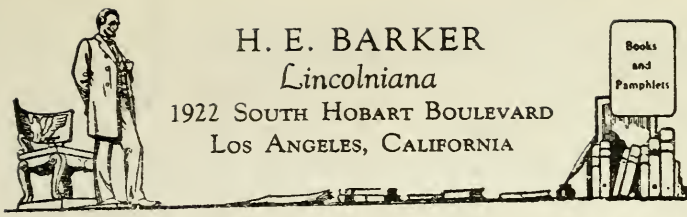


A decorative gold wreath of leaves and berries, possibly holly, is centered on the cover. The wreath is composed of several branches with pointed leaves and small clusters of berries. The text is embossed in gold within the center of the wreath. The background is a dark red leather with a repeating embossed floral pattern.

ELIZA COOK'S

POEMS





H. E. BARKER  
*Lincolniana*  
1922 SOUTH HOBART BOULEVARD  
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

ELIZA COOK'S POEMS.

\*\*\*\*\*

Lincoln's reading of this book seems to have been overlooked by those who have written in particular about his choice in books. That Lincoln read this work is evidenced by the fact that he owned a copy of Eliza Cook's Poems, on the fly-leaf of which he had inscribed his name. The copy so inscribed was offered for sale in 1926 by Brentano's (Chicago) Bookstore.

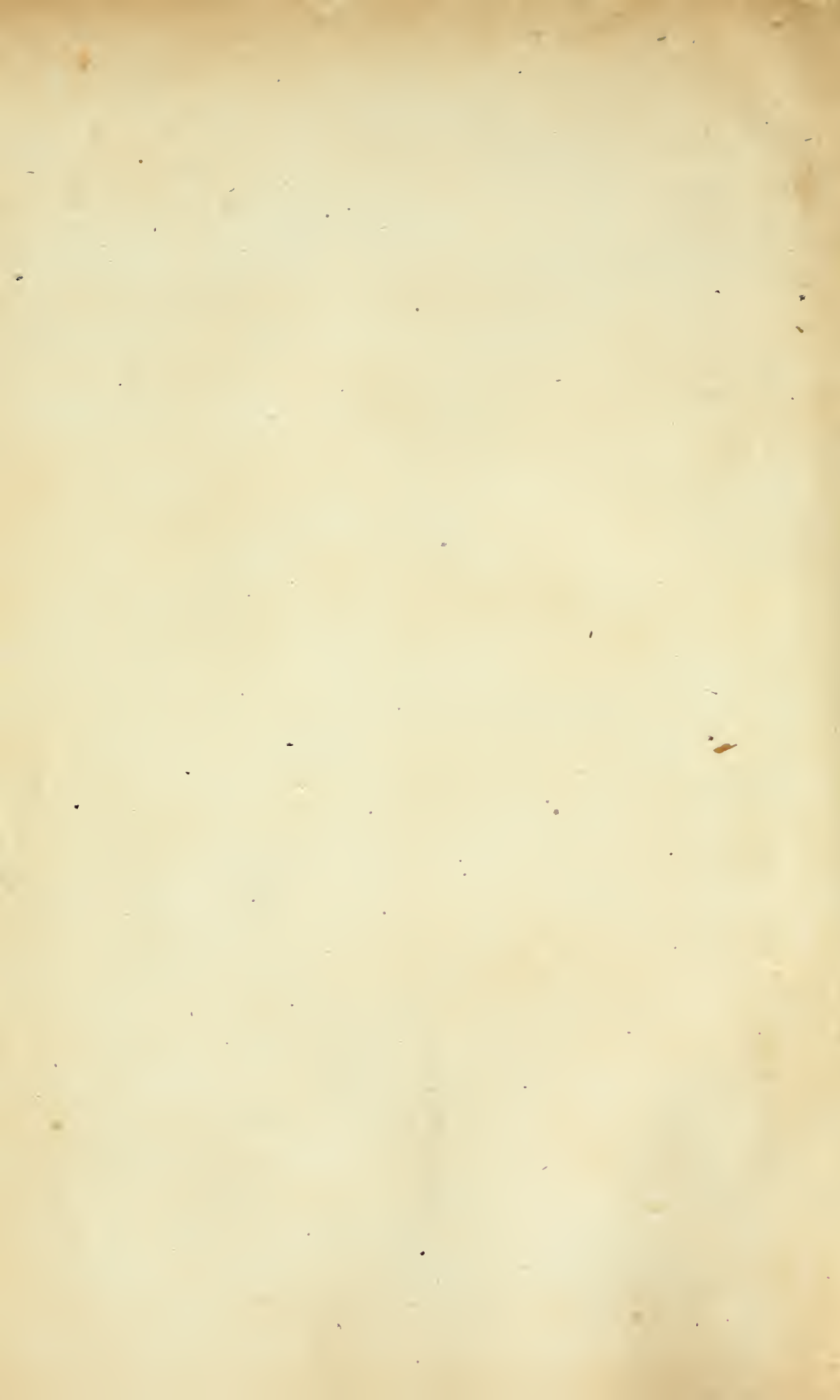
*H. E. Barker*











7289

300

MELAIA,  
AND OTHER POEMS.





Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2010 with funding from

The Institute of Museum and Library Services through an Indiana State Library LSTA Grant





I love it, I love it and cannot tear  
My soul from a mother's old arm chair  
Elizabeth



THE  
POETICAL WORKS

OF

ELIZA COOK

NEW EDITION,  
CONTAINING HER RECENT PRODUCTIONS.

PHILADELPHIA:  
WILLIS P. HAZARD, 190 CHESTNUT ST.  
1856.

mg 19345  
Assoc

## P R E F A C E .

I AM scarcely aware that any preface is necessary to this edition of my Poems, as I have none of the usual constituents of a preface to dwell on. Reasons for publishing, and apologies and extenuations for the quality of the contents, generally mark the introductory pages of a young author. Now, I am precluded from these, my reasons for publishing being simply that I am flattered into the belief that my writings are welcome to the public; consequently any supplications for indulgence would be the mere assumption of modesty. The rapid sale of a large edition, and the increasing demand for more, afford indisputable proof of the good opinion I have gained; and it is with equal pleasure and confidence I now issue my productions in a superior form.

The present edition contains many of my earliest poems, written when rhyme was probably faster than reason: may they be found to merit a share of the favour awarded to my later efforts.

With the full consciousness that I offer that which has already stood the fearful ordeal of public judgment, my sense of honesty will not allow me to indulge in the common style of preparatory language; yet if any accuse me of conceit or presumption, such



accusation is most unfounded. I am well convinced there is much that is faulty in my writings ; but the fierce malignity of the envious few, and the warm applause of the impartial many, assure me there is some gold with the dross, which time and experience may refine into purer brilliancy.

I will trespass no longer on the reader, but to express the most sincere acknowledgment of the patronage already bestowed, and to hope that the present volume will be considered worthy a continuance of the same.

## P R E F A C E

### TO THE FIRST AMERICAN EDITION.

---

ELIZA COOK has been a frequent contributor to the English literary periodicals during the last five or six years, and her articles have been very generally reprinted in the gazettes of this country, so that her name is nearly as familiar to every class of American readers, as those of her illustrious countrywomen, Mrs. Hemans and Mrs. Norton. Her poems are of that description which are most sure to win the popular favor. They have a *social* character. They are pleasant reading for the fireside. They portray with simplicity and truth the kindly affections, and awaken the better feelings. Her "Old Arm-chair" has touched in a thousand hearts a chord that echoed its plaintive sorrow; and many of her other songs and ballads awaken responsive notes of gaiety or sadness as often as they are read. Her poetry, though generally free and spirited, is still feminine and tranquillizing. It is animated by a joyous, generous feeling, yet abounds with a quiet, religious beauty, with such flowers as one would cull to wreath a garland for the tomb.

Every reader—especially every reader of poetry—wishes to know something more of an author than can be learned from his works, though these generally give a tolerable idea of their creator's mental nature. The portrait of Miss Cook in the titlepage of this volume, is said to be very true and lifelike ; and we have happily a sketch of another kind, which we are sure is not less faithful. It is from a familiar letter by one of the cleverest women of our own country—with a genius like that of her English friend—and was addressed to us but a few weeks ago.

“It is now about five years,” remarks Mrs. OSGOOD, in the letter from which she has kindly permitted us to publish this extract, “since I met ELIZA COOK in England. She was then, just what her noble poetry would lead you to imagine her ; a frank, generous, brave, and warm-hearted girl, about twenty years of age ; rather stout and sturdy looking in form, and with a face not handsome but very intelligent. Her hair was black and very luxuriant, her eyes gray and full of expression, and her mouth indescribably sweet. For several weeks before we met we carried on a playful, and, on her part, exceedingly amusing and original correspondence. Her letters are the most natural, spirited, off-hand and *off-heart* effusions imaginable. . . . As our first meeting was rather a droll one, perhaps an account of it will amuse you. Miss Cook was announced one morning when, unfor-



unately, our only reception-room—my husband's atelier—was occupied by a sitter. What was to be done? I must either deny myself or receive her in the entry. I was far too eager to see her, to do the former, so I seated myself, with as much dignity as I could well assume, under the circumstances, on the *top stair*, and desired the servant to show her up. She came. I told her gravely that the staircase was my drawing-room, *pro tempore*; and resigning, as courtesy required, the highest seat to my guest, I took the next, at her feet. In five minutes—thanks to the informality of her reception!—we were chatting as gaily and freely as if we had known each other for years. But our conversation was interrupted, to my dismay, by the arrival of more visitors, and the stairs were soon nearly all occupied. It was a gay party, I assure you, and ELIZA COOK was the soul of it. . . . The sitter happened to be the Hon. Mrs. NORTON. Imagine the surprise of that dignified and *distinguée* personage, when she encountered that party on the flight of stairs!"

This collection of Miss Cook's poems embraces all that were contained in the beautiful edition issued in London, by Mr. Tilt, in 1840, with many others which have since been written. The worthy publishers, observant of that principle of justice which our government has as yet failed to recognize, delay-

(x)

ed reprinting them until permission for their republication was obtained from the proprietor of the copyright in England ; and they now present them in a style befitting such productions.

R. W. G.

November 25, 1843.

## PREFACE

### TO THE NEW EDITION.

---

THE present edition of the Poems of Eliza Cook is issued under her own superintendence. The interest her writings have excited in this country, has induced a corresponding sympathy, and her letters express the most sincere and cordial recognition of her transatlantic friends. "I wish," she remarks in one of them, "I could run over and see your people—nothing would gratify me more. Dearly do I love the wide waters, and I would sooner dwell in a ship than a castle; but the salt particles of marine atmosphere cause spasmodic congestion in my lungs, and I doubt if I should live to receive your kind welcome. I dream sometimes of making the attempt, but the disciples of Esculapius positively forbid it; so I suppose I must be content with winning your good-will and wafting my best wishes over the Atlantic." Several pieces included in the first American edition of this work are omitted in the present, and their

places supplied by new effusions, whose maturer beauty and vigor render them more worthy the genius of the author. For this purpose, her last volume, published within a few months, has been carefully gleaned, her own suggestions being chiefly followed in the selections. Some of her most popular verses are recent, such as "The Waters," "The Spirit of Poetry," and "Old Songs." These and other gems of the present collection will at once commend themselves to her numerous admirers. We cannot better indicate the noble spirit of her muse, than by the following extract from her preface to the new volume.

"I have been told that I write too boldly—that a feminine pen should never have traced such songs as 'The Englishman' and 'Old Time.' May I presume to ask those cavillers *why* I should never have written them? Is there aught condemnatory in the composition? Is there a line offensive to national pride, or reflective morality? To such narrow-minded grumblers I can only say that I fear the fault lies rather in their weak powers of digestion than in my plain substantial food. In accordance with the wishes of some, I attempted to write a Sonnet on the Prince of Wales' christening robe. I managed two or three lines eulogizing the embroidery pretty well, but felt rather indisposed as I proceeded to

embody the Brussels lace ; my illness increased, and the last stanza, trimmed with magnificent white satin bows, caused the exhibition of emetical symptoms to a most alarming degree. I will never risk such suffering again ; and, anxious as I might be to please, I despair of delighting those whose poetic thirst requires to be allayed at a Hippocrene of sweetened waters.

“ I can only write from my heart, and that heart has been left from infancy to the mercy of its own intense impulses. My rhyming tendency developed itself at a very early age, but the tones of judicious praise, or improving censure, never met my ear. The advantage of an enlightened, nay, even a common education, was denied me, lest Knowledge should only serve to foster Poetry, and make ‘ a sentimental fool’ of me. I was left like a wild colt on the fresh and boundless common of Nature, to pick up a mouthful of Truth where I could. The woods and forests became my tutors ; the rippling stream and bulrush sighing in the wind whispered to me in sweet and gentle breathings ; the silver stars in the measureless night-sky, and the bright flowers in my morning path awoke my wonder, and opened the portals that led to the high and mysterious temple of Thought. God and Creation were before my eyes in all their glory, and as an untaught child I worshipped the Being who

had endowed me with power to contemplate his works, and 'rejoice therein.'

"However, I must not weary with prose, whatever I may do with poetry; so in conclusion, allow me to say, that I am conscious many faults mar my Pegasus, which careful training might have cured; but extend your mercy, gentle reader, and take him as he is, with the rough coat, and honest though unpretending qualities of an 'Old Dobbin.'"

New York, 1st March, 1846.



## CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
Melaia, . . . . .	3
Tracy de Vore and Hubert Grey, . . . . .	39
The Old Arm-chair, . . . . .	57
Song of the Rushlight, . . . . .	58
The Mother who has a Child at Sea, . . . . .	61
The Land of my Birth, . . . . .	63
Oh ! dear to memory are those hours, . . . . .	65
Spring, . . . . .	67
Summer's Farewell, . . . . .	69
Sailing Song, . . . . .	70
The Gipsy's Tent, . . . . .	71
The Miser, . . . . .	72
The Free, . . . . .	74
Sleep, . . . . .	75
Hallowed be thy Name, . . . . .	76
Winter, . . . . .	78
The English Ship by Moonlight, . . . . .	79
Water, . . . . .	81
Snow, . . . . .	82
Old Dobbin, . . . . .	84
The Quiet Eye, . . . . .	87
The Old Farm-Gate, . . . . .	88
Stanzas, . . . . .	91
The Gallant English Tar, . . . . .	92
Buttercups and Daisies, . . . . .	94
The Idiot-born, . . . . .	96
The Waters, . . . . .	97
The Star of Glengary, . . . . .	100
The Poet, . . . . .	101
The Gipsy Child, . . . . .	104
The Song of Marion, . . . . .	105
Nature's Gentleman, . . . . .	107
Norah M'Shane, . . . . .	110
Truth, . . . . .	111
The Poet's Wreath, . . . . .	113
The Sexton, . . . . .	115
The Sabbath Bell, . . . . .	118
Hang up his harp ; he'll wake no more ! . . . . .	119
Stanzas, . . . . .	120
The Englishman, . . . . .	121
To a Favorite Pony, . . . . .	123
Stanzas, . . . . .	126

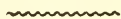
## (xvi)

Song of the Carrion Crow, . . . . .	127
Nae star was glintin out aboon, . . . . .	130
Cupid's Arrow, . . . . .	131
A, B, C, . . . . .	132
A Love Song, . . . . .	133
The Young Mariners, . . . . .	135
This is the hour for me, . . . . .	139
Night, . . . . .	140
Oh! never breathe a dead one's name, . . . . .	142
A Song for Merry Harvest, . . . . .	143
The Ploughshare of Old England, . . . . .	144
Gratitude, . . . . .	145
Away from the revel, . . . . .	148
The Fairy of the Sea . . . . .	149
Spring, . . . . .	151
I miss thee, my mother, . . . . .	152
The Heart that's true, . . . . .	154
The loved one was not there, . . . . .	155
The World, . . . . .	156
There's a Star in the West, . . . . .	158
Stanzas, . . . . .	160
England, . . . . .	162
Thy Kingdom come, . . . . .	165
The Bow, . . . . .	166
The Forest Trees, . . . . .	168
The Horse, . . . . .	170
The Mourners, . . . . .	171
The King of the Wind, . . . . .	175
My Grave, . . . . .	176
The Wreaths, . . . . .	178
Old Pincher, . . . . .	180
Christmas Tide, . . . . .	185
Kings, . . . . .	187
God hath a Voice, . . . . .	190
Lines, . . . . .	191
St. Patrick's Day, . . . . .	194
Fragment, . . . . .	195
Lines, written to beguile an idle hour, . . . . .	197
To Fancy, . . . . .	200
Children's Welcoming, . . . . .	201
Song of the Blind One, . . . . .	204
The Old Water-Mill, . . . . .	205
The Sacrilegious Gamesters, . . . . .	207
Song of the Old Year, . . . . .	215
Stanzas, . . . . .	217
Winter, . . . . .	218
Love, . . . . .	219
Song of the Sea-Gulls, . . . . .	221
Our Native Song, . . . . .	223

Poor Irish Boy,	225
Loch Leven's Gentle Stream,	227
Those we love,	228
Stanzas,	229
The Dead,	231
Dinna forget me,	233
The Thames,	233
Song of the Mariners,	235
Rover Song,	238
The Boat-cloak,	239
The Flag of the Free,	240
The Brave,	241
The Star of my Home,	242
Through the Waters,	244
Stanzas to the Young,	246
A Home in the Heart,	249
The Homes of the Dead,	250
Stanzas,	252
Prayer,	253
The King's Old Hall,	255
Galla Brae,	257
Stanzas,	258
The Slumber of Death,	259
Song for the New Year,	260
Our Sailors and our Ships,	262
Stanzas,	264
Charlie o' Ross wi' the sloe black een,	266
Stanzas,	267
The Fisher Boy jollily lives,	268
I thank thee, God! for weal and wo,	269
Stanzas—The Tomb,	271
The Smuggler Boy,	272
My Birthday,	273
Song of the Imprisoned Bird,	275
The Willow Tree,	277
Fire,	279
Stanzas,	280
Lines to the Queen of England,	282
Stanzas,	283
Song of the Sun,	284
A Summer Sketch,	286
The Welcome Back,	289
While the Christmas Log is burning,	290
The Acorn,	291
The Christmas Holly,	292
To a Cricket,	293
Stanzas,	295
Say, oh! say, you love me!	297
The Dewdrop,	298

Thy Will be done,	299
Song of Old Time,	300
Sonnet,	302
Song of the Goblet,	302
Washington,	306
The Bonnie Scot,	308
Time,	310
'Tis sweet to love in Childhood,	311
Ballad Stanzas,	312
Dreams of the Past,	313
The Future,	314
The Old Clock,	316
The Last Good-bye,	317
The Tree of Death,	318
Stanzas,	320
The Room of the Household,	323
The Old Barn,	326
Fragment,	330
The Heart—the Heart,	332
The Bee's Wing,	333
Song of the Hemp-seed,	334
The Poor Man's Friend,	338
Song of the Dying Old Man to his Young Wife,	340
The Indian Hunter,	343
The Pledge,	344
A Sketch,	345
Harvest Song,	348
Stanzas for Music,	350
Mourn not the Dead,	351
To the Spirit of Song,	353
The Waters,	355
Song of the Spirit of Poverty,	362
The Old Mill-stream,	367
Birds,	371
Song of the Haymakers,	376
Winter is Here,	378
Summer is Nigh	380
Old Story Books,	382
Old Cries,	385

## LIST OF PLATES.



	PAGE
FRONTISPIECE—PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR	
VIGNETTE TITLE	
MELAIA . . . . .	3
TRACY DE VORE AND HUBERT GREY . . . . .	39
THE MOTHER WHO HAS A CHILD AT SEA . . . . .	61
THE GIPSY'S TENT . . . . .	71
THE OLD FARM-GATE . . . . .	88
HANG UP HIS HARP . . . . .	120
THE MOURNERS . . . . .	171
THE OLD WATER-MILL . . . . .	205
THE THAMES . . . . .	233
SONG OF OLD TIME . . . . .	300





MELANIA.



MELAIA,  
AND OTHER POEMS.

---

MELAIA.

'Twas in the age when Arts and Peace  
Revived once more in mighty Greece—  
When Fame forsook the camp and blade,  
    And turned from purple fields to wreath  
Her meeds again for those who bade  
    The canvass glow, the marble breathe:  
'Twas in this age Melonian stood  
    The highest in his sculpture art ;  
Known as the great, loved as the good ;  
    With hand but rivalled by his heart.  
His was the power to wake the gaze,  
Yielding the spirit's speechless praise—  
His was the spell that flings control  
Over the eye, breast, brain, and soul ;

Chaining our senses to the stone,  
Till we become  
As fixed and dumb  
As the cold form we look upon.

Melonian was about to leave  
His idol toil one summer eve,  
When at his door a stranger guest  
Appeared, in venerable guise,  
Whose weight of years had dimmed his eyes,  
And meekly lowered his "haught crest."  
His garb was of a shape and sort  
That plainly augured little wealth;  
But his frank smile gave good report  
Of rich content and placid health.  
No stern and frowning gloom was seen  
To curl his lip or shade his mien;  
His bending limbs, and silvered head,  
Stricken with patriarchal age,  
Gave ample sign that he had read  
Life's volume to its closing page.  
Melonian rose; the stranger bowed:—

"Artist," cried he, "I've come to scan  
Thy blazoned works,—is it allowed?  
Though great, perhaps thou'rt not too proud  
To please an old and curious man.  
The restless wings of Rumour waft  
Fair tidings of thy works and craft!  
Crowds speak of thee with lauding joy.

I like thy name, and would employ  
Thy hand. Say, Artist, what may be  
The sum that forms thy common fee?"

The Sculptor smiled. "Friend!" he exclaimed,  
"My charge may startle, when 'tis named.  
Excuse me, Stranger, if I say  
I deem 'tis more than thou canst pay.  
Two thousand bizantines I ask  
For simplest form or briefest task."

"Two thousand! 'tis indeed fair store  
Of gold, but *he* deserved much more.  
Have what thou wilt, 'tis ne'er too much;  
Double the sum, it shall be thine;  
But will thy chisel deign to touch  
A form nor human nor divine?  
I see thou hast a goodly band  
Of gods and heroes scattered round;  
But I invoke thy master hand  
To carve me but a simple hound."

"A hound! a dog!" Melonian cried:  
"How's this, old man, wouldst thou deride  
My noble art? I blush with shame.  
Say, dost thou mock my skill and fame?  
*I*, first in Greece, think'st thou 'twould suit  
Such hand to carve a cur!—a brute?"

"Hold!" said the Guest. "I must not hear

Such light words thrown to one so dear.  
Long as I've trod the world, I've found  
Naught half so worthy as my hound ;  
And thou, Melonian, wouldst not spurn  
His claims and merit, didst thou learn  
The strange and strong, nay, holy tie  
That link'd so firm and tenderly.  
Of all the boons that men possess,  
To aid, to cheer, instruct, and bless,  
The dog,—bold, fond, and beauteous beast—  
Is far from either last or least.  
His love lives on through change of lot ;  
His faith will chain him on our grave,  
To howl and starve ; but thou mayst not  
Have proved their love and faith : I have.

“ Thy guerdon's sure : look on this ring,  
A precious, though a bauble, thing ;  
The meanest jewel would suffice  
To render safe thy utmost price.  
But do my bidding, and the stone  
Of richest lustre is thine own.  
Behold and judge !”—The Sculptor gazed  
Upon the slender hand upraised,  
And saw a finger thin and white,  
Encircled with a hoop of gold,  
Imbedding diamonds of light,  
Nor loosely worn nor cheaply sold.—  
“ Speak,” cried the Stranger ; “ dost thou choose  
To carve my dog ? decide and tell.....



Enough : I see thou dost refuse  
 The favour craved. Artist, farewell."

Melonian seized his hand : "Nay, nay,  
 Thy parting is not thus with me ;  
 Thy speech, thy bearing all betray  
 Thou art not what thou seem'st to be ;  
 There's more than meets the eye and ear  
 In thee. Say who, and what thou art !  
 I'm honest, and thou need'st not fear  
 A gossip tongue nor traitor heart.  
 May I beseech thee to relate  
 Thy secret pilgrimage and fate ?  
 You start—aye, 'tis a bold request ;  
 But you have stirred within my breast  
 That quick and sudden interest  
 Which is not easily suppressed.  
 The warmth you've kindled doth defy  
 The rules of gentle courtesy ;  
 And prompts, perchance, to ruder word  
 And freer tone than should be heard.  
 Your pardon, if I give offence ;  
 But, trust me, mine's no wily soul—  
 This fervour, bursting all control,  
 Is not the seeming of pretence."

The Stranger spoke not for a while,  
 But strove to check a rising sigh,  
 And fixed his calm and searching eye  
 Upon the Sculptor's brow. The smile

Which erst illumed his mouth had fled,  
 And with it every trace of red  
 From cheek and lips ; a change had spread  
 O'er his fair mien, as though some deep  
 Keen pangs had woke from memory's sleep.  
 Where is the one who hath not had  
     Some anguish trial, long gone by,  
 Steal, spectre-like, all dark and sad  
     On busy thought, till the full eye  
 And aching breast betrayed too well  
 The past still held undying spell ?  
 Some pensive vision of this kind  
 Seemed shadowing the Stranger's mind.

“ My fate,” said he, “ hath been to see  
     And bear mortality's extremes.  
 My days have run 'twixt cloud and sun,  
     But oh ! with more of dark than beams.  
 What I was once has been concealed  
     Right cautiously from other ears ;  
 My tongue has never yet revealed  
     The state that marked my earlier years ;  
 But *thou* shalt hear it. I will trust  
     The earnest radiance in thy face :  
     'Tis spirit-lit, and I can trace  
 The breathing of a soul all just.  
 Listen, Melonian ; but I claim  
 Thy sacred vow, that words or name  
 Pass not thy lips, till death has laid  
 This breaking form in peace and shade.

Say, Sculptor, dost thou yield thine oath ?”

“ Ay !” cried Melonian ; “ but the troth  
Of simple promise is, with me,  
As strong a bond as there can be.  
My oath ! Ay, take it if thou wilt ;  
    Yet is that bosom base and cold,  
    And little worth, that does not hold  
A broken word as meanest guilt.  
But stay, my friend, here’s rich rare wine,  
Of years, I ween, outnumb’ring thine ;  
I know its vintage to be good ;  
Pour, fill, and drink—’twill warm thy blood ;  
Come, pledge me deep, thy cheek is pale ;  
First brace thy heart, then tell thy tale.”

The cup was drained, and Friendship’s power  
Had grown so great in one short hour,  
’Twere difficult for host or guest  
To say which liked the other best.

“ Now,” cried the Stranger, “ hear me tell  
My simple tale ; and, mark me well,  
Though my plain style may sound uncouth,  
It yields naught else than bitter truth.  
My long and chequer’d course began  
Far hence, in sultry Hindostan.  
Perchance I was a monarch’s heir ;  
    My toys, the sceptre and the crown ;  
Shown like an idol to the stare

Of a vast nation ; taught to wear  
A princely port, and proudly share  
A power I should one day bear,  
All kingly—all my own.

“ I know full well ye cannot see  
A trace of what there once might be ;  
My sand is almost out, and now  
Ye find but furrows on my brow.  
I know no records linger there,  
Save those endorsed by age and care ;  
Heaven gives no stamp ; Misfortune’s tide  
Brings prince and peasant side by side ;  
And who can tell the monarch when  
He ranks and herds with other men ?

“ Ye smile, as though it were a thing  
Absurd, a jest to rouse your mirth,  
To say my sire might be a king,  
And hold dominion o’er the earth.  
Yet such he was, and such was I.

Nay, start not !—’Tis but empty sound ;  
Strip off the robes of purple dye,  
Throw all the peacock trappings by,  
And nothing more than man is found ;  
And often *less*—some scorpion worm,  
That crawls and stings in human form ;  
Some upright brute, whose ruthless might,  
In covert of a regal den,  
Lays waste all mercy, sense, and right,

Defies a God, and tramples men.  
But who expects the sapling tree  
To flourish, nursed in royalty,  
Amid the worst the world can lend  
To choke and tangle, warp and rend,  
Mid all to blast the goodly shoot,  
And turn fair bloom to bitter fruit?  
The monarch's glance hath little chance  
To scan a page in Nature's book.  
The lessons there are sealed with care;  
He must not, dare not, cannot look.  
Lulled by the songs that courtiers sing,  
No harsher music suffered near,  
If Truth should whisper, she would ring  
A strange alarum in his ear.  
Could ye but see what I have seen,  
And know as much as I have known,  
Ye would not wonder there have been  
Such graceless tyrants on a throne.

"I had an empire at my nod,  
And ruled it like a demigod;  
I was caressed as one divine;  
Wealth, might—scarce limited—were mine.  
My word could free the veriest slave,  
Or doom the guiltless to a grave.  
I was a feared and homaged one;  
Perched on Ambition's utmost height,  
And thought, as other fools have done,  
Ne'er to be lower or less bright.

But I was taught a mighty change,  
In spirit, feeling, place, and word ;  
I've brooked the trials, wild and strange,  
Which some might question if they heard.

“ I've proved how hard it is to cope  
With traitors' blows and blasted hope ;  
I've drunk the cup of dark despair,  
E'en to the dregs ; I've brunted all  
Of searing pain and withering care  
That Heaven can send to goad and gall ;  
Yet have I stood the trying test,  
And found at last my hour of rest.

“ Old age is garrulous, they say,  
And this choice wine has wrought so well  
That my tongue gains a swifter play,  
And my lax heartstrings warmly swell.  
But come, I'll speed my tale, and pray  
None else may have such tale to tell.

“ 'Twas on the night-fall of a day,  
When slaughter's red and fierce career  
Had lasted from the breaking ray,  
Leaving, as twilight died away,  
Some thousands on one common bier.

“ The night came on, the work was done,  
The glory ours, the battle won ;  
My hand was tired of the sword,



And gladly to its sheath restored  
The dripping blade ; for though my life  
Hath oft been risked in human strife,  
Elate and proud to have my name  
Grow dreaded for its soldier fame ;  
Though I have stumbled o'er the slain,  
Mid splintered bone and scattered brain ;  
Though I have seen the streaming blood  
Drench the green sod and tinge the flood ;  
Still, when the raging hour had sped,  
    I sighed to think such things had been ;  
And though I helped to strew the dead,  
    I sickened at the carnage scene.  
My soul was reckless in the crash  
Of ringing shield and striking clash.  
Then I had all the tiger's will,  
And all the lion's strength, to kill ;  
But when I trod the dead-strewn plain,  
With mercy at her post again,  
I felt a shuddering horror lurk,  
To think I'd mingled in such work.

“ 'Twas on the night of such a day,  
    Exhausted and o'erspent,  
I flung my heavy mail away,  
    And hied me to my tent.  
There, close beside my couch, I found  
A young and almost lifeless hound ;  
Some random sword or falling spear  
Had deeply gashed his neck and ear :

He panted fast, he freely bled,  
His eyeballs had a glazy beam ;  
He moaned with anguish as his head  
Fell weltering in his own life-stream.  
I asked who owned him—all were mute,—  
Not one stood forth to make a claim.  
Who brought him there ?—None knew the brute,  
Nor how, nor whence, nor when he came.  
Poor wretch ! I could not let him lie  
Unheeded, there to bleed and die :  
The girdle from my waist I tore,  
To bind the wound and stanch the gore.

“ ’Twas done ; I marked enough to see  
He was a dog of noble breed,  
A whelp that promised fair to be  
The first in beauty, strength, and speed.  
I liked the beast, and turned to give  
Command that I would have him live.  
It was enough ; he found repose,  
Secure from further wounds and foes.

“ Full soon he won my right good-will ;  
I liked him well,  
As ye may tell,  
By how he claims my homage still.  
His fleetness held the longest chase ;  
He never knew the second place ;  
The prey once seized, he’d ne’er resign  
His hold for any voice but mine ;

The bribe was vain, the threat defied,  
I was his lord, and none beside.

“ *He* did not serve me for my throne,  
Yet was he grateful, fond, and brave ;  
*He* loved me for myself alone.  
He was that good and gracious thing,  
That rare appendage to a king,  
A friend that never played the slave.

“ There was one other tie to hold  
My heart ; I never loved but two ;  
That other—must the name be told !  
Yes, yes,—it was my queenly bride,  
My worshipped star, my joy, my pride :  
But *she* was false ;—my *dog* was true

“ I saw her in a lowly grade,  
Too bright a blossom for the shade ;  
I wooed, but with an honest love ;  
I spread no snares to catch the dove ;  
The bar of rank was trampled down,  
I stooped, and raised her to my crown,

“ Oh, how I doted on her smile,—  
That sunbeam o’er a gulf of guile ;  
How I adored her orbs of blue,  
Clear, full, and lustrous in their hue ;  
Rich as the deep cerulean light  
Of autumn’s melting moonlit night !

“ I’ve met their tender glance, half hid  
Beneath the thick-fringed falling lid ;  
I’ve seen the pearly drops of grief  
Swim like the dew on violet’s leaf ;  
I’ve watched their pleasure-kindled ray  
Flash out like summer lightning’s play ;  
And thought, had old Prometheus caught  
    The gleaming spark from eyes like those,  
He would have found the fire he sought  
    On earth—nor made the gods his foes.

“ Her golden hair, with glossy sheen,  
    Fell round her temples rich and free,  
With all the graceful beauty seen  
    In flowers of the laburnum tree.  
Her soft cheeks made the maple fade,  
    Such tint, such bloom, was theirs alone ;  
The sculptor’s art could ne’er impart  
    Her stately bearing to the stone.

“ Oh, why does Heaven bequeath such gifts,  
    To fascinate all eyes that mark,  
With magnet charm, till something lifts  
    The mask, and shows how foully dark  
The dazzling reptile is within,  
Beneath its painted harlot skin ?  
If it were so, the outward part  
Bore witness of the mind and heart,  
How many a one must shun the light,  
Or show a leper to the sight !

“I know I carried much of taint,  
That gave offence to Heaven and man ;  
But if ye seek a sage or saint,  
Search courts, and find him if ye can.

“I was corrupt, and did much wrong,  
But never breathed of harm to her ;  
Mine was that passion, warm and strong,  
Which keeps its radiance pure and long,  
However else the soul may err.  
I loved her with a zeal intense,  
That thrall'd each colder, wiser sense ;  
I drank the nectar from her lip,  
As bees the honeyed poison sip ;  
I trusted her, my tongue revealed  
All—much that should have been concealed ;  
She laboured, not in vain, to wrest  
Some potent secrets from my breast ;  
And then she leagued with traitor band ;  
A toil was spread, foul work was planned,  
A rueful deed was to be done,  
And I the victim,—she the one—  
Oh, mercy ! have I speech and breath !  
She, she to weave the mesh of death !

“What’s this upon my cheek ? a tear !  
Weak drop, what business hast thou here ?  
I fondly hoped the shattered string  
Had been by now a tuneless thing ;  
But touch it lightly as I will,

It gives a mournful echo still.  
Oh! when the heart has once been riven,  
The wound will firmly close no more ;  
Let Memory's searching probe be driven,  
It bleeds and quivers, freshly sore.

“ This must not be ;—more wine, I say ;  
Your nectar juice shall sweep away  
The phantom pang. Fill up—I'll drain  
This bowl, and to my tale again.

“ She leagued with traitors ! 'Twas no dream !  
I'd proof of all the hellish scheme ;  
I'd noticed much of late to make  
The drowsiest suspicion wake.  
Strange glances interchanged by those  
I guessed were less of friends than foes ;  
And more than once I'd plainly heard  
A whispered treasonable word.  
But these I brooked, and thought to quell  
All petty brawls that might betide ;  
Till I beheld the Hecate spell  
Was conjured by my trusted bride.

“ Chance gave a paper to my sight,  
Meant for another eye to meet.  
It stated that the coming night  
Would render treachery complete.  
It told, what fiends would scarce proclaim,  
Of treason, murder !—and the same

Bore impress of her seal and name.—  
Mute with dismay, I still read on ;  
    And oh ! the direst that could be,  
I found her very honour gone—  
    She loved another, and not me.....

“ I stood with fire in every vein ; -  
    My pulses beat with phrensied stroke ;  
I breathed with that short heaving strain  
    Which teaches what it is to choke.  
A moment, and there came a chill  
    A stagnant, icy chill, as though  
The blood recoiled, afraid to fill  
    A heart made weak with such a blow.

“ The jarring chaos could not last ;  
Such struggling state is quickly past ;  
Such conflict is too close and strong  
For mortal strength to bear with long.  
When we have learnt the very worst,  
The spirit soon must yield, or burst.

“ I was betrayed, ay, e'en to life ;  
    Sedition round, and death in view.  
And they who see the assassin's knife  
    Must aptly think and promptly do.  
My love was wrecked, my faith deceived ;  
    The strokes that ever madden most.  
Without these, all had been retrieved ;  
    With them, I cared not what was lost.



“ My kingship flitted o’er my brain,  
My pompous sway, my courtier train ;  
I laughed, and rent the ermine vest,  
    That only mocked my abject state ;  
I dashed the jewels from my breast,  
    And sought my palace gate.

“ I trod all soft and stealthily ;  
The path was clear I meant to fly.  
Ne’er call me coward, till ye bear  
    The test by which I then was tried ;  
Remember, had I tarried there,  
    The stroke was sure—I’d meanly died.

“ I knew some minions round me then  
Were more of demons than of men.  
Their aim was sure, if life the mark ;  
    Once set on blood, they’d keep the track,  
And would not scruple in the dark  
    To sheathe their dagger in my back.

“ With fearful haste, I saddled straight  
    An Arab courser, newly broke,  
Whose strength and grace were fit to mate  
    With those that form Apollo’s yoke.  
’Twas no meet moment to restrain  
    His mettled zeal. Away he sped,  
    With tossing mane  
    And flinging rein,  
Upon the way he chose to tread.

The die was cast—flight, instant flight,  
Alone could lend me hope to live.  
The monarch-born, the gem bedight,  
The flattered god, the ever right,  
Was now a friendless fugitive.

“ Away ! away ! the clattering hoof  
Re-echoed from the palace roof.  
I fled, unrivalled by the wind,  
Nor threw a single glance behind.  
Crown, sceptre, throne—such dreams were o'er ;  
Melaia was a king no more.

“ I fled ; but soon the deep-toned bay  
Of bloodhound followed on my way ;  
And even now there's a rebound  
Of joyous throb, a glow that steals  
Swift through my frame, to tell I found  
My gallant dog upon my heels.

“ How welcome are the words that tell  
The culprit, doomed to death and pain,  
That he may quit his chains and cell,  
And rove the world all free again !  
How precious is the ray of light  
That breaks upon the blind one's eye  
Unfolding to his wondering sight  
The glorious scenes of earth and sky  
But never to despairing ear,  
Or hopeless orb, was aught so dear

As he to me appeared to be  
In that dark hour of flight and fear.

“I checked my steed, and lost some time,  
To let that dumb retainer climb,  
With whimpering joy, and fondly greet  
The hand he ever sprung to meet.  
I stooped above his glossy head,  
And many a streaming tear I shed,  
Ay, like a child ;—but recollect,  
In perils we must not reject  
The meanest aid. The straw or plank  
Will lure us then to snatch and thank.

“I lingered, but, ere long, my ear  
Had warning of pursuers near.  
My rowels touched my Arab’s side ;  
Away he leaped like rushing tide,  
That rolls to fling its sweeping waste  
With furious all-defying haste.

“On, on, we went, I took no heed  
How such a strange career would end.  
I urged my barb to meteor speed,  
But cared not where that speed might tend.  
He sprung, he flew, as though he knew  
A phrensied wretch was on his back ;  
And kept his pace for godly space,  
Upon his own free chosen track.  
He bore me on for many an hour,

With headlong sweep, and bounding power.  
At last he faltered on his path ;  
    I goaded, but the goad was vain.  
Where was I ? with the sun's full wrath  
    Around me on the desert plain.

“ What an unthought-of goal I'd won !  
Mercy ! what wildering race I'd run !  
'Twould soon be o'er, my failing horse  
Was strangely wheeling on his course :  
His strength was out, his spirit flagged,  
His fire was spent, he faintly lagged ;  
His dripping flanks and reeking neck,  
Were white with rifts of foaming fleck.  
His laboured breath was quick and short,  
His nostrils heaved with gasping snort ;  
He tottered on,—his will was good,—  
His work had not belied his blood.

“ Another mile, and then he fell.  
His part was o'er—he played it well.  
With snapping girth, and reeling head,  
He groaned, and sunk,—my steed was dead.

“ Above me one vast concave spread,  
    No dappled clouds, no mellow blue ;  
Hot, darting rays, like torches, shed  
    A light of most unearthly hue.

“ Below was one smooth glittering sheet,

That crisped and cracked beneath my feet ;  
No springing herb, no daisied sod,—  
All barren, joyless, and untrod.  
My dog was fawning at my side,  
Untired with my rapid ride ;  
But I rebuked the sportive bound,  
That scattered choking dust around.

“ My breath was faint, my skin was dry,  
The little moisture in my eye  
Served but to scald ; the striking beams  
Fell on my form like sulphur streams.  
What hideous change ! I, who had known  
The sickening splendour of a throne,  
I, humbled wretch, was craving now  
A moment's shadow for my brow.

“ Thus to be left on such a spot,  
Appeared the climax of my lot.  
Death hovered there in such gaunt shape,  
That Hope scarce whispered of escape ;  
But I was not in fitting state  
To weigh the chances of my fate.

“ I wended on with hasty stride,  
    'Twixt torrid earth and brazen sky,  
Reckless of all that might betide,  
    To meet the worst, to live or die.  
But some conjecture, quick and wild,  
Flashed sudden o'er me, and beguiled

To flattering Hope. I vaguely guessed  
That nigh the desert, in the west,  
A city stood. That thought inspired  
And held me on a while untired.

“I doubted if my wasting strength  
Could last the unknown burning length.  
It might ; yet, oh ! ’twas fearful risk,  
To toil between the blazing disk  
Of eastern sun and shining sand,  
With lips unmoistened, cheek unfanned.  
’Twas frightful ordeal, but yet  
Dire evils pass if boldly met.

“I will not tire thy patient ear  
With tedious detail of my wo ;  
But bring my rambling speech to bear  
On that I wish thee most to know.

“Hour after hour brought on the night,  
With something less of heat and light.  
You may believe I was outworn ;  
And trembling, famished, and forlorn,  
I flung me on the dewless ground,  
And fast and bitter tears I wept,  
Till pillowed on my faithful hound,  
Like a tired child, I sobbed, and slept.

“Slumber like mine wrought little good.  
I started as the sun uprose,

And fancied that my boiling blood  
Had gathered torture from repose.  
I felt my temples glow, and beat  
With faster pulse and fiercer heat.  
I would have wept again, but now  
My very tears refused to flow.

“I woke—I lived, to meet, to bear  
With famine, thirst, and blank despair :  
I cast my eager straining eye  
From sky to sand, from sand to sky ;  
No, no relief ! my hound and I  
Were all that broke the vacancy.

“The whirling blast, the breaker’s dash,  
The snapping ropes, the parting crash,  
The sweeping waves that boil and lash,  
The stunning peal, the hissing flash,  
The hasty prayer, the hopeless groan,  
The stripling seaboy’s gurgling tone,  
Shrieking amid the flood and foam,  
The names of mother, love, and home ;  
The jarring clash that wakes the land,  
When, blade to blade, and hand to hand,  
Unnumbered voices burst and swell,  
In one unceasing war-whoop yell ;  
The trump of discord ringing out,  
The clamour strife, the victor shout ;—  
Oh ! these are noises any ear  
Will dread to meet and quail to hear



But let the earth or waters pour  
The loudest din or wildest roar ;  
Let Anarchy's broad thunders roll,  
And Tumult do its worst to thrill,  
There is a *silence* to the soul  
More awful, and more startling still.

“ To hear our very breath intrude  
Upon the boundless solitude,  
Where mortal tidings never come,  
With busy feet or human hum ;  
All hushed above, beneath, around—  
No stirring form, no whispered sound ;—  
This is a loneliness that falls  
Upon the spirit, and appals  
More than the mingled rude alarms  
Arising from a world in arms.

“ This is a silence bids us shrink,  
As from a precipice's brink ;  
But ye will rarely meet it, save  
In the hot desert, or cold grave.  
Cut off from life and fellow men,  
This silence was around me then.  
'Twas horrible, but once again  
I dragged along the scorching plain,  
Till the consuming orb of day  
Shot down the close meridian ray.

“ Exhausted nature now had done

Its utmost 'neath a desert sun,  
And moments of delirium came ;  
A staggering weakness seized my frame ;  
My feet refused their task, when, lo !

My gaze met  
Many a minaret.

A city rose ; 'twas nigh ; but, oh !  
The beacon star now shone in vain ;  
Though short the space, I ne'er could gain  
That other league. My limbs, my heart,  
All failed ; I felt my sinews start  
With the last shudder of despair ;  
And Hope expired—my grave was there.

“ 'Twas thirst, 'twas maddening thirst alone,  
That wrung my spirit's inmost groan.  
Hunger is bitter, but the worst  
Of human pangs, the most accursed  
Of Want's fell scorpions, is thirst.

“ I looked upon this precious ring,  
That few besides a king could buy ;  
What was its value, would it bring  
A cup of water ? No ! its gleam,  
That flashed back to the brazen beam,  
But taunted with its brilliancy.

“ My strange distempered fancy wrought  
The doom of Tantalus ; for naught  
Broke on my frantic waking dream

But the deep well and limpid stream :  
Distorted vision conjured near  
All that is cool, fresh, moist, and clear.  
I saw the crystal fountain play  
In leaping sheets of snowy spray ;  
I heard the undulating wave  
Of the swift river gush and lave ;  
I saw the dew on grass and flower ;  
I heard the gentle summer shower,  
    With its soft pattering bubbles drip ;  
I heard the dashing water-fall—  
Oh ! it was cruel mockery all.

    I laughed, and then my shrunken lip  
Oozed thickened gore ; with upraised hand,  
I sunk upon the shining sand,  
A Maker's mercy to implore.

    I fervently invoked a name  
    Which, I confess with much of shame,  
I'd rarely called upon before.

“ Mid pleasure, plenty, and success,  
    Freely we take from Him who lends ;  
We boast the blessings we possess,  
    Yet scarcely thank the One who sends.  
But let Affliction pour its smart,  
    How soon we quail beneath the rod !  
With shattered pride, and prostrate heart,  
    We seek the long-forgotten God.  
Let Him but smite us, soon we bleed,  
And tremble like a fragile reed ;

Then do we learn, and own, and feel  
The Power that wounds alone can heal.  
'Twas thus with me ; the desert taught  
Lessons with bitter truth replete.  
They chastened sorely, but they brought  
My spirit to its Maker's feet.

“ My glance was for a moment thrown  
Towards the Heaven I addressed ;  
But the fierce rays came rushing down  
Upon my brow  
With furnace glow,  
Dense, lurid, red,  
Till my smote head  
Fell faint and stricken on my breast.

“ Thus while I knelt my hound looked up—  
Fate was about to give the last,  
The o'erflowing drop to Misery's cup—  
He started, fled, and bounded fast.

“ Oh ! what a moment ! all the past  
Was blended in that little space.  
He fled me at his utmost pace ;  
Like arrow from the string he flew  
Right on—he lessened to my view.  
'Twas o'er ; he vanished from my sight ;  
I breathed his name, and groaned outright.  
I was alone ;  
My dog had gone—

He that I deemed the firmly true—  
In the last hour *he* left me too.

“I saw no more ; I snatched my breath  
Like those who meet a drowning death ;  
One cry of hopeless agony  
Escaped my lips, while earth and sky  
Grew dark, and reeled before mine eye.  
A whirling pang shot through my brain,  
Of mingled madness, fire, and pain.  
'Twas rending, but it was the last.  
Thank God, it came like lightning flame,  
And desolated as it past.

“No more of this ; I only know,  
I felt strange pressure on my brow ;  
The world was not ; I can but tell,  
That senseless, lone, and blind, I fell.

“The next that memory can mark  
Is of a clear and shrill-toned bark.  
Sense tardily came back ; I woke  
Beneath a gentle pawing stroke.  
I gazed with wild and doubting stare—  
My dog ! my noble dog was there—  
It was my Murkim that I saw,  
With blood, wet blood, upon his jaw.  
What sight for eyes like mine to meet !  
I shrieked, I started to my feet.  
Judge of my joy ; beside him lay

A small and lifeless beast of prey.  
I seized it ; I was in no mood  
To play the epicure in food ;  
I waited not to think on what  
That prey might be, or whence 'twas got.  
Had you but seen me clutch and fall,  
Like famished wolf or cannibal,  
Upon that mangled, raw repast,  
My hands, my teeth, all tearing fast ;  
Had you beheld my dry lips drain  
The current from each reeking vein !  
    No nectar half so sweet or fresh ;  
    Oh, it was rare delicious fare ;  
I never quaffed such luscious draught,  
    Nor tasted viand like that flesh.  
It soothed my brain, it cooled my eye,  
    It quenched the fire upon my brow ;  
It gave me breath, strength, energy ;  
And, looking to the city nigh,  
    I felt that I could reach it now.  
Could I do less than kneel and bless  
My Saviour in the wilderness ?  
But what will all of speech avail ?  
The choicest eloquence would fail ;  
The feeling that absorbed my heart  
    Was of that deep entrancing kind  
    Which doth defy the lips to find  
A fitting language to impart  
Its glowing zeal and passionate start.  
My lips would falter to discuss

The sense he kindled in my breast :  
My dog had snatched from death, and thus—  
I leave thee to suppose the rest.

“ Again I took my onward way,  
Once more I tracked the desert ground ;  
Again I knelt to thank, to pray,  
Nor deem me impious, if I say  
That next to God I held my hound.

I reached the city ; many a year  
Has rolled away,  
Since that long day,  
But yet, behold this truant tear  
Proclaims that trying day is set  
Among the few we ne'er forget.

“ Methinks I'm getting sad—and see,  
The sun's behind yon orange tree :  
'Tis well my tale holds little more ;  
It wearies, and I wish it o'er.  
Some time, perchance, when thou'rt inclined,  
I'll yield thee more of what befell  
The throne and bride I left behind :  
But now I do not care to dwell  
On what, to me,  
Will ever be  
A most ungrateful theme to tell.

“ I walked the world unmarked, unknown,



Remote from man, but not alone ;  
I kept one friend, the closely bound,  
The dear, the changeless, in my hound.  
He had become my spirit's part,  
    And rarely did he leave my side ;  
He shared my board, my couch, my heart,  
    Till, pressed by time, he drooped, and died  
Of sheer old age. Why, Murkim, why  
Did not Melaia too then die !  
I miss thee still, I mourn thee yet.  
But lo ! again my cheek is wet.  
Fool that I am—this will not do—  
Artist, this suits nor me nor you :  
My words have just worn down the sun.  
One question, friend, and I have done.

“ I've told thee how he bore and braved  
    The darkest chequer in my lot ;  
You know his worth ; he served and saved.  
    Now, wilt thou carve my dog, or not ? ”

---

Pillars had mouldered, ages waned,  
    Since this plain tale beguiled an hour ;  
And Time and War had both profaned  
    The glory-seat of arts and power ;  
Famed Greece, the beautiful and great,

Was but a wrecked and fallen state ;  
She was but as a funeral urn,  
    Holding the ashes worlds revere,  
O'er which the coldest heart will mourn,  
    And strangers hang to shed the tear :  
Each monument was laid in dust,  
    By some ungodly savage hand ;  
Her palace gates had gathered rust,  
    Her picture scrolls had fed the brand :  
When, mid the relics scattered round  
One of surpassing skill was found ;  
    The work was rare,  
    The marble fair,  
The form, a bold and couchant hound.

The old and wise, with judgment stern,  
In curious search were seen to turn  
With careless glance from all the rest,  
And own that image first and best.  
The artist boy was seen to pause,  
Ecstatic in his rapt applause.  
No idle wanderer passed it by,  
But marked with brighter, closer eye.  
They lingered there to ask and trace  
    The legend such a form might lend ;  
But naught was known save what its base  
    Told, in the words, "Melaia's Friend."



A ROMAUNT



**A Romaunt.**

---

TRACY DE VORE AND HUBERT GREY.

A TALE.

KNOW ye not the stripling child  
That strolls from the castle wall,  
To play with the mate he likes the best,  
By the mountain waterfall ?

With delicate hand, and polished skin,  
Like Parian marble fair ;  
Know ye him not ? 'Tis Tracy de Vore,  
The Baron's beautiful heir.

'Tis Tracy de Vore, the castle's pride,  
The rich, the nobly born,  
Pacing along the sun-lit sod  
With the step of a playful fawn.

The waving plume in his velvet cap  
Is bound with a golden band ;

His rich and broidered suit exhales  
The breath of Arabia's land.  
His light and fragile form is graced  
With a girdle of silvered blue ;  
And of matchless azure the belt would seem,  
Were it not for his eyes' own hue.

Look on those eyes, and thou wilt find  
A sadness in their beam,  
Like the pensive shade that willows cast  
On the sky-reflecting stream.

Soft-flowing curls of an auburn shade  
Are falling around his brow ;  
There's a mantling blush that dwells on his cheek,  
Like a rose-leaf thrown on the snow.

There's a halcyon smile spread o'er his face,  
Shedding a calm and radiant grace ;  
There's a sweetness of sound in his talking tones,  
Betraying the gentle spirit he owns.

And scarcely an accent meets his ear  
But the voices of praise and love :  
Caressed and caressing, he lives in the world  
Like a petted and beautiful dove.

He is born to bear the high command  
Of the richest domain in Switzerland ;



And the vassals pray that fame and health  
May bless the child of rank and wealth !  
Oh ! truly does every lip declare  
What a cherub-like boy is Lord Tracy's heir !

---

And now on the green and sedgy bank  
Another stripling form is seen :  
His garb is rough, his halloo loud ;  
He is no baron's heir, I ween.

Know ye him not ? 'tis the mountain child,  
Born and reared 'mid the vast and wild ;  
And a brighter being ne'er woke to the day  
Than the herdsman's son, young Hubert Grey.

There's a restless flashing in his eye,  
That lights up every glance ;  
And now he tracks the wheeling bird ;  
And now he scans the distant herd ;  
And now he turns from earth and sky,  
To watch where the waters dance.

A ruddy tinge of glowing bronze  
Upon his face is set ;  
Closely round his temples cling  
Thick locks of shaggy jet.

Mark him well! there's a daring mien  
In Hubert Grey that's rarely seen;  
And suiting that mien is the life he leads,  
Where the eagle soars, and the chamois feeds.

He loves to climb the steepest crag,  
Or plunge in the rapid stream;  
He dares to look on the thunder cloud,  
And laugh at the lightning's gleam.

The snow may drift, the rain may fall,  
But what does Hubert care?  
As he playfully wrings, with his hardy hand,  
His drenched and dripping hair.

He can tread through the forest, or over the rocks,  
In the darkest and dreariest night,  
With as sure a step, and as gay a song,  
As he can in the noonday's light.

The precipice, jutting in ether air,  
Has naught of terror for him;  
He can pace the edge of the loftiest peak  
Without trembling of heart or limb.

He heeds not the blast of the winter storm,  
Howling on o'er the pine-covered steep;  
In the day he will whistle to mimic its voice,  
In the night it lulls him to sleep.

And now he has brought, from his mountain home,  
    (With feet and forehead bare,)  
A tiny boat, and lance-wood bow,  
The work of his young hand I trow,  
    To please the Baron's heir ;  
And now, at the waterfall, side by side,  
Stand the herdsman's son and the castle's pride !



Tracy de Vore hath high-born mates  
    Invited to share his play ;  
But none are half so dear to him  
    As lowly Hubert Grey.

He hath a spaniel taught to mark,  
And wait his word with a joyous bark ;  
He hath a falcon taught to fly  
    When he looses its silver chain ;  
To range, at his bidding, round the sky,  
    Then seek his hand again.

His ear is used to the softest song ;  
    To the lute and gay guitar ;  
But the native strain of the herdsman's son  
    Is sweeter to him by far !

He hath toys and trinkets, bought with gold ;  
And a palfrey in the stall ;  
But Hubert's bow, and Hubert's boat,—  
Oh, they are worth them all !

And Hubert Grey hath learnt to love  
The smile of Tracy de Vore ;  
He delights in leading the timid boy  
Where he never trod before.

He teaches him how to note the hours,  
By where the sunbeams rest ;  
He wades for him where the virgin flowers  
Gracefully bend 'neath the cascade's showers,  
To pluck the whitest and best.  
He tells him the curious legends of old,  
Known by each mountaineer ;  
He tells him the story of ghost and fay ;  
Waking his wonder and fear.

Never so joyful is Hubert's shout  
As when his eagle-eyes look out,  
And spy afar, in the plain below,  
Young Tracy's cap with its plume of snow.

Never so glad is Tracy de Vore  
As when he can steal away  
From his father's watchful doting care,  
To rove with Hubert Grey.

And now, at the waterfall, side by side,  
Stand the Herdsman's son and the Baron's pride!  
The summer beams are falling there  
On the mountain boy and the noble heir!

---

Time flies on, a year has sped,  
And summer comes again;  
The sun is shining warm and bright,  
O'er forest, hill, and plain!

But never again will Tracy de Vore  
Stroll from the castle wall,  
To play with the one he loves the best,  
By the mountain waterfall.

There's silence in the mansion now;  
Loud mirth is turned to sighing;  
The Baron weeps, the vassals mourn,  
For the noble heir is dying!

Look on the lip that so sweetly smiled,  
The cheek that was freshly fair;  
Oh, cruelly sad is the tale they tell!  
Consumption revels there.

With panting breath, and wasting frame,  
The languid boy lives on,  
With just enough of life to show  
That life will soon be gone !

Pallid and weak, he is slowly led,  
Like an infant, from his downy bed ;  
He turns his dimmed and sunken eye  
To look once more upon the sky ;  
But, ah ! he cannot bear the rays  
Of a glowing sun to meet his gaze.

He breathes a sigh, and once again  
Looks out upon the grassy plain ;  
He sees his milk-white palfrey there,  
His own pet steed, so sleek and fair ;  
But there's no silken rein to deck  
The beauty of its glossy neck ;  
No saddle-cloth is seen to shine  
Upon its sides—the steed doth lack  
A coaxing hand, and seems to pine,  
To miss the one that graced its back.

Young Tracy stands, his azure eye  
Dwells fondly on the favourite brute ;  
The struggling tear-drop gathers fast,  
But still his lip is mute.

He looks once more in the castle court,  
The scene of many a festive sport ;

He sees his spaniel dull and lone,  
He hears its plaintive whining tone ;  
He looks beyond the castle wall,  
Where he used to play by the waterfall ;  
He thinks on the days of health and joy,  
When he roved abroad with the mountain boy !  
And the gushing tears start down his cheek,  
His eyelids fall—he cannot speak—  
He turns away—a damask couch  
    Receives his fainting form :  
Exhausted, trembling, pale, he sinks,  
    Like a lily from the storm !

The mother sits beside the couch,  
    Her arm around him thrown,  
And bitterly she grieves above  
    Her beautiful, her own !

He is dying fast—he murmurs forth  
    The name of Hubert Grey,—  
“ Where—where is he I love so well ?  
    Why comes he not to-day ?

“ Oh ! bring him to me ere I die ”—  
    Enough—away ! away !  
With eager speed dash man and steed,  
    To summon Hubert Grey !

And where is he ? the herdsman’s son,  
The bold, the bright, the dauntless one !



The dew is off the shadiest spot,  
The noon is nigh—why comes he not?

Long since, the mountain boy was brought  
    Within the castle gate;  
For none could sooth the pining heir,  
    Like his old and lowly mate.

And, true as sunrise, with the dawn  
Hath Hubert bent his steps at morn  
Over the crags where torrents roar,  
To tarry till night with Tracy de Vore!  
But where is he now? the sun is hot,  
The noon is past—why comes he not?

The vassal Oswald wends his way:  
    To Hubert's home he hies;  
To the herdsman's hut that stands alone  
Where cataract streams dash wildly on,  
    Where giant mountains rise.

He calls aloud: "Hist, Hubert Grey!  
Quick! back with me on the gallant bay!  
    Why have ye kept so long away?  
The darling heir is dying fast;  
This day, this hour may be his last!—  
    Come, haste thee, quick, I say!"

The door flings back—the herdsman's wife  
    Comes forth with wondering look;

“’Tis strange !” she cries, “three hours ago  
He started, with his staff and bow,  
And the castle way he took !

“He talked of gathering for the heit  
A bunch of wild-flowers, sweet and rare—  
He talked of climbing Morna’s height,  
Where the large blue-bells grow ;  
They overhang—yes, yes—oh Heaven !—  
That dark ravine below !

“Hubert ! my child ! where art thou gone ?  
Thy mother calls to thee !”  
No answer !—“ To the rock !” she cries—  
“ On, Oswald ! on with me !”

Together, up the craggy path,  
Speed Oswald and the herdsman’s wife :  
She calls and listens—calls again—  
Her heart with fear is rife.

And Oswald gives the well-known sign ;  
He whistles shrill and clear ;  
He winds his horn, and blows the blast  
That Hubert loved to hear.

But ah ! the whistle and the horn  
Are only echoed back ;  
No Hubert comes—and now they reach  
The highest mountain track.

The foot of Oswald presses on  
Right cautiously and slow ;  
For few would dare, like Hubert Grey,  
Near Morna's edge to go !

The dark gulf breaks with frightful yawn,  
Terrific to the gaze ;  
A murky horror shades the spot,  
Beneath meridian rays.

But hush !—that sound—a hollow moan—  
Again, a stifled, gurgling groan !  
The mother stands, nor speaks, nor moves,  
Transfixed with mute dismay !  
The vassal fears, his footsteps shrink,  
He trembles as he gains the brink ;  
He shudders, looks with straining eyes  
Adown the abyss—" Oh God !" he cries,  
" 'Tis he—'tis Hubert Grey !"

Yes, yes, 'tis he !—the herdsman's son—  
The bold, the bright, the dauntless one !  
He hath bent him o'er to reach the flowers  
That spring along the dreaded steep ;  
His brain grows dizzy—yet again—  
He snatches, totters, shrieks, in vain—  
He falls ten fathoms deep !

The groan that met his mother's ear  
Gave forth his latest breath ;

The mountain boy is sleeping fast  
The dreamless sleep of death !

Thrown wildly back, his clotted hair  
Leaves his gashed forehead red and bare.  
Look on his cheek—his dauntless brow—  
Oh God, there's blood upon them now !  
His hand is clenched with stiffened clasp,  
The wild-flowers still within its grasp :

The vulture perched upon the crag,  
Seems waiting for its prey ;  
The vulture that, at morning's light,  
*His* halloo scared away.

Stretched like a lion-cub he lies ;  
As wild he lived, as lonely dies ;  
The mountain-born, the free, the brave,  
Too soon hath found a mountain-grave.  
And many an eye shall weep his fate,  
And many a heart shall rue the day ;  
For a brighter being ne'er had life  
Than the herdsman's son, young Hubert Grey !

---

And Tracy de Vore, the Baron's heir,  
The meek, the cherub-like, the fair,  
He is sinking to eternal rest,

Soft pillowed on his mother's breast ;  
He knows not that his lowly mate  
Hath met so horrible a fate.

No dark convulsion shakes his frame ;  
    No change comes o'er his face ;  
The icy hand hath touched his heart,  
    But left no scathing trace.

One murmuring sigh escapes his lip ;  
    The sweetest toned, the last ;  
Like the faint echo harp-strings give  
    Of thrilling music past.

The signet seal of other worlds  
    Falls softly on his brow ;  
He seemed but sleeping when it came,  
    He seems but sleeping now.

For death steals softly and smilingly  
    To close his earthly day ;  
Like the autumn breeze that gently wafts  
    The summer leaf away.

The Baron weeps ; his look declares  
    All hope, all joy has fled ;  
His soul's adored, his house's pride,  
    His only born, is dead.  
The castle is dark—no sound is heard  
    But the wailing of deep despair ;

The lord and the vassal are mourning aloud  
For the well loved, noble heir !  
Oh, truly does every heart deplore  
The young and beautiful 'Tracy de Vore !

---

And sorrow hath found a dwelling-place  
In the herdsman's lowly hut ;  
The door is fast against the sun,  
The casement is closely shut.

Death gave no warning *there*, but struck  
With a fierce and cruel blow ;  
Like the barb that sinks from hand unseen  
In the heart of the bounding roe.

The mother laments with a maniac's grief ;  
Her sobbing is bitterly loud ;  
Her eye is fixed on her mangled boy,  
As he lies in his winding shroud.

The herdsman's voice hath lost its tone ;  
His brow is shaded o'er ;  
There's a hopeless anguish in his breast,  
That he never felt before.

There's a tear on his cheek when the sun gets up ;  
He sighs at the close of day ;

His mates would offer the cheering cup,  
But he turns his lip away :  
He mourns for the one that promised well  
To walk his land like another Tell !

The doleful tidings speed swiftly on  
Of the promising spirits forever gone ;  
And the words fall sadly on the ear  
Of every listening mountaineer.

They grieve for their own, their free-born child,  
Nestled and reared mid the vast and wild ;  
For there trod not the hills a dearer one  
To the hearts of all than the herdsman's son.

They sigh to look on the turrets below,  
And think 'tis the lordly abode of wo ;  
They sigh to miss from the waterfall's side,  
The mountain boy and the Baron's pride !

And many a tongue shall tell the tale,  
And many a heart shall rue the day,  
When the hut and castle lost their hopes  
In Tracy de Vore and Hubert Grey !



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

---

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR

I LOVE it, I love it ; and who shall dare  
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair ?  
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,  
I've bedewed it with tears, and embalmed 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 lingered near  
The hallowed seat with listening ear ;  
And gentle words that mother would give,  
To fit me to die and teach me to live.  
She told me 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 watched her many a day,  
When her eye grew dim, and her locks were gray ;  
And I almost worshipped her when she smiled  
And turned from her Bible to bless her child.

Years rolled on, but the last one sped—  
My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled ;  
I learnt how much the heart can bear,  
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

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

---

SONG OF THE RUSHLIGHT.

OH, scorn me not as a fameless thing,  
Nor turn with contempt from the song I sing.  
'Tis true, I am not suffered to be  
On the ringing board of wassail glee ;  
My pallid gleam must never fall  
In the gay saloon or lordly hall ;  
But many a tale does the rushlight know  
Of secret sorrow and lonely wo.

I am found in the closely-curtained room,  
Where a stillness reigns that breathes of the tomb—  
Where the breaking heart and heavy eye  
Are waiting to see a loved one die—  
Where the doting child with noiseless tread  
Steals warily to the mother's bed,  
To mark if the faint and struggling breath  
Is fluttering still in the grasp of death.

The panting has ceased, the cheek is chill,  
And the ear of the child bends closer still.  
It rests on the lips, but listens in vain,  
For those lips have done with life and pain;—  
I am wildly snatched, and held above  
The precious wreck of hope and love.  
The work is sealed, for my glimmering ray  
Shows a glazing eye and stiff'ning clay.

I am the light that quivering flits  
In the joyless home where the fond wife sits,  
Waiting the one that flies his hearth,  
For the gambler's dice and drunkard's mirth.  
Long hath she kept her wearying watch,  
Now bitterly weeping, now breathless to catch  
The welcome sound of a footstep near,  
Till she weeps again as it dies on her ear.

Her restless gaze, as the night wears late,  
Is anxiously thrown on the dial plate;  
And a sob responds to the echoing sound

That tells the hand hath gone its round :  
She mournfully trims my slender wick,  
As she sees me fading and wasting quick ;  
And many a time has my spark expired,  
And left her still the weeping and tired.

I am the light that dimly shines  
Where the friendless child of genius pines—  
Where the godlike mind is trampled down  
By the callous sneer and freezing frown—  
Where Want is playing a demon part,  
And sends its iron to the heart,—  
Where the soul burns on in the bosom that mourns  
Like the incense fire in funeral urns.

I see the hectic fingers fling  
The thoughts intense that flashingly spring,  
And my flickering beam illumines the page  
That may live in the fame of a future age ;  
I see the pale brow droop and mope,  
Till the breast turns sick with blasted hope—  
Till the harsh cold world has done its worst,  
And the goaded spirit has groaned and burst.

I am the light that's doomed to share  
The meanest lot that man can bear ;  
I see the scanty portion spread,  
Where children struggle for scraps of bread—  
Where squalid forms and faces seem  
Like phantoms in a hideous dream—







Engraved by Geo. Phillips

SHIPWRECK OFF FORT ROUGE - CALAIS.

Mr. Sturges



Where the soul may look, with startled awe,  
On the work of Poverty's vulture claw.

Many a lesson the bosom learns  
Of hapless grief while the rushlight burns ;  
Many a scene unfolds to me  
That the heart of Mercy would bleed to see :  
Then scorn me not as a fameless thing,  
Nor turn with contempt from the song I sing ;  
But smile as ye will, or scorn as ye may,  
There's naught but truth to be found in my lay.



THE MOTHER WHO HAS A CHILD AT SEA.

THERE'S an eye that looks on the swelling cloud,  
Folding the moon in a funeral shroud,  
That watches the stars dying one by one,  
Till the whole of heaven's calm light hath gone ;  
There's an ear that lists to the hissing surge,  
As the mourner turns to the anthem dirge :  
That eye ! that ear ! oh, whose can they be,  
But a mother's who hath a child at sea ?

There's a cheek that is getting ashy white,  
As the tokens of storm come on with night ;  
There's a form that's fixed at the lattice pane,

To mark how the gloom gathers over the main,  
While the yeasty billows lash the shore  
With loftier sweep and hoarser roar :  
That cheek ! that form ! oh, whose can they be,  
But a mother's who hath a child at sea ?

The rushing whistle chills her blood,  
As the north wind hurries to scourge the flood ;  
And the icy shiver spreads to her heart,  
As the first red lines of lightning start.  
The ocean boils ! All mute she stands,  
With parted lips and tight-clasped hands :  
Oh, marvel not at her fear, for she  
Is a mother who hath a child at sea.

She conjures up the fearful scene  
Of yawning waves, where the ship between,  
With striking keel and splintered mast,  
Is plunging hard and foundering fast.  
She sees her boy, with lank drenched hair,  
Clinging on to the wreck with a cry of despair.  
Oh, the vision is madd'ning ! No grief can be  
Like a mother's who hath a child at sea.

She presses her brow—she sinks and kneels,  
Whilst the blast howls on and the thunder peals :  
She breathes not a word, for her passionate prayer  
Is, too fervent and deep for the lips to bear ;  
It is poured in the long convulsive sigh,  
In the straining glance of an upturned eye,

And a holier offering cannot be  
Than the mother's prayer for her child at sea.

Oh! I love the winds when they spurn control,  
For they suit my own bond-hating soul ;  
I like to hear them sweeping past,  
Like the eagle's pinions, free and fast ;  
But a pang will rise, with sad alloy,  
To soften my spirit and sink my joy,  
When I think how dismal their voices must be  
To a mother who hath a child at sea !

---

THE LAND OF MY BIRTH.

THERE'S a magical tie to the land of our home,  
Which the heart cannot break, though the footstep may  
roam :

Be that land where it may, at the line or the pole,  
It still holds the magnet that draws back the soul.  
'Tis loved by the freeman, 'tis loved by the slave,  
'Tis dear to the coward, more dear to the brave !  
Ask of any the spot they like best on the earth,  
And they'll answer with pride, "'Tis the land of my  
birth!"

Oh, England! thy white cliffs are dearer to me

Than all the famed coasts of a far foreign sea ;  
What emerald can peer, or what sapphire can vie,  
With the grass of thy fields, or thy summer-day sky ?  
They tell me of regions where flowers are found,  
Whose perfume and tints spread a paradise round ;  
But brighter to me cannot garland the earth  
Than those that spring forth in the land of my birth !

Did I breathe in a clime where the bulbul is heard,  
Where the citron-tree nestles the soft humming bird,  
Oh ! I'd covet the notes of thy nightingale still,  
And remember the robin that feeds at my sill.  
Did my soul find a feast in the gay "land of song,"  
In the gondolier's chant, or the carnival's throng,  
Could I ever forget, mid their music and mirth,  
The national strain of the land of my birth ?

My country, I love thee !—though freely I'd rove  
Through the western savannah, or sweet orange grove ;  
Yet warmly my bosom would welcome the gale  
That bore me away with a homeward-bound sail.  
My country, I love thee !—and oh, mayst thou have  
The last throb of my heart, ere 'tis cold in the grave ;  
Mayst thou yield me that grave, in thine own daisied earth,  
And my ashes repose in the land of my birth !



OH ! DEAR TO MEMORY ARE THOSE HOURS.

OH ! dear to memory are those hours  
When every pathway led to flowers ;  
When sticks of peppermint possessed  
A sceptre's power o'er the breast,  
And heaven was round us while we fed  
On rich ambrosial gingerbread.  
I bless the days of infancy,  
When, stealing from a mother's eye,  
Elysian happiness was found  
On that celestial field, the ground ;  
When we were busied, hands and hearts,  
In those important things, dirt tarts.  
Don't smile, for sapient, full-grown man,  
Oft cogitates some mighty plan ;  
And, spell-bound by the bubble dream,  
He labours till he proves the scheme  
About as useful and as wise  
As manufacturing dirt pies :  
There's many a change on Folly's bells  
Quite equals mud and oyster shells.

Then shone the meteor rays of youth,  
Eclipsing quite the lamp of truth ;  
And precious those bright sunbeams were  
That dried all tears, dispersed all care ;  
That shed a stream of golden joy,



Without one atom of alloy.  
Oh! ne'er in mercy strive to chase  
Such dazzling phantoms from their place!  
However trifling, mean, or wild,  
The deeds may seem of youth or child,  
While they still leave untarnished soul,  
The iron rod of stern control  
Should be but gentle in its sway,  
Nor rend the magic veil away.

I doubt if it be kind or wise  
To quench the light in opening eyes,  
By preaching fallacy and wo  
As all that we can meet below.  
I ne'er respect the ready tongue  
That augurs sorrow to the young ;  
That aptly plays a sibyl's part,  
To promise nightshade to the heart.  
Let them exult! their laugh and song  
Are rarely known to last too long.  
Why should we strive with cynic frown  
To knock their fairy castles down?  
We know that much of pain and strife  
*Must* be the common lot of life:  
We know the world *is* dark and rough,  
But time betrays that soon enough!

SPRING

WELCOME, all hail to thee !  
Welcome, young Spring !  
Thy sun-ray is bright  
On the butterfly's wing.  
Beauty shines forth  
In the blossom-robed trees ;  
Perfume floats by  
On the soft southern breeze.

Music, sweet music,  
Sounds over the earth ;  
One glad choral song  
Greets the primrose's birth ;  
The lark soars above,  
With its shrill matin strain ;  
The shepherd boy tunes  
His reed pipe on the plain.

Music, sweet music,  
Cheers meadow and lea ;—  
In the song of the blackbird.  
The hum of the bee ;  
The loud happy laughter  
Of children at play  
Proclaim how they worship  
Spring's beautiful day.

The eye of the hale one,  
With joy in its gleam,  
Looks up in the noontide,  
And steals from the beam ;  
But the cheek of the pale one  
Is marked with despair,  
To feel itself fading,  
When all is so fair.

The hedges, luxuriant  
With flowers and balm,  
Are purple with violets,  
And shaded with palm ;  
The zephyr-kissed grass  
Is beginning to wave ;  
Fresh verdure is decking  
The garden and grave.

Welcome ! all hail to thee,  
Heart-stirring May !  
Thou hast won from my wild harp  
A rapturous lay.  
And the last dying murmur  
That sleeps on the string  
Is welcome. All hail to thee !  
Welcome, young Spring !

SUMMER'S FAREWELL.

WHAT sound is that? 'Tis Summer's farewell  
In the breath of the night wind sighing;  
The chill breeze comes, like a sorrowful dirge  
That wails o'er the dead and the dying.  
The sapless leaves are eddying round,  
On the path which they lately shaded;  
The oak of the forest is losing its robe;  
The flowers have fallen and faded.  
All that I look on but saddens my heart,  
To think that the lovely so soon should depart.

Yet why should I sigh? Other summers will come,  
Joys like the past one bringing;  
Again will the vine bear its blushing fruit;  
Again will the birds be singing;  
The forest will put forth its "honours" again;  
The rose be as sweet in its breathing;  
The woodbine will climb round the lattice pane,  
As wild and rich in its wreathing.  
The hives will have honey, the bees will hum,  
Other flowers will spring, other summers will come!

They will, they will; but ah! who can tell  
Whether I may live on till their coming?  
This spirit may sleep too soundly then  
To wake with the warbling or humming.

This cheek, now pale, may be paler far,  
When the summer sun next is glowing;  
The cherishing rays may gild with light  
The grass on my grave-turf growing:  
The earth may be glad, but worms and gloom  
May dwell with *me* in the silent tomb!

And few would weep, in the beautiful world,  
For the fameless one who had left it:  
Few would remember the form cut off,  
And mourn the stroke that cleft it;  
Many might keep my name on their lip,  
Pleased while *that* name degrading;  
My follies and sins alone would live,—  
A theme for their cold upbraiding.  
Oh! what a change in my spirit's dream  
May there be ere the summer sun next shall beam.

---

SAILING SONG.

WE have left the still earth for the billows and breeze,  
'Neath the brightest of moons on the bluest of seas;  
We have music—hark! hark! there's a tone o'er the deep  
Like the murmuring breath of a lion asleep.  
There's enough of bold dash in the rich foam that laves  
Just to whisper the slumber-wrapt might of the waves;

But yet there's a sweetness about the full swell  
Like the sound of the mermaid—the chords of the shell.

We have jewels. Oh! what is your casket of gems  
To the pearls hanging thick on the red coral stems?  
Are there homes of more light than the one where we are,  
For it nestles the dolphin and mirrors the star?  
We may creep, we may scud, we may rest, we may fly;  
There's no check to our speed, there's no dust for our eye;  
Oh! well may our spirits grow wild as the breeze,  
'Neath the brightest of moons on the bluest of seas!

---

THE GIPSY'S TENT.

Our fire on the turf, and our tent 'neath a tree—  
Carousing by moonlight, how merry are we!  
Let the lord boast his castle, the baron his hall,  
But the house of the gipsy is wifest of all.  
We may shout o'er our cups, and laugh loud as we will,  
Till echo rings back from wood, welkin, and hill;  
No joys seem to us like the joys that are lent  
To the wanderer's life and the gipsy's tent.

Some crime and much folly may fall to our lot;  
We have sins, but pray where is the one who has not?  
We are rogues, arrant rogues:—yet remember! 'tis rare

We take but from those who can very well spare.  
You may tell us of deeds justly branded with shame,  
But if great ones heard truth you could tell them the same :  
And there's many a king would have less to repent  
If his throne were as pure as the gipsy's tent.  
Pant ye for beauty ? Oh, where would ye seek  
Such bloom as is found on the tawny one's cheek ?  
Our limbs, that go bounding in freedom and health,  
Are worth all your pale faces and coffers of wealth.  
There are none to control us ; we rest or we roam ;  
Our will is our law, and the world is our home :  
E'en Jove would repine at *his* lot if he spent  
A night of wild glee in the gipsy's tent.

---

THE MISER.

“ To be frugal is wise ; ” and this lesson of truth  
Should ever be preached in the ears of youth.  
The young must be curbed in their spendthrift haste,  
Lest meager want should follow on waste :  
But to see the hand that is withered and old  
So eagerly clutch at the shining gold—  
Oh ! can it be good that man should crave  
The dross of the world—so nigh his grave ?

Sad is the lot of those who pine  
In the gloomy depths of the precious mine !



But they toil not so hard in gaining the ore  
As the miser in guarding the glittering store.  
He counts the coin with a feasting eye,  
And trembles the while if a step come nigh:  
He adds more wealth; and a fiendish trace  
Of joy comes o'er his shrunken face.

He seeks the bed where he cannot rest,  
Made close beside his idol chest;  
He wakes with a wildered, haggard stare,  
For he dreams a thief is busy there;  
He searches around—the bolts are fast,  
And the watchmen of the night go past.  
His coffers are safe; but there's fear in his brain,  
And the miser cannot sleep again!

He never flings the blessed mite  
To fill the orphan child with delight.  
The dog may howl, the widow may sigh,  
He hears them not—they may starve and die.  
His breast is of ice, no throbbing glow  
Spreads there at the piercing tale of wo;  
All torpid and cold, he lives alone  
In his heaps, like the toad imbedded in stone.

Death comes—but the miser's friendless bier  
Is free from the sobbing mourner's tear;  
Unloved, unwept, no grateful one  
Will tell of the kindly deeds he'd done.  
Oh! never covet the miser's fame,



'Tis a cheerless halo that circles his name ;  
And one fond heart that will truly grieve  
Will outweigh all the gold we can leave.

---

THE FREE.

THE wild streams leap with headlong sweep  
In their curbless course o'er the mountain steep ;  
All fresh and strong they foam along,  
Waking the rocks with their cataract song.  
My eye bears a glance like the beam on a lance,  
While I watch the waters dash and dance ;  
I burn with glee, for I love to see  
The path of any thing that's free.

The skylark springs with dew on his wings,  
And up in the arch of heaven he sings  
Trill-la, trill-la—oh, sweeter far  
Than the notes that come through a golden bar.  
The joyous bay of a hound at play,  
The caw of a rook on its homeward way—  
Oh! these shall be the music for me,  
For I love the voices of the free.

The deer starts by with his antlers high,  
Proudly tossing his head to the sky ;

'The barb runs the plain unbroke by the rein,  
With steaming nostrils and flying mane ;  
The clouds are stirred by the eaglet bird,  
As the flap of its swooping pinion is heard.  
Oh ! these shall be the creatures for me,  
For my soul was formed to love the free.

The mariner brave, in his bark on the wave,  
May laugh at the walls round a kingly slave ;  
And the one whose lot is the desert spot  
Has no dread of an envious foe in his cot.  
The thrall and state at the palace gate  
Are what my spirit has learnt to hate :  
Oh ! the hills shall be a home for me,  
For I'd leave a throne for the hut of the free.



### SLEEP

I'VE mourned the dark long night away  
With bitter tears and vain regret,  
Till, grief-sick, at the breaking day  
I've left a pillow cold and wet.

I've risen from a restless bed,  
Sad, trembling, spiritless, and weak,  
With all my brow's young freshness fled,  
With pallid lips and bloodless cheek.

Hard was the task for aching eyes  
So long to wake, so long to weep ;  
But well it taught me how to prize  
That precious, matchless blessing, sleep.

I've counted every chiming hour  
While languishing 'neath ceaseless pain ;  
While fever raged with demon power,  
To drink my breath and scorch my brain.

And oh ! what earnest words were given !  
What wild imploring prayers arose !  
How eagerly I asked of Heaven  
A few brief moments of repose !

Oh ! ye who drown each passing night  
In peaceful slumber, calm and deep,  
Fail not to kneel at morning's light  
And thank your God for health and sleep.



**HALLOWED BE THY NAME.**

LIST to the dreamy tone that dwells  
In rippling wave or sighing tree ;  
Go, hearken to the old church bells,  
The whistling bird, the whizzing bee.  
Interpret right, and ye will find

'Tis "power and glory" they proclaim :  
The chimes, the creatures, waters, wind,  
All publish, "hallowed be thy name!"

The pilgrim journeys till he bleeds,  
To gain the altar of his sires ;  
The hermit pores above his beads,  
With zeal that never wanes nor tires ;  
But holiest rite or longest prayer  
That soul can yield or wisdom frame,  
What better import can it bear  
Than, "FATHER ! hallowed be thy name !"

The savage kneeling to the sun,  
To give his thanks or ask a boon ;  
The raptures of the idiot one  
Who laughs to see the clear round moon ;  
The saint well taught in Christian lore ;  
The Moslem prostrate at his flame—  
All worship, wonder, and adore ;  
All end in, "hallowed be thy name!"

Whate'er may be man's faith or creed,  
Those precious words comprise it still :  
We trace them on the bloomy mead,  
We hear them in the flowing rill.  
One chorus hails the Great Supreme ;  
Each varied breathing tells the same.  
The strains may differ ; but the *theme*  
Is, "FATHER ! hallowed be thy name !"

W I N T E R .

WE know 'tis good that old Winter should come,  
Roving a while from his Lapland home ;  
'Tis fitting that we should hear the sound  
Of his reindeer sledge on the slippery ground :

For his wide and glittering cloak of snow  
Protects the seeds of life below ;  
Beneath his mantle are nurtured and born  
The roots of the flowers, the germs of the corn.

The whistling tone of his pure strong breath  
Rides purging the vapours of pestilent death.  
I love him, I say, and avow it again,  
For God's wisdom and might show well in his train.

But the naked—the poor ! I know they quail  
With crouching limbs from the biting gale ;  
They pine and starve by the fireless hearth,  
And weep as they gaze on the frost-bound earth.

Stand nobly forth, ye rich of the land,  
With kindly heart and bounteous hand ;  
Remember 'tis now their season of need,  
And a prayer for help is a call ye must heed.

A few of thy blessings, a tithe of thy gold,  
Will save the young, and cherish the old.

'Tis a glorious task to work such good—  
Do it, ye great ones! Ye can, and ye should.

He is not worthy to hold from heaven  
The trust reposed, the talents given,  
Who will not add to the portion that's scant,  
In the pinching hours of cold and want.

Oh! listen in mercy, ye sons of wealth,  
Basking in comfort and glowing with health;  
Give whate'er ye can spare, and be ye sure  
He serveth his Maker who aideth the poor.



THE ENGLISH SHIP BY MOONLIGHT.

THE world below hath not for me  
Such a fair and glorious sight  
As an English ship on a rippling sea  
In the clear and full moonlight.

My heart leaps high, as I fix my eye  
On her dark and sweeping hull,  
Laying its breast on the billowy nest,  
Like the tired and sleeping gull.

The masts spring up, all tall and bold,  
With their heads among the stars ;  
The white sails gleam in the silvery beam,  
Brailed up to the branching spars :

The wind just breathing to unroll  
A flag that bears no stain.  
Proud ship ! that need'st no other scroll,  
To warrant thy right on the main.

The seaboy hanging on the shrouds  
Chants out his fitful song,  
And watches the scud of fleecy clouds  
That melts as it floats along.

Oh ! what is there on the sluggard land  
That I love so well to mark,  
In the hallowed light of the still midnight,  
As I do a dancing bark !

The ivied tower looks well in that hour  
And so does an old church spire,  
When the gilded vane and Gothic pane  
Seem tinged with quivering fire.

The hills shine out in the mellow ray,  
The love-bower gathers a charm,  
And beautiful is the chequering play  
On the willow's graceful arm.

But the world below holds not for me  
Such a fair and glorious sight  
As a brave ship floating on the sea  
In the full and clear moonlight.

---

W A T E R.

WINE, wine, thy power and praise  
Have ever been echoed in minstrel lays;  
But water, I deem, hath a mightier claim  
To fill up a niche in the temple of Fame.  
Ye who are bred in Anacreon's school  
May sneer at my strain as the song of a fool:  
Ye are wise, no doubt, but have yet to learn  
How the tongue can cleave and the veins can burn.

Should ye ever be one of a fainting band,  
With your brow to the sun and your feet to the sand,  
I would wager the thing I'm most loth to spare  
That your bacchanal chorus would never ring there:  
Traverse the desert, and then ye can tell  
What treasures exist in the cold deep well;  
Sink in despair on the red parched earth,  
And then ye may reckon what water is worth.



Famine is laying her hand of bone  
On the ship becalmed in a torrid zone ;  
The gnawing of hunger's worm is past,  
But fiery thirst lives on to the last.  
The stoutest one of the gallant crew  
Hath a cheek and lips of ghastly hue ;  
The hot blood stands in each glassy eye,  
And, " Water, oh God ! " is the only cry.

There's drought in the land, and the herbage is dead,  
No ripple is heard in the streamlet's bed ;  
The herd's low bleat and the sick man's pant  
Are mournfully telling the boon we want.  
Let Heaven this one rich gift withhold,  
How soon we find it is better than gold !  
And water, I say, hath a right to claim  
The minstrel's song and a tith of fame.

---

S N O W .

SLAVE Winter and I shall ever agree,  
Though a stern and frowning gaffer is he.  
I like to hear him, with hail and rain,  
Come tapping against the window pane ;  
I joy to see him come marching forth  
Begirt with the icicle gems of the north ;

But I like him best when he comes bedight  
In his velvet robes of stainless white.

A cheer for the snow—the drifting snow!  
Smoother and purer than beauty's brow!  
The creature of thought scarce likes to tread  
On the delicate carpet so richly spread.  
With feathery wreaths the forest is bound,  
And the hills are with glittering diadems crowned;  
'Tis the fairest scene we can have below.  
Sing, welcome, then, to the drifting snow!

The urchins gaze with eloquent eye  
To see the flakes go dancing by.  
In the thick of the storm how happy are they  
To welcome the first deep snowy day!  
Shouting and pelting—what bliss to fall  
Half-smothered beneath the well-aimed ball!  
Men of four-score, did ye ever know  
Such sport as ye had in the drifting snow?

I'm true to my theme, for I loved it well.  
When the gossiping nurse would sit and tell  
The tale of the geese—though hardly believed—  
I doubted and questioned the words that deceived.  
I rejoice in it still, and love to see  
The ermine mantle on tower and tree.  
'Tis the fairest scene we can have below.  
Hurrah! then, hurrah! for the drifting snow!

OLD DOBBIN.

HERE'S a song for old Dobbin, whose temper and worth  
Are too rare to be spurned on the score of his birth.  
He's a creature of trust, and what more should we heed?  
'Tis deeds and not blood make the man and the steed.

He was bred in the forest, and turned on the plain,  
Where the thistle-burs clung to his fetlocks and mane.  
All ugly and rough, not a soul could espy  
The spark of good-humour that dwelt in his eye.

The summer had waned, and the autumn months rolled  
Into those of stern winter, all dreary and cold ;  
But the north wind might whistle, the snow-flake might  
dance,  
The colt of the common was left to his chance.

Half starved and half frozen, the hail-storm would pelt,  
Till his shivering limbs told the pangs that he felt ;  
But we pitied the brute, and, though laughed at by all,  
We filled him a manger and gave him a stall.

He was fond as a spaniel, and soon he became  
The pride of the herd-boy, the pet of the dame.  
You may judge of his fame, when his price was a crown ;  
But we christened him Dobbin, and called him our own.

He grew out of colthood, and, lo! what a change!  
The knowing ones said it was mortally strange;  
For the foal of the forest, the colt of the waste,  
Attracted the notice of jockeys of taste.

The line of his symmetry was not exact;  
But his paces were clever, his mould was compact;  
And his shaggy thick coat now appeared with a gloss,  
Shining out like the gold that's been purged of its dross.

We broke him for service, and tamely he wore  
Girth and rein, seeming proud of the thralldom he bore;  
Every farm has a steed for all work and all hours,  
And Dobbin, the sturdy bay pony, was ours.

He carried the master to barter his grain,  
And ever returned with him safely again:  
There was merit in that, for, deny it who may,  
When the master could *not*, Dobbin *could* find his way.

The dairy-maid ventured her eggs on his back:  
'Twas him, and him only, she'd trust with the pack.  
The team horses jolted, the roadster played pranks,  
So Dobbin alone had her faith and her thanks.

We fun-loving urchins would group by his side;  
We might fearlessly mount him, and daringly ride;  
We might creep through his legs, we might plait his long  
tail;

But his temper and patience were ne'er known to fail.

We would brush his bright hide till 'twas free from a  
speck ;

We kissed his brown muzzle, and hugged his thick neck ;  
Oh ! we prized him like life, and a heart-breaking sob  
Ever burst when they threatened to sell our dear Dob.

He stood to the collar, and tugged up the hill,  
With the pigs to the market, the grist to the mill ;  
With saddle or halter, in shaft or in trace,  
He was stanch to his work, and content with his place.

When the hot sun was crowning the toil of the year,  
He was sent to the reapers with ale and good cheer ;  
And none in the corn-field more welcome was seen  
Than Dob and his well-laden panniers, I ween.

Oh ! those days of pure bliss shall I ever forget,  
When we decked out his head with the azure rosette ;  
All frantic with joy to be off to the fair,  
With Dobbin, good Dobbin, to carry us there ?

He was dear to us all, ay, for many long years ;  
But, mercy ! how's this ? my eye's filling with tears.  
Oh ! how cruelly sweet are the echoes that start  
When Memory plays an old tune on the heart !

There are drops on my cheek, there's a throb in my breast,  
But my song shall not cease, nor my pen take its rest,  
Till I tell that old Dobbin still lives to be seen,  
With his oats in the stable, his tares on the green.

His best years have gone by, and the master who gave  
The stern yoke to his youth has enfranchised the slave.  
So browse on, my old Dobbin, nor dream of the knife,  
For the wealth of a king should not purchase thy life.

---

THE QUIET EYE.

THE orb I like is not the one  
That dazzles with its lightning gleam,  
That dares to look upon the sun  
As though it challenged brighter beam.  
That orb may sparkle, flash, and roll ;  
Its fire may blaze, its shaft may fly ;  
But not for me : I prize the soul  
That slumbers in a quiet eye.

There's something in its placid shade  
That tells of calm unworldly thought ;  
Hope may be crowned, or joy delayed—  
No dimness steals, no ray is caught :  
Its pensive language seems to say,  
“I know that I must close and die ;”  
And death itself, come when it may,  
Can hardly change the quiet eye.

There's meaning in its steady glance,  
Of gentle blame or praising love.  
That makes me tremble to advance  
A word that meaning might reprove.  
The haughty threat, the fiery look,  
My spirit proudly can defy ;  
But never yet could meet and brook  
The upbraiding of a quiet eye.

There's firmness in its even light,  
That augurs of a breast sincere ;  
And, oh ! take watch how ye excite  
That firmness till it yield a tear.  
Some bosoms give an easy sigh,  
Some drops of grief will freely start ;  
But that which sears the quiet eye  
Hath its deep fountain in the heart.

---

THE OLD FARM-GATE.

WHERE, where is the gate that once served to divide  
The elm-shaded lane from the dusty road-side ?  
I like not this barrier gaily bedight,  
With its glittering latch and its trellis of white.  
It is seemly, I own—yet, oh ! dearer by far  
Was the red-rusted hinge and the weather-warped bar.



Here are fashion and form of a modernized date,  
But I'd rather have looked on the old farm-gate.

'Twas here where the urchins would gather to play  
In the shadows of twilight or sunny mid-day ;  
For the stream running nigh, and the hillocks of sand,  
Were temptations no dirt-loving rogue could withstand.  
But to swing on the gate-rails, to clamber and ride,  
Was the utmost of pleasure, of glory, and pride ;  
And the car of the victor or carriage of state  
Never carried such hearts as the old farm-gate.

'Twas here where the miller's son paced to and fro,  
When the moon was above and the glow-worms below ;  
Now pensively leaning, now twirling his stick,  
While the moments grew long and his heart-throbs grew  
quick.

Why, why did he linger so restlessly there,  
With church-going vestment and sprucely combed hair ?  
He loved, oh ! he loved, and had promised to wait  
For the one he adored, at the old farm-gate.

'Twas here where the gray-headed gossips would meet ;  
And the falling of markets, or goodness of wheat—  
This field lying fallow—that heifer just bought—  
Were favourite themes for discussion and thought.  
The merits and faults of a neighbour just dead—  
The hopes of a couple about to be wed—  
The Parliament doings—the bill and debate—  
Were all canvassed and weighed at the old farm-gate.



'Twas over that gate I taught Pincher to bound  
With the strength of a steed and the grace of a hound.  
The beagle might hunt, and the spaniel might swim,  
But none could leap over that postern like him.  
When Dobbin was saddled for mirth-making trip,  
And the quickly-pulled willow-branch served for a whip,  
Spite of lugging and tugging he'd stand for his freight,  
While I climbed on his back from the old farm-gate.

'Tis well to pass portals where pleasure and fame  
May come winging our moments and gilding our name ;  
But give me the joy and the freshness of mind,  
When, away on some sport—the old gate slammed behind—  
I've listened to music, but none that could speak  
In such tones to my heart as the teeth-setting creak  
That broke on my ear when the night had worn late,  
And the dear ones came home through the old farm-gate.

Oh! fair is the barrier taking its place,  
But it darkens a picture my soul longed to trace.  
I sigh to behold the rough staple and hasp,  
And the rails that my growing hand scarcely could clasp.  
Oh! how strangely the warm spirit grudges to part  
With the commonest relic once linked to the heart!  
And the brightest of fortune—the kindest fate—  
Would not banish my love for the old farm-gate.

STANZAS.

THOU hast left us long, my mother dear ;  
Time's sweeping tide has run,  
But failed to wash away the tear  
From the eye of thy youngest one.  
The heart so closely knit to thine,  
That held thee as its all,  
Adored too fondly to resign  
Its love with the coffin and pall.

Thou art lost to these arms, my mother dear,  
But they crave to enfold thee still ;  
And thy spirit may find those arms entwined  
Round the gravestone, damp and chill.  
The reptile thing thy lips may greet,  
The shroud enwraps thy form,  
But I covet the place of thy winding-sheet,  
And am jealous of the worm.

Thou hast fled from my gaze, my mother dear  
But sleep is a holy boon,  
For its happy visions bring thee near :  
Ah ! why do they break so soon ?  
I look around when voices ring  
Where thine once used to be ;  
And deep are the secret pangs that wring,  
For my eye still asks for thee.

Oh! I worship thee yet, my mother dear,  
Though my idol is buried in gloom:  
I cannot pour my love in thine ear,  
But I breathe it o'er thy tomb.  
Death came to prove if that love would hold  
When the sharpest ordeal tried;  
But it passed like the flame that tests the gold,  
And hath only purified!

---

THE GALLANT ENGLISH TAR.

THERE'S one whose fearless courage yet has never failed  
in fight,  
Who guards with zeal our country's weal, our freedom,  
and our right;  
But though his strong and ready arm spreads havoc in its  
blow,  
Cry "Quarter!" and that arm will be the first to spare  
its foe.  
He recks not though proud glory's shout may be the knell  
of death,  
The triumph won, without a sigh he yields his parting  
breath.  
He's Britain's boast, and claims a toast! "In peace, my  
boys, or war,  
Here's to the brave upon the wave, the gallant English tar."

Let but the sons of want come nigh, and tell their tale to  
him,

He'll chide their eyes for weeping, while his own are  
growing dim.

“Cheer up,” he cries, “we all must meet the storm as  
well as calm ;”

But, turning on his heel, Jack slips the guineas in their  
palm.

He'll hear no long oration, but tell you every man  
Is born to act a brother's part, and do what good he can.  
He's Britain's boast, and claims a toast! “In peace, my  
boys, or war,

Here's to the brave upon the wave, the gallant English  
tar.”

The dark blue jacket that enfolds the sailor's manly breast  
Bears more of real honour than the star and ermine vest.  
The tithe of folly in his head may wake the landsman's  
mirth,

But nature proudly owns him as her child of sterling worth.  
His heart is warm, his hand is true, his word is frank  
and free ;

And though he plays the ass on shore, he's lion of the sea.  
He's Britain's boast, and claims a toast! “In peace, my  
boys, or war,

Here's to the brave upon the wave, the gallant English  
tar.”

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

I NEVER see a young hand hold  
The starry bunch of white and gold,  
But something warm and fresh will start  
About the region of my heart.  
My smile expires into a sigh ;  
I feel a struggling in the eye,  
'Twixt humid drop and sparkling ray,  
Till rolling tears have won their way ;  
For soul and brain will travel back  
    Through memory's chequered mazes,  
To days when I but trod life's track  
    For buttercups and daisies.

Tell me, ye men of wisdom rare,  
Of sober speech and silver hair,  
Who carry counsel, wise and sage,  
With all the gravity of age ;  
Oh ! say, do ye not like to hear  
The accents ringing in your ear,  
When sportive urchins laugh and shout,  
Tossing those precious flowers about,  
Springing with bold and gleesome bound,  
    Proclaiming joy that crazes,  
And chorusing the magic sound  
    Of buttercups and daisies ?

Are there, I ask, beneath the sky  
Blossoms that knit so strong a tie  
With childhood's love? Can any please  
Or light the infant eye like these?  
No, no; there's not a bud on earth,  
Of richest tint or warmest birth,  
Can ever fling such zeal and zest  
Into the tiny hand and breast.  
Who does not recollect the hours  
    When burning words and praises  
Were lavished on those shining flowers,  
    Buttercups and daisies?

There seems a bright and fairy spell  
About their very names to dwell;  
And though old Time has marked my brow  
With care and thought, I love them now.  
Smile, if ye will, but some heart-strings  
Are closest linked to simplest things;  
And these wild flowers will hold mine fast,  
Till love, and life, and all be past;  
And then the only wish I have  
    Is, that the one who raises  
The turf-sod o'er me plant my grave  
    With buttercups and daisies.

THE IDIOT BORN.

“OUT, thou silly moon-struck elf;  
Back, poor fool, and hide thyself!”  
This is what the wise ones say,  
Should the idiot cross their way:  
But if we would closely mark,  
We should see him not *all* dark;  
We should find we must not scorn  
The teaching of the idiot-born.

He will screen the newt and frog;  
He will cheer the famished dog;  
He will seek to share his bread  
With the orphan, parish fed;  
He will offer up his seat  
To the stranger's wearied feet.  
Selfish tyrants, do not scorn  
The teaching of the idiot-born.

Use him fairly, he will prove  
How the simple breast can love;  
He will spring with infant glee  
To the form he likes to see.  
Gentle speech or kindness done  
*Truly* binds the witless one.  
Heartless traitors, do not scorn  
The teaching of the idiot-born.



He will point with vacant stare  
At the robes proud churchmen wear ;  
But he'll pluck the rose, and tell  
God hath painted it right well.  
He will kneel before his food,  
Softly saying, " God is good."  
Haughty prelates, do not scorn  
The teaching of the idiot-born.

Art thou great as man can be?—  
The same hand moulded him and thee.  
Hast thou talent?—Taunt and jeer  
Must not fall upon his ear.  
Spurn him not ; the blemished part  
Had better be the head than heart.  
*Thou* wilt be the fool to scorn  
The teaching of the idiot-born.

---

### THE WATERS.

WHAT was it that I loved so well about my childhood's  
home ?  
It was the wide and wave-lashed shore, the black rocks,  
crowned with foam !  
It was the sea-gull's flapping wing, all trackless in its  
flight,



Its screaming note that welcomed on the fierce and stormy  
night!

The wild heath had its flowers and moss, the forest had  
its trees,

Which, bending to the evening wind, made music in the  
breeze.

But earth, ha! ha! I laugh e'en now, earth had no  
charms for *me*;

No scene half bright enough to win my young heart from  
the sea!

No! 'twas the ocean, vast and deep, the fathomless, the  
free!

The mighty, rushing waters, that were ever dear to me!

My earliest steps would wander from the green and fertile  
land,

Down where the clear blue ocean rolled, to pace the  
rugged strand;

I'd proudly fling the proffered bribe and gilded toy away!

To gather up the salt sea weeds, or dabble in the spray!

I shouted to the distant crew, or launched my mimic bark;

I met the morning's freshness there, and lingered till the  
dark;

When dark, I climbed, with bounding step, the steep and  
jutting cliff,

To see them trim the beacon light, to guide the fisher's  
skiff!

Oh! how I loved the waters, and even longed to be  
A bird, or boat, or any thing that dwelt upon the sea!

The moon! the moon! oh, tell me, do ye love her  
placid ray?

Do ye love the shining starry train that gathers round  
her way?

Oh, if ye do, go watch her when she climbs above the  
main,

While her full transcript lives below, upon the crystal  
plain!

While her soft light serenely falls, and rising billows seem  
Like sheets of silver spreading forth to meet her hallowed  
beam!

Look! and thy soul will own the spell; thou'lt feel as  
I have felt,

Thou'lt love the waves as I have loved, and kneel as I  
have knelt!

And, well I know, the prayer of saint, or martyr, ne'er  
could be

More grateful to a God than mine, beside the moon-lit  
sea!

I liked not those who nurtured me; they gave my bosom  
pain;

They strove to fix their shackles on a soul that spurned  
the chain!

I grew rebellious to their hope, disdainful of their care;  
And all they dreaded most my spirit loved the most to  
dare!

And am I changed? have I become a tame and fashioned  
thing?

Have I yet learned to sing the joys that pleasure's minions  
sing ?

Is there a smile upon my brow, when mixed with folly's  
crowd ?

Is the false whisper dearer than the storm wail, shrill  
and loud ?

No! no! my soul is as it was, and as it e'er will be—  
Loving, and wild as wha. it loves, the curbless, mighty  
sea!

---

THE STAR OF GLENGARY.

THE red moon is up, o'er the moss-covered mountain,  
The hour is at hand when I promised to rove  
With the turf-cutter's daughter, by Logan's bright water,  
And tell her how truly her Donald can love!  
I ken, there's the miller wi' plenty o' siller,  
Would fain win a glance from her beautiful 'ee;  
But my ain bonnie Mary, the star of Glengary!  
Keeps a' her sweet smiles, and soft kisses, for me!

'Tis lang sin' we first trod the Highlands together,  
Twa frolicsome bairns, gaily starting the deer;  
When I ca'd her my life! my ain, bonnie, wee wife!  
And ne'er knew sic joy as when Mary was near;



H. B. SHERMAN

J. B. STONE

THE STAR OF GLENGARRY.



And still she's the blossom I wear in my bosom,  
A blossom I'll cherish, and wear till I dee !  
For my ain bonnie Mary ! the star of Glengary !  
She's health, and she's wealth, and she's a' good to me !

---

THE POET.

Look on the sky, all broad and fair ;  
Sons of the earth, what see ye there ?  
The rolling clouds to feast thine eye  
With golden burnish and Tyrian dye ;  
The rainbow's arch, the sun of noon,  
The stars of eve, the midnight moon :  
These, these to the coldest gaze are bright,  
They are marked by all for their glory and light,  
But their colour and rays shed a richer beam  
As they shine to illumine the poet's dream.

Children of pleasure, how ye dote  
On the dulcet harp and tuneful note—  
Holding your breath to drink the strain,  
Till throbbing joy dissolves in pain.  
There's not a spell aught else can fling  
Like the warbling voice and the silver string ;  
But a music to other ears unknown,  
Of deeper thrill and sweeter tone,



Comes in the wild and gurgling stream  
To the poet rapt in his blissful dream.

The earth may have its buried stores  
Of lustrous jewels and coveted ores ;  
Ye may gather hence the marble stone  
To house a monarch or wall a throne ;  
Its gold may fill the grasping hand,  
Its gems may flash in the sceptre wand ;  
But purer treasures and dearer things—  
Than the coins of misers or trappings of kings—  
Gifts and hoards of a choicer kind  
Are garnered up in the poet's mind.

The mother so loves that the world holds none  
To match with her own fair lisping one ;  
The wedded youth will nurture his bride  
With all the fervour of passion and pride ;  
Hands will press and beings blend  
Till the kindest ties knit friend to friend.  
Oh! the hearts of the many can truly burn,  
They can fondly cherish and closely yearn ;  
But the flame of love is more vivid and strong  
That kindles within a child of song.

Life hath much of grief and pain  
To sicken the breast and tire the brain ;  
All brows are shaded by sorrow's cloud,  
All eyes are dimmed, all spirits bowed ;  
Sighs will break from the care-worn breast,



Till death is asked as a pillow of rest ;  
But the gifted one, oh ! who can tell  
How his pulses beat and his heart's strings swell ?  
*His* secret pangs, *his* throbbing wo  
None but himself and his God can know.

Crowds may join in the festive crew,  
Their hours may be glad and their pleasures true ;  
They may gaily carouse, and fondly believe  
There's no greater bliss for the soul to receive.  
But ask the poet if he will give  
His exquisite moments like them to live ;  
And the scornful smile on his lips will play,  
His eye will flash with exulting ray—  
For he knows and feels to him is given  
The joys that yield a glimpse of heaven.

Oh ! there's something holy about each spot  
Where the weary sleep and strife comes not ;  
And the good and great ones passed away  
Have worshippers still o'er their soulless clay ;  
But the dust of the bard is most hallowed and dear,  
'Tis moistened and blest by the warmest tear.  
The prayers of the worthiest breathe his name,  
Mourning his loss and guarding his fame ;  
And the truest homage the dead can have  
Is rendered up at the poet's grave.

THE GIPSY CHILD.

HE sprung to life in a crazy tent,  
Where the cold wind whistled through many a rent ;  
Rude was the voice, and rough were the hands  
That soothed his wailings and swathed his bands.  
No tissue of gold, no lawn was there,  
No snowy robe for the new-born heir ;  
But the mother wept, and the father smiled  
With heartfelt joy o'er their gipsy child.

He grows like the young oak, healthy and broad,  
With no home but the forest, no bed but the sward ;  
Half naked, he wades in the limpid stream,  
Or dances about in the scorching beam.  
The dazzling glare of the banquet sheen  
Hath never fallen on him, I ween ;  
But fragments are spread and the wood-fire piled,  
And sweet is the meal of the gipsy child.

He wanders at large, while maidens admire  
His raven hair and his eyes of fire ;  
They mark his cheek's rich tawny hue,  
With the deep carnation flushing through :  
He laughs aloud, and they covet his teeth,  
All pure and white as their own pearl wreath ;  
And the courtly dame and damsel mild  
Will turn to gaze on the gipsy child.

Up with the sun, he is roving along,  
Whistling to mimic the blackbird's song ;  
He wanders at nightfall to startle the owl,  
And is baying again to the watch-dog's howl.  
His limbs are unshackled, his spirit is bold,  
He is free from the evils of fashion and gold ;  
His dower is scant and his life is wild,  
But kings might envy the gipsy child.

---

### THE SONG OF MARION.

" She sat down again to look, but her eyes were blinded with tears ; and, in a voice interrupted by sighs, she exclaimed—' Not yet, not yet. Oh, my Wallace what evil hath betided thee ? ' "—SCOTTISH CHIEFS.

Nor yet, not yet. I thought I saw  
The foldings of his plaid.  
Alas ! 'twas but the mountain pine,  
That cast a fitful shade.  
The moon is o'er the highest crag,  
It gilds each tower and tree,  
But Wallace comes not back to bless  
The hearts in Ellerslie.

Not yet, not yet. Is that his plume  
I see beneath the hill ?

Ah, no ! 'tis but the waving fern :  
The heath is lonely still.  
Dear Wallace, day-star of my soul,  
Thy Marion weeps for thee ;  
She fears lest evil should betide  
The guard of Ellerslie.

Not yet, not yet. I heard a sound,  
A distant crashing din ;  
'Tis but the night-breeze bearing on  
The roar of Corie Lin.  
The gray-haired harper cannot rest,  
He keeps his watch with me ;  
He kneels—he prays that God may shield  
The laird of Ellerslie.

Not yet, not yet. My heart will break :  
Where can the brave one stay ?  
I know 'tis not his own free will  
That keeps him thus away.  
The lion may forsake his lair,  
The dove its nest may flee,  
But Wallace loves too well to leave  
His bride and Ellerslie.

Not yet, not yet. The moon goes down,  
And Wallace is not here ;  
And still his sleuth-hound howls, and still  
I shed the burning tear.  
Oh, come, my Wallace, quickly come,

As ever, safe and free :  
Come, or thy Marion soon will find  
A grave in Ellerslie !

---

NATURE'S GENTLEMAN.

WHOM do we dub as gentlemen ? The knave, the fool,  
the brute—  
If they but own full tithes of gold and wear a courtly  
suit !  
The parchment scroll of titled line, the riband at the  
knee,  
Can still suffice to ratify and grant such high degree :  
But nature, with a matchless hand, sends forth *her*  
nobly born,  
And laughs the paltry attributes of wealth and rank to  
scorn ;  
She moulds with care a spirit rare, half human, half  
divine,  
And cries exulting, “ Who can make a gentleman like  
mine ? ”

She may not spend her common skill about the out-  
ward part,  
But showers beauty, grace, and light, upon the brain  
and heart ?

She may not choose ancestral fame his pathway to  
illumine—

The sun that sheds the brightest day may rise from mist  
and gloom.

Should fortune pour her welcome store, and useful gold  
abound,

He shares it with a bounteous hand and scatters bless-  
ings round.

The treasure sent is rightly spent, and serves the end  
designed,

When held by nature's gentleman, the good, the just,  
the kind.

He turns not from the cheerless home, where sorrow's  
offsprings dwell ;

He'll greet the peasant in his hut—the culprit in his cell.  
He stays to hear the widow's plaint of deep and mourning  
love,

He seeks to aid her lot below, and prompt her faith  
above.

The orphan child, the friendless one, the luckless, or  
the poor,

Will never meet his spurning frown, or leave his bolted  
door ;

His kindred circles all mankind, his country all the  
globe—

An honest name his jewelled star, and truth his ermine  
robe.

He wisely yields his passions up to reason's firm control—

His pleasures are of crimeless kind, and never taint the soul.  
He may be thrown among the gay and reckless sons of life,  
But will not love the revel scene, or head the brawling  
strife.

He wounds no breast with jeer or jest, yet bears no  
honeyed tongue !

He's social with the gray-haired one and merry with  
the young ;

He gravely shares the council speech or joins the rustic game,  
And shines as nature's gentleman, in every place the  
same.

No haughty gesture marks his gait, no pompous tone  
his word,

No studied attitude is seen, no palling nonsense heard ;  
He'll suit his bearing to the hour—laugh, listen, learn,  
or teach, -

With joyous freedom in his mirth, and candour in his  
speech.

He worships God with inward zeal, and serves him in  
each deed ;

He would not blame another's faith nor have one martyr  
bleed ;

Justice and mercy form his code ; he puts his trust in  
Heaven ;

His prayer is, "If the heart mean well, may all else  
be forgiven !"

Though few of such may gem the earth, yet such rare  
gems there are,



Each shining in his hallowed sphere as virtue's polar star.  
Though human hearts too oft are found all gross, corrupt,  
and dark,

Yet, yet some bosoms breathe and burn; lit by Promethean spark,

There are some spirits nobly just, unwarped by pelf or pride.

Great in the calm, but greater still when dashed by adverse tide,—

They hold the rank no king can give, no station can disgrace.

Nature puts forth *her* gentleman, and monarchs must give place.



NORAH M'SHANE.

I'VE left Ballymornach a long way behind me;

To better my fortune I've crossed the big sea;

But I'm sadly alone, not a creature to mind me,

And, faith! I'm as wretched as wretched can be.

I think of the buttermilk, fresh as a daisy,

The beautiful hills and the emerald plain;—

And oh! don't I oftentimes think myself crazy,

About that young black-eyed rogue, Norah M'Shane.

I sigh for the turf-pile, so cheerfully burning,  
When barefoot I trudged it from toiling afar ;  
When I tossed in the light the thirteen I'd been earning,  
And whistled the anthem of " Erin go bragh."  
In truth, I believe that I'm half broken-hearted ;  
To my country and love I must get back again ;  
For I've never been happy at all since I parted  
From sweet Ballymornach and Norah M'Shane.

Oh ! there's something so dear in the cot I was born in,  
Though the walls are but mud and the roof is but thatch ;  
How familiar the grunt of the pigs in the morning,  
What music in lifting the rusty old latch !  
'Tis true I'd no money, but then I'd no sorrow ;  
My pockets were light, but my heart had no pain ;  
And, if I but live till the sun shines to-morrow,  
I'll be off to old Ireland and Norah M'Shane.

---

T R U T H.

'Tis passing sad to note the face  
Where haggard grief has taken its place,  
Where the soul's keen anguish can but speak  
In the glistening lash and averted cheek—  
When the restless orbs with struggling pride

Swell with the tears they fain would hide,  
Till the pouring drops and heaving throbs  
Burst forth in strong impassioned sobs.

'Tis fearful to mark where passion reigns,  
With gnashing teeth and starting veins ;  
When the reddened eyeballs flash and glare  
With dancing flame in their maniac stare ;  
When Fury sits on the gathered brow  
With quivering muscle and fiery glow ;  
'Tis fearful indeed just then to scan  
The lineaments of God-like man.

'Tis sad to gaze on the forehead fair,  
And mark the work of suffering there ;  
When the oozing pain-wrung moisture drips,  
And whiteness dwells round the parted lips ;  
When the breath on those lips is so short and faint  
That it falters in yielding the lowest plaint :  
Who does not sigh to read such tale  
On cheeks all shadowy and pale ?

But have ye watched the mien that bore  
A look to be feared and pitied more—  
Have ye seen the crimson torrent steal  
O'er the one who has erred, and yet can *feel*—  
When the stammering speech and downcast eye  
Quailed from the mean detected lie ?  
Have ye marked the conscious spirit proclaim  
Its torture 'neath the brand of shame ?

Oh! this to me is the look which hath  
More hideous seeming than honest wrath.  
Let pain distort with its harrowing might,  
Or sorrow rob the glance of its light,  
Yet the pallid chill or the fevered flush  
Sears less than falsehood's scathing blush.  
Nay, look on the brow; 'tis better to trace  
The lines of death than the shade of disgrace.

---

THE POET'S WREATH.

Jove said, one day, he should like to know  
What would part the child of song from his lyre ;  
And he summoned his minions, and bade them go,  
With all their bribes and powers, below,  
Nor return till they wrought his desire.

The agents departed—Jove's will must be done ;  
They vowed to perform the deed full soon :  
Vainly they searched in the crowd and the sun,  
But at last they found a high-souled one,  
Alone with his harp and the moon.

Fortune first tempted : she scattered her gold,  
And placed on his temples a gem-bright rim ;  
But he scarcely glanced on the wealth as it rolled ;

He said the circlet was heavy and cold,  
And only a burden to him.

Venus came next, and she whispered rare things,  
And praised him for scorning the bauble and pelf ;  
She promised him Peris, in all but the wings ;  
But he laughed, and told her, with those soft strings  
He could win such creatures himself.

Oppression and Poverty tried their spell,  
Nigh sure he would quail at such stern behest.  
His pittance was scant, in a dark dank cell,  
Where the foam-spitting toad would not choose to dwell ;  
But he still hugged the harp to his breast.

They debated what effort the next should be,  
When Death strode forth with his ponderous dart ;  
He held it aloft—"Ye should know," cried he,  
"This work can only be done by me ;  
So, at once, my barb to his heart !"

It struck : but the last faint flash of his eye  
Was thrown on the lyre as it fell from his hand :  
The trophy was seized and they sped to the sky,  
Where the Thunderer flamed in his throne on high,  
And told how they did his command.

Jove heard, and he scowled with a gloomier frown—  
'Twas the cloud Pride lends to keep Sorrow unseen ;  
He put by his sceptre and flung his bolt down,

And snatched from the glory that haloed his crown  
The rays of most burning sheen.

He hastened to earth, by the minstrel he knelt,  
And fashioned the beams round his brow in a wreath :  
He ordained it immortal, to dazzle, to melt ;  
And a portion of godhead since then has still dwelt  
On the Poet that slumbers in death.

---

#### THE SEXTON.

“MINE is the fame most blazoned of all ;  
Mine is the goodliest trade ;  
Never was banner so wide as the pall,  
Nor sceptre so feared as the spade.”

This is the lay of the sexton gray—  
King of the churchyard he—  
While the mournful knell of the tolling bell  
Chimes in with his burden of glee.

He dons a doublet of sober brown,  
And a hat of slouching felt ;  
The mattock is over his shoulder thrown,  
The heavy keys clank at his belt.

The dark damp vault now echoes his tread,  
While his song rings merrily out ;  
With a cobweb canopy over his head,  
And coffins falling about.

His foot may crush the full-fed worms,  
His hand may grasp a shroud,  
His gaze may rest on skeleton forms,  
Yet his tones are light and loud.

He digs the grave, and his chant will break  
As he gains a fathom deep—  
“Whoever lies in the bed I make  
I warrant will soundly sleep.”

He piles the sod, he raises the stone,  
He clips the cypress tree ;  
But whate'er his task, 'tis plied alone—  
No fellowship holds he.

For the sexton gray is a scaring loon—  
His name is linked with death.  
The children at play, should he cross their way,  
Will pause with fluttering breath.

They herd together, a frightened host,  
And whisper with lips all white,—  
“See, see, 'tis he, that sends the ghost  
To walk the world at night.”



The old men mark him, with fear in their eye,  
At his labor mid skulls and dust ;  
They hear him chant, "The young *may* die,  
But we know the aged *must*."

The rich will frown, as his ditty goes on—  
"Though broad your lands may be,  
Six narrow feet to the beggar I mete,  
And the same shall serve for ye."

The ear of the strong will turn from his song,  
And Beauty's cheek will pale ;  
"Out, out," cry they, "what creature would stay,  
To list thy croaking tale!"

Oh! the sexton gray is a mortal of dread ;  
None like to see him come near ;  
The orphan thinks on a father dead,  
The widow wipes a tear.

All shudder to hear his bright axe chink,  
Upturning the hollow bone ;  
No mate will share his toil or his fare,  
He works, he carouses alone.

By night, or by day, this, this is his lay :  
"Mine is the goodliest trade ;  
Never was banner so wide as the pall,  
Nor sceptre so feared as the spade."

THE SABBATH BELL.

PEAL on, peal on, I love to hear  
The old church ding-dong soft and clear!  
The welcome sounds are doubly blest  
With future hope and earthly rest.  
Yet were no calling changes found  
To spread their cheering echoes round,  
There's not a place where man may dwell  
But he can hear a Sabbath bell.

Go to the woods, when Winter's song  
Howls like a famished wolf along ;  
Or when the south winds scarcely turn  
The light leaves of the trembling fern,  
Although no cloister chimes ring there  
The heart is called to faith and prayer ;  
For all Creation's voices tell  
The tidings of the Sabbath bell.

Go to the billows, let them pour  
In gentle calm or headlong roar ;  
Let the vast ocean be thy home,  
Thou'lt find a God upon the foam ;  
In rippling swell or stormy roll,  
The crystal waves shall wake thy soul ;  
And thou shalt feel the hallowed spell  
Of the wide water's Sabbath bell.

The lark upon his skyward way,  
The robin on the hedge row spray,  
The bee within the wild thyme's bloom,  
The owl amid the cypress gloom,  
All sing in every varied tone  
A vesper to the Great Unknown.  
Above—below—one chorus swells  
Of God's unnumbered Sabbath bells.

---

**HANG UP HIS HARP; HE'LL WAKE NO MORE!**

His young bride stood beside his bed,  
Her weeping watch to keep ;  
Hush! hush! he stirred not—was he dead,  
Or did he only sleep ?

His brow was calm, no change was there,  
No sigh had filled his breath ;  
Oh! did he wear that smile so fair  
In slumber or in death ?

“Reach down his harp,” she wildly cried,  
“And if one spark remain,  
Let him but hear ‘Loch Erroch’s side ;’  
He’ll kindle at the strain.

“That tune e’er held his soul in thrall ;  
It never breathed in vain ;

He'll waken as its echoes fall,  
Or never wake again."

The strings were swept; 'twas sad to hear  
Sweet music floating there ;  
For every note called forth a tear  
Of anguish and despair.

"See! see!" she cried, "the tune is o'er,  
No opening eye, no breath ;  
Hang up his harp; he'll wake no more ;  
He sleeps the sleep of death."

---

STANZAS

WHEN the cold tablet bears my fading name,  
Let no long record boast its worth or fame ;  
For the plain monument that Truth would raise  
Would give as much to censure as to praise.

Let no unholy murmurs note my life,  
As one dark scene of sorrow, pain, and strife ;  
Though there be other worlds of purer bliss,  
The heart that's grateful thanks a God in this.

Strangers may pause to mark who sleeps below,  
Perchance a friend may read, perchance a foe.  
What can they learn?—that joy, affection, trust,  
Hate, scorn, and malice end in “dust to dust.”

---

THE ENGLISHMAN

THERE'S a land that bears a world-known name,  
Though it is but a little spot ;  
I say 'tis first on the scroll of fame,  
And who shall aver it is not ?  
Of the deathless ones who shine and live  
In arms, in arts, or song,  
The brightest the whole wide world can give  
To that little land belong.  
'Tis the star of earth, deny it who can,  
The island home of an Englishman.

There's a flag that waves o'er every sea,  
No matter when or where ;  
And to treat that flag as aught but the free  
Is more than the strongest dare.  
For the lion spirits that tread the deck  
Have carried the palm of the brave ;  
And that flag *may* sink with a shot-torn wreck,  
But never float over a slave.

Its honour is stainless, deny it who can,  
And this is the flag of an Englishman.

There's a heart that leaps with burning glow  
The wronged and the weak to defend ;  
And strikes as soon for a trampled foe  
As it does for a soul-bound friend.  
It nurtures a deep and honest love,  
The passions of faith and pride,  
And yearns with the fondness of a dove  
To the light of its own fire-side.  
'Tis a rich rough gem, deny it who can,  
And this is the heart of an Englishman.

The Briton may traverse the pole or the zone,  
And boldly claim his right ;  
For he calls such a vast domain his own  
That the sun never sets on his might.  
Let the haughty stranger seek to know  
The place of his home and birth ;  
And a flush will pour from cheek to brow  
While he tells his native earth.  
For a glorious charter, deny it who can,  
Is breathed in the words " I'm an Englishman."

TO A FAVOURITE PONY.

COME, hie thee on, my gentle Gyp ;  
Thy rider bears nor spur nor whip,  
But smooths thy jetty, shining mane,  
And loosely flings the bridle rein.

The sun is down behind the hill,  
The noise is hushed about the mill,  
The gabbling geese and ducks forsake  
Their sports upon the glassy lake,  
The herd-boy folds his bleating charge,  
The watch-dog, chainless, roves at large,  
The bees are gathered in the hive,  
The evening flowers their perfumes give.  
On, on, my gentle Gyp ! but stay ;  
Say, whither shall we bend our way ?  
Down to the school-house, where the boys  
Greet us with rude caressing noise ?  
Where urchins leave their balls and bats,  
To stroke thy neck with fondling pats ;  
Where laughing girls bring oats and hay,  
And coax thy ears ; well knowing they  
Can sport right fearlessly and free  
With such a gentle brute as thee ?  
Or shall we take the sandy road  
Towards the wealthy squire's abode ?  
Where the lodge gate, so wide and high,



Swings nobly back for you and I ;  
I'll warrant me, that gate thou'dst find,  
Though reinless, riderless, and blind.

Thou'rt restless, Gyp ; come, start and go :—  
You take the hill ; well, be it so—  
The squire's abode, I plainly see,  
Has equal charms for you and me.  
'Tis there thou art allowed to pick  
The corners of the clover rick ;  
'Tis there, by lady's hand thou'rt fed  
On pulpy fruit, and finest bread.  
The squire himself declares thou art  
The prettiest pony round the part :  
Nor black, nor chestnut, roan, nor gray,  
Can match with thy rich glossy bay.  
He says, thy neck's proud curving line  
The artist's pencil might define ;  
With blood and spirit, yet so mild,—  
A fitting plaything for a child ;  
So meekly docile, thou'rt indeed  
More like a pet lamb than a steed ;  
That when thou'rt gone, St. Leonard's plain  
Will never see thy like again !  
He says all this ! No wonder, then,  
I think the squire the best of men :  
For they who praise thy form and paces  
Are sure to get in my good graces.

The squire tells truth ; to say the least,

Thou really art a clever beast,  
 A better one, take altogether,  
 Ne'er looked from out a hempen tether:  
 And oft, I hope, thou'lt ne'er be having  
 The plague of glander, gall, or spavin.  
 Full many a mile thou'st borne me, Gyp,  
 Without a stumble, shy, or slip;  
 Excepting, when that deep morass,  
 All overgrown with weeds and grass,  
 Betrayed us to a headlong tumble,  
 And made me feel a little humble;  
 But on we went, though well bespattered,  
*Thy* knees uncut, *my* bones unshattered!

My gentle Gyp! I've seen thee prove  
 How fast a twelve hand brute can move;  
 I've seen thee keep the foremost place,  
 And win the hard contested race;  
 I've seen thee lift as light a leg  
 As Tam O'Shanter's famous Meg,  
 Who galloped on right helter-skelter,  
 With goblins in her rear to pelt her;  
 And, closely prest by evil kind,  
 Left her unhappy tail behind.  
 Stop, fair and softly, gentle Gyp—  
 I've jingled thus far in our trip;  
 But now we're nigh the well-known gate;  
 So steady—stand at ease—and wait—  
 While I restore to hiding-place  
 My paper and my pencil-case;

Stand steady—and another time  
I'll sing thy praise in better rhyme.

---

STANZAS.

'Tis well to give honour and glory to age,  
With its lessons of wisdom and truth ;  
Yet who would not go back to the fanciful page,  
And the fairy tale read but in youth ?

Let time rolling on crown with fame or with gold—  
Let us bask in the kindest beams ;  
Yet what hope can be cherished, what gift can we hold,  
That will bless like our earlier dreams ?

As wine that hath stood for awhile on the board  
May yet glow as the luscious and bright ;  
But not with the freshness, when first it was poured,  
Nor its brim-kissing sparkles of light.

As the flowers live on in their fragrance and bloom,  
The long summer-day to adorn,  
Yet fail with their beauty to charm and illumine  
As when clothed with the dew gems of morn :

So life may retain its full portion of joy,  
And fortune give all that she can ;

But the feelings that gladden the breast of the *boy*  
Will never be found in the *man*.

---

SONG OF THE CARRION CROW.

THE wolf may howl, the jackal may prowl,—  
Rare brave beasts are they;  
The worm may crawl in the carcass foul  
The tiger may glut o'er his prey;

The bloodhound may hang with untired fang,—  
He is cunning and strong, I trow;  
But Death's stanch crew holds none more true  
Than the broad-winged carrion crow.

My roost is the creaking gibbet's beam,  
Where the murderer's bones swing bleaching,  
Where the clattering chain rings back again  
To the night-wind's desolate screeching.

To and fro, as the fierce gusts blow,  
Merrily rocked am I;  
And I note with delight the traveller's fright  
As he cowers and hastens by.

I scent the deeds of fearful crime;  
I wheel o'er the parricide's head;

I have watched the sire, who, mad with ire,  
The blood of his child hath shed ;

I can chatter the tales at which  
The ear of innocence starts ;  
And ye would not mark my plumage as dark  
If ye saw it beside some hearts.

I have seen the friend spring out as a foe,  
And the guest waylay his host,  
And many a right arm strike a blow  
The lips never dared to boast.

I have seen the soldier, millions adored,  
Do other than deed of the brave,  
When he wore a mask as well as a sword,  
And dug a midnight grave.

I have fluttered where secret work has been done,  
Wrought with a trusty blade ;  
But what did I care, whether foul or fair,  
If I shared the feast it made ?

A struggle, a cry, a hasty gash,  
A short and heavy groan !  
Revenge was sweet—its work was complete—  
The dead and I were alone !

I plunged my beak in the marbling cheek,  
I perched on the clammy brow ;

And a dainty treat was that fresh meat  
To the greedy carrion crow.

I have followed the traveller, dragging on  
O'er the mountains long and cold ;  
For I knew at last he must sink in the blast,  
Though spirit was never so bold.

I hovered close ; his limbs grew stark—  
His life-stream stood to congeal ;  
And I whetted my claw, for I plainly saw  
I should soon have another meal.

He fell, and slept like a fair young bride,  
In his winding-sheet of snow ;  
And quickly his breast had a table guest  
In the hungry carrion crow.

If my pinions ache in the journey I take,  
No resting-place will do  
Till I light alone on a churchyard stone,  
Or a branch of the gloomy yew.

Famine and plague bring joy to me,  
For I love the harvest they yield ;  
And the fairest sight I ever see  
Is the crimson battle-field.

Far and wide is my charnal range,  
And rich carousal I keep,

Till back I come to my gibbet home,  
To be merrily rocked to sleep.

When the world shall be spread with tombless dead,  
And darkness shroud all below,  
What triumph and glee to the last will be  
For the sateless carrion crow.

---

NAE STAR WAS GLINTIN OUT ABOON.

NAE star was glintin out aboon,  
The clouds were dark and hid the moon ;  
The whistling gale was in my teeth,  
And round me was the deep snaw wreath ;  
But on I went the dreary mile,  
And sung right cantie a' the while.  
I gae my plaid a closer fauld ;  
My hand was warm, my heart was bauld,  
I did na heed the storm and cauld,  
While ganging *to* my Katie.

But when I trod the same way back,  
It seemed a sad and waefu' track ;  
The brae and glen were lone and lang ;  
I did na sing my cantie sang ;  
I felt how sharp the sleet did fa',



And could na face the wind at a'.  
Oh, sic a change! how could it be?  
I ken fu' well, and sae may ye—  
The sunshine had been gloom to me  
While ganging *frae* my Katie.

---

CUPID'S ARROW.

YOUNG Cupid went storming to Vulcan one day,  
And besought him to look at his arrow.  
“’Tis useless,” he cried; “you must mend it, I say;  
’Tisn’t fit to let fly at a sparrow.  
There’s something that’s wrong in the shaft or the dart,  
For it flutters quite false to my aim;  
’Tis an age since it fairly went home to the heart,  
And the world really jests at my name.

“I have straightened, I’ve bent, I’ve tried all, I declare,  
I’ve perfumed it with sweetest of sighs;  
’Tis feathered with ringlets my mother might wear,  
And the barb gleams with light from young eyes;  
But it falls without touching—I’ll break it, I vow,  
For there’s Hymen beginning to pout;  
He’s complaining his torch burns so dull and so low  
That Zephyr might puff it right out.”

Little Cupid went on with his pitiful tale,  
Till Vulcan the weapon restored.  
“There, take it, young sir; try it now—if it fail,  
I will ask neither fee nor reward.”  
The urchin shot out, and rare havoc he made;  
The wounded and dead were untold;  
But no wonder the rogue had such slaughtering trade,  
For the arrow was laden with *gold*.

---

A B C.

OH, thou Alpha Beta row,  
Fun and freedom's earliest foe,  
Shall I e'er forget the primer,  
Thumbed beside some Mrs. Trimmer,—  
While mighty problem held me fast,  
To know if Z was first or last?  
And all Pandora had for me  
Was emptied forth in A B C.

Teasing things of toil and trouble,  
Fount of many a rolling bubble,  
How I strived, with pouting pain,  
To get thee quartered on my brain;  
But when the giant feat was done,

How nobly wide the field I'd won !  
Wit, reason, wisdom, all might be  
Enjoyed through simple A B C.

Steps that lead to topmost height  
Of worldly fame and human might,  
Ye win the orator's renown,  
The poet's bays, the scholar's gown ;  
Philosophers must bend and say  
'Twas ye who oped their glorious way.  
Sage, statesman, critic, where is he  
Who's not obliged to A B C ?

Ye really ought to be exempt  
From slighting taunt and cool contempt ;  
But drinking deep from learning's cup,  
We scorn the hand that filled it up.  
Be courteous, pedants—stay and thank  
Your servants of the Roman rank,  
For F. R. S. and LL. D.  
Can only spring from A B C.

---

A LOVE SONG.

DEAR Kate, I do not swear and rave,  
Or sigh sweet things as many can ;

But though my lip ne'er plays the slave,  
My *heart* will not disgrace the *man*.  
I prize thee—ay, my bonnie Kate,  
So firmly fond this breast can be,  
That I would brook the sternest fate  
If it but left me health and thee.

I do not promise that our life  
Shall know no shade on heart or brow ;  
For human lo. and mortal strife  
Would mock the falsehood of such vow.  
But when the clouds of pain and care  
Shall teach us we are not divine,  
My deepest sorrows thou shalt share,  
And I will strive to lighten thine.

We love each other, yet perchance  
The murmurs of dissent may rise ;  
Fierce words may chase the tender glance,  
And angry flashes light our eyes.  
But we must learn to check the frown,  
To reason rather than to blame ;  
The wisest have their faults to own,  
And you and I, girl, have the same.

You must not like me less, my Kate,  
For such an honest strain as this ;  
I love *thee* dearly, but I hate  
The puling rhymes of "kiss" and "bliss."  
There's truth in all I've said or sung ;

I woo thee as a man *should* woo ;  
And though I lack a honeyed tongue,  
Thou'lt never find a breast more true.

---

THE YOUNG MARINERS.

BRED up beside the rugged coast, three brothers bold  
were we,  
Wild urchin mariners, who knew no play-place but the  
sea :  
We spurned all space the earth could give—the valley,  
hill, and field ;  
The main—the boundless main alone, our reckless sports  
could yield.  
We long had borrowed sail and skiff,—obliged to be  
content  
With any crazy, sluggard hull that kindly fisher lent :  
At last our spirits, like our limbs, all strong and broad  
had grown,  
And all our thoughts were centred in “ a vessel of our  
*own !* ”

The eldest-born, our hope and pride, the brightest of the  
three,  
Had entered on the busy world, a sturdy shipwright he,  
And mighty project filled our heads—we sat in council  
sage,

With earnest speech and gravity beseeming riper age :  
We dared to think, we dared to say, that *he* could frame  
a boat,  
And many others said the same, but questioned,—“ would  
it *float* ? ”  
Yet lines were drawn and timbers bought, all well and  
wisely planned,  
And steadily he set to work to try his “ ’prentice hand.”

He soon gave proof of goodly skill, and built a tiny craft,  
While gray-haired sailors shook their heads and beardless  
landsmen laughed.

“ ’Tis a sweet cockleshell,” cried they, “ well formed to  
please a boy ;

With silken sails the thing will be a pretty water toy.”

We took their taunts all quietly, till she was fit to launch,  
And then some eyes began to find she looked a little  
stanch.

All trim and neat, rigged out complete, we hailed our  
fairy bark,

And chose her name the Petrel, from the bird of storm  
and dark.

We three, and Will, the smuggler’s son, composed her  
stripling crew ;

Her sheets were white as breakers’ spray, her pennon old  
true blue ;

And blessed was the breezy hour, and happy wights were we,  
When first we gave her wings the wind, and saw her take  
the sea.

She cleared the bay and shot away with free and steady speed :

Ne'er faster sped the desert child upon his Arab steed.

And though that squally day had served the fishers to deter,

The Petrel fairly showed us that it failed to frighten her.

We reefed—she slacked ; “ Helm down ! ”—she tacked. She scudded—went about.

All nobly done, our hopes were won—what triumph filled our shout !

And miser never prized his heaps, nor bridegroom loved his bride,

As we did our brave Petrel when she cut the booming tide.

Full many a fearful trip we made ; no hazard did we shun ;

We met the gale as readily as butterflies the sun.

No terror seized our glowing hearts ; the blast but raised our mirth ;

We felt as safe upon her planks as by our household hearth.

When many a large and stately ship lay rolling like a log,  
With more of water in her hold than that which served for grog,

“ What, ho ! ” we'd cry, while skimming by. “ Look here,  
ye boasting band—

Just see what boys with water toys and silken sails can stand ! ”



Old Nep might lash his dolphins on with fierce and  
splashing wrath,  
And summon all the myrmidons of death about his path ;  
The Triton trumpeter might sound his conch horn long  
and loud,  
Till scaly monsters woke and tossed the billows to the  
cloud ;

The Nereids might scream their glee, bluff Boreas howl  
and rave ;  
But still the little Petrel was as saucy as the wave.  
By day or night, in shade or light, a fitting mate was  
she

To ramble with her sponsor-bird, and live on any sea.  
She tempted with a witching spell, she lured us to forget  
A sister's fear, a mother's tear, a father's chiding threat.  
Away we'd dash through foam and flash, and take the  
main as soon  
Amid the scowling tempest as beneath the summer moon.

Some thirty years of toil and moil have done their work  
since then,  
And changed us three young mariners to staid and  
thoughtful men ;  
But when by lucky chance we meet, we ne'er forget to  
note  
The perils that we dared with such a "wee thing" of a  
boat.  
Oh ! were it so that time could give some chosen moments  
back,

Full well we know the sunniest that ever lit life's track ;  
We'd ask the days beside the coast, of freedom, health,  
and joy—  
The ocean for our play-place, and the Petrel for our toy.

---

**THIS IS THE HOUR FOR ME.**

I'LL sail upon the mighty main—but this is not the hour ;  
There's not enough of wind to move the bloom in lady's  
bower :

Oh ! this is ne'er the time for me : our pretty bark would  
take

Her place upon the ocean like a rose-leaf on a lake.

There's not a murmur on the ear, no shade to meet the  
eye ;

The ripple sleeps ; the sun is up, all cloudless in the  
sky ;

I do not like the gentle calm of such a torpid sea ;

I will not greet the glassy sheet—'tis not the hour for  
me.

Now, now the night-breeze freshens fast, the green waves  
gather strength,

The heavy mainsail firmly swells, the pennon shows its  
length,

Our boat is jumping in the tide—quick, le' her hawser slip ;

'Though but a tiny thing, she'll live beside a giant ship.  
Away, away! what nectar spray she flings about her  
    bow ;  
What diamonds flash in every splash that drips upon my  
    brow !  
She knows she bears a soul that dares and loves the  
    dark rough sea.  
More sail! I cry ; let, let her fly!—this is the hour  
    for me.

---

NIGHT.

THE God of day is speeding his way  
    Through the golden gates of the west ;  
The rosebud sleeps in the parting ray,  
    The bird is seeking its nest.

I love the light—yet welcome, Night!  
    For, beneath thy darkling fall  
The troubled breast is soothed in rest,  
    And the slave forgets his thrall.

The peasant child, all strong and wild,  
    Is growing quiet and meek ;  
All fire is hid 'neath his heavy lid,  
    The lashes yearn to the cheek.

He roves no more in gamesome glee,  
But hangs his weary head,  
And loiters beside the mother's knee  
To ask his lowly bed.

The butterflies fold their wings of gold,  
The dew falls chill in the bower,  
The cattle wait at the kineward gate,  
The bee hath forsaken the flower ;

The roar of the city is dying fast,  
Its tongues no longer thrill ;  
The hurrying tread is faint at last,  
The artisan's hammer is still.

Night steals apace. She rules supreme ;  
A hallowed calm is shed :  
No footstep breaks, no whisper wakes—  
'Tis the silence of the dead.

The hollow bay of a distant dog  
Bids drowsy Echo start ;  
The chiming hour from an old church tower  
Strikes fearfully on the heart.

All spirits are bound in slumber sound,  
Save those o'er a death-bed weeping ;  
Or the soldier one that paces alone,  
His guard by the watch-fire keeping.

With ebon wand and sable robe,  
How beautiful, Night, art thou!  
Serenely set on a throne of jet,  
With stars about thy brow!

Thou com'st to dry the mourner's eye,  
That, wakeful, is ever dim;  
To hush for awhile the grieving sigh,  
And give strength to the wearied limb.

Hail to thy sceptre, Ethiop queen!  
Fair mercy marks thy reign;  
For the care-worn breast may take its rest,  
And the slave forget his chain.



**OH! NEVER BREATHE A DEAD ONE'S NAME.**

OH! never breathe a dead one's name  
When those who loved that one are nigh:  
It pours a lava through the frame  
That chokes the breast and fills the eye;  
It strains a chord that yields too much  
Of piercing anguish in its breath;  
And hands of mercy should not touch  
A string made eloquent by death.

Oh ! never breathe a lost one's name  
To those who called that one their own :  
It only stirs the smouldering flame  
That burns upon a charnel stone.  
The heart will ache and well-nigh break  
To miss that one forever fled ;  
And lips of mercy should not wake  
A love that cherishes the dead.

---

A SONG FOR MERRY HARVEST.

BRING forth the harp, and let us sweep its fullest, loudest  
string.

The bee below, the bird above, are teaching us to sing  
A song for merry harvest ; and the one who will not bear  
His grateful part partakes a boon he ill deserves to share.  
The grasshopper is pouring forth his quick and trembling  
notes ;

The laughter of the gleaner's child, the heart's own music  
floats.

Up ! up ! I say, a roundelay from every voice that lives  
Should welcome merry harvest, and bless the God that  
gives.

The buoyant soul that loves the bowl may see the dark  
grapes shine,

And gems of melting ruby deck the ringlets of the  
vine ;  
Who prizes more the foaming ale may gaze upon the  
plain,  
And feast his eye with yellow hops and sheets of bearded  
grain ;  
The kindly one whose bosom aches to see a dog unfed,  
May bend the knee in thanks to see the ample promised  
bread.  
Awake, then, all ! 'tis Nature's call, and every voice that  
lives  
Shall welcome merry harvest, and bless the God that  
gives.

---

THE PLOUGHSHARE OF OLD ENGLAND.

THE sailor boasts his stately ship, the bulwark of the isle ;  
The soldier loves his sword, and sings of tented plains  
the while ;  
But we will hang the ploughshare up within our fathers'  
halls,  
And guard it as the deity of plenteous festivals.  
We'll pluck the brilliant poppies, and the far-famed barley-  
corn,  
To wreath with bursting wheat-ears that outshine the saf-  
ron morn ;



We'll crown it with a glowing heart, and pledge our fertile land,  
The ploughshare of old England, and the sturdy peasant band !

The work it does is good and blest, and may be proudly told ;

We see it in the teeming barns, and fields of waving gold :

Its metal is unsullied, no blood-stain lingers there.

God speed it well, and let it thrive unshackled everywhere.

The bark may rest upon the wave, the spear may gather dust ;

But never may the prow that cuts the furrow lie and rust.

Fill up, fill up, with glowing heart, and pledge our fertile land,

The ploughshare of old England, and the sturdy peasant band !

---

G R A T I T U D E .

THE hound will fawn on any one  
That greets him with a kind caress ;  
The flower will turn towards the sun,  
That nurtures it in loveliness.

The drooping bird, with frozen wing,  
That feeds in winter at your sill,  
Will trim his glossy plumes in spring,  
And perch about your window still.

The grazing steed will mark the voice  
That rules him with a gentle word ;  
And we may see the brute rejoice,  
As though he loved the tones he heard.

I've taught the speckled frog to leap  
At twilight for the crumbs I've spread ;  
I've lured the fawn till it would keep  
Beside me, crouching, bound and led.

We find the fiercest things that live,  
The savage born, the wildly rude,  
When soothed by Mercy's hand, will give  
Some faint response of gratitude.

But man!—oh, blush, ye lordly race!—  
Shrink back, and question thy proud heart!  
Do ye not lack that thankful grace  
Which ever forms the soul's best part!

Will ye not take the blessings given,  
The priceless boon of ruddy health,  
The sleep unbroken, peace unriven,  
The cup of joy, the mine of wealth—

Will ye not take them all, and yet  
Walk from the cradle to the grave,  
Enjoying, boasting, and forget  
To think upon the God that gave ?

Thou'lt even kneel to blood-stained kings,  
Nor fear to have thy serfdom known ;  
Thy knee will bend for bauble things,  
Yet fail to seek its Maker's throne.

The bosom that would most repine  
At slightest comfort snatched away—  
The lip that murmurs to resign,  
Is last to thank, is last to pray.

Call home thy thoughts, vain child of dust !  
However sad thy lot may be,  
There is a *something* good, that must  
Demand acknowledgment from thee.

What wouldst thou have from Him above ?  
Gaze but on nature's ample field,  
And that *one* type of mystic love  
Will ask more praise than thou canst yield.

AWAY FROM THE REVEL.

AWAY from the revel! the night-star is up ;  
Away, come away, there is strife in the cup!  
There is shouting of song, there is wine in the bowl ;  
But listen and drink, they will madden thy soul !

The foam of the goblet is sparkling and bright,  
Rising like gems in the torches' red light ;  
But the glance of thine eye, if it lingers there,  
Will change its mild beam for the maniac's glare.

The pearl-studded chalice, displaying in pride  
May challenge thy lip to the purple draught's tide ;  
But the pearl of the dew-drop, the voice of the breeze,  
Are dearer, and calmer, more blessed than these.

Oh! come, it is twilight ; the night-star is up ;  
Its ray is more bright than the silver-brimmed cup ;  
The boat gently dances, the snowy sail fills,  
We'll glide o'er the waters, or rove on the hills.

We'll kneel on the mountain, beneath the dark pine ;  
Our hearts' prayer the incense, and nature the shrine ;  
Back on the festal we'll look from the wave,  
As the eye of the free on the chains of the slave !

Oh! come, it is twilight ; the moon is awake ;  
The breath of the vesper-chime rides o'er the lake ;  
There is peace all around us, and health in the breeze,  
And what can be dearer, more blessed than these ?

---

**THE FAIRY OF THE SEA.**

THERE'S a frigate on the waters, fit for battle, storm, or  
sun ;  
She dances like a life-boat, though she carries flag and  
gun.  
I'm rich and blest while I can call that gallant craft my  
own ;  
I'm king of her, and Jove himself may keep his crown  
and throne.  
She'll stem the billows mountain high, or skim the moon-  
lit spray ;  
She'll take a blow and face a foe, like lion turned at bay.  
Whate'er may try, she'll stand the test, the brave, the  
stanch, the free ;  
She bears a name of stainless fame, the Fairy of the Sea.

The gale is up, she feels the breath, the Petrel is behind,  
She travels through the white foam like an arrow on the  
wind.

Softly, softly,—hold her in—let her slacken in her pace ;  
She'll do the pilot's bidding with a grayhound's gentle  
grace.

The rocks are round her—what of that ? she turns them  
like a swan :

There are boiling breakers near, but she is safely creeping  
on.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! she's clear again ! More canvass ; helm  
a-lee !

Away she bounds, like deer from hounds, the Fairy of the  
Sea.

I've met with life's rough-weather squalls, and run on  
shoals ashore ;

All passed me under scudding-sails, and friends were  
friends no more :

But when the storm-fiend did its worst, and blanched  
the firmest crew,

No timber yawned, no cordage broke ; my bark, my bark  
was true.

We've lived together, closely bound, too long to lightly  
part ;

I love her like a living thing ; she's anchored in my  
heart ;

But Death *must* come, and come he may ; right welcome  
he shall be,

So that I sleep ten fathom deep in the Fairy of the Sea.

SPRING

SPRING, Spring, beautiful Spring,  
Laden with glory and light you come,  
With the leaf, the bloom, and the butterfly's wing,  
Making our earth a fairy home!  
The primroses glitter—the violets peep,  
And Zephyr is feasting on flower and bloom.  
Arouse, ye sluggards, what soul shall sleep  
While the lark's in the sky, and the bee's on the palm!  
The sweetest song, and the loudest string,  
Should pour a welcome to beautiful Spring.

Spring, Spring, eloquent Spring,  
Thine is a voice all hearts must love,—  
Plenty and Joy are the tidings ye bring,  
As an earnest below of the mercy above.  
Oh! dull is the spirit and cold the breast  
That forgets not awhile it is earthly born,  
While we look on the branch where fruit shall rest,  
And the green blade promising golden corn.  
Arouse, ye sluggards, awake and sing,  
A chorus of welcome to beautiful Spring!



I MISS THEE, MY MOTHER.

I miss thee, my Mother! Thy image is still  
The deepest impressed on my heart,  
And the tablet so faithful in death must be chill  
Ere a line of that image depart.  
Thou wert torn from my side when I treasured thee  
most—

When my reason could measure thy worth ;  
When I knew but too well that the idol I'd lost  
Could be never replaced upon earth.

I miss thee, my Mother, in circles of joy,  
Where I've mingled with rapturous zest ;  
For how slight is the touch that will serve to destroy  
All the fairy web spun in my breast !  
Some melody sweet may be floating around—  
'Tis a ballad I learnt at thy knee ;  
Some strain may be played, and I shrink from the  
sound,  
For my fingers oft woke it for thee.

I miss thee, my Mother ; when young health has fled,  
And I sink in the languor of pain,  
Where, where is the arm that once pillowed my head,  
And the ear that once heard me complain ?  
Other hands may support, gentle accents may fall—  
For the fond and the true are yet mine :

I've a blessing for each ; I am grateful to all—  
But whose care *can* be soothing as thine ?

I miss thee, my Mother, in summer's fair day,  
When I rest in the ivy-wreathed bower,  
When I hang thy pet linnet's cage high on the spray,  
Or gaze on thy favourite flower.  
There's the bright gravel-path where I played by thy side  
When time had scarce wrinkled thy brow,  
Where I carefully led thee with worshipping pride  
When thy scanty locks gathered the snow.

I miss thee, my Mother, in winter's long night :  
I remember the tales thou wouldst tell—  
The romance of wild fancy, the legend of fright—  
Oh ! who could e'er tell them so well ?  
Thy corner is vacant ; thy chair is removed :  
It was kind to take *that* from my eye :  
Yet relics are round me—the sacred and loved—  
To call up the pure sorrow-fed sigh.

I miss thee, my Mother ! Oh, when do I not ?  
Though I know 'twas the wisdom of Heaven  
That the deepest shade fell on my sunniest spot,  
And such tie of devotion was riven ;  
For when thou wert with me my soul was below,  
I was chained to the world I then trod ;  
My affections, my thoughts, were all earth-bound ; but  
now  
They have followed thy spirit to God !

THE HEART THAT'S TRUE.

TELL me not of sparkling gems,  
Set in regal diadems ;  
You may boast your diamonds rare,  
Rubies bright, and pearls so fair :  
But there's a peerless gem on earth,  
Of richer ray and purer worth ;  
'Tis priceless, but 'tis worn by few—  
It is, it is the heart that's true.

Bring the tulip and the rose,  
While their brilliant beauty glows ;  
Let the storm-cloud fling a shade,  
Rose and tulip both will fade :  
But there's a flower that still is found,  
When mist and darkness close around,  
Changeless, fadeless in its hue—  
It is, it is the heart that's true.

Ardent in its earliest tie,  
Faithful in its latest sigh ;  
Love and Friendship, god-like pair,  
Find their throne of glory there.  
Proudly scorning bribe and threat,  
Naught can break the seal once set :  
All the evil gold can do  
Cannot warp the heart that's true.

First in Freedom's cause to bleed,  
First in joy when slaves are freed ;  
Their hearts were true, and what could quell  
The might of Washington or Tell ?  
Oh ! there is one mortal shrine  
Lighted up with rays divine.  
Seek it, yield the homage due,  
Deify the heart that's true.

---

THE LOVED ONE WAS NOT THERE.

WE gathered round the festive board,  
The crackling faggot blazed,  
But few would taste the wine that poured,  
Or join the song we raised.  
For there was now a glass unfilled—  
A favoured place to spare ;  
All eyes were dull, all hearts were chilled—  
The loved one was not there.

No happy laugh was heard to ring,  
No form would lead the dance ;  
A smothered sorrow seemed to fling  
A gloom in every glance.

The grave had closed upon a brow,  
The honest, bright, and fair ;  
We missed our mate, we mourned the blow.—  
The loved one was not there.

---

### THE WORLD.

TALK who will of the world as a desert of thrall,  
Yet, yet, there is bloom on the waste :  
Though the chalice of life hath its acid and gall,  
There are honey-drops too for the taste.

We murmur and droop should a sorrow-cloud stay,  
And note all the shades of our lot ;  
But the rich scintillations that brighten our way  
Are basked in, enjoyed, and forgot.

Those who look on mortality's ocean aright  
Will not mourn o'er each billow that rolls,  
But dwell on the glories, the beauties, the might,  
As much as the shipwrecks and shoals.

How thankless is he who remembers alone  
All the bitter, the drear, and the dark !  
Though the raven may scare with its wo-boding tone,  
Do we ne'er hear the song of the lark ?

We may utter farewell when 'tis torture to part,  
But, in meeting the dear one again,  
Have we never rejoiced with that wildness of heart  
Which outbalances ages of pain ?

Who hath not had moments so laden with bliss,  
When the soul, in its fulness of love,  
Would waver if bidden to choose between this  
And the paradise promised above ?

Though the eye may be dimmed with its grief-drop  
awhile,  
And the whitened lip sigh forth its fear,  
Yet pensive indeed is that face where the smile  
Is not oftener seen than the tear.

There are times when the storm-gust may rattle around,  
There are spots where the poison-shrub grows ;  
Yet are there not hours when naught else can be found  
But the south wind, the sunshine, and rose ?

O haplessly rare is the portion that's ours,  
And strange is the path that we take,  
If there spring not beside us a few precious flowers,  
To soften the thorn and the brake.

The wail of regret, the rude clashing of strife,  
The soul's harmony often may mar ;  
But I think we must own in the discords of life,  
'Tis ourselves that oft waken the jar.

Earth is 'not *all* fair, yet it is not *all* gloom ;  
And the voice of the grateful will tell,  
That he who allotted pain, death, and the tomb,  
Gave hope, health, and the bridal as well.

Should Fate do its worst, and my spirit, oppressed,  
O'er its own shattered happiness pine,  
Let me witness the joy in another's glad breast,  
And some pleasure *must* kindle in mine.

Then say not the world is a desert of thrall ;  
There is bloom, there is light on the waste ;  
Though the chalice of life hath its acid and gall,  
There are honey-drops too for the taste.

---

**THERE'S A STAR IN THE WEST.**

THERE'S a star in the west that shall never go down  
Till the records of valour decay ;  
We must worship its light, though it is not our own,  
For liberty burst in its ray.  
Shall the name of a Washington ever be heard  
By a freeman, and thrill not his breast ?  
Is there one out of bondage that hails not the word  
As the Bethlehem star of the west ?



“ War, war to the knife ! be enthralled or ye die,”  
Was the echo that woke in his land ;  
But it was not *his* voice that promoted the cry,  
Nor *his* madness that kindled the brand.  
He raised not his arm, he defied not his foes,  
While a leaf of the olive remained ;  
Till goaded with insult, his spirit arose  
Like a long-baited lion unchained.

He struck with firm courage the blow of the brave,  
But sighed o'er the carnage that spread :  
He indignantly trampled the yoke of the slave,  
But wept for the thousands that bled.  
Though he threw back the fetters and headed the strife,  
Till man's charter was fairly restored ;  
Yet he prayed for the moment when freedom and life  
Would no longer be pressed by the sword.

Oh ! his laurels were pure ; and his patriot name  
In the page of the future shall dwell,  
And be seen in all annals, the foremost in fame,  
By the side of a Hofer and Tell.  
Revile not my song, for the wise and the good  
Among Britons have nobly confessed  
That his was the glory and ours was the blood  
Of the deeply-stained field of the west.

STANZAS.

THE dark and rugged mountain steep,  
The sloping emerald glade,  
The beam-lit valley, where vines may creep,  
The hare-bell low in the shade ;

The towering hill, the shimmering rill,  
The fields and forest trees—  
Oh, he is blind who cannot find  
Good company in these.

I have seen the harvest sun pour down  
Its rays on the rustling sheaf,  
Till gold flashed out from the wheat-ear brown,  
And flame from the poppy's leaf ;

I have heard the music the woods have made  
In deep and sullen roar,  
When the mighty winds of winter played  
On branches gray and hoar ;

I have seen the merry spring steal nigh,  
And my soul has leaped to meet  
The rainbow clouds that flitted on high,  
The daisy that kissed my feet ;

I have watched the slowly gathering gloom  
Of mournful autumn throw  
Its pensive shade on the dying bloom,  
Like sorrow on beauty's brow :

And though I have garnered little of light  
From learning's glorious store,  
These, these have taught God's mercy and might ;  
And who can teach me more ?

My spirit has glowed, the rapt, the blest,  
Flushed with the fervent zeal  
That may gush from the eyes and burn in the breast,  
But the weak lips ne'er reveal.

The giant rock, the lowliest flower  
Can lead to Him above,  
And bid me worship the hand of power,  
Of mystery and love.

Does my heart grow proud ! I need but turn  
To nature, and confess  
A Maker's greatness—shrink and learn  
My own unworthiness !

ENGLAND.

My heart is pledged in wedded faith to England's "merry  
isle ;"

I love each low and straggling cot, each famed ancestral  
pile ;

I'm happy when my steps are free upon the sunny  
glade ;

I'm glad and proud amid the crowd that throng its mart  
of trade ;

I gaze upon our open port, where Commerce mounts her  
throne,

Where every flag that comes ere now has lowered to our  
own.

Look round the globe, and tell me, can ye find more bla-  
zoned names,

Among its cities and its streams, than London and the  
Thames ?

My soul is linked right tenderly to every shady copse ;  
I prize the creeping violets, the tall and fragrant hops ;  
The citron-tree or spicy grove for me would never yield  
A perfume half so grateful as the lilies of the field.

I thread the wood, I rob the hedge, and glad content is  
mine,

Although they lack the orange-branch, pomegranate, date,  
and vine.

I covet not the rarest fruit exotic region shows,  
While England has its hazel-nuts, its blackberries, and  
sloes.

I'll ask if there's a British boy, whate'er may be his rank,  
Who does not dearly love to climb his native bramble  
bank ;  
Who would not trudge for many a mile to gain a nutting  
track,  
Proud of the crook'd stick in his hand and basket at his  
back ?

Our songsters, too, oh ! who shall dare to breathe one  
slighting word ?

Their plumage dazzles not—yet say, can sweeter strains  
be heard ?

Let other feathers vaunt the dyes of deepest rainbow  
flush,  
Give me old England's nightingale, its robin, and its  
thrush.

I'd freely rove through Tempe's vale, or scale the giant  
Alp,  
Where roses list the bulbul's tale, or snow-wreaths crown  
the scalp ;  
I'd pause to hear soft Venice streams plash back to boat-  
man's oar,  
Or hearken to the western flood in wild and falling  
roar ;  
I'd tread the vast of mountain range, or spot serene and  
flowered ;

I ne'er could see too many of the wonders God has  
showered ;  
Yet though I stood on fairest earth, beneath the bluest  
heaven,  
Could I forget *our* summer sky, *our* Windermere and  
Devon ?

I'd own a brother in the good and brave of any land,  
Nor would I ask his clime or creed before I gave my  
hand ;  
Let but the deeds be ever such that all the world may  
know,  
And little recks "the place of birth," or colour of the  
brow ;  
Yet, though I'd hail a foreign name among the first and  
best,  
Our own transcendent stars of fame would rise within my  
breast ;  
I'd point to hundreds who have done the most e'er done  
by man,  
And cry, "There's England's glory scroll—show brighter  
if ye can !"

THY KINGDOM COME.

'Tis human lot to meet and bear  
The common ills of human life ;  
There's not a breast but hath its share  
Of bitter pain and vexing strife.  
The peasant in his lowly shed,  
The noble 'neath a gilded dome,  
Each will at some time bow his head,  
And ask and hope, " Thy kingdom come ?"

When some deep sorrow, surely slow,  
Despoils the cheek and eats the heart,  
Laying our busy projects low,  
And bidding all earth's dreams depart—  
Do we not smile, and calmly turn  
From the wide world's tumultuous hum,  
And feel the immortal essence yearn,  
Rich with the thought, " Thy kingdom come ?"

The waves of care may darkly bound  
And buffet, till, our strength outworn,  
We stagger as they gather round,  
All shattered, weak, and tempest-torn :  
But there's a lighthouse for the soul,  
That beacons to a stormless home ;  
It safely guides through roughest tides—  
It shines, it saves ! " Thy kingdom come !"



To gaze upon the loved in death,  
To mark the closing, beamless eye,  
To press dear lips, and find no breath—  
This, this is life's worst agony !  
But God, too merciful, too wise,  
To leave the lorn one in despair,  
Whispers, while snatching those we prize,  
“ My kingdom come !—Ye'll meet them there !”

---

THE BOW.

A CHEER for Robin Hood  
And Nottingham's famed wood,  
When the greensward was the merry men's resort ;  
When the tough and springy yew  
Was the bravest tree that grew,  
And the bow held foremost place in English sport.

Right glorious I ween  
Was the olden forest scene,  
When bugles rang and sturdy yeomen met ;  
When the flying bird was hit,  
The willow sapling split,  
And bow and shaft had fame unrivalled yet.

In the fields our fathers won  
We shall find the bow has done  
Some work our annals proudly may record ;  
Did they prove it bent in vain,  
On Poictier's or Cressy's plain ?  
Had the arrow there less glory than the sword ?

The whizzing barb that flew  
Bore its message home and true,  
As swift as sun-ray, free as eagle's wing ;  
And many a haughty foe  
Was taught to feel and know  
What English arms could do with wood and string.

See, see the archer hold  
His weapons firm and bold,  
With spreading chest, and clear uncovered brow ;  
The arrow 'neath his eye,  
Drawn to the head, let fly,  
Fixed in the prey. Ha ! ha ! who scorns the bow ?

Then a cheer for Robin Hood  
And Nottingham's famed wood,  
When the greensward was the merry men's resort ;  
When the tough and springy yew  
Was the bravest tree that grew,  
And the bow held foremost place in English sport.

**THE FOREST TREES.**

UP with your heads, ye sylvan lords,  
Wave proudly in the breeze,  
For our cradle bands and coffin boards  
Must come from the forest trees.

We bless ye for your summer shade,  
When our weak limbs fail and tire ;  
Our thanks are due for your winter aid,  
When we pile the bright log fire.

Oh ! where would be our rule on the sea,  
And the fame of the sailor band,  
Were it not for the oak and cloud-crowned pine,  
That spring on the quiet land ?

When the ribs and masts of the good ship live,  
And weather the gale with ease,  
Take his glass from the tar who will not give  
A health to the forest trees.

Ye lend to life its earliest joy,  
And wait on its latest page ;  
In the circling hoop for the rosy boy,  
And the easy chair for age.

The old man totters on his way,  
With footsteps short and slow ;  
But without the stick for his help and stay  
Not a yard's length could he go.

The hazel twig in the stripling's hand  
Hath magic power to please ;  
And the trusty staff and slender wand  
Are plucked from the forest trees.

Ye are seen in the shape of the blessed plough  
And the merry ringing flail ;  
Ye shine in the dome of the monarch's home  
And the sacred altar rail.

In the rustic porch, the wainscoted wall,  
In the gay triumphal car ;  
In the rude built hut or the banquet hall,  
No matter ! there ye are !

Then up with your heads, ye sylvan lords !  
Wave proudly in the breeze ;  
From our cradle bands to our coffin boards  
We're in debt to the forest trees.

THE HORSE

THE horse! the brave, the gallant horse—  
Fit theme for the minstrel's song!  
He hath good claim to praise and fame,  
As the fleet, the kind, the strong.

What of your foreign monsters rare?  
I'll turn to the road or course,  
And find a beauteous rival there  
In the horse, the English horse.

Behold him free on his native sod,  
Looking fit for the sun-god's car;  
With a skin as sleek as a maiden's cheek,  
And an eye like the Polar star.

Who wonders not such limbs can deign  
To brook the fettering girth,  
As we see him fly the ringing plain,  
And paw the crumbling earth?

His nostrils are wide with snorting pride,  
His fiery veins expand;  
And yet he'll be led by a silken thread,  
Or soothed by an infant's hand.

He owns the lion's spirit and might,  
But the voice he has learnt to love  
Needs only be heard, and he'll turn to the word,  
As gentle as a dove.

The Arab is wise who learns to prize  
His barb before all gold ;  
But is *his* barb more fair than ours,  
More generous, fast, or bold ?

A song for the steed, the gallant steed—  
Oh ! grant him a leaf of bay ;  
For we owe much more to his strength and speed  
Than man can ever repay.

Whatever his place, the yoke, the chase,  
The war-field, road, or course,  
One of Creation's brightest and best  
Is the horse, the noble horse !

---

#### THE MOURNERS.

KING Death sped forth in his dreaded power  
To make the most of his tyrant hour ;  
And the first he took was a white-robed girl,  
With the orange bloom twined in each glossy curl.  
Her fond betrothed hung over the bier,

Bathing her shroud with the gushing tear :  
He madly raved, he shrieked his pain,  
With frantic speech and burning brain.  
“There’s no joy,” cried he, “now my dearest is gone  
Take, take me, Death ; for I cannot live on !”

The sire was robbed of his eldest-born,  
And he bitterly bled while the branch was torn :  
Other scions were round as good and fair,  
But none seemed so bright as the breathless heir.  
“My hopes are crushed,” was the father’s cry ;  
“Since my darling is lost, I, too, would die.”  
The valued friend was snatched away,  
Bound to another from childhood’s day ;  
And the one that was left exclaimed in despair,  
“Oh ! he sleeps in the tomb—let me follow him there !”

A mother was taken, whose constant love  
Had nestled her child like a fair young dove ;  
And the heart of that child to the mother had grown,  
Like the ivy to oak, or the moss to the stone :  
Nor loud nor wild was the burst of wo,  
But the tide of anguish ran strong below ;  
And the reft one turned from all that was light,  
From the flowers of day and the stars of night ;  
Breathing where none might hear or see—  
“Where thou art, my mother, thy child would be.”

Death smiled as he heard each earnest word :  
“Nay, nay,” said he, “be this work deferred ;



I'll see thee again in a fleeting year,  
And, if grief and devotion live on sincere,  
I promise then thou shalt share the rest  
Of the being now plucked from thy doating breast ;  
*Then*, if thou cravest the coffin and pall  
As thou dost this moment, my spear shall fall."  
And Death fled till Time on his rapid wing  
Gave the hour that brought back the skeleton king.

But the lover was ardently wooing again,  
Kneeling in serfdom, and proud of his chain ;  
He had found an idol to adore,  
Rarer than that he had worshipped before :  
His step was gay, his laugh was loud,  
As he led the way for the bridal crowd ;  
And his eyes still kept their joyous ray,  
Though he went by the grave where his first love lay.  
"Ha ! ha !" shouted Death, " 'tis passing clear  
That I am a guest not wanted here !"

The father was seen in his children's games,  
Kissing their flushed brows and blessing their names !  
And his eye grew bright as he marked the charms  
Of the boy at his knee and the girl in his arms :  
His voice rung out in the merry noise,  
He was first in all their hopes and joys ;  
He ruled their sports in the setting sun,  
Nor gave a thought to the missing one.  
"Are ye ready ?" cried Death, as he raised his dart.  
"Nay ! nay !" shrieked the father ; "in mercy depart !"

The friend again was quaffing the bowl,  
Warmly pledging his faith and soul ;  
His bosom cherished with glowing pride  
A stranger form that sat by his side ;  
His hand the hand of that stranger pressed ;  
He praised his song, he echoed his jest ;  
And the mirth and wit of that new-found mate  
Made a blank of the name so prized of late.  
“ See ! see ! ” cried Death, as he hurried past,  
“ How bravely the bonds of friendship last ! ”

But the orphan child ! Oh, where was she ?  
With clasping hands and bended knee,  
All alone on the church-yard’s sod,  
Mingling the names of mother and God.  
Her dark and sunken eye was hid,  
Fast weeping beneath the swollen lid ;  
Her sigh was heavy, her forehead was chill,  
Betraying the wound was unhealed still ;  
And her smothered prayer was yet heard to crave  
A speedy home in the self-same grave.

Hers was the love all holy and strong ;  
Hers was the sorrow fervent and long ;  
Hers was the spirit whose light was shed  
As an incense fire above the dead.  
Death lingered there, and paused awhile ;  
But she beckoned him on with a welcoming smile.  
“ There’s a solace,” cried she, “ for all others to find,  
But a mother leaves no equal behind.”

And the kindest blow Death ever gave  
Laid the mourning child in the parent's grave.

---

THE KING OF THE WIND.

He burst through the ice-pillared gates of the north,  
And away on his hurricane wings he rushed forth ;  
He exulted all free in his might and his speed,  
He mocked at the lion and taunted the steed ;  
He whistled along, through each cranny and creek ;  
He whirled o'er the mountains with hollow-toned shriek ;  
The arrow and eagle were laggard behind,  
And alone in his flight sped the King of the Wind.

He swept o'er the earth—the tall battlements fell,  
And he laughed, as they crumbled, with maniac yell ;  
The broad oak of the wood dared to wrestle again,  
Till, wild in his fury, he hurled it in twain ;  
He grappled with pyramids, works of an age,  
And dire records were left of his havoc and rage.  
No power could brave him, no fetters could bind ;  
Supreme in his sway was the King of the Wind.

He careered o'er the waters with death and despair,  
He wrecked the proud ship and his triumph was there ;  
The cheeks that had blanched not at foeman or blade  
At the sound of his breathing turned pale and afraid ;

He rocked the stanch lighthouse, he shivered the mast,  
He howled—the strong life-boat in fragments was cast ;  
And he roared in his glory, “ Where, where will ye find  
A despot so great as the King of the Wind ! ”

---

MY GRAVE.

SWEET is the ocean grave, under the azure wave,  
Where the rich coral the sea-grot illumines ;  
Where pearls and amber meet, decking the winding-sheet,  
Making the sailor’s the brightest of tombs.

Let the proud soldier rest, wrapt in his gory vest,  
Where he may happen to fall on his shield,  
To sink in the glory-strife was his first hope in life ;  
Dig him his grave on the red battle-field.

Lay the one great and rich in the strong cloister niche,  
Give him his coffin of cedar and gold ;  
Let the wild torch-light fall, flouting the velvet pall,  
Lock him in marble vault, darksome and cold.

But there’s a sunny hill, fondly remembered still,  
Crowned with fair grass and a bonnie elm tree :  
Fresh as the foamy surf, sacred as church-yard turf,  
There be the resting-place chosen by me !

Though the long formal prayer ne'er has been uttered  
there,

Though the robed priest has not hallowed the sod ;  
Yet would I dare to ask any in saintly mask  
“ Where is the spot that's unwatched by a God ! ”

There the wind loud and strong whistles its winter  
song,

Shrill in its wailing and fierce in its sweep ;  
'Tis music now sweet and dear, loved by my soul and  
ear ;  
Let it breathe on where I sleep the last sleep.

There in the summer days rest the bright flashing  
rays,

There spring the wild-flowers—fair as can be :  
Daisy and pimpernel, lily and cowslip bell,  
These be the grave-flowers chosen by me.

There would I lie alone, marked by no sculptured stone.

Few will regret when my spirit departs ;  
And I loathe the vain charnel fame, praising an empty  
name,

Dear, after all, but to two or three hearts.

Who does not turn and laugh at the false epitaph,

Painting man spotless and pure as the dove ?  
If aught of godly worth grace my career on earth  
All that I heed is its record above.

'Tis on that sunny hill, fondly remembered still,  
Where my young footsteps climbed happy and free ;  
Fresh as the foamy surf, sacred as church-yard turf—  
There be the sleeping-place chosen by me.

---

THE WREATHS.

WHOM do we crown with the laurel leaf ?  
The hero god, the soldier chief,  
But we dream of the crushing cannon-wheel,  
Of the flying shot and the reeking steel,  
Of the crimson plain where warm blood smokes,  
Where clangour deafens and sulphur chokes :  
Oh, who can love the laurel wreath,  
Plucked from the gory field of death ?

Whom do we crown with summer flowers ?  
The young and fair in their happiest hours.  
But the buds will only live in the light  
Of a festive day or a glittering night ;  
We know the vermil tints will fade—  
That pleasure dies with the bloomy braid :  
And who can prize the coronal  
That's formed to dazzle, wither, and fall ?

Who wears the cypress, dark and drear ?  
The one who is shedding the mourner's tear :

The gloomy branch for ever twines  
Round foreheads graved with sorrow's lines.  
'Tis the type of a sad and lonely heart,  
That hath seen its dearest hopes depart.  
Oh, who can like the chaplet band  
That is wove by Melancholy's hand ?

Where is the ivy circlet found ?  
On the one whose brain and lips are drowned  
In the purple stream—who drinks and laughs  
Till his cheeks outflush the wine he quaffs.  
Oh, glossy and rich is the ivy crown,  
With its gems of grape-juice trickling down ;  
But, bright as it seems o'er the glass and bowl,  
It has stain for the heart and shade for the soul.

But there's a green and fragrant leaf  
Betokens nor revelry, blood, nor grief :  
'Tis the purest amaranth springing below,  
And rests on the calmest, noblest brow :  
It is not the right of the monarch or lord,  
Nor purchased by gold, nor won by the sword ;  
For the lowliest temples gather a ray  
Of quenchless light from the palm of bay.

Oh, beautiful bay ! I worship thee—  
I homage thy wreath—I cherish thy tree ;  
And of all the chaplets Fame may deal,  
'Tis only to this one I would kneel :  
For as Indians fly to the banian branch,



When tempests lower and thunders launch,  
So the spirit may turn from crowds and strife  
And seek from the bay-wreath joy and life.

---

OLD PINCHER.

WHEN I gave to old Dobbin his song and his due,  
Apollo I feared would look scornfully blue ;  
I thought he might spurn the low station and blood,  
And turn such a Pegasus out of his stud.

But another "four-footed" comes boldly to claim  
His place beside Dobbin in merits and fame ;  
He shall have it,—for why should I be over nice,  
Since Homer immortalized Ilion and—mice ?

I frolicked, a youngling, wild, rosy, and fat,  
When Pincher was brought in the butcher-boy's hat ;  
And the long-promised puppy was hailed with a joy  
That ne'er was inspired by a gold-purchased toy.

"What a darling!" cried I ; while my sire, with a frown,  
Exclaimed, "Hang the brute ! though 'tis easy to drown :"  
But I wept at the word, till my sorrowful wail  
Won his total reprieve from the rope or the pail.

Regarding his beauty, I'm silent : forsooth,  
I've a little old-fashioned respect for the truth ;  
And the praise of his colour or shape to advance  
Would be that part of history known as romance.

There were some who most rudely denounced him a "cur."  
How I hated that name, though I dared not demur !  
I thought him all fair ; yet I'll answer for this,  
That the fate of Narcissus could ne'er have been his.

Now Dobbin, the pony, belonged to us all,  
Was at every one's service, and every one's call :  
But Pincher, rare treasure, possession divine,  
Was held undisputed as whole and sole mine.

Together we rambled, together we grew.  
Many plagues had the household, but we were the two  
Who were branded the deepest ; all doings reviled  
Were sure to be wrought by "that dog and that child."

Unkenneled and chainless, yet truly he served ;  
No serfdom was known, yet his faith never swerved :  
A dog has a heart,—secure that, and you'll find  
That *love* even in brutes is the safest to bind.

If my own kin or kind had demolished my ball,  
The transgression were marked with a scuffle and squall,  
But with perfect consent he might mouth it about,  
Till the very last atom of sawdust was out.

When halfpence were doled for the holiday treat,  
How I longed for the comfits, so lusciously sweet :  
But cakes *must* be purchased, for how could I bear  
To feast on a luxury Pinch could not share ?

I fondled, I fed him, I coaxed or I cuffed,—  
I drove or I led him, I soothed or I huffed :  
He had beatings in anger, and huggings in love ;  
But which were most cruel, 'twere a puzzle to prove.

If he dared to rebel, I might battle and wage  
The fierce war of a tyrant with petulant rage :  
I might ply him with kicks, or belabour with blows,  
But Pincher was never once known to oppose.

Did a mother appear the loud quarrel to learn,  
If 'twere only with him it gave little concern :  
No ill-usage could rouse him, no insult could chafe ;  
While Pinch was the playmate her darling was safe.

If the geese on the common gave signal of fear,  
And screams most unmusical startled the ear,  
The cause was soon guessed ; for my foremost delight  
Was in seeing Pinch put the old gander to flight.

Had the pantry been rifled of remnant of beef,  
Shrewd suspicions were formed of receiver and thief,  
For I paused not at crime, and I blushed not at fibs  
That assisted to nurture his well-covered ribs.

The warren was sacred, yet he and I dared  
To career through its heath till the rabbits were scared :  
The gamekeeper threatened me Pinch should be shot ;  
But the threat was by both of us always forgot.

The linen, half bleached, must be rinsed o'er again ;  
And our footsteps in mud were "remarkably" plain.  
The tulips were crushed, to the gardener's dismay ;  
And when last we were seen we were bending that way.

When brought to the bar for the evil we'd done,  
Some atrocious spoliation I chose to call "fun :"  
Though Pinch was Tiberius, those who might try  
Knew well that the active Sejanus was I.

But we weathered all gales, and the years sped away,  
Till his "bonnie black" hide was fast turning to gray ;  
When accents were heard most alarmingly sad,  
Proclaiming that Pincher, my Pincher, was mad.

It was true : his fixed doom was no longer a joke ;  
He that moment must die : my young heart was nigh  
broke.

I saw the sure fowling-piece moved from his rest,  
And the sob of keen anguish burst forth unsuppressed.

A shot,—a faint howl,—and old Pincher was dead.  
How I wept while the gardener prepared his last bed !  
Something fell on his spade too, wet, sparkling, and clear ;  
Though *he* said 'twas a dew-drop, *I* know 'twas a tear.

Our winter-night circle was now incomplete ;  
We missed the fond brute that had snoozed at our feet ;  
All his virtues were praised, all his mischief forgot,  
We lauded his merits, and sighed o'er his lot.

Poodle, spaniel, and grayhound, were brought for my care,  
Of beauty and breed reckoned preciously rare ;  
But the playmate of infancy, friend of my youth,  
Was linked with a lasting affection and truth.

He was never supplanted ; nay, mention him now,  
And a something of shadow will steal from my brow,  
“ Poor fellow ! ” will burst in such tone of regret,  
That whispers my heart is his lurking-place yet.

No wonder ; for memory brings back with him  
The thoughts that will render the lightest eye dim ;  
He is mingled with all that I idolized most,  
The brightest, the purest, the loved, and the lost.

The smile of a parent, the dearest, the best,  
The joys of my forest home spring to my breast,  
And those days re-appear with a halo divine,  
When old Pincher, a mother, and childhood were mine.

CHRISTMAS TIDE.

WHEN the merry spring time weaves  
Its peeping bloom and dewy leaves ;  
When the primrose opes its eye,  
And the young moth flutters by ;  
When the plaintive turtle-dove  
Pours its notes of peace and love ;  
And the clear sun flings its glory bright and wide—  
Yet, my soul will own  
More joy in winter's frown,  
And wake with warmer flush at Christmas tide.

The summer beams may shine  
On the rich and curling vine,  
And the noon-tide rays light up  
The tulip's dazzling cup :  
But the pearly misletoe  
And the holly-berries' glow  
Are not even by the boasted rose outvied ;  
For the happy hearts beneath  
The green and coral wreath  
Love the garlands that are twined at Christmas tide.

Let the autumn days produce  
Yellow corn and purple juice,

And Nature's feast be spread  
In the fruitage ripe and red ;  
'Tis grateful to behold  
Gushing grapes and fields of gold,  
When cheeks are browned and red lips deeper dyed :  
But give, oh ! give to me  
The winter night of glee,  
The mirth and plenty seen at Christmas tide.

The northern gust may howl,  
The rolling storm-cloud scowl,  
King Frost may make a slave  
Of the river's rapid wave,  
The snow-drift choke the path,  
Or the hail-shower spend its wrath ;  
But the sternest blast right bravely is defied,  
While limbs and spirits bound  
To the merry minstrel sound,  
And social wood-fires blaze at Christmas tide.

The song, the laugh, the shout,  
Shall mock the storm without ;  
And sparkling wine-foam rise  
'Neath still more sparkling eyes ;  
The forms that rarely meet  
Then hand to hand shall greet,  
And soul pledge soul that leagues too long divide.  
Mirth, friendship, love, and light  
Shall crown the winter night,  
And every glad voice welcome Christmas tide.



( 187 )

But while joy's echo falls  
In gay and plenteous halls,  
Let the poor and lowly share  
The warmth, the sports, the fare ;  
For the one of humble lot  
Must no: shiver in his cot,  
But claim a bounteous meed from wealth and pride.  
Shed kindly blessings round,  
Till no aching heart be found ;  
And then all hail to merry Christmas tide !

---

K I N G S .

OH, covet not the throne and crown,  
Sigh not for rule and state :  
The wise would fling the sceptre down,  
And shun the palace gate.

Let wild ambition wing its flight ;  
Glory is free to all :  
But they who soar a regal height  
Will risk a deadly fall.

Take any high imperial name,  
The great among the great ;

What was the guerdon of his fame,  
And what his closing fate ?

The hero of immortal Greece,  
Unhappy, fled to wine,  
And died in Saturnalian peace,  
As drunkard, fool, and swine.

The first in arms, Rome's victor son,  
Fell by a traitor's aim,  
And drew the purple robes he'd won  
To hide his blood and shame.

Bold Richard, England's lion heart,  
Escaped the burning fray,  
To sink beneath a peasant's dart,  
And groan his life away.

Gaul's eagle, he whose upraised hand  
Swayed legions of the brave,  
Died in a prison, "barred and banned,"  
An exile and a slave.

Scores may be found whose tyrant-time  
Knew not one hour of rest ;  
Their lives one course of senseless crime,  
Their every deed unblest.

Ye blazing stars of gems and gold,  
What aching hearts ye mock !

Strong marble walls, do ye not hold  
Sword, poison, axe, and block ?

Many have cursed the crown they've worn,  
When, hurled from place and rank,  
They met a people's groaning scorn,  
And trod the scaffold plank.

“Uneasy lies the monarch's head,”  
Despite his dazzling wreath ;  
The hireling by his dying bed  
May aid the work of death.

His cringing horde may bow the neck,  
Though bid to lick the dust :  
He may have serfs to wait his beck,  
But not one friend to trust.

Ye lowly born, oh ! covet not,  
One right the sceptre brings ;  
The honest name and peaceful lot  
Outweigh the pomp of kings.

**GOD HATH A VOICE.**

God hath a voice that ever is heard  
In the peal of the thunder, the chirp of the bird ;  
It comes in the torrent, all rapid and strong,  
In the streamlet's soft gush as it ripples along ;  
It breathes in the zephyr, just kissing the bloom ;  
It lives in the rush of the sweeping simoom :  
Let the hurricane whistle, or warblers rejoice,  
What do they tell thee but God hath a voice !

God hath a presence, and that ye may see  
In the fold of the flower, the leaf of the tree ;  
In the sun of the noonday, the star of the night ;  
In the storm-cloud of darkness, the rainbow of light ;  
In the waves of the ocean, the furrows of land ;  
In the mountain of granite, the atom of sand ;  
Turn where ye may, from the sky to the sod,  
Where can ye gaze that ye see not a God !

L I N E S ,

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT, IN THE PROSPECT OF A DREADED  
BEREAVEMENT.

THOUGH to the passing world my heart  
A quiet, untouched thing may seem,  
It bleeds, my Mother, bleeds for *thee*,  
My love, my sorrow, and my theme.

How many a night these aching eyes  
Have watched beside thy wasting form ;  
Watched, like the anxious mariner,  
Who marks and dreads the coming storm !

How many a time I've bent mine ear,  
To catch thy low and fainting breath ;  
And trembled, lest thy soul had fled  
Unnoticed to the realms of death !

My Mother ! thou wilt die, and leave  
The world, with life and grief, to me ;  
But ah ! perchance the branch may fade,  
When severed from its parent tree !

I do adore thee ! such my first  
Fond broken lispings did proclaim ;

And all I suffer now but proves  
My shrine and homage still the same.

Time, that will alter breast and brow  
So strangely that we know them not ;  
That sponges out all trace of truth,  
Or darkens it with many a blot ;

In me hath wrought its changes too,  
Alike in bosom, lip, and brain ;  
And taught me much, much that, alas !  
Is learnt but in the school of pain.

I'm strangely warped from what I was,  
For some few years, in Life's fresh morn ;  
When Thought scarce linked with Reason's chain,  
Nor dared to question, doubt, or scorn.

The poisoned smile, the broken faith,  
Of those I fondly deemed sincere,  
Have almost taught me how to *hate*,  
And echo back the gibe and jeer.

Though young in years, I've learnt to look  
With trustless eye on all and each ;  
And shudder that I find so oft  
The basest heart with gentlest speech.

But one warm stream of feeling flows  
With warm devoted love for thee ;

( 193 )

A stream whose tide, without an ebb,  
Will reach eternity's vast sea.

Time has not dimmed, nor will it dim,  
One ray of that bright glowing flame  
Which constant burns, like Allah's fire,  
Upon the altar of thy name.

But, ah! that name, so dearly prized,  
So warmly cherished, soon must be  
A beacon quenched; a treasure wrecked—  
To live but in the memory.

Father of Mercy! is there naught  
Of tribulation thou canst send  
Upon my heart but this dire stroke;  
To scathe, to madden, and to rend?

Wilt Thou not spare, at least awhile,  
The only one I care to call  
My own? Oh, wilt thou launch the bolt,  
And crush at once my earthly all?

But this is impious.—Faith and hope  
Will teach me how to bear my lot!  
To think Almighty Wisdom best;  
To bow my head, and murmur not.

The chast'ning hand of one above  
Falls heavy; but I'll kiss the rod:



*He* gives the wound, and I must trust  
Its healing to the self-same God!

---

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

ST. PATRICK'S Day! St. Patrick's Day!  
Oh! thou tormenting Irish lay—  
I've got thee buzzing in my brain,  
And cannot turn thee out again.  
Oh, mercy! music may be bliss,  
But not in such a shape as this,  
When all I do, and all I say,  
Begins and ends in Patrick's Day.

Had it but been in opera shape,  
Italian squall, or German scrape,  
Fresh from the bow of Paganini,  
Or caught from Weber or Rossini,  
One would not care so much—but, oh!  
The sad plebeian shame to know  
An old blind fiddler bore away  
My senses with St. Patrick's Day.

I take up Burke, in hopes to chase  
The plaguing phantom from its place;  
But all in vain—attention wavers  
From classic lore to triplet quavers;

An "essay" on the great "Sublime"  
Sounds strangely set in six-eight time.  
Down goes the book, read how I may,  
The words will flow to Patrick's Day.

I take my meal, and knife and fork  
Must do orchestral leader's work,  
And strike my plate with tinkling jar,  
To mark the fall of every bar.  
I call upon a friend, and lo!  
There's no end to my rat-tat blow—  
Striving to make the knocker play  
That rattling jig, St. Patrick's Day.

I dream of it throughout the night,  
I hum it at the morning's light ;  
Walk, talk, or sit, do what I will,  
'Tis dinning in my cranium still.  
Oh! let the droning bagpipes swell,  
Bring hurdy-gurdy, dustman's bell,  
Or any thing to drive away  
That horrid tune, St. Patrick's Day!

---

FRAGMENT.

SAY on, that I'm over romantic,  
In loving the wild and the free ;

But, the waves of the dashing Atlantic,  
The Alps, and the eagle for me !

The billows, so madly uprearing  
Their heads on the blast-ridden main,  
Mock the hurricane, dauntless, unfearing,  
And roar back the thunder again.

The mountain, right heavenward bearing,  
Half lost in the sun and the snow,  
Can only be trod by the daring :  
The fearful may tremble below.

The eagle is high in its dwelling,  
For ever the tameless, the proud ;  
It heeds not the storm-spirits' yelling,  
It swoops through the lightning-fraught cloud.

Tell me not of a soft-sighing lover ;  
Such things may be had by the score :  
I'd rather be bride to a rover,  
And polish the rifle he bore.

The storm, with its thunder affrighting ;  
The torrent and avalanche high ;  
These, these, would my spirit delight in ;  
Mid these would I wander and die !

Say on, that I'm over romantic,  
In loving the wild and the free ;

( 197 )

But the waves of the dashing Atlantic,  
The Alps, and the eagle, for me!

---

LINES WRITTEN TO BEGUILÉ AN IDLE HOUR.

How fondly memory loves to nurse  
The happy scenes of bygone years ;  
When childhood drank the cup of life,  
Before 'twas dashed with care and tears ;

When infancy, just thrown away,  
Left me a wild and sportive girl,  
With glowing cheek and thoughtless brow,  
Half hid 'neath many a shaggy curl ;

When time flew on with rainbow wings,  
Flinging a radiance round the hours  
When peeping daisies seem more bright  
Than Italy's Arcadian flowers !

Methinks I see the old oak tree,  
That stands alone upon the hill,  
Whose acorns, strung beneath its shade,  
Keep place among my treasures still.

Methinks I see my tiny boat,  
With silken pennon, long and gay,

Now drifting on the weedy bank,—  
Now deluged in the cascade's spray.

How fearless then my footstep trod  
The plank that spanned the torrent's flow ;  
As light and active in my spring  
As playful grayhound on the snow !

How oft I rambled through the wood,  
Or paced along the new-turned furrow !  
How pleased I urged my yelping dog  
To start the rabbit from its burrow !

The tangled copses round about  
Appeared familiar with my tread ;  
The glitt'ring adder lingered still ;  
The chirping linnet scarcely fled.

Oh ! those were happy, laughing days ;  
Such that I never thought would leave  
A pensive shadow in my breast,  
Or give my heart a cause to grieve.

To grieve that those who used to be  
My fondest, truest playmates then,  
Should sadly change, since mingled with  
The world, its manners, and its men.

To think I cannot meet a hand  
So warm as those I pressed in youth ;

To find the friendship proffered now  
Has more of treachery than truth.

To know that then in innocence  
I breathed the prayer and bent my knee ;  
Laying my heart where altars blaze  
With mercy's incense, pure and free.

And now to turn with blushing shame,  
And find a guilty stain within,  
Which darkly tells how much that heart  
Hath learnt of folly and of sin.

Oh ! there's a feeling undefined,  
Which no philosophy can smother—  
There is one string more finely tuned  
Within my breast than any other.

'Tis that which rises keenly mute ;  
'Tis that which memory plays upon  
When, lurking near some former haunt,  
I muse, companionless, alone.

There seems a halo round the spot,  
A mystic spell of joy and sorrow ;  
A pensive luxury of thought,  
The soul from nowhere else can borrow.

But hold, my pen, thou'rt growing tired  
Of this dull, moralizing strain ;

( 200 )

I'll lay thee down, but still must wish  
That I could be a child again.

---

TO FANCY.

SPIRIT of ethereal birth!  
Aerial visitant of earth!  
Flashing vivid through the soul,  
Warm as the spark Prometheus stole;  
Hither, Fancy, hither come;  
'Neath thine iris wings I'll roam.

Take me to the crystal caves,  
Glassy chambers of the waves;  
Where the dolphin's golden back  
Splashes gems around its track,  
Cleaving through the rocky cells,  
Green with weeds, and rich with shells;  
Where the Nereids keep their court,  
Where the mermaids hold their sport;  
Where the syren sings to sleep  
All the tenants of the deep;  
Take me through the proud blue sea,  
Show its beauties all to me!

Waft me where the stars appear,  
Where the other worlds career;



Let me scan the dazzling scroll  
God's hand only can unroll !  
Let me hear the saints rejoice,  
Giving praise with harp and voice ;  
Let me tread the welkin round,  
Lulled in soft Elysian sound ;  
Let me rove the fields of light,  
Give their glories to my sight.

Take me where the fairies spring  
Round about their moon-lit ring ;  
Where the dancing elfin sprites  
Consecrate their mystic rites ;  
Lead where Hippocrene's bright fount  
Gushes down the flowery mount ;  
Where Apollo's hand bestows  
Fadeless wreaths on poets' brows.  
Hither, Fancy, hither come ;  
'Neath thine iris wings I'll roam !

---

**CHILDREN'S WELCOMING.**

THEY were indeed a lovely group .  
Of happy sportive creatures,  
With all of beauty that can dwell  
In earthly forms and features.

There was a light in every eye,  
A tint on every cheek,  
So bright, so deep, that rarer ones  
A limner would not seek.

They sprang about the spangled sod  
Like young and gamesome deer ;  
And thrillingly their voices fell  
Upon my heart and ear.

With minds of childish innocence  
Unsullied and unbent ;  
Though living in a world of sin,  
They knew not what sin meant.

“Come on,” they cried, “we’ve decked your seat  
With fresh pulled oaken boughs ;  
We’ve gathered flowers, and you must weave  
Them round about our brows.

“We’ve chased each other down the hill,  
And through the primrose vale,  
But now we’ll listen, while you sit  
And tell the promised tale.

“We’ve run to meet you at the gate,  
And watched and waited long :  
Come on, come on—we’re all right glad  
To have you in our throng.”

And then the urchins, clambering up,  
Gave many an earnest kiss ;  
And led me on, with wild delight,  
Towards their fields of bliss.

Oh, how I loved the fairy elves !  
I blessed them, for I knew  
Their inmost thoughts were on their lips,  
*Their* welcoming was *true*.

There was a strong endearing spell  
Around their artless ways ;  
I feared no treachery 'neath *their* smiles,  
No falsehood in *their* praise.

Let cynics sneer.—I sat me down  
And wreathed their waving hair ;  
And, pleased as they, 'twere hard to tell  
Which heart was happiest there.

I blessed them all ; and much I doubt  
If time will ever bring  
Words to my ear more musical  
Than children's welcoming.

SONG OF THE BLIND ONE.

THEY talk of rainbows in the sky, and blossoms on the earth,  
They sing the beauty of the stars in songs of love and mirth ;  
They say the mountain sod is fair—they tell of dew-drops  
bright,

They praise the sun that warms the day, and moon that  
cheers the night.

I do not sigh to watch the sky, I do not care to see  
The lustre drop on green-hill top, or fruit upon the tree :  
I've pray'd to have my lids unseal'd, but 'twas not to behold  
The pearly dawn of misty morn, or evening cloud of gold.  
No, no, my Mary, I would turn from flower, star, and sun,  
For well I know thou'rt fairer still, my own, my gentle one.

I hear the music others deem most eloquent and sweet,  
The merry lark above my head—the cricket at my feet ;  
The laughing tones of childhood's glee that gladden while  
they ring,

The robin in the winter-time—the cuckoo in the spring ;  
But never do I think those tones so beautiful as thine,  
When kind words from a kinder heart confirm that heart is  
mine.

There is no melody of sound that bids my soul rejoice,  
As when I hear my simple name breathed by thy happy  
voice ;

And, Mary, I will ne'er believe that flower, star, or sun  
Can ever be so bright as thou, my true, my gentle one.

THE OLD WATER-MILL.

AND is this the old mill-stream that ten years ago  
Was so fast in its current, so pure in its flow ;  
Whose musical waters would ripple and shine  
With the glory and dash of a miniature Rhine ?

Can this be its bed ? I remember it well  
When it sparkled like silver through meadow and dell ;  
When the pet-lamb reposed on its emerald side,  
And the minnow and perch darted swift through its tide.

And here was the miller's house, peaceful abode !  
Where the flower-twined porch drew all eyes from the  
road ;  
Where roses and jasmine embowered a door  
That never was closed to the wayworn or poor.

Where the miller, God bless him ! oft gave us " a dance,"  
And led off the ball with his soul in his glance ;  
Who, forgetting gray hairs, was as loud in his mirth  
As the veriest youngsters that circled his hearth.

Blind Ralph was the only musician we had,  
But his tunes—oh ! such tunes—would make any heart  
glad ;  
" The Roast Beef of Old England," and " Green grow  
the Rushes,"

Woke our eyes' brightest beams and our cheeks' warmest  
flushes.

No lustre resplendent its brilliancy shed,  
But the wood fire blazed high, and the board was well  
spread ;  
Our seats were undamasked, our partners were rough,  
Yet, yet we were happy, and that was enough !

And here was the mill where we idled away  
Our holiday hours on a clear summer day ;  
Where Roger, the miller's boy, lolled on a sack,  
And chorused his song to the merry click-clack.

But, lo ! what rude sacrilege here hath been done ?  
The streamlet no longer purls on in the sun ;  
Its course has been turned, and the desolate edge  
Is now mournfully covered with duck-weed and sedge.

The mill is in ruins.—No welcoming sound  
In the mastiff's quick bark and the wheels dashing  
round ;  
The house, too, untenanted—left to decay—  
And the miller, long dead : all I loved passed away !

This play-place of childhood was graved on my heart,  
In rare Paradise colours that now must depart ;  
The old water-mill's gone, the fair vision is fled,  
And I weep o'er its wreck as I do for the dead.

THE SACRILEGIOUS GAMESTERS.

The incident on which the following is founded is related (if my memory errs not) in a work entitled, "Sketches of a Sea Port Town."

The particulars of the circumstances I cannot remember; but the recital amounts to this. A traveller, passing through a country town in the dead of night, saw a light in the church, which equally excited his wonder and curiosity. He procured two companions, and, carrying a ladder, placed it against a window immediately above the altar, from which part the strongest light emanated. One of them ascended, and witnessed a scene of depravity perhaps unequalled. Three young men, of most abandoned character, were seated at the communion table, engaged in gambling. The wax candles were lighted; the sacramental wine reeked on their lips; and, to complete the impious orgie, they had exhumed a corpse, and set it at the table among them. The whole, it appeared, had originated in a drunken frolic; but the affair created so much horror and disgust, that the wretched profligates who enacted it were eventually compelled to quit the town. This is the sole outline which my memory will afford: I have taken a little liberty with the subject, which, I believe, most scribblers are allowed to do.

A STRANGER journeyed through the town,  
One dark and wintry night;  
And, as he passed the ivied church,  
He marked a fitting light.

It shed a restless waving gleam  
Through the Gothic window pane;  
And now it vanished for a space,  
And now it came again.

He stood, and thought it wondrous strange  
That such a scene should be;



He stood, and now the pale red beam  
Shone strong and steadily.

He looked around ; all else was dark,  
Not e'en a star was left ;  
The townsmen slumbered, and he thought  
Of sacrilege and theft.

He roused two sleepers from their beds,  
And told what he had seen ;  
And they, like him, were curious  
To know what it should mean.

They hied together to the church,  
And heard strange sounds within  
Of undistinguishable words,  
And laughter's noisy din !

The window's high ; a ladder, quick,  
Is placed with stealthy care,  
And one ascends—he looks below ;  
Oh ! what a sight is there !

The white communion-cloth is spread  
With cards, and dice, and wine ;  
The flaming wax-lights glare around,  
The gilded sconces shine.

And three of earthly form have made  
The altar-rail their seat,

With the Bible and the books of prayer  
As footstools for their feet.

Three men, with flashing bloodshot eyes  
And burning fevered brows,  
Have met within those holy walls  
To gambol and carouse.

But the darkest work is not yet told :  
Another guest is there,  
With the earth-worm trailing o'er his cheek  
To hide in his matted hair !

He lifted not the foaming cup,  
He moved not in his place ;  
There was slime upon his livid lips,  
And dust upon his face.

The foldings of a winding-sheet  
His body wrapped around,  
And many a stain the vestment bore  
Of the clay from the charnel ground.

A rent appeared, where his withered hands  
Fell out on the sacred board ;  
And between those hands a goblet stood,  
In which bright wine was poured.

Oh ! he was not like the other three,  
But ghastly, foul, and cold ;

He was seatec there a stiffened corpse,  
All horrid to behold.

He had been their mate for many a year,  
Their partner many a game ;  
He had shared alike their ill-got gold  
And their deeply tarnished fame.

He had died in the midst of his career,  
As the sinful ever die,  
Without one prayer from a good man's heart,  
One tear from a good man's eye !

He had died a guilty one, unblessed,  
Unwept, unmourned by all ;  
And scarce a footstep ever bent  
To his grave by the old church wall.

The other three had met that night,  
And revelled in drunken glee,  
And talked of him who a month ago  
Formed one of their company.

They quaffed another brimming glass,  
And a bitter oath they swore  
That he who had joined their game so oft  
Should join their game once more.

And away they strode to the old church wall,  
Treading o'er skull and tomb,

And dragged him out triumphantly,  
In the midnight murky gloom.

They carry him down the chancel porch,  
And through the fretted aisle,  
And many a heartless, fiendish laugh  
Is heard to ring the while.

They place him at the hallowed shrine,  
They call upon his name,  
They bid him wake to life again,  
And play his olden game.

They deal the cards :—the ribald jest  
And pealing laugh ring on.  
A stroke—a start—the echoing clock  
Proclaims the hour of one !

And two of the three laugh louder still,  
But the third stares wildly round :  
He drops the cards, as if his hand  
Were palsied at the sound !

His cheeks have lost their deepened flush,  
His lips are of paler hue,  
And fear hath fallen on the heart  
Of the youngest of that crew !

*His* soul is not yet firmly bound  
In the fetters of reckless sin !

Depravity hath not yet wrought  
Its *total* work within !

The strong potation of the night  
Drowned all that might remain  
Of feeling ; and his hand shrunk not  
While madness fired his brain !

But now the charm hath lost its spell,  
The heated fumes have passed ;  
And banished reason to her throne,  
Usurped, advances fast.

He rises—staggers—looks again  
Upon the shrouded dead !  
A shudder steals upon his frame :  
His vaunted strength is fled !

He doubts—he dreams—can, can it be ?  
A mist is o'er his eyes ;  
He stands aghast.—“ Oh ! what is this ?  
Where ? where ? ”—he wildly cries.

“ Where am I ?—see the altar-piece—  
The Holy Bible : say—  
Is this the place where I was brought  
A tiny boy to pray ?

“ The church—the church-yard too—I know  
I have been *there* to-night ;

For what? Ha! mercy! see that corpse!  
Oh, hide me from the light!

“I have been deemed a profligate,  
A gamester, and a knave,  
But ne'er was known to scoff at God  
Or violate the grave!

“I've long been what man should not be,  
But not what I am now.  
Oh help me! help! My tongue is parched!  
There's fire upon my brow!

“Oh save me! hide me from myself!  
I feel my pulses start:  
The horror of this drunken crime  
Hath fixed upon my heart!

“Again! I feel the rushing blood!  
I die!—the unforgiven!  
Again, it comes; all—all is dark—  
I choke—Oh! mercy, Heaven!”

One struggling groan—he reels—he falls—  
On the altar-steps he lies;  
And the others gasp with fear, for now  
*Two* corpses meet their eyes!

But, hark! swift footsteps echo round:  
Encircled now they stand:

Surprised, detected, they are seized  
By many a grappling hand.

And soon the dreadful tale is spread,  
And many a finger raised  
To point them out; while the listening one  
Looks fearfully amazed.

They are shunned by all; the son, the sire,  
The heedless and the gay;  
Their old associates leave their side,  
And turn another way.

Hate, shame, and scorn, have set a mark  
Upon them. One by one,  
Of all they knew, forsakes their path,  
Till they are left alone.

And they have sought another land,  
And breathe another clime;  
Where men may deem them fellow-men,  
Nor hear their blasting crime!

And gossips, in their native town,  
Even now are heard to tell  
Of the sacrilegious crew that turned  
The old church to a hell.



SONG OF THE OLD YEAR.

OH! I have been running a gallant career  
On a courser that needeth nor bridle nor goad :  
But he'll soon change his rider, and leave the Old Year  
Lying low in the dust on Eternity's road.  
Wide has my track been, and rapid my haste,  
But whoever takes heed of my journey will find  
That, in marble-built city and camel-trod waste,  
I have left a fair set of bold way-marks behind.  
I have choked up the earth with the sturdy elm board,  
I have chequered the air with the banners of strife,  
Fresh are the tombstones I've scattered abroad,  
Bright are the young eyes I've opened to life.  
My race is nigh o'er on Time's iron-gray steed,  
Yet he'll still gallop on as he gallops with me :  
And you'll see that his mane will be flying again  
Ere you've buried me under the green holly tree.

If ye tell of the sadness and evil I've wrought,  
Yet remember the share of "good works" I have done ;  
Ye should balance the clouds and the canker I've brought  
With the grapes I have sent to be crushed in the sun.  
If I've added gray threads to the worldly-wise heads,  
I've deepened the chesnut of Infancy's curl ;  
If I've cherished the germ of the shipwrecking worm,  
I've quickened the growth of the crown-studding pearl ;  
If I've lengthened the yew till it brushes the pall,  
I have bid the sweet shoots of the orange bloom swell ;

If I've thickened the moss on the ruin's dank wall,  
I have strengthened the love-bower tendrils as well.  
Then speak of me fairly, and give the Old Year  
A light-hearted parting in kindness and glee,  
Chant a roundelay over my laurel-decked bier,  
And bury me under the green holly tree.

Ye have murmured of late at my gloom-laden hours,  
And look on my pale wrinkled face with a frown;  
But ye laughed when I spangled your pathway with flowers,  
And flung the red clover and yellow corn down.  
Ye shrink from my breathing, and say that I bite—  
So I do—but forget not how friendly we were  
When I fanned your warm cheek in the soft summer night,  
And just toyed with the rose in the merry girl's hair.  
Fill the goblet and drink as my wailing tones sink,  
Let the wassail-bowl drip and revel shout rise—  
But a word in your ear, from the passing Old Year,  
'Tis the last time he'll teach ye—"be merry and wise!"  
Then sing, while I'm sighing my latest farewell,  
The log-lighted ingle my death pyre shall be:  
Dance, dance, while I'm dying, blend carol and bell,  
And bury me under the green holly tree.

STANZAS.

THE ruthless hand of savage strife  
Lays waste the fair and smiling bowers ;  
The ruby flood of streaming blood  
Darkens the earth, and chokes the flowers ;  
But let the fearful day be past—  
The dust forgets the sanguine stain ;  
The crushed sod brightens fresh and fast,  
And leaf and flower are there again.

The sunlight gilds the rippling tide—  
The wave is gentle in its flow—  
Till some rude bark, in sweeping pride,  
Disturbs it with a cleaving prow.  
Foam dashes, as the keel speeds on  
Its chafing track awakes the main ;  
A moment, and the foam is gone—  
The ruffled waters sleep again.

The clouds may meet in frowning form,  
And gather in the face of day ;  
The shadow of the scowling storm  
May overcast the noontide ray ;  
But soon the south wind breathes serene ;  
The bee and bird are on the plain ;  
The sky forgets the storm hath been ;  
And all is joy and light again.

So should our bosoms take the jar  
That thoughtless speech or deed may wake ;  
The wounds which, soon healed, slightly scar,—  
Kept open, fester, bleed, and ache.  
Let not the seed of anger live—  
The yielding heart knows least of pain.  
'Tis wisest to forget, forgive,  
And dwell in love and peace again.

---

WINTER.

WINTER is coming ! who cares ? who cares ?  
Not the wealthy and proud, I trow ;  
“ Let it come,” they cry, “ what matters to us  
How chilly the blast may blow ?

“ We’ll feast and carouse in our lordly halls,  
The goblet of wine we’ll drain ;  
We’ll mock at the wind with shouts of mirth,  
And music’s echoing strain.

“ Little care we for the biting frost,  
While the fire gives forth its blaze ;  
What to us is the dreary night,  
While we dance in the waxlight’s rays ?”

'Tis thus the rich of the land will talk ;  
But think ! oh, ye pompous great,  
That the harrowing storm *ye* laugh at within  
Falls bleak on the *poor at your gate !*

They have blood in their veins, aye, pure as thine !  
But naught to quicken its flow ;—  
They have limbs that feel the whistling gale,  
And shrink from the driving snow.

Winter is coming—oh ! think, ye great,  
On the roofless, naked, and old ;  
Deal with them kindly, as man with man,  
And spare them a tithe of your gold !

---

L O V E .

'Tis well to wake the theme of love  
When chords of wild ecstatic fire  
Fling from the harp, and amply prove  
The soul as joyous as the lyre.

Such theme is blissful when the heart  
Warms with the precious name we pour ;

When our deep pulses glow and start  
Before the idol we adore.

Sing ye, whose doating eyes behold,  
Whose ears can drink the dear one's tone,  
Whose hands may press, whose arms may fold,  
The prized, the beautiful, thine own.

But, should the ardent hopes of youth  
Have cherished dreams that darkly fled ;  
Should passion, purity, and truth,  
Live on, despairing o'er the dead ;

Should we have heard some sweet voice hushed,  
Breathing our name in latest vow ;  
Should our fast heavy tears have gushed  
Above a cold, yet worshipped brow ;

Oh ! say, then can the minstrel choose  
The themes that gods and mortals praise ?  
No, no ; the spirit will refuse,  
And sadly shun such raptured lays.

For who can bear to touch the string  
That yields but anguish in its strain ;  
Whose lightest notes have power to wring  
The keenest pangs from breast and brain ?

“ Sing ye of love in words that burn,”  
Is what full many a lip will ask ;

But love the dead, and ye will learn  
Such bidding is no gentle task.

Oh! pause in mercy, ere ye blame  
The one who lends not love his lyre ;  
That which *ye* deem ethereal flame  
May be to *him* a torture pyre.

---

SONG OF THE SEA-GULLS.

BIRDS of the land, ye may carol and fly  
O'er the golden corn 'neath a harvest sky ;  
Your portion is fair mid fields and flowers,  
But it is not so broad or so free as ours.  
Ye are content with the groves and the hills,  
Ye feed in the valleys and drink at the rills ;  
But what are the joys of the forest and plain  
To those we find on the fresh wide main ?

Birds of the land, ye rear your broods  
In the lofty tree or tangled woods,  
Where the branch may be reft by the howling wind,  
Or the prowling schoolboy seek and find ;  
But we roost high on the beetling rock,  
That firmly stands the hurricane's shock.  
Our callow young may rest in a home  
Where no shot can reach and no footstep come.



Birds of the land, ye shrink and hide  
As the tempest-cloud spreads black and wide ;  
Your songs are hushed in cowering fear  
As the startling thunder-clap breaks near ;  
But the brave gull soars while the deluge pours,  
While the stout ship groans and the keen blast roars.  
Oh ! the sea-gull leads the gayest life  
While the storm-fiends wage their fiercest strife.

We lightly skim o'er the breaker's dash,  
Where timbers strike with parting crash ;  
We play round the dark hull, sinking fast,  
And find a perch on the tottering mast ;  
More loud and glad is our shrieking note  
As the planks and spars of the wrecked bark float.  
There live we in revelling glee,  
Mid the whistling gale and raging sea.

We are not caught and caged to please  
The fondled heirs of wealth and ease ;  
The hands of beauty never come  
With soft caress or dainty crumb ;  
We are not the creatures of petted love,  
We have not the fame of the lark or dove ;  
But our screaming tone rings harsh and wild,  
To glad the ears of the fisher's child.

He hears our pinions flapping by,  
And follows our track with wistful eye,  
As we leave the clouds with rapid whirl

To dive 'neath the water's sweeping curl.  
He laughs to see us plunge and lave  
While the northern gale is waking the wave ;  
And dances about, mid sand and spray,  
To mimic the sea-gull's merry play.

We hold our course o'er the deep or the land,  
O'er the swelling tide or weed-grown strand ;  
We are safe and joyous when mad waves roll,  
We sport o'er the whirlpool, the rock, and the shoal ;—  
Away on the winds we plume our wings,  
And soar the freest of all free things  
Oh ! the sea-gull leads a merry life  
In the glassy calm or tempest strife.

---

### OUR NATIVE SONG.

OUR native song ! our native song !  
Oh ! where is he who loves it not ?  
The spell it holds is deep and strong,  
Where'er we go, whate'er our lot.  
Let other music greet our ear  
With thrilling fire or dulcet tone ;  
We speak to praise, we pause to hear,  
But yet—oh ! yet—'tis not our own !

The anthem chant, the ballad wild,  
The notes that we remember long—  
The theme we sung with lispings tongue—  
'Tis *this* we love—our native song!

The one who bears the felon's brand,  
With moody brow and darkened name,  
Thrust meanly from his father-land,  
To languish out a life of shame ;  
Oh ! let him hear some simple strain—  
Some lay his mother taught her boy—  
He'll feel the charm, and dream again  
Of home, of innocence, and joy !  
The sigh will burst, the drops will start,  
And all of virtue, buried long—  
The best, the purest in his heart,  
Is wakened by his native song.

Self-exiled from our place of birth,  
To climes more fragrant, bright, and gay,  
The memory of our own fair earth  
May chance awhile to fade away :  
But should some minstrel echo fall,  
Of chords that breathe Old England's fame,  
Our souls will burn, our spirits yearn,  
True to the land we love and claim.  
The high ! the low ! in weal or wo,  
Be sure there's something coldly wrong  
About the heart that does not glow  
To hear its own, its native song.

THE POOR IRISH BOY.

BALLAD STANZAS.

OH! I wish that the strange kith and kin of my father  
Had never remembered poor Norah at all,  
They have left me a heap of bright gold, but I'd rather  
Go back as I was to the clay cottage wall.  
Gay lovers in plenty come whining and wooing,  
I'm followed as close as a deer by the hounds;  
False-hearted fellows! I know what they're doing,  
They're courting my pennies, now turned into pounds.  
But Dermot, dear Dermot—oh! wo is my breathing,  
Dermot has stricken the root of my joy;  
For he passes me by with a flash in his eye,  
Saying, "Norah's too rich for the poor Irish boy."

Oh! will I forget when he helped me to carry  
The bucket of water and basket of peat;  
When I left him alone, and yet found he would tarry  
To gaze on the dew-moistened prints of my feet?  
Oh! will I forget his sad praying and weeping  
When the sickness of fever was wasting my cheek;  
When he turned from his bread, and watched on without  
sleeping,  
With a sorrow too deep for his white lips to speak!

Oh! Dermot, dear Dermot, though gold oft bewitches,  
And the best of our souls it can often destroy ;  
Yet Norah's warm heart would soon break amid riches,  
Unless they were shared by the poor Irish boy.

Though the pledge in pure whiskey too often he's drinking,  
Though he idles his time, singing "Cush la ma chree ;"  
Yet they cannot be mighty great faults—I am thinking,  
When the glass and the song are both sacred to me.  
They tell me his face has no beauty about it,  
But beauty's a garb for a butterfly's wear ;  
I'm not sure but I love him the better without it,  
Yet how white are his teeth and how black is his hair  
Dermot, my own darling Dermot, oh! never  
Believe that I'll look on another with joy ;  
But just ask me once more if I'll have you forever,  
And see if I'll turn from the poor Irish boy.

LOCH LEVEN'S GENTLE STREAM.

I'VE gazed upon the rapid Rhine,  
I've seen its waters foam and shine ;  
I've watched its cascades, wild and bright,  
Leap proudly on, in rainbow light :  
Its waves have charmed my dazzled eye,  
Like molten silver dashing by :—  
Still, still, I could not love the Rhine !  
The land it watered was not mine !  
I sighed to see the moon's mild beam  
Fall on Loch Leven's gentle stream !

I've wandered by the placid Rhone,  
When night was on her starry throne ;  
I've looked upon the Tiber's tide,  
And plucked the wild flowers by its side ;  
I've heard the gondolier's wild note  
O'er the lagoons' fair waters float :—  
Still, still, I turned, with willing feet,  
My native north again to greet !  
Again to see the moon's mild beam  
Fall on Loch Leven's gentle stream !

THOSE WE LOVE.

WE leave our own—our father-land,  
To lead the wanderer's fearful life—  
On stormy seas or desert sand,  
In pilgrim peace or busy strife ;  
But there's a hope to save and cheer  
Through all of danger, toil, and pain ;  
It shines to dry the starting tear,  
And lights the pathway back again  
To those we love.

Let others give us gems and gold,  
With gems and gold we'd lightly part -  
We take them, but we do not hold  
The treasures sacred in the heart.  
Such costly boons may have the power  
To win our thanks and wake our pride ;  
But dearer is the withered flower  
That has been worn and thrown aside  
By those we love.

We pine beneath the regal dome,  
We prize not all that's rich and fair ;  
We cannot rest in princely home,  
If those we cherish dwell not there.  
But let the spirit choose its lot,  
We'd rather take the rover's tent,



Or gladly share the peasant's cot,  
And bless the flying moments spent  
With those we love

And when at last the hand of death  
Has dimmed the glance and chilled the breast,  
When trembling word and fleeting breath  
Dwell on the name we like the best;—  
E'en then, however keen the throe,  
'Tis easy for ourselves to die  
The deepest anguish is to know  
That grief will wring the mourner's sigh  
From those we love.

---

### STANZAS

THE wild bee and the butterfly  
Are bright and happy things to see;  
Living beneath a summer sky  
And nestling in an orange tree.

The eagle, monarch of the rocks,  
Soars nobly in his lonely flight,  
Mid lightning streams and thunder shocks,  
The bird of freedom, strength, and might.

The graceful chamois bounding leaps  
Where other steps would pause and shrink ;  
He spans the gulf, he climbs the steeps,  
And sports upon the topmost brink.

Blest things of earth, the bright, the brave,  
In lands of serfdom still the free ;  
Yet not one privilege ye have  
Is sought or coveted by me.

But I have heard an eastern tale  
Of creature patient, mild, and fair,  
Whose faith is never known to fail  
Till man gives more than brute should bear.

Then, meekly proud, its head is bowed,  
With wrong and suffering oppressed,  
To breathe its gentle life away,  
And sink at once in death and rest.

*This* is the privilege I'd ask  
When throbbing pulse and aching brow  
Betray how sadly dark the task  
The soul may have to learn below.

Oh ! I have lived through many an hour  
That bade my writhing spirit cry—  
“ Give me the Lama's fabled power :  
Break, break, my heart, and let me die.”

THE DEAD.

WHEN the clear red sun goes down,  
    Passing in glory away ;  
And night is spreading her twilight frown  
    On the open brow of day ;—  
When the faintest glimmering trace is gone,  
    And all of light is fled ;  
Then, then does memory, sad and lone,  
    Call back the dear ones dead.

When the harp's soul-touching chord  
    Is roughly frayed and torn ;  
When of all tones the string that poured  
    The fullest is outworn ;  
When it is heard to breathe and break,  
    Its latest magic shed ;  
Then, then will my warm heart bleed and ache,  
    And cherish the kind ones dead.

When the elm's rich leaf is seen  
    Losing its freshness fast,  
And paleness steals on its vivid green,  
    As the autumn wind moans past ;  
When it eddies to the cold damp ground,  
    All crushed beneath the tread ;  
Then, then may the tear in my eye be found,  
    For I muse on the fair ones dead.

For, like that orb of light,  
That chord, and shining leaf,  
Forms were once near as rare and bright,  
And oh! their stay as brief.  
I watched them fading—I saw them sink,  
Light, beauty, sweetness fled;  
And a type of their being bids me think  
Too fondly of the dead.

The sun will rise again,  
The string may be replaced,  
The tree will bloom—but the loved in the tomb  
Leaves the world forever waste.  
Let earth yield all the joys it may,  
Still should I bow my head;  
Still would my lonely breathing say,  
Give, give me back the dead.

As the thickest verdure springs  
From the ashes of decay;  
And the living ivy closest clings  
To the ruins cold and gray:  
So my feelings most intense and deep  
By the shrouded and lost are fed;  
So my thoughts will yearn, and my spirit turn,  
To be nurtured by the dead.

**DINNA FORGET ME**

THE last time we roved through Lochaber's dark glen,  
When the red blooming heather wi' night-dew was wet,  
You ken, bonnie lass, what you promised me then ;  
You canna forget, love ! you canna forget !

You said when the harvest moon blinked forth again,  
When the gowans' gay hues and the simmer-beams met,  
That the kirk and the goud ring should make you my ain.  
Dinna forget, love ! oh, dinna forget !

And now the sun glitters o'er brae, and through birk ;  
Though late in the gloaming his bray lingers yet :  
Simmer is come, love ; the ring and the kirk  
Dinna forget, love ! oh, dinna forget !

---

**THE THAMES.**

LET the Rhine be blue and bright  
In its path of liquid light,  
Where the red grapes fling a beam  
Of glory on the stream ;  
Let the gorgeous beauty there

Mingle all that's rich and fair ;  
Yet to me it ne'er could be  
Like that river, great and free,  
    The Thames ! the mighty Thames !

Though it bear no azure wave,  
Though no pearly foam may lave,  
Or leaping cascades pour  
Their rainbows on its shore ;  
Yet I ever chose to dwell  
Where I heard its gushing swell ;  
And never skimmed its breast,  
But I warmly praised and blest  
    The Thames ! the mighty Thames !

Can ye find in all the world  
A braver flag unfurled  
Than that which floats above  
The stream I sing and love ?  
Oh ! what a burning glow  
Has thrilled my breast and brow,  
To see that proud flag come  
With glory to its home,  
    The Thames ! the mighty Thames !

Did ribs more firm and fast  
E'er meet the shot or blast  
Than the gallant barks that glide  
On its full and steady tide ?  
Would ye seek a dauntless crew,

With hearts to dare and hands to do ?  
You'll find the foe proclaims  
They are cradled on the Thames,  
    The Thames! the mighty Thames!

They say the mountain child  
Oft loves his torrent wild  
So well that should he part  
He breaks his pining heart.  
He grieves with smothered sighs  
Till his wearing spirit dies.  
And so I yearn to thee,  
Thou river of the free,  
    My own, my native Thames!



### SONG OF THE MARINERS

THE miser will hold his darling gold  
Till his eyes are glazed and his hands are cold ;  
The minstrel one to his wild lyre clings  
As though its chords were his own heart-strings ;  
No dearer boon will the reveller ask  
Than the draught that deepens the purple flask ;  
But the firmest love-link that can be  
Chains the mariners bold to the pathless sea.



Choose ye who will earth's dazzling bowers,  
But the great and glorious sea be ours ;  
Give us, give us the dolphin's home,  
With the speeding keel and splashing foam :  
Right merry are we as the sound bark springs  
On her lonely track like a creature of wings.  
Oh, the mariner's life is blythe and gay,  
When the sky is fair and the ship on her way.

We love the perilous sea, because  
It will not bend to man or his laws ;  
It ever hath rolled the uncontrolled,  
It cannot be warped to fashion or mould :  
Now quiet and fair as a sleeping child ;  
Now rousing in tempests madly wild ;  
And who shall wean the mighty flood  
From its placid dream, or passionate mood ?

We are not so apt to forget our God  
As those who dwell on the dry safe sod ;  
For we know each leaping wave we meet  
May be a crystal winding-sheet ;  
We know each blustering gale that blows  
May requiem to a last repose ;  
And the chafing tide, as it roars and swells,  
Hath as solemn a tone as the calling bells.

The land has its beauty, its sapphire and rose ;  
But look on the colours the bright main shows,  
While each billow flings from its pearly fringe

The lucid jewels of rainbow tinge.  
Go, mark the waters at sunny noon,  
Go, float beneath the full clear moon,  
And cold is the spirit that wakes not there  
With wondering praise and worshipping prayer.

'Tis true, we may sink mid deluge and blast, '  
But we cope with the strong, we are quelled by the  
    vast ;

And a noble urn is the foundered wreck,  
Though no incense may burn, and no flower may deck  
We need no stately funeral car ;  
But, tangled with salt weeds and lashed to a spar,  
Down, down below the mariners go,  
While thunders volley and hurricanes blow.

But little do we bold mariners care  
What hour we fall, or what risk we dare,  
For the groan on the struggling sailor's lip  
Is less for himself than his dying ship.  
Oh ! ours is the life for the free and the brave ;  
We dance o'er the planks that may yawn as a grave,  
We laugh mid the foam of our perilous home,  
And are ready for death whene'er it may come.

ROVER'S SONG.

I'm afloat ! I'm afloat on the fierce rolling tide ;  
The ocean's my home ! and my bark is my bride !  
Up—up with my flag ! let it wave o'er the sea ;  
I'm afloat ! I'm afloat, and the rover is free !

I fear not a monarch—I heed not the law ;  
I've a compass to steer by, a dagger to draw ;  
And ne'er as a coward or slave will I kneel,  
While my guns carry shot, or my belt bears a steel !

Quick—quick—trim her sails ; let her sheets kiss the  
wind ;  
And I warrant we'll soon leave the sea-gull behind ;  
Up—up with my flag ! let it wave o'er the sea !  
I'm afloat ! I'm afloat ! and the rover is free !

The night gathers o'er us ; the thunder is heard ;  
What matter ? our vessel skims on like a bird ;  
What to her is the dash of the storm-ridden main ?  
She has braved it before, and will brave it again !

The fire-gleaming flashes around us may fall ;  
They may strike ; they may cleave ; but they cannot  
appal.

With lightnings above us, and darkness below,  
Through the wild waste of waters right onward we go .

Hurrah! my brave crew! ye may drink, ye may  
sleep;  
The storm-fiend is hushed; we're alone on the deep;  
Our flag of defiance still waves o'er the sea;  
Hurrah, boys! hurrah, boys! the rover is free!

---

#### THE BOAT-CLOAK.

HE is ready to sail, and he gazes with pride  
On the bright buttoned jacket, the dirk by his side;  
But the trappings of gold do not waken his joy  
Like the boat-cloak his mother flings over her boy.  
With graceful affection 'tis hung on his arm,  
While he marks its full drapery, ample and warm.  
"Thou'rt my shipmate," he cries, "'twill go hard if we part,"  
And the boat-cloak seems linked to the sailor boy's heart.

Years brown his cheek, and far, far on the sea,  
Carefully keeping the mid-watch is he.  
The chill breeze is defied by his close-clinging vest,  
For the weather-tanned boat-cloak encircles his breast.  
The rocks are before and the sands are behind,  
The wind mocks the thunder, the thunder the wind.  
The noble ship founders—he leaps from the deck,  
And his boat-cloak is all that he saves from the wreck.

Age comes, and he tells of his perils gone by,  
Till the veteran lays him down calmly to die.  
And soft is the pillow that bears his gray head,  
And warm is the clothing that's heaped on his bed.  
But "My boat-cloak!" he cries—"I am turning all cold,  
Oh, wrap me once more in its cherishing fold."  
'Tis around him, he clasps it, he smiles, and he sighs,  
He murmurs, "My boat-cloak, thou'rt warmest!" and dies.

---

### THE FLAG OF THE FREE.

'Tis the streamer of England—it floats o'er the brave—  
'Tis the fairest unfurled o'er the land or the wave;  
But though brightest in story and matchless in fight,  
'Tis the herald of mercy as well as of might.  
In the cause of the wronged may it ever be first—  
When tyrants are humbled and fetters are burst:  
Be "Justice" the war-shout, and dastard is he  
Who would scruple to die 'neath the flag of the free!

It may trail o'er the halyards a bullet-torn rag,  
Or flutter in shreds from the battlement crag;  
Let the shot whistle through it as fast as it may,  
Till it sweep the last glorious tatter away:  
What matter! we'd hoist the blue jacket on high,

Or the soldier's red sash from the spear-head should fly.  
Though it were but a ribbon, the foeman should see  
The proud signal, and own it—the flag of the free !

Have we ever looked out from a far foreign shore,  
To mark the gay pennon each passing ship bore ;  
And watched every speck that arose on the foam,  
In hope of glad tidings from country and home :  
Has our straining eye caught the loved colours at last,  
And seen the dear bark bounding on to us fast ?—  
Then, then have our hearts learnt how precious can be  
The fair streamer of England—the flag of the free !

---

### THE BRAVE.

FOR whom are your gyves ? for the cowardly one,  
Who would strike in the dark, and steal back in the sun ?  
For the felon who never hath used his right hand  
But to injure his brothers and merit the brand ?  
Go, fetter the traitor and dastardly spy ;  
Let them joylessly live and despairingly die :  
THEY are guerdoned right well with the doom of the  
    slave ;  
But away with your chains from the *honestly* brave !

Could a Wallace or Washington—spirits divine !  
Live on as the captured to languish and pine ?  
Should earth show a wall as the dungeon of such,  
Or aught like a fetter profane with its touch ?  
No, no ! when the destiny woven by fate  
Gives us power to trample and vanquish the great,  
Strike, strike in pure mercy ; 'twere torture to save ;  
Fell at once, but oh ! forge not a link for the brave.

The lion may yield—let him sink, let him bleed ;  
But seek not to tame him, to bind and to lead.  
Launch thy barb, bring the proud eagle down from his  
swoop ;  
But a curse on the hand that would build him a coop.  
Oh, give not the noble one trammels to wear,  
Till the heart-strings are snapped by the pressure they bear :  
Let him fall like the free—give him death and a grave ;  
But never, in mercy, place chains on the brave !

---

THE STAR OF MY HOME.

I REMEMBER the days when my spirit would turn  
From the fairest of scenes and the sweetest of song,  
When the hearth of the stranger seemed coldly to burn,  
And the moments of pleasure for me were too long ;  
For one name and one form shone in glory and light,  
And lured back from all that might tempt me to roam.



The festal was joyous, but was not so bright  
As the smile of a mother, the star of my home.

I remember the days when the tear filled my eye,  
And the heaving sob wildly disturbed my young  
breast ;

But the hand of that loved one the lashes would dry,  
And her soothing voice lull my chafed bosom to rest.

The sharpest of pain and the saddest of woes,  
The darkest, the deepest of shadows might come ;  
Yet each wound had its balm, while my soul could  
repose

On the heart of a mother, the star of my home !

But now let me rove the wide world as I may,  
There's no form to arise as a magnet for me ;  
I can rest amid strangers, and laugh with the gay—  
Content with the pathway, where'er it may be.

Let sorrow or pain fling their gloomiest cloud,  
There's no haven to shelter, no beacon to save,  
For the rays that e'er led me are quenched by the  
shroud,

And the star of my home has gone down in the  
grave.

THROUGH THE WATERS.

THROUGH the forest, through the forest, oh! who would  
not like to roam,  
Where the squirrel leaps right gaily and the shy fawn  
makes a home ;  
Where branches, spreading high and wide, shut out the  
golden sun,  
And hours of noontide steal away all shadowy and dun ?  
'Tis sweet to pluck the ivy sprigs or seek the hidden  
nest,  
To track the spot where owlets hide and wild deer take  
their rest ;  
Through the forest, through the forest, oh, 'tis passing  
sweet to take  
Our lonely way mid springy moss, thick bush, and  
tangled brake.

Through the valley, through the valley, where the glit-  
tering harebells peep,  
Where laden bees go droning by, and hum themselves  
to sleep ;  
Where all that's bright with bloom and light springs  
forth to greet the day,  
And every blade pours incense to the warm and cloud-  
less ray ;  
Where children come to laugh away their happy summer  
hours,

To chase the downy butterfly, or crown themselves with  
flowers :

Through the valley, through the valley, oh ! who does  
not like to bask

Amid the fairest beauties Heayen can give or man can ask ?

Through the desert, through the desert, where the Arab  
takes his course,

With none to bear him company except his gallant horse ;  
Where none can question will or right, where landmarks  
ne'er impede,

But all is wide and limitless to rider and to steed.

No purling streamlet murmurs there, no chequered sha  
dows fall ;

'Tis torrid, waste, and desolate, but free to each and all.

Through the desert, through the desert ! Oh, the Arab  
would not change

For purple robes or olive trees his wild and burning  
range.

Through the waters, through the waters, ah ! be this the  
joy for me,

Upon the flowing river or the broad and dashing sea ;

Of all that wealth could offer me the choicest boon I'd  
crave

Would be a bold and sturdy bark upon the open wave.

I love to see the wet sails fill before the whistling  
breath,

And feel the ship cleave on as though she spurned the  
flood beneath.

Through the waters, through the waters, can ye tell me  
what below

Is freer than the wind-lashed main, or swifter than the  
prow ?

I love to see the merry craft go running on her side ;  
I laugh to see her splashing on before the rapid tide ;  
I love to mark the white and hissing foam come boil-  
ing up,

Fresh as the froth that hangs about the Thunderer's nec-  
tar cup.

All sail away : ah ! who would stay to pace the dusty  
land

If once they trod a gallant ship, steered by a gallant band.  
Through the waters, through the waters, oh ! there's not a  
joy for me

Like racing with the gull upon a broad and dashing sea !

---

STANZAS TO THE YOUNG.

Long have the wisest lips confessed  
That minstrel ones are far from wrong  
Who "point a moral" in a jest,  
Or yield a sermon in a song.

So be it ! Listen ye who will,  
And, though my harp be roughly strung,

Yet never shall its lightest thrill  
Offend the old or taint the young.

Mark me ! I ne'er presume to teach  
The man of wisdom, gray and sage :  
'Tis to the growing I would preach  
From moral text and mentor page.

First, I would bid thee cherish truth,  
As leading star in virtue's train :  
Folly may pass, nor tarnish youth,  
But falsehood leaves a poison stain.

Keep watch, nor let the burning tide  
Of impulse break from all control :  
The best of hearts needs pilot-guide  
To steer it clear from error's shoal.

One wave of passion's boiling flood  
May all the sea of life disturb ;  
And steeds of good but fiery blood  
Will rush on death without a curb.

Think on the course ye fain would run,  
And moderate the wild desire ;  
There's many a one would drive the sun,  
Only to set the world on fire.

Slight not the one of honest worth,  
Because no star adorns his breast :

The lark soars highest from the earth,  
Yet ever leaves the lowest nest.

Heed but the bearing of a tree,  
And if it yield a wholesome fruit,  
A shallow, envious fool is he  
Who spurns it for its forest root.

Let fair humanity be thine,  
To fellow-man and meanest brute :  
'Tis nobly taught ; the code's divine—  
Mercy is God's chief attribute.

The coward wretch whose hand and heart  
Can bear to torture aught below,  
Is ever first to quail and start  
From slightest pain or equal foe.

Be not too ready to condemn  
The wrong thy brothers may have done ;  
Ere ye too harshly censure them  
For human faults, ask—" Have I none ?"

Live that thy young and glowing breast  
Can think of death without a sigh ;  
And be assured *that* life is best  
Which finds us least afraid to die !

A HOME IN THE HEART.

Oh ! ask not a home in the mansions of pride,  
Where marble shines out in the pillars and walls ;  
Though the roof be of gold it is brilliantly cold,  
And joy may not be found in its torch-lighted halls.  
But seek for a bosom all honest and true,  
Where love once awakened will never depart ;  
Turn, turn to that breast like the dove to its nest,  
And you'll find there's no home like a home in the  
heart.

Oh ! link but one spirit that's warmly sincere,  
That will heighten your pleasure and solace your care ;  
Find a soul you may trust as the kind and the just,  
And be sure the wide world holds no treasure so rare.  
Then the frowns of misfortune may shadow our lot,  
The cheek-searing tear-drops of sorrow may start,  
But a star never dim sheds a halo for him  
Who can turn for repose to a home in the heart.



THE HOMES OF THE DEAD.

WE must not make a home for the dead,  
Nor raise an osiered mound,  
Till the eloquent prayer and priestly tread  
Have sanctified the ground.

But there are those who fall and die  
Upon the desert land,  
With no pall above but the torrid sky,  
No bier but the scorching sand.

No turf is laid, no sexton's spade  
Chimes in with the mourner's groans ;  
But the prowling jackal finds a feast,  
And the red sun crumbles the bones.

There are those who go down in the dark wild sea,  
When storms have wrecked proud ships,  
With none to heed what the words may be  
That break from their gurgling lips.

No anthem peal flows sweet and loud,  
No tablets mark their graves ;  
But they soundly sleep in a coral shroud,  
To the dirge of the rolling waves.

There are those who sink on the mountain path,  
With cold and curdling blood ;  
With the frozen sleet for a funeral sheet,  
And no mates but the vulture brood :

No tolling bell proclaims their knell,  
No memory stone is found ;  
But the snow-drift rests on their skeleton breasts,  
And the bleaching winds sweep round.

There are those who fall on the purple field,  
In glory's mad career ;  
Their dying couch—a battered shield,  
Their cross of faith—a spear :

No priest has been there with robes and prayer  
To consecrate the dust ;  
Where the soldier sleeps his steed sleeps too,  
And his gore-stained weapons rust.

No cypress waves, no daisy grows,  
Above such pillows of rest ;  
Yet say, are the riteless graves of those  
Unholy or unblest ?

'Tis well to find our last repose  
'Neath the churchyard's sacred sod ;  
But those who sleep in the desert or deep  
Are watched by the self-same God.

S T A N Z A S .

THEY tell us that the deep sea hath  
More dangers than the shore ;  
They whisper tales of ocean wrath  
And breakers' deadly roar.  
How oft the ruddy cheek will pale  
To leave the earth behind !  
How oft the glowing heart will quail  
Before the tempest wind !  
We fear the billows' dash, but why ?  
There's One to guard and save ;  
There's One whose wide and watchful eye  
Sleeps not above the wave.

Why should the soul withdraw its trust  
Upon the foamy track ?  
HE who gave life, all wise and just,  
Knows when to ask it back.  
Though death were nigh, I would not shrink ;  
My faith, my hope, should rest  
Upon a Maker's will, and think  
Whate'er HE willed the best.  
I'd ever trust the ruling hand,  
Howe'er the storm might rave,  
For HE who watches o'er the land  
Sleeps not above the wave.

PRAYER.

How purely true, how deeply warm,  
The inly-breathed appeal may be,  
Though adoration wears no form,  
In upraised hand or bended knee.  
One Spirit fills all boundless space,  
No limit to the when or where ;  
And little recks the time or place  
That leads the soul to praise and prayer.

Father above, Almighty one,  
Creator, is that worship vain  
That hails each mountain as thy throne,  
And finds a universál fane ?  
When shining stars, or spangled sod,  
Call forth devotion, who shall dare  
To blame, or tell me that a God  
Will never deign to hear such prayer ?

Oh, prayer is good when many pour  
Their voices in one solemn tone ;  
Conning their sacred lessons o'er  
Or yielding thanks for mercies shown.  
'Tis good to see the quiet train  
Forget their worldly joy and care,  
While loud response and choral strain  
Re-echo in the house of prayer.

But often have I stood to mark  
The setting sun and closing flower ;  
When silence and the gathering dark  
Shed holy calmness o'er the hour.  
Lone on the hills, my soul confessed  
More rapt and burning homage there,  
And served the Maker it addressed  
With stronger zeal and closer prayer.

When watching those we love and prize,  
Till all of life and hope be fled ;  
When we have gazed on sightless eyes,  
And gently stayed the falling head ;  
Then what can sooth the stricken heart,  
What solace overcome despair ;  
What earthly breathing can impart  
Such healing balm as lonely prayer ?

When fears and perils thicken fast,  
And many dangers gather round ;  
When human aid is vain and past,  
No mortal refuge to be found ;  
Then can we firmly lean on heaven,  
And gather strength to meet and bear ;  
No matter where the storm has driven,  
A saving anchor lives in prayer.

Oh, God ! how beautiful the thought,  
How merciful the blessed decree,  
That grace can e'er be found when sought,

And naught shut cut the soul from Thee.  
The cell may cramp, the fetters gall,  
The flame may scorch, the rack may tear ;  
But torture-stake, or prison-wall,  
Can be endured with faith and prayer.

In desert wilds, in midnight gloom ;  
In grateful joy, in trying pain ;  
In laughing youth, or nigh the tomb ;  
Oh when is prayer unheard or vain ?  
The Infinite, the King of kings,  
Will never heed the when or where ;  
He'll ne'er reject a heart that brings  
The offering of fervent prayer.

---

#### THE KING'S OLD HALL.

Few ages since, and wild echoes awoke  
In thy sweeping dome and panelling oak ;  
Thy seats were filled with a princely band,  
Rulers of men and lords of the land.  
Loudly they raved, and gaily they laughed,  
O'er the golden chalice and sparkling draught ;  
And the glittering board and gem-studded plume  
Proclaimed thee a monarch's revelling room.

But now the spider is weaving his woof,  
Making his loom of thy sculptured roof ;  
The slug is leaving his slimy stain,  
Trailing his way o'er thy Gothic pane ;  
Weeds have gathered and moss hath grown  
On thy topmost ridge and lowest stone ;  
And the wheeling bat comes flapping his wing  
On the walls that circled a banqueting king.

The idle stare and vulgar tread  
May fall where the regal train was spread ;  
The gloomy owl may hide its nest,  
And the speckled lizard safely rest.  
Who were the revellers ? where are their forms ?  
Go to the charnel, and ask of the worms.  
They are low in the dust, forgotten and passed,  
And the pile they raised is following fast.

Oh, man, vain man ! how futile your aim,  
When building your temples to pleasure and fame !  
Go, work for heaven with faith and care ;  
Let good works secure thee a mansion there.  
For the palace of pageantry crumbles away ;  
Its beauty and strength are mocked by decay ;  
And a voice from the desolate halls of kings  
Cries, " Put not your trust in corrupted things ! "



GALLA BRAE.

O, TELL me did ye ever see  
Sweet Galla on a simmer night,  
When ilka star had oped its e'e,  
An' tipped the broom wi' saft pale light ?  
Ye'd never gang toward the town,  
Ye wadna like the flauntie day,  
If ance ye saw the moon blink down  
Her bonnie beams on Galla Brae.

A' silent, save the wimpling tune,  
The win's asleep, nae leaflet stirs ;  
O' gie me Galla 'neath the moon,  
Its siller birk an' goudon furze.  
There's monie anither leesome glen ;  
But let 'em talk o' wilk they may,  
O' a' the rigs an' shaws I ken  
There's nane sae fair as Galla Brae.

I crept a wee thing on its sod,  
A laughing laddie there I strayed ;  
I roved beside its burnie's tide  
In morning air an' gloaming shade :  
Its gowans were the first I pu'd,  
An' still my leal heart loves it sae  
That when I dee nae grave would be  
Sic hallowed earth as Galla Brae.

STANZAS

THEY call the world a dreary place,  
And tell long tales of sin and wo;  
As if there were no blessed trace  
Of sunshine to be found below.

They point, when autumn winds are sighing,  
To falling leaves and withered flowers;  
But shall we only mourn them dying,  
And never note their brilliant hours?

They mark the rainbow's fading light,  
And say it is the type of man,  
"So passeth he"—but, oh! how bright  
The transient glory of the span!

They liken life unto the stream,  
That swift and shallow pours along;  
But beauty marks the rippling gleam,  
And music fills the bubbling song.

Why should the preacher ever rave  
Of sorrow, death, and "dust to dust?"  
We know that we shall fill<sup>d</sup> a grave,—  
But why be sad before we must?

Look round the world and we shall see,  
Despite the Cynic's snarling groan,  
Much to awaken thankful glee,  
As well as wring the hopeless moan.

Perchance the laden tree we shake  
    May have a reptile at its root ;  
But shall we only see the snake,  
    And quite forget the grateful fruit ?

Shall we forget each sunny morn,  
    And tell of one dire lightning stroke ?  
Of all the suits that we have worn  
    Shall we but keep the funeral cloak ?

Oh ! why should our own hands be twining  
    Dark chaplets from the cypress tree ?  
Why stand in gloomy spots repining,  
    When further on sweet buds may be ?

'Tis true that nightshade oft will bind us,  
    That eyes the brightest will be dim ;  
Old wrinkled Care too oft will find us,  
    But why should we go seeking him ?

---

### THE SLUMBER OF DEATH.

PEACEFUL and fair is the smiling repose  
That the breast-cradled slumber of infancy knows ;  
Sound is the rest of the weary and worn,  
Whose feet have been galled with the dust and the thorn ;  
  
Sweet is the sleep on the eyelids of youth  
When they dream of the world as all pleasure and truth :

Yet child, pilgrim, and youth, shall awaken again  
To the journeys of toil and the trials of pain.

But, oh! there's a fast and a visionless sleep,  
The calm and the stirless, the long and the deep:  
'Tis the sleep that is soundest and sweetest of all,  
When our couch is the bier and our night-robe the pall.

No voice of the foe or the friend shall impart  
The proud flush to the cheek or warm throb to the heart:  
The lips of the dearest may seek for the breath,  
But their kiss cannot rouse the cold stillness of death.

'Tis a long, 'tis a last, 'tis a beautiful rest,  
When all sorrow has passed from the brow and the breast.  
And the lone spirit truly and wisely may crave  
The sleep that is dreamless—the sleep of the grave.

---

SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR.

OLD Time has turnēd another page  
Of eternity and truth;  
He reads with a warning voice to age,  
And whispers a lesson to youth.  
A year has fled o'er heart and head  
Since last the yule log burnt;

And we have a task to closely ask,  
    What the bosom and brain have learnt?  
Oh! let us hope that our sands have run  
    With wisdom's precious grains;  
Oh! may we find that our hands have done  
    Some work of glorious pains.  
Then a welcome and cheer to the merry new year,  
    While the holly gleams above us;  
With a pardon for the foes who hate,  
    And a prayer for those who love us.

We may have seen some loved ones pass  
    To the land of hallowed rest;  
We may miss the glow of an honest brow  
    And the warmth of a friendly breast:  
But if we nursed them while on earth,  
    With hearts all true and kind,  
Will their spirits blame the sinless mirth  
    Of those true hearts left behind?  
No, no! it were not well or wise  
    To mourn with endless pain;  
There's a better world beyond the skies,  
    Where the good shall meet again.  
Then a welcome and cheer to the merry new year,  
    While the holly gleams above us;  
With a pardon for the foes who hate,  
    And a prayer for those who love us.

Have our days rolled on serenely free  
    From sorrow's dim alloy?

Do we still possess the gifts that bless  
    And fill our souls with joy ?  
Are the creatures dear still clinging near ?  
    Do we hear loved voices come ?  
Do we gaze on eyes whose glances shed  
    A halo round our home ?  
Oh, if we do, let thanks be poured  
    To Him who hath spared and given,  
And forget not o'er the festive board  
    The mercies held from heaven.  
Then a welcome and cheer to the merry new year,  
    While the holly gleams above us ;  
With a pardon for the foes who hate,  
    And a prayer for those who love us.

---

OUR SAILORS AND OUR SHIPS.

How dashing in sun and light the frigate makes her  
    way,  
Her white wings spreading full and bright beneath the  
    glancing ray !  
The gale may wake, but she will take whatever wind  
    may come,  
Fit car to bear the ocean-god upon his crystal home.  
She cleaves the tide with might and pride, like war-horse  
    freed from rein,

She treats the wave like abject slave—the empress of the main.

All, all shall mark the gallant bark, their hearts upon their lips,

And cry, “Old England, who shall match thy sailors and thy ships?”

Stout forms, strong arms, and dauntless spirits, dwell upon the deck;

True to their cause in calm or storm, in battle or in wreck.

No foe will meet a coward hand, faint heart, or quailing eye:

They only know to fall or stand, to live the brave or die.  
The flag that carries round the world a Nelson’s victor name

Must never shield a dastard knave or strike in craven shame.

Let triumph scan her blazing page, no record shall eclipse

The glory of old England’s cross, her sailors and her ships.

The tempest breath sweeps o’er the sea with howlings of despair,

Death walks upon the waters, but the tar must face and bear.

The bullets hiss, the broadside pours, mid sulphur, blood, and smoke,

And prove a British crew and craft alike are hearts of oak.



Oh! ye who live mid fruit and flowers—the peaceful, safe,  
and free—

Yield up a prayer for those who dare the perils of the  
sea.

“God and our right!” these are the words e'er first upon  
our lips;

But next shall be, “Old England's flag, our sailors and  
our ships.”

---

STANZAS.

My joy, my hopes, let others share :  
In grief I'd play the miser's part ;  
My lips, my brow, should never bear  
The index of a stricken heart.

If riches were consigned to me,  
No griping hand would clutch the pelf ;  
For valueless the gold would be  
If hoarded only for myself.

If pleasure's cheering rays were mine,  
I would not bask in selfish light,  
But have the circle spread and shine,  
And make all round as glad and bright.

But should my spirit bend and ache  
Beneath some pressing load of wo,

Unheard the heavy sigh must break,  
Unseen the scalding drop must flow !

With sudden stroke or wearing pain  
The barb might pierce, the worm might feed ;  
I'd cloak the wound, I'd hide the chain—  
In secret weep—in silence bleed.

For did my troubled breast reveal  
Its anguish to the world's wide ear,  
The few would grieve, partake, and feel—  
The many would not care to hear.

And could I bear the few, the loved,  
To make my fears and sorrows theirs !  
Could I e'er wish a bosom moved  
To note and mourn my doubts and cares !

'Twere easier far to inly groan,  
And let the canker rankle deep ;  
Better the worst of pangs my own  
Than see a dear one watch and weep !

And who among the busy throng  
Would heed my words or mark my tear ?  
The saddest tale, the foulest wrong,  
Might raise a smile or call a sneer.

Oh ! well I know, whate'er my fate,  
I'd meet and brook it firmly proud,

And rather die beneath the weight  
Than tell it to the soulless crowd.

Joy, hope, and wealth, let others share ;  
In *grief* I'd play the miser's part :  
I'd scatter all that's sweet and fair,  
But lock the nightshade in my heart.

---

CHARLIE O' ROSS WI' THE SLOE BLACK EEN

'Tis down in the glen where the wild thistle grows,  
Where the golden furze glitters, and bonnie broom blows,  
There dwells the braw laddie, sae gallant and free,  
The laddie wha blithely comes wooing o' me.

You may ken him from a' by his beauty sae rare,  
By the bloom on his cheek, and his dark glossy hair ;  
Oh there's nane half sae bright on the hills to be seen  
As Charlie o' Ross, wi' the sloe black een.

He looks like a laird, in his bonnet o' blue ;  
His words are sae soft, and his heart is sae true ;  
The sang that he sings is sae sweet, and sae clear,  
That it falls like the mavis's notes on the ear.

To be loved by him dearly is a' my delight ;  
And he'll gang through the heather to meet me to-night ;

For I promised to lead off the dance on the green,  
Wi' Charlie o' Ross, wi' the sloe black een.

---

STANZAS.

THOUGH like the marble rock of old,  
This heart may seem all hard and cold,  
Yet, like that rock, a touch will bring  
The water from the secret spring.  
Let Memory breathe her softest tone,  
With magic force it breaks the stone ;  
And forth will gush, all fresh and bright,  
The living tide of love and light,  
That pours in vain.

Though like the cloud of gathered storm,  
This brow may be of dull dark form ;  
Yet, like that cloud, the brow may bear  
The spirit lightning hidden there.  
The pensive mood, with charmless frown,  
May weigh my heavy eyelids down ;  
The gloom is deep, but it is fraught  
With flashings of electric thought,  
That burst in pain.

The Eastern flower of desert birth  
Is prized not while it decks the earth ;  
But snatched and gathered, crushed and dead,  
Is valued for its odor shed.

And so this lyre, whose native sound  
Scarce wins the ear of those around,  
May wear a richer wreath of bay,  
When still in death the hand shall lay,  
That wakes its strain.

---

THE FISHER BOY JOLLILY LIVES.

MERRILY oh! merrily oh!

The nets are spread out to the sun;  
Merrily oh! the fisher boy sings,  
Right glad that his labor is done.  
Happy and gay, with his boat in the bay,  
The storm and the danger forgot;  
The wealthy and great might repine at their state,  
And envy the fisher boy's lot.

Merrily oh! merrily oh!

This is the burden he gives;  
Cheerily oh! though the blast may blow,  
The fisher boy jollily lives.

Merrily oh! merrily oh!

He sleeps till the morning breaks;  
Merrily oh! at the sea-gull's scream  
The fisher boy quickly awakes.  
Down on the strand he is plying his hand,  
His shouting is heard again;

The clouds are dark, but he springs to his bark,  
With the same light-hearted strain.  
Merrily oh! merrily oh!  
This is the burden he gives;  
Cheerily oh! though the blast may blow,  
The fisher boy jollily lives.

---

**I THANK THEE, GOD! FOR WEAL AND WO.**

I THANK Thee, GOD! for all I've known  
Of kindly fortune, health, and joy;  
And quite as gratefully I own  
The bitter drops of life's alloy.

Oh! there was wisdom in the blow  
That wrung the sad and scalding tear,  
That laid my dearest idol low,  
And left my bosom lone and drear.

I thank Thee, GOD! for all of smart  
That thou hast sent, for not in vain  
Has been the heavy aching heart,  
The sigh of grief, the throb of pain.

What if my cheek had ever kept  
Its healthful colour, glad and bright?—

What if my eyes had never wept  
Throughout a long and sleepless night ?

Then, then, perchance, my soul had not  
Remembered there were paths less fair,  
And, selfish in my own blest lot,  
Ne'er strove to sooth another's care.

But when the weight of sorrow found  
My spirit prostrate and resigned,  
The anguish of the bleeding wound  
Taught me to feel for all mankind.

Even as from the wounded tree  
The goodly, precious balm will pour ;  
So in the rived heart there'll be  
Mercy that never flowed before.

'Tis well to learn that sunny hours  
May quickly change to mournful shade ;  
'Tis well to prize life's scattered flowers,  
Yet be prepared to see them fade.

I thank Thee, GOD ! for weal and wo ;  
And, whatso'er the trial be,  
'Twill serve to wean me from below,  
And bring my spirit nigher Thee.



STANZAS.—THE TOMB.

Few years ago I shunned the tomb,  
And turned me from a tablet-stone ;  
I shivered in the churchyard gloom,  
And sickened at a bleaching bone.

Then all were round my warm young heart—  
The kindred tie—the cherished form ;  
I knew not what it was to part,  
And give them to the dust and worm.

But soon I lost the gems of earth,  
I saw the dearest cold in death ;  
And sorrow changed my joyous mirth  
To searing drops and sobbing breath.

I stood by graves all dark and deep,  
Pale, voiceless, wrapt in mute despair ;  
I left my soul's adored to sleep  
In stirless, dreamless slumber there.

And now I steal at night to see  
The soft, clear moonbeams playing o'er  
Their hallowed beds, and long to be  
Where all most prized have gone before.

Now I can calmly gaze around  
On osiered heaps, with yearning eye,  
And murmur o'er the grassy mound—  
“’Tis a glorious privilege to die.”

The grave hath lost its conquering might,  
And death its dreaded sting of pain,  
Since they but ope the path of light  
To lead me to the loved again.

---

#### THE SMUGGLER BOY

WE stole away at the fall of night,  
When the red round moon was deepening her light,  
But none knew whither our footsteps bent,  
Nor how those stealthy hours were spent ;  
For we crept away to the rocky bay,  
Where the cave and craft of a fierce band lay ;  
We gave the signal-cry, “ Ahoy ! ”  
And found a mate in the smuggler boy.

His laugh was deep, his speech was bold,  
And we loved the fearful tales he told  
Of the perils he met in his father’s bark,  
Of the chase by day and the storm by dark ;  
We got him to take the light boat out,

And gaily and freshly we dashed about,  
And naught of pleasure could ever decoy  
From the moonlight sail with the smuggler boy.

We caught his spirit, and learnt to love  
The cageless eagle more than the dove ;  
And wild and happy souls were we,  
Roving with him by the heaving sea.  
He whispered the midnight work they did,  
And showed us where the kegs were hid :  
All secrets were ours—a word might destroy—  
But we never betrayed the smuggler boy.

We sadly left him, bound to range  
A distant path of care and change ;  
We have sought him again, but none could relate  
The place of his home, or a word of his fate :  
Long years have sped, but we dream of him now,  
With the red cap tossed on his dauntless brow ;  
And the world hath never given a joy  
Like the moonlight sail with the smuggler boy.

---

MY BIRTHDAY

MOTHER, there's no soft hand comes now  
To smooth the dark curls o'er my brow ;

I hear no voice so low and mild  
As that which breathed "my own loved child."  
No smile will greet, no lips will press,  
No prayer will rise, no words will bless,  
So fond, so dear, so true for me  
As those I ever met from thee.

Oh! that my soul could melt in tears,  
And die beneath the pain it bears;  
The grief that springs, the thoughts that goad,  
Become a heavy maddening load;  
For all that heart and memory blends  
But hotly scathes and sorely rends;  
And feeling, with its biting fangs,  
Tortures with sharp and bleeding pang.

My Mother! thou didst prophesy  
With sighing tone and weeping eye  
That the cold world would never be  
A kindred resting-place for me.  
Oh, thou wert right! I cannot find  
One sympathetic link to bind,  
But where some dark alloy comes in  
To mar with folly, wrong, or sin.

My Mother! thou didst know ful. well  
My spirit was not fit to dwell  
With crowds who dream not of the ray  
That burns the very soul away.  
That ray is mine; 'tis held from God,

But scourges like a blazing rod,  
And never glows with fiercer flame  
Than when 'tis kindled at thy name.

My Mother! thou art remembered yet  
With doting love and keen regret;  
My birthday finds me once again  
In fervent sorrow, deep as vain.  
*Thou* art gone for ever, I must wait  
The will of Heaven, the work of fate.  
And faith can yield no hope for me  
Brighter than that of meeting thee.

---

SONG OF THE IMPRISONED BIRD.

YE may pass me by with pitying eye,  
And cry, "Poor captive thing!"  
But I'll prove ye are caged as safely as I,  
If ye'll hearken the notes I sing.

I flutter in thrall, and so do all;—  
Ye have bonds ye cannot escape,  
With only a little wider range,  
And bars of another shape.

The noble ranks of fashion and birth  
Are fettered by courtly rule;

They dare not rend the shackles that tend  
To form the knave and fool.

The parasite, bound to kiss the hand  
That, perchance, he may lothe to touch ;  
The maiden, high-born, wedding where she may scorn ;  
Oh ! has earth worse chains than such ?

The one who lives but to gather up wealth,  
Though great his treasures may be,  
Yet, guarding with care and counting by stealth,—  
What a captive wretch is he !

The vainly proud, who turn from the crowd,  
And tremble lest they spoil  
The feathers of the peacock plume  
With a low plebeian soil ;—

Oh ! joy is mine to see them strut  
In their chosen narrow space ;  
They mount a perch, but ye need not search  
For a closer prison place.

The being of fitful curbless wrath  
May fiercely stamp and rave ;  
He will call himself free, but there cannot be  
More mean and piteous slave ;—

For the greatest victim, the fastest bound  
Is the one who serves his rage :

( 277 )

The temper that governs will ever be found  
A fearful torture cage.

Each breathing spirit is chastened down  
By the hated or the dear ;  
The gentle smile or tyrant frown  
Will hold ye in love or fear.

How much there is self-will would do,  
Were it not for the dire dismay  
That bids ye shrink, as ye suddenly think  
Of " What will my neighbour say ?"

Then pity me not ; for mark mankind,  
Of every rank and age ;  
Look close to the heart, and ye'll ever find,  
That each is a bird in a cage.

---

**THE WILLOW-TREE.**

TREE of the gloom, o'erhanging the tomb,  
Thou seem'st to love the churchyard sod ;  
Thou ever art found on the charnel ground,  
Where the laughing and happy have rarely trod.  
When thy branches trail to the wintry gale,  
Thy wailing is sad to the hearts of men ;



When the world is bright in a summer's light,  
'Tis only the wretched that love thee then.  
The golden moth and the shining bee  
Will seldom rest on the willow-tree.

The weeping maid comes under thy shade,  
Mourning her faithful lover dead ;  
She sings of his grave in the crystal wave,  
Of his sea-weed shroud and coral bed.  
A chaplet she weaves of thy downy leaves,  
And twines it round her pallid brow ;  
Sleep falls on her eyes while she softly sighs,  
" My love, my dearest, I come to thee now."  
She sits and dreams of the moaning sea,  
While the night wind creeps through the willow-tree.

The dying one will turn from the sun,  
The dazzling flowers, and luscious fruit,  
To set his mark in thy sombre bark,  
And find a couch at thy moss-clad root.  
He is fading away like the twilight ray,  
His cheek is pale and his glance is dim ;  
But thy drooping arms, with their pensive charms,  
Can yield a joy till the last for him ;  
And the latest words on his lips shall be,  
" Oh, bury me under the willow-tree !"



F I R E .

BLANDLY glowing, richly bright,  
Cheering star of social light ;  
While I gently heap it higher,  
How I bless thee, sparkling fire !  
Who loves not the kindly rays  
Streaming from the tempered blaze ?  
Who can sit beneath his hearth  
Dead to feeling, stern to mirth ?  
Who can watch the crackling pile  
And keep his breast all cold the whi.e.

Fire is good, but it must *serve* :  
Keep it thrall'd—for if it swerve  
Into freedom's open path,  
What shall check its maniac wrath ?  
Where's the tongue that can proclaim  
The fearful work of curbless flame ?  
Darting wide and shooting high,  
It lends a horror to the sky ;  
It rushes on to waste, to scare,  
Arousing terror and despair ;  
It tells the utmost earth can know  
About the demon scenes below ;  
And sinks at last, all spent and dead,  
Among the ashes it has spread.

Sure the poet is not wrong  
To glean a moral from the song.  
Listen, youth! nor scorn, nor frown,  
Thou must chain thy passions down,  
Well to serve, but ill to sway,  
Like the fire they must *obey*.  
They are good in subject state  
To strengthen, warm, and animate;  
But if once we let them *reign*,  
They sweep with desolating train,  
Till they but leave a hated name,  
A ruined soul, and blackened fame.

---

S T A N Z A S .

THEY told me, in my earlier years,  
Life was a dark and tangled web;  
A gloomy sea of bitter tears,  
Where sorrow's influx had no ebb.

But such was vainly taught and said,  
My laugh rung out with joyous tone;  
The woof possessed *one* brilliant thread,  
Of rainbow colours, all my own.

They talked of trials, sighs, and grief,  
And called the world a wilderness,

Where dazzling bud or fragrant lea.  
But rarely sprung to cheer and bless.

But there was one dear precious flower  
Engrafted in *my* bosom's core,  
Which made my home an Eden bower,  
And caused a doubt if heaven held more.

I boasted—till a mother's grave  
Was heaped and sodded—then I found  
The sunshine stricken from the wave,  
And all the golden thread unwound.

Where was the flower I had worn  
So fondly, closely, in my heart?  
The bloom was crushed, the root was torn,  
And left a cureless, bleeding part.

Preach on who will—say "Life is sad,"  
I'll not refute as once I did;  
You'll find the eye that beamed so glad  
Will hide a tear beneath its lid.

Preach on of wo; the time *hath* been  
I'd praise the world with shadeless brow:  
The dream is broken.—I have seen  
A mother die: I'm silent now.

LINES TO THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

LADY, perchance my untaught strain  
    May little suit a royal ear ;  
But I would break my lyre in twain  
    Ere aught it yield be insincere.

There's been enough of dulcet tone  
    To praise thy charms and greet thy youth ;  
But I, though standing by thy throne,  
    Would proudly dare to sing the truth.

I cannot join the minstrel throng  
    Who pour idolatrous pretence ;  
Because I deem such fulsome song  
    Must sadly pall upon thy sense.

Thou art a star, whose leading light  
    Must beacon through a stormy way :  
Shine out, and, if thou guid'st aright,  
    Our hearts will bless the saving ray.

If thou wouldst walk a better path  
    Than regal steps have chiefly trod,  
So sway thy sceptre, that it hath  
    Some glorious attributes of God.

Peace, mercy, justice, mark *His* reign,  
And these should dwell with all who rule ;  
Beware ! resist the poison bane  
Of tyrant, knave, or courtier fool.

Thou hast been trained by goodly hand  
To fill thy place of mighty care ;  
And Heaven forbid that faction's band  
Should turn our hopes to blank despair.

Lean on thy people, trust their love,  
Thou'lt never find a stronger shield ;  
The " toiling herd " will nobly prove  
What warm devotion they can yield.

Remember, much of weal or wo  
To millions, rests alone with thee ;  
Be firm, and let Old England show  
A nation happy, wise, and free.

---

STANZAS.

I've tracked the paths of the dark wild wood,  
No footfall there but my own ;  
I've lingered beside the moaning flood,  
But I never felt alone.

There were lovely things for my soul to meet,  
Rare work for my eye to trace :  
I held communion close and sweet  
With a Maker—face to face.

I have sat in the cheerless, vacant room,  
At the stillest hour of night,  
With naught to break upon the gloom  
But the taper's sickly light ;  
And there I have conjured back again  
The loved ones, lost and dead,  
Till my swelling heart and busy brain  
Have hardly deemed them fled.

I may rove the waste or tenant the cell,  
But *alone* I never shall be ;  
While this form is a home where the spirit may dwell,  
There is something to mate with me.  
Wait till ye turn from my mindless clay,  
And the shroud o'er my breast is thrown,  
And then, but not *till* then, ye may say,  
That I am left alone !

---

SONG OF THE SUN.

SUPREME of the sky—no throne so high—  
I reign a monarch divine ;

What have ye below that doth not owe  
Its glory and lustre to mine ?  
Has beauty a charm I have not helped  
To nurture in freshness and bloom ?  
Can a tint be spread—can a glance be shed  
Like those I deign to illumine ?  
Though ye mimic my beams, as ye do and ye will,—  
Let all galaxies meet, I am mightiest still !

The first red ray that heralds my way,  
Just kisses the mountain top ;  
And splendour dwells in the cowslip bells  
While I kindle each nectar drop :  
I speed on my wide refulgent path,  
And nature's homage is given ;  
All tones are poured to greet me adored  
As I reach the blue mid-heaven,  
And the sweetest and boldest, the truly free,  
The lark and the eagle come nearest to me.

The glittering train so praised by man,  
The moon, night's worshipped queen,  
The silvery scud, and the rainbow's span,  
Snatch from me their colours and sheen.  
I know when my radiant streams are flung,  
Creation shows all that is bright,  
But I'm jealous of naught save the face of the young,  
Laughing back my noontide light :  
I see nothing so pure or so dazzling on earth,  
As childhood's brow with its halo of mirth.

My strength goes down in the crystal caves,  
I gem the billow's wide curl,  
I paint the dolphin and burnish the waves,  
I tinge the coral and pearl.  
Love ye the flowers? What power, save mine,  
Can the velvet rose unfold?  
Who else can purple the grape on the vine,  
Or flush the wheat-ear with gold?  
Look on the beam-lit wilderness spot—  
'Tis more fair than the palace, where I come not.

Though giant clouds ride on the whirlwind's tide,  
And gloom on the world may fall,  
I yet flash on in gorgeous pride,  
Untarnished above them all.  
So the pure warm heart for awhile may appear,  
In probations of sorrow and sin,  
To be dimmed and obscured, but trial or tear  
Cannot darken the spirit within.  
Let the breast keep its truth, and life's shadows may roll,  
But they quench not, they reach not the sun nor the soul.

---

A SUMMER SKETCH.

'Tis June, 'tis merry smiling June;  
'Tis blushing summer now :



The rose is red—the bloom is dead—  
The fruit is on the bough.

Flora, with Ceres, hand in hand,  
Bring all their smiling train :  
The yellow corn is waving high,  
To gild the earth again.

The bird-cage hangs upon the wall,  
Amid the clustering vine :  
The rustic seat is in the porch,  
Where honeysuckles twine.

The rosy ragged urchins play  
Beneath the glowing sky ;  
They scoop the sand, or gaily chase  
The bee that buzzes by.

The household spaniel flings his length  
Along the stone-paved hall :  
The panting sheep-dog seeks the spot  
Where leafy shadows fall.

The petted kitten frisks among  
The bean-flowers' fragrant maze ;  
Or, basking, throws her dappled form  
To court the warmest rays.

The opened casement, flinging wide,  
Geraniums give to view ;

With choicest posies ranged between,  
Still wet with morning dew.

'Tis June, 'tis merry laughing June ;  
There's not a cloud above ;  
The air is still, o'er heath and hill,  
The bulrush does not move.

The pensive willow bends to kiss  
The stream so deep and clear ;  
While dabbling ripples gliding on,  
Bring music to mine ear.

The mower whistles o'er his toil,  
The em'rald grass must yield ;  
The scythe is out, the swarth is down,  
There's incense in the field.

Oh ! how I love to calmly muse  
In such an hour as this ;  
To nurse the joy creation gives,  
In purity and bliss !

There is devotion in my soul  
My lip can ne'er impart ;  
But thou, oh God ! wilt deign to read  
The tablet of my heart.

And if that heart should e'er neglect  
The homage of its prayer,

( 289 )

Lead it to nature's altar-piece,—  
'Twill always worship there.

---

### THE WELCOME BACK.

SWEET is the hour that brings us home,  
Where all will spring to meet us ;  
Where hands are striving, as we come,  
To be the first to greet us.  
When the world hath spent its frowns and wrath,  
And care been sorely pressing :  
'Tis sweet to turn from our roving path,  
And find a fireside blessing.  
Oh, joyfully dear is the homeward track,  
If we are but sure of a welcome back.

What do we reck on a dreary way,  
Though lonely and benighted,  
If we know there are lips to chide our stay,  
And eyes that will beam love-lighted ?  
What is the worth of your diamond ray,  
To the glance that flashes pleasure ;  
When the words that welcome back betray,  
We form a heart's chief treasure ?  
Oh, joyfully dear is our homeward track,  
If we are but sure of a welcome back.

WHILE THE CHRISTMAS LOG IS BURNING.

HAIL to the night when we gather once more  
All the forms we love to meet ;  
When we've many a guest that's dear to our breast,  
And the household dog at our feet.  
Who would not be in the circle of glee  
When heart to heart is yearning—  
When joy breathes out in the laughing shout  
While the Christmas log is burning ?

'Tis one of the fairy hours of life,  
When the world seems all of light ;  
For the thought of wo, or the name of a foe,  
Ne'er darkens the festive night.  
When bursting mirth rings round the hearth,  
Oh ! where is the spirit that's mourning,  
While merry bells chime with the carol rhyme,  
And the Christmas log is burning ?

Then is the time when the gray old man  
Leaps back to the days of youth ;  
When brows and eyes bear no disguise,  
But flush and gleam with truth.  
Oh ! then is the time when the soul exults,  
And seems right heavenward turning ;  
When we love and bless the hands we press,  
While the Christmas log is burning.

THE ACORN.

BEAUTIFUL germ ! I have set thee low  
In the dewy earth—strike, spring, and grow.  
Oh ! cleave to the soil, and thou mayst be  
The king of the woods, a brave rare tree.  
Acorn of England, thou mayst bear  
Thy green head high in the mountain air.  
Another age, and thy mighty form  
May scowl at the sun and mock at the storm.

A hundred years, and the woodman's stroke  
May fiercely fall on thy heart of oak ;  
Let time roll on, and thy planks may ride  
In glorious state o'er the fathomless tide.  
Thou mayst baffle the waters, and firmly take  
The winds that sweep and waves that break ;  
And thy vaunted strength shall as nobly stand  
The rage of the sea as the storm on the land.

A hundred years, and in some fair hall  
Thou mayst shine as the polished wainscot wall ;  
And ring with the laugh and echo the jest  
Of the happy host and the feasting guest.  
Acorn of England ! deep in the earth  
Mayst thou live and burst in flourishing birth ;  
May thy root be firm and thy broad arms wave,  
When the hand that plants thee is cold in the grave.

THE CHRISTMAS HOLLY.

THE holly! the holly! oh, twine it with bay—  
Come, give the holly a song;  
For it helps to drive stern winter away,  
With his garment so sombre and long.  
It peeps through the trees with its berries of red,  
And its leaves of burnished green,  
When the flowers and fruits have long been dead,  
And not even the daisy is seen.  
Then sing to the holly, the Christmas holly,  
That hangs over peasant and king;  
While we laugh and carouse 'neath its glittering boughs,  
To the Christmas holly we'll sing.

The gale may whistle, and frost may come,  
To fetter the gurgling rill;  
The woods may be bare, and the warblers dumb—  
But the holly is beautiful still.  
In the revel and light of princely halls,  
The bright holly branch is found;  
And its shadow falls on the lowliest walls,  
While the brimming horn goes round.  
Then drink to the holly, &c.

The ivy lives long, but its home must be  
Where graves and ruins are spread;  
There's beauty about the cypress tree,  
But it flourishes near the dead:

The laurel the warrior's brow may wreathe,  
But it tells of tears and blood.  
I sing the holly, and who can breathe  
Aught of *that* that is not good?  
Then sing to the holly, &c.

---

TO A CRICKET

MERRY cricket, twittering thing,  
How I love to hear thee sing!  
Chirping tenant, child of mirth,  
Minstrel of the poor man's hearth!—  
Stay, merry cricket, stay and be  
Companion in our jollity.

Winter days are round us now,  
Stormy winds, and falling snow;  
Pelting hail is rattling fast,  
Driven by the northern blast;  
Dark December's dreary night  
Needs the fagots' blazing light:  
Grandsires tell the goblin tale,  
Urchins listen,—mute and pale;  
Mistletoe is hung on high;  
Christmas tide is drawing nigh;—  
Stay, merry cricket, stay, and be  
Partner in our jollity.

Holly branches deck the walls  
Of peasants' cots, and barons' halls ;  
Scarlet berries peep between,  
Twined with laurel, darkly green,  
Close commingled, rudely bound,  
Sacredly they wreath around.—  
Polished tankards grace the board ;  
Racks and cellars yield their hoard ;  
Flowing ale, with cheering zest,  
Animates the song and jest ;  
Wine, rich sparkling, greets the lip,  
Such as Bacchus' self might sip ;  
Such that Horace might have sung  
Praises of with honest tongue ;  
Giving to the world its name,  
Sharing the Falernian fame.—  
Laughing voices, bounding feet,  
In many a happy circle meet ;  
Sports and feasting make the hours  
Light as those in summer bowers ;—  
Stay, then, merry cricket, stay,  
Tarry with the glad and gay.

Spring about the oaken floor,  
Dread not pussy's murderous paw ;  
Dainty crumbs and fragments rare  
Shall be scattered for thy fare ;  
Gambol in thy covert warm,  
None shall chase thee, naught shall harm ;  
I will guard thee, for I dote  
Upon thy timid whistling note.



Stay, then, merry cricket, stay,  
Tarry with the glad and gay ;  
Share our blazing fire, and be  
Partner in our jollity.

---

STANZAS.

A GENTLE heart went forth one day—  
As many another heart has done—  
To take a strange and friendless way,  
And walk the mazy world alone.

It had no shield, no help, no guide,  
And soon that heart began to find  
Rude foes come jostling side by side—  
Darkness before, despair behind.

The beggar's rags that wrapp'd it round  
Met but the glance of bitter scorn ;  
And all the earth seemed desert ground,  
Where nothing flourished but the thorn.

It journey'd on its pilgrim road,  
'Twixt barren waste and gloomy sky,  
And sunk beneath Oppression's goad,  
To bleed unseen—to break and die.

The haggard ghosts—Want, Pain, and Care—  
More fiercely laughed, more closely pressed ;  
And all the wild fiends gathered there  
That seek to hunt down life and rest.

It chanced young Love came by just then—  
Love wanders at all times and seasons ;  
He travels how he will and when,  
He asks no leave, he gives no reasons.

He saw the heart, and bent above  
The cheerless thing with whisper'd word,  
And whatso'er the tidings were,  
The heart revived at what it heard.

“Avaunt!” cried Love, “I'll shea a light  
To scare ye all, ye demon crew ;  
And Poverty, thou beldame sprite,  
For once I'll try my strength with you.”

To work he went—a pile was reared—  
Such fingers work with magic charm ;  
And soon a brilliant flame appeared,  
'Twas Love's own watchfire strong and warm.

The heart grew bold beneath the rays,  
Its pulse beat high, it bled no more—  
It had fresh hope, and dared to gaze  
On all from which it shrunk before.

It dared to smile, it dared to scoff  
At squalid Want and weeping Wo ;  
While Pain and Care went farther off,  
And grim Despair packed up to go.

And thus it is the soul may smart  
Beneath all ills that goad and tire,  
But bravely rallies when the heart  
Is guarded by Love's beacon fire.





Painted by S.S. Copley.

Engraved by D. Colclough.

THE TECHNIQUE OF THE ART.

SAY, OH! SAY, YOU LOVE ME!

By the gloom that shades my heart,  
When, fair girl, from thee I part ;  
By the deep impassioned sigh,  
Half suppressed when thou art nigh ;  
By the heaving of my breast,  
When thy hand by mine is pressed ;  
By these fervent signs betrayed ;  
Canst thou doubt my truth, sweet maid ?

Then say, oh ! say, you love me !

By the joy that thrills my frame,  
To hear another praise thy name ;  
By my mingled dread the while,  
Lest that one should woo thy smile ;  
By the flush that dyes my cheek,  
Telling what I ne'er could speak ;  
By these fervent signs betrayed,  
Canst thou doubt my truth, sweet maid ?

Then say, oh ! say, you love me !

Heart and soul, more fond than mine,  
Trust me, never can be thine ;  
Heart and soul, whose passion pure,  
Long as life shall thus endure.  
Take, oh ! take me, let me live  
On the hope thy smiles can give ;

See me kneel before my throne ;  
Take, oh ! take me for thine own,  
And say, oh ! say, you love me !

---

THE DEWDROP.

THE sky hath its star, the deep mine hath its gem,  
And the beautiful pearl lights the sea ;  
But the surface of earth holds a rival for them,  
And a lustre more brilliant for me.

I know of a drop where the diamond now shines,  
Now the blue of the sapphire it gives ;  
It trembles—it changes—the azure resigns,  
And the tint of the ruby now lives :

Anon the deep emerald dwells in its gleam  
Till the breath of the south wind goes by ;  
When it quivers again, and the flash of its beam  
Pours the topaz flame swift on the eye.

Look, look on your grass-blade all freshly impearl'd,  
There are all of your jewels in one ;

You'll find every wealth-purchased gem in the world  
In the dewdrop that's kissed by the sun.

Apollo's own circlet is matchless, they say ;  
Juno envies its sparkles and light ;  
For 'tis formed of drops lit by its own burning ray,  
And Olympus shows nothing so bright.

---

**THY WILL BE DONE.**

LET the scholar and divine  
Tell us how to pray aright ;  
Let the truths of Gospel shine  
With their precious hallowed light ;  
But the prayer a mother taught  
Is to me a matchless one ;  
Eloquent and spirit fraught  
Are the words—"Thy will be done."

Though not fairly understood,  
Still those words at evening hour,  
Implied some Being, great and good,  
Of mercy, majesty, and power.

Bending low an infant knee,  
And gazing on the setting sun,  
I thought that orb his home must be,  
To whom I said—"Thy will be done."

I have searched the sacred page,  
I have heard the godly speech,  
But the lore of saint or sage  
Nothing holier can teach.  
Pain has wrung my spirit sore,  
But my soul the triumph won,  
When the anguish that I bore  
Only breathed—"Thy will be done."

They have served in pressing need,  
Have nerved my heart in every task,  
And howsoe'er my breast may bleed,  
No other balm of prayer I ask.  
When my whitened lips declare  
Life's last sands have almost run,  
May the dying breath they bear  
Murmur forth—"Thy will be done."

---

SONG OF OLD TIME.

I WEAR not the purple of earth-born kings,  
Nor the stately ermine of lordly things ;



But monarch and courtier, though great they be,  
Must fall from their glory and bend to me.  
My sceptre is gemless ; yet who can say  
They will not come under its mighty sway ?  
Ye may learn who I am,—there's the passing chime,  
And the dial to herald me, Old King Time !

Softly I creep, like a thief in the night,  
After cheeks all blooming and eyes all light ;  
My steps are seen on the patriarch's brow,  
In the deep-worn furrows and locks of snow.  
Who laughs at my power ? the young and the gay ;  
But they dream not how closely I track their way.  
Wait till their first bright sands have run,  
And they will not smile at what Time hath done.

I eat through treasures with moth and rust ;  
I lay the gorgeous palace in dust ;  
I make the shell-proof tower my own,  
And break the battlement, stone from stone.  
Work on at your cities and temples, proud man,  
Build high as ye may, and strong as ye can ;  
But the marble shall crumble, the pillar shall fall,  
And Time, Old Time, will be king after all.

SONNET,

WRITTEN AT THE COUCH OF A DYING PARENT.

'Tis midnight ! and pale Melancholy stands  
Beside me, wearing a funereal wreath  
Of yew and cypress ; the faint dirge of death  
Moans in her breathing, while her withered hands  
Fling corse-bedecking rosemary around.  
She offers nightshade, spreads a winding-sheet,  
Points to the clinging clay upon her feet,  
And whispers tidings of the charnel ground.  
Oh ! pray thee, Melancholy, do not bring  
These bitter emblems with thee ; I can bear  
With all but these,—'tis these, oh God ! that wring  
And plunge my heart in maddening despair.  
Hence, for awhile, pale Melancholy, go !  
And let sweet slumber lull my weeping wo.

---

SONG OF THE GOBLET.

I HAVE kept my place at the rich man's board  
For many a waning night,

Where streams of dazzling splendour poured  
Their galaxy of light :  
No wilder revelry has rung  
Than where my home has been :  
All that the bard of Teos sung,  
Has the golden goblet seen ;  
And what I could tell, full many might deem  
A fable of fancy, or tale of a dream.

I have beheld a courteous band  
Sit round in bright array ;  
Their voices firm, their words all bland,  
And brows like a cloudless day :  
But soon the guests were led by the host  
To dash out reason's lamp ;  
And then God's noble image had lost  
The fineness of its stamp :  
And their sober cheeks have blushed to hear  
What they told o'er to me without shame or fear.

Their loud and tuneless laugh would tell  
Of a hot and reeling brain ;  
Their right arms trembled, and red wine fell  
Like blood on a battle plain.  
The youth would play the chattering ape,  
And the gray-haired one would let  
The foul and sickening jest escape  
Till I've lothed the lips I've met ;  
And the swine in the dust, or the wolf on its prey,  
Gave less of sheer disgust than they.

The drunkard has filled me again and again  
Mid the roar of a frantic din,  
Till the starting eyeballs told his brain  
Was an Etna pile within.  
Oh! sad is the work that I have done  
In the hands of the sot and fool ;  
Cursed and dark is the fame I have won,  
As Death's most powerful tool :  
And I own that those who greet my rim  
Too oft will find their bane on the brim.

But all the golden goblet has wrought  
Is not of the evil kind ;  
I have helped the creature of mighty thought,  
And quickened the godlike mind.  
As gems of first water may lie in the shade,  
And no lustre be known to live,  
Till the kiss of the noontide beam has betrayed  
What a glorious sheen they can give :  
So, the breast may hold fire that none can see,  
Till it meet the sun-ray shed by me.

I have burst the spirit's moody trance,  
And woke it to mirth and wit,  
Till the soul would dance in every glance  
Of eyes that were rapture lit.  
I have heard the bosom all warm and rife  
With friendship, offer up  
Its faith in heaven, its hope on earth,  
With the name it breathed in the cup !

And I was proud to seal the bond  
Of the truly great and the firmly fond.

I have served to raise the shivering form  
That sunk in the driving gale ;  
I have fanned the flame that famine and storm  
Had done their worst to pale :  
The stagnant vein has been curdled and cold  
As the marble's icy streak ;  
But I have come, and the tide hath rolled  
Right on to the heart and cheek ;  
And bursting words from a grateful breast  
Have told the golden goblet was blest.

Oh ! Heaven forbid that bar or ban  
Should be thrown on the draught I bear ;  
But woful it is that senseless man  
Will brand me with sin and despair.  
Use me wisely, and I will lend  
A joy ye may cherish and praise ;  
But love me too well, and my potion shall send  
A burning blight on thy days.  
This is the strain I sing as ye fill—  
“ Beware ! the goblet can cheer or kill ! ”

WASHINGTON.

LAND of the west! though passing brief the record of  
thine age,

Thou hast a name that darkens all on history's wide  
page!

Let all the blasts of fame ring out—thine shall be  
loudest far:

Let others boast their satellites—thou hast the planet star.  
Thou hast a name whose characters of light shall ne'er  
depart;

'Tis stamped upon the dullest brain, and warms the coldest  
heart;

A war-cry fit for any land where freedom's to be won.

Land of the west! it stands alone—it is thy Washington!

Rome had its Cæsar, great and brave; but stain was on  
his wreath:

He lived the heartless conqueror, and died the tyrant's  
death.

France had its Eagle; but his wings, though lofty they  
might soar,

Were spread in false ambition's flight, and dipped in  
murder's gore.

Those hero-gods, whose mighty sway would fain have  
chained the waves—

Who fleshed their blades with tiger zeal, to make a world  
of slaves—

Who, though their kindred barred the path, still fiercely  
waded on—

Oh, where shall be *their* “glory” by the side of Wash-  
ington ?

He fought, but not with love of strife ; he struck but to  
defend ;

And ere he turned a people’s foe, he sought to be a  
friend.

He strove to keep his country’s right by reason’s gentle  
word,

And sighed when fell injustice threw the challenge—  
sword to sword.

He stood the firm, the calm, the wise, the patriot and  
sage ;

He showed no deep, avenging hate—no burst of despot  
rage.

He stood for liberty and truth, and dauntlessly led on,  
Till shouts of victory gave forth the name of Washington.

No car of triumph bore him through a city filled with  
grief ;

No groaning captives at the wheels proclaimed him victor  
chief :

He broke the gyves of slavery with strong and high dis-  
dain,

And cast no sceptre from the links when he had crushed  
the chain.

He saved his land, but did not lay his soldier trappings  
down

To change them for the regal vest, and don a kingy  
crown.

Fame was too earnest in her joy—too proud of such a  
son—

To let a robe and title mask a noble Washington.

England, my heart is truly thine—my loved, my native  
earth!—

The land that holds a mother's grave, and gave that  
mother birth!

Oh, keenly sad would be the fate that thrust me from  
thy shore,

And faltering my breath that sighed, "Farewell for ever-  
more!"

But did I meet such adverse lot, I would not seek to dwell  
Where olden heroes wrought the deeds for Homer's song  
to tell.

Away, thou gallant ship! I'd cry, and bear me swiftly on:  
But bear me from my own fair land to that of Wash-  
ington!

---

THE BONNIE SCOT.

THE bonnie Scot! he hath nae got  
A hame o' sun an' light;  
His clime hath aft a dreary day  
An' mony a stormy night.



He hears the blast gae crooning past,  
He sees the snawflake fa' ;  
But what o' that? He'll tell ye still,  
His land is best o' a' :  
He wadna' tine, for rose or vine,  
The gowans round his cot ;  
There is nae bloom like heath an' broom,  
To charm the bonnie Scot,

The roarin' din o' flood an' linn  
Is music unco sweet ;  
He loves the pine aboon his head,  
The breckans 'neath his feet :  
The lavrock's trill, sae clear an' shrill,  
Is matchless to his ear ;  
What joy for him like bounding free  
To hunt the fleet dun deer ?  
Nae wonder he sae proudly scorns  
A safer, kinder lot ;  
He kens his earth gave Wallace birth,  
That brave and bonnie Scot.

**T I M E.**

OH! never chide the wing of Time,  
Or say 'tis tardy in its flight ;  
You'll find the days speed quick enough,  
If you but husband them aright.

Thy span of life is waning fast ;  
Beware ! unthinking youth, beware !  
Thy soul's *eternity* depends  
Upon the record *moments* bear.

Time is indeed a precious boon,  
But with the boon a task is given ;  
The heart must learn its duty well  
To man on earth and God in heaven.

Take heed, then, play not with thine hours :  
Beware ! unthinking youth, beware !  
The one who acts the part he ought,  
Will have but little time to spare.

'TIS SWEET TO LOVE IN CHILDHOOD.

'Tis sweet to love in childhood, when the souls that we  
bequeath  
Are beautiful in freshness as the coronals we wreath ;  
When we feed the gentle robin, and caress the leaping  
hound,  
And linger latest on the spot where buttercups are found ;  
When we seek the bee and ladybird with laughter, shout,  
and song,  
And think the day for wooing them can never be too long :  
Oh ! 'tis sweet to love in childhood, and though woke by  
meanest things,  
The music that the heart yields then, will never leave its  
strings.

'Tis sweet to love in after years the dear one by our side,  
To dote with all the mingled joys of passion, hope, and  
pride ;  
To think the chain around our breast will hold still warm  
and fast,  
And grieve to know that Death must come to break the  
link at last.  
But when the rainbow span of bliss is waning hue by hue,  
When eyes forget their kindly beams and lips become less  
true ;

When stricken hearts are pining on through many a lonely hour,  
Who would not sigh, "'Tis safer far to love the bird and flower?"

'Tis sweet to love in ripened age the trumpet blast of Fame,  
To pant to live on Glory's scroll, though blood may trace the name;  
'Tis sweet to love the heap of gold, and hug it to our breast—  
To trust it as the guiding star and anchor of our rest.  
But such devotion will not serve, however strong the zeal,  
To overthrow the altar where our childhood loved to kneel.  
Some bitter moment shall o'ercrest the sun of wealth and power,  
And then proud man would fain go back to worship bird and flower.

---

BALLAD STANZAS.

'Twas long, long ago, nigh the streams of Killarney,  
Young Kathleen, sweet flower, I woo'd for my bride;  
But she said that an Irishman's love was soft blarney,  
Like a rainbow it lived, like a rainbow it died.





Engraved by Geo. H. Rink.

### THE FAIRY ISLE.

Painted by F. Landry, N. H. A.

Yet fondly and truly my bosom was yearning,  
Her smile was my star, and her word was my creed ;  
Oh ! my loving was pure, but she mocked its deep burning,  
She rived my warm spirit and left it to bleed.

But the worm's at the core, and its work is proclaiming  
The sorrowful tale my proud lip would not speak ;  
It feeds and lives on in defiance of blaming,  
It drinks from my breathing and whitens my cheek.  
Soon, soon will the fresh sod above me be springing,  
And maidens shall come to my grave with a sigh,  
They shall strew the dark willow, and tell in their singing,  
That the wild sons of Erin can love till they die.

---

**DREAMS OF THE PAST.**

As we wander alone where the moonlight reposes,  
And the wind o'er the ripple is tuneful and sweet,  
When the stars glitter out as the day-flower closes,  
And the night-bird and dew-drop are all that we meet ;

Oh ! then, when the warm flush of thought is unsealing  
The bonds that a cold world too often keeps fast,  
We shall find that the deepest and dearest of feeling  
Is pouring its tide in a dream of the past.

Oh! who shall have travelled through life's misty morn-  
ing,

Forgetting all way-marks that rose on their track?  
Though the things we loved then had maturity's scorning,  
Though we cast them behind, yet we like to look back.

Though the present may charm us with magical numbers,  
And lull the rapt spirit, entrancing it fast,  
Yet 'tis rarely the heart is so sound in its slumbers,  
As to rest without mingling some dream of the past.

Oh! the days that are gone, they will have no returning,  
And 'tis wisest to bury the hopes that decay,  
But the incense that's purest and richest in burning,  
Is oft placed where all round it is fading away.

Though the days that are gone had more canker than  
blossom,  
And even that blossom too tender to last,  
Yet had we the power, oh! where is the bosom  
Would thrust from its visions the dreams of the past?

---

THE FUTURE.

It was good, it was kind, in the Wise One above,  
To fling Destiny's veil o'er the face of our years,



That we dread not the blow that shall strike at our love,  
And expect not the beams that shall dry up our tears.

Did we know that the voices now gentle and bland  
Will forego the fond word and the whispering tone ;  
Did we know that the eager and warm pressing hand  
Will be joyfully forward in " casting the stone ;"—

Did we know the affection engrossing our breast  
Will end, as it oft does, in madness and pain ;  
That the passionate soul will but hazard its rest,  
And be wrecked on the shore it is panting to gain ;—

Oh ! did we but know of the shadows so nigh,  
The world would indeed be a prison of gloom ;  
All light would be quenched in youth's eloquent eye,  
And the prayer-lisping infant would ask for the tomb.

For if Hope be a star that may lead us astray,  
And " deceiveth the heart," as the aged ones preach ;  
Yet 'twas Mercy that gave it, to beacon our way,  
Though its halo illumines where it never can reach.

Though friendship but flit like a meteor gleam ;  
Though it burst like a morn-lighted bubble of dew ;  
Though it passes away, like a leaf on the stream ;  
Yet 'tis bliss while we FANCY the vision is true.

Oh ! 'tis well that the future is hid from our sight ;  
That we walk in the sunshine, or dream of the cloud ;

That we cherish a flower, and think not of blight ;  
That we dance on the loom that may weave us a shroud.

It was good, it was kind, in the Wise One above,  
To fling Destiny's veil o'er the face of our years,  
That we dread not the blow that shall strike at our love,  
And expect not the beams that shall dry up our tears.

---

THE OLD CLOCK.

CLOCK of the household, the sound of thy bell  
Tells the hour, and to many 'tis all thou canst tell ;  
But to me thou canst preach with the tongue of a sage,  
And whisper old tales from life's earliest page.  
Thou bringest back visions of heart-bounding times,  
When thy midnight stroke chorused the loud-carolled  
chimes ;  
When our Christmas was noted for festival mirth,  
And the merry New Year had a boisterous birth.

Thou hast broke on my ear through the dead of the night,  
Till my spirit, out-wearied, has prayed for the light ;  
When thy echoing tone, and a mother's faint breath,  
Seemed the sepulchre tidings that whispered of death.  
I have listened to thee, when my own pillowed brow  
Was wild in its throbbing and deep in its glow ;

When the madness of fever, and anguish of pain,  
Left a doubt if I ever should hear thee again.

Thou hast always been nigh: thou hast looked upon all,  
On the birth—on the bridal—the cradle—and pall;  
To the infant at play and the sire turning gray,  
Thou hast spoken the warning of “passing away.”  
My race may be run, when thy musical chime,  
Will be still ringing out in the service of Time;  
And the clock of the household will chime in the room,  
When I, the forgotten one, sleep in the tomb!

---

THE LAST GOOD-BYE.

FAREWELL! Farewell! is often heard  
From the lips of those who part:  
'Tis a wispered tone, 'tis a gentle word,  
But it springs not from the heart.  
It may serve for the lover's lay,  
To be sung 'neath a summer sky;  
But give me the lips that say  
The honest words, “Good-bye!”

Adieu! Adieu! may greet the ear  
In the guise of courtly speech;  
But when we leave the kind and dear,  
'Tis not what the soul would teach.

Whene'er we grasp the hands of those  
We would have forever nigh,  
The flame of friendship burns and glows  
In the warm, frank words, " Good-bye !"

The mother sending forth her child  
To meet with cares and strife,  
Breathes through her tears her doubts and fears  
For the loved one's future life.  
No cold " adieu," no " farewell" lives  
Within her choking sigh ;  
But the deepest sob of anguish gives,  
" God bless thee, boy !—good-bye !"

Go, watch the pale and dying one,  
When the glance has lost its beam—  
When the brow is cold as the marble stone,  
And the world a passing dream ;  
And the latest pressure of the hand,  
The look of the closing eye,  
Yield what the heart *must* understand—  
A long, a last " Good-bye."

---

THE TREE OF DEATH.

LET the king of the grave be asked to tell  
The plant he loveth best,

And it will not be the cypress tree,  
Though 'tis ever the churchyard guest ;  
He will not mark the hemlock dark,  
Nor stay where the night-shade spreads ;  
He will not say 'tis the sombre yew,  
Though it springs o'er skeleton heads ;  
He will not point to the willow branch,  
Where breaking spirits pine beneath ;  
For a brighter leaf sheds deeper grief,  
And a fairer tree is the tree of death.

But where the green, rich stalks are seen,  
Where ripe fruit gush and shine,  
"This, this," cries he, "is the tree for me—  
The vine, the beautiful vine ?  
I crouch among the emerald leaves,  
Gemmed with the ruby grapes ;  
I dip my spear in the poison here,  
And he is strong that escapes.  
Crowds dance around, with satyr bound,  
Till my dart is hurled from its traitor sheath :  
When I shriek with glee, no friend to me  
Is so true as the vine, the tree of death."

Oh ! the glossy vine has a serpent charm,  
It bears an unblest fruit ;  
There's a taint about each tendrilled arm,  
And a curse upon its root.  
Its juice may flow to warm the brow,  
And wildly lighten the eye,

But the phrensied mirth of a revelling crew  
Will make the wise man sigh ;  
For the maniac laugh, the trembling frame,  
The idiot speech, and pestilent breath,  
The shattered mind, the blasted frame,  
Are wrought by the vine, the tree of death.

Fill, fill the glass, and let it pass ;  
But, ye who quaff! oh, think  
That even the heart that loves must loathe  
The lips that deeply drink.  
The breast may mourn o'er a close link torn,  
And the scalding drops may roll ;  
But 'tis better to mourn o'er a pulseless form  
Than the wreck of a living soul.  
Then a health to the hemlock, the cypress, and yew,  
The worm-hiding grass, and the willow wreath,  
For though shading the tomb, they fling not a gloom  
So dark as the vine, the tree of death.

---

**STANZAS.**

TRUTH! Truth! where is the sound  
Of thy calm, unflattering voice to be found?  
We may go to the Senate, where Wisdom rules,  
And find but deceived or deceiving fools:

Who dare trust the sages of old,  
When one shall unsay what another has told?  
And even the lips of childhood and youth  
But rarely echo the tones of truth.

We hear the choral anthem hymn  
Pealing along the cloisters dim;  
We hear the priest in his eloquent pride  
Bless those of *his* faith, but none beside;  
We hear the worshippers gathered there  
Muttering forth the lengthy prayer;  
But few of the throng shall come or depart  
With the peaceful truth of a lowly heart.

Truth! Truth! thy echoes are mute  
In the tyrant's oath and the courtier's salute;  
The Bacchanal screams in his maniac laugh,—  
The hermit groans o'er his pilgrim staff;  
But hollow and wild is the maniac's glee,  
The penance is false as penance can be;  
And Love itself has learned to lie,  
In the faithless vow and unfelt sigh.

Where then, oh Truth! may thy voice be found?—  
In the welcoming bay of a faithful hound.  
Thy form is seen and thy breathing heard  
In the leaping fawn and warbling bird.  
There is truth in the soft sweet tones that come  
In the ringdove's coo and the honey-bee's hum;  
In the dabbling stream whose ripples gem  
The lily cup and bulrush stem.



There is truth in the south wind stealing by,  
'Neath the clear blue span of a sunlit sky ;  
When it hardly deigns in its perfumed way  
To rustle the leaves on the topmost spray :  
There is truth in the grasshopper's twittering song,  
In the owlet's night shriek, loud and strong ;  
In the steed's glad neigh on the grassy plain,  
In the sea-mew's cry on the stormy main.

There is truth, good truth in the ringing stroke  
Of the axe that is felling the giant oak ;  
In the shrivelled leaves that the hollow blast flings  
To dance at our feet, cold sapless things ;  
In the tumbling stone that tears away  
The ivy branch from the ruin gray ;  
In the billow that bears on its crystal car  
The rock-torn plank and shattered spar.

There is nothing that saint or sage may tell  
Can school the bosom half so well  
As the chink of the sexton's polished spade,  
Digging a grave 'neath the yew tree's shade.  
Truth! Truth is there! You may hear her tones  
In the rattling heap of gathered bones ;  
"Live but to die" is her lesson to man,  
—And learn a wiser if ye can.



THE ROOM OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

THERE'S a room I love dearly—the sanctum of bliss,  
That holds all the comforts I least like to miss ;  
Where, like ants in a hillock, we run in and out,  
Where sticks grace the corner, and hats lie about,  
Where no idlers dare come to annoy or amuse  
With their “morning call” budget of scandalous news :  
'Tis the room of the household—the sacredly free ;  
'Tis the room of the household that's dearest to me !

The romp may be fearlessly carried on there,  
For no “bijouterie” rubbish solicits our care ;  
All things are as meet for the hand as the eye,  
And patchwork and scribbling unheeded may lie ;  
Black Tom may be perched on the sofa or chairs,  
He may stretch his sharp talons or scatter his hairs ;  
Wet boots may “come in,” and the ink-drop may fall,  
For the room of the household is “liberty hall.”

There is something unpleasant in company days,  
When saloons are dressed out for Terpsichore's maze ;  
When the graceful Mazourka and Weippert-led band  
Leave the plain country-dance people all at a stand.  
There's more mirth in the jig and the amateur's strum,  
When the parchment-spread battledore serves as a drum ;  
When Apollo and Momus together unite,  
Till the household room rings with our laughing delight.

Other rooms may be thickly and gorgeously stored  
With your Titians, Murillos, Salvator, and Claude ;  
But the Moreland and Wilkie that hang on the wall  
Of the family parlour out-value them all.  
The gay ottomans, claiming such special regard,  
Are exceedingly fine, but exceedingly hard ;  
They may serve for state purpose—but go, if you please,  
To the household-room cushions for comfort and ease.

And the bookshelves—where tomes of all sizes are spread,  
Not placed to be looked at, but meant to be read ;  
All defaced and bethumbed, and I would not be sworn  
But some volumes, perchance the most precious, are torn.  
There's the library open, but if your heart yearns,  
As all human hearts must, for the song of a Burns,  
Or the tale of a "Vicar," that ever rich gem,  
You must go to the room of the household for them.

'Tis the shadiest place when the blazing sun flings  
His straight rays on the rose and the butterfly's wings ;  
For the first beams of morning are all that dare peep  
Through the windows where myrtle and eglantine creep.  
Happy faces assemble with cheerful salute,  
When the summer meal tempts with its cream and its  
fruit ;  
But the board's not so merry, the meal's not so sweet,  
If 'tis out of the room of the household we meet.

And that room is the one that is sought by us still,  
When the night-clouds of winter bring darkness and chill ;

When the ramblers return from their toil or their play,  
And tell o'er the news and the deeds of the day ;  
When the favoured old dog takes his place on the rug,  
Curled up in the fire-light—all warmly and snug ;  
While the master sits nodding before the bright flame,  
Till the hound snores aloud and the 'Squire does the same.

I have wandered far off over "moorland and lea,"  
O'er the fairest of earth and the bluest of sea ;  
It was health that I sought—but, alas ! I could find  
The pursuit was in vain while my heart looked behind :  
The room of the household had bound with a spell,  
And I knew not till then that I loved it so well.  
"Take me back to that room," was my prayer and my  
cry,  
"Or my languishing spirit will sicken and die."

There was light in my eye when I saw the green woof  
Of old elm-trees half screening the turreted roof ;  
I grew strong as I passed o'er the daisy-girt track,  
And the Newfoundland sentinel welcomed me back.  
But the pulse of my joy was most warmly sincere  
When I met the old faces, familiar and dear ;  
When I lounged in the "household-room," taking my rest,  
With a tinge on my cheek and content in my breast.

THE OLD BARN.

THE barn, the old barn, oh ! its dark walls were rife  
With the records most fair in my tablet of life ;  
And a rare barn it was, for, search twenty miles round,  
Such another brave building was not to be found.

'Twas large as an ark, 'twas strong as a church,  
'Twas the chicken's resort, 'twas the young raven's perch ;  
There the bat flapped his wing, and the owlet might  
    screech,  
Secure in the gable-ends, far out of reach.

It was evident Time had been playing his pranks  
With the moss-garnished roof and the storm-beaten planks ;  
For many a year had the harvest-home wain  
Creaked up to its door with the last load of grain.

A wee thing, they tumbled me into its mow,  
And left me to scramble out, Heaven knows how ;  
A wild, merry girl, the old barn was the spot  
Which afforded delight that is still unforgot.

'Twas a birthday, one scion was walking life's stage,  
In youth's proudest of characters—just come of age ;  
Many plans were devised—but the chosen of all  
Was to clear out the old barn, and “ get up a ball.”

We had prayed, we had hoped that the lanes might be  
dry,  
That no cloud would come over the moon-lighted sky ;  
But, alas ! 'twas November, and fog, sleet, and gloom,  
Made the night of our jubilee dark as the tomb.

The rain fell in torrents—the wind roared along—  
The watch-dog howled back to the rude tempest song ;  
And we trembled and feared lest the merriest set  
Should be scared by that true English sunshine—the wet

But, hark ! what loud voices—what rumbling of wheels—  
What stepping in puddles—what tragical “squeals !”  
While close-tilted wagons and mud-spattered carts  
Set down a rare cargo of happy young hearts.

What a dance was the first—with what pleasure we went  
Down the middle and up till our breathing was spent !  
Though Musard might have shrugged at a bit of a strife  
'Twixt the notes of the fiddle and key of the fife.

Our flooring was rugged, our sconces had rust ;  
There was falling of grease—there was raising of dust ;  
But Terpsichore published a *Morning Post* “yarn”  
On the Almacks we held in the noble old barn.

Then the rat-hunt ! oh, mercy ! we hear poets speak  
Of the tug of fierce battle when “Greek joins with Greek ;”  
But war held as wild and as deadly a reign  
When the terriers met the destroyers of grain.

The smith left his bellows—the miller his sack—  
'Twas fortunate business grew suddenly slack :  
The thatcher was there, and the thatcher's boy too,  
And, somehow, the butcher had nothing to do.

The 'Squire lent his stick and his voice to the fray,—  
He, of course, only "chanced to be riding that way ;"  
And the master—the ploughman—the rich and the poor,  
Stood Equality's jostling about the barn-door.

There was bustling old Pincher, all fierceness and bark,  
And even fat Dido as gay as a lark ;  
Snap, Vixen, and Bob, and another full score,  
For though rats might be many—the dogs were oft more.

'Twas sport, I dare say, but such works were torn  
down,  
That the sapient "master" looked on with a frown ;  
And saw, without aid of astrologer's star,  
That the hunters were worse than the hunted by far.

Full well I remember our taking the ale  
To the good-natured fellow who toiled at the flail ;  
When the boy who now sleeps with a stone at his feet  
Would fain try his hand as a thrasher of wheat.

'Twas agreed to—and boldly he swung the bright staff,  
With an awkwardness raising a tittering laugh,  
Which strengthened to bursting Vulgarity's tone,  
When, instead of on wheat-ears, it fell on his own.



Ever luckless in daring, 'twas he who slipped down,  
With a broken-out tooth and a broken-in crown—  
When he clambered up high on the cross-beams to feed  
The unhappy stray cat and her tortoise-shell breed.

'Twas he who, in petulance, sulked to his home,  
And packed up his bundle the wide world to roam ;  
But, with penitent heart and a shelterless head,  
He came back to the sheaves in the barn for a bed.

'Twas a bitter cold night, when I heard, with a pout,  
That the stables were full and old Dobbin turned out,—  
Old Dob who had seen a score miles since the morn ;  
'Twas a shame and a cruelty not to be borne.

A brother was ready—the pony was caught—  
Brought in he *must* be—yet where *could* he be brought ;  
But short was the parley, and, munching away,  
He was warm in the barn with his oats and his hay.

The barn was the place where the beams and the rope  
Gave our mischievous faculties plenty of scope ;  
And when rick lines were found, knotted, severed, and  
frayed,  
Not a word did we breathe of the swings we had made.

“Hide and Seek” was the game that delighted us most,  
When we stealthily crept behind pillar and post ;  
When the law was enforced that “Home” should not be won,  
Till we'd circled the barn in our scampering run.

I'd a merry heart then—but I scarcely know why  
I should look into Memory's page with a sigh ;  
'Tis ungrateful to turn to the past with regret,  
When we hold a fair portion of happiness yet.

My laugh in that day was a spirited shout,  
But still it is heard to ring joyously out :  
My friends were the warmest that childhood could find,  
But those round me still are endearingly kind.

“ Long ago ” has too often awakened my soul,  
Till my pale brow would sink and the tear-drop would  
roll :  
Down, down, busy thought, for the future may be  
As bright as the time of the old barn for me.

---

F R A G M E N T

MAN, man, thou art too vain. Look round, and see  
Mountain o'er mountain rising, till thine eye  
Fail to observe the ether-circled tops,  
Whose every atom is a work of might  
And mystery as complex as thyself.  
Gaze on the flood of waters rolling on  
In strength and freshness. Billow after billow  
Spreading in sudden fury to contend



With wind and cloud, or hushed in glossy rest,  
Scarce ripples loud enough against the ship  
To lull the drowsy sea-boy to his sleep.  
Is there a bubble of the foamy spray,  
Is there one drop of the great briny world,  
That is not, like thyself—a miracle ?  
The throb that marks the current of thy blood  
With constant and unerring beat, is not  
More curious or regular in course  
Than the vast tides that form the ocean's pulse.  
Cast thy proud glance upon the concave span  
Where suns shine out with pure eternal light,  
And starry myriads dwell in endless space ;  
Where Godhead flings such flashing lustre round,  
That Reason shrinks before the blinding ray,  
While Knowledge gazes with an idiot stare  
Upon the illumined scroll, and owns 'tis traced  
In characters it cannot comprehend.  
Watch the mute creatures that obey thy nod—  
The steed that bears thee and the hound that follows—  
There shalt thou meet an instinct, hedging close  
Upon thy vaunted attribute of mind ;  
An instinct so allied to human wit,  
That pale Reflection knows not where to set  
The delicate boundary of soul and sense,  
But wonders at the brute-embodied spirit  
That often mocks the claim of baser man,  
And shames him in his high supremacy.  
Philosophy and science, stand ye forth ;  
Array your crucibles of magic flame,

Unroll your parchments of long-gathered lore,  
And see if ye can shape with chemic craft  
A blade of grass, or tell us where the wind  
Goeth or listeth. Man, thou art too vain!  
Exert thy cunning brain and dexterous hand,  
With all the daring energy and skill  
That mortal loves to boast, yet wilt thou find  
The particle of dust thou tramplest on  
Too much for thy weak power to analyze.

---

THE HEART—THE HEART!

THE heart—the heart! oh! let it be  
A true and bounteous thing;  
As kindly warm, as nobly free,  
As eagle's nestling wing.  
Oh! keep it not, like miser's gold,  
Shut in from all beside;  
But let its precious stores unfold,  
In mercy, far and wide.  
The heart—the heart, that's truly blest,  
Is never all its own;  
No ray of glory lights the breast  
That beats for self alone.

The heart—the heart! oh! let it spare  
A sigh for other's pain;

The breath that sooths a brother's care  
Is never spent in vain.  
And though it throb at gentlest touch,  
Or Sorrow's faintest call,  
'Twere better it should ache too much,  
Than never ache at all.  
The heart—the heart, that's truly blest,  
Is never all its own ;  
No ray of glory lights the breast  
That beats for self alone.

---

**THE BEE'S WING.**

FILL, fill to the brim, let the bubble forth swim  
Like pearls on a ruby stream,  
Till woman's eye, or the star in the sky  
Less brilliant gems shall seem.  
Let the ivy crown on the flushed brow shine,  
While joy illumines the wreath ;  
But wear it with care, for ivy will twine  
When the ruin is dark beneath.  
Drink, drink, and the chorusing clink  
Of glasses shall chime as ye sing—  
“ Time flies, but never so fast  
As it does on a ‘ bee's wing.’ ”

Laugh, laugh in the light of a jovial night,  
But let the wine song tell,  
That which carries the gauzy wing  
Bears the poison dart as well.  
We may drain a cup to those we love,  
And one to our native land ;  
A bumper to freedom, another to truth,  
And then let the nectar stand.  
For, wine, wine, good as thou art,  
'Tis well to remember the sting  
That carries its smart to the head and the heart,  
Along with the "bee's wing."

---

SONG OF THE HEMPSEED.

Ay, scatter me well, 'tis a moist spring day,  
Wide and far be the Hempseed sown,  
And bravely I'll stand on the autumn land  
When the rains have dropped and the winds have blown.  
Man shall carefully gather me up,  
His hand shall rule and my form shall change,  
Not as a mate for the purple of state,  
Nor into aught that is "rich and strange."  
But I will come forth all woven and spun,  
With my fine threads curled in serpent length,  
And the fire-wrought chain, and the lion's thick mane,  
Shall be rivalled by me in mighty strength.

I have many a place in the busy world,  
Of triumph and fear, of sorrow and joy ;  
I carry the freeman's flag unfurled,  
I am linked to childhood's darling toy.  
Then scatter me wide, and hackle me well,  
For a varied tale can the Hempseed tell.

Bravely I swing in the anchor ring  
Where the foot of the proud man cometh not,  
Where the dolphin leaps, and the sea-weed creeps  
O'er the rifted sand and coral grot.  
Down, down below I merrily go  
When the huge ship takes her rocking rest ;  
The waters may chafe, but she dwelleth as safe  
As the young bird in its woodland nest.  
I wreath the spars of that same fair ship  
Where the gallant sea-hearts cling about,  
Springing aloft with a song on the lip,  
Putting their faith in the cordage stout.  
I am true when the blast sways the giant mast,  
Straining and stretched in a nor'west gale ;  
I abide with the bark, in the day and the dark,  
Lashing the hammock and reefing the sail.  
Oh, the billows and I right fairly cope,  
And the wild tide is stemmed by the cable rope.

Sons of Evil, bad and bold,  
Madly ye live and little ye reckon,  
Till I am noosed in a coiling fold  
Ready to hug your felon neck.

The yarn is smooth and the knot is sure,  
I will be firm to the task I take ;  
Thinly they twine the halter line,  
Yet when does the halter hitch or break ?  
My leaves are light and my flowers are bright—  
Fit for an infant hand to clasp ;  
But what think ye of me, 'neath the gibbet-tree,  
Dangling high in the hangman's grasp ?  
Oh, a terrible thing does the Hempseed seem  
'Twixt the hollow floor and stout cross-beam !

The people rejoice, the banners are spread ;  
There is frolic and feasting in cottage and hall ;  
The festival shout is echoing out  
From trellised porch and Gothic wall ;  
Merry souls hie to the belfry tower,  
Gaily they laugh when I am found,  
And rare music they make, till the quick peals shake  
The ivy that wraps the turret round :  
The Hempseed lives with the old church bell,  
And helpeth the holiday ding-dong-dell.

The sunshine falls on a new-made grave ;  
The funeral train is long and sad ;  
The poor man has come to the happiest home,  
And easiest pillow he ever had.  
I shall be there to lower him down  
Gently into his narrow bed ;  
I shall be there, the work to share,  
To guard his feet, and cradle his head.

I may be seen on the hillock green,  
    Flung aside with the bleaching skull,  
While the earth is thrown with worm and bone,  
    Till the sexton has done, and the grave is full.  
Back to the gloomy vault I'm borne,  
    Leaving coffin and nail to crumble and rust,  
There I am laid with the mattock and spade,  
    Moistened with tears and clogged with dust :  
Oh, the Hempseed cometh in doleful shape,  
With the mourner's cloak and sable crape.

Harvest shall spread with its glittering wheat ;  
    The barn shall be opened, the stack shall be piled ;  
Ye shall see the ripe grain shining out from the wain,  
    And the berry-stained arms of the gleaner-child.  
Heap on, heap on till the wagon-ribs creak,  
    Let the sheaves go towering to the sky,  
Up with the shock till the broad wheels rock,  
    Fear not to carry the rich freight high.  
For I will infold the tottering gold,  
    I will fetter the rolling load ;  
Not an ear shall escape my binding hold,  
    On the furrowed field or jolting road :  
Oh, the Hempseed hath a fair place to fill,  
With the harvest band on the corn-crowned hill.

My threads are set in the heaving net,  
    Out with the fisher-boy far at sea,  
While he whistles a tune to the lonely moon,  
    And trusts for his morrow's bread to me.



Toiling away through the dry summer-day,  
Round and round I steadily twist,  
And bring from the cell of the deep old well  
What is rarely prized but sorely missed.  
In the whirling swing—in the peg-top string,  
There am I, a worshipped slave,  
On ocean and earth I'm a goodly thing,  
I serve from the play-ground to the grave.  
I have many a place in the busy world,  
Of triumph and fear, of sorrow and joy ;  
I carry the freeman's flag unfurled,  
And am linked to childhood's darling toy :  
Then scatter me wide, and hackle me well,  
And a varied tale shall the Hempseed tell.

---

THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND.

No sable pall, no waving plume,  
No thousand torch-lights to illumine ;  
No parting glance, no struggling tear,  
Is seen to fall upon the bier.

There is not one of kindred clay,  
To watch the coffin on its way ;  
No mortal form, no human breast,  
Cares where the poor man's bones may rest.



But one deep mourner follows there,  
Whose grief outlives the funeral prayer :  
He does not sigh, he does not weep,  
But will not leave the sodless heap.

No! he who was the poor man's mate,  
And made him more content with fate—  
The old gray dog that shared his crust,  
Is all that stands beside his dust.

He bends his listening head, as though  
He thought to hear a voice below ;  
He pines to miss that voice so kind,  
And wonders why he's left behind.

The sun goes down, the night is come,  
He needs no food, he seeks no home,  
But, stretched upon the dreamless bed,  
With doleful howl calls back the dead.

The passing gaze may coldly dwell  
On all that polished marbles tell,  
For temples built on churchyard earth  
Are claimed by riches more than worth.

But who would mark with undimmed eyes,  
The mourning dog that starves and dies ?  
Who would not ask, who would not crave,  
Such love and faith to guard his grave ?

SONG OF THE DYING OLD MAN TO HIS YOUNG WIFE.

KATE, there's a trembling at my heart, a coldness at my  
brow,  
My sight is dim, my breath is faint, I feel I'm dying now ;  
But ere my vision fadeth quite, ere all of strength be o'er,  
Oh! let me look into thy face and press thy hand once  
more.

I would my latest glance should fall on what I hold most  
dear :  
But, ah! thy cheek is wet again—wipe, wipe away the tear.  
Such tears of late have often gemmed thy drooping eyelid's  
fringe,  
Such tears of late have washed away thy young cheek's  
ruddy tinge.

I brought thee from a simple home to be an old man's  
bride,  
Thou wert the altar where I laid affection, joy, and pride ;  
My heart's devotion, like the sun, shone forth with dimless  
power,  
And kept its brightest glory rays to mark its setting hour.

I brought thee from a simple home, when early friends  
had met,  
And something filled thy farewell tone that whispered of  
regret.

Oh ! could I wonder, when you left warm spirits like your  
own,  
To dwell upon far distant earth with age and wealth  
alone ?

I gazed with holy fondness on thy meek retiring eye,  
Soft in its beaming as the first fair star of evening's sky ;  
I marked the dimpled mirth around thy sweet lips when  
they smiled,  
And while I loved thee as a bride I blest thee as a child.

But, oh ! thy young and glowing heart could not respond  
to mine,  
My whitened hairs seemed mocked by those rich sunny  
curls of thine ;  
And though thy gentle faith was kind as woman's faith  
can be,  
'Twas as the spring-flower clinging round the winter-  
blighted tree.

My speech is faltering and low—the world is fading fast—  
The sands of life are few and slow—this day will be my  
last ;  
I've something for thine ear—bend close—list to my failing  
word,  
Lay what I utter to thy soul, and start not when 'tis heard.

There's one who loves thee—though his love has never  
lived in speech—  
He worships as a devotee the star he cannot reach ;

He strives to mask his throbbing breast and hide its burning  
glow ;  
But I have pierced the veil and seen the struggling heart  
below.

Nay, speak not. I alone have been the selfish and  
unwise ;  
Young hearts will nestle with young hearts, young eyes  
will meet young eyes.  
And when I saw his earnest glance turn hopelessly away,  
I thanked the hand of Time that gave me warning of  
decay.

I question not thy bosom, Kate—I cast upon thy name  
No memory of jealous fear, no lightest shade of blame.  
I know that he has loved thee long, with deep and secret  
truth ;  
I know he is a fitting one to bless thy trusting youth.

Weep not for me with bitter grief; I would but have thee  
tell,  
That he who bribed thee to his heart has cherished thee  
right well.  
I give thee to another, Kate—and may that other prove  
As grateful for the blessing held, as doting in his love.

Bury me in the churchyard where the dark yew branches  
wave,  
And promise thou wilt come sometimes to weed the old  
man's grave ;

'Tis all I ask ! I'm blind—I'm faint—take, take my parting  
breath—  
I die within thy arms, my Kate, and feel no sting of death.

---

THE INDIAN HUNTER.

OH, why does the white-man follow my path,  
Like the hound on the tiger's track ?  
Does the flush on my dark cheek waken his wrath ?  
Does he covet the bow on my back ?  
He has rivers and seas, where the billows and breeze  
Bear riches for him alone ;  
And the sons of the wood never plunge in the flood  
Which the white-man calls his own.

Why, then, should he come to the streams where none  
But the red-skin dare to swim ?  
Why, why should he wrong the hunter one,  
Who never did harm to him ?  
The Father above thought fit to give,  
The white-men corn and wine :  
There are golden fields where they may live,  
But the forest shades are mine.

The eagle hath its place of rest,  
The wild-horse where to dwell ;

And the Spirit that gave the bird its nest,  
Made me a home as well.  
Then back, go back from the red-man's track,  
For the hunter's eyes grow dim  
To find that the white-man wrongs the one  
Who never did harm to him.

---

**THE PLEDGE.**

Full oft we breathe and echo round,  
With cheering shout and minstrel sound,  
A name that honesty would write  
In colours any thing but bright.  
But shame be on the hands that hold  
The wine-cup at the shrine of gold ;  
Shame on the slavish lips that part  
To utter what belies the heart.  
Fill high, fill high, while Truth stands by  
To echo back the lauding cry ;  
But gall be on the goblet's edge  
For him who yields the worthless pledge.

However rich the stream that's poured  
In homage at the banquet board  
To coward, fool, or wealthy knave,  
Let, let us spurn the tainted wave.

Far sweeter is the foaming ale,  
That circles with the fireside tale ;  
While sacred words and beaming eyes  
Proclaim we pledge the souls we prize.  
Fill high, fill high, while Truth stands by  
To echo back the lauding cry ;  
But let the glad libation prove  
The meed of friendship, worth, and love.

Let warm Affection light the draught,  
Then be the nectar deeply quaffed ;  
Let Genius claim it—gift divine,  
And all shall drain the hallowed wine ;  
Let Goodness have the honour due ;  
Drink to the poor man if he's true ;  
And ne'er forget that star's the best  
That's worn not *on* but *in* the breast.  
Fill high, fill high, while Truth stands by  
To echo back the lauding cry ;  
But gall be on the goblet's edge  
For him who yields the worthless pledge.

---

A S K E T C H .

THE summer sun is stealing fast away,  
And merry children join in noisy mirth,



Laughing and leaping in the golden ray,  
The wildest and the gayest things of earth.

Fair forms are bounding rapidly about,  
Light as the fairy imps in sylvan rings,  
Drowning the blackbird's song with their wild shout,  
And chasing down the moth with azure wings.

But there is one in quiet lonely mood,  
Taking a shadowy path, apart from all,  
Choosing the mossy margin, where the flood  
Leads to the loud and dashing waterfall.

Slow, lingering—now to gaze upon the tide,  
And watch the swelling ripples gliding by ;  
Now bending o'er the brooklet's shelving side,  
With stiller breathing and a closer eye.

He muses with a long and earnest glance,  
Noting the things his playmates never heed ;  
Pausing to see the water-lilies dance  
To the soft music of the wave-splashed reed.

He wonders none besides himself can find  
Something to wonder at in woods and streams,  
And knows not that his fresh untutored mind,  
Is dreaming busily the poet's dreams.

He feels the immortal light of spirit live  
Within his breast—but knows not that in years

To come, that warm and flashing ray will give  
The brightest rainbow through the bitterest tears

Life's sands run on, the wayward child is now  
All that foreboding tongues erst prophesied ;  
Reflection's cloud has darkened on the brow,  
And all youth promised, Time has not denied.

The cheeks have less of roundness and of red,  
The gray eye has become more softly deep ;  
The lips are thinner, but the spirit shed  
Around them tells that feeling does not sleep.

And still he takes the lonely way, and still  
He saunters idly, seeming to love best  
That which he loved of old—the wimpling rill  
And the thick wood that holds the owlet's nest.

Yet does he lean against the straggling tree,  
When Summer flings her blossoms at his feet ;  
And still he thinks the whirring of the bee  
And distant tinkling sheep-bell music sweet.

Yet does he wander on a starry night,  
When crystal dew-gems glitter on the sod ;  
Still will he hold upon the mountain height  
Close questioning with Nature and its God.

What is he? Hark ! the busy voice of Fame  
Sounds 'neath the household roof from heart to heart,

And heralds forth his glory and his name,  
In notes whose echoes never shall depart.

What is he ? Ask it of his own proud breast,  
That glows amid cold poverty and wrong ;  
His lyre shall tell thee—he is bright and blest,  
The worshipped and the poor—a child of song.



### HARVEST SONG.

I LOVE, I love to see  
Bright steel gleam through the land ;  
'Tis a goodly sight, but it must be  
In the reaper's tawny hand.

The helmet and the spear  
Are twined with laurel wreath ;  
But the trophy is wet with the orphan's tear,  
And blood-spots rest beneath.

I love to see the field  
That is moist with purple stain ;  
But not where bullet, sword, and shield,  
Lie strown with the gory slain.

No, no: 'tis when the sun  
Shots down his cloudless beams,  
Till the rich and bursting juice-drops run  
On the vineyard earth in streams.

My glowing heart beats high  
At the sight of shining gold ;  
But is not that which the miser's eye  
Delighteth to behold.

A brighter wealth by far  
Than the deep mine's yellow vein,  
Is seen around, in the fair hills crowned  
With sheaves of burnished grain.

Look forth, ye toiling men ;  
Though little ye possess,  
Be glad that dearth is not on earth,  
To leave that little less.

Let the song of praise be poured,  
In gratitude and joy,  
By the rich man, with his garners stored,  
And the ragged gleaner boy.

The feast *that* warfare gives  
Is not for one alone—  
'Tis shared by the meanest slave that lives,  
And the tenant of a throne.

Then glory to the steel  
That shines in the reaper's hand ;  
And thanks to God, who has blessed the sod,  
And crowns the harvest land !

---

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

THERE'S a love that only lives  
While the cheek is fresh and red ;  
There's a love that only thrives  
Where the pleasure feast is spread.  
It burneth sweet and strong,  
And it sings a merry theme,  
But the incense and the song  
Pass like flies upon the stream.

It cometh with the ray,  
And it goeth with the cloud,  
And quite forgets to-day  
What yesterday it vowed.  
Oh, Love ! Love ! Love !  
Is an easy chain to wear,  
When many idols meet our faith,  
And all we serve are fair.

But there's a love that keeps  
A constant watch-fire light,

.

With a flame that never sleeps  
Through the longest winter night.  
It is not always wise,  
And it is not always blest,  
For it bringeth tearful eyes,  
And loads a sighing breast.

A fairer lot hath he,  
Who loves awhile, then goes  
Like the linnet from the tree,  
Or the wild bee from the rose.  
Oh, Love! Love! Love!  
Soon makes the hair turn gray,  
Where only one fills all the heart,  
And that one's far away.

---

MOURN NOT THE DEAD.

MOURN not the dead,—shed not a tear  
Above the moss-stained sculptured stone,  
And weep for those whose living woes  
Still yield the bitter, rending groan.

Grieve not to see the eyelids close  
In rest that has not fevered start;  
Wish not to break the deep repose  
That curtains round the pulseless heart.

But keep thy pity for the eyes  
That pray for night, yet fear to sleep,  
Lest wilder, sadder visions rise  
Than those o'er which they waking weep.

Mourn not the dead,—'tis they alone  
Who are the peaceful and the free ;  
The purest olive-branch is known  
To twine about the cypress tree.

Crime, pride, and passion, hold no more  
The willing or the struggling slave ;  
The throbbing pangs of love are o'er,  
And hatred dwells not in the grave.

The world may pour its venom'd blame,  
And fiercely spurn the shroud-wrapped bier ;  
Some few may call upon the name,  
And sigh to meet a dull, cold ear.

But vain the scorn that would offend,  
In vain the lips that would beguile ;  
The coldest foe, the warmest friend,  
Are mocked by death's unchanging smile.

The only watchword that can tell  
Of peace and freedom won by all,  
Is echoed by the tolling bell,  
And traced upon the sable pall !



TO THE SPIRIT OF SONG.

SPIRIT OF SONG, thou hast left me awhile  
To find my joy in the world's false smile ;  
Thou hast left me to prove that world to be  
A dull sad desert, uncheered by thee.  
Oh ! my heart has been a shivering thing,  
Like a young bird missing its mother's wing :  
It has ached in secret, and pined away  
Through the festive night and the weary day.  
Spirit of Song, when thou art fled

No light is left on my earthly track ;  
We must not part till I sleep with the dead—  
Spirit of Song, I'll woo thee back !

And yet I know 'tis kind and best  
That thou for awhile shouldst leave my breast ;  
Strings tuned so highly must soon be snapt,  
Though the tone may be rich and the minstrel rapt ;  
The heart that kindles a flame so strong  
Can never feed that flame for long.  
It would burn as a sacred incense pyre,  
And be consumed by its own wild fire.  
Spirit of Song, thou hast wrung the tear,  
Thou hast tortured with joy and maddened with pain ;  
Yet shine, thou star of a holier sphere,  
Spirit of Song, be mine again.

I'll seek thee, but not in the midnight crowd,  
Where revels are kept by the gay and proud ;  
Not in the city's clamorous mart,  
Where wealth is the idol of each cold heart ;  
Not at the sculptured palace gate,  
That bars out peace with towering state ;  
Not in the region of a throne,  
Where truth and repose are things unknown.  
Spirit of Song, thou dost not dwell

With the sons of pomp or the slaves of care :  
Their homes may hold the glories of gold,  
But, Spirit of Song, *thou* art not there.

I'll seek thee when the night winds blow,  
Warming the bosom and cooling the brow,  
When the moon climbs over the misty hill,  
When the steed is unyoked and the hamlet still ;  
When the flowers are sleeping, and dripping gems  
Hang like pearls on their emerald stems ;  
When the cawing rook has gone to rest,  
And the lark is hid in his lowly nest.  
Spirit of Song, this, this is the time

When wisp-lights dance on the moor and fen ;  
When the watch-dog bays to the curfew chime—  
Spirit of Song, I'll woo thee then.

I'll seek thee where the moonshine falls  
On ivied towers and crumbling walls ;  
Where the frog leaps on in the rising dew,  
And the owl hoots out with his loud too-whooh.  
Where the arms of the clustering elders moan,  
Where the tall larch straggles dark and lone,

Where black pines crown the rugged steep,  
Where heather blooms and lichens creep—  
Spirit of Song, 'tis there thou art  
By the desolate shore and heaving sea.  
Oh! come, thou rainbow of my heart,  
Spirit of Song, come back to me.

Thou comest! I hear thy voice once more  
In the waters laving the pebbly shore;  
Thou comest with breathing deep and sweet,  
Where the fitful breeze and the willows meet.  
Thou comest! I feel thy presence around,  
My harp and my soul are alike unbound.  
The world is wearing the self-same hue  
Of fairy tinge it was wont to do.  
Spirit of song, thou hast left me long,  
But the prayer of thy child has not been in vain;  
Thou hast come in the might of thy glory and light,  
Spirit of Song, thou art mine again!

---

THE WATERS.

WATERS, bright Waters, how sweetly ye glide  
Where the tapering bulrush stands up in your tide;  
Where the white lilies peep and the green cresses creep  
And your whimple just lulleth the minnow to sleep'

Now lurking in silence, all lonely you take  
Your meandering course through the close-tangled brake  
Where the adder may wink as he basks on the brink  
And the fox-cub and timid fawn fearlessly drink.  
'Mid valley and greenwood right onward ye ramble,  
Through the maze of the rushes and trail of the bramble.  
Where the bard with his note, and the child with his boat  
Will linger beside ye to dream and to dote.

For a moment the mill-wheel may waken your wrath  
And disturb the repose of your silvery path;  
But your passionate spray falls like rainbows at play  
And as gently as ever ye steal on your way,  
Humming a song as ye loiter along,  
Looking up in the face of a shadowless day.  
Waters, bright Waters, how sweetly ye glide  
In the Brooklet, with blossoms and birds by your side!

Now the precious Waters lieth  
In a fount that never drieth,  
    "Full fathoms five" below;  
While above the moss is springing,  
And the old well-bucket swinging  
    To and fro.

Brown and busy hands are plying,  
Fresh and limpid streams are flying,  
    Splashing round;  
Merrily the bumper floweth,  
And down again the bucket goeth  
    With a hollow sound.

Pilgrim bands on desert sands,  
With panting breath and parching skin,  
What would ye not give to see  
That crazy bucket tumble in?

How gladly palms all dry and burning  
Would help that old rope in its turning ;  
How the sore and cracking lip  
Would laugh to see it drain and drip,  
And prize each dribbling icy gem  
Beyond an eastern diadem!

Let the merchant's garners hold  
Silken sheen and molten gold :  
Richer treasures still shall dwell,  
Gathered in the poor man's Well,  
Dark and cold.

Waters, gentle Waters,  
Ye are beautiful in Rain,  
Coming oft and pattering soft  
On hedgerow, hill, and plain.

Wandering from afar  
In a cloud-swung car—  
Ye dim the blaze of noon,  
Shut out the midnight moon,  
And veil the evening star.

The seed is in the earth  
Of promised bread ;

But ye must aid its sacred birth,  
Or nations, pressed by starving dearth,  
Will groan unfed.

Man may plant the root  
In some fair spot,  
But where will be the spring-time shoot,  
And who shall pluck the autumn fruit  
If ye come not ?  
How the red grapes flush,  
Till the rich streams burst !  
But your crystal gush  
Must have trickled first.  
The ancient forest lord  
Had ne'er looked proudly up,  
Had ye not glittered on the sward  
That held the acorn cup.

Waters, gentle Waters,  
Beautiful in showers,  
Ye help to wreathe the arms that breathe  
A perfume through the bowers.  
Ye feed the blade in lowland glade,  
And nurse the mountain flowers.  
Ye bathe Creation's lovely face,  
And keep it young in every grace ;  
Where'er ye fall ye cherish all  
Most beautiful in Beauty's train :  
Then welcome, gentle Waters,  
In the soft sweet Rain !

Now ye come in incense Dew,  
Distilling from the churchyard yew,  
Hemlock, rosemary, and rue,  
Odors sweet in evening shade.  
Now ye drop into the rose,  
Silently to heal and close  
Wounds the rifling bee has made.

Now ye tremble on the spray,  
Just above the nightingale,  
While he chants his roundelay,  
Ringing through the moonlit vale.  
Now ye rest upon his wing,  
Till his constant trillings fling  
Your diamond lustres scattering  
Upon the glowworm's meteor tail.

King Oberon is on his throne  
In the fairy hall of light,  
And a merry set of sprites have met  
To dance away the night.  
What do they quaff in that revelling hour?  
'Tis the Waters caught from the spicy flower;  
And reeling away go the elfin crew,  
Drunk with the balmy nectar Dew.

Waters, broad Waters, how nobly ye swell  
Round the huge coral reef and the nautilus shell!  
Glory is shed on your Ocean breast,  
Heaving in fury or placid in rest.



Ye live far down in the sparry cave,  
Where the sea-boy lies in his amber grave ;  
Ye braid the dank weed in his hair,  
And deck him with jewels pure and rare ;  
Ye keep the record of where and when  
The brave ship sunk with her braver men :  
Ye have treasures and secrets, and guard them well,  
For no stores will ye give, and no word will ye tell.

Ye spread your Waves on the rifted strand,  
Where the white foam spangles the golden sand ;  
And ebb away with the deep perfume  
Of the citron branch and orange bloom.  
Ye dash where the gloomy pine tree grows,  
Where the northern tempest beats and blows ;  
The thunder may burst and the wolf-dog bay,  
But ye will be louder and bolder than they.

Ages ago ye washed the feet  
Of cities that sent ye a galley fleet ;  
Cities, and galleys, and people are gone,  
But the great Waters still roll on :  
Kingdoms and empires flourish no more,  
But ye still dwell by the desolate shore—  
As fresh in your brightness, as strong in your flood,  
As when the Immortal One "saw ye were good."

Waters, ye are fair  
In the winding River,  
Running here, and twining there,  
While the waking twilight air



Stirs the spreading sails ye bear  
To a flapping shiver.

“Outward bound,” the stripling one  
Sighs to see the setting sun ;  
And shadows lengthen on his heart  
As the rays that meet his gaze  
One by one depart.

“Outward bound” for many a year,  
A dream comes o’er his brain ;  
He looks into the lucid wave,  
Where he was wont to plunge and lave  
In waters cool and clear ;  
And wonders if the chance of time  
Will bring him to his native clime  
And native stream again.  
He leans against the vessel’s side,  
And the big burning tear  
He cannot check, but fain would hide,  
Has mingled with the River’s tide.

Waters, ye are beautiful,  
Take what form ye will ;  
Leaping in the yeasty billow,  
Toying with the pensive willow,  
Bearing the mast before the blast,  
Or straws upon the rill !

Waters, ye are beautiful,  
Howsoe’er ye come,

In sheets that pour with falling roar—  
Or moisture on the purple plum.  
Ye are free as aught can be,  
Singing strains of liberty  
In bubbling Spring and booming Sea!  
Waters, living Waters,  
Strew your pearls upon the sod,  
And man needs no other beads  
To count in memory of God.

---

SONG OF THE SPIRIT OF POVERTY.

A SONG, a song, for the beldame Queen,  
A Queen that the world knows well,  
Whose portal of state is the workhouse gate,  
And throne the prison cell.

I have been crowned in every land,  
With nightshade steep'd in tears,  
I've a dog-gnawn bone for my sceptre wand  
Which the proudest mortal fears.

No gem I wear in my tangled hair,  
No golden vest I own,

No radiant glow tints cheek or brow,  
Yet say, who dares my frown ?

Oh, I am Queen of a ghastly court,  
And tyrant sway I hold,  
Baiting human hearts for my royal sport  
With the bloodhounds of Hunger and Cold.

My power can change the purest clay  
From its first and beautiful mould,  
Till it hideth from the face of day,  
Too hideous to behold.

Mark ye the wretch who has cloven and cleft  
The skull of the lonely one,  
And quail'd not at purpling his blade to the heft,  
To make sure that the deed was done :

Fair seeds were sown in his infant breast,  
That held goodly blossom and fruit,  
But I trampled them down—Man did the rest—  
And God's image grew into the brute.

He hath been driven, and hunted, and scourged,  
For the sin I bade him do,  
He hath wrought the lawless work I urged  
Till blood seemed fair to his view.

I shriek with delight to see him bedight  
In fetters that chink and gleam,  
"He is mine!" I shout as they lead him out,  
From the dungeon to the beam.

See the lean boy clutch his rough-hewn crutch,  
With limbs all warp'd and worn,  
While hurries along through a noisy throng,  
The theme of their gibing scorn.

Wealth and care would have rear'd him straight  
As the towering mountain pine,  
But I nursed him into that halting gait,  
And withered his marrowless spine.

Pain may be heard on the downy bed,  
Heaving the groan of despair,  
For Suffering shuns not the diadem'd head,  
And abideth everywhere.

But the shortened breath and parching lip  
Are watched by many an eye,  
And there is balmy drink to sip,  
And tender hands to ply.

Come, come with me, and ye shall see  
What a child of mine can bear,  
Where squalid shadows thicken the light,  
And foulness taints the air.

He lieth alone to gasp and moan,  
While the cancer eats his flesh,  
With the old rags festering on his wound,  
For none will give him fresh.

Oh, carry him forth in a blanket robe,  
The lazar house is nigh,

The careless hand shall cut and probe,  
And strangers see him die.

Where's the escutcheon of blazoned worth?  
Who is heir to the famed rich man?  
Ha! ha! he is mine—dig a hole in the earth,  
And hide him as soon as ye can.

Oh, I am Queen of a ghastly Court,  
And the handmaids that I keep  
Are such phantom things as Fever brings  
To haunt the fitful sleep.

See, see, they come in my haggard train,  
With jagged and matted locks  
Hanging round them as rough as the wild steed's mane,  
Or the black weed on the rocks.

They come with broad and horny palms,  
They come in maniac guise,  
With angled chins, and yellow skins,  
And hollow staring eyes.

They come to be girded with leather and link,  
And away at my bidding they go,  
To toil where the soulless beast would shrink,  
In the deep, damp caverns below.

Daughters of beauty, they, like ye,  
Are of gentle womankind,  
And wonder not if little there be,  
Of angel form and mind.

If I'd held your cheeks by as close a pinch,  
    Would that flourishing rose be found?  
If I'd doled you a crust out, inch by inch,  
    Would your arms have been so round?

Oh, I am Queen with a despot rule,  
    That crushes to the dust;  
The laws I deal, bear no appeal,  
    Though ruthless and unjust.

I deaden the bosom and darken the brain,  
    With the might of the demon's skill;  
The heart may struggle, but struggle in vain,  
    As I grapple it harder still.

Oh, come with me, and ye shall see  
    How well I begin the day,  
For I'll hie to the hungriest slave I have,  
    And snatch his loaf away.

Oh, come with me, and ye shall see  
    How my skeleton victims fall;  
How I order the graves without a stone,  
    And the coffins without a pall.

'Then a song, a song for the beldame Queen—  
    A Queen that ye fear right well;  
For my portal of state is the workhouse gate,  
    And my throne the prison cell.

THE OLD MILL-STREAM.

BEAUTIFUL streamlet! how precious to me  
Was the green-swarded paradise watered by thee ;  
I dream of thee still, as thou wert in my youth,  
Thy meanderings haunt me with freshness and truth.

I had heard of full many a river of fame,  
With its wide-rolling flood and its classical name ;  
But the Thames of Old England, the Tiber of Rome,  
Could not peer with the mill-streamlet close to my home.

Full well I remember the gravelly spot,  
Where I slyly repaired, though I knew I ought not ;  
Where I stood with my handful of pebbles to make  
That formation of fancy, a duck and a drake.

How severe was the scolding, how heavy the threat,  
When my pinafore hung on me dirty and wet !  
How heedlessly silent I stood to be told  
Of the danger of drowning, the risk of a cold !

“Now mark !” cried a mother, “the mischief done there  
Is unbearable—go to that stream if you dare ;  
But I sped to that stream like a frolicsome colt,  
For I knew that her thunder-cloud carried no bolt.



Though puzzled with longitude, adverb, and noun,  
Till my forehead was sunk in a studious frown;  
Yet that stream was a Lethe that swept from my soul  
The grammar, the globes, and the tutor's control.

I wonder if still the young anglers begin,  
As I did, with willow-wand, packthread, and pin;  
When I threw in my line, with expectancy high  
As to perch in my basket and eels in a pie.

When I watched every bubble that broke on a weed,  
Yet found I caught nothing but lily and reed;  
Till time and discernment began to instil  
The manœuvres of Walton with infinite skill.

Full soon I discovered the birch-shadowed place  
That nurtured the trout and the silver-backed dace;  
Where the coming of night found me blest and content,  
With my patience unworn and my fishing-rod bent.

How fresh were the flags on the stone-studded ridge,  
That rudely supported the narrow oak bridge!  
And that bridge, oh! how boldly and safely I ran  
On the thin plank that now I should timidly scan!

I traversed it often at fall of the night,  
When the clouds of December shut out the moon's light;  
A mother might tremble, but I never did,  
For my footing was sure, though the pale stars were hid.

When the breath of stern winter had fettered the tide,  
What joy to career on its feet-warming slide;

With mirth in each eye and bright health on each cheek,  
While the gale in our faces came piercing and bleak !

The snow-flakes fell fast on our wind-roughened curls,  
But we laughed as we shook off the feathery pearls ;  
And the running, the tripping, the pull and the haul  
Had a glorious end in the slip and the sprawl.

Oh ! I loved the wild place where clear ripples flowed  
On their serpentine way o'er the pebble-strewn road,  
Where, mounted on Dobbin, we youngsters would dash,  
Both pony and rider enjoying the splash.

How often I tried to teach Pincher the tricks  
Of diving for pebbles and swimming for sticks !  
But my doctrines could never induce the loved brute  
To consider hydraulics a pleasant pursuit.

Did a *forcible* argument sometimes prevail,  
What a woful expression was seen in his tail ;  
And though bitterly vexed, I was made to agree  
That Dido, the spaniel, swam better than he.

What pleasure it was to spring forth in the sun  
When the school-door was ope'd and our lessons were done ;  
When " Where shall we play ? " was the doubt and the call,  
And " Down by the mill-stream " was echoed by all ;

When tired of childhood's rude boisterous pranks,  
We pulled the tall rushes that grew on its banks ;  
And, busily quiet, we sat ourselves down  
To weave the rough basket or plait the light crown.

I remember the launch of our fairy-built ship,  
How we set her white sails, pulled her anchor atrip;  
Till mischievous hands, working hard at the craft,  
Turned the ship to a boat, and the boat to a raft.

The first of my doggerel breathings was there,—  
'Twas the hope of a poet, "An Ode to Despair."  
I won't vouch for its metre, its sense, or its rhyme,  
But I know that I then thought it truly sublime.

Beautiful streamlet! I dream of thee still,  
Of thy pouring cascade, and the tic-tac-ing mill;  
Thou livest in memory, and wilt not depart,  
For thy waters seem blent with the streams of my heart.

Home of my youth! if I go to thee now,  
None can remember my voice or my brow;  
None can remember the sunny-faced child,  
That played by the water-mill joyous and wild.

The aged, who laid their thin hands on my head  
To smooth my dark shining curls, rest with the dead;  
The young, who partook of my sports and my glee,  
Can see naught but a wandering stranger in me.

Beautiful streamlet! I sought thee again,  
But the changes that marked thee awakened deep pain  
Desolation had reigned, thou wert not as of yore—  
Home of my childhood, I'll see thee no more!

**BIRDS**

BIRDS! birds! ye are beautiful things,  
With your earth-treading feet and your cloud-cleaving  
wings!

Where shall Man wander, and where shall he dwell,  
Beautiful birds, that ye come not as well?  
Ye have nests on the mountain all rugged and stark,  
Ye have nests in the forest all tangled and dark;  
Ye build and ye breed 'neath the cottagers' eaves,  
And ye sleep on the sod 'mid the bonnie green leaves;  
Ye hide in the heather, ye lurk in the brake,  
Ye dive in the sweet flags that shadow the lake;  
Ye skim where the stream parts the orchard-decked land,  
Ye dance where the foam sweeps the desolate strand;  
Beautiful birds, ye come thickly around,  
When the bud's on the branch and the snow's on the ground;  
Ye come when the richest of roses flush out,  
And ye come when the yellow leaf eddies about!

Gray-haired pilgrim, thou hast been  
Round the chequered world I ween;  
Thou hast lived in happy lands,  
Where the thriving city stands;  
Thou hast travelled far to see  
Where the city used to be;  
Chance and change are everywhere,  
Riches here and ruins there;

Pilgrim, thou hast gazed on all,  
On rising pile and fading wall—  
Tell us, saw ye not brave birds  
In the crumbled halls of old,  
Where Monarchs smiled and rulers' words  
Breathed above the chalice gold?  
Say, who is it now that waits  
At the "hundred brazen gates?"  
Who is now the great High Priest,  
Bending o'er the carrion feast?  
Who is now the reigning one  
O'er the dust of Babylon?—  
It is the owl with doleful scream,  
Waking the jackal from his dream;  
It is the Raven black and sleek,  
With shining claw and sharpened beak;  
It is the Vulture sitting high  
In mockery of thrones gone by.

Pilgrim, say, what dost thou meet  
In busy mart and crowded street?  
There the smoke-brown Sparrow sits,  
There the dingy Martin flits,  
There the tribe from dove-house coop  
Take their joyous morning swoop,  
There the treasured singing pet  
In his narrow cage is set,  
Welcoming the beams that come  
Upon his gilded prison-home.

Wearied pilgrim, thou hast marched  
O'er the desert dry and parched,

Where no little flower is seen,  
No dewdrop cold, no Oasis green,—  
What saw'st thou there? the Ostrich, fast  
As Arab steed or tempest blast,  
And the stately Pelican  
Wondering at intrusive man.

Pilgrim, say, who was it showed  
A ready pathway to the Alp?  
Who was it crossed your lonely road,  
From the valley to the scalp?  
Tired and timid friends had failed,  
Resting in the hut below,  
But your bold heart still was hailed  
By the eagle and the crow!

Pilgrim, when you sought the clime  
Of the myrtle, palm, and lime,  
Where the diamond loves to hide  
Jostling rubies by its side,—  
Say, were not the brightest gleams  
Breaking on your dazzled eye  
From the thousand glancing beams  
Poured in feathered blazonry?  
Pilgrim, hast thou seen the spot  
Where the winged forms came not?

Mariner! mariner! thou mayst go  
Far as the strongest wind can blow  
But much thou'lt tell when thou comest back  
Of the sea running high and the sky growing black,

Of the mast that went with a rending crash,  
Of the lee-shore seen by the lightning's flash,  
And never shalt thou forget to speak  
Of the white Gull's cry and the Petrel's shriek.  
For out on the ocean, leagues away,  
Madly skimmeth the boding flock,  
The storm-fire burns, but what care they ?  
'Tis the season of joy and the time for play,  
When the thunder-peal and the breaker's spray  
Are bursting and boiling around the rock.

Lovers linger in the vale  
While the twilight gathers round,  
With a fear lest mortal ear  
Should listen to the whispered sound.  
They would have no peering eye  
While they tell the secret tale,  
Not a spy may venture nigh,  
Save the gentle nightingale  
Perched upon the tree close by,  
He may note each trembling sigh ;  
Swinging on the nearest bough,  
He may witness every vow.  
Favored bird, oh ! thou hast heard  
Many a soft and mystic word,  
While the night wind scarcely stirr'd,  
And the stars were in the sky.

Up in the morning, while the dew  
Is splashing in crystals o'er him,  
The ploughman hies to the upland rise,  
But the lark is there before him.



He sings while the team is yoked to the share,  
He sings when the mist is going,  
He sings when the noontide south is fair,  
He sings when the west is glowing.  
Now his pinions are spread o'er the peasant's head,  
Now he drops in the furrow behind him,  
Oh! the lark is a merry and constant mate,  
Without favor or fear to bind him.

Beautiful birds! how the schoolboy remembers  
The warblers that chorused his holiday tune,  
The Robin that chirp'd in the frosty Decembers,  
The Blackbird that whistled through flower-crowned June!  
That schoolboy remembers his holiday ramble,  
When he pulled every blossom of palm he could see,  
When his finger was raised as he stopped in the bramble,  
With "Hark! there's the Cuckoo, how close he must be!"

Beautiful birds, we've encircled your names  
With the fairest of fruits and the fiercest of flames.  
We paint War with his Eagle, and Peace with her Dove,  
With the red bolt of Death and the olive of Love;  
The fountain of Friendship is never complete  
Till ye coo o'er its waters, so sparkling and sweet;  
And where is the hand that would dare to divide  
Even Wisdom's grave self from the Owl by her side?

Beautiful creatures of freedom and light,  
Oh! where is the eye that groweth not bright  
As it watches you trimming your soft glossy coats,  
Swelling your bosoms and ruffling your throats?



Oh! I would not ask, as the old ditties sing,  
To be "happy as sand-boy," or "happy as king;"  
For the joy is more blissful that bids me declare,  
"I'm as happy as all the wild birds in the air."  
I will tell them to find me a grave when I die,  
Where no marble will shut out the glorious sky;  
Let them give me a tomb where the daisy will bloom,  
Where the moon will shine down, and the leveret pass by;  
But be sure there's a tree stretching out, high and wide,  
Where the Linnet, the Thrush, and the Woodlark may hide;  
For the truest and purest of requiems heard  
Is the eloquent hymn of the beautiful Bird.

---

#### SONG OF THE HAYMAKERS.

THE noontide is hot and our foreheads are brown,  
Our palms are all shining and hard;  
Right close is our work with the wain and the fork,  
And but poor is our daily reward.  
But there's joy in the sunshine, and mirth in the lark  
That skims whistling away over head;  
Our spirits are light, though our skins may be dark,  
And there's peace with our meal of brown bread.  
We dwell in the meadows, we toil on the sod,  
Far away from the city's dull gloom;

And more jolly are we, though in rags we may be,  
Than the pale faces over the loom.  
Then a song and a cheer for the bonnie green stack  
Climbing up to the sun wide and high ;  
For the pitchers, and rakers, and merry haymakers,  
And the beautiful Midsummer sky !

Come forth, gentle ladies—come forth, dainty sirs,  
And lend us your presence awhile ;  
Your garments will gather no stain from the burs,  
And a freckle won't tarnish your smile.  
Our carpet's more soft for your delicate feet  
Than the pile of your velveteed floor ;  
And the air of our balm-swath is surely as sweet  
As the perfume of Araby's shore.  
Come forth, noble masters, come forth to the field,  
Where freshness and health may be found ;  
Where the wind-rows are spread for the butterfly's bed,  
And the clover-bloom falleth around.  
Then a song and a cheer for the bonnie green stack  
Climbing up to the sun wide and high ;  
For the pitchers, and rakers, and merry haymakers,  
And the beautiful Midsummer sky !

“ Hold fast ! ” cries the wagoner, loudly and quick,  
And then comes the hearty “ Gee-wo ! ”  
While the cunning old team-horses manage to pick  
A sweet mouthful to munch as they go.  
The tawny-faced children come round us to play,  
And bravely they scatter the heap ;  
Till the tiniest one, all outspent with the fun,  
Is curled up with the sheep-dog, asleep.

Old age sitteth down on the haycock's fair crown,  
At the close of our laboring day ;  
And wishes his life, like the grass at his feet,  
May be pure at its " passing away."'  
Then a song and a cheer for the bonnie green stack,  
Climbing up to the sun wide and high ;  
For the pitchers, and rakers, and merry haymakers,  
And the beautiful Midsummer sky !

---

WINTER IS HERE.

WINTER is here—the old robin has come  
To remind us with tip-tapping bill  
That his morning repast of the delicate crumb  
Should be spread for him now on the sill.  
Thou shalt have it, all saucy and rude as thou art,  
Strutting up in thy warrior red ;  
I adore thy sweet note, and I love thy bold heart,  
So come here, pretty Bob, and be fed.

Winter is here—for the dove-cage is found  
Taken down from the vine-covered wall ;  
The rough-coated spaniel and favorite hound  
Sneak in to the fire-lighted hall.  
The door that was flinging wide open of late  
Till night sent her heralding star,

Where the porch trellis bent with the eglantine's weight,  
'Tis now fast with the bolt and the bar.

Winter is here—the gay hearth is undress'd,  
All stripp'd of its wreathings of green ;  
The cricket once more whistles out from its nest,  
And the bright snapping wood-blaze is seen.  
We circle that blaze when the morning's dark frown  
Lingers long on the mist-covered pane ;  
A few hours roll over, the dim sun goes down,  
And we meet by that warm blaze again.

Winter is here—there's no bloom on the sod,  
E'en the daisy has shrunk from the blast ;  
The fields are deserted, the grove is untrod,  
And the oak tree is leafless at last.  
No down-covered peaches are found on the board,  
There's no sparkling Bucellas to sip ;  
But stained fingers proclaim that the walnuts are stored,  
And red wine is deep'ning the lip.

Winter is here—all the flowers are dead,  
No posy is gracing the room ;  
But coral and pearls of rare lustre are spread  
In the holly and mistletoe bloom.  
The herds are brought in from the verdureless hills  
To their coverts for shelter and food ;  
The trout nestle deep in the rush-bordered rills,  
The rooks have come back to their wood.

Winter is here—the old tottering man,  
Closely muffled, goes shivering forth ;

The bare-headed urchins laugh loud as they can,  
With their glowing cheeks turned to the north.  
The seat 'neath the beeches is tenantless now,  
There's no loitering form in the shade ;  
But the dance gives a warmth and a flush to the brow,  
While the quickest of jig-tunes is played.

Winter is here—let us welcome him on,—  
Remember old Christmas is near ;  
And when Christmas with all his gay feasting has gone,  
Why then we've the merry New Year.  
Here's a health to the rich who will give to the poor,  
Let plenty and mercy ne'er part ;  
And though bitter winds blow through the white clouds  
of snow,  
No winter shall fall on the heart !

---

### SUMMER IS NIGH.

THE richest of perfumes and jewels are mine,  
While the dog-roses blow and the dew-spangles shine ;  
And the softest of music is wakened for me,  
By the stream o'er the pebble—the wind in the tree.  
Nature, kind Mother, my heart is conten  
With the beauty and mirth thou hast lavishly sent !

Sweet Summer is nigh, and my spirit leaps high,  
As the sun travels further along the blue sky.  
If I murmur, it is that my home is not made  
'Mid the flowers and drops in the green coppice shade ;  
If I sigh, 'tis to think that my steps cannot stray  
With the breeze and the brook on their wandering way.  
Nature, kind Mother, I long to behold  
All the glories thy blossom-ring'd fingers unfold.  
None like thee can I meet, for all others will cheat,  
With a portion of bitter disguised in the sweet.  
The earth, the wide earth, will be beautiful soon,  
With the cherry-bloom wreath and the nightingale's tune ;  
And the dreams without sleep with strange magic will come,  
While the wood-pigeons coo, and the heavy bees hum.  
Oh ! Nature, kind Mother, 'tis only thy breast  
That can nurse my deep feeling and lull it to rest ;  
For my soul is too proud to be telling aloud  
What to thee it can utter all weeping and bowed.

I see the rife buds on the wide-spreading bough,  
Soon, they will shadow my thought-laden brow :  
I see the bright primroses burst where I stand,  
And I laugh like a child as they drip in my hand.  
Nature, kind Mother, thou hearest me breathe  
My devotion at altars where wild flowers wreathe ;  
None other e'er knows how my warm bosom glows  
As I watch the young daisy-fringe open and close.

I see the blue violets peep from the bank ;  
I praise their Creator—I bless and I thank ;  
And the gossamer insect at play in the beam  
Is an atom that bids me adore the Supreme.

Nature, kind Mother, my heart is content  
With the beauty and mirth thou hast lavishly sent!  
Sweet Summer is nigh, and my spirit leaps high,  
As the sun travels further along the blue sky.

---

### OLD STORY BOOKS

OLD story books! old story books! we owe ye much, old  
friends,

Bright-colored threads in Memory's warp, of which Death  
holds the ends.

Who can forget ye?—who can spurn the ministers of joy  
That waited on the lisping girl and petticoated boy?

I know that ye could *win* my heart when every bribe or  
threat

Failed to allay my stamping rage, or break my sullen pet:  
A "promised story" was enough—I turned with eager  
smile,

To learn about the naughty "pig that would not mount  
the stile."

There was a spot in days of yore whereon I used to  
stand,

With mighty question in my head and penny in my  
hand;

Where motley sweets and crinkled cakes made up a goodly  
show,



And "story books" upon a string, appeared in brilliant  
row.

What should I have? the peppermint was incense in my  
nose,

But I had heard of "hero Jack" who slew his giant  
foes:

My lonely coin was balanced long before the tempting  
stall,

'Twixt book and bull's eye, but, forsooth! "Jack" got it  
after all.

Talk of your "vellum, gold embossed," "morocco," "roan,"  
and "calf,"

The blue and yellow wraps of old were prettier by half:  
And as to pictures! well we know that never one was  
made

Like that where "Bluebeard" swings aloft his wife-de-  
stroying blade.

"Hume's England!"—pshaw! what history of battles,  
states and men

Can vie with Memoirs "all about sweet little Jenny  
Wren?"

And what are all the wonders that e'er struck a nati n  
dumb,

To those recorded as performed by "Master Thomas  
Thumb?"

"Miss Riding Hood," poor luckless child! my heart grew  
big with dread,

When the grim "wolf," in grandmamma's best bonnet,  
showed his head;

I shuddered when, in innocence, she meekly peeped beneath,

And made remarks about "great eyes," and wondered at  
"great teeth."

And then the "House that Jack built," and the "Beanstalk  
Jack cut down,"

And "Jack's eleven brothers," on their travels of renown ;  
And "Jack," whose cracked and plastered head insured  
him lyric fame,

These, these, methinks, make "vulgar Jack" a rather classic  
name.

Fair "Valentine," I loved him well ; but, better still the  
bear

That hugged his brother in her arms with tenderness and  
care.

I lingered spell-bound o'er the page, though even-tide wore  
late,

And left my supper all untouched to fathom "Orson's" fate.  
Then "Robin with his merry men," a noble band were they,  
We'll never see the like again, go hunting where we may.  
In Lincoln garb, with bow and barb, rapt Fancy bore  
me on,

Through Sherwood's dewy forest-paths, close after "Little  
John."

"Miss Cinderella" and her "shoe" kept long their reigning  
powers,

Till harder words and longer themes beguiled my flying  
hours ;

And "Sinbad," wondrous sailor he, allured me on his track,  
And set me shouting when he flung the old man from his  
back.

And oh ! that tale—the matchless tale, that made me dream  
at night  
Of “Crusoe’s” shaggy robe of fur, and “Friday’s” death-  
spurred flight ;  
Nay, still I read it, and again, in sleeping visions, see  
The savage dancers on the sand—the raft upon the sea.

Old story books ! old story books ! I doubt if “Reason’s  
Feast”  
Provides a dish that pleases more than “Beauty and the  
Beast ;”  
I doubt if all the Ledger-leaves that bear a sterling sum,  
Yield happiness like those that told of “Master Horner’s  
plum.”  
Old story books ! old story books ! I never pass ye by  
Without a sort of furtive glance—right loving, though ’tis  
sly ;  
And fair suspicion may arise—that yet my spirit grieves  
For dear “Old Mother Hubbard’s Dog” and “Ali Baba’s  
Thieves.”

---

**OLD CRIES.**

Oh, dearly do I love “Old Cries”  
That touch my heart and bid me look  
On “Bowpots” plucked ’neath summer skies,  
And “Waterresses” from the brook.

It may be vain, it may be weak,  
To list when common voices speak,  
But rivers, with their broad, deep course,  
Pour from a mean and unmarked source ;  
And so my warmest tide of soul  
From strange unheeded springs will roll.

“Old cries,” “old cries,”—there is not one  
But hath a mystic tissue spun  
Around it, flinging on the ear  
A magic mantle rich and dear,  
From “Hautboys” pottled in the sun,  
To the loud wish that cometh when  
The tune of midnight “waits” is done  
With “A merry Christmas, gentlemen,  
And a happy new year!”

The clear spring dawn is breaking, and there cometh with  
the ray,  
The stripling boy with “shining face” and dame in  
“hodden gray!”  
Rude melody is breathed by all—young—old—the strong  
and weak,  
From manhood with its burly tone and age with treble  
squeak.  
Forth come the little busy “Jacks,” and forth come little  
“Gills,”  
As thick and quick as working ants about their summer  
hills,  
With baskets of all shapes and makes, of every size and  
sort,

Away they trudge, with eager step; through alley, street,  
and court.

A spicy freight they bear along, and earnest is their care,  
To guard it like a tender thing from morning's nipping air ;  
And though our rest be broken by their voices shrill and  
clear,

There's something in the well-known "cry" we dearly love  
to hear.

'Tis old familiar music when "the old woman runs"  
With "One a penny, two a penny, Hot Cross Buns!"  
Full many a cake of dainty make has gained a good renown,  
We all have lauded "gingerbread" and "parliament" done  
brown ;

But when did luscious "Banburies," or even "Sally Lunn's,"  
E'er yield such merry chorus theme as "One a penny  
buns!"

The pomp of palate that may be like old Vitellius fed,  
Can never feast as mine did on the sweet and fragrant bread,  
When quick impatience could not wait to share the early  
meal,

But eyed the pile of "Hot Cross Buns," and dared to  
snatch and steal.

Oh the soul must be uncouth as a Vandal's, Goth's, or  
Hun's,

That loveth not the melody of "One a penny buns."

---

There was a man in olden time,  
And a troubadour was he,  
Whose passing chant and lilting rhyme  
Had mighty charms for me.

My eyes grew big with a sparkling stare,  
And my heart began to swell,  
When I heard his loud song filling the air  
About "Young lambs to sell."  
His flocks were white as the falling snow,  
With collars of shining gold,  
And I chose from the pretty ones "all of a row,"  
With a joy that was untold.  
Oh, why did the gold become less bright,  
Why did the soft fleece lose its white,  
And why did the child grow old?

'Twas a blithe bold song the old man sung,  
The words came fast, and the echoes rung,  
Merry and free as a "marriage bell;"  
And a right good troubadour was he,  
For the hive never swarmed to the chinking key,  
As the wee things did when they gathered in glee,  
To his eloquent cry—"Young lambs to sell."

Ah, well-a-day! it hath passed away,  
With my holiday pence and my holiday play.  
I wonder if I could listen again,  
As I listened then to that old man's strain.

---

And there was a "cry," in the days gone by,  
That ever came when my pillow was nigh;  
When tired and spent, I was passively led  
By a mother's hand to my own sweet bed—  
My lids grew heavy—my glance was dim,  
As I yawned in the midst of a cradle hymn—

When the watchman's echo lull'd me quite,  
With "Past ten o'clock, and a star-light night."

Well I remember the hideous dream,  
When I struggled in terror, and strove to scream,  
As I took a wild leap o'er the precipice steep,  
And convulsively flung off the incubus sleep—  
How I loved to behold the moonshine cold  
Illumine each well-known curtain-fold,  
And how I was soothed by the watchman's warning,  
Of "Past three o'clock, and a moonlight morning!"

Oh, there was music in this old "cry,"  
Whose deep rough tones will never die;  
No rare serenade will put to flight  
The chant that proclaimed "a stormy night."  
The "watchmen of the city" are gone,  
The church-bell speaketh, but speaketh alone;  
We hear no voice at the wintry dawning,  
With "Past five o'clock, and a cloudy morning."  
Ah, well-a-day! it hath passed away,  
But I sadly miss the cry,  
That told in the night, when the stars were bright,  
Or the rain-cloud veiled the sky.  
Watchmen, watchmen, ye are among  
The bygone things that will haunt me long.

---

"Three bunches a penny, primroses!"

Oh, dear is the greeting of Spring,  
When she offers her dew-spangled posies,  
The fairest creation can bring.



“Three bunches a penny, primroses!”  
The echo resounds in the mart,  
And the simple “cry” often uncloses  
The worldly bars grating man’s heart.

We reflect, we contrive, and we reckon  
How best we can gather up wealth;  
We go where bright finger-posts beckon  
Till we wander from Nature and Health.

But the “old cry” shall burst on our scheming,  
The song of “Primroses” shall flow,  
And “Three bunches a penny” set dreaming  
Of all that we loved long ago.

It brings visions of meadow and mountain,  
Of valley, and streamlet, and hill,  
When Life’s ocean but played in a fountain—  
Ah, would that it sparkled so still!

It conjures back shadowless hours,  
When we threaded the wild forest ways,  
When our own hand went seeking the flowers,  
And our own lips were shouting their praise.

The perfume and tint of the blossom  
Are as fresh in vale, dingle, and glen;  
But say, is the pulse of our bosom  
As warm and as bounding as then?

“Three bunches a penny, primroses,”  
“Three bunches a penny,—come buy;”  
A blessing on all the spring posies,  
And good will to the poor ones who cry:

“Lavender, sweet Lavender,”  
With “Cherry Ripe” is coming,  
While the droning beetles whirr,  
And merry bees are numming.

“Lavender, sweet Lavender!”  
Oh, pleasant is the crying;  
While the rose-leaves scarcely stir,  
And downy moths are flying.

Oh, dearly do I love “old cries,”  
Your “Lilies all a blowing!”  
Your blossoms blue still wet with dew,  
“Sweet Violets all a growing!”

Oh, happy were the days, methinks,  
In truth, the best of any,  
When “Perriwinkles, winkle, winks!”  
Allured my last lone penny.

Oh, what had I to do with cares  
That bring the frown and furrow,  
When “Walnuts!” and “Fine mellow pears!”  
Beat Catalani thorough.

Full dearly do I love “old cries,”  
And always turn to hear them;  
And though they cause me some few sighs,  
Those sighs do but endear them.

My heart is like the fair sea-shell,  
There’s music ever in it;  
Though bleak the shore where it may dwell,  
Some power still lives to win it.

When music fills the shell no more,  
'Twill be all crushed and scattered;  
And when this heart's wild tone is o'er,  
'Twill be all cold and shattered.

Oh, vain will be the hope to break  
Its last and dreamless slumbers,  
When "old cries" come and fail to wake  
Its deep and fairy numbers.





71.2009.084.00267







