROWN MAID.—Henry, Lord Clifford, first Earl of Cumberland, and Lady Margaret Percy his wife, are the originals of this hallad. Lord Clifford had a miserly father and ill-natured stepmother, so he left home and became the head of a band of robbers. The ballad was written in 1502, and says that the "Notbrowne Mayd" was wooed and won by a knight who gave out that he was a banished man. After describing the hardships she would have to undergo if she married bin, and finding her love true to the test, he revealed himself to be an earl's son, with large hereditary estates in Westmoreland.— Percy's Reliques (Series 11.).

Page 120. — HIGHLAND MARY. — "Highland Mary," says the Hon. A. Erskine in a letter to Mr. George Thomson, "is most enchantingly pathetic." Burns says of it bimself, in a letter to Mr. Thomson: "The foregoing song pleases myself; I think it is in my happiest manner; you will see at first glance that it suits the air. The subject of the song is one of the most interesting passages of my youthful days; and I own that I should be much flattered to see the verses set to an air which would ensure celebrity. Perhaps, after all, "its the still-glowing prejudice of my heart that throws a borrowed lustre over the merits of the composition."—Hilbertated Daok of Scottish Song.

The history of this humble maiden is now known to all the world, and will continue to be remembered as long as Scottish song exists. Her name was Mary Camphell, and her parents resided at Campbelltown, in Argyleshire. At the time Burns became acquainted with her she was servant at Colisfield House, the seat of Colonel

Montgomery, afterward Earl of Eglinton. In notes to the Museum, Burns says of the present song: "This was a composition of mine before I was known at all to the world. My Highland lassie was a warm-hearted, charming young creature as ever blessed a man with generous love. After a pretty long trial of the most ardent reciprocal attachment, we met by appointment on the second Sunday of May in a sequestered spot on the banks of the Ayr, where we spent the day in taking a farewell before she should embark for the West Highlands to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of the autumn following she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she had searce landed when she was seized with a malignant fever, which burried my dear girl to her grave in a few days, before I could even hear of her illness." Cromek adds a few particulars of the final interview of the youthful lovers: "This adieu was performed with all those simple and striking ccremonials which rustic sentiment bas devised to prolong tender emotion and to inspire awe. The lovers stood on each side of a small purling brook, they laved their hands in the limpid stream, and, holding a Bible between them, they pronounced their vows to be faithful to each other. They parted never to meet again." Cromek's account of this parting interview was considered somewhat apocryphal till, a good many years ago, a pocket Bible in two volumes, presented by Burns to Mary Campbell, was discovered in the possession of her sister at Ardrossan. This Bible afterward found its way to Canada, whither the family had removed; and having excited the interest of some Scotchmen at Montreal, they purchased it (for its possessors were unfortunately in reduced circumstances), and had it conveyed back to Scotland, with the view of being permanently placed in the monument at Avr. On its arrival at Glasgow, Mr. Weir, stationer. Queen street (through the instrumentality of whose son, we believe, the precious relic was mainly procured), kindly announced that he would willingly show it for a few days at his shop to any person who might choose to see it. The result was, that thousands flocked to obtain a view of this interesting memorial, and the ladies in particular displayed an nnwonted eagerness regarding it, some of them being even moved to tears on beholding an object which appealed so largely to female sympathies. On the anniversary of the poet in 1841, the Bible, enclosed in an oaken glass case, was deposited among other relies in the monument at Ayr. On the boards of one of the volumes is inscribed in Burns's handwriting, "And ye shall not swear by my name falsely, I am the Lord," Levit., chap. xix. v. 12; and on the other, "Thou shalt not forswear thy-

self, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oath," St. Matt, chap. v. v. 33; and on the blunk leaves of both volumes, "Rohert Burns, Mossgiol."— Burns's Works, Blackie & Son's ed.

Page 120. - SALLY IN OUR ALLEY. - Carey says the oceasion of his ballad was this: "A shoemaker's apprentice, making holiday with his sweetheart, treated her with a sight of Bedlam, the puppet-shows, the flying chain, and all the eleganeics of Moorfields; from whence proeeeding to the Farthing Pichouse, he gave her a collation of buns, cheese-cakes, gammon of bacon, stuffed beef and bottle ale; through all which scenes the author dodged them (charmed with the simplicity of their courtship), from whence he drew this little sketch of nature." The song, he adds, made its way into the polite world, and was more than once mentioned with approbation by "the divine Addison."-Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature.

Page 124 .- TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON .- This excellent sonnet, which possessed a high degree of fame among the old Cavaliers, was written by Colonel Richard Lovelace during his confinement in the Gate-house, Westminster, to which he was committed by the House of Commons in April, 1642, for presenting a petition from the county of Kent, requesting them to restore the king to his rights and to settle the government. See Wood's Athense, vol. ii., p. 228, and Lysons's Environs of London, vol. i., p. 109, where may be seen at large the affecting story of this elegant writer, who after having been distinguished for every gallant and polite accomplishment, the pattern of his own sex and the darling of the ladies, died in the lowest wretchedness, obscurity, and want in 1658 .- Percy's Reliques.

Page 126.-JEAN.-This song was written in eclobration of the charms of Jean Armour, afterward the poet's wife.

"Of a' the Airts the Wind can Blaw" was the most universally popular of all Burns's songs, at least in the west of Scotland, and it is still a great favorite. The air is by Mr. Marshall, who in Burns's time was butler to the Duke of Gordon, and who composed several other, fine airs. Only the first two stanzas were written by Burns. The last two have been ascribed to John Hamilton, music-seller, Edinhurgh.—Burns's Works, Blackie & Son's el.

Page 127,--TRE EVE OF ST. AGNES.--The Feast of St. Agness was formerly held as in a special degree a holiday for women. It was thought possible for a girl, on the eve of St. Agnes, to ubtain by divination a knowledge of her future husband. She might take a row of pins, and, placking them out one after another, stick them in her sleeve, singing the whilst a Paternoster, and thus ensure that her dreams would that night present the person in question. Or, passing into a different country from that of her ordinary residence, and taking her right-leg stocking, she might knit the left garter round it, repeasing:

> " I knit this knot, this knot I knit, To know the thing I know not yet, That I may seo The man that shall fny husband be, Not in his best or worst array, But what he weareth every day; That I to-morrow may him ken From among all other men."

Lying down on her hack that night with her hands under her head, the anxious maiden was led to expect that her future spouse would appear in a dream and solute her with a kiss.—*Chamber's Book of Days.*

Page 136.—LOCHINVAR.—The ballad of Lochinvar is in a very slight degree founded on a ballad called "Katharine Janfarie." (See Note to Katharine Janfarie.)

Page 137 -AULD ROBIN GRAY .- This beautiful ballad, of which the authorship was long a mystery, was written by Lady Anne Lindsay, daughter of the Earl of Balcarras, and afterward Lady Barnard. It appears to have been composed at the commencement of the year 1772, when the author was yet a young girl. It was published anonymously, and acquired great popularity. No one, however, came forward to lay elaim to the laurels lavished upon it, and a literary controversy sprang up to decide the authorship. Many conjectured that it was as old as the days of David Rizzio, if not composed by that unfortunate minstrel himself, while others considered it of much later date. The real author was, however, suspected; and ultimately, when her ladyship was an old woman, Sir Walter Scott received a letter from Lady Anne herself openly avowing that she had written it. She stated that she had been long suspected by her more intimate friends, and often questioned with respect to the mysterious ballad, but that she had always managed to keep her secret to hersolf without a direct and absolute denial. She was induced to write the song by a desire to see an old plaintive Scottish air ("The Bridegroom Grat when the Sun gaed down") which was a favorito with her fitted with words more suitable to its character than the ribald verses which had always hitherto, for want of better, heen sung to it. She had previously been endeavoring to beguile the tedium oceasioned by her sister's marriage and departure for Londun by the compusition of verses; hut of all she

had written, either hefore or since, none have reached the merit of this admirable little poem. It struck her that some tale of virtuous distress in humble life would be most suitable to the plaintive character of her favorite air; and she accordingly set about such an attempt, taking the name of "Anld Robin Gray" from an ancient herd at Balearras. When she had written two or three of the verses she called to her junior sister (afterward Lady Hardwicke), who was the only person near her, and thus addressed her: "I bave been writing a ballad, my dear; I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes; I have already sent her Jamie to sea, and broken her father's arm, and made her mother fall sick, and given her Auld Robin Gray for her lover : but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines-poor thing! Help me to one." "Steal the cow, sister Anne," said the little Elizabeth. "The cow," adds Lady Anne in her letter, "was immediately lifted by me, and the song completed."-Illustrated Book of Scottish Song.

Page 137 .- TO MARY IN HEAVEN .---- " At Ellisland," says Professor Wilson, " Burns wrote many of his finest strains, and, above all, that immortal burst of passion, 'To Mary in Heaven.' This celebrated poem was composed in September, 1789, on the anniversary of the day in which he heard of the death of his early love, Mary Campbell. According to Mrs. Burns, he spent that day, though laboring under cold, in the usual work of his harvest, and apparently in excellent spirits; but as the twilight deepened he appeared to grow very sad about something, and at length wandered out to the barnyard, to which his wife, in her anxiety for his health, followed him, entreating him in vain to observe that the frost had set in, and to return to the fireside. On being again and again requested to do so, he always promised compliance, but still remained where he was, striding up and down slowly and contemplating the sky, which was singularly clear and starry. At last Mrs. Burns found him stretched on a mass of straw, with his eyes fixed on a beautiful planet 'that shone like another moon,' and prevailed on him to come in. He immediately on entering the house called for his desk, and wrote as they now stand, with all the ease of one copying from memory, these sublime and pathetic verses."-John Gibson Lockhart.

Page 140.—The MILKMAID'S SONG.—This song and "The Milkmaid'S Mother'S Answer" have been ascribed by some editors to Shakespeare, but there is very little doubt but that they were written respectively by Marlowe and Raleigh. Izaak Walton says, in *The Complext Angler: "As* I left this place and entered into the nex field a second pleasure entertained me. "Twas a hand-

some milkmaid, that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be, as too many men too often do; hnt she cast away all care, and sung like a nightingale. Her voice was good, and the ditty suited for it. 'Twas that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlow now at least fifty years ago; and the milkmaid's mother sung an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days. They were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good; I think much better than the strong lines that are new in fashion in this critical age. Look yonder! On my word, yonder they both he a-milking again ! I will give her the chub, and persuade them to sing those two songs to us."

Page 145.--MAID OF ATHENS.--Our servant, who had gone before to progure accommodation, met us at the gate and conducted us to Theodora Macri, the Consulina's, where we at present live. This lady is the widow of the consul, and has three lovely daughters; the eldest celebrated for her beanty, and said to be the subject of those stanzas by Lord Byron--

"Maid of Athens, ere we part, Give, oh, give me back my heart!" etc.

Theresa, the Maid of Athens, Catinco, and Mariana, are of middle stature. On the crown of the head of each is a red Albanian skull-cap, with a blue tassel spread ont and fastened down like a star. Near the edge or bottom of the skull-cap is a handkerchief of various colors bound around their temples. The youngest wears her hair loose, falling on her shoulders-the hair behind descending down the back nearly to the waist, and, as nsual, mixed with silk. The two eldest generally have their hair bound, and fastened under the handkerehief. Their upper robe is a pelisse edged with fur, hanging loose down to the ankles; below is a handkerchief of muslin covering the bosom and terminating at the waist, which is short; under that, a gown of striped silk or muslin, with a gore round the swell of the loins, falling in front in graceful negligence; white stockings and yellow slippers complete their attire. The two eldest have black or dark hair and eyes; their visage oval and complexion somewhat pale, with teeth of dazzling whiteness. Their cheeks are rounded and nose straight, rather inclined to aquiline. The youngest, Mariana, is very fair, her face not so finely rounded, but has a gayer expression than her sisters', whose countenances, except when the conversation has something of mirth in it, may be said to be rather pensive. Their persons are elegant and their manners pleasing and lady-like, such as would be fascinating in any country. They pos-

sess very considerable powers of conversation, and their minds seem to be more instructed than these of the Greek women in general. With such attractions it would, indeed, be remarkable if they did not meet with great attention from the travellers who occasionally are resident in Athens. They sit in the Eastern style, a little reclined, with their limbs gathered under them on the divan, and without shees. Their employments are the needle, tambourine, and reading... Trarte is in Indy, Greere, etc., by H. W. Williams, Esq.

Page 145. - BONNIE LESLEY. - The poet, in a letter to Mrs. Danlop dated Augnst, 1792, describes the influence which the beauty of Miss Lesley Baillie excreised over his imagination. "Know, then," said he, "that the heartstruck awe, the distant, humble approach, the delight we should have in gazing upon and listening to a messenger of heaven, appearing in all the unspotted purity of his celestial home among the coarse, polluted, far inferior sons of men, to deliver to them tidings that make their hearts swim in joy and their imaginations soar in transport,such, so delighting and so pure, were the emotions of my sonl on meeting the other day with Miss Lesley Baillie, your neighbor. Mr. Baillie with his two daughters, accompanied by Mr. H. of G., passing through Dumfries a few days ago on their way to England, did me the honor of calling on me, on which I took my horse (though God knows I could ill spare the time!) and accompanied them fourteen or fifteen miles, and dined and spent the day with them. "Twas about nine, I think, when I left them, and riding home I composed the following ballad." - Burns's Poems.

Page 155. — The Lass of PATR's MILL. — ""The Lass of Patris's Mill," says Burns, "is one of Ramsay's best songs. The following anecdote was told by the late John, Earl of Loudon : Allan Ramsay was residing at Loudon Castle with the then earl, father to Earl John, and one afternoon, riding or walking out together, his lordship and Allan passed a sweet romantic spot on Irwine Water, still called 'Patic's Mill," where a bonnie lass was 'teiding hay barcheaded on the green.' My lord observed to Allan that it would be a fine biene for a song. Ramsay took the hint, and lingering behind he composed the first sketch of it, which he produced at dianer.'—Illowatened Book of Scottish Song.

Page 106. — JESN. — The JeSN of this and several other songer was JeSN Lewars, sister of a follow-exciseman of Barns in Dumfries. She was distinguished from many of his contemporarary admires by the affectionate synopathy which sho always had for him and for his wife. and which during his last illness took the form of a daughter's watchful care. This is the last song Burns ever wrote.—Mary Carlyle Aitken.

Page 267.---WHEN THE KYE COMES ILANE.--In the title and chorns of this favorite little pastoral I choose rather to violate a rule in grammar than a Scottish phrase so common that when it is altered into the proper way every shepherd and shepherd's sweethcart accounts it nonsense. I was once singing it at a wedding with great glee the latter way ("When the kye come hame"), when a tailor, scratching his head, sail, "I f was a terrible affected way, that !" I stood corrected, and have never sung it so again,----I Mog's Poems.

Page 173.—A PASTORAL.—The Phoebe of this admired pastoral was Joanna, the daughter of the very learned Dr. Richard Bentley, archdeacon and prebendary of Ely, regins professor and master of Trinity College, Cambridge, who died in 1742. She was afterward married to Dr. Dennison Cumberland, bishop of Clonfert in Killalee in Ireland, and grandson of Dr. Riehard Cumberland, bishop of Peterborough.—Spectator, No. 603, note.

Page 179,-CASTARA.-Castara was a daughter of William Herbert, first Lord Perey, and became the wife of the poet. There are no parer and few more graceful records of a noble attachment than that which is contained in the poems to which Habington has given the name of the lady of his happy love.-Richard Chenetic Trench.

Page 185.-Go, LOVELY ROSE.-A lady of Cambridge lent Waller's poems to llenry Kirks White, and when ho returned them to her she discovered this additional stanza written by bim at the end of this poem :

"Yet, though thou fade, From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise; And teach the maid That Goodness Time's rude band defies, That Virtue lives when Beauty dies." —Henry Kirke White's Poems.

Page 185.—To HIS MISTRESS, THE QUEEN OF PO-HENIA. — On that amiable princess, Elizabeth, daughter of James I, and wife of the Elector Palatine, who was chosen King of Bohemia September 5, 1619. The consequences of this fatal election are well known. Sir Heury Wotton, who in that and the following year was employed in several embassies in Germany in behalf of this unfortunate lady, seems to have had an uncommon attachment to her merit and fortunes; for he gave away a jewel that was worth a thousand pounds, that was presented to him by the emperor, "becauso it came from an enemy to his royal mistress the Queen of Bohemia" ("for so," says Walton in

The Life of Wotton, "she was pleased he should always call her"),-Bellew's Poets' Corner.

Page 186.—JENNY KUSED ME.—These lines are said to be due to the following incident: Leigh Hunt called on Carlyle to inform binn of some very pleasant piece of news. Mrs. Carlyle, who was in the room at the time, was so delighted that she jumped up and kissed him. On bis return home he wrote this pretty little compliment.

Page 199. ANNIE LAURIE.-

NAXWELTON BANKS. Maxwelton banks are bonnie, Where enr and Annie Laurie Made up the promise true, Made up the promise true, And never forget will I; And for bonnie Annie Laurie I'll lay ue donn and die.

She's backit like the peacock, She's breistit like the swan, She's jimp about the middle, Her waist ye weel micht span; Her waist ye weel micht span, And she has a rolling eye; And for bonnie Annie Laurie I'll ky me donn and die.

"These two verses," as we are informed by Mr. Robert Chambers, "were written by Mr. Douglas of Finland upon Annie, one of the four daughters of Sir Robert Laurie, first haronet of Maxweiton, by his second wife, who was a daughter of Riddell of Minto. As Sir Robert was created a haronet in the year 1685, it is probable that the verses were composed about the end of the seventeeath or the beginning of the eighteenth century. It is painful to record that, notwithstanding the ardent and chivalrous affection displayed by Mr. Douglas in his poem, he did not obtain the heroine for a wife; she was married to Mr. Ferguson of Craigdarroch." The first four lines of the second stanza are taken from the old and indecent ballad of "John Anderson, my Jo," a fact which Mr. Chambers has not mentioned. The ballad of "John Anderson," as it was sung hefore it was rendered decent by Robert Burns, appeared in a very scarce volume of English songs, with music, entitled The Convivial Songster, published in 1782. -Illustrated Book of Scottish Song.

Page 201. — THE LORD OF BURLEIGH. — Henry Cecil, eleventh Baron Burleigh, tenth Earl of Exeter and first Marquis of Exeter, was born at Brassels in 1754, and for many years in his early life was M. P. for Stamford. His lordship was married three times: first, to Emma, only daughter and heiress of Thomas Vernon, Esq., of Ilanbury, from whom he was divorced in 1791, after having issue by her one son, who died young; secondly, to Sarah, daughter to Thomas Hoggins, of Bolas, Shropshire, by whom he had issue four children-namely, the Lady Sophia Cecil, married to the Hon, Henry Manvers Pierrepoint (whose daughter married Lord Charles Wellesley, second son of the first Duke of Wellington, and was mother of the present heir-presumptive to that dakedom); Lord Henry Cecil, who died young; Lord Brownlow Cecil, who became second Marquis of Exeter; and Lord Thomas Cecil, who married Lady Sophia Georgiana Lennox ; and, thirdly, to Elizabeth, Duchess Hamilton, by whom he had no issue. The second of these three marriages has supplied a theme to many novelists and dramatists. They have used the poet's license somewhat, but it is certain that the bride and her family had no idea of the rank of the wooer until the Lord of Burleigh had wedded the peasant girl. Thus Moore pictures Ellen, the "hamlet's pride," loving in poverty, leaving her home to seek uncertain fortune. Stopping at the entrance to a lordly mansion, blowing the horn with a chieftain's air, while the porter bowed as he passed the gate, "she helieved him wild " when he said, "This castle is thine, and these dark woods all;" but "his words were truth," and "Ellen was Lady of Rosna Hall."-The Stately Homes of England, Second Series.

Page 202.—LUCY'S FLITTIS'.—The author of this sweet little poem was Scott's valued friend and steward. On Scott's return to Abbotsford from Naples, after having travelled from London in a state of utter prostration and semi-unconsciousness, seeing Laidlaw at his bedside, he said, his eyes brightening, "Is that you, Willie? I ken I'm haue noo."—Mary Carlyle Aiken.

Page 221 .- THE GRAVE OF MACAURA .- At Callan, a pass on an unfrequented road leading from Glanerought (the Vale of the Roughty) to Bantry, the country-people point out a flat stone by the pathway which they name as the burial-place of Daniel MacCarthy, who fell there in an engagement with the Fitzgeralds in 1261. The stone still preserves the traces of characters, which are, however, illegible. From the scanty records of the period it would appear that this hattle was no inconsiderable one. The Geraldines were defeated, and their leader, Thomas Fitzgerald, and his son, eighteen barons, fifteen knights, and many others of his adherents, slain. But the honor and advantage of victory were dearly purchased by the exulting natives, owing to the death of their brave and noble chieftain. The name MacCarthy, as spelt in Irish, would be (represented in Roman characters) MacCartha. But it would be pronounced MacChura, the th, or dotted i, having, in

the Irish tongue, the soft sound of h = Lover's Lyrics of Ireland.

Page 223 .--- THE GOON LORD CLIFFOND .--- Mr. Southey, describing the mountain-scenery of the Lake region, says: "The story of the shepherd Lord Clifford, which was known only to a few antiquarians till it was told so beautifully in verse by Wordsworth, gives a romantic history to Blencathara." Henry, Lord Clifford, was the son of John, Lord Clifford, who was slain at Towton, which battle placed the Honse of York upon the throne. His family could expect no mercy from the conqueror, for he was the man who slew the younger brother of Edward IV, in the battle of Wakefield-a deed of cruelty in a cruel age. The hero of this poem fled from his paternal home, and lived for twenty-four years as a shepherd. He was restored to his rank and estates by Henry VII. The following narrative is from an old MS. quoted by Mr. Southey :

"So in the condition of a shepherd's boy at Lonsborrow, where his mother then lived for the most part, did this Lord Clifford speed his youth, till he was about fourteen years of age, about which time his mother's father, Henry Bromflett, Lord Vesey, deceased. But a little after his death it came to be rumored, at the conrt, that his daughter's two sons were alive, about which their mother was examined; but her nawser was, that sho had given directions to send them both beyond seas, to be bred there, and she did not know whether they were dead or alive.

"And as this Henry, Lord Clifford, did grow to more years, he was still the more capable of his danger, if he had been discovered. And therefore presently after his grandfather, the Lord Vesey, was dead, the said rumor of his being alive being more and more whispered at the court, made his said loving mother, by the means of her second husband, Sir Launcelot Threlkeld, to send him away with the said shepherds and their wives into Cumberland, to be kept as a shepherd there, sometimes at Threlkeld, and amongst bis fatherin-law's kindred, and sometimes upon the borders of Scotland, where they took lands purposely for these shepherds that had the custody of him ; where many times his father-in-law camo purposely to visit him, and sometimes his mother, though very secretly. By which mean kind of breeding this inconvenience befell him, that he could neither write nor read; for they durst not bring him up in any kind of learning, lest by it his birth should be discovered. Yet, after he came to his lands and honors, he learnt to write his name only.

"Notwithstanding which disadvantage, after he came to be possessed again, and restored to the enjoyment of his father's estate, he came to be a very wise man, and a very good manager of his estate and fortunes. "This Henry, Lord Clifford, after he came to be possessed of his said estate, was a great builder and repairer of all his eastles in the North, which had gone to decay when he came to enjoy them; for they had been in strangers' hands about twenty-four or twenty-fave grears. Skipton Castle, and the lands about it, had been given to William' Stanley by King Edward IV., which William Stanley's head was cut of about the tenth year of King Henry VII.; and Westmoreland was given by Edward IV. to his brother Richard, Duke of Gloucester, who was afterward king of England, and was slain in battle, the 22d of August, 1185.

"This Henry, Lord Clifford, did, after he came to his estate, exceedingly delight in astronomy and the contemplation of the course of the stars, which it is likely be was seasoned in during the course of his shepherd's life. He built a great part of Barden Tower (which is now much decayed), and there he lived much; which it is thought he did the rather because in that place he had furnished binself with instruments for that study.

" He was a plain man, and lived for the most part a country life, and came seldom either to the court or London but when he was called thither to sit in them as a peer of the realm, in which parliament, it is reported, he behaved himself wisely, and nobly, and like a good Englishman."—Knight's Holf Hours with the Best Authors.

Page 233.—EPITAPH ON THE COUNTES OF PEM-BROKE. — The accomplished sister of Sir Philip Sidney, who dedicated to her his *Arcadia*. The counters of Pembroke wrote some graceful poems, translated the tragedy of *Autony* from the French, and joined her brother in a translation of the Paalms. Spenser spenks of her as

" Most resembling, both in shape and spirit, Her brother dear."

She died in 1621. The above epitaph was first introduced into the collected works of Ben Jonson by Whalley, on the ground that it was "universally assigned to him." Jonson's claim to it, however, is by no means certain... *Hellew's Ports' Corner*.

Page 233.—Os Lucy, CorNTESS oF BERFORD.— Lucy, the lady of Edward, third Earl of Bedford, and daughter of John, Lord Harrington. Sho was a munificent patron of genius, and seems to have been peculiarly kind to Jonson. One of the most exquisite compliments that ever was offered to talents, beauty, and goodness was paid by the graceful poet to this lady. The biographers aro never weary of repeating after one another that she was "the friend of Donne and Daniel, who wrote verses on her," but of Jonson, who wrote more than both, they preserve a rigid silence.— Jonson's Works, vol. vii.

Page 234,---SONNET TO CYRIAC SKINNER.--Cyriac Skinner was one of the principal members of Harrington's political club. Wood says that he was "an ingenious young gentleman and scholar to John Milton."

Page 225.—MILTON'S PRAYER OF PATTERSE.— This poem, so Miltonic in its purity and force of expression, was at first attributed to the great poet himself, and was actually published in an English edition of his works as a recently-discovered poeu by him.

Page 235.—To THE LADY MARGARET LEY.—The daughter of Sir James Ley, whose singular learning and abilities raised him through all the great posts of the law till be came to be made Earl of Marlborough, Lord High Treasurer, and Lord President of the Council to King James I. He died at an advanced age, and Milton attributes his death to the breaking of the Parliament; and it is true that the Parliament was dissolved the 10th of March, 162§, and he died on the 14th of the same month.

Page 235.—L'ACTIAS.—The name under which Milton eclebrates the untimely death of Edward King, Fellow of Christ College, Cambridge, who was drowned in his passage from Chester to Ircland, Angust 10th, 1627. He was the son of Sir John King, Secretary for Ireland.—Breveer's Dictionary of Florase and Fable.

Page 235.—Ax HonATIAN ODE.—This ode was written in the summer of 1650, after Crouwell's return from the campaign in Ireland, and after ho had been designated for the expedition to Scatland, but while as yet the "laurent wrenth" of Dunbar Field was unwon.

Page 245 .- ON THE DEATH OF DR. LEVETT .--In one of his (Johnson's) memorandum-books in my possession is the following entry: "January 20, Sunday, 1782, Robert Levett was buried in the churchvard of Bridewell between one and two in the afternoon. He died on Thursday, 17, about seven in the morning, by an instantaneous death. He was an old and faithful friend. I have known him from about 1746. Commendavi. May God have mercy on him! May He have mercy on me !" Boswell quotes as follows from "Critical Remarks" by Nathan Drake, M. D.: "The stanzas on the death of this man of great but humble utility are beyond all praise. The wonderful powers of Johnson were never shown to greater advantage than on this occasion, where the subject, from its obscurity and mediocrity, seemed to bid defiance to poetical efforts; it is, in fact, warm from the heart, and is the only poem from the pen of Johnson that has been bathed with tears. Would to God that on every medical man

who attends the poor such encomiums could be justly passed !"-Boswell's Life of Johnson.

Page 247 .- ELEGY ON CAPTAIN MATTHEW HEN-DERSON .- Captain Matthew Henderson, a gentleman of very agreeable manners and great propricty of character, usually lived in Edinburgh. dined constantly at Fortune's Tavern, and was a member of the Capillaire Club, which was composed of all who desired to be thought witty or joyous. Ho died in 1789. Burns, in a note to the poem, says: "I loved the man much, and have not flattered his memory." Henderson seems, indeed, to have been universally liked. "In our travelling party," says Sir James Campbell of Ardkinglass, "was Matthew Henderson, then (1759) and afterward well known and much esteemed in the town of Edinburgh, at that time an officer in the Twenty-fifth regiment of foot, and, like myself, on his way to join the army; and I may say with truth that in the course of a long life I have never known a more estimable character than Matthew Henderson."-Memoirs of Cumpbell of Ardkinglass.

Page 252 .- BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE .-Sir John Moore often said that if he were killed in battle he wished to be buried where he fell. The body was removed at midnight to the citadel of Corunna. A grave was dug for him on the rampart there by a body of the Ninth regiment, the aides-de-camp attending by turns. No coffin could be procured, and the officers of his staff wrapped the body, dressed as it was, in a military cloak and hlanket. The interment was hastened, for about eight in the morning some firing was beard, and the officers feared that if a serious attack were made they should be ordered away and not suffered to pay him their last duty. The officers of his family bore him to the grave, the funeral service was read by the chaptain, and the corpse was covered with earth .-- Edinburgh Annual Register (1808).

Page 252 .- OH, BREATHE NOT HIS NAME .- This poem refers to Robert Emmett, an eloquent Irish enthusiast, horn in Cork in 1780. He was an ardent hut misguided partisan of Irish independence, and appears to have been a sincere patriot. He was one of the chiefs of the "United Irishmen." In July, 1803, be rashly put himself at the head of a party of insurgents consisting of the rabble of Dublin, who murdered the chiefjustice, Lord Kilwarden, and others, but were quickly dispersed by the military. Emmett was arrested, was tried, and after an eloquent and impassioned speech in vindication of his course, suffered with intrepid courage a felon's death, September, 1803. - Thomas's Biographical Dictionary.

Page 263.—THE LOST LEADER.—In his earlier years, Wordsworth, who had travelled in France during the French Revolution, was very democratic in his opinions, but afterward grew more conservative, which some of his old associates attributed to his having received from the English government the office of poet-laureate.

Page 267,--ICHARON,--"And she named the child Ichabol, saying, The glory is departed from Israel." I Samuel iv. 21. This poem was witten upon receipt of the intelligence of Daniel Webster's speech in the U.S. Scnate, March 7, 1850, in defence of the Compromise measures, and especially of the Fugitive Slave Law.

Puge 273 .- LINES WRITTEN ON THE NIGHT OF THE 30TH OF JULY, 1847 .- The contest was short, but sharp. For ten days the city was white with broadsides, and the narrow courts off the High street rang with the dismal strains of innumerable ballad-singers. The opposition was nominally directed against both the sitting members, but from the first it was evident that all the seurrility was meant exclusively for Macaulay. He came seathless even out of that ordeal. The vague charge of being too much of an essayist and too little of a politician was the worst that either saint or sinner could find to say of him. The burden of half the election songs was to the effect that he had written poetry, and that one who knew so much of ancient Rome could not possibly be the man for modern England. The day of nomination was the 29th of July. The space in front of the hustings had been packed by the advocates of cheap whiskey. Professor Aytoun, who stooped to second Mr. Blackburn, was applauded to his heart's content, while Macanlay was treated with a brutality the details of which are painful to read and would be worse than useless to record. The polling took place on the morrow. A considerable number of the Tories, instead of plumping for Blackburn or dividing their favors with the sitting members (who were both of them moderate Whigs and supporters of the Establishment), thought fit to give their second votes to Mr. Cowan, an avowed Voluntaryist in church matters and the accepted champion of the Radical party.

"I waited with Mr. Macaulay," says Mr. Adam Black, "in a room of the Merchants' Hall to receive at every hour the numbers who had pelled in all the districts. At 10 o'clock we were confounded to find that he was 150 below Cowan, but still had faint hopes that the next hour might turn the scale. The next hour eaue, and a darker prospect. At 12 o'clock he was 340 below Cowan. It was obvious now that the field was lost, but we were left from hour to hour under the torture of a sinking poll, till at 4 o'clock it stood thms: Cowan, 2063; Craig, 1854; Macaulay, 1477; Blackburn, 980."

That same night, while the town was still alive with jubilation over a triumph that soon lost its gloss even in the eyes of those who had won it, Macanhay, in the grateful silence of his chamber, was weaving his perturbed thoughts into those exquisite lines which tell within the compass of a secre of stanzas the essential secret of the life whose ontward aspect these volumes have endeavored to portray—Macandys Life and Letters.

Page 291.-HARMOZAN.-After a noble defence, Harmozan, the prince or satrap of Ahwaz and Susa, was compelled to surrender his person and his state to the discretion of the caliph; and their interview exhibits a portrait of the Arabian manners. In the presence and by the command of Omar the gay barbarian was despoiled of his silken robes embroidered with gold, and of his tiara bedecked with rubics and emeralds. "Are you not sensible," said the conqueror to his naked captive-" are you not sensible of the judgment of God, and of the different rewards of infidelity and obedience?"---"Alas!" replied Harmozan, "I feel them too deeply. In the days of our common ignorance we fought with the weapons of the flesh, and my nation was superior. God was then neutor; since He has espoused your quarrel you have subverted our kingdom and religion." Oppressed by this painful dialogue, the Persian complained of intolerable thirst, but discovered some apprehension lest he should be killed whilst he was drinking a cup of water. "Be of good courage," said the caliph: "your life is safe till you have drunk this water." Tho crafty satrap accepted the assurance, and instantly dashed the vase against the ground. Omar would have avenged the deceit, but his companions represented the sanctity of an oath; and the speedy conversion of Harmozan entitled him not only to a free pardon, but even to a stipend of two thousand pieces of gold. - Gibbon's Rome, chap. li.

Page 292,--CRESCENTUS,--Crescentius was consul of the Romans in the reign of the Emperer Othe HL. He attempted to shake off the Saxon yoke, and was besieged by Otho in the Mole of Hadrian (long called the Tower of Crescentius). He was betrayed and beheaded,--Bellew's Poets' Corner.

Page 202.—THE VENGEANCE OF MCDARA.— Gonçalo Bustos de Salas de Lara, a Custilian hero of the eleventh century, had seven sons. His brother, Rodrigo Velasquez, married a Moorish lady, and these seven nephews were invited to the feast. A fray took place in which one of the seven slew a Moor, and the bride demanded

vengeance. Rolrigo, to please his hride, waylaid his brother Gonçalo, and kept him in durance in 9 dangeon of Cordova, and the seven hoys were hotrayed into a ravine where they were encelly murdreed. While in the dungeon the daughter of the Moorish king fell in love with Gonçalo and became the mother of Mudara, who avenged the death of Lara's seven sons hy slaying Rodrigo. —Breaser's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable.

Page 293 .- THE BARD .- This ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward I., when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hands to he put to death. The original argument of this ode, as Mr. Gray had set it down in one of the pages of his commonplace book, was as follows: The army of Edward 1., as they march through a deep valley, are suddenly stopped by the appearance of a venerable figure seated on the summit of an inaccessible rock, who, with a voice more than human, reproaches the king with all the misery and desolation which he had brought on his country; foretells the misfortunes of the Norman race, and with prophetic spirit declares that all his cruelty shall never extinguish the noble ardor of poetic genius in this island; and that men shall never be wanting to celebrate true virtue and valor in immortal strains, to expose vice and infamous pleasure, and holdly censure tyranny and oppression. Ilis song ended, he precipitates himself from the mountain, and is swallowed up by the river that rolls at its foot .- Gray's Poems.

Page 295.—A VERY MOURNFUL BALLAD.—The effect of the original ballad (which existed both in Spanish and Arabie) was such that it was forbidden to be sung hy the Moors, on pain of death, within Granada.—Byrea's Poems.

Page 296.—THE LOND OF BUTRAGO.—The incident to which this ballad relates is supposed to have occurred on the famous field of Aljuharrota, where King Juan I. of Castile was defeated by the Portugueso. The king, who was at the time in a feeble state of health, exposed himself very much during the action, and, being wounded, had great difficulty in making his escape. The battle was fought A. p. 1385.—Lockhart's Spanish Ballads.

Page 297.—MAKE WAY FOR LIBERTY!—This poem is founded on the heroic achievement of Arnold de Winkelried at the battle of Sempach, which was fought 'on the 9th of July, 1386. In this battle the Swiss gained a great victory over Leopold, Duke of Austria, and secured the liberty of their country, which had been grossly oppressed by Austria.

Page 298 .- THE BALLAD OF AGINCOURT .- In

the battle of Agineourt, fought on the 25th of October, 1415, Henry V. of England, with an army of about ten thousand men, totally defeated the French under the Constable d'Albret. The French army consisted of about sixty thousand men.

Page 290,—THE BALLAD or CHEVY CHACL.— There had long been a rivalry between the families of Perey and Douglas, which showed itself by incessant raids into each other's territory. Perey of Northumherland one day vowel be would hont for three days in the Scottish border without condescending to ask leave of Earl Douglas. The Scottish warden said in his anger, "Tell this vanuer he shall find one day more than sufficient." The hallad called "Chevy Chace" mixes up this hunt with the battle of Otterburn, which, Dr. Perey justly observer, was "a very different event." Chevy Chace means the ehase or hunt among the "Chyviat hyls."— Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable.

Page 302 .- EDINBURGH AFTER FLODDEN .- The great battle of Flodden was fought upon the 9th of September, 1513. The defeat of the Scottish army, resulting mainly from the fantastic ideas of chivalry entertained by James IV., and his refusal to avail himself of the natural advantages of his position, was by far the most disastrous of any recounted in the history of the northern wars. The whole strength of the kingdom, both Lowland and Highland, was assembled, and the contest was one of the sternest and most desperate upon record. For several hours the issue seemed doubtful. On the left the Scots obtained a decided advantage; on the right they were hroken and overthrown; and at last the whole weight of the battle was brought into the centre, where King James and the Earl of Surrey commanded in person. The determined valor of James, imprudent as it was, had the offect of rousing to a pitch of desperation the courage of the meanest soldiers ; and the ground becoming soft and slippery from blood, they pulled off their boots and shoes, and secured a firmer footing by fighting in their hose. Both parties did wonders, but none performed more than the king. He would fight not only in person, but on foot. At first he had abundance of success; but at length his hattalion was surrounded, and the Scots formed themselves into a ring, and, being resolved to die nobly with their sovereign, who seorned to ask quarter, were altogether eut off. The loss of the Scots was about ten thousand men. The loss to Edinburgh was peculiarly great. All the magistrates and able-bodied citizens had followed their king to Flodden, whence very few of them returned. The news of the overthrow on the field of Flodden overwhelmed

the inhabitants with grief and confusion. The streets were crowded with women seeking intelligence about their friends, clamoring and weeping. The city banner referred to in the poom is a standard still held in great honor by the burghers, baving heen presented to them by James 111, in return for their loyal service in 1482. This banner, still conspicuous in the library of the Faculty of Advocates, was honorably brought back from Flodden, and could certainly never have been displayed on a more memerable field. No event in Scottish history ever took a more lasting hold on the public mind than the "woeful fight" of Flodden; and even now the songs and traditions which are current on the Border recall the memory of a contest unsullied by disgrace, though terminating in disaster and defeat .--- Harper's Magazine.

Page 306.—THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.— The "Flowers of the Forest" are the young men of the districts of Selkirkshire and Peeblesshire, anciently known as "the Forest." The song is founded by the author upon an older composition of the same name, deploring the loss of the Scotch at Flodden Field, of which all has been lost except two or three lines.— *Hlustrated Book of Scottink Song.*

Page 307 .- IVRY .- Henry IV., on his accession to the French throne, was opposed by a large part of his subjects under the Duke of Mayenne, with the assistance of Spain and Savoy, and from the union of these several nations their army was called the "Army of the League." In March, 1590, he gained a decisive victory over that party at Ivry, a small town in France. Before the battle he said to his troops, " My ebildren, if you lose sight of your colors, rally to my white plume ; you will always find it in the path to honor and glory." His conduct was answerable to his promise. Nothing could resist his impetuous valor, and the Leaguers underwent a total and bloody defeat. In the midst of the rout Henry followed, crying, " Save the French !" and his elemency added a number of the enemy to his own army.

Page 300.— THE SACK OF BALTIMORE.— Baltimore is a small seaport in the barrony of Carbery in South Munster. It grew up round a castle of O'Driscoll's, and was after his ruin colonized by the English. On the 20th of June, 1631, the crews of two Algerine galleys landed in the dead of the night, sacked the town, and bore off into slavery all who were not too old, or too young, or too ferce for their purpose. The pirates were steered up the intricate channel by one Hackett, a Dungarvan fisherman, whom they had taken at sea for the purpose. Two years after, he was convicted and executed for the erime. Baltimore never recovered this. To the artist, the antiquary, and the naturalist its neighborhood is most interesting: (See *The Ancient and Precent State of the County and City of Cork*, by Charles Smith, M. D., second edition, Dublin, 1774. Note by Thomas Osborne Davis.)

Page 311 .- NASEBY .- The battle of Naseby was fought June 14, 1645, between the royal forces, commanded by Charles I., and the Parliamentary party, nicknamed "Roundheads," under Lord Fairfax. The forces on both sides were about equal, Fairfax having rather the choice of position. At first, Prince Rupert, who commanded the right wing of the royal army, made such an impetuous attack upon the left wing of the Parliamentarians that it was broken and put to flight, and Ireton, its commander, wounded and taken prisoner; but finally Cromwell, who commanded the right wing of Fairfax's army, routed the left wing of the opposing army, and came to the relief of the Parliamentary centre, commanded by Fairfax and Skippon, when the royal army was defeated, and Charles fied from the bloody field, leaving 800 killed, 4500 prisoners, besides his artillery, ammunition, and several thousand stand of arms. The battle virtually decided the war.

Page 313 .- WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY .- This sonnet, the first of those which refer to English public affairs, was written in November, 1642, and prohably on Saturday, the 12th of that month. The Civil War had then begun, and Milton, already known as a vehement anti-Episcopal pamphleteer and Parliamentarian, was living, with two young ucphews whom he was educating, in his house in Aldersgate street, a surburban thoroughfare just beyond one of the city gates of London. After some of the first actions of the war, including the indecisive battle of Edgehill (Oct. 23), the king's army, advancing out of the Midlands, with the king and Prince Rupert present in it, had come as near to London as Hounslow and Brentford, and was threatening a further march to crush the Londoners and the Parliament at once. They were at their nearest on Saturday, the 12th of November; and all that day and the next there was immense excitement in London in expectation of an assault-chains put up across streets, houses barred, etc. It was not till the evening of the 13th that the citizens were reassured by the retreat of the king's army, which had been checked from a closer advance by a rapid march-out of the trained bands under Essex and Skippon. Milton, we are to fancy, had shared the common alarm. His was one of the houses which, if the Cavaliers had been let loose, it would have given them particular pleasure to sack. Knowing this,

the only precaution be takes is, half in jest, and yet perlaps with some anxiety, to write a sonnet addressed to the imaginary Royalist captain, colonel, or knight who may command the Aldersgate street sacking-party. "On his dore when ye citty expected an assault" is the original heading of the sonnet in the copy of it, by an ananuensis, among the Cambridge MSS, as if the sonnet had actually been pasted or nailed up on the outside of Milton's door. This title was afterward doleted by Milton bimself, and the other title substituted in his own hand: but the sonnet appeared without any title at all in the editions of 1645 and 1673.—*Milton*, Masson's edition.

Page 313 .- ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIED-MONT .--- This, the most powerful of Milton's sonnets, was written in 1655, and refers to the perseoutions instituted, in the early part of that year, by Charles Emmanuel II., Duke of Savoy and Prince of Piedmont, against bis Protestant subjects of the valleys of the Cottian Alps. This Protestant community, half French and half Italian, and known as the Waldenses or Vaudois, were believed to have kept up the tradition of a primitive Christianity from the time of the apostles. There had been various persecutions of them since the Reformation, but that of 1655 surpassed all. By an edict of the duke they were required to part with their property and leave their habitations within twenty days, or else to become Roman Catholics. On their resistance, forces were sent into their valleys, and the most dreadful atrocities followed. Many were butchered, others were taken away in chains, and hundreds of families were driven for refuge to the mountains covered with snow, to live there miserably or perish with cold and hunger. Among the Protestant nations of Europe, and especially in England, the indignation was immediate and violent, Cromwell, who was then Protector, took up the matter with his whole strength. He caused Latin letters, couched in the strongest terms, to be immediately sent, not only to the offending Duke of Savoy, but also to the chief princes and powers of Europe. These letters were drawn up by Milton, and may he read among his Letters of State. An ambassador was also sent to collect information; a Fast Day was appointed; a subscription of £40,000 was raised for the sufferers: and altogether Cromwell's remonstrances were such that, backed as they would have been, if necessary, by armed force, the cruel edict was withdrawn, and a convention made with the Vaudois, allowing them the exercise of their worship. Milton's sonnet is his private and more tremendous expression in verse of the feeling he expressed publicly, in Cromwell's name, in his Latin State Letters .- Milton, Masson's edition.

Page 313 .- THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE .----James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, was horn at Edinburgh in 1612. Having finished his studies in France, after his return to Scotland he served for a time in the Presbyterian army, but subsequently went over to the royalists. He was appointed by Charles I., in 1644, Marquis of Montrose and commander-in-chief of the Scottish forces. He signally defeated the Covenanters at Tippermuir in 1644, also at Inverloehy and at Kilsyth in 1645; but his army was surprised and totally defeated by General Leslie at Philiphaugh in September, 1645. Montrose soon after went to Germany, where he was received with great distinction by the Austrian emperor and made a marshal of the Empire. Having collected a small but ill-organized force, he returned to Scotland in 1650, hut was soon after defeated and taken prisoner. He was executed, without a trial, at Edinburgh, in May, 1650 .- Thomas's Biographical Dictionary.

Page 316.—The Boxwars of Boxwa Dunnee.— Dundee, entaged at his enemies, and still more at his friends, resolved to retrie to the Highlands, and to make preparations for eivil war, hat with secrecy, for he had been ordered by James to make no public insurrection until assistance should be sent him from Ireland.

Whilst Dundee was in this temper, information was brought him-whether true or false is uncertain-that some of the Covenanters had associated themselves to assassinate him, in revenge for his former severities against their party. He flew to the Convention and demanded justice. The Duke of Hamilton, who wished to get rid of a troublesome adversary, treated his complaint with neglect, and, in order to sting him in the tenderest part, reflected upon that courage which could be alarmed by imaginary dangers. Dundee left the house in a rage, mounted his borse, and with a troop of fifty horsemen, who had deserted to him from his regiment in England, galloped through the eity. Being asked by one of his friends, who stopped him, "Where he was going ?" he waved his hat, and is reported to have answered, "Wherever the spirit of Muntrose shall direct me." In passing under the walls of the Castle, he stopped, serambled up the precipice at a place difficult and dangerous, and held a conference with the Duke of Gordon at a postern-gate, the marks of which are still to he seen, though the gate itself is built up. Hoping, in vain, to infuse the vigor of his own spirit into the duke, he pressed him to retire with him into the Highlands, raise his vassals there, who were numerous, brave, and faithful, and leave the command of the Castle to Winram, the lieutenant-governor, an officer on whom Dundee could rely. The duke

concealed his timidity under the excuse of a soldier. "A soldier," said he, "cannot in honor quit the post that is assigned him." The novelty of the sight drew numbers to the foot of the rock upon which the conference was held. These nnmhers every minute increased, and, in the end, were mistaken for Dundee's adherents. The Convention was then sitting; news was carried thither that Dundee was at the gates with an army, and had prevailed upon the governor of the Castle to fire upon the town. The Duke of Hamilton, whose intelligence was better, had the presence of mind, hy improving the moment of agitation, to overwhelm the one party, and provoke the other, by their fears. He ordered the doors of the house to be shut, and the keys to be laid on the table before him. He cried out, "That there was danger within as well as without doors; that traitors must be held in confinement until the present danger was over; but that the friends of liberty had nothing to fear, for that thousands were ready to start up in their defence at the stamp of his foot." He ordered the drums to be beat and the trumpets to sound through the city. In an instant vast swarms of those who had been brought into town by him and Sir John Dalrymple from the western counties, and who had been hitherto hid in garrets and cellars, showed themselves in the streets : not, indeed, in the proper habiliments of war, but in arms, and with looks fierce and sullen, as if they felt disdnin at their former concealment. This unexpected sight increased the noise and tumult of the town, which grew loudest in the square adjoining the house where the members were confined, and appeared still londer to those who were within, because they were ignorant of the cause from which the tumult arose, and caught contagion from the anxious looks of each other. After some hours the doors were thrown open, and the Whig members, as they went out, were received with acclamations, and those of the opposite party with the threats and enrses of a prepared populace. Terrified by the prospect of future alarms, many of the adberents of James quitted the Convention and retired to the country; most of them changed sides; only a very few of the most resolute continued their attendance .- Dalrymple's Memoirs.

Page 217.—THE BURIAL MARCH OF DUNDEL— John Graham, Viscount Dundee, was born in 1643. He served in the French army from 1668 to 1672, and next entered the Dutch service as cornet in the Prince of Orange's horse-guards, and is reported to have saved the life of the prince at the battle of Seneffe in 1674. Returning to Scotland, he took a prominent part in the persecution of the Covenanters and in the attempt to force Episcopacy on the people of that country. In 1688, on the eve of the Revolution, he was raised to the peerage by James II. as Viscount Dundce and Lord Graham of Claverhouse. When James was driven from the throne, Dundce remained faithful to the fallen monarch. He was joined by the Jacobite Highland clans and by auxiliaries from Ireland, and raised the standard of rebellion against the government of William and Mary. After various movements in the North, he advanced upon Blair in Athol, and General Mackay, commanding the government forces, hastened to meet him. The two armies confronted each other at the Pass of Killicerankie, July 27, 1689. Mackay's force was about four thousand men; Dundee's, twenty-five hundred foot, with one troop of horse. A few minutes decided the contest. After both armies had exchanged fire, the Highlanders rushed on with their swords, and the enemy instantly scattered and gave way. Mackay lost by death and capture two thousand five hundred men; the victors, nine hundred. Dundee fell by a musketshot while waving on one of his battalions to advance. He was earried off the field to Urrard House, or Blair Castle, and there expired.

Page 321 .- FONTENOY .- The hattle of Fontenoy was fought between the French, under Marshal Saxe, and the English, Dutch, and Austrians, under the Duke of Cumberland, May 11, 1745. The fortunes of war were at first in favor of the French, who were posted on a hill hehind Fontenoy, when Cumberland, heading a column of fourteen thousand British and Hanoverian infantry, with fixed bayonets, plunged down the ravine separating the two armies, and gained the hill, carrying everything before him. The day was apparently lost to the French, and Marshal Saxe in vain urged the king to fly. At this critical moment the Irish brigade charged on the English flank, and changed the apparent defeat into a decisive victory.

Page 323 .- LOCHIEL'S WARNING .- Lochiel, the chief of the warlike clan of the Camerons, and descended from ancestors distinguished in their narrow sphere for great personal prowess, was a man worthy of a better cause and fate than that in which he embarked -- the enterprise of the Stuarts in 1745. His memory is still fondly cherished among the Highlanders by the appellation of the "gentle Lochiel," for he was famed for his social virtues as much as his martial and magnanimous (though mistaken) loyalty. His influence was so important among the Highland chiefs, that it depended on his joining with his clan whether the standard of Charles should be raised or not in 1745. Lochiel was himself too wise a man to be blind to the consequences of so hopeless an enterprise, but his sensibility to the point of henor overruled his wisdom. Lochiel, with many arguments, but in

vain, pressed the Pretender to return to France and reserve himself and his friends for a more favorable occasion, as he had come, by his own acknowledgment, without arms, or money, or adherents; or, at all events, to remain concealed till his friends should meet and deliherate what was best to be done. Charles, whose mind was wound up to the ntmost impatience, paid no regard to his proposal, but answered that he was determined to put all to the hazard. "In a few days," said he, " I will erect the royal standard, and will proclaim to the people of Great Britain that Charles Stuart is come over to claim the crown of his ancestors, and to win it or perish in the attempt. Lochiel, who my father has often told me was our firmest friend, may stay at home and learn from the newspapers the fate of his prince." "No," said Lochiel, " I will share the fate of my prince, and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune hath given me any power." - Campbell's Poems, note.

Page 327.—THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.—Written on the barbarities committed in the Highlands by the English forces under the command of the Duke of Cumberland after the battle of Culloden, 1746. It is said that Smollett originally finished the poem in six stanzas, when some one representing that such a diatribe against government might injure his prospects, he sat down and added the still more pointed invective of the seventh stanza. —Chembers's Cyclopadia of English Literature.

Page 328.—Louts XV.—The story of the king's meeting a cofin was in everybody's mouth. No one here had heard it. So Jerome told that the king was fond of asking questions of strangers, and partienlarly about disease, death, and churchyards, because he thongith his gay attendants did not like to hear of such things. One day he was hanting in the forest of Senard when he met a man on horsehack carrying a cofin. "Where are you carrying that cofin?" asked the king. "To the village yonder." "Is it for a man or a wonan?" "Of hunger." The king clapped spurs to his horse and role away.—The Peanant and the Prince, by Harriet Martineau.

Page 329.—PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.—Paul Revere was one of the four engravers in America at the time of the Revolution, and one of the most active participants in the political movements immediately preceding the breaking out of the war. He was prominent in the destruction of the tea in Boston harbor, and was sent to Philadelphia and New York to convey the news of that event; and again visited those eities to cellst their sympathy and eo-operation when the decree for closing the port of Boston was passed. On the night of April 18th, 1775, Dr. Joseph Warren sent him and William Dawes to Lexington and Concord to give notice of General Gage's intended expedition to destroy the Provincial military stores and cannon at Concord. Dawes went by way of Roxborough to Lexington, while Revere went through Charlestown. After the latter had crossed the Charles River orders were seut from the British head-quarters to arrest him, hut, eluding the British sentinels, he rowed across the Charles River five minutes before the order was received, and galloped through the country to Lexington, arousing the inhabitants as he went along. The two messengers passed through Lexington a little after midnight, and aroused Hancock and Adams, who were lodging at the house of the Rev. Jonas Clark, and then hurried on to Concord. They were afterward taken prisoners, and brought as far as Lexington, hat were released in the confusion of the battle.

Page 321.—Song or MARIOY'S MEN.—The exploits of General Francis Marion, the famous partisan warrior of South Carolina, form an interesting chapter in the annals of the American Revolution. The British troops were so harased by the irregular and successful warfare which he kept up at the head of a few daring followers, that they sent an officer to remonstrate with him for not coming into the open field and fighting "like a gentleman and a Christian."—Notes to Bryant's Poems.

Page 340—HORENINES—During his tour in Germany, Campbell saw a battle from a convent near Ratisbon, and he saw the field of Ingolstaut after a battle. From such experiences he derived his poem on the battle in which the French defeated the Austrians at Hohenlinden on the 3d of December, 1800. Ten thousand Austrians were killed or wounded, and as many were made prisoners.—Morley's Shorter English Poems.

Page 341 .- BATTLE OF THE BALTIC .- In December, 1800, a maritime alliance was formed between Russia, Prussia, Denmark, and Sweden in regard to the rights of neutral nations in war. For the purpose of breaking up this confederacy a fleet of 52 sail was sent in March, 1801, to the Baltie under Sir Hyde Parker, Nelson consenting to act as second in command. The squadron passed the Sound on the 30th, and entered the harbor of Copenhagen. To Nelson, at the head of 12 ships of the line and smaller vessels, making 36 in all, was assigned the attack; against him were opposed 18 vessels mounting 628 guns, moored in a line a mile in length and flanked by two batteries. The action hegan about 10 A. M., April 2, and lasted five hours. About I o'clock Sir Ilyde Parker made the signal for discontinu-

ing. Nelson ordered it to be acknowledged, but, putting the glass to his blind eye, exclaimed, "I really don't see the signal. Keep mine for closer battle still flying. That's the way I answer such signals. Nail mine to the mast." By 2 o'clock, the Danish fleet, heing almost entirely taken or destroyed, he wrote to the crown prince the following note: "Vice-Admiral Nelson has been commanded to spare Denmark when she no longer resists. The line of defence which covered her shores has struck to the British flag; but if the firing is continued on the part of Denmark, he must set on fire all the prizes he has taken, without having the power of saving the men who have so nobly defended them. The brave Danes are the brothers, and should never be the enemies, of the English." An armistice of fourteen weeks was agreed to, and in the mean time the accession of Alexander to the throne of Russia broke up the confederacy and left matters on their old footing. For this battle, which Nelson said was the most terrible of all in which he had ever been engaged, he was raised to the rank of viscount .- Appleton's Cyclopædia.

Page 344.— CASABIANCA.— Young Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son of the admiral of the Orient, remained at his post (in the battle of the Nile) after the ship had taken fire and all the guns had been abandoned, and perished in the explosion of the vessel when the flames bad reached the powder.—Henaus's Poems.

Page 344.—THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA.—At the terrible fight of Buena Vista, Mexican women were seen hovering near the field of death for the purpose of giving aid and succor to the wounded. One poor woman was found surrounded by the maimed and suffering of both armies, ministering to the wants of Americans as well as Mexicans with impartial tenderness.

Proge \$46.—MARGO BOZARIS.—Marco BOZARIS was one of the bravest and hest of the modern Greek chieftains. He fell in a night-attack upon the Tarkish camp at Laspi, the site of the ancient Platea, August 20, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory.—*Helleck's Poems*.

Page 347.—ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENE-TIAN REPUBLIC. — During the revolutionary movements of 1848, Venice in March revoluted against the Austrian rule and proclaimed tho restoration of the republic; but after enduring a long siege and a terrible bombardment, she capitulated on Angust 23, 1849, and on the 30th Radetxky entered the city, which was not released from the state of siege until May I, 1854.—Appleton's Cyclopedia.

Page 847 .- THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIG-

ADE.—The battle of Balaklava was fought Octoher, 1854, between the allied English, French, and Tarkish forces, under Lord Raglan, Omar Pacha, and Marshal St. Arnaud, and the Russian armies; the fighting being principally by the English and Russians. The brilliant but useless charge of the Light Brigade has made this battle famous in song and story, but it really did little toward deciding the result of the war.

Page 353 .- THE STAR - SPANGLED BANNER .-This song was composed under the following circumstances: A gentleman had left Baltimore with a flag of truce for the purpose of getting released from the British fleet a friend of bis, who had been captured at Marlborough. He went as far as the mouth of the Patuxent, and was not permitted to return, lest the intended attack on Baltimore should be disclosed. He was therefore brought up the bay to the mouth of the Patapseo, where the flag-vessel was kept under the guns of a frigate; and he was compelled to witness the bombardment of Fort Mellenry, which the admiral had boasted ho would earry in a few hours, and that the eity must fall. He watched the flag at the fort through the whole day, with anxiety that can be better felt than described, until the night prevented him from seeing it. In the night he watched the bomb-shells, and at early dawn his eye was again greeted by the flag of his country. -McCarty's National Songs.

Prope 255---RULE, BEITANNIA.--This celebrated song was first song in the "Masque of Alfred," a performance which was the joint production of Jaunes Thomson and David Mallet. The masque was written by the command of the Prince of Wales, father of George III., for his entertainment of the Court, and was first performed at Clifden in 1740, on the birthday of D. R. II. the Princess of Wales.--Bellew's Pots' Conner.

Page 355. - GOD SAVE THE KING. - The most popular song in the world is our "God save the Queen." The history of its composition is very uncertain. Perhaps the hest-sustained theory is that it was originally a Jacobite song, written during the rebellion of 1715 by Henry Carey, and partly composed by him. It rushed into popularity at the English theatres in 1745, and Carey himself sang it publicly in 1740, having changed "James" to "George." The air is simple, and yet stately. It is eapable of calling forth the talents of the finest vocal performers, and yet is admirably adapted for a chorns, in which the humblest pretender to music may join. The words are not elegant, but they are very expressive: and the homeliness of some of the lines may have contributed to its universality. It is one of those very rare productions which never pall-which,

either from habit, or associations, or intrinsic excellence, are always pleasing. Its popularity is so recognized that it is now often called the "National Anthem." — Knight's Half Hours with the Best Authors.

Page 559.—Princer or Dorut, Due,—This is a very ancient pibroch belonging to Clan Mac-Donald, and supposed to refer to the expedition of Donald Balloch, who, in 1431, Jaunched from the Isles with a considerable force, invaded Lochaber, and at Inverlochy defeated and put to flight the Earls of Mar and Caithness, though at the head of an army superior to his own.—Scott's Poems, Abbotsford ed.

Page 366.—THE BENDE BOW.—It is supposed that war was anciently proclaimed in Britain by sending messengers in different directions through the land, each bearing a *bended bow*; and that peace was in like manner announced by a bow unstrung, and therefore straight.—See the *Cambiain Astiquities*.—Note to Mes. Hencarb's *Poens*.

Page 367 .- SIR PATRICK SPENS .- The name of Sir Patrick Spens is not mentioned in history, but I am able to state that tradition has preserved it. In the little island of Papa Stronsay, one of the Orcadian group, lying over against Norway, there is a large grave, or tumulus, which has been known to the inhabitants, from time immemorial, as "the grave of Sir Patrick Spens." . . . The people know nothing beyond the traditional appellation of the spot, and they have no legend to tell. Spens is a Scottish, not a Scandinavian name. Is it, then, a forced conjecture that the shipwreek took place off the iron-bound coast of the northern islands, which did not then belong to the crown of Scotland ?- Aytoun (Noted Names of Fiction).

Page 374 .- THE WANDERING JEW .- The story of the "Wandering Jew" is of considerable antiquity. It had obtained full credit in this part of the world before the year 1228, as we learn from Matthew Paris; for in that year, it seems, there came an Armenian archbishop into England to visit the shrines and reliques preserved in our churches; who, being entertained at the monastery of St. Albans, was asked several questions relating to bis country, etc. Among the rest, a monk who sat near him inquired " if he had ever seen or heard of the famous person named Joseph, that was so much talked of, who was present at our Lord's crucifixion and conversed with him, and who was still alive, in confirmation of the Christian faith." The archbishop answered that the fact was true; and afterward one of his train, who was well known to a servant of the abbot's, interpreting his master's words, told them in French "that his lord knew the person they spoke of very well; that he had dined 62

at his table but a little while before he left the East; that he had been Pontius Pilate's porter, by name Cartaphilus, who, when they were dragging Jesus out of the door of the judgmenthall, struck him with his fist on the back, saying, 'Go faster, Jesus, go faster ! why dost thou linger ?' Upon which Jesus looked at him with a frown and said, 'I indeed am going, but thou shalt tarry till I come.' Soon after he was converted, and baptized by the name of Joseph. He lives for ever, but at the end of every hundred years falls into an incurable illness, and at length into a fit or ecstasy, out of which, when he recovers, he returns to the same state of youth he was in when Jesus suffered, being then about thirty years of age. Itc remembers all the circumstances of the death and resurrection of Christ, the saints that arose with him, the composing of the apostles' creed, their preaching and dispersion, and is himself a very grave and huly person." This is the substance of Matthew Paris's account, who was himself a monk of St. Albans, and was living at the time when the Armenian archbishop made the above relation.

Since his time several impostors have appeared at intervals under the name and character of the "Wandering Jew," whose several histories may be seen in Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible. See also The Turkish Spy, vol. ii., book 3, let. 1. The story that is copied in the following ballad is of one who appeared at Hamburg in 1547, and pretended he had heen a Jewish shoemaker at the time of Christ's crucifixion. The ballad, however, seems to be of a later date...-Percy's Reliques.

Page 375 .- THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM .-Eugene Aram, the son of a poor gardener, but who by the most indefatigable industry and unswerving perseverance in the face of the greatest difficulties had won for himself the reputation of extensive scholarship, was a schoolmaster in Knareshorough. In 1745 he was implicated in a robbery committed by Daniel Clark, a shoemaker of that place, but was acquitted for want of evidence. Nevertheless, he left Knaresborough and went to London, while at the same time Clark mysteriously disappeared. Nothing was known of the matter until February, 1759, nearly fourteen years afterward, when a skeleton was dug up near Knaresborough which was suspected to be that of the shoemaker. At the time of this discovery Aram was an usher at an academy in Lynn, pursuing his favorite studies of heraldry, hotany, the Chaldee, Arabic, Welsh, and Irish languages, and was just engaged in compiling a comparative lexicon of the English, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Celtic languages, when he was suddenly arrested on the charge of murder. At the trial be conducted his own defence with wonderful ability and ingenuity, but the evidence of his crime was overwhelming, and be was found guilty. After his condemnation he confessed his guilt and attempted to commit suicide, but was discovered hefore he had bled to death, and expinted his crime on the gallows.

Page \$78. - Inchcape Rock. - An old writer mentions a curious tradition which may be worth quoting. "By east the Isle of May," says he, "twelve miles from all land, in the German seas, lyes a great hidden rock, called Incheape, very dangerous for navigators, because it is overflowed everie tide. It is reported, in old times upon the saide rock there was a bell, fixed upon a tree or timber, which rang continually, being moved by the sea, giving notice to the saylers of the danger. This bell or clocke was put there and maintained by the abbot of Aberbrothok, and being taken down by a sea-pirate, a yeare thereafter he perished upon the same rocke, with ship and goodes, in the righteous judgment of God." -Stoddart's Remarks on Scotland.

Page 379. - CUMNOR HALL. - The death of Lord Dudley's deserted wife at this critical juncture, under peculiarly suspicious circumstances, gave rise to dark rumors that she had been put out of the way to enable him to accept the willing hand of a royal bride. Several days before the tragedy was perpetrated at Cumnor Hall, it had been reported in the court that she was very ill and not expected to recover, although at that time in perfect health. The Spanish ambassador, De Quadra, writes to the Duchess of Parma: " The queen, on her return from hunting, told me that Lord Robert's wife was dead, or nearly so, and begged me to say nothing about it. Assuredly it is a matter full of shame and infamy. Since this was written," His Excellency adds, "the death of Lord Robert's wife has been given out publicly." The queen said in Italian, "She had broken her neck ; she was found dead at the foot of a staircase at Cumnor Hall." There was certainly a great lack of feminine feeling in the brief, hard terms in which Elizabeth announced the tragic fate of the unfortunate lady, from whom she had alienated a husband's love. Lever, one of the popular preachers of the day, wrote to Cecil. "that the country was full of dangerous suspicion and muttering of the death of her that was Lord Robert Dudley's wife, and entreated that there might be an earnest investigation, with punishment if any were found guilty; for if the matter were hushed up or passed over, the displeasure of God, the dishonor of the queen, and the danger of the whole realm were to be feared." Lord Robert caused a coroner's inquest to sit on the hody of his deceased wife, but we detect him in correspondence with the foreman of the jury; and, although a verdict of accidental death was returned, Lord Robert continued to be bardened with the suspicion of having contrived the murder, or, to use Cecil's more expressive words, "was infamed by the death of his wife." Throckmorton, the English ambas-ador at Paris, was so thoroughly morified at the light in which this affair was regarded on the Continent that he wrote to Cecil: "The bruits be so brim, and so maliciously reported here, touching the marriage of the Lord Robert and the death of his wife, that I know not where to turn me nor what countenance to bear."—Strickland's Queeus of England.

Page 381 .- THE DOWIE DENS OF YARROW .-This hallad was first published in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border; but other versions of it were previously in eirculation, and it is stated by Sir Walter Scott to have been "a very great favorite among the inhabitants of Ettrick Forest," where it is universally helieved to be founded on fact. Sir Walter, indeed, "found it easy to collect a variety of copies ;" and from them he collated the present edition-avowedly for the purpose of "suiting the tastes of these more light and giddy-paced times." A copy is contained in Motherwell's Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern ; another in Buchan's Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland ; it no doubt originated the popular composition beginning--

"Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride,"

hy Hamilton of Bangour, first published in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miecellany, and suggested the ballad "The Brass of Yarrow," by the Rev. John Logan. In Herd's Collection, in Ritson's Scattish Songs, and in the Tea-Table Miscellany are to be found fragments of another ballad, entitled "Willie's drowned in Yarrow," of which this is the concluding starza:

"She sought him east, she sought him west, She sought him braid and narrow; Sync in the cleaving of a craig, She found him drowned in Yarrow."

Indeed, "Yarrow stream" has been a fertile source of poetry, and scens to have inspired the poets; the very sound is seductive: and, as Mr. Buchan remarks, "All who have attempted to sing its praise or celebrate the actions of those who have been its visitors have almost universally succeeded in their attempts."

That the several versions of the story seattered among the people and preserved by them in some form or other had one common origin there can be little doubt. "Tradition," according to Sir Walter Scott, "places the event recorded in the song very early, and it is probable the hallad was composed soon afterward, although the language has been modernized in the course of its transmission to us through the inaccurate channel of oral tradition." "The here of the ballad,' he adds, "was a knight of great bravery, called Scott ;" and he believes it refers to a duel fought at Deucharswyre, of which Annan's Treat is a part, hetwixt John Scott of Tushielaw and his brother-in-law Walter Scott, third son of Rohert of Thirlstane, in which the latter was slain. Annan's Treat is a low muir on the hanks of the Yarrow, lying to the west of Yarrow kirk. Two tall unliewn masses of stone are erected about eighty yards distant from each other, and the least child, that can herd a cow, will tell the passenger that there lie "the two lords who were slain in single combat." Sir Walter also informs us that, according to tradition, the murderer was the brother of either the wife or the hetrothed bride of the murdered, and that the alleged cause of quarrel was the lady's father having proposed to endow her with half of his property upon her marriage with a warrior of such renown. The name of the murderer is said to have been Annan, hence the place of combat is still called Annan's Treat.-Percy's Reliques.

Page 387,-HARTEAR WELL,-Hartleap Well is a small spring of water about five miles from Richmond in Yorkshire, and near the side of the road that leads from Richmond to Askrigg. Its name is derived from a remarkable chase, the memory of which is preserved by the monuments spoken of in the second part of the following poem, which monuments do now exist as I have there described them.-Wordsworth, Svo ed.

Page 393. - KATHARINE JANFARIE. - Of this hallad-first published in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border-the editor informs us that it is "given from several recited copies." It has obviously nndergone some alteration, yet much of the rugged character of the original has been retained. The scenery of the ballad is said by tradition to lie upon the banks of the Caddenwater, "a small rill which joins the Tweed (from the north) betwixt Inverleithen and Clovenford." It is also traditionally stated that Katharine Janfarie "lived high up in the glen"-a beautiful and sequestered vale connected with Traquair, and situated about three miles above Traquair House. The recited copies, from which it is prohable Sir Walter Scott collected the verses he has here brought together, exist in Buchan's Ancient Ballads and Songs, and in Motherwell's Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern. It derives interest and importance, however, less from its intrinsic merit than from the circumstance of its having given to Scott the hint upon which he founded one of the most brilliant and spirit-stirring of his compositions — the famous and favorite hallad of "Young Lochinvar."-Percy's Reliques.

Page 395.—O'CONNOR'S CHILD.—The poem of "O'Connor's Child " is an exquisitely finished and pathetic tale. The rugged and ferocious features of aocient feudal manners and family pride are there displayed in connection with female suffering, love, and beauty, and with the romantic and warlike coloring suited to the country and times. It is full of antique grace and passionate energy --the mingled light and gloom of the wild Celtic character.— Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature.

Page 398 .- PRISONER OF CHILLON. - François de Bonnivard was horn in Seyssel, in the department of Ain, in 1496. Having adopted republican opinions, he took sides with the Genevese against Duke Charles III. of Savey; but he had the misfortune in 1530 to fall into the power of the latter, who confined him six years in the eastle of Chillon. The Château de Chillon is situated between Clarens and Villeneuve, which last is at one extremity of the Lake of Geneva. On its left are the entrances of the Rhone, and opposite are the heights of Meillerie and the range of the Alps above Boveret and St. Gingo. Near it, on a hill hehind, is a torrent; below it, washing its walls, the lake has been fathomed to the depth of eight hundred feet (French measure); within it are a range of dungeons, in which the early Reformers, and subsequently prisoners of state, were confined. Across one of the vaults is a beam black with age, on which we were informed that the condemned were formerly executed. In the cells are seven pillars, or rather eight, one being half merged in the wall; in some of these are rings for the fetters and fettered; in the pavement the steps of Bonnivard have left their traces.

Page 402 .- FAIR HELEN .- The story upon which this ballad is founded is thus related in the first edition of the Statistics of Scotland : " In the burialground of Kirkconnell are still to be seen the tombstones of Fair llelen and her favorite lover, Adam Fleeming. She was a daughter of the family of Kirkconnell, and fell a victim to the jealonsy of a lover. Being courted hy two young gentlemen at the same time, the one of whom, thinking himself slighted, vowed to sacrifice the other to his resentment when he again discovered him in her company. An opportunity soon presented itself when the faithful pair, walking along the romantic banks of the Kirtle, were discovered from the opposite hanks by the assassin. Helen, perceiving him lurking among the hushes, and dreading the fatal resolution, rushed to her lover's hosom to rescue him from the danger, and thus receiving the wound intended for another, sank and expired in her favorite's arms. He immedi-

ately avenged her death and slew her murderer. The inconsolable Adam Fleeming, now sinking nucler the pressure of grief, went ahroad and served under the hanners of Spain against the infidels. The impression, however, was too strong to be obliterated. The image of woe attended bim thither, and the pleasing remembrance of the tender scenes that were past, with the melancholy reflection that they could never return, harassed his soul and deprived bis mind of repose. He scopired, and was buried by her side. Upon the tombstone are engraven a sword and eross, with 'Hie jaeet Adamus Fleeming.''-Burns's Works, Blackie and Son's edition.

Page 408.—BULL-FIGHT OF GATUL,—Gazul is the name of one of the Moorish heroes who figure in the Historia de las Guerrae Civiles de Granada. The following ballad is one of the very many in which the dexterity of the Moorish cavaliers in the bull-fight is described. The reader will observe that the shape, activity, and resolution of the unhappy animal destined to furnish the amusement of the spectators are enlarged upon, just as the qualities of a modern race-horse might be among ourselves: nor is the bull without his name. The day of the Baptist is a festival among the Mussulmans as well as among Christians.—Lockhart's Spanish Ballada.

Page 409 .- God's JUDGMENT ON A WICKED BISHor .- It hapned in the year 914, that there was an exceeding great famine in Germany, at what time Otho, surnamed the Great was Emperor, and one Hatto, once Abbot of Fulda, was Archhishop of Mentz, of the Bishops after Crescens and Crescentius the two and thirtieth, of the Archbishops after St. Bonifacius the thirteenth. This Hatto in the time of this great famine afore-mentioned, when he saw the poor people of the country exceedingly oppressed with famine, assembled a great company of them together into a Barne, and, like a most accursed and mercilesse eaitiffe, burnt up those poor innocent souls, that were so far from doubting any such matter, that they rather hoped to receive some comfort and relief at his hands. The reason that moved the prelat to commit that exectable impiety was, because he thought the famine would the sooner cease, if those unprofitable beggars, that consumed more bread than they were worthy to eat, were dispatched out of the world. For he said that those pour folks were like to Mice, that were good for nothing but to devour corne. But God Almighty, the just avenger of the poor folks quarrel, did not long suffer this hainous tyranny, this most detestable fact, unpanished. For he mustered up an army of Mice against the Archbishop, and sent them to persecute him as his furious Alastors, so that they af-

flicted him both day and night, and would not suffer him to take his rest in any place. Whereupon the Prelate, thinking he should be secure from the injury of Mice if he were in a certain tower, that standeth in the Rhine near to the towne, betook himself unto the said tower as to a safe refuge and sanctuary from his enemies, and locked himself in. But the innumerable troupes of Mice chased him continually very eagerly, and swumme unto him upon the top of the water to execute the just judgment of God, and so at last he was most miserably devoured by those sillie ereatures; who pursued him with such bitter hostility, that it is recorded they scraped and knawed out his very name from the walls and tapistry wherein it was written, after they had so eruelly devoured his body. Wherefore the tower wherein be was eaten up by the Mice is shewn to this day, for a perpetual monument to all succeeding ages of the barbarous and inhuman tyranny of this impious Prelate, being situate in a little green Island in the midst of the Rhine near to the towne of Bingen, and is commonly called in the German Tongue the Mowse-turn .- Coryat's Crudities.

Page 417,—BARBARA ALLES'S CRUELTY.—There are several versions of this popular ballad, and we have chosen the one adopted by Mr. Allingham in his Ballad Book. Allingham says: "No doubt, however, those who have been hred up, as it were, in a particular form of a ballad will be apt, at least at first, to mislike any other form. One who has had impressed upon his youthful mind—

'It was in or about the Martinmas time, When the green leaves were a-fallin', That Sir John Graeme in the west countrie Fell in love with Barbara Allen,'--

may very likely be ill-content to find name of person and season of year altered, as they are in this equally authentic version. But let bim not, therefore, fail foul of the editor, who was bound to choose without prejudice between Autama and Spring, Jemmy Grove and Sir John."

Page 417.—LAMENT OF THE BORDER WINOW.— This fragment, obtained from recitation in the Forest of Etirck, is said to relate to the excention of Cockburne of Henderland, a Border freeboater hanged over the gate of his own tower by James V, in the course of that memorable expedition in 1529 which was fatal to Johnie Armstrong, Adam Scott of Tushielaw, and many other maranders. —Sir Walter Scott.

Page 421.—A Sono of the North.—In May, 1845, Sir John Franklin sailed from England with the two ships Erebus and Terror, to discover a north-west passage through the Aretic seas. Not returning, several expeditions were sont out in

search, among which was the eelebrated one headed by the late Dr. E. K. Kane, Lady Franklin, especially, being indefatigable in her endeavors to ascertain his fate, hut without any success until 1854, when Dr. Rae found some relies, and in 1859, Captain McClintock discovered on the shore of King William's Land a record deposited in a eairn by the survivors of Franklin's company. This document was dated April 25, 1848, and stated that Sir John died June 11, 1847-that the Erebus and Terror were abandoned April 22. 1848, when the survivors, 105 in number, started for the Great Fish River. Many relies were also found of this party, who perished on their journey, probably soon after leaving the vessels. It appears also that Sir John really did discover the long-sought-for north-west passage, but the knowledge of its whereabouts perished with him, although subsequent, expeditions have been sent out to find it.

"And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,"

is an allusion to the memory of the poet's sister, who died of consumption in 1824.—Duyckiuck's Cyclopædia of American Literature.

Page 504.—LINES ON THE MEMMAID TAVENS.— The Mermaid Tavern was the record of Ben Jonson and his literary friends, members of a elub established by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1603, and numbering among them Shakespeare. Ecaumont, Pletcher, Donne, Selden, and the noblest mames in English authorship. Truly might Beaumont, in his poetical epistle to Jonson, exclaim.—

" What things have seen

Done at the Mermaid; heard words that have been

So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,

As if that every one from whom they came Had mean'd to put his whole wit in a jest !" ---Chambers's Book of Days.

Page 513.—ALXWICK CASTLE.—Almwick Castle is one of the finest in England. It is built of freestone, in the Gothie style, and covers five acres of ground, and was restored in 1830 at an onthy of \$1,000,000. It belongs to the Duke of Northumberland, a descendant of the Pereys so famed in aneient ballads, and especially for their feuds with their neighbors on the other side of the border, the noble Douglases. One of the Pereys was an emperor of Constantinople, another was a major in the British army, and "fought for King George at Lexington" and at the hattle of the Brandy wine.

Page 514. — HELLVELLYN. — In the spring of 1805 a young gentleman of talents, and of a most amiable disposition, perished by losing his way on the mountain Hellvellyn. His remains were not discovered till three months afterward, when they were found guarded by a faithful terrier hitch, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland.—Scott's Poems.

Page 517.—THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.— "The Meeting of the Waters" forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the eounity of Wicklow, and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot in the summer of the year 1807.— Moore's Works, Svo.

Page 522.--THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.--Moore's "Lake of the Dismal Swamp," written at Norfok, in Virginia, is founded on the following legend: "A young man who lost bis mind upon the death of a girl he loved, and who, suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never afterward heard of. As he had frequently said in his ravings that the girl was not dead, but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed he had wandered into that dreary wilderness, and had died of hunger or had been lost in some of its dreadful morasses."--Frederick Swamedres's Festical of Song.

Page 5,23,-ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIV-ITY .- This magnificent ode, called by Hallam "perhaps the flucst in the English language," was composed, as we learn from Milton's own heading of it in the edition of 1645, in the year 1629. Milton was then twenty-one years of age, in the sixth academic year at Cambridge, and a B. A. of a year's standing. There is an interesting allusion to the ode hy Milton himself, when he was in the act of composing it, in the sixth of his Latin elegies. In that elegy, addressed to his friend Charles Diodati, residing in the country, in answer to a friendly epistle which Diodati had sent to him on the 13th of December, 1629, there is a distinct description of the "Ode on the Nativity" as then finished, or nearly so, and ready to be shown to Diodati, together with the express information that it was begun on Christmas Day, 1629 .- Milton, Masson's ed.

Page 5/3.—EMIGTANTS IN THE REINVDAS.— Representative government was introduced into the Bermudas in 1620, and in 1621 the Bermuda Company of London issued a sort of charter to the colony, including rights and likerties—among them likerty of worship—that attracted many of those English emigrants whose feeling Marvell has here fachioned into song.—Morley's Shorter Poems of the English Language.

Page 550,-REBECCA'S HYMN.-It was in the twilight of the day when her trial-if it could be called such-had taken place, that a low knock

was heard at the door of Rebecca's prison-chamber. It disturbed not the inmate, who was then engaged in the evening prayer recommended by her religion, and which concluded with a hymn which we have ventured thus to translate into English.—*Leanhoe*.

Page 593 .- I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY .- This hymn was written without the remotest idea that any portion of it would over be employed in the devotions of the Church. Whatever service it has done in that way is owing to the late Bishop of Pennsylvania, then the rector of St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn, who made the selection of verses out of the whole which constitutes the present hymn, and offered it to the Committee on Hymns appointed by the General Convention of -----. The hyma was at first rejected by the committee, of which the nnknown author was a member, who, upon a satirical criticism being made upon it, earnestly voted against its adoption. It was admitted on the importunate application of Dr. Onderdonk to the bishops on the committee .- Duyckinck's Cyclopædia of American Literature.

Page 630.—ELECY WRITTEN IN A COLNTRY CRUTHUARD.—As he was floating down the river to attack Quebec General Wolfe read the "Elegy" in low tones to his officers, and upon its conclusion said: "I had rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec"—a remark which has perhaps done as much to perpetuate Wolfe's name as the explure of Quebec, great as that achievement was.

Page 637.--STANZAS.-These beautiful lines were composed by Hood on his death-bed.

Page 642.—To A SKELETON.—The manuscript of this peem was found near a skeleton in the London Royal College of Surgeons about 1820. The author has never been found, though a reward of fifty guiness was offered for his discovery.—Single Fermions Process.

Page 655.--The Lie.--This celebrated poem has been attributed to Joshua Sylvester. In a note of Mr. Peter Cunningham's to his edition of Campbell's *Lives of the Poets*, referring to the passage in which Campbell says, "We would willnighy ascribe the 'Soul's Errand' to him (Raieigh)," we read, ""The Lie' is ascribed to Sir Walter Raleigh in an *answer to it written at the time*, and recently discovered in the Cheetham Lihrary at Manchester. That it was written by Raleigh is now almost past a doubt,"--Bellew's Poets" Corner.

Page 656.—Anmstrond's Good-Night.—These verses are said to have been composed by one of the Armstrongs, executed for the murder of Sir John Carmichael of Edrom, Warden of the Middle Marehes. Whether these are the original words will admit of a doubt.—*Sir Walter Scott*.

This is one of the songs which so touched Goldsmith in his youth that nothing he heard sung in after years had an equal charm for him. "The music of the finest singer," he wrote in the Bee, October 13, 1759, "is dissonance to what 1 felt when our old dairymaid sung me into tears with 'Johnny Armstrong's Last Good-Night' or the 'Cruelty of Barbara Allen;'" and in a letter to his Irish friend Hodsoo, December 27, 1757, he says: "If I go to the opera where Signora Columba pours out all the mazes of melody, I sit and sigh for 'Lishoy's Fireside' and 'Johnny Armstrong's Last Good-Night' from Peggy Golden."—Mary Carlyle Aikken.

Page 672 .- TRE OLD AND YOUNG COURTIER .-The whole of the sixteenth century was marked by important changes of every kind-political, religious, and social. The wars with France and the internal contests of the Roses were over, and the energy of the nation was directed to new objeets. Trade and commerce were extended; fresh sources of wealth were developed; and new classes of society sprang up intu importance whose riches enabled them to outvie the old landed gentry, but who had few of their hereditary tastes and habits. Hence the innovation of old customs and the decay of ancient manners to which the gentry themselves were compelled to conform. This old song, which is printed in the Percy Reliques from an ancient black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, is a lament over the changes which had taken place in the early part of the seventeenth century, as compared with the days of Queen Elizabeth .- Knight's Half Hours with the Best Authors.

Page 677.—BATTLE OF BLENREIM.—The battle of Bleuheim or Hochstadt was fought August 13, 1704, between the Englisb and Austrians, under the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, and the French and Bavarians, under Marshal Tallard, Marson, and the Elector of Bavaria. The latter army, being badly handlod and huddled together in the village of Blenheim, was suddenly attacked by Marlborough and completely defeated, losing 30,000 in killed, wounded, and prisoners. Marlborough's loss was bat 11,000. This victory completely shattered the French prestige which Louis XIV, had struggled so' bard to obtain.

Page 653.-LINES WRITTEN EY ONE IN THE TOWER.-Chidiock Tychborn shared in Babington's conspiracy, and was executed with him in 1536. (For a fuller account see Disraeli's Curiosities of Literature.)

Page 704—Hovesr Povenry.—A great critic (Alikin) on songs says that love and wine are the exclusive themes for song-writing. The following is on neither subject, and consequently is no song, but will be allowed, I think, to be two or three pretty good prose thoughts inverted into rhyme.—In a Letter from Burns to G. Thomson.

Page 724 .- ALEXANDER'S FEAST .- St. Cecilia is said to have been a Roman lady horn about A. D. 295, bred in the Christian faith, and married to a Pagan nobleman, Valerianus. She told her husband that she was visited nightly by an angel, whom he was allowed to see after his own conversion. The celestial youth had brought from paradise two wreaths, which he gave to them. One was of the lilies of heaven, the other of its roses. They both suffered martyrdom at the beginning of the third century, in the reign of Septimius Severus. The angel hy whom Cecilia was visited is referred to in the closing lines of Dryden's "Ode," coupled with a tradition that he had been drawn down to her from heaven by her melodies. In the earliest traditions of Cecilia there is no mention of her skill in music. This part of her story seems to have been developed by a little play of fancy over her relations with the angel, and the great Italian painters-Raffaelle, Domenichino, and others-fixed her positiou as the patron saint of music by representing her always with symbols of harmony, a harp or organ-pipes. Then came the suggestion adopted in Dryden's "Ode," that the organ was invented by St. Cecilia. The practice of holding musical festivals on St. Cecilia's Day, the 22d of November, began to prevail in England at the close of the seventeenth century. The earliest piece composed for such a meeting was produced in 1683, and was by Henry Purcell. From that date to about 1740 there was an annual Cecilian festival in London, and the fashion spread into the provinces. Poets-Dryden and Pope among them-were applied to for odes which were to celebrate the power of music, and to be set to music for performance as a special feature of the anniversary .- Morley's Shorter Poems.

Page 735.—A CANADIAN BOAT-SONG.—I wrote these words to an air which our boatmen sung to us frequently. The wind was so unfavorable that they were obliged to row all the way, and we were five days in descending the river from Kingston to Montreal, exposed to an intense sun during the day, and at night forced to take shelter from the dews in any miserable but upon the banks that would receive us. But the magnificent scenery of the St. Lawrence repays all such difficulties.

Our voyageurs had good voices, and sung perfectly in tune together. The original words of the air to which I adapted these stanzas appeared to

be a long, incoherent story, of which I could understand but little, from the barbarous pronunciation of the Canadians. It begins--

> Dans mon chemin j'ai rencontré Deux cavaliers très-bien montés;

and the refrain to every verse was-

A l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais jouer, A l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais danser.

I ventured to harmonize this air, and have published it. Without that charm which association gives to every little memorial of scenes or feelings that are past, the melody may perhaps be thought common and triffing; but I remember when we have entered, at sunset, upon one of those beautiful lakes into which the St. Lawrence so grandly and unexpectedly opens, I have heard this simple air with a pleasure which the finest compositions of the first masters have never given me; and now there is not a note of it which does not recall to my memory the dip of our oars in the St. Lawrence, the flight of our boat down the rapids, and all those new and fanciful impressions to which my heart was alive during the whole of this very interesting voyage .- Moore's Poems, note.

Page 739.—A VISION UPON THIS CONCEIT OF THE FARELE QUEEXE.—This sonnet is the first among the commendatory poems prefixed to the earliest edition of *The Faerie Queene*. As original in conception as it is grand in execution, it is about the finest compliment which was ever paid by poet to poet, such as it became Raleigh to indite and Spenser to receive. Yet it labors under a serious defect. The great poets of the past lose no whit of their glory because later poets are found worthy to share it. Petrareth in his lesser, and Homer in his greater sphere, are just as illustrious since Spenser appeared as before.—*Richard Chenevix Trench*.

Page 256.—THE DESERTED VILLAGE.—Lissoy, near Ballymahon, where the poet's brother, a clergyman, had bis living, claims the honor of being the spot from which the localities of "The Deserted Village" were derived. The church which togs the neighboring bill, the mill, and the brook, are still pointed out; and a hawthorn has suffered the penalty of poetical celebrity, being cut to pieces by those admirers of the bard who desired to have classical toothpick -carses and tobacco -stoppers. Much of this supposed locality may be fanciful, but it is a pleasing tribute to the poet in the land of his fathers.—Sir Watter Scott.

Page 787.—INDIAN REVELUY.—This remarkable poem appeared originally, it is believed, in the 8t. Helena Magazine, and was afterward copied in the London Spectator and other journals. It rolates to the early service of English officers in India when the army was mowed down by pestilence. When Macaulay's account of the effects of smallpox in England is remembered, as it describes the separation of brothers, sisters, and lovers, it will be seen that this poem gives with wonderful effect what is far nobler, however painful—the very poetry of military despair, but still the dying together of brothers in arms.

Page 287.—Tituoxus.—Tithonus was a beautiful Tojan, beloved by Aurora. He begged the goddess to grant him immortality, which request she granted; but as he had forgotten to ask for youth and vigor, he soon grew old, infirm, and ugly. When life became insupportable, he prayed Aurora to remove him from the world; this, however, she could not do, but she changed him into a grasshopper.—*Brever's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*.

Page 205.— The RAFE OF THE LOCK.— The stealing of Miss Belle Fermor's hair (by Lord Petre) was taken too serionsly, and eaused an estrangement between the two families, though they had lived so long in great friendship before. A common acquaintance and well-wisher to both desired me to write a poem, to make a jest of it and laugh them together again. It was with this view that I wrote "The Rape of the Lock," which was well received, and had its effect in the two families. Nobody but Sir George Brown was angry, and he was a good deal so, and for a long time. He could not bear that Sir Plume should talk nothing but nonsense. The machinery was added afterward.—*Pope's Letter to Spence*.

Page 810.—THE CULPHT FAY.—This exquisite poem was composed hastily among the highlands of the IIIdson in the sammer of 1819. The anthor was walking with some friends on a warm moonlight evening, when one of the party remarked that it would be difficult to write a facery poem, parely imaginative, without the aid of haman characters. The party was reassembled two or three days afterward, and "The Culprit Fay." was read to them, nearly as it is now printed.— Introduction to the "Culprit Fay."

Page 818.—Contra,—" Comns" was presented at Ludlow Castle in 1634, before the Earl of Bridgewater, then President of Wales. This drama was founded on an actual occurrence. The Earl of Bridgewater then resided at Ludlow Castle; his sons, Lord Bruckley and Mr. Egerton, and Lady Alice Egerton, his daughter, passing through Haywood Forest in Herefordshire, on their way to Ludlow, were henighted, and the lady was for a short time lost. This accident heing related to their father upon their arrival at his castle, Miton —at the request of his friend, Henry Lawes the muscidan, who tanght music in the family—wroto the masque. Lawes set it to music, and it was acted on Michaelmas Night, 1634, the two brobbers, the young lady, and Lawes himself, bearing each a part in the representation.

Page 833.—KILMENY.—Besides the old tradition on which this ballad is founded, there are some modern incidents of a similar nature which cannot well be accounted for, yet are as well attested as any occurrence that has taken place in the present age. The relation may be aunsing to some readers:

A man in the parish of Traquair and county of Peebles was busied one day easting turf in a large open field opposite the mansion-house-the spot is well known, and is still pointed out as rather unsafe; his daughter, a child seven years of age, was playing beside him and amosing him with her prattle. Chancing to ask a question of her, he was surprised at receiving no answer, and, looking behind him, he perceived that his child was not there. Ile always averred that, as far as he could remember, she had been talking to him about half a minute before; he was certain it was not above a whole one at most. It was in vain that he ran searching all about like one distracted, calling her name; no trace of her remained. He went home in a state of mind that may be better conceived than expressed, and raised the people of the parish, who searched for her several days with the same success. Every pool in the river, every hush and den on the mountains around, was scarched in vain. It was remarked that the father never much encouraged the search, being thoroughly persuaded that she had been carried away by some invisible being, else she could not have vanished so suddenly. As a last resource, he applied to the minister of Inverleithen, a neighboring divine of exemplary piety and zeal in religious matters, who enjoined him to cause prayers to he offered to God for her in seven Christian churches next Sabbath at the same instant of time; "And then," said he, "if she is dead, God will forgive our sin in praying for the dead, as we do it through ignorance; and if she is still alive, I will answer for it that all the devils in hell shall be unable to keep her." The injunction was punctually attended to. She was remembered in the prayers of all the neighboring congregations next Sunday at the same hour, and never were there such prayers for fervor heard hefore. There was one clergyman in particular, Mr. Davidson, who prayed in such a manner that all the hearers trembled. As the old divine forehoded, so it fell out. On that very day, and within an hour of the time on which these prayers were offered, the girl was found in the Plora wood, sitting picking the bark from a tree. She could give no perfect account of the circumstances which

had befallen to her, but she said she did not want plenty of meat, for that ber mother eaue and fed her with milk and bread several times a day, and sung her to sleep at night. Her skin had acquired a bluish east, which gradually wore off in the course of a few weeks. Her name was Jane Brown ; she lived to a very advanced age, and was known to many still alive. Every circumstance of this story is truth, if the father's report of the suddenness of her disappearance may be relied on.

Another circumstance, though it happened still later, is not less remarkable. A shepherd of Tushilaw, in the parish of Ettrick, whose name was Walter Dalgleish, went out to the heights of that farm one Sabbath morolog to berd the young sheep of his son and let him go to church. He took his own dinner along with him, and his son's breakfast. When the sermon was over, the lad went straight home, and did not return to his father. Night came, but nothing of the old shepherd appeared. When it grew very late his dog came home-scemed terrified, and refused to take any ment. The family were ill at ease during the night, especially as they had never known his dog leave him before ; and early next morning the lad arose and went to the height to look after his father and bis flock. He found his sheep all seattered, and his father's dinner unbroken. lying on the same spot where they had parted the day before. At the distance of twenty yards from the spot the plaid which the old man wore was lying as if it had been flung from him, and a little farther on, in the same direction, his bonnet was found, but nothing of hioself. The country people, as on all such occasions, rose in great numbers and searched for him many days. My father and several old men still alive were of the party. He could not be found or heard of, neither dead nor alive, and at length they gave up all thoughts of ever seeing him mere. On the twentieth day after his disappearance, a shepherd's wife, at a place called Berryhush, came in as the family were sitting down to dinner and said that if it were possible to believe that Walter Dalgleish was still in existence, she would say yonder was he coming down the hill. They all ran out to watch the phenomenon, and as the person approached nigher they perceived that it was actually he, walking without his plaid and his bonnet. The place where he was first descried is not a mile distant from that where he was last seen, and there is neither brake, bog, nor hush. When he came into the house he shook hands with them all -asked for his family, and spoke as if he had heen absent for years, and as if convinced something had hefallen them. As they perceived something singular in his looks and manner, they unfortunately forhore asking him any questions at first, but desired him to sit and share their dinner. This he readily complied with, and hegan to sup some broth with seeming engeness. He had only taken one or two spoonfuls when he suddenly stopped, a kind of rathing sound was heard in his breast, and he sank back in a faint. They put him to bed, and from that time forth he never spoke another word that any person could make sense of. He was removed to his own home, where he lingered a few weeks and died. What befell him remains to this day a mystery, and for ever unst.—*Heagier Poems*.

Page 841 .-- CHRISTABEL. -- Coleridge's friend, Mr. Gilman, with whom he spent much of the latter part of his life, and who began his biography, tells us that "the following relation was to have occupied a third and fourth canto, and to have closed the tale: 'Over the mountains the Bard, as directed by Sir Leoline, hastes with his disciple, but in consequence of one of those inundations supposed to be common to this country, the spot only where the eastle once stood is discovered, the edifice being washed away. He determines to return. Geraldinc, being acquainted with all that is passing, like the Weird Sisters in Macbeth, vanishes. Reappearing, however, she waits the return of the Bard, exciting, in the mean time, by her wily arts, all the anger she could rouse in the baron's breast, as well as that jcalousy of which he is described to have been susceptible. The old Bard and the youth at length arrive, and therefore she can no longer personate the character of Geraldice, the daughter of Lord Roland de Vaux, hut changes her appearance to that of the accepted, though absent, lover of Christahel. Next ensues a courtship most distressing to Christabel, who feelsshe knows not why-great disgust for her oncefavored knight. This coldness is very painful to the baron, who has no more conception than herself of the supernatural transformation. She at last yields to her father's entreaties, and consents to approach the altar with this hated suitor. The real lover, returning, enters at this moment, and produces the ring which she had once given him in sign of her hetrothment. Thus defeated, the supernatural heing, Geraldine, disappears. As predicted, the eastle-bell tolls, the mother's voice is heard, and, to the exceeding great joy of the parties, the rightful marriage takes place, after which follow a reconciliation and explanation between the father and daughter." --- Morley's Shorter Poems.

Page 848.—KUBLA KHAN.—In the summer of the year 1797 the author, then in ill health, had retired to a lonely farm-house between Porlock and Linton, on the Exmoor confines of Somerset and Devonshire. In consequence of a slight in-

disposition, an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effect of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment that he was reading the following sentence, or words of the same substance. in Purchas's Pilgrimage : "Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be huilt, and a stately garden thereunto, and thus ten miles of fertile ground were enclosed with a wall." The author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he has the most vivid confidence that he could not have composed less than from two tothree hundred lines, if that, indeed, can be called composition in which all the images rose up hefore him as things, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awaking he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink, and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved. At this moment he was unfortunately called out by a person on business from Perlock, and detained by him above an hour, and on his return to his room found, to his no small surprise and mortification, that though he still retained some vague and dim recollection of the general purport of the vision, yet, with the exception of some eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had passed away like the images on the surface of a stream into which a stone had heen cast, but alas! without the after-restoration of the latter .- Culeridge's Poems.

Page 851 .- THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN .-The story of the Pied Piper-that first by his pipe gathered together all the rats and mice and drowned them in the river, and afterward, heing defranded of his reward, which the town promised him if he could deliver them from the plague of those vermin, took his opportunity and hy the same pipe made the children of the town follow him, and leading them into a hill that opened, buried them there all alive-bas so evident proof of it in the town of Hammel where it was done, that it ought not at all to be discredited. For the fact is very religiously kept among their ancient records, painted out also in their church-windows. and is an epoch joined with the year of our Lord in their hills and indentures and other law instruments .- Henry Moore's Philosophy.

Page 875.—THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MART-NER.—Wordsworth has given the following account of the origin of "The Ancient Mariner." "It arcse," he says, "out of the want of five pounds which Coleridge and I needed to make a tour together in Devonshire. We agreed ta write jointly a poem, the subject of which Coleridge took from a dream, which a friend of his had once dreamt, concerning person suffering under a dire curse from the commission of some crime. I supplied the orime, the shooting of the albatross, from an incident I had met with in one of Shelvoeke's voyages. We tried the poen conjointly for a day or two, but we pulled different ways, and only a few lines of it are mine."— Frederick Saunders's Festival of Song.

Page 378.—The ARBOT M'KINNON.—To describe the astonishing scenes to which this romantic tale relates, icolmkill and Staffa, would only be multiplying pages to no purpose. By the Temple of the Ocean is meant the Isle of Staffa, and hy its chancel the Cave of Fingal.

St. Columba placed the nums in an island at a little distance from long, where he would not suffer either a cow or a woman; "for where there are cows," said he, "there must be women; and where there are women, there must be mischief." -Hogy's Pocus.

Page 892.--THE LAID O' COCKPEN.--Miss Ferrier, who wrote Marriage Destiny, etc., added the last two verses.

Page 829.—Barcis AND PHILSION.—The original tale here playfully modernized is in the Eighth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses, where Jove and Mercury are the originals of the two hrother hermits. Finding hospitality only in the thatched cottage of the poor old couple, Bancis and Philemon, the gods after their entertainment took the old couple to the top of the hill, whence they saw the houses and lands of their uncharitable neighhors all swallowed in a lake. Only their little home remained, which expanded to a temple. In this they served as the priests of Jove until they were changed into companion trees, hung over with fresh garlands by their worshippers.—Morley's Klouter Poems.

Page 914.—The Vican of Baax.—The Vicar of Bray, in Berkshire, was a Papist under the reign of Henry VIII., and a Protestant under Edward VI.; he was a Papist again under Mary, and once more became a Protestant in the reign of Elizabeth. When this secondal to the gown was reproached for his versatility of religious creeds, and taxed for heing a turncoat and an inconstant changeling, as Fuller expresses it, be replied. "Not so, neither; for if I changed my religion, I am sure I kept true to my principle; which is, to live and die the Vicar of Bray."

This vivacious and reverend hero has given hirth to a proverb peculiar to this county: "The Vicar of Bray will he Vicar of Bray still." But how has it happened that this ricar should be so notorious, and one in much bigher rank, netting the same part, should have escaped notice? Dr. Kitchen, Bishop of Llandaff, from an idle abbot under Henry VIII. was made a husy bishop;

Protestant under Edward, he returned to his old master under Mary ; and at last took the oath of supremacy under Elizabeth, and finished as a Parliament Protestant. A pun spread the odium of his name, for they said that he had always loved the Kitchen hetter than the Church.—Disrael's Cariosities of Literature.

Page 932.--Whar MR. RomNos THYNS.--This satire was written to ridicule the babit of comparatively obscure personages writing long letters to the newspapers supporting this or that candidate. The &General C. mentioned in the poem is Gen. Calch Cushing, afterward Attorney-General of the United States. During his absence at the head of his troops in the Mexican war he was nominated for Governor of Massachusetts, but was not elected.

Page 929 .- THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN .- Mr. Beyer, an eminent linen-draper at the end of Paternoster Row, where it adjoins to Cheapside-who died on the 11th of May, 1791, at the ripe age of ninety-eight-is reported upon tolerable authority to have undergone in his earlier days the adventure which Cowper has depicted in his hallad of "John Gilpin." It appears from Southey's life of the poet that, among the efforts which Lady Austen from time to time made to dispel the melancholy of Cowper, was her recital of a story told to her in her childhood of an attempted but unlucky pleasure-party of a London linen-draper, ending in his being carried past his point hoth in going and returning, and finally brought home by his contrarious beast, without ever having come in contact with his longing family at Edmonton. Cowper is said to have been extremely amused by the story, and kept awake by it the great part of the ensuing night, during which he probably laid the foundations of his hallad embodying the incidents. This was in Octoher, 1782.

Southey's account of the origin of the ballad may be consistent with truth; but any one who candidly reads the marriage adventure of Commodore Trunnion, in *Pergyrine Pickle*, will be forced to own that what is effective in the narration previously existed there.—*Chambers's Book* of *Days*.

Page 935.—THE FAIEND OF HUMANITY AND THE KNIFE.GRINDER.—In this poem Canning ridicules the youthful Jacobin effusions of Southey, in which he says, it was sedulously inculeated that there was a natural and eternal warfare between the poor and the rich. The Sapphic rhymes of Southey afforded a tempting subject for ludierous parody, and Canning quotes the following stanza, lest he should be suspected of painting from fancy, and rot from life:

- "Cold was the night-wind: drifting fast the snows fell;
 - Wide were the downs, and shelterless and naked;
 - When a poor wanderer struggled on her journey,

Weary and waysore."

Page 935.—SONG, BY ROGERO.—The Rovers: or, The Double Arrangement, was a caricature of the sentimental drama, and was leveled at Schiller's Robbers and Goethe's Stella. The following extract will throw some light on the song. The soliloquy is by Frere, the song by Canning and Ellis:

SCENE FROM "THE ROVERS."

(Scene changes to a subterraneau vanit in the Abbey of Quedlinburgh, with coffins, "scutcheons, Death's keads, and eross-bones.— Toads and other loathsome reptiles are seen traversing the observer parts of the stage.—Rogero appears in chains, in a suit of rang armor, with his beard yroen and a cup of a grotesque form upon his head.—Beside him a crock or pitcher, supposed to contain his daily allowance of sustemance.—A long silence, during which the wind is heard to whistle through the envens.—Rogero rises and comes slowly foryard, with his arms folded.)

Rog. Eleven years! It is now cleven years since I was first immured in this living sepulchre-the cruelty of a minister-the perfidy of a monkyes, Matilda! for thy sake-alive amidst the dead -chained-coffined-confined-cut off from the converse of my fellow-men. Soft! what have we here? (Stumbles over a bundle of sticks.) This eavern is so dark that I can scarcely distinguish the objects under my feet. Oh !- the register of my captivity-let me see, how stands the account? (Takes up the sticks and turns them over with a melancholy air ; then stands silent for a few moments, as if absorbed in calculation.) Eleven years and fifteen days !- Ha! the twenty-eighth of August! How does the recollection of it vibrate on my heart! It was on this day that I took my last leave of my Matilda. It was a summer evening; her melting hand scemed to dissolve in mine as I pressed it to my bosom-some demon whispered me that I should never see her more. I stood gazing on the hated vehicle which was conveying her away for ever. The tears were petrified under my eyelids. My heart was crystallized with agony. Anon, I looked along the road. The diligence seemed to diminish every instant. I felt my heart beat against its prison as if anxious to leap out and overtake it. My soul whirled round as I watched the rotation of the hinder wheels. A long trail of glory followed after her, and mingled with the dust; it

was the emanation of divinity, luminous with love and beauty like the splendor of the setting sun, but it told me that the sun of my joys was sunk for ever. Yes, here in the depths of an eternal dungeon-in the nursing-eradle of hell-the suburbs of perdition-in a nest of demous, where despair in vaio sits brooding over the putrid eggs of hope; where agony woos the embrace of death; where patience, beside the bottomless pool of despondency, sits angling for impossibilitics-yet even here to behold ber, to embrace her !- yes, Matilda, whether in this dark abode, amidst toads and spiders, or in a royal palace, amidst the more leathsome reptiles of a court, would be indifferent to me. Angels would shower down their bymns of gratulation upon our heads, while fiends would eavy the eternity of suffering love. . . . Soft, what air was that? It seemed a sound of more than human warblings. Again (listens attentively for some minutes). Only the wind. It is well, however-it reminds me of that melancholy air which has so often selaced the hours of my captivity. Let me see whether the damps of this dungeon have not yet injured my guitar. (Taken his guitar, tunes it, and begins the song with a full accompaniment of violins from the orchestra.)-Morley's Shorter Poems.

Page 936 .- A TALE OF DRURY LANE .- The opening of Drury Lane Theatre in 1802, after

baving been burnt and rebuilt, and the offering of a prize of fifty pounds by the manager for the best opening address, were the eircumstances which suggested the production of the *Rejected Addressee*. The idea of the work was suddenly conceived, and it was executed in six weeks. Of the examples of the *Rejected Addresses* given in this book, "A Tale of Drury Lane" is a burlesque imitation of Sir Walter Scott's poems, "The Tbeatre" of Crabbe's, and "The Baby's Début" of Wordsworth's.

Page 948 .- MALBROUCK .- " Malbrouck " does not date from the battle of Malplaquet (1709), but from the time of the Crusades, six bundred years before. According to a tradition discovered by M. de Chateaubriand, the air came from the Arabs, and the tale is a legend of Mambrou, a erusader. It was brought into fashion during the Revolution by Mme. Poitrine, who used to sing it to her reyal foster-child, the son of Louis XVI. M. Arage tells us that when M. Monge, at Cairo, sang this air to an Egyptian audience, they all knew it, and joined in it. Certainly the song has nothing to de with the Duke of Marlboreugh, as it is all about feudal eastles and Eastern wars. We are told also that the hand of Captain Cook, in 1770, was playing the air one day on the east coast of Australia, when the natives evidently recognized it, and seemed enchanted .- Moniteur de l'Armée .- Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fuble.

	AGE	
A BABY was sleeping	22	An
Abide with me! fast falls the eventide	557	An
Abon Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase !)	644	An
Above the pines the moon was slowly		An
drifting	282	
A chieftain to the Highlands bound	381	44 A
A cloud lay eradled near the setting sun	442	" A
A country life is sweet !	692	An
A dewdrop came with a spark of flame	459	An
Ae fond kiss and then we sever !	154	A
Afar in the desert I love to ride	490	Are
Again at Christmas did we weave	689	Ari
Again the Lord of Life and Light	536	Art
A good that never satisfies the mind	656	Art
A happy hit hame this auld world would be	706	Art
Ah, Chloris ! could I now but sit	189	As.
Ah! County Guy, the hour is nigh	189	As
Ah, how sweet it is to love!	97	As
Ah me! full sorely is my heart forlorn	55	As
Ah! my heart is weary waiting	431	As
Ah! then how sweetly closed those erowded	301	As
days!	41	Asl
Ah ! what a weary race my feet have run	508	Asl
Ah! what is love? It is a pretty thing	142	Asl
Airy, fairy Lilian	203	As
A life on the ocean wave	695	As
A little child beneath a tree	43	As
A little panse in life while daylight lingers	683	As
Allen-a-Dale has no fagot for burning	186	A s
0 0	536	As
All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd	119	As
	417	As
	555	At
	349	A tl
	100	Ati
· · · · ·	643	At
	774	At 3
	427	At :
	276	Ati
	782	
	211	Ati
	665	
	665	At 1
	920	Ave
	960	
And are ye sure the news is true?	10	Aw
And hast thou songht thy heavenly home	27	Aw

	AGE
And is this Yarrow ?- this the stream	510
And this is thy grave, Macaura	221
And thou art dead, as young and fair	742
And thou hast walked about (how strange a	
story !)	744
"And wherefore do the poor complain?"	714
And where have you been, my Mary "	809
And ye sall walk in silk attire	147
An old song made by an aged old pate	672
A poor wayfaring man of grief	541
Arethusa arose	460
Ariel to Miranda:-Take	732
Art thou pale for weariness	446
Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?	660
Art thou weary, art thou languid	577
As, by some tyrant's stern command	738
As by the shore at break of day	363
As I gaed down by yon honse-en'	411
A simple child	39
As it fell upon a day	480
As Julia onee a-slumbering lay	209
Ask me no more : the moon may draw the sea.	192
Ask me no more where Jove bestows	192
Ask me why I send you here	214
A slanting ray of evening light	671
A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers.	\$3
As one who destined from his friends to part.	784
As ships becalm'd at eve, that lay	744
A steed ! a steed of matchlesse speed	311
as thre' the land at eve we went	27
A street there is in Paris famous	89
sweet disorder in the dress	740
A thousand miles from land are we	470
thousand silent years ago	784
t midnight in his guarded tent	347
t Paris hard by the Maine barriers	334
At Paris it was, at the opera there	180
t setting day and rising morn	195
at the elose of the day, when the hamlet is	100
still	648
t the gate of old Granada, when all its bolts	040
are barr'd	373
are barr d	702
venge, O Lord ! thy slaughter'd saints, whose	102
	910

DOL	ies				••••	 • • • • •	** ***	 910
Awake,	Æolian	lyre	, aw	ake		 		 728
Awake,	awake,	my	lyre	!		 		 121
						9	<u>89</u>	

Pa	GE
	553
	178
	871
"Away! away !" cried the stout Sir John	421
	696
Away ! let naught to love displeasing	7
A weary weed, toss'd to and fro	463
A wee bird eame to our ha'-door	326
A well there is in the west country :	898
	695
	195
Ay, this is freedom ! these pure skies	494
BACKWARN, turn backward, O Time, in your	
flight	74
Balow, my babe, lye stil and sleipe !	21
	740
Beat on, proud billows; Boreas blow Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead !	241 196
	781
Before I trust my fate to thee	187
Before Jehovah's awful throne	546
Before the beginning of years	744
	\$18
Behold.	615
Behold the snn, that seem'd bnt now	556
Behold this rain ! 'Twas a skull	642
Be it ryght, or wrong, these men among	112
Believe me, if all those endearing young	
eharms	162
Ben Battle was a soldier bold	896
Beneath the warrior's helm beheld	780
Be seated pray. "A grave appeal?"	958
Best and brightest, come away !	679
Better trust all and be deceived Between the broad fields of wheat and eern	75
Between the broad news of wheat and certain	33
Beyoad the smiling and the weeping	595
Bird of the wilderness	473
Blame not my Lute! for he must sound	190
Blest as the immortal gods is he	192
Blest be Thy love, dear Lord	548
Blossom of the almond trees	457
Blow, blow, then winter wind	438
Blow ye the trumpet, blow	552
Blue-bird! on you leafless tree	475
Bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen	883
Born in yon blaze of orient sky	433
Bound upon th' accursed tree	535 88
Break, break, hreak	534
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning.	454
Bright flower, whose home is everywhere Bright shadows of true rest! some shoots of	104
blisse	560
Brother, thou art gone before us; and thy	
saintly soul is flown	595
Burly, dozing humble-bec !	482
Bury the Great Duke	270

	Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride 382	
	Busy, curions, thirsty fly 483	
	By cool Siloam's shady rill 575	
	By Nebo's lonely mountain 580	
	By our camp-fires rose a murmur	
	By the moon we sport and play 793	
	CALL for the robin redhreast and the wren 658	
	Calm me, my God, and keep me calm 565	
	Cam ye by Athol, lad wi' the philabeg 326	
	Can I see another's woe 589	
	Can I, who have for others oft compiled 226	
	Captain, or colonel, or knight in arms 313	
	Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night 776	
	Carol, earol, Christians 530	
	Cheeks as soft as July peaches 18	
	Cherry-ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry	
	Child, amidst the flowers at play 564 Child of the sun! pursue thy rapturous flight. 482	
	Children are what the mothers are	
	Children of the heavenly King	
	Christ the Lord is risen to-day	
	Christ will gather in his own	
	Clear and cool, clear and cool	
	Clear the brown path to meet his coulter's	
	gleam !	
	Close his eyes, his work is done 279	
	Come, all ye jolly shepherds 167	
	Come away, come away, Death 197	
	Come, follow, follow me	
	Come from my first, ay, come ! 264	
	Come hither, Evan Cameron ! 313	
	Come hither, ye faithful	
1	Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire 542	
	Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove 542	
	Come in the evening, or come in the morning. 158	
l	Come into the garden, Maud 177	
	Come listen to me, you gallants so free 390	
l	Come live with me, and be my love 140	
	Come, oh come! in pieus lays 551	
	Come, O thou Traveller unknown 571	
	Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken	
	deer	
	Come, see the Delphin's anchor forged! 'tis	
1	at a white heat non minimum	
	Come, Theu Fount of every hlessing	
	Come to me, dearest, 1 in horely without thee. 11 Come unto these yellow sands	
	Come, we that love the Lord	
	Come, ye lofty, come, ye lowly	
	Come, ye thankful people, come	
	Comfort thee, O thou mourner, yet a while 273	
	Comrades, leave me here a little, while as yet	
	'tis early morn 149	
	Condemn'd to hope's delusive mine 215	
1	and the sector listless ohime 462	

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PAGE	PAGE.
Contemplate all this work of Time	Farewell! hut whenever you welcome the
Could ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas. 17	hour
Crabbèd age and youth	Farewell,-farewell to thee, Araby's daugh-
Creator Spirit, by whose aid	ter!
Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a	Farewell, life! my senses swim
cloud 234	Farewell, rewards and fairies
Cupid and my Campaspe play'd	Farcwell, thou husy world, and may 495
	Farewell to Lochaber, and farewell, my Jean. 195
Cyriac, this three years day these eyes, tho'	Far from the world, O Lord, I fice
clear 234	
	Far in a wild, unknown to public view
DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power 777	Father, I know that all my life 567
Daughter to that good earl, once President 235	Father of all! in every age 545
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Day of vengeance, without morrow ! 611	Fhairshon swore a fend
Day of wrath ! O day of mourning ! 610	First time he kiss'd me, he but only kiss'd 135
Day-stars ! that ope your frownless eyes to	Flee fro the pres, and duelle with sothfast-
twinkle 451	nesse
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Dear chorister, who from those shadows sends. 478	Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green
Dear is my little native vale 498	braes
Dear my friend and fellow-student, I would	Follow a shadow, it still flies you 124
lean my spirit o'er you 104	For ever with the Lord !
Deathless principle, arise ! 596	Fonstain of mercy! God of Love! 563
Deep in the wave is a coral grove 464	Friend after friend departs ! 638
Deep on the convent-roof the snows 601	From all that dwell below the skies 552
Descend, ye Nine ! descend and sing	From heauteous Windsor's high and storied
Dies Iræ, Dies Illa ! 609	halls
Does the road wind up-hill all the way? 578	From gold to gray
Do not beguile my heart 585	From Greenland's icy mountains
Down the dimpled green-sward dancing 41	From harmony, from heavenly harmony 726
Down the Savoy valleys sounding 422	From his brimstone bed at break of day 917
Down to the wharves, as the sun goes down 789	From Oberon, in fairy-land 808
Downward sinks the setting sun	From out the grave of one whose budding
Do ye hear the children weeping, 0 my	years
brothers	From String Castle we had seed
Drink to me only with thine eyes 195	
Drop, drop, slow tears 544	From the desert I come to thee 177
Duncan Gray cam here to woo 144	Full knee-deep lies the winter snow
	Full many a glorious morning have I seen 439
EARTH has not anything to show more fair 503	GAMARRA is a dainty steed 488
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E'en such is time ; which takes on trust 228	Gather ye rosebuds while ye may 123
Eternal source of every joy 559	Genteel in personage
Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind !	Get up, get up, for shame! the blooming more. 430
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Even is come; and from the dark Park, hark, 959	Give me my scallop-shell of quiet 578
Ever let the Fancy roam	Give place, ye lovers, bere hefore 154
Every wedding, says the proverb 183	"Give us a song !" the soldiers cricd 216
Eyes which can but ill define	Glories, pleasures, pomps, delights, and ease. 203
	Glorious things of thee are spoken
FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime	God is love! His mercy brightens 544
Fair as the dawn of the fairest day 466	God makes sech nights, all white an' still 891
Fair Daffodils, we weep to see	God might have bade the earth bring forth 455
Fair pledges of a fruitful tree 457	God moves in a mysterious way 543
Fair stood the wind for France	God of the glorious Lyre 230
False world, thou ly'st; thou eanst not lend 654	God of the mighty deep ! wherever now 887
Fare thes well! and if for ever	God prosper long our noble king 299

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God save our gracious king !	355
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Good-bye, proud world ! I'm going home	657
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Good-night to all the world ! there's none	618
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Go to dark Gethsemanc	534
Go where glory waits thee	95
Go, youth beloved, in distant glades	91
Green be the turf above thee	253
Green little vaulter in the sunny grass	482
Grief hath been known to turn the young	-10.2
head gray	44
Guide me, O Thon great Jehovah !	573
Guvener B. is a sensible man	922
HAIL, beautéous stranger of the grove !	481
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Hail to the Chief, who in triumph advances	364
Hail to thee, blithe spirit	474
Hail to the Lord's Anointed	537
Half a league, half a league	348
Hamelin Town's in Brunswick	851
Happy me ! O happy sheep	562
Happy the man, whose wish and care	755
Happy those early days, when I	92
Hark ! ah, the nightingale !	472
Hark! hark! my soul! angelic songs are	
swelling	600
Hark-hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings.	439
Hark ! how all the welkin rings !	532
Hark, my soul! it is the Lord	541
Hark, the glad sound ! the Saviour comes	530
Has sorrow thy young days shaded	742
Has there any old fellow got mix'd with the	~ ~
. hoys?	80
Hast thou a charm to stay the morning-star	518
Have you heard of the wonderful onc-hoss	000
shay	932
Have you not heard the poets tell	19 192
Having the day my horse, my hand, my fance. Hear me, O God !	543
Hear my prayer, O heavenly Father	564
Hear the sledges with the bells	765
Hear ye, ladies that despise	169
He came too late! neglect had tried	
He is gone on the mountain	625
Hence, all you vain delights	656
Hence away, thou Siren ; leave me	153
Hence, loathed Melancholy	733
Hence, vain deluding joys	735
Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling	639

Fund honoron honorth this shall	AGE
Here, passenger, beneath this shed	226
Here rests, and let no saucy knave	948
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear	166
llere's to thee, my Scottish lassie! here's a	
hearty health to thee !	214
Her eyes the glow-worme lend thee	127
Her hair was tawny with gold, her eyes with	
purple were dark	361
Her suffering ended with the day	625
Ie sendeth sun, he sendeth shower	544
He that loves a rosy check	180
llie upon Hielands	419
High in the breathless hall the minstrel sate	223
His golden locks time hath to silver turn'd	751
Ho! city of the gay !	268
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty	546
Home of the Percy's high-born race	513
Home they brought her warrior dead	36
Ho, pretty page with the dimpled chin	87
"Horatius Flaccus, B. C. 8"	921
"Ho, sailor of the sea !	51
How are Thy servants blest, O Lord !	558
How blest has my time been, what joys have	
I known	2
How calmly sinks the parting sun !	44I
How dear to this heart are the scenes of my	
childhood	74
" How does the water	508
How do I love thee? let me count the ways	135
How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean	579
How happy is he born and taught	66I
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How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits.	662
How sleep the Brave who sink to rest	363
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How vainly men themselves amaze	497
Hush, my dear! Lie still and slumber !	23
I лм a friar of orders gray	916
I am as I am, and so will I be	191
I am content, I do not care	660
I am dying, Egypt, dying	290
I am monarch of all I survey	679
I am old and blind !	235
I am ! yet what I am who eares, or knows ?	618
lanthe! you are call'd to cross the sea !	213
I arise from dreams of thee	103
I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers.	444
I cannot eat but little meat	917
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$ \begin{array}{c c c c c c c c c c c c c c c c c c c $		
vellyn.514In ancient times, a stary tell.599I come from haunts of coot and fair.460In Clementina's artless mien.214I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair.460In clementina's artless mien.214I dream'd that as I wander'd by the way.460I never gave a lock of hair away.134I anayt of oaten stoop reparational song.460In form and features, face and linb.906If alught of oaten stoop reparational song.460In form and features, face and linb.906If due how of and hove were young.461In the ear he whispens galy.901If due how the down of monks and bones.923101NR, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes.455If due how the down.421In melancholic fancy.884161NR.406If life's pleasures cherr there77411In down-bill of life, when I find I'm de-11 </th <th></th> <th></th>		
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I do confess thou't smooth and fair.148I a caldying course when leaves began to fly 502I dream'd that as I wander'd by the way		
I denum? i that as I wander'd by the way.459I never give a lock of finir away.133I envy not, in any moods.659In form and feature, face and limb.914If all the world and love were young.140In form and feature, face and limb.914If all the world and love were young.140In here are he whispers gayly.914If dought deceds my hady please.161In Kilha, tevm of monks and hones.922If, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath422In melancholic fancy.920If cleave all for theo, wilt thou exchange.175In melancholic fancy.920If lives or grow old, as I find I go down.744In summer, on the headlandis.853If this cup to one made up.775In the fair land c'erwatch'th y Ischia's moon-674If the bard beart must be suften ere to161In the fair land c'erwatch'th y Ischia's moon-777If the as souldst ever come by choice or164In the ranks of the Astrian you found him.344If to be absent were to be.125In the asticn midnight watches.575If to be absent were to be.125In toke nat thou shalt not fear.575If to be absent were to be.125In toke absent my heart.171If women could be fair, and yet not fond.190In the astim any fourthan.348I how sending traise.17In wain men tell us time an alter.741I have as on, a little son, a boy just five years10In the astim any fourthan.144I have as any at the se		
I ency not, in any model.690If all the world and love were young.140If anght of oaten stop or pastoral song.140If anght of oaten stop or pastoral song.140If doughty deeds my hady please.141If doughty deeds my hady please.141If leave all for thee, with thou exchange.242If leave all for thee, with thou exchange.242If leave all for thee, with thou exchange.242If live to grow old, as I find I go down.753If live to grow old, as I find I go down.764If the hard heart must be sufter ere the springs of life can flow.652If thou must love me, let it be for naught.214If thou shouldst ever come by choice or chance.106If thou shouldst ever come by choice or they my side, my love.10If wome could be fair, and yet not fond.251If to be absent were to be.251If hoe absent were to be.251If to be absent were to be.251If wome could be fair, and yet not fond.261If hoe sach all sting great ha's.11If have shad playmates, I have had compania261I have sach, all its ency.261I have shad playmates, I have had compania262I hav		In eddying course when leaves began to fly 502
If all the world and love were young. 140 In good King Charles's golden days	I dream'd that as I wander'd by the way 459	I never gave a lock of hair away 134
If adught of oaten stop or pastoral song	I envy not, in any moods 689	In form and feature, face and limb 906
If aught of oaten stop or pastoral song410 In her art he whispers gayly	If all the world and love were young 140	In good King Charles's golden days 914
If doughty deeds my hay please		
If, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stay'd		
stay'd242In melancholic fancy854I feel a-newer life in every gale		
I feel a newer life in every gale		
If I lieve ould for thee, wilt thou exchange		
If I live to grow old, as I find I go down		
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If the hard heart must be smitten ere the springs of life can flow. 162 If this fair rose offend thy sight. 214 If thou shoulds ever come by choice or chances. 406 If thou wert by my side, my love. 406 If thou wert by my side, my love. 406 If thou wert by my side, my love. 406 If thou wert by my side, my love. 406 If the absent were to be. 125 If to be absent were to be. 125 If a to be absent were to be. 125 If a bre anebody now, I hae naebody now. 83 I hare bad playmates, I have had companions. 77 I have ships that went to see. 789 I have bad playmates, I have had companions. 789 I have bad playmates, I have had companions. 770 I have bad playmates, I have had companions. 789 I have bad playmates, I have had companions. 789 I have bad playmates, I have had companion		In the down-bill of life, when I find I'm de-
springs of life can flow.682tains	If life's pleasures cheer thee 577	elining 674
If this fair rose offend thy sight 214 In the greenest of our valleys 871 If thou must love me, let it he for maught. 134 In their ragged regimentals. 331 If thou work by my side, my love. 0 In the ranks of the Austrian you found him. 364 If thou work by my side, my love. 0 1a the errie mometh of Maye. 145 If thou work by my side, my love. 0 1a the silent midnight watches. 575 If women could be fair, and yet not fond. 100 1n to the Devil Tavern. 411 If you become a nun, der. 171 1n vain men tell us time can alter. 741 If you become a nun, der. 171 1n vain men tell us time can alter. 741 I prive imscript prise. 546 1n kan eased att how shalt not faar 548 I have and playmates, I have had companions. 77 1 reside at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James. 944 I have ships that went to see. 759 1 saw the young bride in her beauty and pride. 558 I hear the speak of the better land. 569 1 saw two clouds at morning. 520 I have ships that went to see. 759 1 saw two clouds at morning. 520	If the hard heart must be smitten ere the	In the fair land c'erwatch'd by Ischia's moun-
If thou must love me, let it he for naught	springs of life can flow 682	tains
If thou must love me, let it he for naught134In their ragged regimentals	If this fair rose offend thy sight 214	In the greenest of our valleys 871
If thou shouldst ever come by choice or chance		In their ragged regimentals
chance.406In the ranks of the Austrian you found him. 364If the wert by my side, my love.91a the silent midnight watches		
If thou wert by my side, my love	-	
If to be absent were to be		
If women could be fair, and yet not fond.190Into the Devil Tavern411If you become a nun, dear.171In vain men tell us time can alter.741In you become a nun, dear.171In vain men tell us time can alter.741In you become a nun, dear.171In vain men tell us time can alter.741In you become a nun, dear.171In vain men tell us time can alter.741I have asen, at ittle son, a boy just five years1In reamber.773I have a son, a little son, a boy just five years1Irrithes cand me back my heart.773I have bad playmates, I have had companions.775I reside at Table Mountain, and my name is774I have ships that went to see.789I saw him once before.755I head it truth, with him who sings.659I saw two clouds at morning.220I know not that the men of dd.747I si tecore? they said on the hanks of the Nile.748I lay in sorrow, deep distress'd.663I say to thee, do thou repeat.663I look'd upon his how; no sign.220I sthere for hooest poverty.704I look'd upon his how; no sign.222I sthere where the winds are singing.400I look'd upon his how; no sign.222I sthere where the winds are singing.401I look'd upon his how; no sign.222I sthere where the winds are singing.402I kaw bu shall darc		
If you become a nun, dear		
I give immortal praise		
I base namebody now, I hase namebody now		
I have seen great anes, and sat in great ha'sII prithee send me back my heart		
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old		
I have bad playmates, I have had companions. Truthful James		
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I have ships that went to see		
I hear the speak of the better land		
I held it trath, with him who sings	I have ships that went to see 789	
1 in these flowery meads would be	I hear thee speak of the better land 598	
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