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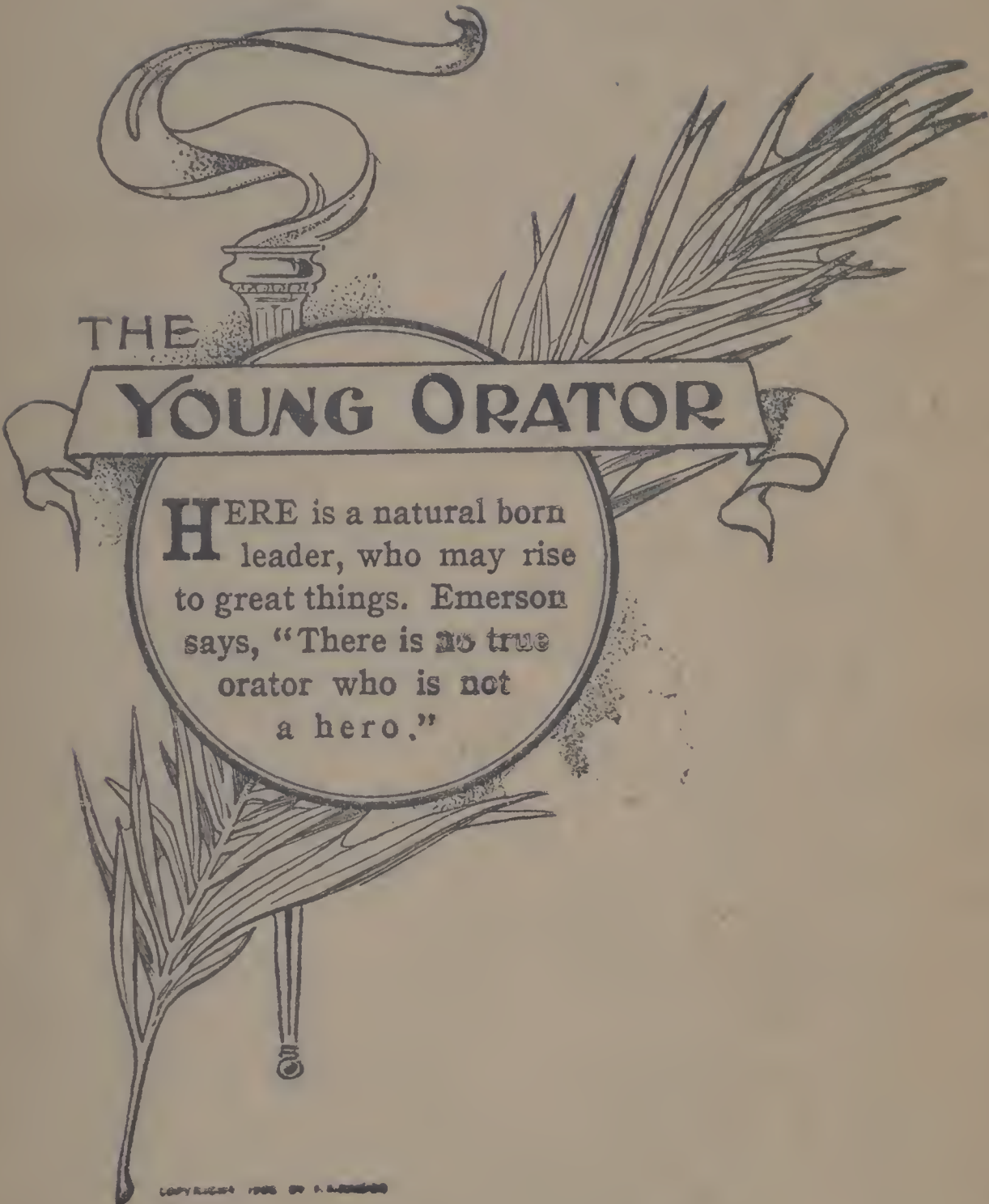


BERLE'S
SELF CULTURE

VOL. VIII

RHYMES AND JINGLES
FAMOUS POETRY, WIT, AND HUMOR





THE

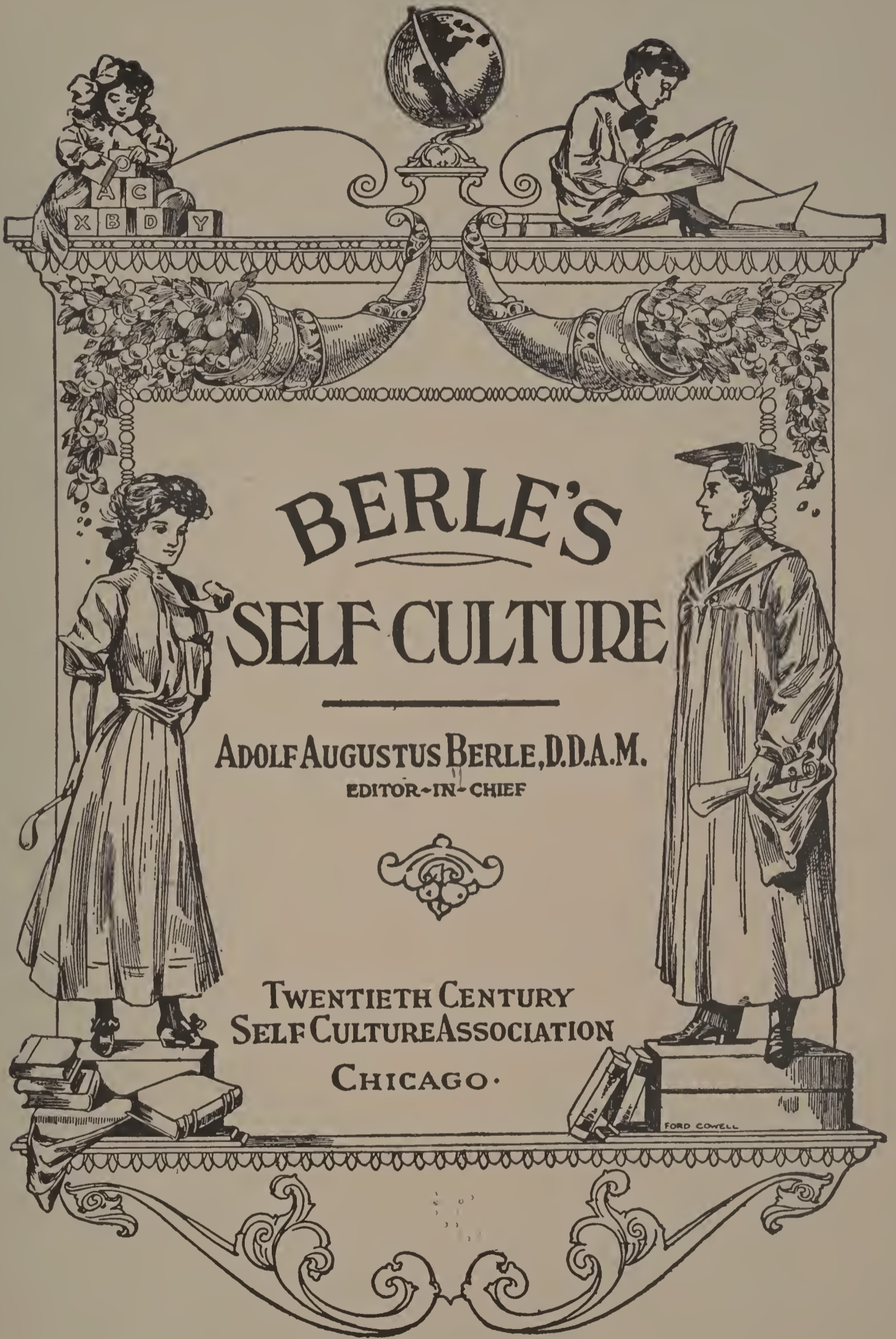
YOUNG ORATOR

HERE is a natural born leader, who may rise to great things. Emerson says, "There is no true orator who is not a hero."



THE
YOUNG ORATOR

LIKE is a natural born leader, who says the things that are true. There is no other who is not a hero.



BERLE'S SELF CULTURE

ADOLF AUGUSTUS BERLE, D.D.A.M.
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

TWENTIETH CENTURY
SELF CULTURE ASSOCIATION
CHICAGO.

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INTRODUCTION

FAMOUS POETRY, WIT AND HUMOR

POETRY FOR CHILDREN

BY

A. A. BERLE.

JUST as the earliest writing of mankind was in poetic form, so the earliest writing which is enjoyed by children is also in poetic form. This is because it runs lightly and smoothly over the tongue and finds ready and sympathetic cadence in the ear, and leads to repetition and memory. It is really music in its simplest form and this is the reason why the best poetry lends itself readily to singing.

Mothers using this poetry, as also that in the other volumes, and other portions of this volume, should begin always by much reading aloud, and when it is possible to try to sing the lines, especially when there is a return of certain expressions, which makes it easy to recall the lines. When my own children were young, I always did this, making often a new tune each time I sang the poem, which had the double effect of gaining for myself fluency in doing this sort of thing, but even more, of having the child quickly look up and remind me that, "That is not the way it goes; it goes this way!" and then the child often would recall to me my original improvisation.

Since the source of poetry is in the feelings, parents who read to their children should always remember that this is the best and surest way to keep the road open to the understanding of the feelings of their children. The emotions must be educated as well as the intellect and poetry is the natural instrument with which to do it. As a minister I used to notice that when in a sermon or a lecture I quoted some very familiar children's poem many lips in the congregation would follow me and the faces light up recalling some familiar scene which was stored up in the memory.

This led me also, often, to try experiments with them. Sometimes I intentionally altered a line and quickly there would pass over the faces a look of inquiry, as to whether they were wrong in recalling it, or I was wrong in quoting it! Many people

have told me that it was a delightful sensation to be able to recall what the speaker was quoting, with its attendant pleasing picture of the child life gone.

There is nothing that better rewards study than poetry, for nothing else so fully unlocks the storehouse of the world's beauty as the verse which has been woven out of the imaginations of its poets. To a child especially, poetry suggests vague, wonderful realms as yet untrod, and delights in store for his mature years. The pictures which the poet suggests are more real to him than the things which he actually sees, and he finds himself privileged to enter a world whose charm cannot be destroyed.

To fully understand poetry, it should be heard as well as seen. The child should read it aloud, dwelling on the rhythm and cadence, the musical interweaving of words and thoughts, learning not only the verse itself, but the more subtle appreciation of harmonious speech. He should memorize those things that give him special delight, not as a mechanical exercise, but by frequent reading, and the loving recollection of beautiful phrases. A young aviator, returning from a year and a half in a German prison-camp, told his friends that in his belief the thing which had saved him from losing his reason under the confinement was the continual repetition of the poetry which he had learned in his childhood. It carried his mind away from the misery and irksomeness of his immediate existence, and kept it sweet and wholesome.

The poetry in this section is not the only poetry for children in this volume. Many of the most familiar and suitable selections are to be found in the later divisions. A child should be encouraged to read at random, as the fancy strikes him. The browsing habit is the ideal one in the reading of poetry, for in poetry more than in any other form of literature, the element of enjoyment is the most important. And enjoyment is not wholly a matter of comprehension. Often children like best those poems which they understand least, if they have melody and harmony. Throughout this volume will be found poems which meet or anticipate the varying moods of humanity, the knowledge of which will prove a source of relief and pleasure for a lifetime.

FAMOUS POETRY, WIT AND HUMOR

RHYMES AND JINGLES

WEE WILLIE WINKIE.

Wee Willie Winkie
Runs through the town,
Upstairs and down-stairs,
In his night-gown,
Tapping at the window,
Crying at the lock,
“Are the weans in their bed,
For it’s now ten o’clock?”

“Hey, Willie Winkie,
Are you coming then?
The cat’s singing purrie
To the sleeping hen;
The dog is lying on the floor,
And does not even peep;
But here’s a wakeful laddie,
That will not fall asleep.”

Anything but sleep, you rogue,
Glowering like the moon;
Rattling in an iron jug
With an iron spoon;
Rumbling, tumbling all about,
Crowing like a cock,
Screaming like I don’t know what,
Waking sleeping folk.

“Hey, Willie Winkie,
Can’t you keep him still?
Wriggling off a body’s knee
Like a very eel;

Pulling at the cat's ear,
 As she drowsy hums,
 Heigh, Willie Winkie!—
 See, there he comes!"

Wearied is the mother
 That has a restless wean,
 A wee, stumpy bairnie,
 Heard whene'er he's seen—
 That has a battle aye with sleep
 Before he'll close an e'e;
 But a kiss from off his rosy lips
 Gives strength anew to me.

—*William Miller.*

OLD GAELIC LULLABY.

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

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

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

SEVEN TIMES ONE.

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

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

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

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

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow;
 You've powdered your legs with gold!
 O brave marshmary buds, rich and yellow,
 Give me your money to hold!

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

And show me your nest, with the young ones in it,
 I will not steal it away,
 I am old! You may trust me, linnet, linnet,—
 I am seven times one today.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

THE RIVER'S SONG.

Clear and cool, clear and cool,
 By laughing shallow, and dreaming pool,
 Cool and clear, cool and clear,
 By shining shingle and foaming weir;
 Under the crag where the ouzel sings,
 And the ivied wall where the church-bell rings,
 Undeiled, for the undeiled,
 Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

Dank and foul, dank and foul,—
 By the smoky town with its murky cowl;
 Foul and dank, foul and dank,
 By wharf and sewer and slimy bank,
 Darker and darker the further I go,
 Baser and baser the richer I grow;
 Who dare sport with the sin-defiled?
 Shrink from me, turn from me, mother and child.

Strong and free, strong and free,
 The floodgates are open, away to the sea;
 Free and strong, free and strong,
 Cleansing my streams as I hurry along,

To the golden streams and the leaping bar,
 And the taintless tide that awaits me afar,
 As I lose myself in the infinite main,
 Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned again,
 Undefiled, for the undefiled,
 Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

—*Charles Kingsley.*

SONG.

When I sit on market days, amid the comers and the
 goers,

Oh, full oft I have a vision of the days without alloy,
 And a ship comes up the river with a jolly gang of towers,
 And a "Pull 'e, haul 'e, pull 'e, haul 'e, yoy! heave,
 hoy!"

Then I hear the water washing, never golden waves were
 brighter,

And I hear the capstan creaking—'tis a sound that
 cannot cloy.

Bring her to, to ship her lading, brig or schooner, sloop
 or lighter,

With a "Pull 'e, haul 'e, pull 'e, haul 'e, yoy! heave,
 hoy!"

“Will ye step aboard my dearest? for the high seas lie
before us.”

So I sailed adown the river in those days without alloy.
We are launched! But when, I wonder, shall a sweeter
sound float o'er us
Than yon “Pull 'e, haul 'e, pull 'e, haul 'e, yoy! heave,
hoy!”

—*Jean Ingelow.*

THE PIG-TALE.

There was a Pig that sat alone
Beside a ruined pump;
By day and night he made his moan,
It would have stirred a heart of stone
To see him wring his hoofs and groan
Because he could not jump.

A certain Camel heard him shout,
A camel with a hump.
“Oh, is it grief, or is it gout,
What is this bellowing about?”
That Pig replied, with quivering snout,
“Because I cannot jump.”

That Camel scanned him, dreamy-eyed,
“Methinks you are too plump;
I never saw a pig so wide,
That wobbled so from side to side,
That could, however much he tried,
Do such a thing as jump!”

“Yet mark those trees, two miles away,
All clustered in a clump;
If you could trot there twice a day,
Nor ever pause for rest or play,
In the far future,—who can say?—
You may be fit to jump.”

That Camel passed, and left him there,
Beside the ruined pump;
Oh, horrid was that Pig's despair,
His shrieks of anguish filled the air,
He wrung his hoofs, he rent his hair,
Because he could not jump!

There was a Frog that wandered by,
A sleek and shining lump;
Inspected him with fishy eye,
And said, "O Pig, what makes you cry?"
And bitter was that Pig's reply,
"Because I cannot jump!"

That Frog he grinned a grin of glee,
And hit his chest a thump;
"O Pig," he said, "be ruled by me,
And you shall see what you shall see.
This minute, for a trifling fee,
I'll teach you how to jump!"

"You may be faint from many a fall,
And bruised by many a bump;
But, if you persevere through all,
And practise first on something small,
Concluding with a ten-foot wall,
You'll find that you can jump!"

That Pig looked up with joyful start,
"O Frog, you are a trump!
Your words have healed my inward smart,
Come, name your fee and do your part,
Bring comfort to a broken heart,
By teaching me to jump!"

"My fee shall be a mutton-chop,
My goal this ruined pump;
Observe with what an airy flop
I plant myself upon the top,
Now bend your knees and take a hop,
For that's the way to jump!"

Uprose that Pig, and rushed full whack
 Against that ruined pump;
 Rolled over like an empty sack,
 And settled down upon his back,
 While all his bones at once went Crack!
 It was a fatal jump!

That Camel passed as day grew dim
 Around the ruined pump.
 "O broken heart, O broken limb!
 It needs," that Camel said to him,
 "Something more fairy-like and slim
 To execute a jump!"

That Pig lay still as any stone,
 And could not stir a stump;
 Nor ever, if the truth were known,
 Was he again observed to moan,
 Nor ever wring his hoofs and groan,
 Because he could not jump.

That Frog made no remark, for he
 Was dismal as a dump;
 He knew the consequence would be
 That he would never get his fee,
 And so he sits, in miserie,
 Upon that ruined pump.

—*Lewis Carroll.*

ALE.

I cannot eat but little meat,
 My stomach is not good;
 But well I think that I can drink
 With him that wears a hood.
 Though I go bare, take ye no care,
 I am no thing a-cold;
 I stuff my skin so full within
 Of jolly good ale and old.

Back and side go bare, go bare,
 Both foot and hand go cold;
 But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
 Whether it be new or old.

I love no roast but a nut brown toast,
 And a crab laid in the fire;
 A little bread shall do me stead;
 Much bread I not desire.
 No frost, no snow, no wind, I trow,
 Can hurt me if I would;
 I am so wrapped and thoroughly lapped
 Of jolly good ale and old.
 Back and side go bare, go bare, etc.

And Tyb my wife, that as her life
 Loveth good ale to seek,
 Full oft drinks she, till ye may see
 The tears run down her cheek;
 Then doth she troll to me the bowl,
 Even as a malt-worm should;
 And saith, "Sweetheart, I took my part
 Of this jolly good ale and old."
 Back and side go bare, go bare, etc.

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
 Even as good fellows should do;
 They shall not miss to have the bliss
 Good ale doth bring men to;
 And all poor souls that have scoured bowls,
 Or have them lustily trolled,
 God save the lives of them and their wives,
 Whether they be young or old.
 Back and side go bare, go bare,
 Both foot and hand go cold;
 But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
 Whether it be new or old.

—*Bishop John Still.*

A TERNARY OF LITTLES, UPON A PIPKIN OF
JELLY, SENT TO A LADY

A little Saint best fits a little shrine,
A little prop best fits a little vine,
As my small cruse best fits my little wine.

A little seed best fits a little soil,
A little trade best fits a little toil,
As my small jar best fits my little oil.

A little bin best fits a little bread,
A little garland fits a little head:
As my small stuff best fits my little shed.

A little hearth best fits a little fire,
A little chapel fits a little choir,
As my small bell best fits my little spire.

A little stream best fits a little boat,
A little lead best fits a little float,
As my small pipe best fits my little note.

A little meat best fits a little belly,
As sweetly, Lady, give me leave to tell ye,
This little pipkin fits this little jelly.

—*R. Herrick.*

THE OLD CLOAK.

(16th century, author unknown.)
This winter's weather it waxeth cold,
And frost it freezeth on every hill,
And Boreas blows his blast so bold
That all our cattle are like to spill.
Bell, my wife, she loves no strife,
She said unto me quietlye,
Rise up, and save cow Crumbock's life!
Man, put thine old cloak about thee!

- He.* O Bell my wife, why dost thou flyte?*
- Thou kens my cloak is very thin:
It is so bare and over worn
A crické thereon cannot renn.
Then I'll no longer borrow or lend;
For once I'll new apparelled be;
Tomorrow I'll to town and spend;
For I'll have a new cloak about me.
- She.* Cow Crumbock is a very good cow:
She has been always true to the pail;
She had helped us to butter and cheese, I trow,
And other things she will not fail.
I would be loth to see her pine.
Good husband, counsel take of me:
It is not for us to go so fine—
Man, take thine old cloak about thee!
- He.* My cloak it was a very good cloak,
It hath been always true to the wear;
But now it is not worth a groat;
I have had it four and forty year!
Sometime it was a cloth in grain;
'Tis now but a sigh clout, as you may see;
It will neither hold out wind nor rain,
And I'll have a new cloak about me.
- She.* It is four and forty years ago
Sine the one of us the other did ken;
And we have had, betwixt us two,
Of children either nine or ten:
We have brought them up to women and men;
In the fear of God I trow they be.
And why wilt thou thyself misken?
Man, take thine old cloak about thee!
- He.* O Bell, my wife, why dost thou flyte?
Now is now, and then was then;
Seek now all the world throughout,
Thou kens not clowns from gentlemen:

*Flyte—Scold.

They are clad in black, green, yellow and blue,
 So far above their own degree.
 Once in my life I'll take a view;
 For I'll have a new cloak about me.

She. King Stephen was a worthy peer;
 His breeches cost him but a crown;
 He held them sixpence all too dear;
 Therefore he called the tailor "lown."
 He was a king and wore the crown,
 And thou'se but of a low degree:
 'Tis pride that puts the country down,
 Man, take thine old cloak about thee!

He. Bell my wife, she loves not strife,
 Yet she will lead me if she can;
 And to maintain an easy life,
 I oft must yield, though I'm goodman.
 It's not for a man with a woman to threap,
 Unless he first gives o'er the plea;
 As we began, so will we keep,
 And I'll take my old cloak about me.

THE THREE RAVENS.

(Author unknown.)

There were three ravens sat on a tree,
 They were as black as they might be.

The one of them said to his mate,
 "Where shall we our breakfast take?"

"Down in yonder greenè field
 There lies a knight slain under his shield,

His hounds they lie down at his feet,
 So well do they their master keep;

His hawks they fly so eagerly,
There's no fowl dare come him nigh.

Down there comes a fallow doe,
As great with young as she might go.

She lift up his bloody head,
And kissed his wounds that were so red.

She gat him up upon her back,
And carried him to earthen lake.

She buried him before the prime,
She was dead herself ere evensong time.

God send every gentleman
Such hounds, such hawks, and such a leman."

AN INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:

A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.
Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans

That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army leader, Lannes,
Waver at yonder wall,"—
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy;

You hardly could suspect—
 (So tight he kept his lips compressed,
 Scarce any blood came through)
 You looked twice ere you saw his breast
 Was all but shot in two.

“Well,” cried he, “Emperor, by God’s grace,
 We’ve got you Ratisbon!
 The Marshal’s in the market-place,
 And you’ll be there anon
 To see your flag-bird flap his vans
 Where I, to heart’s desire,
 Perched him!” The chief’s eye flashed, his plans
 Soared up again like fire.

The chief’s eye flashed; but presently
 Softened itself, as sheathes
 A film the mother-eagle’s eye
 When her bruised eaglet breathes.
 “You’re wounded!” “Nay,” the soldier’s pride
 Touched to the quick, he said,
 “I’m killed, Sire!” And, his chief beside,
 Smiling the boy fell dead.

—*Robert Browning.*

LORRAINE.

“Are you ready for your steeple-chase,
 Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree?
 Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum,
 Barum, Barum, Baree.
 You’re booked to ride your capping race today at
 Coulterlee,
 You’re booked to ride Vindictive, for all the world
 to see,
 To keep him straight, and keep him first, and win
 the run for me.”
 Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum,
 Barum, Barum, Baree.

She clasped her new-born baby, poor
 Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree,
 Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum,
 Barum, Barum, Baree.

I cannot ride Vindictive, as any man might see,
 And I will not ride Vindictive, with this baby on
 my knee;
 He's killed a boy, he's killed a man, and why must
 he kill me?"

Unless you ride Vindictive, Lorraine, Lorraine,
 Lorree,
 Unless you ride Vindictive, today at Coulterlee,
 And land him safe across the brook, and win the
 blank for me,
 It's you may keep your baby, for you'll get no
 help from me."

"That husbands could be cruel," said Lorraine,
 Lorraine, Lorree,
 "That husbands could be cruel, I have known for
 seasons three;
 But oh, to ride Vindictive while a baby cries for me,
 And be killed across a fence at last, for all the
 world to see!"

She mastered young Vindictive—O, the gallant lass
 was she!
 And kept him straight and won the race as near
 as near could be;
 But he killed her at the brook against a pollard
 willow tree;
 Oh! he killed her at the brook, the brute, for all
 the world to see;
 And no one but the baby cried for poor Lorraine
 Lorree.

—*Charles Kingsley.*

HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE.

The old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
 The ringers ran, by two, by three;
 "Pull, if ye never pulled before;
 Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
 "Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
 Play all your changes, all your swells,
 Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby'."

Men say it was a stolen tyde,—
 The Lord that sent it, he knows all;
 But in mine ears doth still abide
 The message that the bells let fall;
 And there was naught of strange beside
 The flight of news and peewits pied
 By millions perched on the old sea wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,
 My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes,
 The level sun, like ruddy ore,
 Lay sinking in the barren skies;
 And dark against day's golden death,
 She moved where Lindis wandereth,
 My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha, cusha, cusha!" calling,
 Ere the early dews were falling,
 Farre away I heard her song,
 "Cusha, cusha," all along;
 Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
 Floweth, floweth,
 From the meads where melick groweth,
 Faintly came her milking song.

"Cusha, cusha, cusha," calling,
 "For the dews will soon be falling;
 Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
 Mellow, mellow,

Quit your clowslips, cowslips, yellow;
 Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe, Lightfoot;
 Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
 Hollow, hollow,
 Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow,
 Jetty, to the milking shed."

If it be long, ay, long ago,
 When I begin to think how long,
 Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
 Swift as an arrow, sharpe and strong;
 And all the aire, it seemeth nee
 Bin full of floating bells, (sayeth shee)
 That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
 And not a shadow mote be seene,
 Save where full fyve good miles away
 The steeple towered from out the greene;
 And lo! the great bell farre and wide
 Was heard in all the country side
 That Saturday at eventide.

The swanherds where their sedges are
 Moved on in sunset's golden breath;
 The shepherde lads I heard afarre,
 And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;
 Till floating o'er the grassy sea
 Came downe that kindly message free,
 The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
 And all along where Lindis flows
 To where the goodly vessels lie,
 And where the lordly steeple shows.
 They sayde, "And why should this thing be?
 What danger lowers by land or sea?
 They ring the tune of Enderby!"

“For evil news from Mablethorpe
 Of pyrate galleys warping down,
 For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe
 They have not spared to wake the towne;
 But while the west bin red to see,
 And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
 Why ring ‘The Brides of Enderby’?”

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
 Came riding downe with might and main:
 He raised a shout as he drew on,
 Till all the welkin rang again,
 “Elizabeth, Elizabeth!”
 (A sweeter woman ne’er drew breath
 Than my sonne’s wife, Elizabeth.)

“The olde sea-wall (he cried) is downe,
 The rising tide comes on apace,
 And boats adrift in yonder towne
 Go sailing uppe the market place.”
 He shook as one that looks on death:
 “God save you, mother!” straight he sayeth,
 “Where is my wife, Elizabeth?”

“Good sonne, where Lindis winds her way,
 With her two bairns I marked her long;
 And ere yon bells beganne to play,
 Afar I heard her milking song.”
 He looked across the grassy lea,
 To right and left, “Ho, Enderby!”
 They rang “The Brides of Enderby!”

With that he cried and beat his breast;
 For lo! along the river’s bed,
 A mighty eygre reared his crest,
 And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
 It swept with thundrous noises loud;
 Shaped like a curling, snow-white cloud,
 Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed.
 Shook all her trembling banks amaine;
 Then madly at the eygre's breast,
 Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
 Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout,—
 Then beaten foam flew round about—
 Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
 The heart had hardly time to beat
 Before a shallow seething wave
 Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet.
 The feet had hardly time to flee
 Before it brake against the knee,
 And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sate that night,
 The noise of bells went sweeping by;
 I marked the lofty beacon light
 Stream from the church tower, red and high—
 A lurid mark, and dread to see;
 And awesome bells they were to mee,
 That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide
 From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed;
 And I, my sonne was at my side,
 And yet the ruddy beacon glowed:
 And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
 "O come in life, or come in death!
 O lost! my love, Elizabeth."

And didst thou visit him no more?
 Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare;
 The waters laid thee at his doore,
 Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
 Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace;
 The lifted sun shone on thy face,
 Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
 That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea;
 A fatal ebbe and flow, alas,
 To many more than myne and mee;
 But each will mourn his owne, (she saith)
 And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
 Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
 By the reedy Lindis shore
 "Cusha, cusha, cusha," calling,
 Ere the early dews be falling;
 I shall never hear her song,
 "Cusha, cusha," all along
 Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
 Goeth, floweth;
 From the meads where melick groweth,
 When the water, winding down,
 Onward floweth to the town.
 I shall never see her more
 Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
 Shiver, quiver;
 Stand beside the sobbing river,
 Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling
 To the sandy lonesome shore;
 I shall never hear her calling,
 "Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
 Mellow, mellow,
 Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
 Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
 Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
 Hollow, hollow;
 Come uppe, Lightfoot, rise and follow,
 Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
 From your clovers lift the head;
 Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow,
 Jetty, to the milking shed."

—Jean Ingelow.

THE FORAY.

The last of our steers on our board has been spread,
 And the last flask of wine in our goblet is red;
 Up! up, my brave kinsmen! belt swords and begone!
 There are dangers to dare, and there's spoil to be won!

The eyes that so lately mixt glances with ours,
 For a space must be dim, as they gaze from the towers,
 And strive to distinguish, thro' tempest and gloom,
 The prance of the steed, and the toss of the plume.

The rain is descending, the wind rises loud,
 And the moon her red beacon has veiled with a cloud;
 'Tis the better, my mates! for the warder's dull eye
 Shall in confidence slumber, nor dream we are nigh.

Our steeds are impatient! I hear my blithe Gray!
 There is life in his hoof-clang, and hope in his neigh!
 Like the flash of a meteor, the glance of his mane
 Shall marshal your march thro' the darkness and rain.

The drawbridge has dropped, the bugle has blown;
 One pledge is to quaff yet,—then mount and begone!—
 To their honor and peace, that shall rest with the slain.
 To their health and their glee. that see Teviot again!

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

TWO FRAGMENTS OF SEA-SONGS.

I.

Robin Rover

Said to his crew:—

“Up with the black flag,

Down with the blue!

Fire on the main-top,

Fire on the bow!

Fire on the gun-deck,

Fire down below!”

II.

It was a ship, and a ship of fame,
 Launched off the stocks, bound for the main,
 With a hundred and fifty brisk young men,
 All picked and chosen, every one.

Captain Glen was our captain's name,
 A very gallant and brisk young man;
 As bold a sailor as e'er went to sea,
 And we were bound for high Barbary!

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET.

NOTE—These poems were written at the same time by their respective authors, on the same theme. It is interesting to see how differently they handled it.

I.

Green little vaulter in the sunny grass,
 Catching your heart up at the feel of June,
 Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,
 When even the bees lag at the summoning brass;
 And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
 With those who think the candles come too soon,
 Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
 Nick the glad, silent moments as they pass—
 O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong
 One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
 Both have your sunshine; both though small are strong
 At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth
 To ring in thoughtful ears this natural song,—
 Indoors and out, summer and winter, Mirth.

—*Leigh Hunt.*

II.

The poetry of earth is never dead:

When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
 And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
 From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead:
 That is the grasshopper's—he takes the lead
 In summer luxury,—he has never done
 With his delights, for when tired out with fun,
 He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
 The poetry of earth is ceasing never!

On a lone winter evening, when the frost
 Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
 The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
 And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
 The grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

—*John Keats.*

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

What was he doing, the great god Pan,
 Down in the reeds by the river?
 Spreading ruin, and scattering ban,
 Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
 And breaking the golden lilies, afloat
 With the dragon-fly, on the river.

He drew out a reed, the great god Pan
 From the deep, cool bed of the river,
 The limpid water turbidly ran,
 And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
 And the dragon-fly had fled away,
 Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sat the great god Pan,
 (While turbidly flowed the river)
 And hacked and hewed, as a great god can,
 With his hard, bleak steel, at the patient reed,
 Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed,
 To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,
 (How tall it stood by the river)
 Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
 Steadily from the outside ring,
 And notched the poor, dry, empty thing
 In holes, as he sat by the river.

“This is the way,” laughed the great god Pan,
 (Laughed while he sat by the river)
 “The only way, since gods began
 To make sweet music, they could succeed.”
 Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed
 He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!
 Piercing sweet by the river!
 Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!
 The sun on the hill forgot to die,
 And the lilies revived, and the dragon fly
 Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
 To laugh as he sits by the river,
 Making a poet out of a man;
 The true gods sigh for the cost and the pain,
 For the reed that grows never more again,
 As a reed, with the reeds in the river.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

BOTANY.

I hardly know a flower that grows
 On my small garden-plot;
 Perhaps I may have seen a rose,
 And said, Forget-me-not!

—*W. S. Landor.*

THE FLOWER.

Once in a golden hour
I cast to earth a seed;
Up there came a flower,
The people said, a weed.

To and fro they went
Thro' my garden bower,
And muttering discontent
Cursed me and my flower.

Then it grew so tall
It wore a crown of light,
But thieves from over the wall
Stole the seed by night.

Sowed it far and wide,
By every town and tower,
Till all the people cried,
"Splendid is the flower."

Read my little fable;
He that runs may read.
Most can raise the flowers now,
For all have got the seed.

And some are pretty enough;
And some are poor indeed;
And now again the people
Call it but a weed.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD.

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the breeze,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
 And twinkle on the milky way,
 They stretch in never-ending line
 Along the margin of a bay;
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
 Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
 A poet could not but be gay
 In such a jocund company;
 I gazed and gazed, but little thought
 What wealth to me the show had brought;

For oft, when on my couch I lie,
 In vacant or in pensive mood,
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude;
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the daffodils.

—*William Wordsworth.*

THE BALLAD OF DEAD LADIES.

Tell me now in what hidden way is
 Lady Flora the lovely Roman?
 Where's Hipparchia, and where is Thais,
 Neither of them the fairer woman?
 Where is Echo, beheld of no man,
 Only heard on river and mere,—
 She whose beauty was more than human? . . .
 But where are the snows of yester-year?

Where's Heloise, the learned nun,
 For whose sake Abeillard, I ween,
 Lost manhood, and put priesthood on?
 (From Love he won such dule and teen!)
 And where, I pray you, is the Queen
 Who willed that Buridan should steer
 Sewed in a sack's mouth down the Seine? . . .
 But where are the snows of yester-year?

White Queen Blanche, like a queen of lilies,
 With a voice like any mermaid, —
 Bertha Broadfoot, Beatrice, Alice,
 And Ermengarde the lady of Maine,
 And that good Joan whom Englishmen
 At Rouen doomed and burned her there, —
 Mother of God, where are they then? . . .
 But where are the snows of yester-year?

ENVOI.

Nay, never ask this week, fair lord,
 Where they are gone, nor yet this year,
 Save with this much for an over-word, —
 But where are the snows of yester-year?
 —*From the French of Francois Villon, translated by*
D. G. Rossetti.

THE TOYS.

My little Son, who looked from thoughtful eyes
 And moved and spake in quiet, grown-up wise,
 Having my law the seventh time disobeyed,
 I struck him, and dismissed,
 With hard words, and unkissed,
 —His Mother, who was patient, being dead.
 Then, fearing lest his grief might hinder sleep,
 I visited his bed,
 But found him slumbering deep,
 With darkened eyelids, and their lashes yet
 From his late sobbing wet.
 And I, with moan,
 Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
 For, on a table drawn beside his head,
 He had put, within his reach,
 A box of counters and a red-veined stone,
 A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
 And six or seven shells,
 A bottle with bluebells,
 And two French copper coins, ranged there with
 careful art

To comfort his sad heart.
 So when that night I prayed
 To God, I wept, and said,
 Ah, when at last we lie with tranced breath,
 Hot vexing thee in death,
 And Thou rememberest of what toys
 We made our joys,
 How weakly understood
 Thy great commanded good,
 Then, fatherly, not less
 Than I whom Thou hast moulded from the clay,
 Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say,
 "I will be sorry for their childishness."

—*Coventry Patmore.*

SONG OF PROSERPINE.

Sacred Goddess, Mother Earth,
 Thou from whose immortal bosom
 Gods and men, and beast have birth,
 Leaf and blade, and bud and blossom,
 Breathe thine influence most divine
 On thine own child, Proserpine.

If with mists or morning dew
 Thou dost nourish these young flowers,
 Till they grow, in strength and hue,
 Fairest children of the hours,
 Breathe thine influence most divine
 On thine own child, Proserpine.

—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

Heaven overarches earth and sea,
 Earth sadness and sea-bitterness.
 Heaven overarches you and me:
 A little while, and we shall be—
 Please God, where there is no more sea
 Nor barren wilderness.

Heaven overarches you and me,
 And all earth's gardens and her graves.
 Look up with me, until we see
 The day break, and the shadows flee;
 What though tonight wrecks you and me,
 If so tomorrow saves?

—*Christina Georgina Rossetti.*

THE SOLITARY REAPER.

Behold her, single in the field,
 Yon solitary Highland lass!
 Reaping and singing by herself;
 Stop here, or gently pass!
 Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
 And sings a melancholy strain;
 O listen! for the vale profound
 Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt
 More welcome notes to weary bands
 Of travelers in some shady haunt,
 Among Arabian sands;
 A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
 In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
 Breaking the silence of the seas
 Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
 Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
 For old, unhappy, far off things,
 And battles long ago:
 Or is it some more humble lay,
 Familiar matter of today?
 Some natural sorrow, loss or pain,
 That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
 As if her song could have no ending:
 I saw her singing at her work,

And o'er the sickle bending;—
 I listened, motionless and still,
 And, as I mounted up the hill,
 The music in my heart I bore,
 Long after it was heard no more.

—*William Wordsworth.*

HEART'S-EASE.

There is a flower I wish to wear,
 But not until first worn by you. . . .
 Heart's ease . . of all earth's flowers most rare;
 Bring it; and bring enough for two!

—*W. S. Landor.*

THE GIFTS OF GOD.

When God at first made Man,
 Having a glass of blessings standing by;
 Let us (said He) pour on him all we can:
 Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie
 Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way;
 Then beauty flowed, then wisdom, honour, pleasure:
 When almost all was out, God made a stay,
 Perceiving that alone, of all His treasure,
 Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said He)
 Bestow this jewel also on My creature,
 He would adore My gifts, instead of Me,
 And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature,
 So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
 But keep them with repining restlessness:
 Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
 If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
 May toss him to My breast.

—*George Herbert.*

A VISION.

I saw Eternity the other night,
 Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
 All calm, as it was bright:—
 And round beneath it Time, in hours, days, years,
 Driven by the spheres,
 Like a vast shadow moved; in which the World
 And all her train were hurled.

—*Henry Vaughan.*

THE SHEPHERD BOY SINGS IN THE VALLEY
OF HUMILIATION.

He that is down need fear no fall,
 He that is low, no pride;
 He that is humble ever shall
 Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have,
 Little be it or much:
 And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
 Because Thou savest such.

Fullness to such a burden is
 That go on pilgrimage:
 Here little, and hereafter bliss,
 Is best from age to age.

—*John Bunyan.*

FIDELE.

Fear no more the heat of the sun,
 Nor the furious winter's rages;
 Thou thy worldly task hast done,
 Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
 Golden lads and girls all must
 As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown of the great,
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
 Care no more to clothe and eat;
 To thee the reed is as the oak:
 The sceptre, learning, physic, must
 All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash,
 Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
 Fear not slander, censure rash;
 Thou hast finished joy and moan:
 All lovers young, all lovers must
 Consign to thee and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
 Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
 Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
 Nothing ill come near thee!
 Quiet consummation have,
 And renowned be thy grave!

—*William Shakespeare.*

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

From the German of Uhland.

“Hast thou seen that lordly castle,
 That Castle by the Sea?
 Golden and red above it,
 The clouds float gorgeously.

“And fain it would stoop downward
 To the mirrored wave below,
 And fain it would soar upward
 In the evening's crimson glow.”

“Well have I seen that castle,
 That Castle by the Sea,
 And the moon above it standing,
 And the mist rise solemnly.”

“The winds and the waves of ocean,
Had they a merry chime?
Didst thou hear, from those lofty chambers,
The harp and the minstrel’s rhyme?”

“The winds and the waves of ocean,
They rested quietly,
But I heard on the gale a sound of wail,
And tears came to mine eye.”

“And sawest thou on the turrets
The King and his royal bride?
And the wave of their crimson mantles,
And the golden crown of pride?”

“Led they not forth, in rapture,
A beauteous maiden there?
Resplendent as the morning sun,
Beaming with golden hair?”

“Well saw I the ancient parents,
Without the crown of pride;
They were moving slow in weeds of woe,
No maiden was by their side.”

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

TELLING THE BEES.

On the death of a member of the family, it was formerly the custom to tell the bees, and drape the hives with black, to prevent the bees from flying away.

Here is the place; right over the hill
Runs the path I took;
You can see the gap in the old wall still,
And the stepping-stones in the shallow brook.

There is the house, with the gate red-barred,
And the poplars tall;
And the barn’s brown length, and the cattle-yard,
And the white horns tossing above the wall.

There are the beehives, ranged in the sun;
And down by the brink
Of the brook are her flowers, weed o'er-run
Pansy and daffodil, rose and pink.

There's the same sweet clover-smell in the breeze,
And the June sun warm
Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,
Setting, as then, over Fernside Farm.

I mind me how with a lover's care
From my Sunday coat
I brushed off the burrs, and smoothed my hair,
And cooled at the brookside my brow and throat.

Since we parted, a month had passd,—
To love, a year;
Down through the beeches I looked at last
On the little red gate and the well-sweep near.

I can see it all now,—the slantwise rain
Of light through the leaves,
The sundown's blaze on her window-pane,
The bloom of her roses under the eaves.

Just the same as a month before,—
The house and the trees,
The barn's brown gable, the vine by the door,
Nothing changed but the hives of bees.

Before them, under the garden wall,
Forward and back,
Went drearily singing the chore-girl small,
Draping each hive with a shred of black.

Trembling, I listened! the summer sun
Had the chill of snow;
For I knew she was telling the bees of one
Gone on the journey we all must go!

Then I said to myself, "My Mary weeps
 For the dead today:
 Haply her blind old grandsire sleeps
 The fret and pain of his age away."

But her dog whined low; on the doorway sill,
 With his cane to his chin,
 The old man sat, and the chore-girl still
 Sang to the bees stealing out and in.

And the song she was singing ever since
 In my ear sounds on:—

"Stay at home, pretty bees, fly not hence,
 Mistress Mary is dead and gone."

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

THE END OF THE PLAY.

The play is done; the curtain drops,
 Slow falling to the prompter's bell;
 A moment yet the actor stops,
 And looks around to say farewell.
 It is an irksome word and task;
 And, when he's laughed and said his say,
 He shows, as he removes the mask,
 A face that's anything but gay.

One word, ere yet the evening ends,
 Let's close it with a parting rhyme,
 And pledge a hand to all young friends,
 As fits the merry Christmas time.
 On life's wide scene you, too, have parts,
 That Fate ere long shall bid you play;
 Good night! with honest, gentle hearts,
 A kindly greeting go away.

Good night!—I'd say, the griefs, the joys,
 Just hinted in this mimic page,
 The triumphs and defeats of boys,

Are but repeated in our age.
 I'd say, your woes were not less keen,
 Your hopes more vain than those of men;
 Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen
 At forty-five played o'er again.

I'd say, we suffer and we strive,
 Not less nor more as men than boys;
 With grizzled beards at forty-five,
 As erst at twelve in corduroys.
 And if, in time of sacred youth,
 We learned at home to love and pray,
 Pray Heaven that early Love and Truth
 May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school
 I'd say, how fate may change and shift;
 The prize be sometimes with the fool;
 The race not always to the swift.
 The strong may yield, the good may fall,
 The great man be a vulgar clown,
 The knave be lifted over all,
 The kind cast pitilessly down.

Who knows the inscrutable design?
 Blessed be he who took and gave!
 Why should your mother, Charles, not mine
 Be weeping at her darling's grave?
 We bow to heaven that willed it so;
 That darkly rules the fate of all,
 That sends the respite or the blow,
 That's free to give or to recall.

This crowns his feast with wine and wit:
 Who brought him to that mirth and state?
 His betters, see, below him sit,
 Or hunger hopeless at the gate.
 Who bade the mud from Dives' wheel
 To spurn the rags of Lazarus?
 Come, brother, in that dust we'll kneel,
 Confessing Heaven that ruled it thus.

So each shall mourn, in life's advance,
Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed;
Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,
And longing passion unfulfilled.
Amen! whatever fate be sent,
Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
Although the head with cares be bent,
And whitened with the winter snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part;
And bow before the Awful Will,
And bear it with an honest heart;
Who misses or who wins the prize.
Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young!
(Bear kindly with my humble lays)
The sacred chorus first was sung
Upon the first of Christmas days;
The shepherds heard it overhead—
The joyful angels raised it then;
Glory to Heaven on high, it said,
And peace on earth to gentle men.

My song, save this, is little worth;
I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health, and love and mirth,
As fits the solemn Christmas tide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
Be this, good friends, our carol still,
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will!

—*W. M. Thackeray.*

FAMOUS POETRY

THROUGH THE YEAR WITH THE POETS.

Bright-eyed Fancy . . .
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.

—T. GRAY.

January 1. NEW YEAR'S DAY. (Legal Holiday.) Selections.

Another year passed over—gone,
Hope beaming with the new;
Thus move we on—forever on,
The many and the few;
The many of our childhood's days,
Growing fewer one by one,
Till death, in duel with each life,
Proclaims the last is gone.

—*Thomas O'Hagan.*

Another year! another year!
The unceasing rush of time sweeps on;
Whelm'd in its surges, disappear
Man's hopes and fears, forever gone.

—*A. Norton.*

O good New Year! we clasp
This warm, shut hand of thine,
Loosing forever, with half sigh, half grasp,
That which from ours falls like dead fingers' twine,
Ay, whether fierce its grasp
Has been, or gentle, having been, we know
That it was blessèd: let the old year go.

—*Dinah Mulock Craik.*

January 1. ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH. Born 1819.

SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NAUGHT AVAILETH.

Say not the struggle naught availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke conceal'd,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly!
But westward, look, the land is bright!

January 1. PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE. Born 1830.

THE PINE'S MYSTERY.

I.

Listen! the somber foliage of the Pine,
A swart Gitana of the woodland trees,
Is answering what we may but half divine,
To those soft whispers of the twilight breeze!

II.

Passion and mystery murmur through the leaves,
Passion and mystery, touched by deathless pain.
Whose monotone of long, low anguish grieves
For something lost that shall not live again!

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January 2. PHILIP FRENEAU. Born 1752.

INDIAN DEATH-SONG.

The sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day;
But glory remains when their lights fade away.
Begin, you tormentors! your threats are in vain,
For the sons of Alknomook will never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow;
 Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low!
 Why so slow? do you wait till I shrink from the pain?
 No! the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,
 And the scalps which we bore from your nation away.
 Now the flame rises fast, you exult in my pain;
 But the son of Alknomook can never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone;
 His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son.
 Death comes, like a friend, to relieve me from pain;
 And thy son, O Alknomook! has scorned to complain.

January 13. EDMUND SPENSER, died 1599. Born 1553.

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS!

And is there care in heaven? And is there love
 In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
 That may compassion of their evils move?
 There is:—else much more wretched were the case
 Of men then beasts: but O the exceeding grace
 Of Highest God! that loves his creatures so,
 And all his workes with mercy doth embrace,
 That blessèd angels he sends to and fro,
 To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
 To come to succour us that succour want!
 How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
 The flitting skyes, like flying pursuivant,
 Against fowle feendes to ayd us militant!
 They for us fight, they watch, and dewly ward,
 And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
 And all for love, and nothing for reward;
 O, why should heavenly God to men have such regard!

January 13. SAMUEL WOODWORTH. Born 1785.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
 When fond recollection presents them to view!
 The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
 And every loved spot which my infancy knew;—
 The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,

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

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;
 For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
 I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
 The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
 How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing!
 And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
 Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
 And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well;
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
 As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
 Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
 Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
 And now, far removed from the loved situation,
 The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
 As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
 And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well;
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

January 17. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. Born 1706.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

A land full grown among the great of earth,
 Due honor pays to one who saw its birth,
 Its cradle tended and its steps of youth
 Directed straight to liberty and truth;
 Who practised as he preached, without pretence,
 The first of Yankee virtues, Common Sense.
 For its keen ears no lie is safely framed;
 Before its touchstone every sham is shamed.
 It holds no pseudo patriot to its breast,
 Nor new aristocrat whose home-made crest
 And lengthy pedigree in patience wrought
 Proclaim the product grand of Ten-times-nought.

No wisdom claimed our Franklin o'er his kind,
 But clearest sight where half the earth was blind.

Great was his virtue, in a servile age,
 Who could so well man's equal rights presage,
 When hoary centuries had laughed to scorn
 The lofty message of the Manger-born.
 Much did he of the pregnant truth discern;
 Much left for us and future ones to learn;
 To curb the pride of race, of rank, of gold,
 The pride of intellect, worse manifold
 Than all, as if the mind were self-endowed,
 A Pharisee of its high meekness proud.

Our first philosopher loved not the sword.
 War and its glories his true soul abhorred.
 For peace he wrought, yet left the sage advice:
 "Peace may be purchased at too high a price."
 So, we, of all the past forgetting naught,
 Must guard our weal for which the fathers fought,
 And best may guard it when we have the might
 To keep in peace that which they won in fight.
 The world is slow to learn the lesson still
 That man must rule himself, for good or ill.
 Wise fools deny the Lawmaker because
 They think they've learned a few of His great laws.
 So sceptics saw but chaos for the world
 When the Republic its new flag unfurled;
 But all mankind acclaims its might to-day
 In staying bloodshed half a world away.

Yet is our country's duty but half done;
 No triumph of to-day is wholly won,
 Unless we build to-morrow's wall more strong,
 Till every stone holds down a buried wrong;
 Till jobbers in the Temple come to grief,
 And even politics bar out the thief.
 Then when the rule of greed is overthrown
 May simple Honesty come to her own.

—James Jeffrey Roche.

January 17. LORD GEORGE LYTTTELTON. Born 1709.

TELL ME, MY HEART, IF THIS BE LOVE.

When Delia on the plain appears,
 Awed by a thousand tender fears,
 I would approach, but dare not move;—
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

Whene'er she speaks, my ravished ear
 No other voice than hers can hear;

No other wit but hers approve;—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

If she some other swain commend,
Though I was once his fondest friend,
His instant enemy I prove;—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleased before,
The clearest spring, the shadiest grove;—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

When fond of power, of beauty vain,
Her nets she spread for every swain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove;—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

January 18. AUSTIN DOBSON. Born 1840.

GROWING GRAY.

“On a l’âge de son cœur.”
—A. D’Houdetot.

A little more toward the light.
Me miserum. Here’s one that’s white,
And one that’s turning;
Adieu to song and “salad days.”
My Muse, let’s go at once to Jay’s
And order mourning.

We must reform our rhymes, my dear,
Renounce the gay for the severe,—
Be grave, not witty;
We have no more the right to find
That Pyrrha’s hair is neatly twined,
That Chloe’s pretty.

Young Love’s for us a farce that’s played;
Light canzonet and serenade
No more may tempt us;
Gray hairs but ill accord with dreams;
From aught but sour didactic themes
Our years exempt us.

“À la bonne heure!” You fancy so?
You think for one white streak we grow
At once satiric?
A fiddlestick! Each hair’s a string
To which our graybeard Muse shall sing
A younger lyric.

Our heart's still sound. Shall "cakes and ale"
 Grow rare to youth because we rail
 At school-boy dishes?
 Perish the thought! 'Tis ours to sing,
 Though neither Time nor Tide can bring
 Belief with wishes.

January 19. ROBERT E. LEE'S BIRTHDAY. Born 1807.
(Legal Holiday.)

THE SWORD OF ROBERT LEE.

Forth from its scabbard, pure and bright,
 Flashed the sword of Lee!
 Far in front of the deadly fight,
 High o'er the brave in the cause of Right,
 Its stainless sheen, like a beacon-light,
 Led us to Victory!

Out of its scabbard, where, full long,
 It slumbered peacefully,
 Roused from its rest by the battle's song,
 Shielding the feeble, smiting the strong,
 Guarding the right, avenging the wrong,
 Gleamed the sword of Lee.

From its scabbard, high in the air,
 Beneath Virginia's sky;
 And they who saw it gleaming there,
 And knew who bore it, knelt to swear
 That where the sword led they would dare
 To follow—and to die.

Out of its scabbard! never hand
 Waved sword from stain as free,
 Nor purer sword led braver band,
 Nor braver bled for brighter land,
 Nor brighter land had cause so grand,
 Nor cause a chief like Lee!

Forth from its scabbard! How we prayed
 That sword might victor be;
 And when our triumph was delayed,
 And many a heart grew sore afraid,
 We still hoped on while gleamed the blade
 Of noble Robert Lee.

Forth from its scabbard all in vain
 Bright flashed the sword of Lee;
 'Tis shrouded now in its sheath again,

It sleeps the sleep of our noble slain,
 Defeated, yet without a stain,
 Proudly and peacefully.

—*Abram J. Ryan (Father Ryan).*

January 19. EDGAR ALLAN POE. Born 1809.

TO HELEN.

Helen, thy beauty is to me
 Like those Nicèan barks of yore
 That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
 The weary way-worn wanderer bore
 To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
 Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
 Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
 To the glory that was Greece,
 And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo, in yon brilliant window-niche
 How statue-like I see thee stand,
 The agate lamp within thy hand,
 Ah! Psyche, from the regions which
 Are holy land!

THE BELLS.

I.

Hear the sledges with the bells—
 Silver bells!
 What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
 How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
 In the icy air of night!
 While the stars that oversprinkle
 All the heavens seem to twinkle
 With a crystalline delight;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the tintinnabulation that so musically swells
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
 Golden bells!
 What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!

Through the balmy air of night
 How they ring out their delight!—
 From the molten golden notes,
 And all in tune,
 What a liquid ditty floats
 To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
 On the moon!
 Oh, from out the sounding cells,
 What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
 How it swells
 How it dwells
 On the Future; how it tells
 Of the rapture that impels
 To the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

III.

Hear the loud alarum bells—
 Brazen bells!
 What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells;
 In the startled ear of night
 How they scream out their affright!
 Too much horrified to speak,
 They can only shriek, shriek,
 Out of tune,
 In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
 In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire.
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,
 With a desperate desire,
 And a resolute endeavor
 Now—now to sit or never,
 By the side of the pale-faced moon,
 Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
 What a tale their terror tells
 Of Despair!
 How they clang, and crash, and roar!
 What a horror they outpour
 On the bosom of the palpitating air!
 Yet the ear it fully knows,
 By the twanging,
 And the clanging,
 How the danger ebbs and flows;
 Yet the ear distinctly tells,
 In the jangling,
 And the wrangling,

How the danger sinks and swells,
 By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
 Of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells—
 Iron bells!
 What a world of solemn thought their melody compels!
 In the silence of the night,
 How we shiver with affright
 At the melancholy menace of their tone!
 For every sound that floats
 From the rust within their throats
 Is a groan.
 And the people—ah, the people—
 They that dwell up in the steeple,
 All alone.
 And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
 Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone—
 They are neither man nor woman—
 They are neither brute nor human—
 They are Ghouls:
 And their king it is who tolls;
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
 Rolls
 A pæan from the bells!
 And his merry bosom swells
 With the pæan from the bells!
 And he dances and he yells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the pæan of the bells—
 Of the bells:
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the throbbing of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells—
 To the sobbing of the bells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 As he knells, knells, knells,
 In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells bells—
 To the tolling of the bells,

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
 Bells, bells, bells—
 To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

January 23. LORD BYRON. Born 1788.

NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL.

Farewell to the land where the gloom of my glory
 Arose and o'ershadowed the earth with her name—
 She abandons me now—but the page of her story,
 The brightest or blackest, is filled with my fame.
 I have warred with a world which vanquished me only
 When the meteor of conquest allured me too far;
 I have coped with the nations which dread me thus lonely,
 The last single captive to millions in war.

Farewell to thee, France! when thy diadem crowned me
 I made thee the gem and the wonder of earth—
 But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I found thee,
 Decayed in thy glory, and sunk in thy worth.
 Oh! for the veteran hearts that were wasted
 In strife with the storm, when their battles were won—
 Then the eagle, whose gaze in that moment was blasted,
 Had still soared with eyes fixed on victory's sun!

Farewell to thee, France! but when Liberty rallies
 Once more in thy region, remember me then—
 The violet still grows in the depth of thy valleys;
 Though withered, thy tears will unfold it again—
 Yet, yet I may baffle the hosts that surround us,
 And yet may my heart leap awake to thy voice—
 There are links which must break in the chain that has bound us,
Then turn thee and call on the Chief of thy choice!

THE EVE OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO

(FROM "CHILDE HAROLD.")

There was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then
 Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
 A thousand hearts beat happily, and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage bell;
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell.

Did ye not hear it? No; 'twas but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
 On with the dance, let joy be unconfined;
 No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.
 But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
 Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
 Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
 That sound, the first amidst the festival,
 And caught its tone with death's prophetic ear;
 And when they smiled because he deemed it near
 His heart more truly knew that peal too well
 Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
 And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell;
 He rushed into the field, and foremost fighting fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
 Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
 And there were sudden partings, such as press
 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
 Which ne'er might be repeated; who might guess
 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
 And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar;
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
 While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
 Or whispering with white lips—"The foe! They come! They
 come!"

And wild and high the "Camerons' gathering" rose,
 The war note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
 Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:
 How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills
 Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
 Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
 With the fierce native daring which instils
 The stirring memory of a thousand years
 And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
 Over the unreturning brave—alas!
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
 In its next verdure, when the fiery mass
 Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
 The morn the marshalling in arms—the day
 Battle's magnificently stern array!
 The thunder clouds close o'er it, which when rent
 The earth is covered thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
 Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial blent!

January 25. ROBERT BURNS. Born 1759.

BRUCE TO HIS ARMY.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots, wham Bruce has often led;
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour,
 See the front of battle lower;
 See approach proud Edward's power,
 Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?
 Wha sae base as be a slave?
 Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law,
 Freedom's sword would strongly draw,
 Freeman stand or freeman fa',
 Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains,
 By your sons in servile chains,
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurper low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 Liberty's in every blow!
 Let us do, or die!

FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT.

Is there, for honest poverty,
 That hangs his head, and a' that?
 The coward slave, we pass him by,
 And dare be poor for a' that!
 For a' that, and a' that!
 Our toils obscure, and a' that;
 The rank is but the guinea stamp;
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hodden-grey, and a' that;
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man, for a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show, and a' that,
 The honest man, tho' ne'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men for a' that.

You see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, and stares and a' that;
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that;
 For a' that, and a' that,
 His riband, star, and a' that,
 The man of independent mind
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

A king can make a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that;
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Guid faith he maunna fa' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities, and a' that,
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that,
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree, and a' that;
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that;
 That man to man, the wide warld o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to min'?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And days o' lang syne?

CHORUS.

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

We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pou'd the gowans fine;
 But we've wandered mony a weary foot
 Sin' auld lang syne.
 For auld, etc.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
 Frae mornin' sun till dine;
 But seas between us braid hae roared
 Sin' auld lang syne.
 For auld, etc.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
 And gie's a hand o' thine;
 And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught
 For auld lang syne.
 For auld, etc.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
 And surely I'll be mine;
 And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.
 For auld, etc.

January 28. REV. SABINE BARING-GOULD. Born 1834.

NOW THE DAY IS OVER.

Now the day is over,
 Night is drawing nigh,
 Shadows of the evening
 Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,
 Stars begin to peep.
 Birds, and beasts, and flowers
 Soon will be asleep.

Jesu, give the weary
 Calm and sweet repose;
 With Thy tend'rest blessing
 May mine eyelids close.

Grant to little children
 Visions bright of Thee;
 Guard the sailors tossing
 On the deep blue sea.

Comfort every sufferer
 Watching late in pain;
 Those who plan some evil,
 From their sin restrain.

Through the long night watches
 May Thine Angels spread
 Their white wings above me,
 Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens,
 Then may I arise,
 Pure and fresh and sinless
 In Thy Holy Eyes.

Glory to the Father,
 Glory to the Son,
 And to Thee, Blest Spirit,
 While all ages run.

January 30. WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. Born 1775.

ROSE AYLNER.

Ah! what avails the sceptred Race
 And what the form divine?
 What every virtue, every grace?
 Rose Aylmer, all were thine!

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
 May weep but never see,
 A night of memories and sighs
 I consecrate to thee.

ABSENCE.

Here, ever since you went abroad,
 If there be change, no change I see:
 I only walk our wonted road.
 The road is only walk'd by me.

Yes; I forgot; a change there is—
 Was it of *that* you bade me tell?
 I catch at times, at times I miss
 The sight, the tone, I know so well.

Only two months since you stood here?
 Two shortest months? Then tell me why
 Voices are harsher than they were,
 And tears are longer ere they dry.

FINIS.

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife.
 Nature I loved and, next to Nature, Art;
 I warm'd both hands before the fire of life;
 It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

January 31. BEN JONSON. Born 1574.

A PART OF AN ODE

TO THE IMMORTAL MEMORY AND FRIENDSHIP OF THAT NOBLE PAIR,
 SIR LUCIUS CARY AND SIR H. MORISON.

It is not growing like a tree
 In bulk, doth make man better be;
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:
 A lily of a day
 Is fairer far in May,
 Although it fall and die that night;
 It was the plant and flower of light.
 In small proportions we just beauties see;
 And in short measures, life may perfect be.

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine;
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
 And I'll not look for wine.
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise
 Doth ask a drink divine;
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much honoring thee
 As giving it a hope that there
 It could not withered be;

But thou thereon didst only breathe
 And sent'st it back to me;
 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself but thee!

February 2. HANNAH MORE. Born 1745.

A BOOK.

I'm a strange contradiction; I'm new and I'm old,
 I'm often in tatters, and oft deck'd in gold:
 Though I never could read, yet letter'd I'm found;
 Though blind, I enlighten; though loose, I am bound—
 I am always in black, and I'm always in white;
 I am grave and I'm gay, I am heavy and light.
 In form too I differ—I'm thick and I'm thin,
 I've no flesh, and no bones, yet I'm cover'd with skin;
 I've more points than the compass, more stops than the flute—
 I sing without voice, without speaking confute;
 I'm English, I'm German, I'm French, and I'm Dutch;
 Some love me too fondly; some slight me too much;
 I often die soon, though I sometimes live ages,
 And no monarch alive has so many pages.

February 3. SIDNEY LANIER. Born 1842.

SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE.

Out of the hills of Habersham,
 Down the valleys of Hall,
 I hurry amain to reach the plain,
 Run the rapid and leap the fall,
 Split at the rock and together again,
 Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
 And flee from folly on every side
 With a lover's pain to attain the plain
 Far from the hills of Habersham,
 Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
 All through the valleys of Hall,
 The rushes cried *Abide, abide,*
 The wilful waterweeds held me thrall,
 The laving laurels turned my tide,
 The ferns and the fondling grass said, *Stay,*
 The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
 And the little reeds sighed, *Abide, abide,*
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
 Veiling the valleys of Hall,
 The hickory told me manifold
 Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
 Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,
 The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
 Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
 Said, *Pass not, so cold, these manifold*
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall.

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
 And oft in the valleys of Hall,
 The white quartz shone, and the smooth brook-stone
 Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
 And many a luminous jewel lone
 —Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
 Ruby, garnet, and amethyst—
 Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
 In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
 In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
 And oh, not the valleys of Hall
 Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
 Downward the voices of Duty call—
 Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
 The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
 And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
 And the lordly main from beyond the plain
 Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
 Calls through the valleys of Hall.

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February 7. CHARLES DICKENS. Born 1812.

THE IVY GREEN.

O, a dainty plant is the ivy green,
 That creepeth o'er ruins old!
 Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
 In his cell so lone and cold.
 The walls must be crumbled, the stones decayed,
 To pleasure his dainty whim;
 And the mouldering dust that years have made
 Is a merry meal for him.
 Creeping where no life is seen,
 A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
 And a staunch old heart has he!
 How closely he twineth, how tight he clings
 To his friend, the huge oak-tree!
 And slyly he traileth along the ground,
 And his leaves he gently waves,
 And he joyously twines and hugs around
 The rich mould of dead men's graves.
 Creeping where no life is seen,
 A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,
 And nations scattered been;
 But the stout old ivy shall never fade
 From its hale and hearty green.
 The brave old plant in its lonely days
 Shall fatten upon the past;
 For the stateliest building man can raise
 Is the ivy's food at last.
 Creeping where no life is seen,
 A rare old plant is the ivy green.

February 8. JOHN RUSKIN. Born 1819.

TRUST THOU THY LOVE.

Trust thou thy Love; if she be proud, is she not sweet?
 Trust thou thy Love: if she be mute, is she not pure?
 Lay thou thy soul full in her hands, low at her feet;
 Fail, Sun and Breath!—yet, for thy peace, She shall endure.

February 8. SAMUEL BUTLER. Born 1612.

LOGIC OF HUDIBRAS.

He was in logic a great critic,
 Profoundly skilled in analytic;
 He could distinguish and divide
 A hair 'twixt south and southwest side;
 On either which he would dispute,
 Confute, change hands, and still confute:
 He'd undertake to prove, by force
 Of argument, a man's no horse;
 He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
 And that a lord may be an owl,
 A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
 And rooks committee-men and trustees.
 He'd run in debt by disputation,
 And pay with ratiocination:
 All this by syllogism true,
 In mood and figure he would do.

February 10. WILLIAM CONGREVE. Born 1670.

EXTRACTS FROM THE "MOURNING BRIDE."

Music has charms to soothe a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
I've read, that things inanimate have moved,
And, as with living souls, have been informed
By magic numbers and persuasive sound.

Vile and ingrate! too late thou shalt repent
The base injustice thou hast done my love;
Yes, thou shalt know, spite of thy past distress,
And all those ills which thou so long hast mourned;
Heav'n has no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.

Seest thou how just the hand of Heav'n has been?
Let us, who through our innocence survive,
Still in the paths of honor persevere,
And not from past or present ills despair;
For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds;
And though a late, a sure reward succeeds.

February 10. SIR JOHN SUCKLING. Born 1609.

WHY SO PALE AND WAN?

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Pr'y thee, why so pale?—
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Pr'y thee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Pr'y thee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do 't?
Pr'y thee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame! this will not move,
This cannot take her:
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The devil take her!

February 11. *THEODORE O'HARA. Born 1820.*

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
 The soldier's last tattoo;
 No more on life's parade shall meet
 That brave and fallen few.
 On Fame's eternal camping-ground
 Their silent tents are spread,
 And Glory guards, with solemn round,
 The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
 Now swells upon the wind;
 No troubled thought at midnight haunts
 Of loved ones left behind;
 No vision of the morrow's strife
 The warrior's dream alarms;
 No braying horn nor screaming fife
 At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
 Their plumèd heads are bowed;
 Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
 Is now their martial shroud.
 And plenteous funeral tears have washed
 The red stains from each brow,
 And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
 Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
 The bugle's stirring blast,
 The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
 The din and shout, are past;
 Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal
 Shall thrill with fierce delight
 Those breasts that never more may feel
 The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
 That sweeps this great plateau,
 Flushed with triumph yet to gain,
 Came down the serried foe.
 Who heard the thunder of the fray
 Break o'er the field beneath,
 Knew well the watchword of that day
 Was "Victory or death."





HEROES AND HEROINES IN THE STRIFE.

(AFTER THE PAINTING BY LUDWIG HERTERICH).

There are many instances in history of the courage and prowess of women on the field of battle, though their lot is mostly the harder one of waiting at home; often at last to hear that their loved ones are lying far away,

“On Fame’s eternal camping-ground.”

Long has the doubtful conflict raged
O'er all that stricken plain,
For never fiercer fight had waged
The vengeful blood of Spain;
And still the storm of battle blew,
Still swelled the gory tide;
Not long, our stout old chieftain knew,
Such odds his strength could hide.

'Twas in that hour his stern command
Called to a martyr's grave
The flower of its belovèd band
The nation's flag to save.
By rivers of their fathers' gore
His first-born laurels grew,
And well he deemed the sons would pour
Their lives for glory too.

Full many a norther's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain—
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its mouldering slain.
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone awakes each sullen height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air.
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from War his richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field;
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield;
The sunlight of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
Dear as the blood ye gave,
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave.

Nor shall your glory be forgot
 While Fame her record keeps,
 Or Honor points the hallowed spot
 Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
 In deathless song shall tell
 When many a vanished age hath flown,
 The story how ye fell;
 Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
 Nor Time's remorseless doom,
 Shall dim one ray of glory's light
 That gilds your glorious tomb.

February 12. (Lincoln Day.) ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Born 1809.

GOD BLESS OUR NATIVE LAND.

God bless our native land,
 On this firm shore we stand
 For Freedom's right.
 Let us arise in might,
 Dispel the shades of night,
 And banish them for light
 And truth, we pray.

Send us thy truth and love,
 Guide us to look above
 For all we need.
 Show us the way to go,
 From thee all mercies flow,
 Teach us thy name to know,—
 For this we pray.

This hymn of praise we sing
 To God, the mighty King,
 Enthroned above.
 May he our nation guide,
 From every danger hide,
 And with us still abide,
 To shield and bless!

—*S. Parkman Tuckerman.*

YOUR MISSION.

If you cannot on the ocean
 Sail among the swiftest fleet,
 Rocking on the highest billows,
 Laughing at the storms you meet,

You can stand among the sailors,
 Anchored yet within the bay,
 You can lend a hand to help them,
 As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey,
 Up the mountain steep and high,
 You can stand within the valley,
 While the multitudes go by,
 You can chant in happy measure,
 As they slowly pass along,—
 Though they may forget the singer,
 They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver,
 Ever ready to command,
 If you cannot to the needy
 Reach an ever open hand,
 You can visit the afflicted,
 O'er the erring you can weep,
 You can be a true disciple,
 Sitting at the Savior's feet.

If you cannot in the conflict
 Prove yourself a soldier true
 If where fire and smoke are thickest,
 There's no work for you to do,
 When the battlefield is silent,
 You can go with careful tread,
 You can bear away the wounded,
 You can cover up the dead.

Do not then stand idly waiting
 For some greater work to do;
 Fortune is a lazy goddess,
 She will never come to you.
 Go and toil in any vineyard,
 Do not fear to do or dare;
 If you want a field of labor,
 You can find it everywhere.

February 14. ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

VALENTINE.

Oft have I heard both youths and virgins say,
 Birds choose their mates, and couple too, this day;
 But by their flight I never can divine
 When I shall couple with my Valentine.

—*Herrick: To His Valentine.*

February 21. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN. Born 1801.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on!
 The night is dark, and I am far from home—
 Lead Thou me on!
 Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
 The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on.
 I lov'd to choose and see my path; but now
 Lead Thou me on!
 I lov'd the garish day, and, spite of fears,
 Pride rul'd my will: remember not past years,
 So long Thy power hath bless'd me, sure it still
 Will lead me on,
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone;
 And with the morn those angel faces smile
 Which I have lov'd long since and lost awhile.

February 22. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Born 1819.

THE HERITAGE.

The rich man's son inherits lands,
 And piles of brick, and stones, and gold,
 And he inherits soft, white hands,
 And tender flesh that fears the cold,
 Nor dares to wear a garment old;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares:
 The bank may break, the factory burn,
 A breath may burst his bubble shares,
 And soft white hands could hardly earn
 A living that would serve his turn;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,
 His stomach craves for dainty fare;
 With sated heart, he hears the pants
 Of toiling hinds and brown arms bare,
 And wearies in his easy chair!

A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit,
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned of being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whitens, soft white hands,—
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine
In merely being rich and great:
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-filled past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

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February 22. *GEORGE WASHINGTON. Born 1732.*

WASHINGTON.

He stood, the firm, the grand, the wise,
 The patriot and the sage;
 He showed no deep, avenging hate,
 No burst of despot rage.
 He stood for Liberty and Truth,
 And daringly led on,
 Till shouts of victory gave forth
 The name of Washington.

—*Eliza Cook.*

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

Welcome thou festal morn!
 Never be passed in scorn
 Thy rising sun;
 Thou day forever bright
 With freedom's holy light,
 That gave the world the sight
 Of Washington.

Unshaken 'mid the storm,
 Behold that noble form,
 That peerless one,—
 With his protecting hand,
 Like Freedom's angel, stand,
 The guardian of our land,
 Our Washington.

Now the true patriot see,
 The foremost of the free,
 The vict'ry won;
 In Freedom's presence bow,
 While sweetly smiling now,
 She wreathes the spotless brow
 Of Washington.

Then, with each coming year,
 Whenever shall appear
 That natal sun;
 Will we attest the worth
 Of one true man to earth,
 And celebrate the birth
 Of Washington.

Traced there in lines of light,
 Where all pure rays unite,
 Obscured by none;

Brightest on history's page,
Of any clime or age,
As chieftain, man, and sage,
Stands Washington.

Name at which tyrants pale,
And their proud legions quail,
Their boasting done;
While Freedom lifts her head,
No longer filled with dread,
Her sons to vict'ry led
By Washington.

—George Howland.

Beneath our consecrated elm
A century ago he stood
Famed vaguely for that old fight in the wood
Whose red surge sought, but could not overwhelm
The life foredoomed to wield our rough-hewn helm:

Firmly erect, he towered above them all,
The incarnate discipline that was to free
With iron curb that armed democracy.

—Lowell—"Under the Old Elm."

Gratefully cherish our Washington's name,
Grand is the tribute ensured him by Fame.

February 24. SAMUEL LOVER. Born 1797.

THE FAIRY TEMPTER.

A fair girl was sitting in the greenwood shade,
List'ning to the music the spring birds made;
When sweeter by far than the birds on the tree,
A voice murmured near her, "Oh, come, love, with me—
In earth or air,
A thing so fair
I have not seen as thee!
Then come, love, with me."

"With a star for thy home, in a palace of light,
Thou wilt add a fresh grace to the beauty of night;
Or, if wealth be thy wish, thine are treasures untold,
I will show thee the birthplace of jewels and gold—
And pearly caves
Beneath the waves,
All these, all these are thine,
If thou wilt be mine."

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

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

February 26. CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE. Born 1564

THE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

Come, live with me, and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove
 That valleys, groves, hills, and fields,
 Woods, or steepy mountains, yields.

There we will sit upon the rocks,
 Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
 By shallow rivers, to whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses
 With a thousand fragrant posies;
 A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
 Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
 Fair-lined slippers for the cold,
 With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
 With coral clasps and amber studs:
 And if these pleasures may thee move,
 Come, live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
 For thy delight each May morning,
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Then live with me, and be my love.

February 27. H. W. LONGFELLOW. Born 1807.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

Somewhat back from the village street
 Stands the old-fashioned country seat.
 Across its unique portico
 Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw;

And from its station in the hall
An ancient time-piece says to all—

“For ever—never!
Never—for ever!”

.

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say, at each chamber door—

“For ever—never!
Never—for ever!”

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe—

“For ever—never!
Never—for ever!”

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeletons at the feast,
That warning time-piece never ceased—

“For ever—never!
Never—for ever!”

There groups of merry children played,
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;
Oh precious hours! Oh golden prime,
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient time-piece told—

“For ever—never!
Never—for ever!”

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
And in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair—

“For ever—never!
Never—for ever!”

All are scattered now and fled,
 Some are married, some are dead;
 And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
 "Ah! when shall they all meet again!"
 As in the days long since gone by,
 The ancient time-piece makes reply—
 "For ever—never!
 Never—for ever!"

Never here—for ever there,
 Where all parting, pain, and care,
 And death, and time shall disappear,—
 For ever there, but never here!
 The horologe of Eternity
 Sayeth this incessantly—
 "For ever—never!
 Never—for ever!"

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THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
 The village smithy stands;
 The smith, a mighty man is he,
 With large and sinewy hands;
 And the muscles of his brawny arms
 Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
 His face is like the tan;
 His brow is wet with honest sweat,
 He earns whate'er he can,
 And looks the whole world in the face,
 For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
 You can hear his bellows blow;
 You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
 With measured beat and slow,
 Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
 When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
 Look in at the open door;
 They love to see the flaming forge,
 And hear the bellows roar,
 And catch the burning sparks that fly
 Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees its close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

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EXCELSIOR.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner, with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

“Try not the Pass!” the old man said,
 “Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
 The roaring torrent is deep and wide!”
 And loud that clarion voice replied,
 Excelsior!

“O stay!” the maiden said, “and rest
 Thy weary head upon this breast!”
 A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
 But still he answered, with a sigh,
 Excelsior!

“Beware the pine-tree’s withered branch!
 Beware the awful avalanche!”
 This was the peasant’s last good-night!
 A voice replied, far up the height,
 Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
 The pious monks of Saint Bernard
 Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
 A voice cried through the startled air,
 Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
 Half-buried in the snow, was found,
 Still grasping in his hand of ice
 That banner, with the strange device,
 Excelsior!

There, in the twilight cold and gray
 Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
 And from the sky, serene and far,
 A voice fell, like a falling star,
 Excelsior!

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LONGFELLOW—IN MEMORIAM.

*Nec turpem senectam
 Degere, nec cithara carentem.*

“Not to be tuneless in old age!”
 Ah! surely blest his pilgrimage,
 Who, in his winter’s snow,
 Still sings with note as sweet and clear
 As in the morning of the year
 When the first violets blow!

Blest!—but more blest, whom summer’s heat,
 Whom spring’s impulsive stir and beat,
 Have taught no feverish lure;

Whose Muse, benignant and serene,
 Still keeps his autumn chaplet green
 Because his verse is pure!

Lie calm, O white and laureate head!
 Lie calm, O Dead, that art not dead,
 Since from the voiceless grave
 Thy voice shall speak to old and young
 While song yet speaks our English tongue
 By Charles' or Themis' wave.

—Austin Dobson.

February 27. EDWARD ROWLAND SILL, died 1887. Born 1841.

A FOOL'S PRAYER.

The royal feast was done; the King
 Sought some new sport to banish care,
 And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,
 Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
 And stood the mocking court before;
 They could not see the bitter smile
 Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
 Upon the monarch's silken stool;
 His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
 Be merciful to me, a fool!

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
 From red with wrong to white as wool:
 The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord,
 Be merciful to me, a fool!

"Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
 Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
 'Tis by our follies that so long
 We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
 Go crushing blossoms without end;
 These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
 Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
 Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung!
 The word we had not sense to say—
 Who knows how grandly it had rung!

“Our faults no tenderness should ask,
 The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
 But for our blunders—oh, in shame
 Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

“Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
 Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
 That did his will; but Thou, O Lord,
 Be merciful to me, a fool.”

The room was hushed; in silence rose
 The King, and sought his gardens cool,
 And walked apart, and murmured low,
 “Be merciful to me, a fool!”

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March 3. EDMUND WALLER. Born 1605.

ON A GIRDLE.

That which her slender waist confined
 Shall now my joyful temples bind;
 No monarch but would give his crown,
 His arms might do what this hath done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
 The pale which held that lovely deer:
 My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
 Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass! and yet there
 Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair.
 Give me but what this ribbon bound,
 Take all the rest the sun goes round!

GO, LOVELY ROSE.

Go, lovely rose!
 Tell her that wastes her time and me,
 That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
 And shuns to have her graces spied,
 That hadst thou sprung
 In deserts, where no men abide,
 Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
 Of beauty from the light retired;
 Bid her come forth,
 Suffer herself to be desired,
 And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she
 The common fate of all things rare
 May read in thee;
 How small a part of time they share,
 That are so wondrous, sweet, and fair.

March 5. LUCY LARCOM. Born 1826.

BY THE FIRESIDE.

What is it fades and flickers in the fire,
 Murmurs and sighs, and yields reluctant breath,
 As if in the red embers some desire,
 Some word prophetic burned, defying death?

Lords of the forest, stalwart oak and pine,
 Lie down for us in flames of martyrdom:
 A human, household warmth, their death-fires shine;
 Yet fragrant with high memories they come,

Bringing the mountain-winds that in their boughs
 Sang of the torrent, and the plashy edge
 Of storm-swept lakes; and echoes that arouse
 The eagles from a splintered eyrie ledge;

And breath of violets sweet about their roots;
 And earthy odors of the moss and fern;
 And hum of rivulets; smell of ripening fruits;
 And green leaves that to gold and crimson turn.

What clear Septembers fade out in a spark!
 What rare Octobers drop with every coal!
 Within these costly ashes, dumb and dark,
 Are hid spring's budding hope, and summer's soul.

Pictures far lovelier smoulder in the fire,
 Visions of friends who walked among these trees,
 Whose presence, like the free air, could inspire
 A wingèd life and boundless sympathies;

Eyes with a glow like that in a brown beech,
 When sunset through its autumn beauty shines,
 Or the blue gentian's look of silent speech,
 To heaven appealing as earth's light declines;

Voices and steps forever fled away
 From the familiar glens, the haunted hills,—
 Most pitiful and strange it is to stay
 Without you in a world your lost love fills.

Do you forget us,—under Eden trees,
 Or in full sunshine on the hills of God,—
 Who miss you from the shadow and the breeze,
 And tints and perfumes of the woodland sod?

Dear for your sake the fireside where we sit
 Watching these sad, bright pictures come and go;
 That waning years are with your memory lit
 Is the one lonely comfort that we know.

Is it all memory? Lo, these forest-boughs
 Burst on the hearth into fresh leaf and bloom;
 Waft a vague, far-off sweetness through the house,
 And give close walls the hillside's breathing room.

A second life, more spiritual than the first,
 They find,—a life won only out of death.
 O sainted souls, within you still is nursed
 For us a flame not fed by mortal breath.

Unseen, ye bring to us, who love and wait,
 Wafts from the heavenly hills, immortal air;
 No flood can quench your hearts' warmth, or abate;
 Ye are our gladness, here and everywhere.

March 6. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. Born 1809.

CONSOLATION.

All are not taken; there are left behind
 Living Belovèds, tender looks to bring
 And make the daylight still a happy thing,
 And tender voices, to make soft the wind:
 But if it were not so—if I could find
 No love in all this world for comforting,
 Nor any path but hollowly did ring
 Where "dust to dust" the love from life disjoin'd;
 And if, before those sepulchres unmoving
 I stood alone (as some forsaken lamb
 Goes bleating up the moors in weary dearth)
 Crying "Where are ye, O my loved and loving?"—
 I know a voice would sound, "Daughter, I AM.
 Can I suffice for Heaven and not for earth?"

THE HOLY TIDE.

The days are sad, it is the Holy tide:
 The Winter morn is short, the Night is long;
 So let the lifeless Hours be glorified
 With deathless thoughts and echo'd in sweet song:
 And through the sunset of this purple cup
 They will resume the roses of their prime,
 And the old Dead will hear us and wake up,
 Pass with dim smiles and make our hearts sublime!

The days are sad, it is the Holy tide:
 Be dusky mistletoes and hollies strown,
 Sharp as the spear that pierced His sacred side,
 Red as the drops upon His thorny crown;
 No haggard Passion and no lawless Mirth
 Fright off the solemn Muse,—tell sweet old tales,
 Sing songs as we sit brooding o'er the hearth,
 Till the lamp flickers, and the memory fails.

March 8. CHRISTOPHER P. CRANCH. Born 1813.

THOUGHT.

Thought is deeper than all speech,
 Feeling deeper than all thought;
 Souls to souls can never teach
 What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils;
 Man by man was never seen;
 All our deep communing fails
 To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known;
 Mind with mind did never meet;
 We are columns left alone
 Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,
 Far apart though seeming near,
 In our light we scattered lie;
 All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company
 But a babbling summer stream?
 What our wise philosophy
 But the glancing of a dream?

Only when the sun of love
 Melts the scattered stars of thought,
 Only when we live above
 What the dim-eyed world hath taught.

Only when our souls are fed
 By the fount which gave them birth,
 And by inspiration led
 Which they never drew from earth,

We, like parted drops of rain,
 Swelling till they meet and run,
 Shall be all absorbed again,
 Melting, flowing into one.

March 12. MARY HOWITT. Born 1799.

THE BROOM FLOWER.

O the Broom, the yellow Broom!
 The ancient poet sung it;
 And sweet it is on summer days
 To lie at rest among it.

I know the realms where people say
 The flowers have not their fellow:
 I know where they shine out like suns,
 The crimson and the yellow.

I know where ladies lie enchained
 In luxury's silken fetters,
 And flowers as bright as glittering gems
 Are used for written letters.

But ne'er was flower so fair as this,
 In modern days or olden:
 It groweth on its nodding stem
 Like to a garland golden.

And all about my mother's door
 Shine out its glittering bushes,
 And down the glen, where clear as light
 The mountain water gushes.

Take all the rest: but give me this,
 And the bird that nestles in it;
 I love it, for it loves the Broom—
 The green and yellow linnet!

Well—call the Rose the queen of flowers,
 And boast of that of Sharon,
 Of Lilics like to marble cups,
 And the golden rod of Aaron—

I care not how these flowers may be
 Beloved of man or woman;
 The Broom it is the flower for me,
 That groweth on the common.

O the Broom, the yellow Broom!
 The ancient poet sung it;
 And sweet it is on summer days
 To lie at rest among it.

March 12. THOMAS BUCHANAN READ. Born 1822.

DRIFTING.

My soul to-day
 Is far away,
 Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
 My wingèd boat,
 A bird afloat,
 Swims round the purple peaks remote:—

Round purple peaks
 It sails, and seeks
 Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
 Where high rocks throw,
 Through deeps below,
 A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim,
 The mountains swim;
 While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
 With outstretched hands,
 The gray smoke stands
 O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
 O'er liquid miles;
 And yonder, bluest of the isles,
 Calm Capri waits,
 Her sapphire gates
 Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if
 My rippling skiff
 Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;—
 With dreamful eyes
 My spirit lies
 Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls
 Where swells and falls
 The Bay's deep breast at intervals,
 At peace I lie
 Blown softly by,
 A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild,
 Is Heaven's own child,
 With earth and Ocean reconciled,—
 The airs I feel
 Around me steal
 Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail
 My hand I trail
 Within the shadow of the sail,
 A joy intense,
 The cooling sense
 Glides down my drowsy indolence.

Her children, hid
 The cliffs amid,
 Are gambolling with the gambolling kid;
 Or down the walls,
 With tipsy calls,
 Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,
 With tresses wild,
 Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
 With glowing lips
 Sings as she skips,
 Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes
 Where Traffic blows,
 From lands of sun to lands of snows;—
 This happier one,
 Its course is run
 From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,
 To rise and dip,
 With the blue crystal at your lip!
 O happy crew,
 My heart with you
 Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more
 The worldly shore
 Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
 With dreamful eyes
 My spirit lies
 Under the walls of Paradise!

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March 14. ARTHUR WM. EDGAR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

Born 1846.

ODE.

We are the music-makers,
 And we are the dreamers of dreams,
 Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
 And sitting by desolate streams;
 World-losers and world-forsakers,
 On whom the pale moon gleams:
 Yet we are the movers and shakers
 Of the world for ever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
 We build up the world's great cities,
 And out of a fabulous story
 We fashion an empire's glory:
 One man with a dream, at pleasure,
 Shall go forth and conquer a crown;
 And three with a new song's measure
 Can trample an empire down.

We, in the ages lying
 In the buried past of the earth,
 Built Nineveh with our sighing,
 And Babel itself with our mirth;
 And o'erthrew them with prophesying
 To the old of the new world's worth;
 For each age is a dream that is dying,
 Or one that is coming to birth.

March 19. WILLIAM ALLINGHAM. Born 1828.

THE FAIRIES.

Up the airy mountain,
 Down the rushy glen,
 We daren't go a-hunting,
 For fear of little men;
 Wee folk, good folk,
 Trooping all together;
 Green jacket, red cap,
 And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
 Some make their home,
 They live on crispy pancakes
 Of yellow tide-foam;
 Some in the reeds
 Of the black mountain-lake,
 With frogs for their watch-dogs,
 All night awake.

High on the hill-top
 The old King sits;
 He is now so old and gray,
 He's nigh lost his wits.
 With a bridge of white mist
 Columbkill he crosses,
 On his stately journeys
 From Slieveleague to Rosses,
 Or going up with music
 On cold starry nights,
 To sup with the Queen
 Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
 For seven years long;
 When she came down again,
 Her friends were all gone.
 They took her lightly back,
 Between the night and morrow,
 They thought that she was fast asleep,
 But she was dead with sorrow.
 They have kept her ever since
 Deep within the lake,
 On a bed of flag-leaves,
 Watching till she wake.

By the craggy hill-side,
 Through the mosses bare,
 They have planted thorn-trees
 For pleasure here and there.
 Is any man so daring
 As dig them up in spite,
 He shall find their sharpest thorns
 In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
 Down the rushy glen,
 We daren't go a-hunting,
 For fear of little men;
 Wee folk, good folk,
 Trooping all together;
 Green jacket, red cap,
 And white owl's feather!

March 21. HENRY KIRKE WHITE. Born 1785.

TO THE HARVEST MOON.

Pleasing 't is, O modest Moon!
 Now the night is at her noon,
 'Neath thy sway to musing lie,
 While around the zephyrs sigh,
 Fanning soft the sun-tanned wheat,
 Ripened by the summer's heat;
 Picturing all the rustic's joy
 When boundless plenty greets his eye,
 And thinking soon,
 O modest Moon!
 How many a female eye will roam
 Along the road,
 To see the load,
 The last dear load of harvest-home.

.

'Neath yon lowly roof he lies,
 The husbandman, with sleep-sealed eyes:
 He dreams of crowded barns, and round
 The yard he hears the flail resound;
 O, may no hurricane destroy
 His visionary views of joy!
 God of the winds! O, hear his humble prayer,
 And while the Moon of Harvest shines, thy blustering whirlwind
 spare!

March 23. JAMES BARRON HOPE. Born 1829.

THE NEW ENGLAND GROUP.

FROM "ARMS AND THE MAN."

At Plymouth Rock a handful of brave souls,
 Full-armed in faith, erected home and shrine,
 And flourished where the wild Atlantic rolls
 Its pyramids of brine.

There rose a manly race austere and strong,
 On whom no lessons of their day were lost,
 Earnest as some conventicle's deep song,
 And keen as their own frost.

But that shrewd frost became a friend to those
 Who fronted there the Ice-King's bitter storm,
 For see we not that underneath the snows
 The growing wheat keeps warm?

Soft ease and silken opulence they spurned;
 From sands of silver, and from emerald boughs
 With golden ingots laden full, they turned
 Like Pilgrims under vows.

For them no tropic seas, no slumbrous calms,
 No rich abundance generously unrolled:
 In place of Cromwell's proffered flow'rs and palms
 They chose the long-drawn cold.

The more it blew, the more they faced the gale;
 The more it snowed, the more they would not freeze;
 And when crops failed on sterile hill and vale—
 They went to reap the seas!

Far North, through wild and stormy brine they ran,
 With hands a-cold plucked Winter by the locks!
 Masterful mastered great Leviathan
 And drove the foam as flocks!

Next in their order came the Middle Group,
 Perchance less hardy, but as brave they grew,—
 Grew straight and tall with not a bend, or stoop—
 Heart-timber through and through!

Midway between the ardent heat and cold
 They spread abroad, and by a homely spell,
 The iron of their axes changed to gold
 As fast the forests fell!





FOREFATHERS' MONUMENT.

(PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE ORIGINAL AT PLYMOUTH, MASS.)

“ At Plymouth Rock a handful of brave souls
Full-armed in faith, erected home and shrine,
And flourished where the wide Atlantic rolls
Its pyramids of brine.”

Doing the things they found to do, we see
That thus they drew a mighty empire's charts,
And, working for the present, took in fee
The future for their marts!

And there unchallenged may the boast be made,
Although they do not hold his sacred dust,
That Penn, the Founder, never once betrayed
The simple Indian's trust.

To them the genius which linked Silver Lakes
With the blue Ocean and the outer World,
And the fair banner, which their commerce shakes,
Wise Clinton's hand unfurled.

THE SOUTHERN COLONIES.

Then sweeping down below Virginia's capes,
From Chesapeake to where Savannah flows,
We find the settlers laughing 'mid their grapes
And ignorant of snows.

The fragrant *uppowock*, and golden corn
Spread far afield by river and lagoon,
And all the months poured out from Plenty's Horn
Were opulent as June.

Yet, they had tragedies, all dark and fell!
Lone Roanoke Island rises on the view,
And this Peninsula its tale could tell
Of Opecanough!

But, when the Ocean thunders on the shore,
Its waves, though broken, overflow the beach;
So here our Fathers on and onward bore
With English laws and speech.

Kind skies above them, underfoot rich soils;
Silence and Savage at their presence fled;
This Giant's Causeway, sacred through their toils,
Resounded at their tread.

With ardent hearts and ever-open hands,
Candid and honest, brave and proud they grew,
Their lives and habits colored by fair lands
As skies give waters hue.

The race in semi-Feudal State appears—
Their Knightly figures glow in tender mist,
With ghostly pennons flung from ghostly spears
And ghostly hawks on wrist.

By enterprise and high adventure stirred,
 From rude lunette and sentry-guarded croft
 They hawked at Empire, and, as on they spurred,
 Fate's falcon soared aloft!

Fate's falcon soared aloft full strong and free,
 With blood on talons, plumage, beak, and breast!
 Her shadow like a storm-shade on the sea,
 Far-sailing down the West!

Swift hoofs clang out behind that Falcon's flights—
 Hoofs shod with Golden Horse Shoes catch the eye!
 And as they ring, we see the Forest-Knights—
 The Cavaliers ride by!

March 24. WILLIAM MORRIS. Born 1834.

LOVE IS ENOUGH.

Love is enough: though the World be a-waning,
 And the woods have no voice but the voice of complaining,
 Though the sky be too dark for dim eyes to discover
 The gold-cups and daisies fair blooming thereunder,
 Though the hills be held shadows, and the sea a dark wonder,
 And this day draw a veil over all deeds pass'd over,
 Yet their hands shall not tremble, their feet shall not falter;
 The void shall not weary, the fear shall not alter
 These lips and these eyes of the loved and the lover.

March 30. SIR HENRY WOTTON. Born 1568.

CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught
 That serveth not another's will:
 Whose armor is his honest thought,
 And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
 Whose soul is still prepared for death,
 Not tied unto the world with care
 Of public fame, or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise
 Or vice; who never understood
 How deepest wounds are given by praise;
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

Who hath his life from rumors freed;
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
 Nor ruin make accusers great;

Who God doth late and early pray
 More of His grace than gifts to lend;
 And entertains the harmless day
 With a well-chosen book or friend;

—This man is freed from servile bands
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
 Lord of himself, though not of lands;
 And having nothing, yet hath all.

March 31. EDWARD FITZGERALD. Born 1809.

QUATRAINS FROM OMAR KHAYYÁM.

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
 A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
 Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
 O, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

Some for the Glories of This World; and some
 Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come;
 Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,
 Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum!

Look to the blowing Rose about us—'Lo,
 Laughing,' she says, 'into the world I blow,
 At once the silken tassel of my Purse
 Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw.'

And those who husbanded the Golden grain
 And those who flung it to the winds like Rain
 Alike to no such aureate Earth are turn'd
 As, buried once, Men want dug up again.

Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai
 Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,
 How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp
 Abode his destined Hour, and went his way.

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
 The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep:
 And BahráM, that great Hunter—the wild Ass
 Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.

I sometimes think that never blows so red
 The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;
 That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
 Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head.

And this reviving Herb whose tender Green
 Fledges the River-Lip on which we lean—
 Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
 From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!

Ah, my Belovèd, fill the Cup that clears
 To-day of past Regrets and Future Fears:
 To-morrow!—Why, To-morrow I may be
 Myself with Yesterday's sev'n thousand Years.

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
 That from his Vintage rolling Time hath prest,
 Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
 And one by one crept silently to rest.

And we, that now make merry in the Room
 They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,
 Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth
 Descend—ourselves to make a Couch—for whom?

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
 Before we too into the Dust descend;
 Dust unto Dust, and unto Dust to lie,
 Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End!

Ah, with the Grape my fading Life provide,
 And wash my Body whence the Life has died,
 And lay me, shrouded in the living Leaf,
 By some not unfrequented Garden-side. . . .

Yon rising Moon that looks for us again—
 How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
 How oft hereafter rising look for us
 Through this same Garden—and for one in vain!

And when like her, Sáki, you shall pass
 Among the Guests star-scatter'd on the Grass,
 And in your joyous errand reach the spot
 Where I made One—turn down an empty Glass!

ANDREW CHERRY Born 1762.

THE BAY OF BISCAY.

Loud roared the dreadful thunder,
 The rain a deluge showers,
 The clouds were rent asunder
 By lightning's vivid powers;

The night both drear and dark,
 Our poor devoted bark,
 Till next day, there she lay,
 In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Now dashed upon the billow,
 Our opening timbers creak;
 Each fears a watery pillow,—
 None stops the dreadful leak;
 To cling to slippery shrouds
 Each breathless seaman crowds,
 As she lay, till the day,
 In the Bay of Biscay, O!

At length the wished-for morrow,
 Broke through the hazy sky;
 Absorbed in silent sorrow,
 Each heaved a bitter sigh;
 The dismal wreck to view,
 Struck horror to the crew,
 As she lay, on that day,
 In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Her yielding timbers sever,
 Her pitchy seams are rent,
 When Heaven, all bounteous ever;
 Its boundless mercy sent;
 A sail in sight appears,
 We hail her with three cheers;
 Now we sail, with the gale
 From the Bay of Biscay, O!

SPRING—SELECTIONS.

Like an army defeated,
 The snow hath retreated,
 And now doth fare ill
 On the top of the bare hill;
 The plough-boy is whooping-anon-anon;
 There's joy in the mountains;
 There's life in the fountains;
 Small clouds are sailing,
 Blue sky prevailing,
 The rain is over and gone!

—*William Wordsworth.*

The year's at the spring
 And day's at the morn;
 Morning's at seven;
 The hillside's dew-pearled,

The lark's on the wing;
 The snail's on the thorn;
 God's in his heaven—
 All's right with the world!

—*Robert Browning.*

But yesterday, all Life in Bud was Hid,
 But yesterday, the Grass was Gray and Sere,—
 To-day the Old World decks herself Anew
 With all the Glory and the Wonder of the Year.

—*Charles Welsh.*

The Spring comes slowly up this way,
 Slowly, slowly!

A little nearer every day.
 She hath delicious things to say,
 But will not answer yea or nay,
 Nor haste her secrets to display.

—*Katherine Tynan Hinkson.*

See the yellow catkins cover
 All the slender willows over;
 And on mossy banks so green,
 Starlike primroses are seen;
 And their clustering leaves below,
 White and purple violets glow.

—*Mary Howitt.*

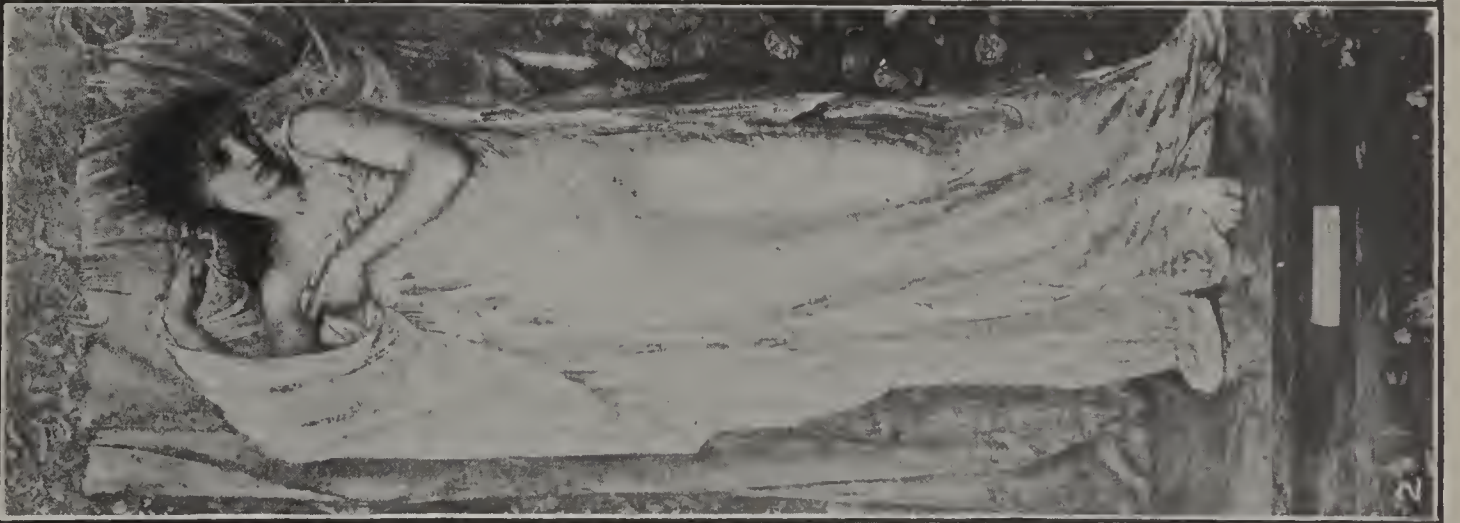
Hail, bounteous May, that doth inspire
 Mirth and youth, and warm desire;
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

—*John Milton.*

A little sun, a little rain,
 A soft wind blowing from the west—
 And woods and fields are sweet again
 And warmth within the mountain's breast.

So simple is the earth we tread,
 So quick with love and life her frame,
 Ten thousand years have dawned and fled,
 And still her magic is the same.

—*Stopford A. Brooke.*





THE FOUR SEASONS.

(AFTER THE PAINTINGS BY SIR E. BURNE-JONES).

1. SPRING. Spring am I, too soft of heart,
Much to speak ere I depart;
Ask the summertide to prove
The abundance of my love.
2. SUMMER. Summer looked for long am I,
Much shall change, or ere I die;
Prithee take it not amiss
Though I weary you with bliss.
3. AUTUMN. Laden Autumn, here I stand,
Worn of heart and weak of hand;
Naught but rest seems good to me,
Speak the word that sets me free.
4. WINTER. I am Winter that doth keep
Longing safe a miser sleep;
Who shall say if I were dead,
What should be remembered.

Every valley drinks,
Every dell and hollow;
Where the kind rain sinks and sinks,
Green of Spring will follow.
Yet a lapse of weeks
Buds will burst their edges,
Strip their wool-coats, glue-coats, streaks,
In the woods and hedges.

—*Christina Rossetti.*

O the green things growing, the green things growing,
The faint sweet smell of the green things growing!
I should like to live, whether I smile or grieve,
Just to watch the happy life of my green things growing.

—*Dinah Mulock Craik.*

Now all these sweets, these sounds, this vernal blaze,
Is but one joy, express'd a thousand ways;
And honey from the flowers, and song of birds,
Are from the poet's pen, his overflowing words.

—*Leigh Hunt.*

Little brings the May breeze
Beside pure scent of flowers,
While all things wax and nothing wanes
In lengthening daylight hours.

—*Christina Rossetti.*

April 3. GEORGE HERBERT. Born 1593.

SWEET DAY.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky:
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
 Like seasoned timber, never gives;
 But though the whole world turn to coal,
 Then chiefly lives.

April 5. SYDNEY DOBELL. Born 1824.

HOW'S MY BOY?

"Ho, sailor of the sea,
 How's my boy—my boy?"
 "What your boy's name, good wife,
 And in what ship sail'd he?"

"My boy John—
 He that went to sea—
 What care I for the ship, sailor?
 My boy's my boy to me.

"You come back from sea
 And not know my John?
 I might as well have asked some landsman
 Yonder down in the town.
 There's not an ass in all the parish
 But he knows my John.

"How's my boy—my boy?
 And unless you let me know,
 I'll swear you are no sailor,
 Blue jacket or no,
 Brass button or no, sailor,
 Anchor and crown or no!
 Sure his ship was the 'Jolly Briton.'"—
 "Speak low, woman, speak low!"

"And why should I speak low, sailor,
 About my own boy John?
 If I was loud as I am proud
 I'd sing him over the town!
 Why should I speak low, sailor?"
 "That good ship went down."

"How's my boy—my boy?
 What care I for the ship, sailor,
 I never was aboard her?
 Be she afloat, or be she aground,
 Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound,
 Her owners can afford her!
 I say, how's my John?"
 "Every man on board went down,
 Every man aboard her."

“How’s my boy—my boy?
What care I for the men, sailor?
I’m not their mother—
How’s my boy—my boy?
Tell me of him and no other!
How’s my boy—my boy?”

April 5. ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. Born 1837.

FROM “THE DISAPPOINTED LOVER.”

I will go back to the great sweet mother,
Mother and lover of men, the sea.
I will go down to her, I and none other,
Close with her, kiss her, and mix her with me;
Cling to her, strive with her, hold her fast.
O fair white mother, in days long past
Born without sister, born without brother,
Set free my soul as thy soul is free.

O fair green-girdled mother of mine,
Sea, that art clothed with the sun and the rain,
Thy sweet hard kisses are strong like wine,
Thy large embraces are keen like pain!
Save me and hide me with all thy waves,
Find me one grave of thy thousand graves,
Those pure cold populous graves of thine,
Wrought without hand in a world without stain.

I shall sleep, and move with the moving ships,
Change as the winds change, veer in the tide;
My lips will feast on the foam of thy lips,
I shall rise with thy rising, with thee subside.
Sleep, and not know if she be, if she were,
Filled full with life to the eyes and hair,
As a rose is full-filled to the rose-leaf tips
With splendid summer and perfume and pride.

This woven raiment of nights and days,
Were it once cast off and unwound from me,
Naked and glad would I walk in thy ways,
Alive and aware of thy waves and thee;
Clear of the whole world, hidden at home,
Clothed with the green, and crowned with the foam,
A pulse of the life of thy straits and bays,
A vein in the heart of the streams of the sea.

April 7. WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. Born 1770.

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

She was a Phantom of delight
 When first she gleamed upon my sight;
 A lovely Apparition, sent
 To be a moment's ornament;
 Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;
 Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair:
 But all things else about her drawn
 From May-time and the cheerful Dawn.
 A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
 To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.
 I saw her on a nearer view,
 A Spirit, yet a Woman too!
 Her household motions light and free,
 And steps of virgin liberty;
 A countenance in which did meet
 Sweet records, promises as sweet;
 A Creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food;
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

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

SHE DWELT AMONG THE UNTRODDEN WAYS.

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

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





1. THE HOME OF THE POET WORDSWORTH.

Rydal Mount, in the lake district, England.

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH).

An ideal home for the great English poet of Nature; it is a shrine to which countless pilgrims yearly wend their way.

2. THE TOMB OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

In the Temple Church, London, England.

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH).

The actual resting-place of the poet's remains is not known, though he was buried in The Temple Churchyard. This stone and tablet were placed there in 1837,—sixty years after his death. It is the Monument in Westminster Abbey which contains the famous epitaph written by Dr. Johnson.

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

WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

Earth has not anything to show more fair;
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty:
 This City now doth, like a garment, wear
 The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky,
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
 Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendor valley, rock, or hill;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
 The river glideth at his own sweet will.
 Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still!

MILTON.

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
 England hath need of thee: she is a fen
 Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
 O raise us up, return to us again,
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power!
 Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart;
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
 So didst thou travel on life's common way,
 In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

WORLDLINESS.

The World is too much with us; late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
 Little we see in nature that is ours;
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
 This sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
 The winds that will be howling at all hours
 And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers,
 For this, for everything, we are out of tune;

It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,—
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

April 9. LEE'S SURRENDER AT APPOMATTOX. 1865.

APPOMATTOX.

Where did a defeated cause,
 Like the shining sun go down?
 Where, upon a martyr's cross,
 Brightest gleamed the victor's crown?
 At Appomattox.

Where was fadeless glory wrought,
 Out of an immortal deed?
 Where did Valor, all unsought,
 Win from Fame her fairest meed?
 At Appomattox.

Where was proved that on this earth
 Something godlike still is found,
 And that men of greatest worth,
 Are with greatest honors crowned?
 At Appomattox.

Should you doubt that such there are,
 Scan the scroll of History,
 Where in splendor like a star,
 Shines the name of Robert Lee,
 At Appomattox.

Every land hath holy ground,
 Touched alone with feet unshod;
 Thine, my Southland! thine is found
 In the consecrated sod
 At Appomattox.

There the crown, won through the cross,
 Gave to Lee his deathless fame;
 And a great, though vanquished, cause,
 Fell in glory, not in shame,
 At Appomattox.

—Charles W. Hubner.

April 14. LINCOLN ASSASSINATED. 1865.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil went to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please;

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step as though the way were plain,
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain:

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for you?

Yes: he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil, and confute my pen;
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose;
How his quaint wit made home-truths seem more true;
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows.

How humble, yet how hopeful, he could be;
How in good fortune and in ill, the same;
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work,—such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand,—
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work his will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
 That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
 As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
 His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting might;

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
 The iron-bark, that turns the lumberer's axe,
 The rapid, that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
 The prairie, hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear,—
 Such were the deeds that helped his youth to train;
 Rough culture, but such trees large fruit may bear,
 If but their stock be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
 And lived to do it: four long-suffering years,
 Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived through,
 And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
 And took both with the same unwavering mood;
 Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,
 And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
 Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest,
 And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
 Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest!

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
 Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
 When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
 To thoughts of peace on earth, good-will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
 Utter one voice of sympathy and shame:
 Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high;
 Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came!

A deed accurst! Strokes have been struck before
 By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
 If more of horror or disgrace they bore;
 But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out.

Vile hand that brandest murder on a strife,
 Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven;
 And with the martyr's crown crownest a life
 With much to praise, little to be forgiven.

—Tom Taylor

April 15. BLISS CARMAN. Born 1861.

WHY

For a name unknown,
Whose fame unblown
Sleeps in the hills
For ever and aye;

For her who hears
The stir of the years
Go by on the wind
By night and day;

And heeds no thing
Of the needs of spring,
Of autumn's wonder
Or winter's chill;

For one who sees
The great sun freeze,
As he wanders a-cold
From hill to hill;

And all her heart
Is a woven part
Of the flurry and drift
Of whirling snow;

For the sake of two
Sad eyes and true,
And the old, old love
So long ago.

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April 17. WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS. Born 1806.

THE LOST PLEIAD.

I.

Not in the sky,
Where it was seen
So long in eminence of light serene,—
Nor on the white tops of the glistening wave,
Nor down, in mansions of the hidden deep,
Though beautiful in green
And crystal, its great caves of mystery,—
Shall the bright watcher have
Her place, and, as of old, high station keep!

II.

Gone! gone!
 Oh! never more to cheer
 The mariner, who holds his course alone
 On the Atlantic, through the weary night,
 When the stars turn to watchers, and do sleep,
 Shall it again appear,
 With the sweet-loving certainty of light,
 Down shining on the shut eyes of the deep!

III.

The upward-looking shepherd on the hills
 Of Chaldea, night-returning, with his flocks,
 He wonders why his beauty doth not blaze,
 Gladding his gaze,—
 And, from his dreary watch along the rocks,
 Guiding him homeward o'er the perilous ways!
 How stands he waiting still, in a sad maze,
 Much wondering, while the drowsy silence fills
 The sorrowful vault!—how lingers, in the hope that night
 May yet renew the expected and sweet light,
 So natural to his sight!

IV.

And lone,
 Where, at the first, in smiling love she shone,
 Brood the once happy circle of bright stars:
 How should they dream, until her fate was known,
 That they were ever confiscate to death?
 That dark oblivion the pure beauty mars,
 And, like the earth, its common bloom and breath,
 That they should fall from high;
 Their lights grow blasted by a touch, and die,—
 All their concerted springs of harmony
 Snapt rudely, and the generous music gone!

V.

Ah! still the strain
 Of wailing sweetness fills the saddening sky;
 The sister stars, lamenting in their pain
 That one of the selectest ones must die,—
 Must vanish, when most lovely, from the rest!
 Alas! 'tis ever thus the destiny.
 Even Rapture's song hath evermore a tone
 Of wailing, as for bliss too quickly gone.
 The hope most precious is the soonest lost,
 The flower most sweet is first to feel the frost.
 Are not all short-lived things the loveliest?
 And, like the pale star, shooting down the sky,
 Look they not ever brightest, as they fly
 From the lone sphere they blest!

April 20. ALICE CARY. Born 1820.

PICTURES OF MEMORY.

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

I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep;
In the lap of that old dim forest
He lieth in peace asleep:
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And, one of the autumn eves,
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.
Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face;
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

April 23. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Born 1564.

MAN'S LIFE.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
 To the last syllable of recorded time;
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
 Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
 And then is heard no more; it is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing.

WHO IS SILVIA?

Who is Silvia? What is she,
 That all our swains commend her?
 Holy, fair, and wise is she;
 The heaven such grace did lend her,
 That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
 For beauty lives with kindness:
 Love doth to her eyes repair,
 To help him of his blindness;
 And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then, Silvia let us sing,
 That Silvia is excelling;
 She excels each mortal thing
 Upon the dull earth dwelling;
 To her let us garlands bring.

WINTER SONGS.

When icicles hang by the wall,
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail;
 When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 To-who;
 Tu-whit, To-who, a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all around the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
 And birds sit brooding in the mow,
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 To-who;
 Tu-whit, To-who, a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

ORPHEUS.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
 And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
 Bow themselves, when he did sing:
 To his music, plants and flowers
 Ever spring; as sun and showers,
 There has been a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
 Even the billows of the sea,
 Hung their heads, and then lay by.
 In sweet music is such art;
 Killing care and grief of heart,
 Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

MERCY.

The quality of mercy is not strained;
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
 The thronèd monarch better than his crown:
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
 It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute to God himself;
 An earthly power doth then show likest God's,
 When mercy seasons justice. Think of this,
 That, in the course of justice, none of us
 Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy.

WOLSEY.

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
 In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me
 Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
 Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
 And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee;
 Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,—
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
 By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
 Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace
 To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not;
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr!

THE RAIN IT RAINETH EVERY DAY.

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
 With heigh-ho! the wind and the rain,
 A foolish thing was but a toy,
 For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
 With heigh-ho! the wind and the rain,
 'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
 For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
 With heigh-ho! the wind and the rain,
 By swaggering could I never thrive,
 For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
 With heigh-ho! the wind and the rain,
 But that's all one, our play is done,
 And we'll strive to please you every day.

COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS.

Come unto these yellow sands,
 And then take hands:
 Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd
 (The wild waves, whist),
 Foot it featly here and there;
 And sweet sprites, the burden bear.
 Hark, hark!
Burden, Bowgh, wowgh.
 The watch dogs bark:
Burden, Bowgh, wowgh.
 Hark, hark! I hear
 The strain of strutting chanticlere
 Cry, Cock-a-doodle-do.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

Under the greenwood tree
 Who loves to lie with me,
 And tune his merry note
 Unto the sweet bird's throat,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither;
 Here shall he see
 No enemy,
 But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
 And loves to lie i' the sun,
 Seeking the food he eats
 And pleased with what he gets,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither;
 Here shall he see
 No enemy,
 But winter and rough weather.

HARK! HARK! THE LARK.

Hark! hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings,
 And Phœbus 'gins arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs
 On chalic'd flowers that lies.

And winking Mary-buds begin
 To ope their golden eyes;
 With everything that pretty bin:
 My lady sweet, arise;
 Arise, arise!

QUEEN MAB.

Oh then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you.
 She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
 In shape no bigger than an agate stone
 On the fore-finger of an alderman;
 Drawn with a team of little atomies
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
 Her wagon spokes made of long spinner's legs:
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
 The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
 The collars of the moonshine's watery beams;
 Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash, of film;
 Her wagoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
 Not half so big as a round little worm,
 Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid:
 Her chariot is an empty hazel nut,
 Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
 Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers,
 And in this state she gallops night by night,
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
 On courtier's knees that dream on court'sies straight;
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream.

MUSIC.

For do but note a wild and wanton herd
 Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
 Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
 Which is the hot condition of their blood;
 If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
 Or any air of music touch their ears,
 You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
 Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
 By the sweet power of music; therefore the poet
 Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and flood;
 Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
 But music for the time doth change his nature.
 The man that hath no music in himself,
 Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
 And his affections dark as Erebus:
 Let no such man be trusted.

OVER HILL, OVER DALE.

Over hill, over dale,
 Thorough bush, thorough brier,
 Over park, over pale,
 Thorough flood, thorough fire,
 I do wander everywhere,
 Swifter than the moon's sphere;
 And I serve the fairy queen,
 To dew her orbs upon the green:
 The cowslips tall her pensioners be,
 In their gold coats spots you see;
 Those be rubies, fairy favors,
 In those freckles live their savors:
 I must go seek some dew-drops here,
 And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

WHERE THE BEE SUCKS.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
 In a cowslip's bell I lie;
 There I couch when owls do cry.
 On the bat's back I do fly
 After summer, merrily.
 Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

FANCY.

Tell me where is Fancy bred,
 Or in the heart, or in the head?
 How begot, how nourishèd?
 Reply, reply.

It is engendered in the eyes,
 With gazing fed; and Fancy dies
 In the cradle where it lies.

Let us all ring Fancy's knell;
 I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.
 Ding, dong, bell.

MARRIAGE.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments. Love is not love
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove:
 O, no! it is an ever-fixèd mark,
 That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
 It is the star to every wand'ring bark,
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
 Within his bending sickle's compass come;
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom:—
 If this be error and upon me proved,
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

April 25. RICHARD CRASHAW, died 1649. Born 1600.

TWO WENT UP TO THE TEMPLE TO PRAY.

Two went to pray? O, rather say,
 One went to brag, the other to pray;

One stands up close and treads on high,
 Where the other dares not lend his eye;

One nearer to God's altar trod,
 The other to the altar's God.

ARBOR DAY—SELECTIONS.

The little cares that fretted me,—
 I lost them yesterday
 Among the fields above the sea,
 Among the winds at play,
 Among the lowing of the herds,
 The rustling of the trees,
 Among the singing of the birds,
 The humming of the bees.

Who does his duty is a question
 Too complex to be solved by me;
 But he, I venture the suggestion,
 Does part of his that plants a tree.

—Lowell.

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
 To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
 And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
 The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
 The sound of anthems, in the darkling wood,
 Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down
 And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
 And supplication.

—W. C. Bryant.

The foolish fears of what might happen.—
 I cast them all away
 Among the clover-scented grass,
 Among the new-mown hay,
 Among the husking of the corn
 Where drowsy poppies nod,
 Where ill thoughts die and good are born,—
 Out in the fields with God.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

A song to the oak, the brave old oak,
 Who hath ruled in the greenwood long;
 Here's health and renown to his broad green crown,
 And his fifty arms so strong.
 There's fear in his frown when the sun goes down,
 And the fire in the west fades out;
 And he showeth his might, on a wild midnight,
 When the storms through his branches shout.

In the days of old, when the spring with cold
 Had brightened his branches gray,
 Through the grass at his feet crept maidens sweet
 To gather the dew of May;
 And on that day, to the rebeck gay
 They frolicked with lovesome swains.
 They are gone, they are dead, in the churchyard laid,
 But the tree, it still remains.

He saw the rare times when the Christmas chimes
 Were a merry sound to hear;
 When the squire's wide hall and the cottage small
 Were filled with good English cheer.
 Now gold hath the sway we all obey,
 And a ruthless king is he;
 But he never shall send our ancient friend
 To be tossed on the stormy sea.

—*Henry Fothergill Chorley.*

Time is never wasted listening to the trees;
 If to heaven as grandly we arose as these,
 Holding to each other half the kindly grace
 Haply we were worthier of our human place.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

In fact there's nothing that keeps its youth
 So far as I know, but a tree and truth.

—*O. W. Holmes.*

The elm, in all the landscape green,
Is fairest of God's stately trees;
She is a gracious mannered queen,
Full of soft bends and courtesies.

—*Smith.*

It seems idolatry with some excuse
When our forefather Druids in their oaks
Imagined sanctity.

—*Cowper*

The chestnut's proud, and the lilac's pretty;
The poplar's gentle and tall,
But the plane tree's kind to the poor dull city;
I love him best of all!

—*E. Nesbit.*

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

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

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea—
And would'st thou hack it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke,
Cut not its earth-bound ties.
Oh, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies!

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

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend;
Here shall the wild birds sing,
And still thy branches bend.

Old tree! the storm still brave,
 And, woodman, leave the spot!
 While I've a hand to save,
 Thy axe shall harm it not.

—*Geo. P. Morris.*

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
 We plant the ship which will cross the sea;
 We plant the mast to carry the sails;
 We plant the plank to withstand the gales,
 The keel, the keelson, the beam, the knee:
 We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
 We plant the house for you and me;
 We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors;
 We plant the studding, the laths, the doors,
 The beams, the siding, all parts that be:
 We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
 A thousand things that we daily see;
 We plant the spire that out-towers the crag;
 We plant the staff for our country's flag;
 We plant the shade from the hot sun free,—
 We plant all these when we plant the tree.

—*Henry Abbey.*

MICHAEL DRAYTON. Born 1563.

QUEEN MAB'S CHARIOT.

Her chariot ready straight is made,
 Each thing therein is fitting laid,
 That she by nothing might be stayed,
 For naught must be her letting.
 Four nimble gnats the horses were
 Their harnesses of gossamer,
 Fly, Cranion, her charioteer,
 Upon the coach-box getting.

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
 Which for the colors did excel,
 The fair queen Mab becoming well—
 So lively was the limning;
 The seat the soft wool of the bee,
 The cover (gallantly to see)
 The wing of a pied butterfly:
 I trow, 'twas simple trimming.

The wheels composed of crickets' bones,
 And daintily made for the nonce.
 For fear of rattling on the stones,
 With thistle-down they shod it;
 For all her maidens much did fear,
 If Oberon had chanced to hear
 That Mab his queen should have been there,
 He would not have abode it.

She mounts her chariot in a trice,
 Nor would she stay for no advice,
 Until her maids that were so nice
 To wait on her were fitted,
 But ran herself away alone;
 Which when they heard, there was not one
 But hastened after to be gone,
 As she had been diswitted.

Hop, and Mop, and Drap so clear,
 Pip, and Trip, and Skip, that were
 To Mab their sovereign dear,
 Her special maids of honor;
 Fib, and Tib, and Pink, and Pin,
 Pick, and Quick, and Jill, and Jin,
 Tit, and Nit, and Wap, and Win—
 The train that wait upon her.

Upon a grasshopper they got,
 And what with amble and with trot,
 For hedge nor ditch they sparèd not,
 But after her they hie them.
 A cobweb over them they throw,
 To shield the wind if it should blow:
 Themselves they wisely could bestow
 Lest any should espy them.

LADY DUFFERIN. Born 1807.

LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,
 Where we sat side by side
 On a bright May mornin' long ago,
 When first you were my bride;
 The corn was springin' fresh and green,
 And the lark sang loud and high;
 And the red was on your lip, Mary,
 And the love-light in your eye.





“ERIN, FAREWELL!”

(AFTER THE PAINTING BY THOMAS FAED, R. A. (1826-1900).)

One of the most popular English painters of the XIXth Century. His pictures are full of domestic sentiment and feeling.

The place is little changed, Mary;
The day is bright as then;
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath, warm on my cheek,
And I still keep list'ning for the words
You nevermore will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near,—
The church where we were wed, Mary;
I see the spire from here.
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest,—
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends;
But, O, they love the better still
The few our Father sends!
And you were all I had, Mary,—
My blessin' and my pride;
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength was gone;
There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the kind look on your brow,—
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile
When your heart was fit to break,—
When the hunger pain was gnawin' there,
And you hid it for my sake;
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore,—
O, I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more!

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,
My Mary—kind and true!
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm goin' to;

They say there's bread and work for all,
 And the sun shines always there,—
 But I'll not forget old Ireland,
 Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods
 I'll sit, and shut my eyes,
 And my heart will travel back again
 To the place where Mary lies;
 And I'll think I see the little stile
 Where we sat side by side,
 And the springin' corn, and the bright May morn,
 When first you were my bride.

May 1. JOSEPH ADDISON. Born 1672.

THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT ON HIGH.

The spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.
 The unwearied sun from day to day
 Does his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land,
 The work of an Almighty Hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the listening earth
 Repeats the story of her birth;
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence, all
 Move round this dark terrestrial ball?
 What though nor real voice, nor sound
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
 In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 For ever singing as they shine:
 "The hand that made us is divine!"

May 4. JOHN SHAW. Born 1778.

A SONG.

Who has robb'd the ocean cave,
 To tinge thy lips with coral hue?
 Who from India's distant wave,
 For thee, those pearly treasures drew?
 Who, from yonder Orient sky,
 Stole the morning of thine eye?

Thousand charms, thy form to deck,
 From sea, and earth, and air are torn;
 Roses bloom upon thy cheek,
 On thy breath their fragrance borne.
 Guard thy bosom from the day,
 Lest thy snows should melt away.

But one charm remains behind,
 Which mute earth can ne'er impart;
 Nor in ocean wilt thou find,
 Nor in the circling air—a heart;
 Fairest, wouldst thou perfect be,
 Take, O take that heart from me!

May 7. ROBERT BROWNING. Born 1812.

HOME THOUGHTS FROM THE SEA.

Nobly, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the north-west died away;
 Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay;
 Bluish mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay;
 In the dimmest north-east distance, dawned Gibraltar grand and gay;
 "Here and here did England help me—How can I help England?"—say
 Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and pray,
 While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
 I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
 "Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
 "Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
 Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
 And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
 Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
 I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
 Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
 Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
 Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
 Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight dawned clear;
 At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
 At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
 And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half chime,
 So Joris broke silence with "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
 And against him the cattle stood black every one,
 To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
 And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
 With resolute shoulders, each butting away
 The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
 For my voice and the other pricked out on his track;
 And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance
 O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
 And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
 His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
 Your Ross galloped bravely, the fault's not in her.
 We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
 Of her chest, saw her stretched neck and staggering knees,
 And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
 As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
 Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
 The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
 'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
 Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
 And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!" and all in a moment his roan
 Rolled neck and crop over; lay dead as a stone;
 And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
 Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
 With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
 And with circles of red for his eye-socket's rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
 Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
 Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
 Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
 Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
 Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
 As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,
 And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
 As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
 Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
 Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,
 By famous Hanover City;
 The river Weser, deep and wide,
 Washes its wall on the southern side;
 A pleasanter spot you never spied;
 But when begins my ditty,
 Almost five hundred years ago,
 To see the townsfolk suffer so
 From vermin was a pity.

Rats!

They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
 And bit the babies in the cradles,
 And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
 And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
 Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
 Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
 And even spoiled the women's chats,
 By drowning their speaking
 With shrieking and squeaking
 In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
 To the Town Hall came flocking:
 "Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;
 And as for our Corporation,—shocking
 To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
 For dolts that can't or won't determine
 What's best to rid us of our vermin!"
 At this the Mayor and Corporation
 Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sate in counsel,—
 At length the Mayor broke silence:
 “For a guilder I’d my ermine gown sell;
 I wish I were a mile hence!
 It’s easy to bid one rack one’s brain,—
 I’m sure my poor head aches again.
 I’ve scratched it so, and all in vain.
 O for a trap, a trap, a trap!”
 Just as he said this, what should hap
 At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
 “Bless us,” cried the Mayor, “what’s that?”
 (With the Corporation as he sat,
 Looking little though wondrous fat:
 Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
 Then a too-long-opened oyster,
 Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
 For a plate of turtle, green and glutinous,)
 “Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
 Anything like the sound of a rat
 Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!”
 “Come in!”—the Mayor cried, looking bigger;
 And in did come the strangest figure;
 His queer long coat from heel to head
 Was half of yellow and half of red;
 And he himself was tall and thin;
 With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin;
 And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin;
 No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
 But lips where smiles went out and in—
 There was no guessing his kith and kin!
 And nobody could enough admire
 The tall man and his quaint attire.
 Quoth one: “It’s as my great-grandsire,
 Starting up at the trump of doom’s tone,
 Had walked this way from his painted tombstone!”
 He advanced to the council-table:
 And, “Please your honors,” said he, “I’m able,
 By means of a secret charm, to draw
 All creatures living beneath the sun,
 That creep or swim or fly or run,
 After me so as you never saw!
 And I chiefly use my charm
 On creatures that do people harm—
 The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper—
 And people call me the Pied Piper.”
 (And here they noticed round his neck
 A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
 To match with his coat of the self-same check;

And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
 And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
 As if impatient to be playing
 Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
 Over his vesture as old-fangled.)

“Yet,” said he, “poor piper as I am,
 In Tartary I freed the Cham,
 Last June, from his huge swarm of gnats;
 I eased in Asia the Nizam
 Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats;
 And as for what your brain bewilders,—
 If I can rid your town of rats,
 Will you give me a thousand guilders?”
 “One! fifty thousand!”—was the exclamation
 Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the piper stept,
 Smiling first a little smile,
 As if he knew what magic slept
 In his quiet pipe the while;
 Then, like a musical adept,
 To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
 And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
 Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;
 And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
 You heard as if an army muttered;
 And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
 And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling
 And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
 Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
 Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
 Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
 Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
 Cocking tails and pricking whiskers;
 Families by tens and dozens,
 Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives,—
 Followed the piper for their lives.
 From street to street he piped advancing,
 And step for step they followed dancing,
 Until they came to the river Weser,
 Wherein all plunged and perished
 Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
 Swam across and lived to carry
 (As he the manuscript he cherished)
 To Rat-land home his commentary,
 Which was: “At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
 I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,

And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
 Into a cider-press's gripe,—
 And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
 And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
 And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,
 And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks;
 And it seemed as if a voice
 (Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
 Is breathed) called out, O rats, rejoice!
 The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
 So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
 Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!
 And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
 All ready staved, like a great sun shone
 Glorious scarce an inch before me,
 Just as methought it said, Come, bore me!—
 I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

You should have heard the Hamelin people
 Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple;
 "Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles!
 Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
 Consult with carpenters and builders
 And leave in our town not even a trace
 Of the rats!"—when suddenly, up the face
 Of the piper perked in the market-place,
 With a "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

A thousand guilders! the Mayor looked blue!
 So did the Corporation too.
 For council-dinners made rare havoc
 With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
 And half the money would replenish
 Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
 To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
 With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
 "Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
 "Our business was done at the river's brink;
 We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
 And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
 So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
 From the duty of giving you something for drink,
 And a matter of money to put in your poke;
 But as for the guilders, what we spoke
 Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
 Beside, our losses have made us thrifty;
 A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"





THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

(AFTER THE PAINTINGS BY G. J. PINWELL).

1. Beguiling the Rats.
2. Beguiling the Children.

The piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait! beside,
I've promised to visit by dinner time
Bagdad, and accept the prime
Of the head cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor,—
With him I proved no bargain-driver;
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion."

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I'll brook
Being worse treated than a cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"
Once more he stept into the street;
 And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
 And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
 Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling and pitching and hustling;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering;
And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running:
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,—
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the piper's back.
But now the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!

However, he turned from south to west,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
“He never can cross that mighty top!
He’s forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!”
When, lo, as they reached the mountain’s side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in, to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
Did I say all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say,—
“It’s dull in our town since my playmates left\

I can’t forget that I’m bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the piper also promised me;
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagle’s wings;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the Hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!”
Alas, alas for Hamelin!

There came into many a burgher’s pate
A text which says, that Heaven’s gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle’s eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South,
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men’s lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart’s content,
If he’d only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.

But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,
 And piper and dancers were gone for ever,
 They made a decree that lawyers never

Should think their records dated duly
 If, after the day of the month and year,
 These words did not as well appear,

“And so long after what happened here

On the twenty-second of July,
 Thirteen Hundred and Seventy-six:”

And the better in memory to fix
 The place of the Children's last retreat
 They called it the Pied Piper's Street—
 Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
 Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
 Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern

To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
 But opposite the place of the cavern

They wrote the story on a column,
 And on the Great Church window painted
 The same, to make the world acquainted
 How their children were stolen away;
 And there it stands to this very day.

And I must not omit to say
 That in Transylvania there's a tribe
 Of alien people that ascribe
 The outlandish ways and dress
 On which their neighbors lay such stress
 To their fathers and mothers having risen
 Out of some subterranean prison
 Into which they were trepanned
 Long time ago, in a mighty band,
 Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
 But how or why, they don't understand.

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers
 Of scores out with all men—especially pipers;
 And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from mice,
 If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise.

May 12. EDWARD LEAR. Born 1812.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT.

I.

The Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea
 In a beautiful pea-green boat;
 They took some honey, and plenty of money
 Wrapped up in a five-pound note.

The Owl looked up to the stars above,
 And sang to a small guitar,
 "O lovely Pussy, O Pussy, my love,
 What a beautiful Pussy you are,
 You are,
 You are,
 What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

II.

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl,
 How charmingly sweet you sing!
 Oh! let us be married; too long we have tarried:
 But what shall we do for a ring?"
 They sailed away, for a year and a day,
 To the land where the bong-tree grows;
 And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood,
 With a ring at the end of his nose,
 His nose,
 His nose,
 With a ring at the end of his nose.

III.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
 Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."
 So they took it away, and were married next day
 By the turkey who lives on the hill.
 They dined on mince and slices of quince,
 Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
 And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
 They danced by the light of the moon,
 The moon,
 The moon,
 They danced by the light of the moon.

May 12. DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI. Born 1828.

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL.

The blessed damozel leaned out
 From the gold bar of heaven;
 Her eyes were deeper than the depth
 Of waters stilled at even;
 She had three lilies in her hand,
 And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
For service meetly worn;
Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Her seemed she scarce had been a day
One of God's choristers;
The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers;
Albeit, to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years.

It was the rampart of God's house
That she was standing on;
By God built over the sheer depth
The which is space begun;
So high, that looking downward thence
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in heaven, across the flood
Of ether, as a bridge.
Beneath, the tides of day and night
With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge.

Heard hardly, some of her new friends
Amid their loving games
Spake evermore among themselves
Their virginal chaste names;
And the souls mounting up to God
Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself and stopped
Out of the circling charm;
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of heaven she saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove
Within the gulf to pierce
The path; and now she spoke as when
The stars sang in their spheres.

.

“I wish that he were come to me,
 For he will come,” she said.
 “Have I not prayed in heaven?—on earth,
 Lord, Lord, has he not prayed?
 Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
 And shall I feel afraid?”

She gazed and listened, and then said,
 Less sad of speech than mild,—
 “All this is when he comes.” She ceased.
 The light thrilled toward her, filled
 With angels in strong level flight.
 Her eyes prayed, and she smiled.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path
 Was vague in distant spheres;
 And then she cast her arms along
 The golden barriers,
 And laid her face between her hands,
 And wept. (I heard her tears.)

May 18. FRANCIS MAHONY (*FATHER PROUT*), *died 1866.*

Born 1805.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

Sabbata pango;
 Funera plango;
 Solemnia clango.

INSCRIPTION ON AN OLD BELL.

With deep affection
 And recollection
 I often think on
 Those Shandon bells,
 Whose sounds so wild would,
 In days of childhood,
 Fling round my cradle
 Their magic spells.

On this I ponder
 Where'er I wander,
 And thus grow fonder,
 Sweet Cork, of thee,—
 With thy bells of Shandon,
 That sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
 Full many a clime in,
 Tolling sublime in
 Cathedral shrine,

While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate;
But all their music
Spoke naught like thine.

For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of the belfry, knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old Adrian's Mole in,
Their thunder rolling
From the Vatican,—
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
Of Notre Dame;

But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
Pealing solemnly.
Oh! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow;
While on tower and kiosk O
In St. Sophia
The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer,
From the tapering summit
Of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there's an anthem
More dear to me,—
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

May 22. ALEXANDER POPE. Born 1688.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

Vital spark of heavenly flame!
 Quit, O, quit this mortal frame!
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
 O the pain, the bliss of dying!
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
 Sister spirit, come away!
 What is this absorbs me quite?
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
 Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring:
 Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
 O Grave! where is thy victory?
 O Death! where is thy sting?

May 23. THOMAS HOOD. Born 1799.

I REMEMBER.

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

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

I remember, I remember,
 Where I was used to swing,
 And thought the air must rush as fresh,
 To swallows on the wing.

My spirit flew in feathers then,
 That is so heavy now;
 And summer pool could hardly cool
 The fever on my brow!

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

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread,—
 Stitch! stitch! stitch!
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
 She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work! work! work!
 While the cock is crowing aloof!
 And work—work—work
 Till the stars shine through the roof!
 It's, O, to be a slave
 Along with the barbarous Turk,
 Where woman has never a soul to save,
 If this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work!
 Till the brain begins to swim!
 Work—work—work
 Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
 Seam, and gusset, and band,
 Band, and gusset, and seam,—
 Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
 And sew them on in a dream!

"O men with sisters dear!
 O men with mothers and wives!
 It is not linen you're wearing out,
 But human creatures' lives!
 Stitch—stitch—stitch,
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,—
 Sewing at once, with a double thread,
 A shroud as well as a shirt!

“But why do I talk of death,—
 That phantom of grisly bone?
 I hardly fear his terrible shape,
 It seems so like my own,—
 It seems so like my own
 Because of the fasts I keep;
 O God! that bread should be so dear,
 And flesh and blood so cheap!

“Work—work—work!
 My labor never flags;
 And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
 A crust of bread—and rags,
 That shattered roof—and this naked floor—
 A table—a broken chair—
 And a wall so blank my shadow I thank
 For sometimes falling there!

“Work—work—work!
 From weary chime to chime!
 Work—work—work
 As prisoners work for crime!
 Band, and gusset, and seam,
 Seam, and gusset, and band,—
 Till the heart is sick and the brain benumbed,
 As well as the weary hand.

“Work—work—work!
 In the dull December light!
 And work—work—work
 When the weather is warm and bright!
 While underneath the eaves
 The brooding swallows cling,
 As if to show me their sunny backs,
 And twit me with the Spring.

“O but to breathe the breath
 Of the cowslip and primrose sweet,—
 With the sky above my head,
 And the grass beneath my feet!
 For only one short hour
 To feel as I used to feel,
 Before I knew the woes of want
 And the walk that costs a meal!

“O but for one short hour,—
 A respite, however brief!
 No blessèd leisure for love or hope,
 But only time for grief!

A little weeping would ease my heart;
 But in their briny bed
 My tears must stop, for every drop
 Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread,—
 Stitch! stitch! stitch!
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—
 Would that its tone could reach the rich!—
 She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

May 25. RALPH WALDO EMERSON. Born 1803.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL.

The mountain and the squirrel
 Had a quarrel,
 And the former called the latter "Little prig";
 Bun replied,
 "You are doubtless very big;
 But all sorts of things and weather
 Must be taken in together
 To make up a year,
 And a sphere.
 And I think it no disgrace
 To occupy my place.
 If I'm not so large as you,
 You are not so small as I,
 And not half so spry:
 I'll not deny you make
 A very pretty squirrel track.
 Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
 If I cannot carry forests on my back,
 Neither can you crack a nut."

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May 27. JULIA WARD HOWE. Born 1819.

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
 He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
 He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword.
 His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps.

His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of women, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment-seat:
O, be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant, my feet!

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

May 28. THOMAS MOORE. Born 1779.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may *I* follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away.
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
O! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are passed away;
And many a heart, that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone;
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells!

CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time;
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Anne's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast;
The Rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Ottawa's tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon:
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
Oh! grant us cool heavens, and favoring airs!
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

THE MINSTREL BOY.

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

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
 Could not bring his proud soul under;
 The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
 For he tore its chords asunder;
 And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
 Thou soul of love and bravery!
 Thy songs were made for the brave and free,
 They shall never sound in slavery!"

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

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

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

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
 The soul of music shed,
 Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
 As if that soul were fled.

So sleeps the pride of former days,
 So glory's thrill is o'er,
 And hearts that once beat high for praise
 Now feel that pulse no more!

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
 The harp of Tara swells;
 The chord alone that breaks at night
 Its tale of ruin tells.
 Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
 The only throb she gives
 Is when some heart indignant breaks,
 To show that still she lives.

May 30. DECORATION DAY. (*Legal Holiday.*)

WE KEEP MEMORIAL DAY.

When the May has culled her flowers for the summer waiting long,
 And the breath of early roses woos the hedges into song,
 Comes the throb of martial music and the banners in the street,
 And the marching of the millions bearing garlands fair and sweet—
 'Tis the Sabbath of the Nation, 'tis the floral feast of May!

In remembrance of our heroes
 We keep Memorial Day.

They are sleeping in the valleys, they are sleeping 'neath the sea,
 They are sleeping by the thousands till the royal *reveille*;
 Let us know them, let us name them, let us honor one and all,
 For they loved us and they saved us, springing at the bugle call;
 Let us sound the song and cymbal, wreath the *immortelles* and bay.

In the fervor of thanksgiving
 We keep Memorial Day.

—Kate Brownlee Sherwood.

What is it earns a soldier's grave?
 A soldier's life.

Alfred Austin.

Where are the boys of the old Brigade,
 Who fought with us side by side?
 Shoulder to shoulder and blade to blade,
 Fought till they fell and died!
 Who so ready and undismay'd?
 Who so merry and true?
 Where are the boys of the old Brigade?
 Where are the lads we knew?

—F. E. Weatherly.

How shall we rank thee upon Glory's page?
 Thou more than soldier and just less than sage.

—*Moore.*

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
 Dream of fighting fields no more:
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
 Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

—*Scott.*

A BALLAD OF HEROES.

Because you passed, and now are not—
 Because in some remoter day
 Your sacred dust in doubtful spot
 Was blown of ancient airs away—
 Because you perished—must men say
 Your deeds were naught, and so profane
 Your lives with that cold burden? Nay,
 The deeds you wrought are not in vain.

Though it may be, above the plot
 That hid your once imperial clay,
 No greener than o'er men forgot
 The unregarding grasses sway;
 Though there no sweeter is the lay
 Of careless bird; though you remain
 Without distinction of decay,
 The deeds you wrought are not in vain.

No, for while yet in tower or cot
 Your story stirs the pulse's play,
 And men forget the sordid lot—
 The sordid cares—of cities gray;
 While yet they grow for homelier fray
 More strong from you, as reading plain
 That Life may go, if Honor stay,
 The deeds you wrought are not in vain.

ENVOY.

Heroes of old! I humbly lay
 The laurel on your graves again;
 Whatever men have done, men may—
 The deeds you wrought are not in vain.

—*Austin Dobson.*

THE SOLDIER'S BURIAL.

Hark to the shrill trumpet calling!
It pierceth the soft summer air;
Tears from each comrade are falling,
For the widow and orphan are there.

The bayonets earthward are turning,
And the drum's muffled breath rolls around;
But he hears not the voice of their mourning,
Nor awakes to the bugle's sad sound.

Sleep, soldier! though we weep o'er thee
Who stand by thy cold bier to-day,
Soon shall the kindest forget thee,
And thy name from the earth pass away.

The man thou didst love as a brother,
A friend in thy place will have gained;
Thy dog shall keep watch for another,
And thy steed by a stranger be reined.

Hearts that now mourn for thee sadly
Soon joyous as ever shall be,
And thy bright orphan boy will laugh gladly
As he sits on some kind comrade's knee.

But one friend shall still pay the duty
Of tears for the true and the brave,
As when first, in the bloom of her beauty,
She wept by the soldier's grave.

—*Caroline Norton.*

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
 The desolate mourners go,
 Lovingly laden with flowers,
 Alike for the friend and the foe:
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;
 Under the roses, the Blue,
 Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
 The morning sun-rays fall,
 With a touch impartially tender,
 On the blossoms blooming for all:—
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;
 Broïdered with gold, the Blue,
 Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth
 On forest and field of grain,
 With an equal murmur falleth
 The cooling drip of the rain:—
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;
 Wet with the rain, the Blue,
 Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
 The generous deed was done;
 In the storm of the years that are fading
 No braver battle was won:—
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;
 Under the blossoms, the Blue,
 Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
 Or the winding rivers be red;
 They banish our anger forever,
 When they laurel the graves of our dead,—
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;
 Love and tears for the Blue,
 Tears and love for the Gray.

—*Francis M. Finch.*

May 30. ALFRED AUSTIN. Born 1835.

TOGETHER.

Who say we cherish far-off feud,
Still nurse the ancient grudges?
Show me the title of this brood
Of self-appointed judges;
Their name, their race, their nation, clan,
And we will teach them whether
We do not, as none others can,
Feel, think, and work together!

Both speak the tongue that Milton spoke,
Shakespeare and Chatham wielded,
And Washington and all his folk
When their just claim was yielded.
In it both lisp, both learn, both pray,
Dirge death, and thus the tether
Grows tighter, tenderer, every day,
That binds the two together.

Our ways are one, and one our aim,
And one will be our story,
Who fight for Freedom, not for fame,
From Duty, not for glory;
Both stock of the old Home, where blow
Shamrock, and rose, and heather,
And every year link arms and go
Through its loved haunts together.

Should envious aliens plan and plot
'Gainst one, and now the other,
They swift would learn how strong the knot
Bands brother unto brother.
How quickly they would change their track
And show the recreant feather,
Should Star and Stripe and Union Jack
But float mast-high together!

Now let us give one hearty grip
As by true men is given,
And vow fraternal fellowship
That never shall be riven;
And with our peaceful flags unfurled,
Be fair or foul the weather,
Should need arise, face all the world,
And stand or fall together.

May 30. *FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON, died 1895.*

Born 1821.

AT HER WINDOW.

Beating Heart! we come again
Where my Love reposes:
This is Mabel's window-pane;
These are Mabel's roses.

Is she nested? Does she kneel
In the twilight stilly,
Lily-clad from throat to heel,
She, my virgin Lily?

Soon the wan, the wistful stars,
Fading, will forsake her;
Elves of light, on beamy bars,
Whisper then, and wake her.

Let this friendly pebble plead
At her flowery grating;
If she hear me will she heed?
Mabel, I am waiting.

Mabel will be deck'd anon,
Zoned in bride's apparel;
Happy zone! O hark to yon
Passion-shaken carol!

Sing thy song, thou tranced thrush,
Pipe thy best, thy clearest;—
Hush, her lattice moves, O hush—
Dearest Mabel!—dearest. . . .

May 31. *JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE. Born 1847.*

THE V-A-S-E.

From the madding crowd they stand apart,—
The maidens four and the Work of Art:

And one might tell from sight alone
In which had Culture ripest grown,—

The Gotham Million fair to see,
The Philadelphia Pedigree,

The Boston Mind of azure hue,
Or the soulful soul from Kalamazoo;

For all loved Art in a seemly way,
With an earnest soul and a capital A.

.
Long they worshipped; but no one broke
The sacred stillness, until up spoke

The Western one from the nameless place,
Who blushing said, "What a lovely Vase!"

Over three faces a sad smile flew,
And they edged away from Kalamazoo.

But Gotham's haughty soul was stirred
To crush the stranger with one small word:

Deftly hiding reproof in praise,
She cries, "'Tis, indeed, a lovely Vaze!"

But brief her unworthy triumph when
The lofty one from the home of Penn,

With the consciousness of two grandpapas,
Exclaims, "It is quite a lovely Vahs!"

And glances round with an anxious thrill,
Awaiting the word of Beacon Hill.

But the Boston maid smiles courteouslee,
And gently murmurs: "Oh, pardon me!

"I did not catch your remark, because
I was so entranced with that charming Vaws!"

*Dies erit praegeleida
Sinistra quum Bostonia.¹*

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May 31. WALT WHITMAN. Born 1819.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring:

But O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

* It will be a very cold day when Boston gets left.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells:
 Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
 For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores
 a-crowding,
 For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
 Here, Captain! dear father!
 This arm beneath your head!
 It is some dream that on the deck
 You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
 My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
 The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
 From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
 Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells!
 But I with mournful tread,
 Walk the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

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SIR EDWARD DYER. Born 1545 (?).

CONTENTMENT.

My mind to me a kingdom is;
 Such perfect joy therein I find,
 As far exceeds all earthly bliss
 That world affords, or grows by kind:
 Though much I want what most men have,
 Yet doth my mind forbid me crave.

Content I live—this is my stay;
 I seek no more than may suffice—
 I press to bear no haughty sway;
 Look—what I lack my mind supplies.
 Lo! thus I triumph like a king,
 Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
 And hasty climbers oft do fall;
 I see how those that sit aloft
 Mishap doth threaten most of all;
 They get—they toil—they spend with care:
 Such cares my mind could never bear.

I laugh not at another's loss,
 I grudge not at another's gain;
 No worldly wave my mind can toss;
 I brook that is another's pain.
 I fear no foe—I scorn no friend:
 I dread no death—I fear no end.

Some have too much, yet still they crave;
 I little have, yet seek no more:
 They are but poor, though much they have,
 And I am rich—with little store.
 They poor, I rich; they beg, I give:
 They lack, I lend: they pine, I live.

I wish not what I have at will:
 I wander not to seek for more:
 I like the plain; I climb no hill:
 In greatest storm I sit on shore,
 And laugh at those that toil in vain,
 To gain what must be lost again.
 This is my choice; for why—I find
 No wealth is like a quiet mind.

June 3. KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON. Born 1861.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

All in the April morning,
 April airs were abroad;
 The sheep with their little lambs
 Pass'd me by on the road.

The sheep with their little lambs
 Pass'd me by on the road;
 All in an April evening
 I thought on the Lamb of God.

The lambs were weary, and crying
 With a weak human cry,
 I thought on the Lamb of God
 Going meekly to die.

Up in the blue, blue mountains
 Dewy pastures are sweet:
 Rest for the little bodies,
 Rest for the little feet.

Rest for the Lamb of God
 Up on the hill-top green,
 Only a cross of shame
 Two stark crosses between.

All in the April evening,
 April airs were abroad;
 I saw the sheep with their lambs,
 And thought on the Lamb of God.

June 3. IRWIN RUSSELL. Born 1853.

CHRISTMAS-NIGHT IN THE QUARTERS.

When merry Christmas-day is done,
 And Christmas-night is just begun;
 While clouds in slow procession drift,
 To wish the moon-man "Christmas gift,"
 Yet linger overhead, to know
 What causes all the stir below;
 At Uncle Johnny Booker's ball
 The darkies hold high carnival.
 From all the country-side they throng,
 With laughter, shouts, and scraps of song,—
 Their whole deportment plainly showing
 That to the Frolic they are going.
 Some take the path with shoes in hand,
 To traverse muddy bottom-land;
 Aristocrats their steeds bestride—
 Four on a mule, behold them ride!
 And ten great oxen draw apace
 The wagon from "de oder place,"
 With forty guests, whose conversation
 Betokens glad anticipation.
 Not so with him who drives: old Jim
 Is sagely solemn, hard, and grim,
 And frolics have no joys for him.
 He seldom speaks but to condemn—
 Or utter some wise apothegm—
 Or else, some crabbed thought pursuing,
 Talk to his team, as now he's doing:

Come up heah, Star! Yee-bawee!
 You alluz is a-laggin'—
 Mus' be you think I's dead,
 An' dis de huss you's draggin'—
 You's 'mos' too lazy to draw yo' bref,
 Let 'lone drawin' de waggin.

Dis team—quit bel'rin, sah!
 De ladies don't submit 'at—
 Dis team—you ol' fool ox,
 You heah me tell you quit 'at?
 Dis team's des like de 'Nited States;
 Dat's what I's trying to git at!

De people rides behin',
 De pollytishners haulin'—
 Sh'u'd be a well-bruk ox,

To foller dat ar callin'—
 An' sometimes nuffin won't do dem steers,
 But what dey mus' be stallin'!

Woo bahgh! Buck-kannon! Yes, sah,
 Sometimes dey will be stickin';
 An' den, fus thing dey knows,
 Dey takes a rale good lickin'.
 De folks gits down: an' den watch out
 For hommerin' an' kickin'.

Dey blows upon dey hands,
 Den flings 'em wid de nails up,
 Jumps up an' cracks dey heels,
 An' pruzently dey sails up,
 An' makes dem oxen hump deysef,
 By twistin' all dey tails up!

In this our age of printer's ink
 'Tis books that show us how to think—
 The rule reversed, and set at naught,
 That held that books were born of thought.
 We form our minds by pedants' rules,
 And all we know is from the schools:
 And when we work, or when we play,
 We do it in an ordered way—
 And Nature's self pronounce a ban on,
 Whene'er she dares trangress a canon.
 Untrammelled thus the simple race is
 That "wuks the craps" on cotton places.
 Original in act and thought,
 Because unlearnèd and untaught.
 Observe them at their Christmas party:
 How unrestrained their mirth—how hearty!
 How many things they say and do
 That never would occur to you!
 See Brudder Brown—whose saving grace
 Would sanctify a quarter-race—
 Out on the crowded floor advance,
 To "beg a blessin' on dis dance."

O Mahsr! let dis gath'rin' fin' a blessin' in yo' sight!
 Don't jedge us hard fur what we does—you knows it's Chrismus
 night;
 An' all de balance ob de yeah we does as right's we kin.
 Ef dancin's wrong, O Mahsr! let de time excuse de sin!
 We labors in de vineya'd, wukin' hard an' wukin' true;
 Now, shorely you won't notus, ef we eats a grape or two,
 An' takes a leetle holiday,—a leetle restin'-spell,—
 Bekase, nex' week, we'll start in fresh, an' labor twicet as well.

Remember, Mahsr,—min' dis, now,—de sinfulness ob sin
 Is 'pendin' 'pon de sperrit what we goes an' does it in:
 An' in a righchis frame ob min' we's gwine to dance an' sing,
 A-feelin' like King David, when he cut de pigeon wing.
 It seems to me—indeed it do—I mebbe mout be wrong—
 Dat people raly *ought* to dance, when Chrismus comes along;
 Des dance bekase dey's happy—like de birds hops in de trees,
 De pine-top fiddle soundin' to de bowin' ob de breeze.
 We has no ark to dance afore, like Isrul's prophet king;
 We has no harp to soun' de chords, to help us out to sing;
 But 'cordin' to de gif's we has we does de bes' we knows;
 An' folks don't 'spise de vi'let-flower bekase it ain't de rose.

You bless us, please, sah, eben ef we's doin' wrong to-night;
 Kase den we'll need de blessin' more'n ef we's doin' right;
 An' let de blessin' stay wid us, untel we comes to die,
 An' goes to keep our Chrismus wid dem sheriffs in de sky!

Yes, tell dem preshis anguls we's a-gwine to jine 'em soon:
 Our voices we's a-trainin' fur to sing de glory tune;
 We's ready when you wants us, an' it ain't no matter when—
 O Mahsr! call yo' chillen soon, an' take 'em home! Amen.

The rev'rend man is scarcely through,
 When all the noise begins anew,
 And with such force assaults the ears,
 That through the din one hardly hears
 Old fiddling Josey "sound his A,"
 Correct the pitch, begin to play,
 Stop, satisfied, then, with the bow,
 Rap out the signal dancers know:

Git yo' pardners, fust kwattillion!
 Stomp yo' feet, an' raise 'em high;
 Tune is: "Oh! dat water-million!
 Gwine to git to home bime bye."
S'lute yo' pardners!—scrape perlately—
 Don't be bumpin' gin de res'—
 Balance all!—now, step out rightly;
 Alluz dance yo' lebbel bes'.
Fo'wa'd foah!—Whoop up, niggers!
 Back ag'in!—don't be so slow!—
Swing cornahs!—min' de figgers!
 When I hollers, den yo' go.
Top ladies cross ober!
 Hol' on, till I takes a dram—
Gemmen solo!—Yes, I's sober—
 Cain't say how de fiddle am.

Hands around!—hol' up yo' faces,
 Don't be lookin' at yo' feet!
Swing yo' pardners to yo' places!
 Dat's de way—dat's hard to beat.
Sides fo'w'd!—when you's ready—
 Make a bow as low's you kin!
Swing acrost wid opp'site lady!
 Now we'll let you swap ag'in:
Ladies change!—shet up dat talkin';
 Do yo' talkin' arter while!
Right an' lef'!—don't want no walkin'—
 Make yo' steps, an' show yo' style!

And so the "set" proceeds—its length
 Determined by the dancers' strength;
 And all agree to yield the palm
 For grace and skill to "Georgy Sam,"
 Who stamps so hard, and leaps so high,
 "Des watch him!" is the wond'ring cry—
 "De nigger mus' be, for a fac',
 Own cousin to a jumpin'-jack!"
 On, on the restless fiddle sounds,
 Still chorused by the curs and hounds;
 Dance after dance succeeding fast,
 Till supper is announced at last.
 That scene—but why attempt to show it?
 The most inventive modern poet,
 In fine new words whose hope and trust is,
 Could form no phrase to do it justice!
 When supper ends—that is not soon—
 The fiddle strikes the same old tune;
 The dancers pound the floor again,
 With all they have of might and main;
 Old gossips, *almost* turning pale,
 Attend Aunt Cassy's gruesome tale
 Of conjurors, and ghosts, and devils,
 That in the smoke-house hold their revels;
 Each drowsy baby droops his head,
 Yet scorns the very thought of bed:—
 So wears the night, and wears so fast,
 All wonder when they find it past,
 And hear the signal sound to go
 From what few cocks are left to crow.
 Then, one and all, you hear them shout:
 "Hi! Booker! fotch de banjo out,
 An' gib us *one* song 'fore we goes—
 One ob de berry bes' you knows!"

Responding to the welcome call,
 He takes the banjo from the wall,
 And tunes the strings with skill and care,
 Then strikes them with a master's air,
 And tells, in melody and rhyme,
 This legend of the olden time:

Go 'way, fiddle! folks is tired o 'hearin' you a-squawkin'.
 Keep silence fur yo' betters!—don't you heah de banjo talkin'?
 About de possum's tail she's gwine to lecter—ladies, listen!—
 About de ha'r whut isn't dar, an' why de ha'r is missin':

"Dar's gwine to be a oberflow," said Noah, lookin' solemn,—
 Fur Noah tuk de "Herald," an' he read de ribber column—
 An' so he sot his hands to wuk a-cl'arin' timber-patches,
 An' 'lowed he's gwine to build a boat to beat the steamah Natchez.

Ol' Noah kep' a-nailin' an' a-chippin' an' a-sawin',
 An' all de wicked neighbors kept a-laughin' an' a-pshawin';
 But Noah didn't min' 'em, knowin' whut wuz gwine to happen;
 An' forty days an' forty nights de rain it kep' a-drappin'.

Now, Noah had done cotched a lot ob ebry sort o' beas'es—
 Ob all de shows a-trabbelin', it beat 'em all to pieces!
 He had a Morgan colt an' sebral head o' Jarsey cattle—
 An' druv 'em 'board de Ark as soon's he heered de thunder rattle.

Den sech anoder fall ob rain!—it come so awful hebby,
 De ribber riz immejitly, an' busted troo de lebbee;
 De people all wuz drownded out—'cept Noah an' de critters,
 An' men he'd hired to work de boat—an' one to mix de bitters.

De Ark she kep' a-sailin' an' a-sailin' an' a-sailin';
 De lion got his dander up, an' like to bruk de palin';
 De sarpints hissed; de painters yelled; tell, whut wid all de fussin',
 You c'u'dn't hardly heah de mate a-bossin' 'round an' cussin'.

Now, Ham, de only nigger whut wuz runnin' on de packet,
 Got lonesome in de barber-shop, an' c'u'dn't stan' de racket;
 An' so, fur to amusc he-se'f, he steamed some wood an' bent it,
 An' soon he had a banjo made—de fust dat wuz invented.

He wet de ledder, stretched it on; made bridge an' screws an' aprin;
 An' fitted in a proper neck—'twuz berry long an' tap'rin';
 He tuk some tin, an' twisted him a thimble fur to ring it;
 An' den de mighty question riz; how wuz he gwine to string it?

De 'possum had as fine a tail as dis dat I's a-singin';
 De ha'r's so long an' thick an' strong,—des fit fur banjo-stringin';
 Dat nigger shaved 'em off as short as wash-day-dinner graces;
 An' sorted ob 'em by de size, f'om little E's to basses.

He strung her, tuned her, struck a jig—'twuz "Nebber min' de wedder,"—

She soun' like forty-lebben bands a-playin' all togedder;
Some went to pattin'; some to dancin': Noah called de figgers;
An' Ham he sot an' knocked de tune, de happiest ob niggers!
Now, sence dat time—it's mighty strange—dere's not de slightes'
showin'

Ob any ha'r at all upon de 'possum's tail a-growing';
An' curi's. too, dat nigger's ways: his people nebber los' 'em—
Fur whar you finds de nigger—dar's de banjo an' de 'possum!

The night is spent; and as the day
Throws up the first faint flash of gray,
The guests pursue their homeward way;
And through the field beyond the gin,
Just as the stars are going in,
See Santa Claus departing—grieving—
His own dear Land of Cotton leaving.
His work is done; he fain would rest
Where people know and love him best.
He pauses, listens, looks about;
But go he must: his pass is out.
So, coughing down the rising tears,
He climbs the fence and disappears.
And thus observes a colored youth
(The common sentiment, in sooth):
"Oh! what a blessin' 'tw'u'd ha' been,
Ef Santy had been born a twin!
We'd hab two Chrismuses a yeah—
Or p'r'aps one brudder'd settle heah!"

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June 9. JOHN HOWARD PAYNE. Born 1792.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

FROM THE OPERA OF "CLARI, THE MAID OF MILAN."

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

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain!
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gayly that came at my call;—
Give me them! and the peace of mind dearer than all!
Home! home! etc.

How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
 And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile!
 Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,
 But give me, oh, give me, the pleasures of home!
 Home! home! etc.

To thee I'll return, overburdened with care;
 The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there;
 No more from that cottage again will I roam;
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
 Home! home! etc.

June 10. EDWIN ARNOLD. Born 1832.

ALMOND BLOSSOM.

Blossom of the almond-trees,
 April's gift to April's bees,
 Birthday ornament of spring,
 Flora's fairest daughterling;—
 Coming when no flowerets dare
 Trust the cruel outer air,
 When the royal king-cup bold
 Dares not don his coat of gold,
 And the sturdy blackthorn spray
 Keeps his silver for the May;—
 Coming when no flowerets would,
 Save thy lowly sisterhood,
 Early violets, blue and white,
 Dying for their love of light.

Almond blossom, sent to teach us
 That the spring days soon will reach us,
 Lest, with longing over-tried,
 We die as the violets died,—
 Blossom, clouding all the tree
 With thy crimson broidery,
 Long before a leaf of green
 On the bravest bough is seen,—
 Ah! when winter winds are swinging
 All thy red bells into ringing,
 With a bee in every bell,
 Almond bloom, we greet thee well.





1. HOME, SWEET HOME.
An Old English Garden.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH).

2. MAY DAY (MAY 1ST) IN MERRIE ENGLAND
IN THE OLDEN TIME.
(AFTER THE PICTURE BY BIRKET FOSTER).

3. AT CLONMACNOIS, IRELAND. (See p. 219).
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH).

“The warriors of Ireland in their famous generations
Slumber there.”

4. THE LAST OF THE SPANISH ARMADA. (See p. 249).
(AFTER THE PICTURE BY LANCELOT SPEED.)

June 10. REV. MINOT J. SAVAGE. Born 1841.

AMERICA TO ENGLAND.

The youngest of the nations,
Grown stalwart in the West,
Yearns back to where each morning
Glow's o'er the ocean's crest;
And cries, "O Mother Country,
Ours is your ancient pride,
And, whate'er may befall you,
Our place is at your side.

"Ours are the old traditions
Of Saxon and of Kelt;
We visit rare Westminster
And kneel where you have knelt.
Your restful country places,
Hills, lakes, and London town—
Their memories we inherit
And share in their renown.

"Your Avon is our Avon;
Song knows no border line;
The stars their radiance mingle
Which in one heaven shine.
Within your 'Poets' Corner'
Longfellow's gentle grace
With all the august shadows
Is given a welcome place.

"Your mighty men of science
Who've made the world anew
Transforming earth and heaven,
Wrought not alone for you.
From Newton up to Darwin
Each, from his truth-built throne,
Nods greeting to our homage—
We claim them for our own.

"You fought the fight for freedom
And taught mankind the creed;
Long ere our 'Declaration'
There was a Runnymede.
We won at Appomattox,
But you had won before;
Our Bunker Hill and Yorktown
Look back to Marston Moor.

“Our Washington and Lincoln
Were of your sturdy stock—
Cut out of Milton’s quarry
One piece with Cromwell’s rock.
Our pilgrims learned the lesson
That English means the free,
And through the wintry weather
They brought it over sea.

“Here in the West grown mighty,
Though we alone might win,
We look back to the Home Land
And feel the thrill of kin.
Then let us stand together
Till over all the earth
Our manhood and our freedom
In every land have birth.

“One vision let us cherish—
That as the years increase
We two may teach the nations
To love and welcome peace.
But should the war cloud gather
O’er Neva or the Rhine,
And should the threatening navies
Wheel into silent line—

“Then, when the peaceful heavens
Are darkened in eclipse,
May our two lightnings mingle
One thunder from our ships.
We need but stand together
To hold the world in fee,
And to the noblest issues
Control the age to be.

“Then let this glorious vision
Along our pathway gleam
As up the future leads us
The Seer’s, the Poet’s dream.
One race and one tradition,
English, American,
And one high inspiration—
The destiny of man!”

June 11. GEORGE WITHER. Born 1588.

THE MANLY HEART.

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pined
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well-disposèd nature
Joinèd with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder than
The turtle-dove or pelican,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or, her well deservings known,
Make me quite forget mine own?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may merit name of best,
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do
That without them dare to woo;
And unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair:
If she love me, this believe,—
I will die ere she shall grieve.
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go;
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be?

June 12. CHARLES KINGSLEY. Born 1819.

THE SANDS OF DEE.

“O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee!”

The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she.

The western tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see;

The rolling mist came down and hid the land,
And never home came she.

Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress of golden hair,
Of drownèd maiden's hair,—
Above the nets at sea?

Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes at Dee!

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,—
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam,—
To her grave beside the sea:

But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee.

A FAREWELL.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray:
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever,
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast for-ever
One grand, sweet song.

THE THREE FISHERS.

Three fishers went sailing out into the West,—
Out into the West as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor-bar be moaning.





THE THREE FISHERS.

(AFTER THE PAINTING BY TH. WEBER).

“Three fishers went sailing out into the West,
Out into the West as the Sun went down.”

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
 And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down,
 And they looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
 And the night rack came rolling up, ragged and brown;
 But men must work, and women must weep,
 Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
 And the harbor-bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,
 In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
 And the women are watching and wringing their hands,
 For those who will never come home to the town.
 For men must work, and women must weep,
 And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,
 And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

June 13. WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS. Born 1865.

THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE.

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
 And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
 Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,
 And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
 Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
 There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
 And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
 I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
 While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,
 I hear it in the deep heart's core.

WHEN YOU ARE OLD.

When you are old and gray and full of sleep
 And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
 And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
 Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;
 How many loved your moments of glad grace,
 And loved your beauty with love false or true;
 But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
 And loved the sorrows of your changing face.
 And bending down beside the glowing bars,
 Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled
 And paced upon the mountains overhead,
 And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

June 14. *FLAG DAY.*

OUR CHERISHED FLAG.

Oh, flag of a resolute nation;
 Oh, flag of the strong and free,
 The cherished of true-hearted millions,
 We hallow thy colors three!
 Three proud floating emblems of glory,
 Our guide for the coming time;
 The red, white, and blue, in their beauty—
 Love gives them a meaning sublime.

Thy red is the deep crimson life-stream
 Which flowed on the battle plain,
 Redeeming our land from oppression,
 And leaving no servile stain.
 Thy white is a proud people's honor,
 Kept spotless and clear as light;
 A pledge of unfaltering justice,
 A symbol of truth and right.

Thy blue is our nation's endurance,
 And points to the blue above;
 The limitless, measureless azure,
 A type of our Father's love.
 Thy stars are God's witness of blessing,
 And smile at the foeman's frown;
 They sparkle and gleam in their splendor,
 Bright gems in the great world's crown.

—*Montgomery.*

ODE TO THE AMERICAN FLAG.

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
 Unfurled her standard to the air,
 She tore the azure robe of night,
 And set the stars of glory there!
 She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
 The milky baldrick of the skies,
 And striped its pure, celestial white
 With streakings of the morning light,
 Then from his mansion in the sun
 She called her eagle-bearer down,
 And gave into his mighty hand
 The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
 Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
 To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
 And see the lightning lances driven,
 When strive the warriors of the storm,

And rolls the thunder drum of heaven—
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
 To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
 The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! Thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on
(Ere yet the life blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet),
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy meteor glories burn,
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall!
There shall thy meteor glances glow,
 And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
 That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! On ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
 By angel hands to valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
 And all thy hues were born in heaven.
And fixed as yonder orb divine,
 That sow thy bannered blaze unfurled,
Shall thy proud stars resplendent shine,
 The guard and glory of the world.

Forever float that standard sheet!

Where breathes the foe, but falls before us,
With freedom's soil beneath our feet,

And freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

—*Joseph Rodman Drake.*

June 19. SAM WALTER FOSS. Born 1858.

THE CALF PATH.

One day through the primeval wood
A calf walked home, as good calves should;
But made a trail all bent askew,
A crooked trail, as all calves do.
Since then three hundred years have fled,
And I infer the calf is dead.

But still he left behind his trail,
And thereby hangs my moral tale.
The trail was taken up next day
By a lone dog that passed that way;
And then a wise bell-wether sheep
Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep,
And drew the flock behind him, too,
As good bell-wethers always do.
And from that day, o'er hill and glade,
Through those old woods a path was made.

And many men wound in and out,
And dodged and turned and bent about,
And uttered words of righteous wrath
Because 'twas such a crooked path;
But still they followed—do not laugh—
The first migrations of that calf.
And through this winding wood-way stalked,
Because he wobbled when he walked.

This forest path became a lane,
That bent and turned and turned again;
This crooked lane became a road,
Where many a poor horse with his load
Toiled on beneath the burning sun,
And travelled some three miles in one.
And thus a century and a half
They trod the footsteps of that calf.

The years passed on in swift fleet,
The road became a village street;
And this, before men were aware,
A city's crowded thoroughfare.

And soon the central street was this
 Of a renowned metropolis;
 And men two centuries and a half
 Trod in the footsteps of that calf.

Each day a hundred thousand rout
 Followed this zigzag calf about,
 And o'er his crooked journey went
 The traffic of a continent.
 A hundred thousand men were led
 By one calf near three centuries dead.
 They followed still his crooked way,
 And lost one hundred years a day;
 For thus such reverence is lent
 To well-established precedent.

A moral lesson this might teach,
 Were I ordained and called to preach;
 For men are prone to go it blind
 Along the calf-paths of the mind,
 And work away from sun to sun
 To do what other men have done.
 They follow in the beaten track,
 And out and in, and forth and back,
 And still their devious course pursue,
 To keep the path that others do.
 They keep the path a sacred groove,
 Along which all their lives they move;
 And how the wise old wood-gods laugh,
 Who saw the first primeval calf.
 Ah, many things this tale might teach—
 But I am not ordained to preach.

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June 24. *HENRY ROOTES JACKSON. Born 1820.*

THE RED OLD HILLS OF GEORGIA.

The red old hills of Georgia!
 So bold and bare and bleak,
 Their memory fills my spirit
 With thoughts I cannot speak.
 They have no robe of verdure,
 Stript naked to the blast;
 And yet of all the varied earth
 I love them best at last.

The red old hills of Georgia!
 My heart is on them now;
 Where, fed from golden streamlets,
 Oconee's waters flow!
 I love them with devotion,
 Though washed so bleak and bare;—
 How can my spirit e'er forget
 The warm hearts dwelling there?

I love them for the living,—
 The generous, kind, and gay;
 And for the dead who slumber
 Within their breast of clay.
 I love them for the bounty
 Which cheers the social hearth;
 I love them for their rosy girls,
 The fairest on the earth.

The red old hills of Georgia!
 Where, where, upon the face
 Of earth is freedom's spirit
 More bright in any race?—
 In Switzerland and Scotland
 Each patriot breast it fills,
 But sure it blazes brighter yet
 Among our Georgia hills!

And where, upon their surface,
 Is heart to feeling dead?—
 And when has needy stranger
 Gone from those hills unfed?
 There bravery and kindness
 For aye go hand in hand,
 Upon your washed and naked hills,
 "My own, my native land!"

The red old hills of Georgia!
 I never can forget;
 Amid life's joys and sorrows,
 My heart is on them yet;—
 And when my course is ended,
 When life her web has wove,
 Oh! may I then, beneath those hills,
 Lie close to them I love;

June 24. JOHN O'KEEFE. Born 1747.

I AM A FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

I am a friar of orders gray,
 And down in the valleys I take my way;
 I pull not blackberry, haw, or hip,—
 Good store of venison fills my scrip;
 My long bead-roll I merrily chant;
 Where'er I walk no money I want;
 And why I'm so plump the reason I tell,—
 Who leads a good life is sure to live well.

What baron or squire,
 Or knight of the shire,
 Lives half so well as a holy friar?

After supper of heaven I dream,
 But that is a pullet and clouted cream;
 Myself, by denial, I mortify—
 With a dainty bit of a warden-pie;
 I'm clothed in sackcloth for my sin,—
 With old sack wine I'm lined within;
 A chirping cup is my matin song,
 And the vesper's bell is my bowl, ding dong.

What baron or squire,
 Or knight of the shire,
 Lives half so well as a holy friar?

SUMMER—SELECTIONS.

Come ye into the summer woods;
 There entereth no annoy;
 All greenly wave the chestnut leaves,
 And the earth is full of joy.

And far within that summer wood
 Among the leaves so green,
 There flows a little gurgling brook,
 The brightest e'er was seen.

—*Mary Howitt.*

Then came jolly summer being dight
 In a thin silken cassock colored green,
 That was unlined, all to be more light,
 And on his head a garland well beseen.

—*Edmund Spenser.*

I want to walk through crisp gold harvest fields,
 Through meadows yellowed by the August heat;
 To loiter through the cool dim wood, that yields
 Such perfect flowers and quiet so complete.
 The happy woods, where every bud and leaf
 Is full of dreams as life is full of grief.

—*E. Nesbit.*

The long day wanes, the broad fields fade; the night,
 The sweet June night, is like a curtain drawn.
 The dark lanes know no faintest sound, and white
 The pallid hawthorn lights the smooth pleached lawn.
 The scented earth drinks from the silent skies
 Soft dews, more sweet than softest harmonies.

—*Lewis Morris.*

Here then, O June, thy kindness will we take;
 And if indeed but pensive men we seem,
 What should we do? thou wouldst not have us wake
 From out the arms of this rare happy dream,
 And wish to leave the murmur of the stream,
 The rustling boughs, the twitter of the birds,
 And all thy thousand peaceful happy words.

—*William Morris.*

Leaf on the bough and fly on the wing,
 Birds that sing, winds that swing
 Roses thickly clustering,
 Woodbine blooms that clamber and cling,
 Ferns that fresh in the woodland spring,
 Flowers that sweets to the breezes fling,
 Babble of streams and drips of wells,
 Golden gleams and balmy smells,—
 Bees a buzz in tremendous bells,—
 What is the word their gladness tells,
 What the bliss they bring?

—*G. F. Savage-Armstrong.*

'Twas on a summer afternoon,
 When airs and gurgling brooks are best in tune,
 And grasshoppers are loud, and day work done,
 And shades have heavy outlines in the sun.—

—*Leigh Hunt.*

O the sweet valley of deep grass,
 Where through the summer stream doth pass,
 In chain of shallow, and still pool,
 From misty morn to evening cool.

—*William Morris.*

The birds around me hopp'd and play'd,
Their thoughts I cannot measure—
But the least motion which they made
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

—*William Wordsworth.*

How silent comes the water round the bend!
Not the minutest whisper does it send
To the o'er hanging shallows; blades of grass
Slowly across the chequer'd shadows pass.

—*J. Keats.*

The wind dies—not a leaf stirs—on the Pool
The fly scarce moves; earth seems to hold her breath
Until her heart stops, listening silently
For the far footsteps of the coming Rain!

—*Robert Buchanan.*

The green things heavy with pain,
Lift their languishing brows
From the highway's dust and its heat:
For thy beautiful daughter, the Rain.

—*Katherine Tynan Hinkson.*

The poetry of earth is never dead:
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run,
From hedge to hedge about the newmown mead;
That is the grasshopper's—he takes the lead
In summer luxury—he has never done
With his delights, for when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.

—*John Keats.*

I watch the fireflies drift and float;
Each in a dreamy flame,
Star-coloured each, a starry mote,
Like stars not all the same.

—*Agnes Mary Robinson.*

*A GROUP OF COLLEGE SONGS.**DARTMOUTH.*

LET EVERY YOUNG SOPHOMORE.

1. Let every young Sophomore fill up his glass,
 Hetairoi Chairete!
 And drink to the health of our glorious class,
 Hetairoi Chairete! Oh,
- CHORUS.
 Hetai Hetai Hetairoi, Hetai Hetai Hetairoi,
 Hetairoi, Hetairoi, Hetairoi Chairete.
2. The Algebra's burnt, and the ashes are near,
 Hetairoi Chairete!
 Of "flunks" and "Ø. B." no more shall we hear,
 Hetairoi Chairete! Oh,
 Chorus.
3. Sines, Cosines, and Tangents are things that once were.
 Hetairoi Chairete!
 But over them still "pæne" Sophomores swear,
 Hetairoi Chairete!
 Chorus.
4. MacLaurin and Taylor have "bored" us in vain,
 Hetairoi Chairete!
 For no one would touch them who valued his brain,
 Hetairoi Chairete!
 Chorus.
5. Geometry's problems we've puzzled all through,
 Hetairoi Chairete!
 But awful were some of the figures we drew,
 Hetairoi Chairete!
 Chorus.
6. Surveying we've studied and "laid on the shelf,"
 Hetairoi Chairete!
 How apt was each fellow to "level" himself,
 Hetairoi Chairete!
 Chorus.
7. Though we think mathematics decidedly flat,
 Hetairoi Chairete!
 We'll heartily cheer Mathematical "Pat,"
 Hetairoi Chairete!
 Chorus.

HARVARD.

FAIR HARVARD.

1. Fair Harvard! thy sons to thy jubilee throng,
 And with blessings surrender thee o'er,
 By these festival rites, from the age that is past,
 To the age that is waiting before.
 O relic and type of our ancestors' worth,
 That has long kept their memory warm,
 First flow'r of their wilderness! star of their night;
 Calm rising thro' change and thro' storm!
2. To thy bowers we were led in the bloom of our youth,
 From the home of our infantile years,
 When our fathers had warned, and our mothers had prayed,
 And our sisters had blest, thro' their tears;
 Thou then wert our parent, the nurse of our souls,
 We were moulded to manhood by thee,
 Till freighted with treasure—thoughts, friendships, and hopes,
 Thou did'st launch us on Destiny's sea.
3. When, as pilgrims, we come to revisit thy halls,
 To what kindlings the season gives birth!
 Thy shades are more soothing, thy sunlight more dear,
 Than descend on less privileged earth;
 For the good and the great, in their beautiful prime,
 Through thy precincts have musingly trod;
 As they girded their spirits or deepened the streams
 That make glad the fair city of God.
4. Farewell! be thy destinies onward and bright!
 To thy children the lesson still give,
 With freedom to think, and with patience to bear,
 And for right ever bravely to live.
 Let not moss-covered error moor thee at its side,
 As the world on truth's current glides by;
 Be the herald of light, and the bearer of love,
 Till the stock of the Puritans die.

ILLINOIS.

BY THY RIVERS GENTLY FLOWING.

1. By thy rivers gently flowing,
 Illinois, Illinois,
 O'er thy prairies verdant growing,
 Illinois, Illinois,
 Comes an echo on the breeze,
 Rustling thro' the leafy trees,
 And its mellow tones are these,
 Illinois, Illinois.

2. When you heard your country calling,
 Illinois, Illinois,
 Where the shot and shell were falling,
 Illinois, Illinois,
 When the Southern host withdrew,
 Pitting Grey against the Blue,
 There were none more brave than you,
 Illinois, Illinois.
3. Not without thy wondrous story,
 Illinois, Illinois,
 Can be writ the nation's glory,
 Illinois, Illinois,
 On the record of thy years,
 Abram Lincoln's name appears,
 Grant and Logan and our tears,
 Illinois, Illinois.

MICHIGAN.

IN COLLEGE DAYS.

1. Where no one asks the "who or why,"
 Where no one doth the sinner ply
 With his embarrassment of guile,
 Where's ne'er a frown but brings a smile
 And cares are crimes,—'tis sin to sigh.
2. 'Tis wrong to let a jest go by
 Where hope is truth, and life is nigh
 The bournes of the Enchanted Isle,
 In College Days.
3. Then raise the rosy goblet high,
 The singer's chalice, and belie
 The tongues that trouble and defile,
 For we have yet a little while
 To linger,—you and youth and I,
 In Michigan.

—*Harold M. Bowman.*

MINNESOTA.

HAIL! MINNESOTA.

1. Minnesota, hail to thee,
 Hail to thee our college dear;
 Thy light shall ever be
 A beacon bright and clear;
 Thy sons and daughters true
 Will proclaim thee near and far;
 They will guard thy fame
 And adore thy name;
 Thou shalt be their Northern Star.



1



2



1. OXFORD—THE MOTHER OF UNIVERSITIES,
AND COLLEGES.

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH).

As will be seen, Oxford is a veritable city of towers and spires. Here are twenty-five different Halls and Colleges,—the earliest having been founded by King Alfred in 879 A.D. Here also is the famous Bodleian Library, one of the richest in rare books and MSS. in the world.

2. CALEDONIA STERN AND WILD.

(AFTER THE PAINTING BY ROSA BONHEUR, CALLED "BALLACHULISH").

This is a characteristic scene in the land which Sir Walter Scott has made forever famous in Song and Story. (See p. 211).

2. Like the stream that bends to sea
 Like the pine that seeks the blue;
 Minnesota, still for thee
 Thy sons are strong and true.
 From their woods and waters fair;
 From their prairies waving far,
 At thy call they throng
 With their shout and song
 Hailing thee their Northern Star.

MISSOURI.

HYMN TO ALMA MATER.

1. Alma Mater, back to thee with loving hearts we come
 To gather by thy column's sacred mound,
 To sing thy songs in praise of old Missouri,
 While the joyous breeze-blown echoes swell the sound.
2. U. of M., our Varsity, back we come with loyal hearts
 To wave thy Black and Gold on victor's field;
 To cheer and cheer again thy stalwart sons
 Who to Alma Mater's foes will never yield.
3. Let us join then, brothers dear, in our chorus once again,
 And make the dear old Quad walls echo clear.
 Let us clasp our hands in sacred friendship's bond
 As we gather, comrades all, from far and near.

—*R. E. Ellis.*

WILLIAMS.

THE MOUNTAINS.

1. O, proudly rise the monarchs of our mountain land
 With their kingly forest robes, to the sky,
 Where Alma Mater dwelleth with her chosen band,
 Where the peaceful river floweth gently by.

CHORUS.

The mountains! the mountains! we greet them with a song,
 Whose echoes rebounding their woodland heights along,
 Shall mingle with anthems that winds and fountains sing,
 Till hill and valley gaily, gaily ring.

2. The snows of Winter crown them with a crystal crown,
 And the silver clouds of Summer round them cling;
 The Autumn's scarlet mantle flows in richness down;
 And they revel in the garniture of Spring.

Chorus.

3. O, mightily they battle with the storm-king's power;
 And conquerors shall triumph here for aye;
 Yet quietly their shadows fall at evening hour,
 While the gentle breezes round them softly play.

Chorus.

4. Beneath their peaceful shadows may old Williams stand,
 Till suns and mountains never more shall be,
 The glory and the honor of our mountain land,
 And the dwelling of the gallant and the free.

Chorus.

—*S. W. Glidden.*

WISCONSIN.

MARCHING SONG.

1. Clear the way for old Wisconsin!
 For to sing her praise we come,
 For to sing her praise we come;
 With a U-rah-rah! Wisconsin,
 As we march with fife and drum.

Chorus:—

See the Cardinal floats high,
 Bright and gleaming in the sky,
 For the 'Varsity we love,—
 May its glory never die.
 We are loyal sons and true,
 And wherever we may roam
 We will sing for old Wisconsin,
 For our dear old college home.
 U-rah! U-rah!
 Rah! rah! rah! rah!
 We will sing for old Wisconsin,
 U-rah! U-rah!
 Rah! rah! rah! rah!
 For our dear old college home.

2. With our songs the air is sounding;
 For Wisconsin let us sing,
 For Wisconsin let us sing;
 Loud and clear with voice resounding,
 Far and wide her praises sing.

Chorus:—

See the Cardinal floats high, etc.

—*P. L. Allen.*

YALE.

OLD YALE.

1. A song for old Yale, for brave old Yale,
 Who hath stood in her glory long,—
 Here's honor and fame to her rev'rend name,
 And the mem'ries that round it throng.
 There's a thrill in the word which the heart hath stirred,
 Though breathed in a Maiden's sigh,
 But as wild, on the gale rings the rally of "Yale,"
 And stern as a battle-cry.

Then sing to old Yale, to brave old Yale,
 Who stands in her pride alone,
 And still flourish she, like a hale green tree,
 When a thousand years have flown.

2. In the days of old, when our fathers bold
 To the hills and the forests came—
 At their altar-fires kindled high desires
 In a pure and holy flame.
 'Mid the towering wood like a stripling stood,
 Now so hearty and strong and hale,
 Where for ages shall stand as the pride of the land,
 And guardian of liberty,—Yale.

Then sing, etc.

3. In the soft Southern clime and the Arctic rime,
 By river and valley and dell,
 Where wanderers roam and man finds a home,
 There her myriad offspring dwell;
 And the chorus of praise which together they raise
 Comes sounding from mountain and vale—
 "Till life's sun is set we will never forget,
 But honor and cherish old Yale."

Then sing, etc.

—*J. K. Lombard.*

YALE.

THE SHEEPSKIN.

AN AMERICAN STUDENT-SONG.

1. When first I saw a "Sheepskin,"
 In Prex's hand I spied it,
 I'd given my hat and boots, I would,
 If I could have been beside it;
 But now that last Biennial's past:
 I "skinned" and "fizzled" through;
 And so, in spite of scrapes and flunks,
 I'll have a sheepskin too.

CHORUS.

I'll have a sheepskin too,
 I'll have a sheepskin too;
 The race is run, the Prize is won,
 I'll have a sheepskin too.

2. Green elms are waving o'er us,
 Green grass beneath our feet,
 The ring is round, and on the ground
 We sit a class complete,
 But when these elms shall shed their leaves,
 This grass be turned to hay,
 We jolly souls who now are here
 Will all be far away.

CHORUS.

We'll be Alumni too,
 We'll be Alumni too,
 With white "degrees" we'll take our ease,
 And be Alumni too.

3. I tell you what, my classmates,
 My mind it is made up,
 I'm coming back three years from this,
 To take that silver cup.
 I'll bring along the "requisite,"
 A little white-haired lad,
 With "bib" and "fixings" all complete,
 And I shall be his "dad."

CHORUS.

And I shall be his dad,
 And I shall be his dad;
 And you shall see how this "A. B."
 Will look when he's a dad.

DOUGLAS HYDE. Born 1860.

MY GRIEF ON THE SEA.

FROM THE IRISH.

My grief on the sea,
 How the waves of it roll!
 For they heave between me
 And the love of my soul!

Abandon'd, forsaken,
To grief and to care,
Will the sea ever waken,
Relief from despair?

My grief and my trouble!
Would he and I were,
In the province of Leinster,
Or County of Clare!

Were I and my darling—
O heart-bitter wound!—
On board of the ship
For America bound.

On a green bed of rushes
All last night I lay,
And I flung it abroad
With the heat of the day.

And my Love came behind me,
He came from the South;
His breast to my bosom,
His mouth to my mouth.

July 2. RICHARD H. STODDARD. Born 1825.

IT NEVER COMES AGAIN.

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

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

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

*July 4. INDEPENDENCE DAY—SELECTIONS.**(Legal Holiday.)*

When Freedom on her natal day
 Within her war-rocked cradle lay,
 An iron race around her stood,
 Baptized her infant born in blood;
 And through the storm which round her swept
 Their constant ward and watching kept.

—Whittier.

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share;
 Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye,
 Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
 Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.

—Smollett.

Freedom has a thousand charms to show,
 That slaves, howe'er contented, never know.

—Cowper.

The torch of freedom God has lit
 Burns upward for the Infinite,
 And through all hindrances it will
 And must and shall burn upward still.

—Gerald Massey.

The love of liberty with life is given,
 And life itself the inferior gift of heaven.

—Dryden.

Freedom's battle once begun
 Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
 Though baffled oft is ever won.

—Byron.

Since first I heard our north wind blow,
 Since first I saw Atlantic throw
 On our fierce rocks his thunderous snow,
 I loved thee, Freedom.

—Lowell.

Give me again my hollow tree,
 A crust of bread, and liberty!

—Pope.

INDEPENDENCE BELL.

There was tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people
Pacing restless up and down,—
People gathering at the corners,
Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples
With the earnestness of speech.

“Will they do it?” “Dare they do it?”
“Who is speaking?” “What’s the news?”
“What of Adams?” “What of Sherman?”
“Oh, God grant they won’t refuse!”
“Make some way there!” “Let me nearer!”
“I am stifling!” “Stifle then!”
When a nation’s life’s at hazard,
We’ve no time to think of *men!*”

So they beat against the portal,
Man and woman, maid and child;
And the July sun in heaven
On the scene looked down and smiled;
The same sun that saw the Spartan
Shed his patriot blood in vain,
Now beheld the soul of freedom,
All unconquered, rise again.

See! See! The dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Looks forth to give the sign!
With his little hands uplifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep, clear intonation,
Breaks his young voice on the air.

Hushed the people’s swelling murmur,
List the boy’s exultant cry!
“Ring!” he shouts, “RING! grandpapa,
Ring! oh, RING for LIBERTY!”
Quickly at the given signal
The old bell-man lifts his hand,
Forth he sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calmly gliding Delaware!

How the bonfires and the torches
 Lighted up the night's repose,
 And from the flames, like fabled Phœnix,
 Our glorious liberty arose!

That Old State House bell is silent,
 Hushed is now its clamorous tongue;
 But the spirit is awakened,
 Still is living—ever young;
 And when we greet the smiling sunlight,
 On the Fourth of each July,
 We will ne'er forget the bell-man
 Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
 Rung out loudly, "INDEPENDENCE!"
 Which, please God, *shall never die!*

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

O, say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming;
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight,
 O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming;
 And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
 Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there;—
 O, say, does that Star Spangled Banner yet wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
 Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
 What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
 As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam
 In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;
 'Tis the Star Spangled Banner,—O, long may it wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band that so vauntingly swore
 That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
 A home and a country shall leave us no more?
 Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
 No refuge could save the hireling and slave
 From the terror of fight or the gloom of the grave;
 And the Star Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

O, thus be it ever, when Freedom shall stand
 Between their loved home, and the war's desolation;
 Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
 Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation!

And conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
 And this be our motto, "In God is our trust!"
 And the Star Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

—*Francis Scott Key.*

July 6. CATHERINE FANSHAW. Born 1765.

A RIDDLE.

THE LETTER "H."

'Twas whispered in Heaven, 'twas muttered in hell,
 And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell;
 On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
 And the depths of the ocean its presence confess'd;
 'Twill be found in the sphere when 'tis riven asunder,
 Be seen in the lightning, and heard in the thunder;
 'Twas allotted to man, with his earliest breath,
 Attends him at birth and awaits him in death,
 Presides o'er his happiness, honor, and health,
 Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth,
 In the heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,
 But is sure to be lost on his prodigal heir;
 It begins every hope, every wish it must bound,
 With the husbandman toils, and with monarchs is crowned;
 Without it the soldier and seaman may roam,
 But woe to the wretch who expels it from home!
 In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
 Nor e'er in the whirlwind of passion be drowned;
 'Twill soften the heart; but though deaf be the ear,
 It will make it acutely and instantly hear.
 Set in shade, let it rest like a delicate flower;
 Ah! breathe on it softly, it dies in an hour.

July 8. FITZ-GREENE HALLECK. Born 1790.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
 The Turk was dreaming of the hour
 When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
 Should tremble at his power.
 In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
 The trophies of a conqueror;
 In dreams his song of triumph heard;
 Then wore his monarch's signet-ring,
 Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;
 As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
 As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
 Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,—
 True as the steel of their tried blades,
 Heroes in heart and hand.
 There had the Persian's thousands stood,
 There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
 On old Platæa's day;
 And now there breathed that haunted air
 The sons of sires who conquered there,
 With arms to strike, and soul to dare,
 As quick, as far, as they.

An hour passed on, the Turk awoke:
 That bright dream was his last;
 He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
 “To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!”
 He woke—to die midst flame and smoke,
 And shout, and groan, and saber-stroke,
 And death-shots falling thick and fast
 As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
 And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
 Bozzaris cheer his band:
 “Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
 Strike—for your altars and your fires;
 Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
 God, and your native land!”

They fought—like brave men, long and well;
 They piled that ground with Moslem slain:
 They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
 Bleeding at every vein.
 His few surviving comrades saw
 His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
 And the red field was won;
 Then saw in death his eyelids close
 Calmly, as to a night's repose,
 Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death,
 Come to the mother's, when she feels,
 For the first time, her first-born's breath;
 Come when the blessed seals
 That close the pestilence are broke,
 And crowded cities wail its stroke;
 Come in consumption's ghastly form,
 The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
 Come when the heart beats high and warm,

With banquet song and dance and wine,—
 And thou art terrible; the tear,
 The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
 And all we know, or dream, or fear
 Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
 Has won the battle for the free,
 Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
 And in its hollow tones are heard
 The thanks of millions yet to be.
 Come when his task of fame is wrought;
 Come with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought;
 Come in her crowning hour,—and then
 Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
 To him is welcome as the sight
 Of sky and stars to prisoned men;
 Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
 Of brother in a foreign land;
 Thy summons welcome as the cry
 That told the Indian isles were nigh
 To the world-seeking Genoese,
 When the land-wind, from woods of palm,
 And orange-groves, and fields of balm,
 Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
 Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
 Rest thee; there is no prouder grave,
 Even in her own proud clime.
 She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
 Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
 Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
 In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
 The heartless luxury of the tomb.
 But she remembers thee as one
 Long loved, and for a season gone.
 For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
 Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
 For thee she rings the birthday bells;
 Of thee her babes' first lisping tells;
 For thine her evening prayer is said
 At palace couch and cottage bed.
 Her soldier, closing with the foe,
 Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
 His plighted maiden, when she fears
 For him, the joy of her young years,
 Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears.

And she, the mother of thy boys,
 Though in her eye and faded cheek
 Is read the grief she will not speak,
 The memory of her buried joys,—
 And even she who gave thee birth,—
 Will, by her pilgrim-circled hearth,
 Talk of thy doom without a sigh;
 For thou art freedom's now, and fame's,—
 One of the few, the immortal names
 That were not born to die.

July 14. JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART. Born 1794.

THE LORD OF BUTRAGO.

“Your horse is faint, my King, my lord! your gallant horse is sick,—
 His limbs are torn, his breast is gored, on his eye the film is thick;
 Mount, mount on mine, O, mount apace, I pray thee, mount and fly!
 Or in my arms I'll lift your Grace,—their trampling hoofs are nigh!

“My King, my King! you're wounded sore,—the blood runs from
 your feet;
 But only lay a hand before, and I'll lift you to your seat;
 Mount, Juan, for they gather fast!—I hear their coming cry,—
 Mount, mount, and ride for jeopardy,—I'll save you though I die!

“Stand, noble steed! this hour of need,—be gentle as a lamb;
 I'll kiss the foam from off thy mouth,—thy master dear I am,—
 Mount, Juan, mount; whate'er betide, away the bridle fling,
 And plunge the rowels in his side.—My horse shall save my King!

“Nay, never speak; my sires, Lord King, received their land from
 yours,
 And joyfully their blood shall spring, so be it thine secures;
 If I should fly, and thou, my King, be found among the dead,
 How could I stand 'mong gentlemen, such scorn on my gray head?

“Castile's proud dames shall never point the finger of disdain,
 And say there's one that ran away when our good lords were slain!
 I leave Diego in your care,—you'll fill his father's place;
 Strike, strike the spur, and never spare,—God's blessing on your
 Grace!”

So spake the brave Montanez, Butrago's lord was he;
 And turned him to the coming host in steadfastness and glee;
 He flung himself among them, as they came down the hill,—
 He died, God wot! but not before his sword had drunk its fill.

July 15. CLEMENT C. MOORE. Born 1779.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,—
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave a luster of midday to objects below;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted, and called them by name:
“Now, Dasher! now Dancer! now, Prancer, and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donner and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!”
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys,—and St. Nicholas too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedler just opening his pack.
His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.

He was chubby and plump,—a right jolly old elf;
 And I laughed, when I saw him, in spite of myself.
 A wink in his eye and a twist of his head
 Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
 He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
 And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
 And laying his finger aside of his nose,
 And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
 He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
 And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
 But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
 “Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!”

July 16. ST. GEORGE TUCKER. Born 1752.

RESIGNATION, OR, DAYS OF MY YOUTH.

I.

Days of my youth,
 Ye have glided away;
 Hairs of my youth,
 Ye are frosted and gray;
 Eyes of my youth,
 Your keen sight is no more;
 Cheeks of my youth,
 Ye are furrowed all o'er;
 Strength of my youth,
 All your vigor is gone;
 Thoughts of my youth,
 Your gay visions are flown.

II.

Days of my youth,
 I wish not your recall;
 Hairs of my youth,
 I'm content ye should fall;
 Eyes of my youth,
 You much evil have seen;
 Cheeks of my youth,
 Bathed in tears have you been;
 Thoughts of my youth,
 You have led me astray;
 Strength of my youth,
 Why lament your decay?

III.

Days of my age,
 Ye will shortly be past;
 Pains of my age,
 Yet a while ye can last;
 Joys of my age,
 In true wisdom delight;
 Eyes of my age,
 Be religion your light;
 Thoughts of my age,
 Dread ye not the cold sod;
 Hopes of my age,
 Be ye fixed on your God.

July 17. ALEXANDER BEAUFORT MEEK. Born 1814.

LAND OF THE SOUTH.

I.

Land of the South!—imperial land!—
 How proud thy mountains rise!—
 How sweet thy scenes on every hand!
 How fair thy covering skies!
 But not for this,—oh, not for these,
 I love thy fields to roam,—
 Thou hast a dearer spell to me,—
 Thou art my native home!

II.

The rivers roll their liquid wealth,
 Unequaled to the sea,—
 Thy hills and valleys bloom with health,
 And green with verdure be!
 But, not for thy proud ocean streams,
 Not for thine azure dome,—
 Sweet, sunny South!—I cling to thee,—
 Thou art my native home!

III.

I've stood beneath Italia's clime,
 Beloved of tale and song,—
 On Helvyn's hills, proud and sublime,
 Where nature's wonders throng;
 By Tempe's classic sunlit streams,
 Where Gods, of old, did roam,—
 But ne'er have found so fair a land
 As thou—my native home!

IV.

And thou hast prouder glories too,
 Than nature ever gave,—
 Peace sheds o'er thee her genial dew,
 And Freedom's pinions wave,—
 Fair science flings her pearls around,
 Religion lifts her dome,—
 These, these endear thee to my heart,—
 My own, loved native home!

V.

And "heaven's best gift to man" is thine,—
 God bless thy rosy girls!—
 Like sylvan flowers, they sweetly shine,—
 Their hearts are pure as pearls!
 And grace and goodness circle them,
 Where'er their footsteps roam,—
 How can I then, whilst loving them,
 Not love my native home!

VI.

Land of the South!—imperial land!—
 Then here's a health to thee,—
 Long as thy mountain barriers stand,
 May'st thou be blest and free!—
 May dark dissension's banner ne'er
 Wave o'er thy fertile loam,—
 But should it come, there's one will die,
 To save his native home!

July 18. WILLIAM M. THACKERAY. Born 1811.

POCAHONTAS.

Wearied arm and broken sword
 Wage in vain the desperate fight:
 Round him press a countless horde,
 He is but a single knight.
 Hark a cry of triumph shrill
 Through the wilderness resounds,
 As with twenty bleeding wounds
 Sinks the warrior fighting still.

Now they heap the fatal pyre,
 And the torch of death they light;
 Ah! 'tis hard to die of fire!
 Who will shield the captive knight?

Round the stake with fiendish cry
 Wheel and dance the savage crowd,
 Cold the victim's mien and proud,
 And his breast is bared to die.

Who will shield the fearless heart?
 Who avert the murderous blade?
 From the throng, with sudden start,
 See there springs an Indian maid.
 Quick she stands before the knight:
 "Loose the chain, unbind the ring;
 I am daughter of the king,
 And I claim the Indian right!"

Dauntlessly aside she flings
 Lifted axe and thirsty knife;
 Fondly to his heart she clings,
 And her bosom guards his life!
 In the wood of Powhatan
 Still 'tis told by Indian fires,
 How a daughter of their sires
 Saved the captive Englishman.

A TRAGIC STORY.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF CHAMISSO.]

There lived a sage in days of yore,
 And he a handsome pigtail wore;
 But wondered much, and sorrowed more,
 Because it hung behind him.

He mused upon this curious case,
 And swore he'd change the pigtail's place,
 And have it hanging at his face,
 Not dangling there behind him.

Says he, "The mystery I've found,—
 I'll turn me round,"—he turned him round;
 But still it hung behind him.

Then round and round, and out and in,
 All day the puzzled sage did spin;
 In vain—it mattered not a pin—
 The pigtail hung behind him.

And right and left, and round about,
 And up and down and in and out
 He turned; but still the pigtail stout
 Hung steadily behind him.

And though his efforts never slack,
 And though he twist, and twirl, and tack,
 Alas! still faithful to his back,
 The pigtail hangs behind him.

July 21. MATTHEW PRIOR. Born 1664.

ON MY BIRTHDAY, JULY 21.

I, my dear, was born to-day—
 So all my jolly comrades say:
 They bring me music, wreaths, and mirth,
 And ask to celebrate my birth:
 Little, alas! my comrades know
 That I was born to pain and woe;
 To thy denial, to thy scorn,
 Better I had ne'er been born:
 I wish to die, even whilst I say—
 "I, my dear, was born to-day."
 I, my dear, was born to-day:
 Shall I salute the rising ray,
 Well-spring of all my joy and woe?
 Clotilda, thou alone dost know.
 Shall the wreath surround my hair?
 Or shall the music please my ear?
 Shall I my comrades' mirth receive,
 And bless my birth, and wish to live?
 Then let me see great Venus chase
 Imperious anger from thy face;
 Then let me hear thee smiling say—
 "Thou, my dear, wert born to-day."

July 25. CHARLES DIBDIN died 1814. Born 1745.

TOM BOWLING.

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
 The darling of our crew;
 No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
 For death has broach'd him to.
 His form was of the manliest beauty,
 His heart was kind and soft;
 Faithful, below, he did his duty;
 But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
 His virtues were so rare,
 His friends were many and true-hearted,
 His Poll was kind and fair:

And then he'd sing, so blithe and jolly,
 Ah, many's the time and oft!
 But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
 For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
 When He, who all commands,
 Shall give, to call life's crew together,
 The word to pipe "all hands."
 Thus Death, who kings and tars despatches,
 In vain Tom's life has doff'd:
 For though his body's under hatches,
 His soul has gone aloft.

July 26. WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED. Born 1802.

CAMP-BELL.

CHARADE.

Come from my first, ay, come!
 The battle-dawn is nigh;
 And the screaming trump and the thundering drum
 Are calling thee to die!

Fight as thy father fought;
 Fall as thy father fell;
 Thy task is taught; thy shroud is wrought;
 So forward and farewell!

Toll ye my second, toll!
 Fling high the flambeau's light,
 And sing the hymn for a parted soul
 Beneath the silent night!

The wreath upon his head,
 The cross upon his breast,
 Let the prayer be said and the tear be shed,
 So,—take him to his rest!

Call ye my whole,—ay, call
 The lord of lute and lay;
 And let him greet the sable pall
 With a noble song to-day.

Go, call him by his name!
 No fitter hand may crave
 To light the flame of a soldier's fame
 On the turf of a soldier's grave.

July 27. THOMAS CAMPBELL. Born 1777.

THE BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden show'd another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, with thunder riven;
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven;
And, louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow,
On Linden's hills of stain'd snow;
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-cloud rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave!
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre!

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce—for the night cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
 By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain;
 At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
 And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
 Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track:
 'Twas Autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
 To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young,
 I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft,
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
 From my home and my weeping friends never to part.
 My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
 And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

“Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and worn;”
 And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay—
 But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

July 30. SAMUEL ROGERS. Born 1763.

A WISH.

Mine be a cot beside a hill;
 A beehive's hum shall soothe my ear;
 A willowy brook that turns a mill
 With many a fall, shall linger near.

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

Around my ivied porch shall spring
 Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
 And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
 In russet gown and apron blue.

The village-church among the trees,
 Where first our marriage vows were given,
 With merry peals shall swell the breeze
 And point with taper spire to Heaven.

LADY ANNE LINDSAY. *Born 1750.*

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

(SCOTCH DIALECT.)

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at hame,
And all the world to sleep are gane,
The woes of my heart fall in showers frae my e'e,
While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride,
But saving a crown he had naething mair beside.
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea;
And the crown and the pound were baith for me!

He hadna been gane a week but only twa,
When my father brak his arm, and our cow was stown awa;
My mother she fell sick, and my Jamie at the sea;
And auld Robin Gray came a-courting me!

My father couldna work, my mother couldna spin;
I toiled day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and, wi' tears in his ee,
Said: "Jeanie, for their sakes, will you no marry me?"

My heart it said na—I look'd for Jamie back;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack;
His ship it was a wrack—why didna Jeanie dee?
Oh! why do I live to say "Wae's me"?

My father argued sair; my mother didna speak,
But she looked in my face, till my heart was like to break;
So they gi'ed him my hand, though my heart was at sea;
And auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When, mournful as I sat on the stane at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, I couldna think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee."

Oh sair did we greet, and mickle did we say;
We took but ae kiss and we tore ourselves away.
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;
Oh! why was I born to say, "Wae's me"?

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin,
I darena think on Jamie, for that would be a sin:
But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For auld Robin Gray is a kind gudeman to me.

RICHARD LOVELACE. *Born 1618.*

TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON.

When Love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair
And fettered to her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses crowned,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When, linnet-like confined, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my King;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlargèd winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

TO LUCASTA.

ON GOING TO THE WARS.

Tell me not, sweete, I am unkinde,
That from the nunnerie
Of thy chaste breast and quiet minde,
To warre and armes I flee.

True, a new mistress now I chase,—
 The first foe in the field;
 And with a stronger faith imbrace
 A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
 As you, too, should adore;
 I could not love thee, deare, so much,
 Loved I not honour more.

August 2. WILLIAM WATSON. Born 1858.

SONG.

April, April,
 Laugh thy girlish laughter;
 Then, the moment after,
 Weep thy girlish tears!
 April, that mine ears
 Like a lover greetest,
 If I tell thee, sweetest,
 All my hopes and fears,
 April, April,
 Laugh thy golden laughter,
 But, the moment after,
 Weep thy golden tears!

August 3. CHARLES G. HALPINE, died 1868. Born 1829.

NOT A STAR FROM THE FLAG SHALL FADE.

Och! a rare ould flag was the flag we bore,
 'Twas a bully ould flag, an' nice;
 It had sthripes in plenty, an' shtars galore—
 'Twas the broth of a purty device.
 Faix, we carried it South, an' we carried it far,
 An' around it our bivouacs made;
 An' we swore by the shamrock that never a shtar
 From its azure field should fade.
 Ay, this was the oath, I tell you thrue,
 That was sworn in the souls of our Boys in Blue.

The fight it grows thick, an' our boys they fall,
 An' the shells like a banshee scream;
 An' the flag—it is torn by many a ball,
 But to yield it we never dhream.

Though pierced by bullets, yet still it bears
 All the shtars in its tatthered field,
 An' again the brigade, like to one man swears,
 "Not a shtar from the flag we yield!"
 'Twas the deep, hot oath, I tell you thrue,
 That lay close to the hearts of our Boys in Blue.

Shure, the fight it was won afther many a year,
 But two-thirds of the boys who bore
 That flag from their wives and sweethearts dear
 Returned to their homes no more.
 They died by the bullet—disease had power,
 An' to death they were rudely tossed;
 But the thought came warm in their dying hour,
 "Not a shtar from the flag is lost!"
 Then they said their pathers and aves through,
 An', like Irishmen, died—did our Boys in Blue.

But now they tell us some shtars are gone,
 Torn out by the rebel gale;
 That the shtars we fought for, the states we won,
 Are still out of the Union's pale.
 May their sowls in the dioul's hot kitchen glow
 Who sing such a lyin' shtrain;
 By the dead in their graves, it shall not be so—
 They shall have what they died to gain!
 All the shtars in our flag shall still shine through
 The grass growing soft o'er our Dead in Blue!

August 4. P. B. SHELLEY. Born 1792.

THE CLOUD.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
 From the seas and the streams;
 I bear light shades for the leaves when laid
 In their noon-day dreams;
 From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
 The sweet birds every one,
 When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
 As she dances in the sun.
 I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
 And whiten the green plains under;
 And then again I dissolve it in rain,
 And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
 And their great pines groan aghast;
 And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
 While I sleep in the arms of the blast,
 Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
 Lightning, my pilot, sits;
 In a cavern under is fettered the thunder—
 It struggles and howls by fits.
 Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
 This pilot is guiding me,
 Lured by the love of the genii that move
 In the depths of the purple sea;
 Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
 Over the lakes and the plains,
 Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
 The spirit he loves remains;
 And I, all the while, bask in heaven's blue smile,
 Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
 And his burning plumes outspread
 Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
 When the morning-star shines dead;
 As on the jag of a mountain crag,
 Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
 An eagle, alit, one moment may sit,
 In the light of its golden wings.
 And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
 Its ardors of rest and love,
 And the crimson pall of eve may fall
 From the depths of heaven above,
 With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
 As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden, with white fire laden,
 Whom mortals call the moon,
 Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
 By the midnight breezes strewn;
 And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
 Which only the angels hear,
 May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
 The stars peep behind her and peer!
 And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
 Like a swarm of golden bees,
 When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
 Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
 Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
 Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
 And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
 The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
 When the whirlwinds my banners unfurl.
 From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape
 Over a torrent sea,
 Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
 The mountains its columns be.
 The triumphal arch through which I march
 With hurricane, fire, and snow,
 When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
 Is the million-colored bow;
 The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
 While the moist air was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
 And the nursling of the sky;
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
 I change, but I cannot die:
 For, after the rain, when, with never a stain,
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,
 And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
 Build up the blue dome of air,
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
 And out of the caverns of rain,
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
 I arise and unbuild it again.

August 6. ALFRED TENNYSON. Born 1809.

SWEET AND LOW.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
 Wind of the western sea,
 Low, low, breathe and blow,
 Wind of the western sea!
 Over the rolling waters go,
 Come from the dropping moon and blow,
 Blow him again to me;
 While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon;
 Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
 Father will come to thee soon;
 Father will come to his babe in the nest,
 Silver sails all out of the west
 Under the silver moon:
 Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

"AS THRO' THE LAND AT EVE WE WENT."

As thro' the land at eve we went,
 And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,
 We fell out, my wife and I,
 And kiss'd again with tears:
 And blessings on the falling-out
 That all the more endears,
 When we fall out with those we love,
 And kiss again with tears!
 For when we came where lies the child
 We lost in other years,
 There above the little grave,
 We kiss'd again with tears.

THE BROOK.

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
 I make a sudden sally,
 And sparkle out among the fern,
 To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
 Or slip between the ridges,
 By twenty thorps, a little town,
 And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
 In little sharps and trebles,
 I bubble into eddying bays,
 I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
 By many a field and fallow,
 And many a fairy foreland set
 With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
 With here a blossom sailing,
 And here and there a lusty trout,
 And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldiers knew
Someone had blunder'd:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die,
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon in front of them
 Volley'd and thunder'd;
 Storm'd at with shot and shell,
 Boldly they rode and well,
 Into the jaws of Death,
 Into the mouth of Hell
 Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
 Flash'd as they turned in air.
 Sabring the gunners there,
 Charging an army, while
 All the world wonder'd;
 Plunged in the battery-smoke
 Right thro' the line they broke;
 Cossack and Russian
 Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
 Shatter'd and sunder'd.
 Then they rode back, but not—
 Not the six hundred.

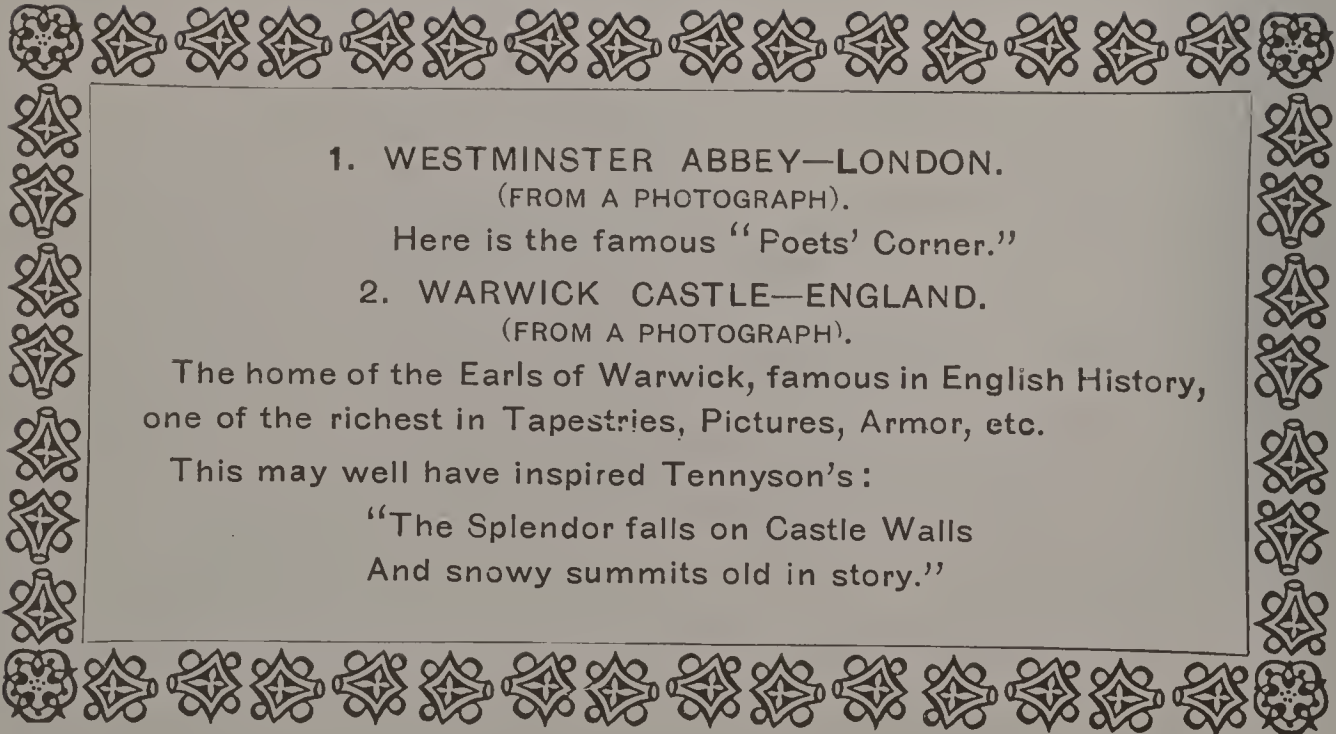
Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon behind them
 Volley'd and thunder'd;
 Storm'd at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell,
 They that had fought so well
 Came thro' the jaws of Death,
 Back from the mouth of Hell,
 All that was left of them—
 Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
 O, the wild charge they made!
 All the world wonder'd.
 Honor the charge they made!
 Honor the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred!

THE SPLENDOR FALLS ON CASTLE WALLS.

The splendor falls on castle walls
 And snowy summits old in story:
 The long light shakes across the lakes
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.





1. WESTMINSTER ABBEY—LONDON.

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH).

Here is the famous "Poets' Corner."

2. WARWICK CASTLE—ENGLAND.

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH).

The home of the Earls of Warwick, famous in English History, one of the richest in Tapestries, Pictures, Armor, etc.

This may well have inspired Tennyson's:

"The Splendor falls on Castle Walls
And snowy summits old in story."

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, farther going!
 O sweet and far from cliff and scar
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
 Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
 They faint on hill or field or river:
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow for ever and for ever.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

SIR GALAHAD.

My good blade carves the casques of men,
 My tough lance thrusteth sure;
 My strength is as the strength of ten,
 Because my heart is pure.
 The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
 The hard brands shiver on the steel,
 The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,
 The horse and rider reel;
 They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
 And when the tide of combat stands,
 Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
 That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
 On whom their favors fall!
 For them I battle till the end,
 To save from shame and thrall:
 But all my heart is drawn above,
 My knees are bowed in crypt and shrine:
 I never felt the kiss of love,
 Nor maiden's hand in mine.
 More bounteous aspects on me beam,
 Me mightier transports move and thrill;
 So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
 A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,
 A light before me swims,
 Between dark stems the forest glows,
 I hear a noise of hymns:
 Then by some secret shrine I ride;
 I hear a voice, but none are there:

The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
 The tapers burning fair.
 Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
 The silver vessels sparkle clean,
 The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
 And solemn chants resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
 I find a magic bark;
 I leap on board: no helmsman steers:
 I float till all is dark.

A gentle sound, an awful light!
 Three angels bear the holy Grail:
 With folded feet, in stoles of white,
 On sleeping wings they sail.
 Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!
 My spirit beats her mortal bars,
 As down dark tides the glory slides,
 And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
 Thro' dreaming towns I go,
 The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
 The streets are dumb with snow.
 The tempest crackles on the leads,
 And, ringing, spins from brand and mail;
 But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
 And gilds the driving hail.
 I leave the plain, I climb the height;
 No branchy thicket shelter yields;
 But blessed forms in whistling storms
 Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight—to me is given
 Such hope, I know not fear;
 I yearn to breathe the airs of Heaven
 That often meet me here.
 I muse on joy that will not cease,
 Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
 Pure lilies of eternal peace,
 Whose odors haunt my dreams;
 And, stricken by an angel's hand,
 This mortal armor that I wear,
 This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
 Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
 And thro' the mountain-walls,
 A rolling organ-harmony
 Swells up, and shakes and falls.

Then move the trees, the copses nod,
 Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
 "O just and faithful knight of God!
 Ride on! the prize is near."
 So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
 By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
 All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
 Until I find the holy Grail.

August 9. JOHN DRYDEN. Born 1631.

AH, HOW SWEET.

Ah, how sweet it is to love!
 Ah, how gay is young desire!
 And what pleasing pains we prove
 When we first approach love's fire!
 Pains of love are sweeter far
 Than all other pleasures are.
 Sighs which are from lovers blown
 Do but gently heave the heart:
 E'en the tears they shed alone
 Cure, like trickling balm, their smart.
 Lovers, when they lose their breath,
 Bleed away in easy death.
 Love and Time with reverence use,
 Treat them like a parting friend;
 Nor the golden gifts refuse
 Which in youth sincere they send:
 For each year their price is more,
 And they less simple than before.
 Love, like spring-tides full and high,
 Swells in every youthful vein;
 But each tide does less supply,
 Till they quite shrink in again.
 If a flow in age appear,
 'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.

August 12. ROBERT SOUTHEY. Born 1774.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,
 Old Kaspar's work was done,
 And he before his cottage door
 Was sitting in the sun;
 And by him sported on the green,
 His little grandchild, Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
 Roll something large and round,
 That he beside the rivulet
 In playing there had found;
 She ran to ask what he had found,
 That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
 Who stood expectant by;
 And then the old man shook his head,
 And with a natural sigh—
 "Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
 "Who fell in the great victory.

"I find them in my garden, for
 There's many hereabout;
 And often when I go to plough
 The ploughshare turns them out;
 For many thousand men," said he,
 "Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
 Young Peterkin, he cries,
 And little Wilhelmine looks up
 With wonder-waiting eyes,
 "Now tell us all about the war,
 And what they killed each other for?"

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
 "Who put the French to rout;
 But what they kill'd each other for
 I could not well make out.
 But everybody said," quoth he,
 "That 'twas a famous victory!

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
 Yon little stream hard by;
 They burn'd his dwelling to the ground,
 And he was forced to fly:
 So with his wife and child he fled,
 Nor had he where to rest his head!

"With fire and sword the country round
 Was wasted far and wide;
 And many a childing mother then
 And new-born baby died!
 But things like that, you know, must be
 At every famous victory.

“They say it was a shocking sight
 After the field was won;
 For many thousand bodies here
 Lay rotting in the sun!
 But things like that, you know, must be
 After a famous victory.

“Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won,
 And our good Prince Eugene.”
 “Why, ’twas a very wicked thing!”
 Said little Wilhelmine.
 “Nay, nay, my little girl,” quoth he,
 “It was a famous victory!

“And everybody praised the Duke
 Who this great fight did win.”
 “But what good came of it at last?”
 Quoth little Peterkin.
 “Why, that I cannot tell,” said he,
 “But ’twas a famous victory.”

THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

How does the water come down at Lodore?
 My little boy asked me thus, once on a time.
 Moreover, he task’d me to tell him in rhyme;
 Anon at the word there first came one daughter,
 And then came another to second and third
 The request of their brother, and hear how the water
 Comes down at Lodore, with its rush and its roar,
 As many a time they had seen it before.
 So I told them in rhyme, for of rhymes I had store.
 And ’twas in my vocation that thus I should sing,
 Because I was laureate to them and the King.

From its sources which well
 In the tarn on the fell,
 From its fountains in the mountains,
 Its rills and its gills,
 Through moss and through brake,
 It runs and it creeps,
 For awhile till it sleeps,
 In its own little lake,
 And then at departing,
 Awakening and starting,
 It runs through the reeds,
 And away it proceeds,
 Through meadow and glade,
 In sun and in shade,

And through the wood shelter,
 Among crags and its flurry,
 Helter-skelter—hurry-skurry.

How does the water come down at Lodore?
 Here it comes sparkling,
 And there it lies darkling;
 Here smoking and frothing,
 Its tumult and wrath in,
 Till in this rapid race on which it is bent
 It reaches the place of its steep descent
 It hastens along, conflicting, and strong,
 Now striking and raging,
 As if a war waging,
 Its caverns and rocks among.

Rising and leaping,
 Sinking and creeping,
 Swelling and flinging,
 Showering and springing,
 Eddying and whisking,
 Spouting and frisking,
 Twining and twisting,
 Around and around,
 Collecting, disjecting,
 With endless rebound;
 Smiting and fighting,
 A sight to delight in;
 Confounding, astounding,
 Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Collecting, projecting,
 Receding and speeding,
 And shocking and rocking,
 And darting and parting,
 And threading and spreading,
 And whizzing and hissing,
 And dripping and skipping,
 And whitening and brightening,
 And quivering and shivering,
 And hitting and splitting,
 And shining and twining,
 And rattling and battling,
 And shaking and quaking,
 And pouring and roaring,
 And waving and raving,
 And tossing and crossing,
 And flowing and growing,

And running and stunning,
 And hurrying and skurrying,
 And glittering and frittering,
 And gathering and feathering,
 And dinning and spinning,
 And foaming and roaming,
 And dropping and hopping,
 And working and jerking,
 And heaving and cleaving,
 And thundering and floundering;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
 And falling and brawling and sprawling,
 And driving and riving and striving,
 And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
 And sounding and bounding and rounding,
 And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
 Dividing and gliding and sliding,
 And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
 And clattering and battering and shattering;

And gleaming and steaming and streaming and beaming,
 And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
 And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
 And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
 Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
 Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
 Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
 Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
 And thumping and flumping and bumping and jumping,
 And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing,—
 And so never ending, but always descending,
 Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
 All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar—
 And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

August 15. ABRAM JOSEPH RYAN. Born 1839.

THE CONQUERED BANNER.

Furl that Banner, for 'tis weary;
 Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;
 Furl it, fold it, it is best;
 For there's not a man to wave it,
 And there's not a sword to save it,
 And there's not one left to lave it
 In the blood which heroes gave it;
 And its foes now scorn and brave it;
 Furl it, hide it—let it rest!

Take that Banner down! 'tis tattered;
 Broken is its staff and shattered;
 And the valiant hosts are scattered
 Over whom it floated high.
 Oh! 'tis hard for us to fold it;
 Hard to think there's none to hold it;
 Hard that those who once unrolled it
 Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that Banner! furl it sadly!
 Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
 And ten thousands wildly, madly,
 Swore it should forever wave;
 Swore that foeman's sword should never
 Hearts like theirs entwined dissever,
 Till that flag should float forever
 O'er their freedom or their grave!

Furl it! for the hands that grasped it,
 And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
 Cold and dead are lying low;
 And that Banner—it is trailing!
 While around it sounds the wailing
 Of its people in their woe.

For, though conquered, they adore it!
 Love the cold, dead hands that bore it!
 Weep for those who fell before it!
 Pardon those who trailed and tore it!
 But, oh! wildly they deplore it,
 Now who furl and fold it so.

Furl that Banner! True, 'tis gory,
 Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
 And 'twill live in song and story,
 Though its folds are in the dust:
 For its fame on brightest pages,
 Penned by poets and by sages,
 Shall go sounding down the ages—
 Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that Banner, softly, slowly!
 Treat it gently—it is holy—
 For it droops above the dead.
 Touch it not—unfold it never,
 Let it droop there, furled forever,
 For its people's hopes are dead!

August 15. WALTER SCOTT. Born 1771.

LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF.

Oh, hush thee, my baby! thy sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright;
The woods and the glens, from the towers which we see,
They all are belonging, dear baby, to thee.

Oh, fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows!
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;
Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.

Oh, hush thee, my baby! the time will soon come
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum;
Then hush thee, my darling! take rest while you may;
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.

SCOTLAND.

O Caledonia, stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires, what mortal hand
Can untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand?
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's stream still let me stray
Though none shall guide my feeble way;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my withered cheek;
Still lay my head by Teviot stone,
Though there forgotten and alone,
The bard may draw his parting groan.

MELROSE ABBEY.

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day,
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray,
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;

When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruin'd central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory,
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St. David's ruin'd pile;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair!

THE TRUE AND THE FALSE.

Where shall the lover rest
Whom the fates sever
From his true maiden's breast
Parted for ever?

Where, through groves deep and high
Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die
Under the willow:—
Eleu loro
Soft shall be his pillow.

There, through the summer day
Cool streams are laving:
There, while the tempests sway,
Scarce are boughs waving;
There thy rest shalt thou take,
Parted for ever,
Never again to wake;
Never, O never!
Eleu loro
Never, O never!

—Where shall the traitor rest,
He, the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast,
Ruin, and leave her?
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying;
Eleu loro
There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
 O'er the falsehearted;
 His warm blood the wolf shall lap
 Ere life be parted:
 Shame and dishonor sit
 By his grave ever;
 Blessing shall hallow it
 Never, O never!
Eleu loro
Never, O never!

LOCHINVAR.

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
 Through all the wide Border his steed was the best,
 And save his good broadsword he weapons had none;
 He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
 So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
 There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
 He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
 But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
 The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
 For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
 Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
 Among bride's-men and kinsmen, and brothers and all:
 Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
 (For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
 "O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
 Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;—
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
 And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,
 To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
 There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
 That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
 He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup,
 She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
 With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
 He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
 "Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace;

While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
 And the bride-maidens whispered, "Twere better by far
 To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
 When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near;
 So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
 "She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
 They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting among Græmes of the Netherby clan;
 Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
 There was racing, and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

BREATHES THERE THE MAN.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land!
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
 As home his footsteps he hath turned
 From wandering on a foreign strand!
 If such there be, go, mark him well;
 For him no minstrel raptures swell;
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch, concentred all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

August 16. LADY NAIRNE. Born 1766.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

I'm wearin' awa', John,
 Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John,
 I'm wearin' awa'
 To the land o' the leal.
 There's nae sorrow there, John,
 There's neither cauld nor care, John,
 The day is aye fair
 In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, John,
 She was baith gude and fair, John;
 And O! we grudged her sair
 To the land o' the leal.
 But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,
 And joy's a-coming fast, John,
 The joy that's aye to last
 In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear's the joy was bought, John,
 Sae free the battle fought, John,
 That sinfu' man e'er brought
 To the land o' the leal.
 O, dry your glistening e'e, John!
 My saul langs to be free, John,
 And angels beckon me
 To the land o' the leal.

O, haud ye leal and true, John!
 Your day it's wearin' through, John,
 And I'll welcome you
 To the land o' the leal.
 Now fare-ye-weel, my ain John,
 This world's cares are vain, John,
 We'll meet, and we'll be fain,
 In the land o' the leal.

August 20. SIR CHARLES SEDLEY, died 1701. Born 1631.

TO CELIA.

Not, Celia, that I juster am
 Or better than the rest!
 For I would change each hour, like them,
 Were not my heart at rest.

But I am tied to very thee
 By every thought I have;
 Thy face I only care to see,
 Thy heart I only crave.

All that in woman is adored
 In thy dear self I find—
 For the whole sex can but afford
 The handsome and the kind.

Why then should I seek further store,
 And still make love anew?
 When change itself can give no more,
 'Tis easy to be true!

August 22. SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE. Born 1810.

THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS.

Last night, among his fellow roughs,
 He jested, quaffed, and swore;
 A drunken private of the Buffs,
 Who never looked before
 To-day beneath the foeman's frown,
 He stands in Elgin's place,
 Ambassador from Britain's crown,
 And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
 Bewildered, and alone,
 A heart, with English instinct fraught,
 He yet can call his own.
 Ay, tear his body limb from limb,
 Bring cord or axe or flame,
 He only knows that not through him
 Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seemed,
 Like dreams, to come and go;
 Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleamed,
 One sheet of living snow;
 The smoke above his father's door
 In gray soft eddyings hung;
 Must he then watch it rise no more,
 Doomed by himself so young?

Yes, honor calls!—with strength like steel
 He put the vision by;
 Let dusky Indians whine and kneel,
 An English lad must die.
 And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
 With knee to man unbent,
 Unflinching on its dreadful brink,
 To his red grave he went.

Vain mightiest fleets of iron framed,
 Vain those all-shattering guns,
 Unless proud England keep untamed
 The strong heart of her sons;
 So let his name through Europe ring—
 A man of mean estate,
 Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,
 Because his soul was great.

August 24. ROBERT HERRICK. Born 1591.

A THANKSGIVING TO GOD FOR HIS HOUSE.

Lord, Thou hast given me a cell,
Wherein to dwell;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weather-proof;
Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and dry;
Where Thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me, while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate:
Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by th' poor,
Who thither come, and freely get
Good words, or meat.
Like as my parlor, so my hall
And kitchen's small;
A little buttery, and therein
A little bin,
Which keeps my little loaf of bread
Unchipt, unflead;
Some little sticks of thorn or briar
Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit,
And glow like it.
Lord, I confess too, when I dine,
The pulse is Thine,
And all those other bits that be
There placed by Thee;
The worts, the purslain, and the mess
Of water-cress,
Which of Thy kindness Thou hast sent;
And my content
Makes those, and my beloved beet,
To be more sweet.
'Tis thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltless mirth,
And giv'st me wassail-bowls to drink,
Spiced to the brink.
Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand
That soils my land,
And giv'st me, for my bushel sown,
Twice ten for one;

Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay
 Her egg each day;
 Besides my faithful ewes to bear
 Me twins each year;
 The while the conduits of my kine
 Run cream, for wine—
 All these, and better, Thou dost send
 Me,—to this end,
 That I should render, for my part,
 A thankful heart.

TO ANTHEA, WHO MAY COMMAND HIM ANYTHING.

Bid me to live, and I will live
 Thy Protestant to be;
 Or bid me love, and I will give
 A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
 A heart as sound and free
 As in the whole world thou canst find,
 That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay
 To honor thy decree:
 Or bid it languish quite away,
 And 't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep
 While I have eyes to see:
 And, having none, yet will I keep
 A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair
 Under that cypress-tree:
 Or bid me die, and I will dare
 E'en death to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
 The very eyes of me:
 And hast command of every part
 To live and die for thee.

August 28. SIR AUBREY DE VERE. Born 1788.

THE CHILDREN BAND.

All holy influences dwell within
 The breast of Childhood: instincts fresh from God
 Inspire it, ere the heart beneath the rod
 Of grief hath bled, or caught the plague of sin.
 How mighty was that fervour which could win

Its way to infant souls!—and was the sod
 Of Palestine by infant Croises trod?
 Like Joseph went they forth, or Benjamin,
 In all their touching beauty to redeem?
 And did their soft lips kiss the Sepulchre?
 Alas! the lovely pageant as a dream
 Faded! They sank not through ignoble fear;
 They felt not Moslem steel. By mountain, stream,
 In sands, in fens, they died—no mother near!

SORROW.

Count each affliction, whether light or grave,
 God's messenger sent down to thee; do thou
 With courtesy receive him; rise and bow;
 And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
 Permission first his heavenly feet to lave;
 Then lay before him all thou hast; allow
 No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
 Or mar thy hospitality; no wave
 Of mortal tumult to obliterate
 The soul's marmoreal calmness: Grief should be,
 Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate;
 Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free;
 Strong to consume small troubles; to commend
 Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end.

T. W. ROLLESTON. Born 1857.

THE DEAD AT CLONMACNOIS.

FROM THE IRISH OF ANGUS O'GILLAN.

In a quiet water'd land, a land of roses,
 Stands Saint Kieran's city fair;
 And the warriors of Erin in their famous generations
 Slumber there.

There beneath the dewy hillside sleep the noblest
 Of the clan of Conn,
 Each below his stone with name in branching Ogham
 And the sacred knot thereon.

There they laid to rest the seven Kings of Tara,
 There the sons of Cairbrè sleep—
 Battle-banners of the Gael that in Kieran's plain of crosses
 Now their final hosting keep.

And in Clonmacnois they laid the men of Teffia,
 And right many a lord of Breagh;
 Deep the sod above Clan Creidè and Clan Conaill,
 Kind in hall and fierce in fray.

Many and many a son of Conn the Hundred-Fighter
 In the red earth lies at rest;
 Many a blue eye of Clan Colman the turf covers,
 Many a swan-white breast.

MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON. Born 1820.

THE MYSTERY OF CRO-A-TÀN.

[1587 A.D.]

I.

The home-bound ships stood out to sea,
 And on the island's marge
 Sir Richard waited restlessly
 To step into the barge.

"The Governor tarrieth long," he chode,
 "As he were loath to go:
 With food before and want behind,
 There should be haste, I trow."

Even as he spake the Governor came:—
 "Nay, fret not, for the men
 Have held me back with frantic let,
 To have them home again.

"The women weep:—'Ay, ay, the ships
 Will come again (he saith)
 Before the May;—before the May
 We shall have starved to death!'

"I've sworn return by God's dear leave,
 I've vowed by Court and Crown,
 Nor yet appeased them. Comrade, thou,
 Mayhap, canst soothe them down."

Sir Richard loosed his helm, and stretched
 Impatient hands abroad:—
 "Have ye no trust in man?" he cried,
 "Have ye no faith in God?"

“Your Governor goes, as needs he must,
To bear, through royal grace,
Hither, such food-supply that want
May never blench a face.

“Of freest choice ye willed to leave
Whatso ye had of ease;
For neither stress of liege nor law
Hath forced you over seas.

“Your Governor leaves fair hostages
As costliest pledge of care,—
His daughter yonder, and her child,
The child Virginia Dare.

“Come hither, little sweetheart! So!
Thou’lt be the first, I ween,
To bend the knee, and send through me
Thy birthland’s virgin fealty
Unto its Virgin Queen.

“And now, good folk, for my commands:
If ye are fain to roam
Beyond this island’s narrow bounds,
To seek elsewhere a home,—

“Upon some pine-tree’s smoothen trunk
Score deep the Indian name
Of tribe or village where ye haunt,
That we may read the same.

“And if ye leave your haven here
Through dire distress or loss,
Cut deep within the wood above
The symbol of the cross.

“And now on my good blade, I swear,
And seal it with this sign,
That if the fleet that sails to-day
Return not hither by the May,
The fault shall not be mine!”

II.

The breath of spring was on the sea;
Anon the Governor stepped
His good ship’s deck right merrily,
His promise had been kept.

“See, see! the coast-line comes in view!”
He heard the mariners shout,
“We’ll drop our anchors in the Sound
Before a star is out!”

“Now God be praised!” he inly breathed,
 “Who saves from all that harms:
 The morrow morn my pretty ones
 Will rest within my arms.”

At dawn of day they moored their ships,
 And dared the breakers' roar:
 What meant it? Not a man was there
 To welcome them ashore!

They sprang to find the cabins rude:
 The quick green sedge had thrown
 Its knotted web o'er every door,
 And climbed the chimney-stone.

The spring was choked with winter's leaves;
 And feebly gurgled on;
 And from the pathway, strewn with rack,
 All trace of feet was gone.

Their fingers thrid the matted grass,
 If there, perchance, a mound
 Unseen might heave the broken turf;
 But not a grave was found.

They beat the tangled cypress swamp,
 If haply in despair
 They might have strayed into its glade,
 But found no vestige there.

“The pine! the pine!” the Governor groaned;
 And there each staring man
 Read in a maze, one single word,
 Deep carven,—CRO-A-TÀN!

But cut above, no cross, no sign,
 No symbol of distress;
 Naught else beside that mystic line
 Within the wilderness!

And where and what was “Cro-a-tàn”?
 But not an answer came;
 And none of all who read it there
 Had ever heard the name.

The Governor drew his jerkin sleeve
 Across his misty eyes:
 “Some land, may be, of savagery
 Beyond the coast that lies;

“And skulking there the wily foe
In ambush may have lain:
God’s mercy! Could such sweetest heads
Lie scalped among the slain?”

“O daughter! daughter! with the thought
My harrowed brain is wild!
Up with the anchors! I must find
The mother and the child!”

They scoured the mainland near and far:
The search no tidings brought;
Till ’mid a forest’s dusky tribe
They heard the name they sought.

The kindly natives came with gifts
Of corn and slaughtered deer:
What room for savage treachery
Or foul suspicion here?

Unhindered of a chief or brave,
They searched the wigwam through;
But neither lance nor helm nor spear,
Nor shred of child’s nor woman’s gear,
Could furnish forth a clue.

How could a hundred souls be caught
Straight out of life, nor find
Device through which to mark their fate,
Or leave some hint behind?

Had winter’s ocean island rolled
An eagle’s deadly spray,
That overwhelmed the island’s breadth,
And swept them all away?

In vain, in vain, their heart-sick search!
No tidings reached them more;
No record save that silent word.
Upon that silent shore.

The mystery rests a mystery still,
Unsolved of mortal man:
Sphinx-like, untold, the ages hold
The tale of CRO-A-TÀN!

August 31. THOMAS MILLER. Born 1807.

THE SUN.

Somewhere it is always light;
 For when 'tis morning here,
 In some far distant land 'tis night,
 And the bright moon shines there.

When you're undressed and going to bed,
 They are just rising there,
 And morning on the hills doth spread
 When it is evening here.

And other distant lands there be,
 Where it is always night;
 For weeks and weeks they never see
 The sun, nor have they light.

For it is dark both night and day,
 But what's as wondrous quite,
 The darkness it doth pass away,
 And then for weeks 'tis light.

Yes, while you sleep the sun shines bright,
 The sky is blue and clear;
 For weeks and weeks there is no night,
 But always daylight there.

September 1. MRS. SIGOURNEY. Born 1791.

INDIAN NAMES.

Ye say they all have passed away,
 That noble race and brave;
 That their light canoes have vanished
 From off the crested wave;
 That, 'mid the forests where they roamed,
 There rings no hunter's shout;
 But their name is on your waters,
 Ye may not wash it out.

'Tis where Ontario's billow
 Like ocean's surge is curled,
 Where strong Niagara's thunders wake
 The echo of the world,

Where red Missouri bringeth
 Rich tribute from the west,
 And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
 On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say their conelike cabins,
 That clustered o'er the vale,
 Have disappeared, as withered leaves
 Before the autumn's gale;
 But their memory liveth on your hills,
 Their baptism on your shore,
 Your everlasting rivers speak
 Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it
 Within her lordly crown,
 And broad Ohio bears it
 Amid his young renown.
 Connecticut hath wreathed it
 Where her quiet foliage waves,
 And bold Kentucky breathes it hoarse
 Through all her ancient caves.

Wachusett hides its lingering voice
 Within its rocky heart,
 And Alleghany graves its tone
 Throughout his lofty chart.
 Monadnock, on his forehead hoar,
 Doth seal the sacred trust
 Your mountains build their monument,
 Though ye destroy their dust.

September 5. HANNAH FLAGG GOULD, died 1865. Born 1789.

THE FROST.

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

Then he flew to the mountain and powdered its crest;
 He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
 In diamond beads—and over the breast
 Of the quivering lake he spread

A coat of mail, that it need not fear
 The downward point of many a spear
 That hung on its margin far and near,
 Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
 And over each pane, like a fairy, crept;
 Wherever he breathed, wherever he slept,
 By the light of the moon were seen
 Most beautiful things—there were flowers and trees;
 There were bevvies of birds and swarms of bees;
 There were cities with temples and towers, and these
 All pictured in silver sheen!

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

September 8. SEVERN TEACKLE WALLIS. Born 1816.

THE BLESSED HAND.

For you and me, who love the light
 Of God’s uncloistered day,
 It were indeed a dreary lot
 To shut ourselves away
 From every glad and sunny thing
 And pleasant sight and sound,
 And pass from out a silent cell
 Into the silent ground.

Not so the good monk, Anselm, thought,
 For, in his cloister’s shade,
 The cheerful faith that lit his heart
 Its own sweet sunshine made;
 And in its glow he prayed and wrote,
 From matin-song till even,
 And trusted, in the Book of Life,
 To read his name in heaven.

What holy books his gentle art
Filled full of saintly lore!
What pages, brightened by his hand,
The splendid missals bore!
What blossoms, almost fragrant, twined
Around each blessed name,
And how his Saviour's cross and crown
Shone out from cloud and flame!

But unto clerk as unto clown
One summons comes, alway,
And Brother Anselm heard the call
At vesper-chime, one day.
His busy pen was in his hand,
His parchment by his side—
He bent him o'er the half-writ prayer,
Kissed Jesu's name, and died!

They laid him where a window's blaze
Flashed o'er the graven stone,
And seemed to touch his simple name
With pencil like his own;
And there he slept, and, one by one,
His brethren died the while,
And trooping years went by and trod
His name from off the aisle.

And lifting up the pavement then,
An Abbot's couch to spread,
They let the jewelled sunshine in
Where once lay Anselm's head.
No crumbling bone was there, no trace
Of human dust that told,
But, all alone, a warm right hand
Lay, fresh, upon the mould.

It was not stiff, as dead men's are,
But, with a tender clasp,
It seemed to hold an unseen hand
Within its living grasp;
'And ere the trembling monks could turn
To hide their dazzled eyes,
It rose, as with a sound of wings,
Right up into the skies!

Oh loving, open hands that give,
Soft hands, the tear that dry,
Oh patient hands that toil to bless—
How can ye ever die!

Ten thousand vows from yearning hearts
 To Heaven's own gates shall soar.
 And bear you up, as Anselm's hand
 Those unseen angels bore!

Kind hands! Oh never near to you
 May come the woes ye heal!
 Oh never may the hearts ye guard,
 The griefs ye comfort, feel!
 May He, in whose sweet name ye build,
 So crown the work ye rear,
 That ye may never claspèd be
 In one unanswered prayer!

September 16. JOHN GAY. Born 1688.

SONG.

O ruddier than the cherry!
 O sweeter than the berry!
 O nymph more bright
 Than moonshine night,
 Like kidlings blithe and merry!
 Ripe as the melting cluster!
 No lily has such lustre;
 Yet hard to tame
 As raging flame,
 And fierce as storms that bluster!

September 18. JAMES SHIRLEY. Born 1596.

DEATH'S CONQUEST.

The glories of our birth and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things;
 There is no armor against fate;
 Death lays his icy hand on kings:
 Sceptre and Crown
 Must tumble down,
 And in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crookèd scythe and spade.
 Some men with swords may reap the field,
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill:
 But their strong nerves at last must yield;
 They tame but one another still:
 Early or late
 They stoop to fate,
 And must give up their murmuring breath
 When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow;
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
 Upon Death's purple altar now
 See where the victor-victim bleeds!
 Your heads must come
 To the cold tomb:—
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

September 19. HARTLEY COLERIDGE. Born 1796.

SHE IS NOT FAIR TO OUTWARD VIEW.

She is not fair to outward view,
 As many maidens be;
 Her loveliness I never knew
 Until she smiled on me:
 O, then I saw her eye was bright,—
 A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold;
 To mine they ne'er reply;
 And yet I cease not to behold
 The love-light in her eye:
 Her very frowns are better far
 Than smiles of other maidens are!

September 24. RICHARD HENRY WILDE. Born 1789.

MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.

My life is like the summer rose,
 That opens to the morning sky,
 But ere the shades of evening close,
 Is scattered on the ground—to die!
 Yet on the rose's humble bed
 The sweetest dews of night are shed,
 As though she wept such waste to see—
 But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf
 That trembles in the moon's pale ray:
 Its hold is frail—its date is brief,
 Restless—and soon to pass away!
 Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
 The parent tree will mourn its shade,
 The winds bewail the leafless tree—
 But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints which feet
 Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
 Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
 All trace will vanish from the sand;
 Yet, as if grieving to efface
 All vestige of the human race,
 On that lone shore loud moans the sea—
 But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

September 25. MRS. HEMANS. Born 1793.

CASABIANCA.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
 Whence all but him had fled;
 The flame that lit the battle's wreck
 Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
 As born to rule the storm;
 A creature of heroic blood,
 A proud, though childlike form.

The flames roll'd on—he would not go
 Without his father's word;
 That father, faint in death below,
 His voice no longer heard.

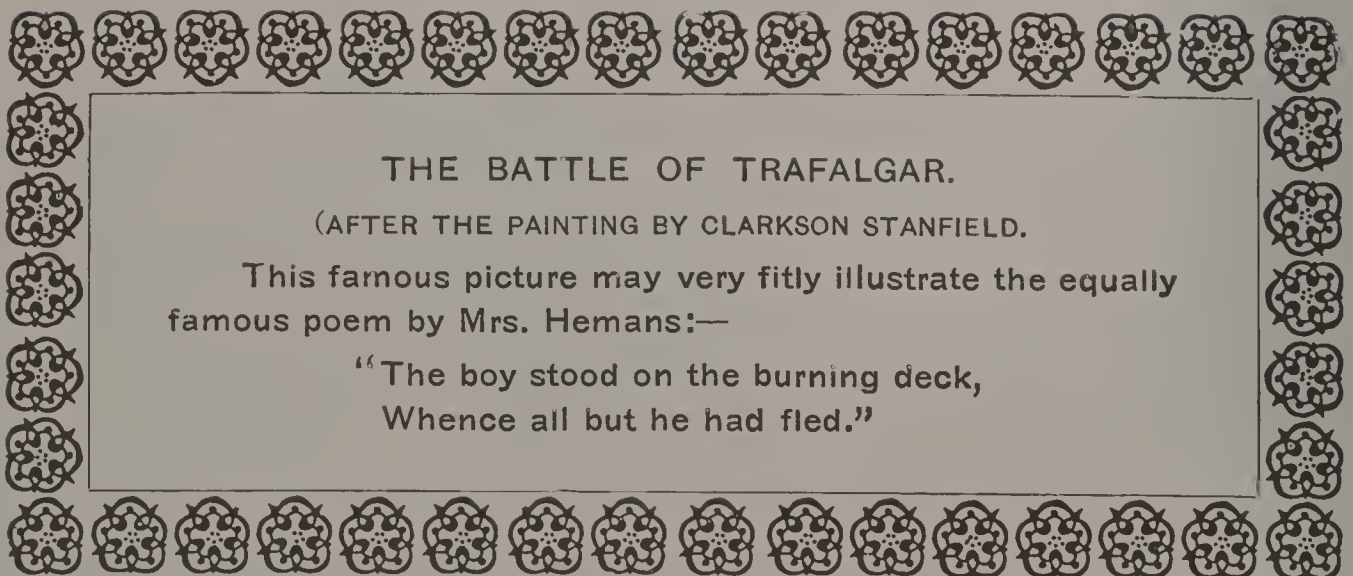
He call'd aloud—"Say, father, say
 If yet my task be done!"
 He knew not that the chieftain lay
 Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
 "If I may yet be gone!"
 And but the booming shots replied,
 And fast the flames roll'd on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath
 And in his waving hair;
 And look'd from that lone post of death,
 In still, yet brave despair;

And shouted but once more aloud,
 "My father! must I stay?"
 While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
 The wreathing fires made way.





THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

(AFTER THE PAINTING BY CLARKSON STANFIELD.)

This famous picture may very fitly illustrate the equally famous poem by Mrs. Hemans:—

“The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled.”

They wrapt the ship in splendor wild,
 They caught the flag on high,
 And stream'd above the gallant child,
 Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound—
 The boy—oh! where was he?
 Ask of the winds that far around
 With fragments strewed the sea,

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
 That well had borne their part;
 But the noblest thing that perished there
 Was that young faithful heart.

September 28. WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE. Born 1735.

THE SAILOR'S WIFE.

And are ye sure the news is true?
 And are ye sure he's weel?
 Is this a time to think o' wark?
 Ye jades, lay by your wheel;
 Is this the time to spin a thread,
 When Colin's at the door?
 Reach down my cloak, I'll to the quay,
 And see him come ashore.
 For there's nae luck about the house,
 There's nae luck at a';
 There's little pleasure in the house
 When our gudeman's awa'.

And gie to me my bigonet,
 My bishop's satin gown;
 For I maun tell the baillie's wife
 That Colin's in the town.
 My Turkey slippers maun gae on,
 My stockin's pearly blue;
 It's a' to pleasure our gudeman,
 For he's baith leal and true.

Rise, lass, and mak a clean fireside,
 Put on the muckle pot;
 Gie little Kate her button gown,
 And Jock his Sunday coat;
 And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
 Their hose as white as snaw;
 It's a' to pleasure our gudeman,
 For he's been long awa'.

There's twa fat hens upo' the coop
 Been fed this month and mair;
 Mak haste and thraw their necks about,
 That Colin weel may fare;
 And spread the table neat and clean,
 Gar ilka thing look braw,
 For wha can tell how Colin fared
 When he was far awa'?

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
 His breath like caller air;
 His very foot has music in 't
 As he comes up the stair,—
 And will I see his face again?
 And will I hear him speak?
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
 In troth I'm like to greet!

If Colin's weel, and weel content,
 I hae nae mair to crave:
 And gin I live to keep him sae
 I'm blest aboon the lave:
 And will I see his face again?
 And will I hear him speak?
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
 In troth I'm like to greet.
 For there's nae luck about the house,
 There's nae luck at a';
 There's little pleasure in the house
 When our gudeman's awa'.

September. LABOR DAY. (Legal Holiday.)

WORKING MAN'S SONG.

Who lacks for bread of daily work
 And his appointed task would shirk,
 Commits a folly and a crime;
 A soulless slave—
 A partly knave—
 A clog upon the wheels of Time.
 With work to do and stores of health,
 The man's unworthy to be free
 Who will not give,
 That he may live,
 His daily toil for daily fee.

No; let us work! We only ask
 Reward proportioned to our task;
 We have no quarrel with the great;
 No feud with rank—
 With mill or bank—
 No envy of a lord's estate.
 If we can earn sufficient store
 To satisfy our need,
 And can retain,
 For age and pain,
 A fraction, we are rich indeed.

No dread of toil have we or ours;
 We know our worth, our weight, our powers.
 The more we work, the more we win;
 Success to Trade!
 Success to Spade!
 And to the corn that's coming in;
 And joy to him who, o'er his task,
 Remembers toil is nature's plan;
 Who working thinks,
 And never sinks
 His independence as a man.

Who only asks for humble wealth,
 Enough for competence and health,
 And leisure when his work is done,
 To read his book
 By chimney nook,
 Or stroll at setting sun;
 Who toils, as every man should toil,
 For fair reward, erect and free;
 These are the men—
 The best of men—
These are the men we mean to be.

—Chas. Mackay.

TRUE NOBILITY.

What is noble? To inherit
 Wealth, estate, and proud degree?
 There must be some other merit
 Higher yet than these for me.
 Something greater far must enter
 Into life's majestic span,
 Fitted to create and centre
 True nobility in man.

What is noble? 'Tis the finer
 Portion of our mind and heart,
 Linked to something still diviner
 Than mere language can impart;
 Ever prompting, ever seeing
 Some improvement yet to plan;
 To uplift our fellow-being,
 And, like man, to *feel* for man.

What is noble? Is the sabre
 Nobler than the humble spade?
 There's a dignity in labor,
 Truer than e'er pomp arrayed!
 He who seeks the mind's improvement
 Aids the world in aiding mind;
 Every great commanding movement
 Serves not one, but *all mankind*.

O'er the forge's heat and ashes,
 O'er the engine's iron head,
 Where the rapid shuttle flashes,
 And the spindle whirls its thread,
 There is labor lowly tending
 Each requirement of the hour;
 There is genius still extending
 Science and its world of power.

Mid the dust and speed and clamor
 Of the loom-shed and the mill;
 Midst the clink of wheel and hammer,
 Great results are growing still.
 Though, too oft, by Fashion's creatures,
 Work and workers may be blamed,
 Commerce need not hide its features,
 Industry is not ashamed.

What is noble? That which places
 Truth in its enfranchised will;
 Leaving steps like angel traces,
 That mankind may follow still.
 E'en though Scorn's malignant glances
 Prove him poorest of his clan,
 He's the noble who advances
Freedom and the cause of man!

—Charles Swain.

TOIL.

There's a never-dying chorus
Breaking on the human ear;
In the busy town before us,
Voices loud, and deep, and clear.
This is labor's endless ditty;
This is toil's prophetic voice,
Sounding through the town and city,
Bidding human hearts rejoice.

Sweeter than the poet's singing
Is that anthem of the free;
Blither is the anvil's ringing
Than the song of bird or bee.
There's a glory in the rattle
Of the wheels 'mid factory gloom;
Richer than e'er snatched from battle
Or the trophies of the loom.

See the skilful mason raising
Gracefully yon towering pile;
Round the forge and furnace blazing,
Stand the noble men of toil.
They are heroes of the people,
Who the wealth of nations raise;
Every dome, and spire, and steeple
Raise their heads in labor's praise.

Glorious men of truth and labor,
Shepherds of the human fold,
That shall lay the brand and sabre
With the barbarous things of old.
Priests and prophets of creation,
Bloodless heroes in the fight,
Toilers for the world's salvation,
Messengers of peace and light.

Speed the plow and speed the harrow;
Peace and plenty send abroad;
Better far the spade and barrow
Than the cannon or the sword,
Each invention, each improvement,
Renders weak oppression's rod;
Every sign and every movement
Brings us nearer truth and God.

AUTUMN—SELECTIONS.

Gayly chattering to the clattering
 Of the brown nut downward pattering,
 Leap the squirrels, red and gray;
 Drop the apples red and yellow,
 Drop the russet pears and mellow,
 Drop the red leaves all the day.

—*Ruskin.*

August brings the sheaves of corn;
 Then the harvest home is borne.

—*Sara Coleridge.*

There are twelve months throughout the year,
 From January to December—
 And the primest month of all the twelve
 Is the merry month of September.

Then apples so red
 Hang over head,
 And nuts ripe-brown
 Come showering down
 In the beautiful days of September.

—*Mary Howitt.*

What wondrous life is this I lead!
 Ripe apples drop about my head,
 The luscious clusters of the vine
 Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
 The nectarine, and curious peach,
 Into my hands themselves do reach;
 Stumbling on melons as I pass,
 Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

—*Andrew Marvell.*

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch eaves run;
 To bend with apples the mossed cottage trees,
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core.

—*John Keats.*

The yellow sunflower by the brook
 In Autumn beauty stands.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

The chill rain is falling, the nipt worm is crawling,
 The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knelling,
 For the year;
 The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards each gone
 To his dwelling.
 Come months, come away;
 Put on white, black, and gray;
 Let your light sisters play;
 Ye, follow the bier
 Of the dead cold year,
 And make her grave green with tear on tear.

—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
 No comfortable feel in any member—
 No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
 No fruits, no buds, no flowers, no leaves,
 November!

—*Thomas Hood.*

October 1. EDWARD COATE PINKNEY. Born 1802.

A SERENADE.

Look out upon the stars, my love,
 And shame them with thine eyes,
 On which, than on the lights above,
 There hang more destinies.
 Night's beauty is the harmony
 Of blending shades and light:
 Then, lady, up,—look out, and be
 A sister to the night!

Sleep not!—thine image wakes for aye
 Within my watching breast;
 Sleep not! from her soft sleep should fly,
 Who robs all hearts of rest.
 Nay, lady, from thy slumbers break,
 And make this darkness gay,
 With looks whose brightness well might make
 Of darker nights a day.

October 6. GEORGE H. BOKER. Born 1823.

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER.

Close his eyes; his work is done!
 What to him is friend or foeman,
 Rise of moon or set of sun,
 Hand of man or kiss of woman?

Lay him low, lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow!
 What cares he? he cannot know;
 Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,
 Roll the drum and fire the volley!
 What to him are all our wars?—
 What but death bemocking folly?
 Lay him low, lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow!

Leave him to God's watching eye;
 Trust him to the hand that made him.
 Mortal love weeps idly by;
 God alone has power to aid him.
 Lay him low, lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow!
 What cares he? he cannot know;
 Lay him low!

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October 8. *EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN. Born 1833.*

WHAT THE WINDS BRING.

Which is the wind that brings the cold?
 The north-wind, Freddy, and all the snow;
 And the sheep will scamper into the fold
 When the north begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the heat?
 The south-wind, Katy; and corn will grow,
 And peaches redden for you to eat,
 When the south begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the rain
 The east-wind, Arty; and farmers know
 That cows come shivering up the lane
 When the east begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the flowers?
 The west-wind, Bessy; and soft and low
 The birdies sing in the summer hours
 When the west begins to blow.

October 12. *COLUMBUS DISCOVERED AMERICA, 1492.*

Michigan Pioneer Day.

COLUMBUS.

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
 Behind the Gates of Hercules;
 Before him, not the ghost of shores,
 Before him only shoreless seas.
 The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
 For lo! the very stars are gone.
 Brave Admiral, speak; what shall I say?"
 "Why say, 'Sail on! sail on! sail on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
 My men grow ghastly, wan, and weak."
 The stout mate thought of home; a spray
 Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
 "What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
 If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
 "Why you shall say at break of day,
 'Sail on! sail on! sail on! sail on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
 Until at last the blanched mate said,
 "Why, now not even God would know
 Should I and all my men fall dead.
 These very winds forget their way,
 For God from these dread seas is gone.
 Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say"—
 He said: "Sail on, sail on, sail on!"

They sailed; they sailed. Then spake the mate:
 "This mad sea shows his teeth to-night;
 He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
 With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
 Brave Admiral, say but one good word;
 What shall we do when hope is gone?"
 The words leapt as a leaping sword:
 "Sail on! sail on! sail on! sail on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
 And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
 Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
 A light! A light! A light! A light!
 It grew, a star-lit flag unfurled!
 It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
 He gained a world! He gave that world
 Its grandest lesson: "On and on!"

—*Joaquin Miller.*

THE PIONEERS.

Rouse! brothers, rouse! we've far to travel,
 Free as the winds we long to roam,
 Far through the prairie, far through the forest,
 Over the mountains we'll find a home.
 We cannot breathe in crowded cities,
 We're strangers to the ways of trade;
 We long to feel the grass beneath us,
 And ply the hatchet and the spade.

Meadows and hills and ancient woodlands
 Offer us pasture, fruit, and corn;
 Needing our presence, courting our labor;—
 Why should we linger like men forlorn?
 We love to hear the ringing rifle,
 The smiting axe, the falling tree;—
 And though our life be rough and lonely,
 If it be honest, what care we?

Fair elbow-room for men to thrive in!
 Wide elbow-room for work or play!
 If cities follow, tracing our footsteps,
 Ever to westward shall point our way!
 Rude though our life, it suits our spirit,
 And new-born States in future years
 Shall own us founders of a nation,—
 And bless the hardy pioneers.

—*Charles Mackay.*

October 13. WILLIAM MOTHERWELL. Born 1797.

THE CAVALIER'S SONG.

A steed! a steed of matchless speed,
 A sword of metal keen!
 All else to noble hearts is dross,
 All else on earth is mean.

The neighing of the war-horse proud,
 The rolling of the drum,
 The clangor of the trumpet loud,
 Be sounds from heaven that come.

And oh! the thundering press of knights
 When-as their war cries swell,
 May toll from heaven an angel bright,
 And rouse a fiend from hell.

Then mount! then mount, brave gallants, all,
And don your helms amain:
Death's couriers, Fame and Honor,
Call to the field again.

No shrewish tears shall fill our eye
When the sword-hilt's in our hand,—
Heart-whole we'll part, and no whit sigh
For the fairest of the land!

Let piping swain, and craven wight,
Thus weep and puling cry,
Our business is like men to fight,
And hero-like to die!

October 14. WILLIAM COX BENNETT. Born 1820.

BABY MAY.

Cheeks as soft as July peaches;
Lips whose dewy scarlet teaches
Poppies paleness; round large eyes
Ever great with new surprise.
Minutes filled with shadeless gladness,
Minutes just as brimmed with sadness,
Happy smiles and wailing cries,
Crows and laughs and tearful eyes.
Lights and shadows swifter form
Than on wind-swept autumn corn,
Ever some new tiny notion,
Making every limb all motion,
Catchings up of legs and arms,
Throwings back and small alarms,
Clutching fingers—straightening jerks,
Twining feet, whose each toe works,
Kickings up and straining risings,
Mother's ever new surprisings.
Hands all wants, and looks all wonder
At all things the heavens under.
Tiny scorns of smiled reprovings,
That have more of love than lovings.
Mischiefs done with such a winning
Archness, that we prize such sinning.

October 15. *ALLAN RAMSAY. Born 1686.*

PEGGY.

My Peggy is a young thing,
 Just entered in her teens,
 Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
 Fair as the day, and always gay;
 My Peggy is a young thing,
 And I'm not very auld,
 Yet will I like to meet her at
 The wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly
 Whene'er we meet alane,
 I wish nae mair to lay my care,
 I wish nae mair of a' that's rare;
 My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
 To a' the lave I'm cauld,
 But she gars a' my spirits glow
 At wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly
 Whene'er I whisper love,
 That I look down on a' the town,
 That I look down upon a crown;
 My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
 It makes me blyth and bauld,
 And naething gives me sic delight
 As wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly
 When on my pipe I play,
 By a' the rest, it is confest,
 By a' the rest, that she sings best;
 My Peggy sings sae saftly,
 And in her songs are tauld
 With innocence the wale of sense,
 At wawking of the fauld.

October 18. *WILLIAM SHENSTONE. Born 1714.*

THE SHEPHERD'S COT.

My banks they are furnished with bees,
 Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
 My grottoes are shaded with trees,
 And my hills are white over with sheep.

I seldom have met with a loss,
 Such health do my fountains bestow;
 My fountains all bordered with moss,
 Where the harebells and violets blow.

Not a pine in the grove is there seen,
 But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
 Not a beech's more beautiful green,
 But a sweet-briar entwines it around.
 Not my fields in the prime of the year,
 More charms than my cattle unfold;
 Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
 But it glitters with fishes of gold.

I have found out a gift for my fair,
 I have found where the wood-pigeons breed;
 But let me such plunder forbear,
 She will say 'twas a barbarous deed;
 For he ne'er could be true, she averred,
 Who would rob a poor bird of its young;
 And I loved her the more when I heard
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

October 19. LEIGH HUNT. Born 1784.

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw, within the moonlight of the room,
 Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
 An angel writing in a book of gold:—
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
 And to the presence in the room he said,
 "What writest thou?" The vision rais'd his head,
 And with a look made of all sweet accord,
 Answer'd, "The names of those who love the Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
 Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerly still; and said: "I pray thee then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellow men."

The angel wrote, and vanish'd. The next night
 It came again with a great wakening light,
 And show'd the names whom love of God hath bless'd—
 And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

JAFFAR.

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

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

"Bring me this man," the caliph cried; the man
 Was brought, was gazed upon. The mutes began
 To bind his arms. "Welcome, brave cords," cried he;
 "From bonds, far worse, Jaffar delivered me;
 From wants, from shames, from loveless household fears;
 Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears;
 Restored me, loved me, put me on a par
 With his great self. How can I pay Jaffar?"

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

October 21. S. T. COLERIDGE. Born 1772.

KUBLA KHAN.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
 A stately pleasure-dome decree:
 Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
 Through caverns measureless to man
 Down to a sunless sea.

So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing
A mighty fountain momently was forced:
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river,
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.

It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!
A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Achora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!

Weave a circle round him thrice,
 And close your eyes with holy dread,
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,
 And drunk the milk of Paradise.

October 23. *JOHN REUBEN THOMPSON. Born 1823.*

ASHBY.

To the brave all homage render,
 Weep, ye skies of June!
 With a radiance pure and tender,
 Shine, oh saddened moon!
 "Dead upon the field of glory,"
 Hero fit for song and story,
 Lies our bold dragoon.

Well they learned, whose hands have slain him,
 Braver, knightlier foe
 Never fought with Moor nor Paynim,
 Rode at Templestowe;
 With a mien how high and joyous,
 'Gainst the hordes that would destroy us
 Went he forth we know.

Never more, alas! shall sabre
 Gleam around his crest;
 Fought his fight; fulfilled his labor;
 Stilled his manly breast.
 All unheard sweet Nature cadence,
 Trump of fame and voice of maidens,
 Now he takes his rest.

Earth that all too soon hath bound him,
 Gently wrap his clay;
 Linger lovingly around him,
 Light of dying day;
 Softly fall the summer showers,
 Birds and bees among the flowers
 Make the gloom seem gay.

There, throughout the coming ages,
 When his sword is rust,
 And his deeds in classic pages,
 Mindful of her trust,
 Shall Virginia, bending lowly,
 Still a ceaseless vigil holy
 Keep above his dust!

October 25. *GEOFFREY CHAUCER, died 1400. Born 1328.*

MORNING IN MAY.

From "The Canterbury Pilgrims: The Knightes Tale."

The busy larke, messenger of daye,
 Saluteth in hire song the morwe graye;
 And fyry Phebus up so brighte,
 That all the orient laugheth of the lighte,
 And with his stremes dryeth in the greves
 The silver dropes, hongyng on the leeves.
 And Arcite, that is in the court ryal
 With Theseus, his squyer principal,
 Is risen, and loketh on the merye day.
 And for to doon his observance to May,
 Remembryng on the poynt of his desir,
 He on his courser, stertyng as the fir,
 Is riden, into the feeldes him to pleye,
 Out of the court, were it a myle or tweye.
 And to the grove, of which that I yow tolde,
 By aventure his wey he gan to holde,
 To maken him a garland of the greves,
 Were it of woodebynde or hawethorn leves,
 And lowde he song ayens the sonne scheene:
 "May, with alle thy floures and thy greene,
 Welcome be thou, wel faire fressche May,
 I hope that I som greene gete may."

October 25. *THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. Born 1800.*

THE ARMADA.

Attend, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise;
 I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
 When that great fleet invincible against her bore, in vain,
 The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
 There came a gallant merchant ship full sail to Plymouth bay;
 The crew had seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle,
 At earliest twilight, on the waves, lie heaving many a mile.
 At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace;
 And the tall *Pinta*, till the noon, had held her close in chase.
 Forthwith a guard, at every gun, was placed along the wall;
 The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecombe's lofty hall;
 Many a light fishing bark put out, to pry along the coast;
 And with loose rein, and bloody spur, rode inland many a post.

With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes;
 Behind him march the halberdiers, before him sound the drums:
 The yeomen, round the market cross, make clear and ample space,
 For there behooves him to set up the standard of Her Grace:
 And haughtily the trumpets peal and gaily dance the bells,
 As slow upon the laboring wind the royal blazon swells.
 Look how the lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
 And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down!
 So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed Picard field,
 Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle shield.
 So glared he when, at Agincourt, in wrath he turned to bay,
 And crushed and torn, beneath his claws, the princely hunters lay.
 Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, sir Knight! ho! scatter flowers, fair
 maids:
 Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute; ho! gallants, draw your blades;
 Thou sun, shine on her joyously; ye breezes, waft her wide:
 Our glorious *semper eadem*, the banner of our pride.

The fresh'ning breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy fold—
 The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold:
 Night sunk upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea;
 Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.
 From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,
 That time of slumber was as bright, as busy as the day;
 For swift to east, and swift to west, the warning radiance spread—
 High on St. Michael's Mount it shone—it shone on Beachy Head:
 Far o'er the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
 Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire.
 The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves,
 The rugged miners poured to war, from Mendip's sunless caves;
 O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew,
 And roused the shepherds of Stonehenge—the rangers of Beaulieu.
 Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town;
 And, ere the day, three hundred horse had met on Clifton Down.

The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,
 And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill, that streak of blood-red light.
 The bugle's note, and cannon's roar, the death-like silence broke,
 And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke.
 At once, on all her stately gates, arose the answering fires;
 At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling spires;
 From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear;
 And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer:
 And from the farthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,
 And the broad streams of pikes and flags dashed down each roaring
 street:

And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
 As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in;
 And eastward straight, for wild Blackheath, the warlike errand went;
 And roused, in many an ancient hall, the gallant squires of Kent.
 Southward, for Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright coursers
 forth;
 High on black Hampstead's swarthy moor, they started for the north;
 And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still;
 All night from tower to tower they sprang; all night from hill to hill;
 Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Derwent's rocky dales;
 Till, like volcanoes, flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales;
 Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height;
 Till streamed in crimson, on the wind, the Wrekin's crest of light,
 Till broad and fierce the stars came forth on Ely's stately fane,
 And town and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless plain;
 Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign of Lincoln sent,
 And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent;
 Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,
 And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.

October 29. JOHN KEATS. Born 1795.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

Much have I travell'd in the realm of gold,
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
 Round many western islands have I been
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
 That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne:
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
 Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
 When a new planet swims into his ken;
 Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
 He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
 Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness!
 Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,
 Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
 A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
 What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
 Of deities or mortals, or of both,
 In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?

What men or gods are these? What maidens loath?
 What mad pursuit? What struggles to escape?
 What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
 Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
 Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
 Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.
 Fair youth beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
 Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
 Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
 Though winning near the goal,—yet do not grieve:
 She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss;
 Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
 Your leaves, nor ever bid the spring adieu;
 And happy melodist, unwearied,
 For ever piping songs for ever new;
 More happy love! more happy, happy love!
 Forever warm and still to be enjoyed,
 For ever panting and for ever young;
 All breathing human passion far above,
 That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
 A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
 To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
 Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
 And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
 What little town by river or sea-shore,
 Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
 Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?
 And, little town, thy streets for evermore
 Will silent be, and not a soul to tell
 Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
 Of marble men and maidens over-wrought,
 With forest branches and the trodden weed;
 Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought
 As doth eternity. Cold Pastoral!
 When old age shall this generation waste,
 Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
 "Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.





GRECIAN ARTIST AT WORK.
(FROM THE PAINTING BY PAUL THUMANN.)

“Beauty is Truth,—Truth Beauty.”
(See Keats’s “Ode on a Grecian Urn.”)

CHARLES DAWSON SHANLY. Born 1811.

KITTY OF COLERAINE.

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping
 With a pitcher of milk, from the fair of Coleraine,
 When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher it tumbled,
 And all the sweet buttermilk watered the plain.

“O, what shall I do now?—’twas looking at you now!
 Sure, sure, such a pitcher I’ll ne’er meet again!
 ’Twas the pride of my dairy: O Barney M’Cleary!
 You’re sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine.”

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,
 That such a misfortune should give her such pain.
 A kiss then I gave her; and ere I did leave her,
 She vowed for such pleasure she’d break it again.

’Twas hay-making season—I can’t tell the reason—
 Misfortunes will never come single, ’tis plain;
 For very soon after poor Kitty’s disaster
 The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

November 3. W. C. BRYANT. Born 1794.

THANATOPSIS.

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
 Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
 A various language: for his gayer hours
 She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
 And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
 Into his darker musings with a mild
 And gentle sympathy, that steals away
 Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
 Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
 Over thy spirit, and sad images
 Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
 And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
 Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,
 Go forth under the open sky, and list
 To Nature’s teachings, while from all around—
 Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
 Comes a still voice,—Yet a few days, and thee
 The all-beholding sun shall see no more
 In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
 Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
 Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist

Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
 Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
 And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
 Thine individual being, shalt thou go
 To mix forever with the elements;
 To be a brother to the insensible rock,
 And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
 Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
 Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
 Shalt thou retire alone,—nor couldst thou wish
 Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
 With patriarchs of the infant world,—with kings,
 The powerful of the earth,—the wise, the good,
 Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
 All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,
 Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales
 Stretching in pensive quietness between;
 The venerable woods; rivers that move
 In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
 That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
 Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
 Are but the solemn decorations all
 Of the great tomb of man! The golden sun,
 The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
 Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
 Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
 The globe are but a handful to the tribes
 That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
 Of morning, traverse Barca's desert sands,
 Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
 Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
 Save his own dashings,—yet the dead are there!
 And millions in those solitudes, since first
 The flight of years began, have laid them down
 In their last sleep,—the dead reign there alone!
 So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw
 In silence from the living, and no friend
 Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
 Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
 When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
 Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
 His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
 Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
 And make their bed with thee. As the long train
 Of ages glide away, the sons of men—
 The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes

In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
 And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man—
 Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side
 By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
 The innumerable caravan that moves
 To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
 Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

From "Bryant's Poems." By permission of the publishers, D. Appleton & Co.

November 10. OLIVER GOLDSMITH. Born 1728.

FROM "THE DESERTED VILLAGE."

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
 Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain;
 Where smiling spring its earliest visits paid,
 And parting summer's lingering bloom delayed;
 Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
 Seats of my youth, when every sport could please!
 How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
 Where humble happiness endeared each scene;
 How often have I paused on every charm—
 The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
 The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
 The decent church that topp'd the neighboring hill,
 The hawthorn-bush, with seats beneath the shade,
 For talking age and whispering lovers made!
 How often have I blessed the coming day.
 When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
 And all the village train, from labor free,
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree:
 While many a pastime, circled in the shade,
 The young contended as the old surveyed;
 And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
 And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;
 And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
 The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
 By holding out to tire each other down;
 The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
 While secret laughter titter'd round the place;

The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
 The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
 These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
 With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
 These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
 These *were* thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

AN ELEGY ON THE GLORY OF HER SEX, MRS. MARY BLAIZE.

Good people all with one accord
 Lament for Madame Blaize,
 Who never wanted a good word,
 From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom pass'd her door,
 And always found her kind;
 She freely lent to all the poor—
 Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighborhood to please,
 With manners wondrous winning,
 And never follow'd wicked ways—
 Unless when she was sinning.

At church in silks and satins new,
 With hoop of monstrous size;
 She never slumber'd in her pew—
 But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
 By twenty beaux or more:
 The King himself has follow'd her—
 When she has walk'd before.

But now her wealth and finery fled,
 Her hangers-on cut short-all;
 The doctors found when she was dead—
 Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament in sorrow sore
 For Kent-street well may say,
 That had she lived a twelvemonth more—
 She had not died to-day.

WOMAN.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
 And finds too late that men betray,
 What charm can soothe her melancholy?
 What art can wash her tears away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
 To hide her shame from ev'ry eye,
 To give repentance to her lover,
 And wring his bosom is—to die.

MEMORY.

O Memory, thou fond deceiver,
 Still importunate and vain,
 To former joys recurring ever,
 And turning all the past to pain:

Thou, like the world, th' oppress'd oppressing,
 Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe:
 And he who wants each other blessing
 In thee must ever find a foe.

November 18. WILLIAM S. GILBERT. Born 1836.

THE YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL."

'Twas on the shores that round our coast
 From Deal to Ramsgate span,
 That I found alone on a piece of stone
 An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
 And weedy and long was he,
 And I heard this wight on the shore recite,
 In a singular minor key:

"Oh! I am a cook and a captain bold,
 And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
 And a bo'sun tight, and a midship-mite,
 And the crew of the captain's gig."

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,
 Till I really felt afraid,
 For I couldn't help thinking the man had been drinking,
 And so I simply said:

"Oh, elderly man, it's little I know
 Of the duties of men of the sea,
 And I'll eat my hand if I understand
 How you can possibly be

"At once a cook, and a captain bold,
 And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
 And a bo'sun tight, and a midship-mite,
 And the crew of the captain's gig."

Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which
 Is a trick all seamen larn,
 And having got rid of a thumping quid,
 He spun this painful yarn:

“Twas in the good ship *Nancy Bell*
 That we sailed to the Indian sea,
 And there on a reef we come to grief,
 Which has often occurred to me.

“And pretty nigh all the crew was drowned
 (There was seventy-seven o’ soul),
 And only ten of the *Nancy’s* men
 Said ‘Here!’ to the muster-roll.

“There was me and the cook and the captain bold,
 And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
 And the bo’sun tight, and a midship-mite,
 And the crew of the captain’s gig.

“For a month we’d neither wittles nor drink,
 Till a-hungry we did feel,
 So we draw’d a lot, and accordin’ shot
 The captain for our meal.

“The next lot fell to the *Nancy’s* mate,
 And a delicate dish he made;
 Then our appetite with the midship-mite,
 We seven survivors stayed.

“And then we murdered the bo’sun tight,
 And he much resembled pig;
 Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,
 On the crew of the captain’s gig.

“Then only the cook and me was left,
 And the delicate question, ‘Which
 Of us two goes to the kettle?’ arose
 And we argued it out as sich.

“For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,
 And the cook, he worshipped me;
 But we’d both be blowed if we’d either be stowed
 In the other chap’s hold, you see.

“‘I’ll be eat if you dines off me,’ says Tom;
 ‘Yes, that,’ says I, ‘you’ll be,’—
 ‘I’m boiled if I die, my friend,’ quoth I;
 And ‘Exactly so,’ quoth he.

“Says he, ‘Dear JAMES, to murder me
 Were a foolish thing to do.
 For don’t you see that you can’t cook *me*,
 While I can—and will—cook *you!*’

“So he boils the water, and takes the salt
 And the pepper in portions true
 (Which he never forgot), and some chopped shalot,
 And some sage and parsley too.

“‘Come here,’ says he, with a proper pride,
 Which his smiling features tell,
 ‘It will soothing be if I let you see
 How extremely nice you’ll smell!’

“And he stirred it round and round and round,
 And he sniffed at the foaming froth;
 When I ups with his heels, and smothers his squeals
 In the scum of the boiling broth.

“And I eat that cook in a week or less
 And—as I eating be
 The last of his chops, why, I almost drops,
 For a vessel in sight I see.

.

“And I never larf, and I never smile,
 And I never lark nor play,
 But sit and croak, and a single joke
 I have—which is to say:

“Oh! I am cook and a captain bold,
 And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
 And a bo’sun tight and a midship-mite,
 And the crew of the captain’s gig!”

November 21. BRYAN W. PROCTOR (BARRY CORNWALL).

Born 1798.

THE SEA.

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
 The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
 Without a mark, without a bound,
 It runneth the earth’s wide regions round;
 It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
 Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
 I am where I would ever be;
 With the blue above, and the blue below,
 And silence wheresoe'er I go:
 If a storm should come and awake the deep
 What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love (oh, how I love!) to ride
 On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
 When every mad wave drowns the moon,
 Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
 And tells how goeth the world below,
 And why the southwest blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
 But I loved the great sea more and more,
 And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
 Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest:
 And a mother she was and is to me;
 For I was born on the open sea!

I've lived since then in calm and strife,
 Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
 With wealth to spend, and a power to range,
 But never have sought nor sighed for change;
 And Death, whenever he comes to me,
 Shall come on the wild unbounded sea!

November 26. WILLIAM COWPER. Born 1731.

ON THE LOSS OF THE "ROYAL GEORGE."

WRITTEN WHEN THE NEWS ARRIVED, SEPTEMBER, 1782.

Toll for the brave!
 The brave that are no more!
 All sunk beneath the wave,
 Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
 Whose courage well was tried,
 Had made the vessel heel,
 And laid her on her side.

A land breeze shook the shrouds,
 And she was overset;
 Down went the "Royal George,"
 With all her crew complete.





BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK

AFTER THE PAINTING BY LAURENCE ALMA TADEMA

A favorite game with boys and girls indoors or out. It is played in almost every country in the world and is many hundreds of years old. Instead of a battledore the Chinese, who have played it for centuries, use the soles of their feet.

Toll for the brave!
 Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
 His last sea fight is fought;
 His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
 No tempest gave the shock;
 She sprang no fatal leak;
 She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath;
 His fingers held the pen,
 When Kempenfelt went down,
 With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
 Once dreaded by our foes!
 And mingle with our cup
 The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
 And she may float again,
 Full charged with England's thunder,
 And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
 His victories are o'er;
 And he and his eight hundred
 Shall plough the wave no more.

DISPUTE BETWEEN NOSE AND EYES.

Between Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,
 The spectacles set them unhappily wrong;
 The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
 To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
 With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning,
 While Chief Baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
 So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

“In behalf of the Nose, it will quickly appear,
 And your lordship,” he said, “will undoubtedly find
 That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,
 Which amounts to possession,—time out of mind.”

Then holding the Spectacles up to the court—

“Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle,
 As wide as the ridge of the Nose is—in short,
 Designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

“Again, would your lordship a moment suppose
 (’Tis a case that has happened, and may be again),
 That the visage or countenance had not a nose,
 Pray who would, or who could, wear spectacles then?”

“On the whole it appears, and my argument shows
 With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
 That the spectacles were plainly made for the Nose
 And the Nose was as plainly intended for them.”

Then shifting his side (as a lawyer knows how)
 He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes;
 But what were his arguments few people know,
 For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed with a grave solemn tone,
 Decisive and clear, without one “if” or “but,”
 That, whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
 By day-light or candle-light, Eyes should be shut.

November 26. JAMES MATTHEWS LEGARE. Born 1823.

AHAB MOHAMMED.

A peasant stood before a king and said,
 “My children starve, I come to thee for bread.”
 On cushions soft and silken sat enthroned
 The king, and looked on him that prayed and moaned,
 Who cried again,—“For bread I come to thee.”
 For grief, like wine, the tongue will render free.
 Then said the prince with simple truth, “Behold
 I sit on cushions silken-soft, of gold
 And wrought with skill the vessels which they bring
 To fitly grace the banquet of a king.
 But at my gate the Mede triumphant beats,
 And die for food my people in the streets.
 Yet no good father hears his child complain
 And gives him stones for bread, for alms disdain.
 Come, thou and I will sup together—come.”
 The wondering courtiers saw—saw and were dumb:
 Then followed with their eyes where Ahab led
 With grace the humble guest, amazed, to share his bread.
 Him half abashed the royal host withdrew
 Into a room, the curtained doorway through.
 Silent behind the folds of purple closed,
 In marble life the statues stood disposed;
 From the high ceiling, perfume breathing, hung
 Lamps rich, pomegranate-shaped, and golden-swung.

Gorgeous the board with massive metal shone,
 Gorgeous with gems arose in front a throne:
 These through the Orient lattice saw the sun.
 If gold there was, of meat and bread was none
 Save one small loaf; this stretched his hand and took
 Ahab Mohammed, prayed to God, and broke:
 One half his yearning nature bid him crave,
 The other gladly to his guest he gave.
 "I have no more to give," he cheerly said:
 "With thee I share my only loaf of bread."
 Humbly the stranger took the offered crumb
 Yet ate not of it, standing meek and dumb;
 Then lifts his eyes,—the wondering Ahab saw
 His rags fall from him as the snow in thaw.
 Resplendent, blue, those orbs upon him turned;
 All Ahab's soul within him throbbed and burned.

"Ahab Mohammed," spoke the vision then,
 "From this thou shalt be blessèd among men.
 Go forth—thy gates the Mede bewildered flees,
 And Allah thank thy people on their knees.
 He who gives somewhat does a worthy deed,
 Of him the recording angel shall take heed.
 But he that halves all that his house doth hold,
 His deeds are more to God, yea, more than finest gold."

November 28. WILLIAM BLAKE. Born 1757.

THE TIGER.

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
 In the forests in the night,
 What immortal hand or eye
 Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
 Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
 On what wings dare he aspire?
 What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder and what art,
 Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
 And when thy heart began to beat,
 What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
 In what furnace was thy brain?
 What the anvil? what dread grasp
 Dares its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
 And water'd heaven with their tears,
 Did he smile his work to see?
 Did he who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
 In the forests of the night,
 What immortal hand or eye
 Dare frame thy symmetry?

THE PIPER.

Piping down the valleys wild,
 Piping songs of pleasant glee,
 On a cloud I saw a child,
 And he laughing said to me:

“Pipe a song about a lamb.”
 So I piped with merry cheer.
 “Piper, pipe that song again”;
 So I piped; he wept to hear.

“Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
 Sing thy songs of happy cheer”:
 So I sang the same again,
 While he wept with joy to hear.

“Piper, sit thee down and write
 In a book that all may read—”
 So he vanished from my sight;
 And I plucked a hollow reed,
 And I made a rural pen,
 And I stain'd the water clear,
 And I wrote my happy songs,
 Every child may joy to hear.

November 29. SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. Born 1554.

MY TRUE-LOVE HATH MY HEART.

My true-love hath my heart, and I have his,
 By just exchange one to the other given:
 I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
 There never was a better bargain driven:
 My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one;
 My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides:
 He loves my heart, for once it was his own;
 I cherish his because in me it bides:
 My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

SLEEP.

Come, Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
 The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
 The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
 The indifferent judge between the high and low,
 With shield of proof shield me from out the prease
 Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw;
 O, make in me those civil wars to cease:
 I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
 Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed;
 A chamber deaf to noise, and blind to light;
 A rosy garland, and a weary head.
 And if these things, as being thine by right,
 Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me
 Livelier than elsewhere Stella's image see.

THANKSGIVING DAY—SELECTIONS (*Legal Holiday.*)

Over the river and through the wood
 Trot fast, my dapple gray!
 Spring over the ground
 Like a hunting-hound!
 For this is Thanksgiving Day.

—*Maria Child.*

Choppin' suet in de kitchen,
 Stonin' raisins in de hall,
 Beef a-cookin' fu' de mince meat,
 Spices groun'—I smell 'em all.
 Look hyeah, Tu'key, stop dat gobblin',
 You ain' lused de sense of feah,
 You ol' fool, yo' naik's in dangah,
 Do' you know Thanksgibbin's hyeah?

—*Paul Laurence Dunbar.*

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY.

Children, do you know the story
 Of the first Thanksgiving Day,
 Founded by our Pilgrim Fathers
 In that time so far away?

They had given for religion
 Wealth and comfort—yes, and more,—
 Left their homes and friends and kindred,
 For a bleak and barren shore.

On New England's rugged headlands,
Now where peaceful Plymouth lies,
There they built their rough log cabins,
'Neath the cold, forbidding skies.

And too often e'en the bravest
Felt his blood run cold with dread,
Lest the wild and savage red-man
Burn the roof above his head.

Want and sickness, death and sorrow,
Met their eyes on every hand;
And before the spring had reached them
They had buried half their band.

But their noble, brave endurance
Was not exercised in vain;
Summer brought them brighter prospects,
Ripening seed and waving grain.

And the patient Pilgrim mothers,
As the harvest time drew near,
Looked with happy, thankful faces
At the full corn in the ear.

So the Governor, William Bradford,
In the gladness of his heart,
To praise God for all his mercies,
Set a special day apart.

That was in the autumn, children,
Sixteen hundred twenty-one;
Scarce a year from when they landed,
And the colony begun.

And now when in late November,
Our Thanksgiving feast is spread,
'Tis the same time-honored custom
Of those Pilgrims long since dead.

We shall never know the terrors
That they braved years, years ago;
But for all their struggles gave us,
We our gratitude can show.

And the children of New England,
If they feast or praise or pray,
Should bless God for those brave Pilgrims,
And their first Thanksgiving Day.

—*Youth's Companion.*

THANKSGIVING.

Oh! give thanks for the summer and winter;
 Give thanks for the sunshine and rain;
 For the flowers, the fruits, and the grasses,
 And the bountiful harvest of grain;
 For the winds that sweep over our prairies,
 Distributing vigor and health—
 Oh! give thanks to our Heavenly Father
 For nature's abundance of wealth.

Oh! give thanks for loved friends and relations
 For sweet converse with those that are dear;
 Give thanks for our country's salvation
 From famine and war the past year;
 That, while kingdoms and empires have fallen,
 Our government firmly has stood—
 Oh! give thanks to our Heavenly Father
 For all this abundance of good.

Give thanks for each lawful ambition
 That gives a new impulse to do;
 Give thanks for each fond hope's fruition,
 And all of God's goodness to you.
 Forget not whence cometh the power
 That all of these blessings secures—
 Oh! give thanks to our Heavenly Father
 Whose mercy forever endures.

GIVE THANKS.

For all that God, in mercy, sends;
 For health and children, home and friends;
 For comfort in the time of need,
 For every kindly word and deed,
 For happy thoughts and holy talk,
 For guidance in our daily walk—
 For everything give thanks!

For beauty in this world of ours,
 For verdant grass and lovely flowers,
 For song of birds, for hum of bees,
 For the refreshing summer breeze,
 For hill and plain, for stream and wood,
 For the great ocean's mighty flood—
 For everything give thanks!

For the sweet sleep which comes with night,
 For the returning morning's light,
 For the bright sun that shines on high,
 For the stars glittering in the sky—

For these, and everything we see,
 O Lord! our hearts we lift to Thee—
 For everything give thanks!

FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY. Born 1848.

NO, THANK YOU, TOM.

They met, when they were girl and boy,
 Going to school one day,
 And, "Won't you take my peg-top, dear?"
 Was all that he could say.
 She bit her little pinafore,
 Close to his side she came;
 She whispered, "No! no, thank you, Tom,"
 But took it all the same.

They met one day, the self-same way,
 When ten swift years had flown;
 He said, "I've nothing but my heart,
 But that is yours alone.
 And won't you take my heart?" he said,
 And called her by her name;
 She blushed, and said, "No, thank you, Tom,"
 But took it all the same.

And twenty, thirty, forty years
 Have brought them care and joy;
 She has the little peg-top still
 He gave her when a boy.
 "I've had no wealth, sweet wife," said he;
 "I've never brought you fame";
 She whispers, "No! no, thank you, Tom;
 You've loved me all the same."

THE LOBSTER AND THE MAID.

He was a gentle lobster
 (The boats had just come in),
 He did not love the fishermen,
 He could not stand their din;
 And so he quietly stole off,
 As if it were no sin.

She was a little maiden,
 He met her on the sand,
 "And how d'you do?" the lobster said,
 "Why don't you give your hand?"
 For why she edged away from him
 He *could* not understand.

“Excuse me, sir,” the maiden said:
“Excuse me, if you please,”
And put her hands behind her back,
And doubled up her knees;
“I always thought that lobsters were
A little apt to squeeze.”

“Your ignorance,” the lobster said,
“Is natural, I fear;
Such scandal is a shame,” he sobbed,
“It is not true, my dear,”
And with his pocket-handkerchief
He wiped away a tear.

So out she put her little hand,
As though she feared him not,
When some one grabbed him suddenly
And put him in a pot,
With water which, I think he found
Uncomfortably hot.

It may have been the water made
The blood flow to his head,
It may have been that dreadful fib
Lay on his soul like lead;
This much is true—he went in gray,
And came out very red.

BELL'S DREAM.

It was the little Isabel,
Upon the sand she lay,
The summer sun struck hotly down,
And she was tired of play;
And down she sank into the sea,
Though how, she could not say.

She stood within a dreadful court,
Beneath the rolling tide,
There sat a sturgeon as a judge,
Two lobsters at her side;
She had a sort of vague idea
That she was being tried.

And then the jurymen came in,
And, as the clock struck ten,
Rose Sergeant Shark and hitched his gown,
And trifled with a pen.
“Ahem! May't please your Lordship,
And gentle jurymen!

“The counts against the prisoner
 Before you, are that she
 Has eaten salmon once at least,
 And soles most constantly;
 Likewise devoured one hundred shrimps
 At Margate with her tea.”

“Call witnesses!”—An oyster rose,
 He spoke in plaintive tone:
 “Last week her mother bought a fish”
 (He scarce could check a moan);
 “He was a dear, dear friend of mine,
 His weight was half a stone!”

“‘No oysters, ma’am?’ the fishman said;
 ‘No, not to-day!’ said she;
 ‘My child is fond of salmon, but
 Oysters do not agree!’
 The fishman wiped a salt, salt tear,
 And murmured, ‘Certainly!’”

“Ahem! but,” interposed the judge,
 “How do you know,” said he,
 “That she did really eat the fish?”
 “My Lord, it so must be,
 Because the oysters, I submit,
 With her did not agree!”

“Besides, besides,” the oyster cried,
 Half in an injured way,
 “The oysters in that fishman’s shop
 My relatives were they:
 They heard it all, they wrote to me,
 The letter came to-day!”

“’Tis only hearsay evidence,”
 The judge remarked, and smiled;
 “But it will do in such a case,
 With such a murd’rous child.
 Call the next witness!” for he saw
 The jury getting wild.

And then up rose a little shrimp:
 “I am the last,” said he,
 “Of what was once, as you all know,
 A happy familiee!
 Without a care we leapt and danced
 All in the merry sea!

“Alack! the cruel fisherman,
 He caught them all but me,
 The pris’ner clapped her hands and yelled—
 I heard her—‘Shrimps for tea!’
 And then went home and ate them all
 As fast as fast could be.”

The foreman of the jury rose
 (All hope for Bell had fled),
 “There is no further need, my Lord,
 Of witnesses,” he said;
 “The verdict of us one and all
 Is, *Guilty* on each head!”

“*Guilty*,” his Lordship said, and sighed;
 “A verdict sad but true:
 To pass the sentence of the court
 Is all I have to do;
 It is, that as you’ve fed on us,
 Why, we must feed on you!”

She tried to speak, she could not speak;
 She tried to run, but no!
 The lobsters seized and hurried her
 Off to the cells below,
 And each pulled out a carving-knife,
 And waved it to and fro.

But hark! there comes a voice she knows,
 And some one takes her hand;
 She finds herself at home again
 Upon the yellow sand;
 But how she got there safe and sound
 She cannot understand.

And many a morning afterwards,
 Whene’er she sees the tide,
 She still retains that vague idea,
 That she is being tried,
 And seems to see the sturgeon judge
 And the lobsters at her side.

JEFFREYS TAYLOR. Born 1793.

THE MILKMAID.

A milkmaid, who poised a full pail on her head,
 Thus mused on her prospects in life, it is said:
 “Let me see—I should think that this milk will procure
 One hundred good eggs, or fourscore, to be sure.

“Well then—stop a bit—it must not be forgotten,
Some of these may be broken, and some may be rotten;
But if twenty for accident should be detached,
It will leave me just sixty sound eggs to be hatched.

“Well, sixty sound eggs—no, sound chickens, I mean:
Of these some may die—we’ll suppose seventeen.
Seventeen! not so many—say ten at the most,
Which will leave fifty chickens to boil or to roast.

“But then, there’s their barley, how much will they need?
Why, they take but one grain at a time when they feed—
So that’s a mere trifle; now then, let us see,
At a fair market price, how much money there’ll be.

“Six shillings a pair—five—four—three-and-six.
To prevent all mistakes, that low price I will fix:
Now what will that make? fifty chickens, I said—
Fifty times three-and-sixpence—*I’ll ask brother Ned.*

“O! but stop—three-and-sixpence a *pair* I must sell ’em;
Well, a pair is a couple—now then let us tell ’em;
A couple in fifty will go—(my poor brain!)
Why, just a score times, and five pair will remain.

“Twenty-five pair of fowls—now how tiresome it is
That I can’t reckon up such money as this!
Well, there’s no use in trying, so let’s give a guess—
I’ll say twenty pounds, *and it can’t be no less.*

“Twenty pounds I am certain, will buy me a cow,
Thirty geese and two turkeys—eight pigs and a sow;
Now if these turn out well, at the end of the year,
I shall fill both my pockets with guineas, ’tis clear.”

Forgetting her burden, when this she had said,
The maid superciliously tossed up her head;
When, alas! for her prospects—her milk-pail descended,
And so all her schemes for the future were ended.

This moral, I think, may be safely attached,—
“Reckon not on your chickens before they are hatched.”

FRANCIS ORRERY TICKNOR. Born 1822.

LITTLE GIFFEN.

Out of the focal and foremost fire—
Out of the hospital walls as dire—
Smitten of grapeshot and gangrene—
Eighteenth battle and he, sixteen—
Spectre, such as you seldom see,
Little Giffen of Tennessee.

“Take him and welcome,” the surgeon said,
 “Not the doctor can help the dead!”
 So we took him and brought him where
 The balm was sweet in our Summer air;
 And we laid him down on a wholesome bed;
 Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

And we watched the war with abated breath,
 Skeleton boy against skeleton death!—
 Months of torture, how many such!
 Weary weeks of the stick and crutch,—
 And still a glint in the steel-blue eye
 Told of a spirit that wouldn't die,

And didn't!—Nay! more! in death's despite
 The crippled skeleton learned to write—
 “Dear Mother!” at first, of course, and then
 “Dear captain!” enquiring about the men.
 —Captain's answer: “Of eighty and five
 Giffen and I are left alive.”

“Johnston pressed at the front,” they say;—
 Little Giffen was up and away!
 A tear, his first, as he bade good-bye
 Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye;—
 “I'll write, if spared!” There was news of fight,
 But none of Giffen! he did not write!

I sometimes fancy that were I King
 Of the courtly Knights of Arthur's ring,
 With the voice of the minstrel in mine ear
 And the tender legend that trembles here—
 I'd give the best on his bended knee—
 The whitest soul of my chivalry—
 For Little Giffen of Tennessee.

JOHN TODHUNTER. Born 1839.

AGHADOE.

There's a glade in Aghadoe, Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
 There's a green and silent glade in Aghadoe,
 Where we met, my love and I, Love's fair planet in the sky,
 O'er that sweet and silent glade in Aghadoe.

There's a glen in Aghadoe, Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
 There's a deep and secret glen in Aghadoe,
 Where I hid from the eyes of the red-coats and their spies,
 That year the trouble came to Aghadoe.

O, my curse on one black heart in Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
 On Shaun Dhu, my mother's son in Aghadoe!
 When your throat fries in hell's drouth, salt the flame be in your
 mouth,
 For the treachery you did in Aghadoe!

For they track'd me to that glen in Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
 When the price was on his head in Aghadoe:
 O'er the mountain, through the wood, as I stole to him with food,
 Where in hiding lone he lay in Aghadoe.

But they never took him living in Aghadoe, Aghadoe;
 With the bullets in his heart in Aghadoe,
 There he lay, the head, my breast keeps the warmth of where 'twould
 rest,
 Gone, to win the traitor's gold, from Aghadoe!

I walk'd to Mallow town from Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
 Brought his head from the gaol's gate to Aghadoe;
 Then I cover'd him with fern, and I piled on him the cairn,
 Like an Irish King he sleeps in Aghadoe.

O, to creep into that cairn in Aghadoe, Aghadoe!
 There to rest upon his breast in Aghadoe!
 Sure your dog for you could die with no truer heart than I,
 Your own love, cold on your cairn in Aghadoe.

December 3. MARY LAMB. Born 1765.

CHOOSING A NAME.

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

Now I wonder what would please her,—
 Charlotte, Julia, or Louisa?
 Ann and Mary, they're too common;
 Joan's too formal for a woman;
 Jane's a prettier name beside;
 But we had a Jane that died.
 They would say, if 't was Rebecca,
 That she was a little Quaker.

Edith's pretty, but that looks
 Better in old English books;
 Ellen's left off long ago;
 Blanche is out of fashion now.
 None that I have named as yet
 Are so good as Margaret.
 Emily is neat and fine;
 What do you think of Caroline?
 How I'm puzzled and perplexed
 What to choose or think of next!
 I am in a little fever
 Lest the name that I should give her
 Should disgrace her or defame her;—
 I will leave papa to name her.

December 4. THOMAS CARLYLE. Born 1795.

THE DAWNING DAY.

So here hath been dawning
 Another blue day:
 Think, wilt thou let it
 Slip useless away?

Out of Eternity
 This new day is born;
 Into Eternity
 At night doth return.

Behold it aforetime
 No eyes ever did:
 So soon it for ever
 From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
 Another blue day:
 Think, wilt thou let it
 Slip useless away?

December 5. CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI. Born 1830.

SONG.

When I am dead, my dearest,
 Sing no sad songs for me;
 Plant thou no roses at my head,
 Nor shady cypress tree:

Be the green grass above me
 With showers and dewdrops wet;
 And if thou wilt, remember,
 And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
 I shall not feel the rain;
 I shall not hear the nightingale
 Sing on, as if in pain;

And dreaming through the twilight
 That doth not rise nor set,
 Haply I may remember,
 And haply may forget.

UPHILL.

Does the road wind uphill all the way?
 Yes, to the very end.
 Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
 From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
 A roof for when the slow, dark hours begin.
 May not the darkness hide it from my face?
 You cannot miss that inn.

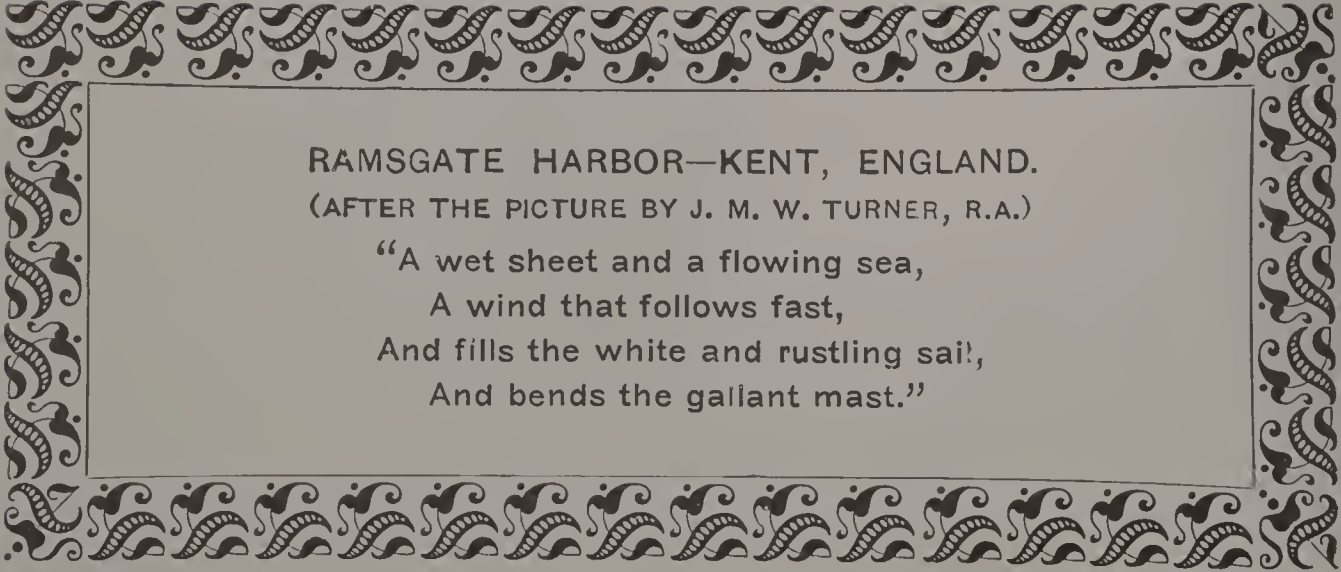
Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
 Those who have gone before.
 Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
 They will not keep you waiting at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
 Of labor you shall find the sum.
 Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
 Yea, beds for all who come.

December 7. ALLAN CUNNINGHAM. Born 1784.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.
 A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
 A wind that follows fast,
 And fills the white and rustling sail,
 And bends the gallant mast;
 And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
 While, like the eagle free,
 Away the good ship flies, and leaves
 Old England on the lee.





RAMSGATE HARBOR—KENT, ENGLAND.
(AFTER THE PICTURE BY J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.)

“A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast.”

O for a soft and gentle wind!
 I heard a fair one cry;
 But give to me the snoring breeze
 And white waves heaving high;
 And white waves heaving high, my boys,
 The good ship tight and free—
 The world of waters is our home,
 And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon.
 And lightning in yon cloud;
 And hark the music, mariners!
 The wind is piping loud;
 The wind is piping loud, my boys,
 The lightning flashing free—
 While the hollow oak our palace is,
 Our heritage the sea.

December 8. HENRY TIMROD. Born 1829.

CAROLINA.

I.

The despot treads thy sacred sands,
 Thy pines give shelter to his bands,
 Thy sons stand by with idle hands,
 Carolina!

He breathes at ease thy airs of balm,
 He scorns the lances of thy palm;
 Oh! who shall break thy craven calm,
 Carolina!

Thy ancient fame is growing dim,
 A spot is on thy garment's rim;
 Give to the winds thy battle hymn,
 Carolina!

II.

Call on thy children of the hill,
 Wake swamp and river, coast and rill,
 Rouse all thy strength and all thy skill,
 Carolina!

Cite wealth and science, trade and art,
 Touch with thy fire the cautious mart,
 And pour thee through the people's heart,
 Carolina!

Till even the coward spurns his fears,
 And all thy fields and fens and meres
 Shall bristle like thy palm with spears.
 Carolina!

III.

Hold up the glories of thy dead;
 Say how thy elder children bled,
 And point to Eutaw's battle-bed,
 Carolina!

Tell how the patriot's soul was tried,
 And what his dauntless breast defied;
 How Rutledge ruled and Laurens died,
 Carolina!

Cry! till thy summons, heard at last,
 Shall fall like Marion's bugle-blast
 Re-echoed from the haunted Past,
 Carolina!

IV.

I hear a murmur as of waves
 That grope their way through sunless caves,
 Like bodies struggling in their graves,
 Carolina!

And now it deepens; slow and grand
 It swells, as, rolling to the land,
 An ocean broke upon thy strand,
 Carolina!

Shout! let it reach the startled Huns!
 And roar with all thy festal guns!
 It is the answer of thy sons,
 Carolina!

V.

They will not wait to hear thee call;
 From Sachem's Head to Sumter's wall
 Resounds the voice of hut and hall,
 Carolina!

No! thou hast not a stain, they say,
 Or none save what the battle-day
 Shall wash in seas of blood away,
 Carolina!

Thy skirts indeed the foe may part,
 Thy robe be pierced with sword and dart,
 They shall not touch thy noble heart,
 Carolina!

VI.

Ere thou shalt own the tyrant's thrall
 Ten times ten thousand men must fall;
 Thy corpse may hearken to his call,
 Carolina!

When, by thy bier, in mournful throngs
 The women chant thy mortal wrongs,
 'Twill be their own funereal songs,
 Carolina!

From thy dead breast by ruffians trod
 No helpless child shall look to God;
 All shall be safe beneath thy sod,
 Carolina!

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December 9. JAMES HOGG. Born 1772.

THE SKYLARK.

Bird of the wilderness,
 Blithesome and cumberless,
 Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling-place—
 Oh to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay and loud,
 Far in the downy cloud
 Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
 Where, on thy dewy wing,
 Where art thou journeying?
 Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
 O'er moor and mountain green,
 O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
 Over the cloudlet dim,
 Over the rainbow's rim,
 Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!

Then, when the gloaming comes,
 Low in the heather blooms
 Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling-place—
 Oh to abide in the desert with thee!

December 9. JOHN MILTON. Born 1608.

MORNING.

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful jollity,
 Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
 Nods and becks, and wreathèd smiles.
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek;
 Sport that wrinkled care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides.
 Come and trip it as you go
 On the light fantastic toe;
 And in the right hand lead with thee
 The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
 And if I give thee honor due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
 To live with her, and hie with thee,
 In unprovèd pleasures free;
 To hear the lark begin his flight,
 And singing startle the dull night,
 From his watch-tower in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
 Then to come in spite of sorrow,
 And at my window bid good-morrow,
 'Through the sweet-briar or the vine,
 Or the twisted eglantine:
 While the cock with lively din
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
 And to the stack, or the barn-door,
 Stoutly struts his dames before.

FAIRY STORIES.

Sometimes with secure delight
 The upland Hamlets will invite,
 When the merry Bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks sound
 To many a youth and many a maid,
 Dancing in the checkered shade;
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a Sunshine Holy-day,
 Till the livelong daylight fail;
 Then to the Spicy Nut-brown Ale,
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How Fairy Mab the junkets eat,
 She was pinched, and pulled, she said,
 And he by Friars Lanthorn led,

Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat,
 To earn his Cream-bowl duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
 His shadowy Flail hath threshed the Corn,
 That ten day-laborers could not end;
 Then lies him down the Lubber Fiend,
 And stretched out all the chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first Cock his matin sings.
 Thus done the Tales, to bed they creep
 By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent, which is death to hide,
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest he returning chide;
 "Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
 I fondly ask: But Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replied, "God doth not need
 Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
 Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

December 14. CHARLES WOLFE. Born 1791.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AT CORUNNA, 1809.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
 As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
 The sods with our bayonets turning;
 By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
 And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
 Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
 But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
 With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
 That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
 And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;—
 But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on,
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
 When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
 And we heard the distant and random gun
 That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
 But we left him alone with his glory!

December 17. JOHN G. WHITTIER. Born 1807.

THE CORN SONG.

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
 Heap high the golden corn!
 No richer gift has autumn poured
 From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean
 The apple from the pine,
 The orange from its glossy green,
 The cluster from the vine.

We better love the hardy gift
 Our rugged vales bestow,
 To cheer us when the storm shall drift
 Our harvest-fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers,
 Our ploughs their furrows made,
 While on the hills the sun and showers
 Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain
 Beneath the sun of May,
 And frightened from our sprouting grain
 The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June
 Its leaves grew green and fair,
 And waved in hot midsummer's noon
 Its soft and yellow hair.

And now with autumn's moonlit eves,
 Its harvest-time has come,
 We pluck away the frosted leaves,
 And bear the treasure home.

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*December 21-22. LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS
 AT PLYMOUTH, 1620.*

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

The breaking waves dashed high
 On a stern and rock-bound coast,
 And the woods against a stormy sky
 Their giant branches tossed,

And the heavy night hung dark
 The hills and waters o'er,
 When a band of exiles moored their bark
 On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
 They, the true-hearted, came,
 Not with the roll of stirring drums,
 And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
 In silence and in fear,—
 They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
 With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
 And the stars heard and the sea!
 And the sounding aisles of the dim wood rang
 To the anthems of the free!

The ocean-eagle soared
 From his nest by the white waves' foam,
 And the rocking pines of the forest roared,—
 This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
 Amidst that pilgrim-band;
 Why had they come to wither there,
 Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
 Lit by her deep love's truth;
 There was manhood's brow serenely high,
 And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
 Bright jewels of the mine?
 The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
 They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
 The soil where first they trod!
 They have left unstained what there they found,—
 Freedom to worship God!

—*Felicia Dorothea Hemans.*

December 22. SARA COLERIDGE. Born 1802.

O SLEEP, MY BABE.

O sleep, my babe, hear not the rippling wave,
 Nor feel the breeze that round thee ling'ring strays
 To drink thy balmy breath,
 And sigh one long farewell.

Soon shall it mourn above thy wat'ry bed,
 And whisper to me, on the wave-beat shore,
 Deep murm'ring in reproach,
 Thy sad untimely fate.

Ere those dear eyes had open'd on the light,
 In vain to plead, thy coming life was sold,
 O waken'd but to sleep,
 Whence it can wake no more!

A thousand and a thousand silken leaves
 The tufted beech unfolds in early spring,
 All clad in tenderest green,
 All of the self-same shape:

A thousand infant faces, soft and sweet,
 Each year sends forth, yet every mother views
 Her last not least beloved
 Like its dear self alone.

No musing mind hath ever yet foreshaped
 The face to-morrow's sun shall first reveal,
 No heart hath e'er conceived
 What love that face will bring.

O sleep, my babe, nor heed how mourns the gale
 To part with thy soft locks and fragrant breath,
 As when it deeply sighs
 O'er autumn's latest bloom.

December 24. MATTHEW ARNOLD. Born 1822.

PHILOMELA.

Hark! ah, the nightingale!
 The tawny-throated!
 Hark! from that moonlit cedar what a burst!
 What triumph! hark,—what pain!
 O wanderer from a Grecian shore,
 Still—after many years, in distant lands—
 Still nourishing in thy bewildered brain
 That wild, unquenched, deep-sunken, Old-World pain,—
 Say, will it never heal?
 And can this fragrant lawn,
 With its cool trees, and night,
 And the sweet, tranquil Thames,
 And moonshine, and the dew,
 To thy racked heart and brain
 Afford no balm?

Dost thou to-night behold,
 Here, through the moonlight on this English grass,
 The unfriendly palace in the Thracian wild?

Dost thou again peruse,
 With hot cheeks and seared eyes,
 The too clear web, and thy dumb sister's shame?

Dost thou once more essay
 Thy flight; and feel come over thee,
 Poor fugitive! the feathery change;
 Once more; and once more make resound,
 With love and hate, triumph and agony,
 Lone Daulis, and the high Cephisian vale?

Listen, Eugenia,—
 How thick the bursts come crowding through the leaves!
 Again—thou hearest!
 Eternal passion!
 Eternal pain!

December 24. ELIZA COOK. Born 1818.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I love it—I love it, and who shall dare
 To chide me for loving that old arm-chair
 I've treasured it long as a sainted prize—
 I've bedewed it with tears, I've embalmed it with sighs;
 'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart,
 Not a tie will break, not a link will start;
 Would you 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 for many a day,
 When her eyes were 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 tears run down my cheek;
 But I love it—I love it, and cannot tear
 My soul from my mother's old arm-chair.

December 25. CHRISTMAS DAY. (Legal Holiday.)

OLD CHRISTMAS.

Those Christmas bells as sweetly chime
 As on the day when first they rung
 So merrily in the olden time,
 And far and wide their music flung,





OLD MAID

(AFTER THE PAINTING BY B. VAUTIER)

Benjamin Vautier, the famous Artist of Switzerland, has painted many scenes of the every-day life of the people of Germany, France and of his home land. Here is one which admirably shows the fun of the innocent and mirth-provoking game of "Old Maid." Note how eagerly every one of the company is watching to see whether the comely maiden will draw the fateful Queen.

The game is in its last stage and, according to the merry pretence of the players, one of these two interesting figures must be condemned to a life of single blessedness.

Shaking the tall, gray, ivied tower,
 With all their deep, melodious power,
 They still proclaim to every ear
 Old Christmas comes but once a year.

Then he came singing through the woods,
 And plucked the holly, bright and green;
 Pulled here and there the ivy buds;
 Was sometimes hidden, sometimes seen,
 Half-buried 'neath the mistletoe,
 His long beard hung with flakes of snow;
 And still he ever carolled clear,
 Old Christmas comes but once a year.

The bells which usher in the morn
 Have ever drawn my mind away
 To Bethlehem, where Christ was born,
 And the low stable where He lay,
 In which the large-eyed oxen fed;
 To Mary, bowing low her head,
 And looking down, with love sincere;
 For Christmas still comes once a year.

Upon a gayer, happier scene
 Never did holly berries peer,
 Or ivy throw its trailing green
 On brighter forms than there are here:
 Nor Christmas, in his old armchair,
 Smile upon lips or brows more fair.
 Then let us sing, amid our cheer,
 Old Christmas still comes once a year.

BELLS OF YULE.

The time draws near the birth of Christ;
 The moon is hid; the night is still;
 The Christmas bells from hill to hill
 Answer each other in the mist.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

IN THE BLEAK MIDWINTER.

In the bleak midwinter
 Frosty winds made moan,
 Earth stood hard as iron,
 Water like a stone;
 Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
 Snow on snow,
 In the bleak midwinter
 Long ago.

Our God, Heaven cannot hold Him,
 Nor earth sustain;
 Heaven and earth shall flee away
 When He comes to reign:
 In the bleak midwinter
 A stable-place sufficed
 The Lord God Almighty,
 Jesus Christ.

Enough for Him whom cherubim
 Worship night and day,
 A breastful of milk
 And a mangerful of hay;
 Enough for Him whom angels
 Fall down before,
 The ox and ass and camel
 Which adore.

Angels and archangels
 May have gathered there.
 Cherubim and seraphim
 Thronged the air:
 But only His mother,
 In her maiden bliss,
 Worshipped the Beloved
 With a kiss.

What can I give Him,
 Poor as I am?
 If I were a shepherd
 I would bring a lamb,
 If I were a wise man
 I would do my part,
 Yet what I can I give Him:
 Give my heart.

—*Christina Rossetti.*

BE YOU GLAD, GOOD PEOPLE!
 As Joseph was a-waukin'
 He heard an angel sing,
 "This night shall be the birthnight
 Of Christ our heavenly King.

"His birthbed shall be neither
 In housen nor in hall,
 Nor in the place of Paradise,
 But in the oxen's stall.

“He neither shall be rockèd
 In silver nor in gold,
 But in the wooden manger
 That lieth in the mould.

“He neither shall be washen
 With white wine nor with red,
 But with the fair spring water
 That on you shall be shed.

“He neither shall be clothèd
 In purple nor in pall,
 But in the fair white linen
 That usen babies all.”

As Joseph was a-waukin’
 Thus did the angel sing,
 And Mary’s Son at midnight
 Was born to be our King.

Then be you glad, good people,
 At this time of the year;
 And light you up your candles,
 For His star it shineth clear.

—*Old English Carol.*

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

I care not for spring; on his fickle wing
 Let the blossoms and buds be borne;
 He woos them amain with his treacherous rain,
 And he scatters them ere the morn.
 An inconstant elf, he knows not himself,
 Nor his own changing mind an hour;
 He’ll smile in your face, and, with wry grimace,
 He’ll wither your youngest flower.

Let the summer sun to his bright home run,
 He shall never be sought by me;
 When he’s dimmed by a cloud, I can laugh aloud,
 And care not how sulky he be!
 For his darling child is the madness wild
 That sports in fierce fever’s train;
 And when love is too strong, it doesn’t last long,
 As many have found to their pain.

A mild harvest night, by the tranquil light
 Of the modest and gentle moon,
 Has a far sweeter sheen for me, I ween,
 Than the broad and unblushing noon.

But every leaf awakens my grief,
 As it lieth beneath the tree;
 So let autumn air be never so fair,
 It by no means agrees with me.

But my song I troll out for Christmas stout,
 The hearty, the true, and the bold;
 A bumper I drain, and with might and main
 Give three cheers for this Christmas old!
 We'll usher him in with a merry din
 That shall gladden his joyous heart,
 And we'll keep him up, while there's bite or sup,
 And in fellowship good we'll part.

In his fine honest pride, he scorns to hide
 One jot of his hard-weather scars;
 They're no disgrace, for there's much the same trace
 On the cheeks of our bravest tars.
 Then again I sing till the roof doth ring,
 And it echoes from wall to wall.
 To the stout old wight, fair welcome to-night,
 As the King of the Seasons all!

—*Charles Dickens*

GOOD KING WENCESLAS.

Good King Wenceslas looked out
 On the Feast of Stephen,
 When the snow lay round about,
 Deep, and crisp, and even.
 Brightly shone the moon that night,
 Though the frost was cruel,
 When a poor man came in sight,
 Gath'ring winter fuel.

“Hither, page, and stand by me,
 If thou know'st it, telling,
 Yonder peasant, who is he?
 Where and what his dwelling?”
 “Sire, he lives a good league hence,
 Underneath the mountain;
 Right against the forest fence,
 By Saint Agnes' fountain.”

“Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
 Bring me pine-logs hither:
 Thou and I will see him dine,
 When we bear him thither.”

Page and monarch, forth they went,
 Forth they went together;
 Through the rude wind's wild lament
 And the bitter weather.

"Sire, the night is darker now,
 And the wind blows stronger;
 Fails my heart, I know not how,
 I can go no longer."

"Mark my footsteps, good, my page;
 Tread thou in them boldly:
 Thou shalt find the winter rage
 Freeze thy blood less coldly."

In his master's steps he trod,
 Where the snow lay dinted;
 Heat was in the very sod
 Which the saint had printed.
 Therefore, Christian men be sure,
 Wealth or rank possessing,
 Ye who now will bless the poor,
 Shall yourselves find blessing.

—*Old Carol.*

December 25. WILLIAM COLLINS. Born 1721.

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE.

How sleep the Brave who sink to rest
 By all their country's wishes blest!
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
 There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
 And Freedom shall awhile repair
 To dwell a weeping hermit there.

December 26. THOMAS GRAY. Born 1716.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
 When heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
 How jocund did they drive their team afield!
 How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
 Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike the inevitable hour:—
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
 If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
 Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
 E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
 E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonored dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
 If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
 Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
 Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
 Along the heath and near his favorite tree;
 Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next, with dirges due in sad array
 Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne;
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
 A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
 Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
 He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
 He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose),
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

December 29. ALBERT PIKE. Born 1809.

TO THE MOCKING BIRD.

Thou glorious mocker of the world! I hear
 Thy many voices ringing through the glooms
 Of these green solitudes; and all the clear,
 Bright joyance of their song enthralls the ear,
 And floods the heart. Over the spherèd tombs
 Of vanished nations rolls thy music-tide;
 No light from History's starlit page illumines
 The memory of these nations; they have died:
 None care for them but thou; and thou mayst sing
 O'er me, perhaps, as now thy clear notes ring
 Over their bones by whom thou once wast deified.

Glad scorner of all cities! Thou dost leave
 The world's mad turmoil and incessant din,
 Where none in other's honesty believe,
 Where the old sigh, the young turn gray and grieve,
 Where misery gnaws the maiden's heart within;
 Thou fleest far into the dark green woods,
 Where, with thy flood of music, thou canst win
 Their heart to harmony, and where intrudes
 No discord on thy melodies. Oh, where,
 Among the sweet musicians of the air,
 Is one so dear as thou to these old solitudes?

Ha! what a burst was that! The Æolian strain
 Goes floating through the tangled passages
 Of the still woods, and now it comes again,
 A multitudinous melody,—like a rain
 Of glassy music under echoing trees,
 Close by a ringing lake. It wraps the soul
 With a bright harmony of happiness,
 Even as a gem is wrapped when round it roll
 Thin waves of crimson flame; till we become
 With the excess of perfect pleasure, dumb,
 And pant like a swift runner clinging to the goal.

I cannot love the man who doth not love,
 As men love light, the song of happy birds;
 For the first visions that my boy-heart wove
 To fill its sleep with, were that I did rove

Through the fresh woods, what time the snowy herds
 Of morning clouds shrunk from the advancing sun
 Into the depths of Heaven's blue heart, as words
 From the Poet's lips float gently, one by one,
 And vanish in the human heart; and then
 I revelled in such songs, and sorrowed when,
 With noon-heat overwrought, the music-gush was done.

I would, sweet bird, that I might live with thee,
 Amid the eloquent grandeur of these shades,
 Alone with nature,—but it may not be;
 I have to struggle with the stormy sea
 Of human life until existence fades
 Into death's darkness. Thou wilt sing and soar
 Through the thick woods and shadow-checked glades,
 While pain and sorrow cast no dimness o'er
 The brilliance of thy heart; but I must wear,
 As now, my garments of regret and care,—
 As penitents of old their galling sackcloth wore.

Yet why complain? What though fond hopes deferred
 Have overshadowed Life's green paths with gloom?
 Content's soft music is not all unheard;
 There is a voice sweeter than thine, sweet bird,
 To welcome me within my humble home;
 There is an eye, with love's devotion bright,
 The darkness of existence to illumine.
 Then why complain? When Death shall cast his blight
 Over the spirit, my cold bones shall rest
 Beneath these trees; and from thy swelling breast,
 Over them pour thy song, like a rich flood of light.

December 30. RUDYARD KIPLING. Born 1865.

RECESSIONAL.

God of our fathers, known of old—
 Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
 Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
 The captains and the kings depart—
 Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
 An humble and a contrite heart.
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget!

Far-call'd our navies melt away—
 On dune and headland sinks the fire—
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
 Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
 Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
 Such boastings as the Gentiles use
 Or lesser breeds without the Law—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
 In reeking tube and iron shard—
 All valiant dust that builds on dust,
 And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
 For frantic boast and foolish word,
 Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

WINTER—SELECTIONS.

Come, Winter, with thine angry howl,
 And raging bend the naked tree;
 The gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
 When Nature all is sad like me!

—*Robert Burns.*

Bite, frost, bite!
 You roll up away from the light
 The blue wood-louse and the plump dormouse,
 And the bees are still'd, and the flies are kill'd,
 And you bite far into the heart of the house,
 But not into mine.

—*Tennyson.*

On the wind in February
 Snowflakes float still,
 Half inclined to turn to rain,
 Nipping, dripping, chill,
 Then the thaws swell the sea.

—*Christina Rossetti.*

Cold December brings the sleet,
 Blazing fire, and Christmas treat.

—*Sara Coleridge.*

Blow, blow, thou wintry wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude;
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.
 Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho!
 Unto the green holly.

—*Shakespeare.*

When cats run home and light is come
 And dew is cold upon the ground,
 And the far off stream is dumb,
 And the whirring sail goes round,
 And the whirring sail goes round;
 Alone and warming his five wits,
 The white owl in the belfry sits.

—*Tennyson.*

'Tis done! dread winter spreads his latest glooms,
 And reigns tremendous o'er the conquered year,
 How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
 How dumb the tuneful!

—*Thomson.*

The cherish'd fields
 Put on their winter robes of purest white,
 'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts
 Along the mazy current, how the woods
 Bow their hoar head; and ere the languid sun
 Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
 Earth's universal face, deep hid and chill,
 Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide the works of man.

—*Thomson.*

The fireside for the cricket,
 The wheat sack for the mouse;
 Then trembling night winds whistle
 And moan all round the house,
 The frosty ways like iron,
 The branches plumed with snow,—
 Alas! in winter dead and dark
 Where can poor Robin go?

—*William Allingham.*

Crackle and blaze,
 Crackle and blaze;
 There's snow on the house tops,
 There's ice on the ways;
 But the keener the season
 The stronger's the reason
 Our ceiling should flicker and glow and blaze.
 So fire, piled fire,
 Leap, fire, and shout;
 Be it warmer within
 As 'tis colder without.
 And as curtains we draw and around the hearth close,
 As we glad us with talk of great frosts and deep snows,
 As redly thy warmth on the shadowed wall plays,
 We'll say Winter's evenings outmatch Summer's days,
 And a song, jolly roarer, we'll shout in thy praise;
 So crackle and blaze,
 Crackle and blaze.

—*William Cox Bennett.*

When icicles hang by the wall,
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail;
 When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 To whoo;

Tu whit! tu whoo! A merry note!

Tu whit! to-who! A merry note!

—*Shakespeare.*

THE CLOSING YEAR.

'Tis midnight's holy hour—and silence now
 Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er
 The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds,
 The bell's deep notes are swelling. 'Tis the knell
 Of the departed year.

—*George Denison Prentice.*

RING OUT, WILD BELLS.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
 The flying cloud, the frosty light;
 The year is dying in the night;
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go:
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times,
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

A BUDGET OF QUOTATIONS FOR EVERYDAY USE.

ABSENCE.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder.

—T. H. BAYLY.

ACTION.

Our acts our angels are, or good or ill.
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

—J. FLETCHER.

ADMIRATION.

The light that lies
In woman's eyes.

—T. MOORE.

ADORNMENT.

She's adorned
Amplly that in her husband's eye looks lovely,—
The truest mirror that an honest wife
Can see her beauty in.

—J. TOBIN.

ADVENTURE.

We must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

—SHAKESPEARE.

ADVERSITY.

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

—SHAKESPEARE.

ADVICE.

The worst men often give the best advice.
Our deeds are sometimes better than our thoughts.

—P. J. BAILEY.

AGE.

As you are old and reverend, you should be wise.

—SHAKESPEARE.

AIR.

Hamlet. The air bites shrewdly: it is very cold.
Horatio. It is a nipping and an eager air.

—SHAKESPEARE.

AMBITION.

To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:
Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven.

—MILTON.

ANGER.

Be advised;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself: we may outrun,
By violent swiftmess, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running.

—SHAKESPEARE.

ANGLING.

All's fish they get
That cometh to net.

—T. TUSSER.

ANTHOLOGY.

Infinite riches in a little room.

—C. MARLOWE.

ARCHITECTURE.

When we mean to build, . . .
We first survey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection.

—SHAKESPEARE.

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication.

—W. C. BRYANT.

ARGUMENT.

Who shall decide, when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?

—A. POPE.

ARISTOCRACY.

Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,
But leave us still our old nobility.

—LORD J. MANNERS.

Great families of yesterday we show,
And lords whose parents were the Lord knows who.

—D. DEFOE.

ART.

His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart.

—O. GOLDSMITH.

ASPIRATION.

The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow.

—P. B. SHELLEY.

I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

—A. TENNYSON.

AUTHORITY.

The rule
Of the many is not well. One must be chief
In war and one the king.

—HOMER. Trans. of BRYANT.

AUTHORSHIP.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence;
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw
The line too labors, and the words move slow;
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.

—A. POPE.

BATTLE.

Now the storm begins to lower,
(Haste, the loom of hell prepare,)
Iron sleet of arrowy shower
Hurtles in the darkened air.
Glittering lances are the loom,
Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a soldier's doom,
Orkney's woe, and Randoer's bane.

—T. GRAY.

When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war.

—N. LEE.

BEAUTY.

A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair.

—A. TENNYSON.

BELL.

Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh.

—SHAKESPEARE.

BIBLE.

Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine;
Mine to tell me whence I came,
Mine to teach me what I am.

—J. BURTON.

BIRDS.

I shall not ask Jean Jacques Rousseau
If birds confabulate or no.
'Tis clear that they were always able
To hold discourse—at least in fable.

—W. COWPER.

BLESSING.

Blessings star forth forever; but a curse
Is like a cloud—it passes.

—P. J. BAILEY.

BLUSH.

From every blush that kindles in thy cheeks,
Ten thousand little loves and graces spring
To revel in the roses.

—N. ROWE.

BOATING.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time,
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at Saint Ann's our parting hymn;
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past!

—T. MOORE.

BOOKS.

Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good;
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.

—W. WORDSWORTH.

'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
A book's a book, although there's nothing in 't.

—LORD BYRON.

BORROWING.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

—SHAKESPEARE.

It is a very good world to live in,
To lend, or to spend, or to give in;
But to beg or to borrow, or to get a man's own,
It is the very worst world that ever was known.

—Attributed to EARL OF ROCHESTER.

CARE.

Begone, dull Care, I prithee begone from me;
Begone, dull Care, thou and I shall never agree.

—PLAYFORD'S "MUSICAL COMPANION."

CHANCE.

And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance.

—A. TENNYSON.

CHANGE.

Manners with fortunes, humors turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.

—A. POPE.

Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!

—SHAKESPEARE.

CHARITY.

Who will not mercie unto others show,
How can he mercie ever hope to have?

—E. SPENSER.

Meek and lowly, pure and holy,
First among the Blessed Three,
Heaven-born art thou, Charity.

ANONYMOUS.

CHILDHOOD.

And the King with his golden sceptre,
 The Pope with Saint Peter's key,
 Can never unlock the one little heart
 That is opened only to me.
 For I am Lord of a Realm,
 And I am Pope of a See;
 Indeed I'm supreme in the kingdom
 That is sitting, just now, on my knee.

—C. H. WEBB.

CHURCH.

Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
 Will never mark the marble with his name.

—A. POPE.

CITY.

God the first garden made, and the first city Cain.

—A. COWLEY.

CLOUD.

Yonder cloud
 That rises upward always higher,
 And onward drags a laboring breast,
 And topples round the dreary west,
 A looming bastion fringed with fire.

—A. TENNYSON.

COMFORT.

And He that doth the ravens feed,
 Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
 Be comfort to my age!

—SHAKESPEARE.

CONCEIT.

In men this blunder still you find,
 All think their little set mankind.

—HANNAH MORE.

CONSCIENCE.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind:
 The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

—SHAKESPEARE.

CONSOLATION.

O weary hearts! O slumbering eyes!
 O drooping souls, whose destinies
 Are fraught with fear and pain,
 Ye shall be loved again.

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

CONSTANCY.

O heaven! were man
 But constant, he were perfect. That one error
 Fills him with faults; makes him run through all the sins:
 Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.

—SHAKESPEARE.

CONTENTMENT.

My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
 Not decked with diamonds and Indian stones,
 Nor to be seen: my crown is called content;
 A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

—SHAKESPEARE.

CONVERSATION.

But conversation, choose what theme we may,
 And chiefly when religion leads the way,
 Should flow, like waters after summer show'rs,
 Not as if raised by mere mechanic powers.

—W. COWPER.

COQUETRY.

How happy could I be with either,
 Were t'other dear charmer away!
 But while ye thus tease me together,
 To neither a word will I say.

—J. GAY.

COURAGE.

Courage, the highest gift, that scorns to bend
 To mean devices for a sordid end.
 Courage—an independent spark from Heaven's bright throne,
 By which the soul stands raised, triumphant, high, alone.
 Great in itself, not praises of the crowd,
 Above all vice, it stoops not to be proud.
 Courage, the mighty attribute of powers above,
 By which those great in war, are great in love.
 The spring of all brave acts is seated here,
 As falsehoods draw their sordid birth from fear.

—G. FARQUHAR.

COURTESY.

How sweet and gracious, even in common speech,
Is that fine sense which men call Courtesy!
Wholesome as air and genial as the light,
Welcome in every clime as breath of flowers,
It transmutes aliens into trusting friends,
And gives its owner passport round the globe.

—J. T. FIELDS.

COWARDICE.

Cowards are cruel, but the brave
Love mercy, and delight to save.

—J. GAY.

CREED.

Go put your creed into your deed,
Nor speak with double tongue.

—R. W. EMERSON.

CRITICISM.

Vex not thou the poet's mind
With thy shallow wit:
Vex not thou the poet's mind;
For thou canst not fathom it.

—A. TENNYSON.

CUSTOM.

But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born—it is a custom
More honored in the breach, than the observance.

—SHAKESPEARE.

DEATH.

"Whom the gods love die young," was said of yore.
—LORD BYRON.

Death and his twin brother, sleep.

—SHELLEY.

Death is but the sounder sleep.

—F. BEAUMONT.

DECEIT.

Stamps God's own name upon a lie just made,
To turn a penny in the way of trade.

—W. COWPER.

DEFEAT.

What though the field be lost?
All is not lost.

—MILTON.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Hope tells a flattering tale,
Delusive, vain, and hollow,
Ah, let not Hope prevail,
Lest disappointment follow.

—MISS WROTHER.

DOUBT.

Modest doubt is called
The beacon of the wise.

—SHAKESPEARE.

DREAM.

Dreams are the children of an idle brain.

—SHAKESPEARE.

DRESS.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

—SHAKESPEARE.

DUTY.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, Thou must,
The youth replies, I can.

—R. W. EMERSON.

ETERNITY.

Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
But an eternal now does always last.

—A. COWLEY.

EXPECTATION.

'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear;
Heaven were not heaven, if we knew what it were.

—SIR J. SUCKLING.

FAITH.

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
 And gather dust and chaff, and call
 To what I feel is Lord of all,
 And faintly trust the larger hope.

—A. TENNYSON.

FALSEHOOD.

That a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies;
 That a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright—
 But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight.

—A. TENNYSON.

FAME.

What shall I do to be forever known,
 And make the age to come my own?

—A. COWLEY.

Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,
 The lowest of your throng.

—MILTON.

FANCY.

Tell me where is Fancy bred,
 Or in the heart or in the head?
 How begot, how nourished?
 Reply, reply.

—SHAKESPEARE.

FAREWELL.

Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been—
 A sound which makes us linger;—yet—farewell.

—LORD BYRON.

FASHION.

Nothing is thought rare
 Which is not new, and followed; yet we know
 That what was worn some twenty years ago
 Comes into grace again.

—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

FATE.

I'll make assurance doubly sure,
 And take a bond of Fate.

—SHAKESPEARE.

FAULT.

Men still had faults, and men will have them still;
 He that hath none, and lives as angels do,
 Must be an angel.

—W. DILLON.

FEAR.

Letting I dare not wait upon I would.

—SHAKESPEARE.

Tender-handed stroke a nettle,
 And it stings you for your pains;
 Grasp it like a man of mettle,
 And it soft as silk remains.

—A. HILL.

FIDELITY.

True as the needle to the pole,
 Or as the dial to the sun.

—B. BOOTH.

FLATTERY.

O, that men's ears should be
 To counsel deaf, but not to flattery!

—SHAKESPEARE.

FLOWERS.

Loveliest of lovely things are they
 On earth that soonest pass away.
 The rose that lives its little hour
 Is prized beyond the sculptured flower.

—W. C. BRYANT.

A primrose by a river's brim
 A yellow primrose was to him,
 And it was nothing more.

—W. WORDSWORTH.

FORGET.

Good to forgive:
 Best to forget.

—R. BROWNING.

FORGIVE.

To err is human, to forgive divine.

—A. POPE.

FORTUNE.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.
—SHAKESPEARE.

FREEDOM.

Of old sat Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet :
Above her shook the starry lights :
She heard the torrents meet.
—A. TENNYSON.

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship is the cement of two minds,
As of one man the soul and body is ;
Of which one cannot sever but the other
Suffers a needful separation.
—G. CHAPMAN.

FUTURE.

The best of prophets of the Future is the Past.
—LORD BYRON.

GLORY.

We rise in glory, as we sink in pride :
Where boasting ends, there dignity begins.
—DR. E. YOUNG.

GOD.

The Somewhat which we name but cannot know,
Ev'n as we name a star and only see
Its quenchless flashings forth, which ever show
And ever hide him, and which are not he.
—W. WATSON.

GRATITUDE.

A grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, as once
Indebted and discharged.
—MILTON.

GREATNESS.

That man is great, and he alone,
Who serves a greatness not his own,
For neither praise nor pelf :
Content to know and be unknown :
Whole in himself.
—LORD LYTTON (Owen Meredith).

GRIEF.

No greater grief than to remember days
Of joy when misery is at hand.
—DANTE.

HABIT.

Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.
—OVID. Trans. of DRYDEN.

HAPPINESS.

The way to bliss lies not on beds of down,
And he that had no cross deserves no crown.
—F. QUARLES.

HATE.

Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.
—W. CONGREVE.

HEAVEN.

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish—
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.
—T. MOORE.

HELL.

All hope abandon, ye who enter here.
—DANTE.

HELP.

Help thyself, and God will help thee.
—G. HERBERT.

HEROISM.

The man that is not moved at what he reads,
That takes not fire at their heroic deeds,
Unworthy of the blessings of the brave,
Is base in kind, and born to be a slave.
—W. COWPER.

HOME.

His home, the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.
—J. MONTGOMERY.

HOPE.

The wretch condemned with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies ;
And every pang that rends the heart
Bids expectation rise.

—O. GOLDSMITH.

HOSPITALITY.

I've often wished that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end.

—J. SWIFT.

HUMILITY.

God hath sworn to lift on high
Who sinks himself by true humility.

—J. KEBLE.

HYPOCRISY.

The Devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

—SHAKESPEARE.

IDLENESS.

For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

—DR. I. WATTS.

IMAGINATION.

We figure to ourselves
The thing we like, and then we build it up
As chance will have it, on the rock or sand ;
For thought is tired of wandering o'er the world,
And home-bound Fancy runs her bark ashore.

—SIR H. TAYLOR.

INCONSTANCY.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever ;
One foot in sea and one on shore ;
To one thing constant never.

—SHAKESPEARE.

INGRATITUDE.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!

—SHAKESPEARE.

INNOCENCE.

True, conscious honor is to feel no sin ;
He's armed without that's innocence within.

—A. POPE.

INSTRUCTION.

'Tis education forms the common mind ;
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.

—A. POPE.

INVENTION.

Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam! afar
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car ;
Or on wide waving wings expanded bear
The flying-chariot through the field of air.

—E. DARWIN.

JEALOUSY.

O, beware, my lord, of jealousy ;
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
The meat it feeds on. . . .
But, O, what damnèd minutes tells he o'er
Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves!

—SHAKESPEARE.

JEWEL.

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore.

—T. MOORE.

JOURNALISM.

If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye tent it :
A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it.

—R. LURNS.

JOY.

How fading are the joys we dote upon!
Like apparitions seen and gone;
But those which soonest take their flight
Are the most exquisite and strong;
Like angels' visits, short and bright,
Mortality's too weak to bear them long.

—J. NORRIS.

KISS.

Give me a kisse, adde to that kisse a score;
Then to that twenty adde a hundred more;
A thousand to that hundred; so kisse on,
To make that thousand up a million;
Treble that million, and when that is done,
Let's kisse afresh, as when we first begun.

—R. HERRICK.

KNOWLEDGE.

All things I thought I knew; but now confess
The more I know I know, I know the less.

—J. OWEN.

LABOR.

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work.

—SHAKESPEARE.

When Adam dolve, and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?

—J. BALL.

LAW.

Once (says an Author; where, I need not say)
Two trav'lers found an Oyster in their way;
Both fierce, both hungry; the dispute grew strong,
While Scale in hand Dame Justice passed along.
Before her each with clamor pleads the Laws.
Explained the matter, and would win the cause,
Dame Justice weighing long the doubtful Right,
Takes, opens, swallows it, before their sight.
The cause of strife removed so rarely well,
"There take" (says Justice), "take ye each a shell.
We thrive at Westminster on Fools like you:
'Twas a fat oyster—live in peace—Adieu."

—A. POPE.

LEARNING.

A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.

—A. POPE.

LETTERS.

Full oft have letters caused the writers
To curse the day they were inditers.

—BUTLER'S "HUDIBRAS."

LIBERTY.

The love of liberty with life is given,
And life itself th' inferior gift of heaven.

—DRYDEN.

LIFE.

Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

—SHAKESPEARE.

Life is real, life is earnest;
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest;
Was not spoken of the soul.

—LONGFELLOW.

LOVE.

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pleasures might my passions move,
To live with thee and be they love.
So fading flowers in every field,
To winter floods their treasures yield;
A honey'd tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

—SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Then fly betimes, for only they
Conquer love that run away.

—CAREW.

LOVERS.

Lovers' eyes more sharply sighted be
Than other men's, and in dear love's delight
See more than any other eyes can see.

—SPENSER.

LUXURY.

War destroys men, but luxury mankind
At once corrupts; the body and the mind.

—CROWN'S "CALIGULA."

MADNESS.

O what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's, eye, tongue, sword;
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observ'd of all observers! quite, quite down!
And, I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of time and harsh.

—SHAKESPEARE.

MAN.

His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that nature might stand up,
And say to all the world,—This is a man!

—SHAKESPEARE.

A man's a man for a' that.

—BURNS.

MARRIAGE.

Two minds link'd in love, one cannot be
Delighted, but the other rejoiceth.

—LILLY.

MEETING.

And doth not a meeting like this make amends
For all the long years I've been wand'ring away?

—ANON.

MELANCHOLY.

There is no music in this life
That sounds with happy laughter solely;
There's not a string attun'd to mirth,
But has its chord of melancholy.

—THOMAS HOOD.

MEMORY.

Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

—O. GOLDSMITH.

MERCY.

The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown.

—SHAKESPEARE.

MERIT.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend,
His praise is lost who waits till all commend.

—A. POPE.

MIND.

The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heav'n of hell, a hell of heav'n.

—MILTON.

MIRTH.

Haste thee, my nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles.

—MILTON.

MISER.

Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

—DR. JOHNSON.

MISFORTUNE.

He lests at scars, that never felt a wound.

—SHAKESPEARE.

MODESTY.

The blushing beauties of a modest maid.
—DRYDEN.

MOON. MOONLIGHT.

The queen of night
Round us pours a lambent light.
—DR. JOHNSON.
So calm, so beautiful, and yet how cold!
—ANON.

Fair moon, to thee I sing,
Bright Regent of the Heavens.
—GILBERT AND SULLIVAN.

MORNING.

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contained no tomb—
And glowing into day.

—BYRON.

MOTHER.

There is none
In all this cold and hollow world, no fount
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
A mother's heart!

—MRS. HEMANS.

MOURNING.

Oh! Thou who dry'st the mourners' tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!
The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who hath but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone;
But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

—MOORE.

MUSIC.

If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.

—SHAKESPEARE.

NAME.

What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet.
—SHAKESPEARE.
Good name in man or woman dear—
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.

—SHAKESPEARE.

NATURE.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.
—A. POPE.

The book of nature, and the print
Of beauty on the whispering sea.
—WILLIS.

NEWS.

The news! our morning, noon, and evening cry,
Day after day repeats it till we die.
—SPRAGUE.

NIGHT.

Quiet night, that brings
Rest to the laborer.
—MASSINGER.

NOVELTY.

Of all the passions that possess mankind,
The love of novelty rules most the mind.
—FOOTE.

OATHS.

'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth;
But the plain single vow, that is vowed true.
—SHAKESPEARE.

OBSTINACY.

Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.
—SHAKESPEARE.

OCEAN.

Roll on, thou dark and deep blue ocean—roll!
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
 Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffined, and unknown.

—BYRON.

OPPORTUNITY.

The golden opportunity
 Is never offered twice.

—OLD PLAY.

PAIN.

Our pains are real things, and all
 Our pleasures but fantastical.

—BUTLER.

PARTING.

Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow
 That I shall say—good night till it be to-morrow.

—SHAKESPEARE.

PASSIONS.

The ruling passion, be it what it will,
 The ruling passion conquers reason still.

—A. POPE.

PATIENCE.

Patience, my lord! why, 'tis the soul of peace:
 Of all the virtues 'tis the nearest kin to heaven.

—DECKER.

PATRIOTISM.

Be just, and fear not:
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's.

—SHAKESPEARE.

He who maintains his country's laws
 Alone is great.

—SIR A. HUNT.

Then none was for a party;
 Then all were for the state.

—MACAULAY.

Our Country first, their glory and their pride,
 Land of their hopes, land where their fathers died,
 When in the right, they'll keep thy honor bright,
 When in the wrong, they'll die to set it right.

—JAMES T. FIELDS.

PEACE.

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
 Were half the wealth bestow'd on camps and courts,
 Given to redeem the human mind from error,
 There were no need of arsenals and forts!

—LONGFELLOW.

PERFECTION.

To gild refinèd gold, to paint the lily,
 To throw a perfume on the violet,
 To smooth the ice, or add another hue
 Unto the rainbow, or with taper light
 To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
 Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

—SHAKESPEARE.

PERSEVERANCE.

And in misfortune's dreary hour,
 Or fortune's prosperous gale,
 'Twill have a holy, cheering power—
 "There's no such word as fail!"

—MRS. NEAL.

PHILOSOPHY.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
 Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

—SHAKESPEARE.

Whatever skeptic could inquire for,
 For ev'ry why he had a wherefore.

—BUTLER'S "HUDIBRAS."

PHYSIC.

Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.

—SHAKESPEARE.

PITY.

Pity is love when grown into excess.

—SIR R. HOWARD.

PLEASURE.

Pleasures, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

—A. POPE.

POETRY.

Poetry is itself a thing of God ;
He made his prophets poets, and the more
We feel of poesie do we become
Like God in love and power.

—BAILEY.

Never did poesy appear
So full of heaven to me, as when
I saw how it would pierce through pride and fear
To the lives of coarsest men!
I thought, these men will carry hence
Promptings their former life above,
And something of a finer reverence
For beauty, truth, and love.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

POLITICS.

I care for measures more than men, but think
Some little may depend upon the men.

—BAILEY.

POPULARITY.

Track not the steps of such as hold you cheap,—
Too mean to prize, though good enough to keep ;
Your "real, genuine, no-mistake Tom Thumbs"
Are little people fed on great men's crumbs.

—O. W. HOLMES.

POVERTY.

O grant me, heav'n, a middle state,
Neither too humble nor too great ;
More than enough for nature's ends,
With something left to treat my friends.

—MALLET.

PRAISE.

Commend but sparingly whom thou dost love ;
But less condemn whom thou dost not approve ;
Thy friend, like flattery, too much praise doth wrong ;
And too sharp censure shows an evil tongue.

—DENHAM.

PRAYER.

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below :
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go.

—SHAKESPEARE.

PRIDE.

What is pride? a whizzing rocket
That would emulate a star.

—WORDSWORTH.

PROMISES.

My deeds, and speeches, sir,
Are lines drawn from one centre ; what I promise
To do, I'll do.

—DANIEL.

PROSPERITY.

Who feels no ills,
Should, therefore, fear them ; and, when fortune smiles,
Be doubly cautious, lest destruction come
Remorseless on him, and he fall unpitied.

—SOPHOCLES.

PRUDENCE.

Let Heaven-ey'd prudence battle with desire,
And win the victory, though it be through fire.

—JAMES T. FIELDS.

PURITY.

Around her shone
The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the music breathing from her face ;
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole ;
And, oh! that eye was in itself a soul!

—BYRON.

RAINBOW.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky!

—WORDSWORTH.

The rainbow dies in heaven and not on earth.

—BAILEY.

REASON.

Within the brain's most secret cells,
A certain lord chief justice dwells,
Of sov'reign power, whom one and all,
With common voice we reason call.

—CHURCHILL.

RELIGION.

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road
But looks through nature up to nature's God.

—A. POPE.

REMEMBRANCE.

Remember thee?

Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter.

—SHAKESPEARE.

REPENTANCE.

When the Devil was ill, the Devil a Saint would be;
When the Devil was well, the Devil a Saint was he.

—OLD ADAGE.

RESOLUTION.

Then since there is no way, but fight or die,
Be resolute, my lord, for victory.

—SHAKESPEARE.

Come one, come all, this rock shall fly
From its firm base so soon as I.

—SCOTT.

RETIREMENT.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine:
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labor with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!

—O. GOLDSMITH.

O for a lodge in some vast wilderness.

—COWPER.

REVENGE.

Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils.

—MILTON.

RICHES.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble-shares,
And soft white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

SAFETY.

Too happy were men, if they understood:
There is no safety, but in doing good.

—FOUNTAIN.

SATIETY.

They surfeited with honey; and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof little
More than a little is by much too much.

—SHAKESPEARE.

SATIRE.

If satire charms, strike faults, but spare the man;
'Tis dull to be as witty as you can.

Satire recoils whenever charg'd too high;
Round your own fame the fatal splinters fly.
As the soft plume gives swiftness to the dart,
Good-breeding sends the satire to the heart.

—YOUNG.

SCORN.

The curses of hate and the hisses of scorn
 Shall burthen the winds of the sky;
 And proud o'er thy ruin, for ever be hurl'd
 The laughter of triumph, the jeers of the world.
 —BYRON.

SECRECY.

'Tis in my memory lock'd,
 And you yourself shall keep the key of it.
 —SHAKESPEARE.

SELFISHNESS.

And though all cry down self, none means
 His own self in a literal sense.
 —BUTLER.

SILENCE.

Silence in woman, is like speech in man;
 Deny't who can.
 —JONSON.
 Silence is the perfectest herald of joy:
 I were but little happy, if I could say how much.
 —SHAKESPEARE.

SIN.

Foul deeds will rise,
 Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.
 —SHAKESPEARE.

SINCERITY.

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles:
 His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
 His tears pure messengers sent from the heart;
 His heart as far from fraud, as heav'n from earth.
 —SHAKESPEARE.

SLANDER.

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou
 Shalt not escape calumny.
 —SHAKESPEARE.

SLAVERY.

Ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
 While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls her waves.
 —TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

SLEEP.

Sleep, that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care,
 The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
 Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
 Chief nourisher in life's feast!
 —SHAKESPEARE.

SOCIETY.

Man, in society, is like a flow'r
 Blown in its native bud. 'Tis there alone
 His faculties expanded in full bloom
 Shine out, there only reach their proper use.
 —COWPER.

SOLDIER.

Then a soldier;
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like a pard,
 Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth.
 —SHAKESPEARE.

SOLITUDE.

O solitude! where are the charms
 That sages have seen in thy face?
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
 Than reign in this horrible place.
 I am out of humanity's reach,
 I must finish my journey alone,
 Never hear the sweet music of speech,
 I start at the sound of my own.
 —COWPER.

SORROW.

Great sorrows have no leisure to complain:
 Least ills vent forth, great griefs within remain.
 —GOFFE.

SUCCESS.

'Tis not in mortals to command success;
 But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it.
 —ADDISON.

SUN.

Over the hills he comes sublime,
Bridegroom of earth, and brother of time!
—MARTIN F. TUPPER.

SYMPATHY.

Kindness by secret sympathy is tied,
For noble souls in nature are allied.
—DRYDEN.

Love's soft sympathy imparts
That tender transport of delight
That beats in individual hearts.
—CARTWRIGHT.

TEARS.

I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
—SHAKESPEARE.

TEMPERANCE.

Tho' I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did I with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility:
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.
—SHAKESPEARE.

TEMPTATION.

Could'st thou boast, oh child of weakness?
O'er the sons of wrong and strife,
Were their strong temptations planted
In thy path of life?
—J. G. WHITTIER.

THOUGHT.

All thoughts that mould the age, begin
Deep down within the primitive soul;
And from the many, slowly upward win
To one who grasps the whole.
—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

TIME.

Desire not to live long, but to live well;
How long we live, not years, but actions tell.
—WATKYN.

TITLES.

The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd, for a' that.
—BURNS.

TO-MORROW.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty space from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death.
—SHAKESPEARE.

TRAVELLER.

Where'er I roam, whatever lands I see,
My heart, untravelled, fondly turns to thee.
—GOLDSMITH.

TRUTH.

This above all, to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
—SHAKESPEARE.

TYRANNY.

Tyranny
Is far the worst of treasons. Dost thou deem
None rebels except subjects? The prince who
Neglects or violates his trust is more
A brigand than the robber chief.
—BYRON.

VANITY.

Fame, honor, beauty, state, train, blood and birth,
Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.
—SIR HENRY WOTTON.

VICTORY.

Thus far our fortune keeps an onward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
—SHAKESPEARE.

The smile of God is victory!
—WHITTIER.

VIRTUE.

Keep thy spirit pure
From worldly taint, by the repellent power
Of virtue.
—BAILEY.

VOICE.

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low; an excellent thing in woman.
—SHAKESPEARE.

WAR.

Now for our consciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent for bearing them is just.
—SHAKESPEARE.

WEALTH.

If thou art rich, thou art poor;
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee.
—SHAKESPEARE.

WIFE.

Look through mine eyes with thine, true wife,
Round my true heart thine arms entwine;
My other, dearer life in life,
Look through my very soul with thine!
—TENNYSON.

WINDS.

Thou wind!
Which art the unseen similitude of God
The Spirit; His most meet and mightiest sign!
—BAILEY.

WINE.

Wine cheers the sad, revives the old, inspires
The young, makes weariness forget his toil,
And fear her danger.
—BYRON.

WISDOM.

Wisdom sits alone,
Topmost in heaven;—she is its light—its God
And in the heart of man she sits as high—
Though grovelling minds forget her oftentimes,
Seeing but this world's idols.
—WILLIS.

WIT.

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it.
—SHAKESPEARE.

WOMAN.

We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
—SHAKESPEARE.

He's a fool, who thinks by force, or skill,
To turn the current of a woman's will.
—TUIKE.

O, woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou.
—SCOTT.

WORDS.

Words are like sea-shells on the shore; they show
Where the mind ends, and not how far it has been.
—BAILEY.

WORLD.

The world's a wood, in which all lose their way,
Though by a different path each goes astray.
—BUCKINGHAM.

The world is too much with us.
—WORDSWORTH.

YOUTH.

Crabbed age and youth
 Cannot live together;
 Youth is full of pleasure,
 Age is full of care:
 Youth like summer morn,
 Age like winter weather;
 Youth like summer brave,
 Age like winter bare;
 Youth is full of sport,
 Age's breath is short;
 Youth is nimble, age is lame;
 Youth is hot and bold,
 Age is weak and cold;
 Youth is wild and age is tame;
 Age, I do abhor thee;
 Youth, I do adore thee;
 O, my love, my love is young:
 Age, I do defy thee;
 O, sweet shepherd, hie thee,
 For methinks thou stay'st too long.

—SHAKESPEARE.

WHAT IS POETRY?

“The most beautiful, impressive, and widely effective mode of saying things.”—M. ARNOLD.

“The art of substituting shadows and of lending existence to nothing.”—E. BURKE.

“Poetry we will call musical thought.”—T. CARLYLE.

“The blossom and fragrance of all human knowledge, human thought, human passions, emotions, language.”—S. T. COLERIDGE.

“Poetry enters into those higher regions of human experience . . . where all words fail.”—G. WILLIS COOKE.

“Music in Words, as Music is Poetry, in sound.”—T. FULLER.

“The rhythmical creation of Beauty.”—E. A. POE.

“The natural language of excited feeling and a work of imagination wrought into form by Art.”—F. W. ROBERTSON.

“The power of creating what is beautiful and presenting it to the eye or ear.”—F. v. SCHLEGEL.

“Choice forms of verbal combination in which concentrated passions and sentiment may be fitly presented.”—H. SPENCER.

“The record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds.”—P. B. SHELLEY.

“A rhythmical expression of emotion and ideality.”—E. C. STEDMAN.

“The verbal expression of thought under the paramount control of the principle of beauty.”—W. HAYES WARD.

“The breath and finer spirit of all knowledge.”—W. WORDSWORTH.

LIFE.

THIRTY-EIGHT QUOTATIONS FROM THIRTY-EIGHT POETS.

Why all this toil for triumph of an hour?	YOUNG.
Life's a short summer, man, a flower:	DR. JOHNSON.
By turn we catch the vital breath and die;	POPE.
The table of the tomb, alas! so nigh.	PRIOR.
To be is fairer than not to be,	SEWELL.
Though all man's life may seem a tragedy.	SPENCER.
But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb;	DANIEL.
The bottom is but shallow whence they come.	RALEIGH.
Your fate is but the common fate of all,	LONGFELLOW.
Unmingled joys, here, to no man befall.	SOUTHWALL.
Nature to each allots his proper sphere;	CONGREVE.
Fortune makes folly her peculiar care.	CHURCHILL.
Custom does not Reason overrule,	ROCHESTER.
And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.	ARMSTRONG.
Live well, how long or short, permit to heaven:	MILTON.
They who forgave, most shall be forgiven.	BAILEY.
Sin may be clasped so close, we cannot see his face;	TRENCH.
Vile intercourse where virtue has no place.	SOMERVILLE.
Then keep each passion down, however dear,	THOMSON.
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.	BYRON.
Her sensual snares let Pleasure lay,	SMOLLETT.
With craft and skill, to ruin and betray.	CRABBE.
Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise:	MASSINGER.
We masters grow of all that we despise.	COWLEY.
Oh, then, renounce that impious self-esteem;	BEATTIE.
Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.	COOPER.
Think not Ambition wise because 'tis brave:	DAVENANT.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.	GRAY.
What is Ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat,	WILLIS.
Only destruction to the brave and great.	ADDISON.
What's all the greedy glitter of a crown?	DRYDEN.
The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.	QUARLES.
How long we live, not years, but actions tell.	WATKINS.
The man lives twice who lives the first life well.	HERRICK.
Make, then, while yet ye may, your God your friend,	MASON.
Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.	HILL.
The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just,	ANON.
For live how we can, yet die we must.	SHAKESPEARE.

WIT AND HUMOR.

You ask me how to limit Wit,
 How shall I say, not having it?
 Who shall declare the bite of salt,
 Or analyze the smack of malt,
 Or say what palate-ticklers are
 In olive and in caviare?
 Yet this, perchance, you'll not dispute,—
 That true Wit has in Truth its root,
 Surprise its flower, Delight its fruit.
 Or haply, this may be more clear,
 The pirouette of an Idea;
 Which, just as you conclude your grasp,
 Slips laughing from your empty clasp,
 Presenting in strange combination
 Some ludicrous association;
 Which you repel with indignation,
 But cannot find its confutation:—
 I know no other image fit
 To tell you what I mean by Wit.
 But if you are not yet content,
 And still on Definition bent,
 You ask me what may Humor be,
 I answer, "What's Humanity?"
 Word me the taste of Rhenish wine,
 The violet's perfume strict define,
 Exact the petals of the rose
 As with a thousand hues she glows,
 Count all the sparkles of the gem
 That flashes in the diadem,
 Or sum the subtlety of glance
 That lights thy lov'd one's countenance,
 And when the whole of this is done,
 What Humor is—is not begun.

NOTE.

Owing to the necessity of placing the names of the leading poets in order of their birthdays, according to the scheme of the first section of this volume, "Through the Year With the Poets," many witty and humorous pieces will be found there as well as in the pages which follow.

INTRODUCTION TO WIT AND HUMOR.

BY

CAROLYN WELLS,

AUTHOR OF "A NONSENSE ANTHOLOGY," ETC.

We often hear it said of a man that he has no sense of humor. While this is sometimes true of grown people, it is not often a statement applicable to children or youth.

One reason for this may be the merry heart, free from the cares and responsibilities that come with advancing years; but another explanation is that the phrase is usually meant to express a discriminating or analytic sense of humor. Young people hear willingly and uncritically, and have, therefore, a more catholic sense of humor than their elders.

Shakespeare has told us that,—

"A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him who hears it; never in the tongue
Of him who makes it."

And granted the receptive ear of youth, it remains only for the wiser and more experienced mind and a "memory green" which recalls the fun of its childhood, to select the best examples of humorous literature for the entertainment of young people.

As in all fields of letters, the best literature of wit and humor is the product of the best writers. For though wit and humor consist mainly in trifling, it is by no means a trivial part of the literature of the world; it has its recognized position, and may be considered one of the important divisions of a library.

A definition of the idea conveyed by the phrase, wit and humor, is not necessary, as every one intuitively knows what it means, or has his own conception of it. And especially is it the privilege of young people to enjoy it without too strict an investigation of its technicalities.

But a brief consideration of the distinction between wit and humor may be of value in the appreciation of both. Speaking broadly, a noticeable difference between wit and humor is in its duration. Wit is brief, humor is more protracted; wit is concise, humor is diffuse; wit is expressed in an epigram or a short, pithy speech; humor may be a long and amplified tale.

Another difference is in the sentiment. Wit is more often sharp, cutting, and ironic. Humor is apt to be gentle, good natured, and kind.

Another distinction is in the fact that wit connotes cleverness of intellect, while humor may emanate from a comparatively dull or even stupid mind.

With modifications, wit may be said to be the product of the brain and humor of the heart.

But so often wit and humor are used together, and so absolutely do they coalesce, that it is often difficult to separate them entirely. Both have a common end. Their motive is to excite laughter, and this is done to a greater or less extent according to the quality of the jest and the receptiveness of the hearer.

Leigh Hunt tells us that laughter is occasioned by a sudden and agreeable perception of the incongruous, and this was never so fully exemplified as in humor which is distinctively American. The simpler forms of humor are doubtless founded on the principle of incongruity. A hat too small for a man excites amusement because of the incongruity between the head and the hat, and the amplification of this principle is the foundation of much humor.

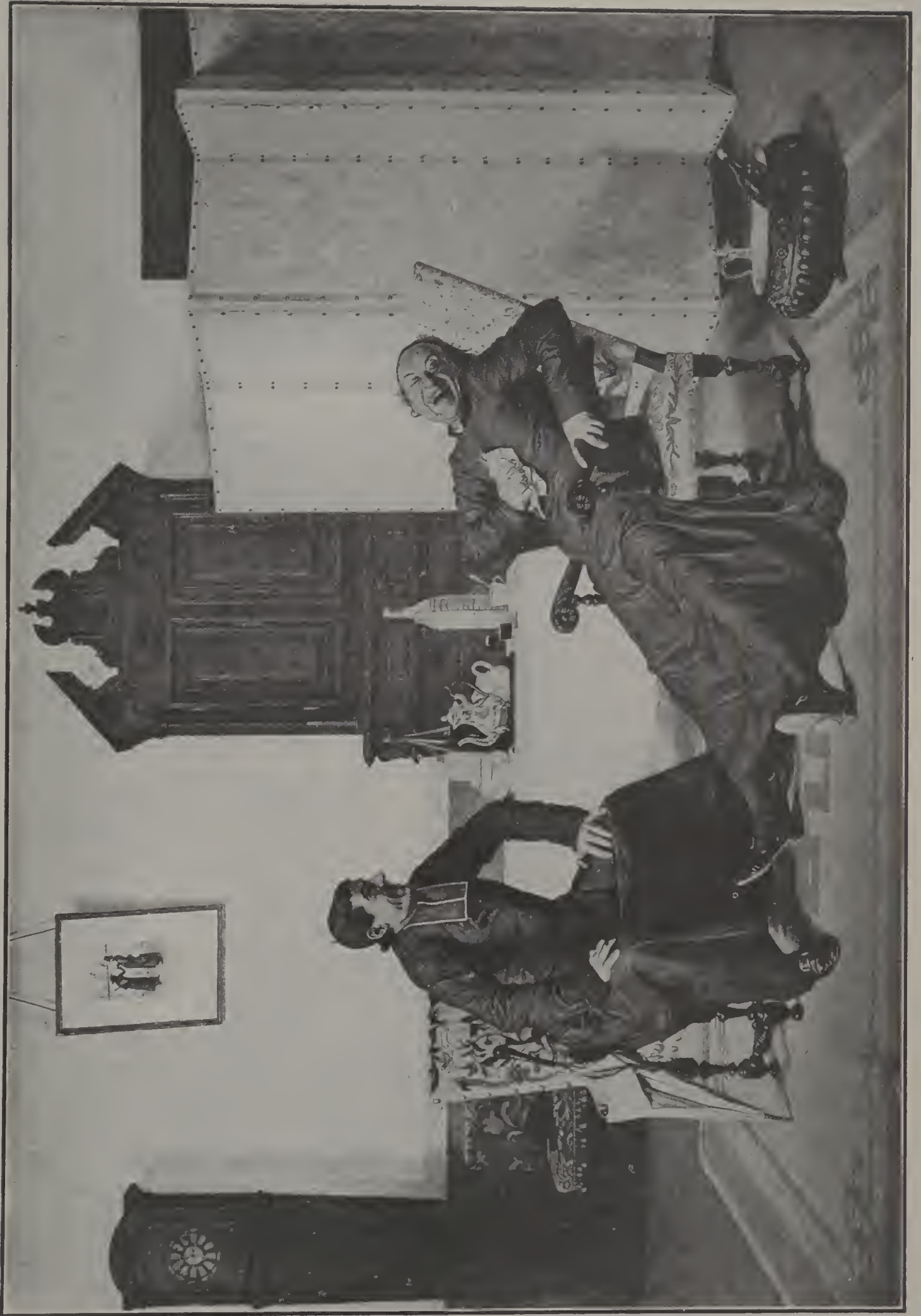
The trend of wit and humor changes greatly with the times. In the main, humorous writing is modern. The old Greeks and Romans have bequeathed us some literature of wit, and the sixteenth century brought us the humorous writing of Shakespeare, Rabelais, and Cervantes.

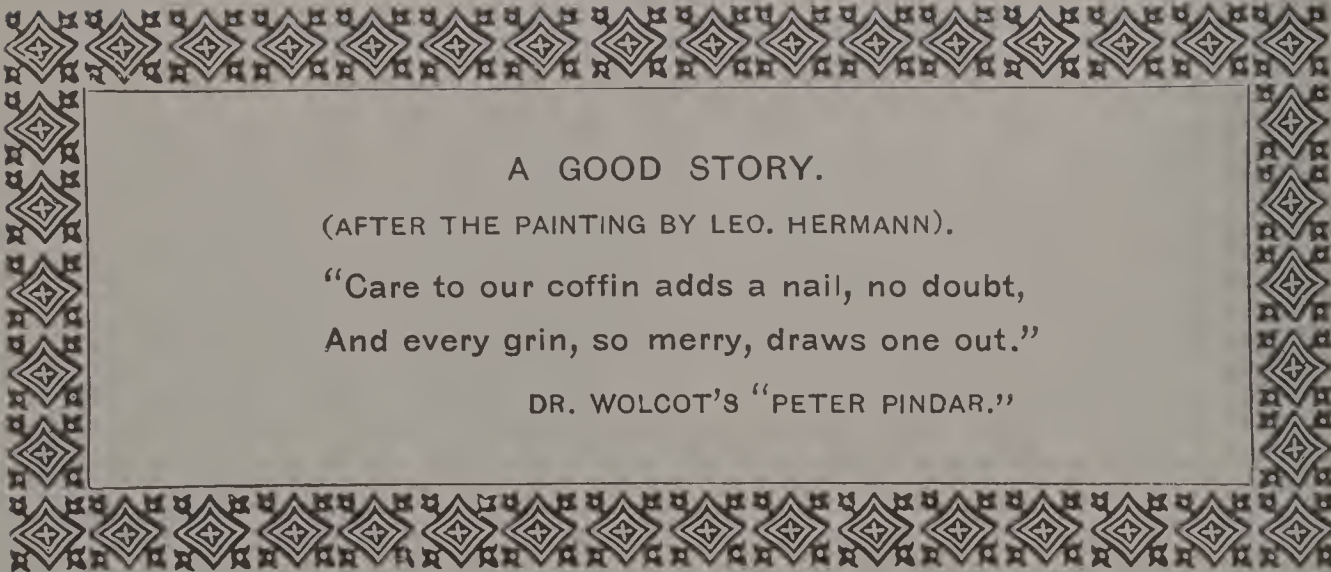
But the younger generation of to-day will find more pleasure in still more recent contributions to their amusement. As a rule, the men who have written the best humorous work are those who have also made their mark in serious literature.

Lewis Carroll, whose humor is known the world over, was a learned clergyman and an expert mathematician. Charles Lamb and Oliver Wendell Holmes were brilliant essayists on erudite subjects, and Charles Dickens wrote with serious motives, though his humor is an inherent part of all his work.

Humor may depend on the matter or manner of writing. "The One-Hoss Shay" or "John Gilpin's Ride" shows humorous treatment of a narrative; while Lewis Carroll's "The Walrus and the Carpenter," or W. S. Gilbert's "Bab Ballads" tells of incidents which are ludicrous in themselves.

Much humorous writing includes or depends upon the use of puns. An old-time humorist is said to have declared that the pun is the lowest form of wit. Whereupon, we are told, another





A GOOD STORY.

(AFTER THE PAINTING BY LEO. HERMANN).

“Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,
And every grin, so merry, draws one out.”

DR. WOLCOT’S “PETER PINDAR.”

replied that therefore all wit is built upon that foundation. This is in a way true, for though puns, pure and simple, are not admired, yet clever plays on words, ideas, or whole subjects form a goodly part of our humorous treasures. Indeed the whole great division of mockery, burlesque, and parody is an amplification of the principle of the pun or play on words.

The elementary form of pure punning is wonderfully well shown in Tom Hood's poems. So perfectly was he master of this art, that such lines as:

"His death which happened in his berth,
At forty-odd befell;
They went and told the sexton
And the sexton toll'd the bell,"

are far removed from the stigma that justly falls upon flat and obvious puns made by writers of less talent.

Another delightful field of humor is that in which amusement is derived from unconscious or involuntary absurdities. What are called "Howlers" are ludicrous statements made by children, who through misapprehension of their instruction, unintentionally give voice to comical misstatements, which sometimes strike ridiculously near the truth.

To the young student of literature the whole field of wit and humor is fraught with delightful enjoyment and well repays a careful and systematic study, which, indeed, is not a task but a recreation.

The love of fun, which is perhaps at the bottom of the play instinct in the race, is a natural and healthy sentiment, and rightly fostered and directed in the right channels becomes an element of character which goes to make the fully developed individual and therefore the successful self-cultured man and woman.

WIT AND HUMOR.

BY

A. A. BERLE.

MAN is said to be the only animal that laughs! Of course we have not as yet the testimony of the other animals on this subject, and perhaps when we get it we may have to revise our opinions. But so far as we now know, man is the only animal that laughs. What this power of laughter has done for the world, few of us really ever stop to think. If it were not that we can see the comic side of things, are able to laugh in the midst of our troubles and smile when our hearts are heavy, life would be unendurable. We probably could not live half our appointed time. It was for this reason that King Solomon said that "a merry heart is a good medicine."

One of the odd things about this good medicine of laughter, is that often those who can supply it for others, cannot supply it for themselves. It is said that one of the greatest comic actors of the London stage, the great Munden, was suffering from melancholia, and being greatly depressed, he sought one of the greatest physicians in London for advice. This great man after examining him, said, "There is nothing the matter with you; go to theater tonight and have a good laugh with Munden!" Alas, he could make others laugh, he could not laugh himself.

Laughter is of many kinds, and it may be said that laughter is often an index of character; you can always tell people by what they laugh at, with whom they laugh, and what kind of laughter they are willing to cause. Many a child or man can forget a blow who cannot forget the cruelty of being laughed at. There is friendly laughter, and unkind laughter; there is laughter caused by grotesqueness and oddity, and there is laughter caused by absurdity. But laughter and tears are very closely related. We laugh when we are told that a college professor fell down stairs mixed up with a bucket

of coal he was carrying; but we stop laughing instantly when he hear that he was killed. We laugh at a fellow student stumbling over a log and rolling flat on the ground; but we do not laugh if the person is an old lady!

There has been much discussion as to the difference between wit and humor and the question has never been definitely settled. Wit seems to lie more in the form, and humor more in the spirit of the joke or pleasantry. We think of wit as being cleverness in the way a thing is said, and when we speak of witty men or women, we think of the words they say, and their way of talking. But when we think of humor, we think of the smile, the mirthful feeling, or the laugh which goes with the humorous act or word. They are first cousins in any event, wit being the more refined of the two. Somebody has said that a cauliflower is a cabbage which has been to college. Perhaps wit is humor which has graduated from the high school!

Humor has been the saving clause of many a life. Americans can hardly mention Abraham Lincoln without recalling some one of the many stories associated with his name. It is equally true of many others, that the habit of story telling or of recalling funny verses or witty sayings, has been the safety valve for men bearing heavy burdens, and carrying vast responsibilities. Some physicians say that the loss of the ability to laugh is among the first symptoms of illness. But it is equally true, that some of the greatest invalids of history have laughed at their own troubles.

Wit is a very sharp weapon, the razor of the mind, and must be used with great care. You may laugh with many people, almost with anybody; but you may not laugh at everybody, and sometimes you may not laugh at anybody. There is no bitterness like the bitterness of being made a subject of mirth, unless it is very good-natured, and very friendly, so that the subject can laugh at himself along with the others.

Every person who thinks of becoming a good conversationalist should cultivate the art of humorous narra-

tive, that is, telling a good story or quoting a mirthful passage of poetry or prose and thus adding to the pleasure of social intercourse. Those who can do this well are delightful additions to any party. But, as stated, there must be always the restraint of good taste, and a remembrance of the ideals and the relationships of those who are listening. One of the worst of social offenses is to tell a story which offends the feelings of a fellow guest. There is plenty in this world to laugh at, without needlessly hurting people's feelings.

Wit and humor depend for their life upon perfect accord between the listener and the speaker. There is something pathetic in the position of a person who tells a story which is so far out of the understanding of those who are listening that when he reaches the point, there is a blank look which shows that the story has meant nothing to the people listening. Many jokes require a special atmosphere. There are ministers' jokes, and lawyers' jokes, and doctors' jokes, and there are jokes applying to almost every occupation of man. Let me advise you to be careful about trying to tell jokes in a region with which you are unacquainted!

Personal manner has much to do with the habit and effectiveness of humor. Some people enjoy their own stories so much, that they make you laugh with them, when you don't understand what they are telling. Some people are so funny in their manner, that they also make you laugh, though you don't know what they are talking about. That is the reason why the same story, or the same joke, on the lips of different people produces such different results.

Witty and humorous literature is best read aloud, by a good reader with a pleasant voice, slowly, to permit the whole point to be appreciated and understood by everybody. In this way each person comes to the point in his own way, and in his own time, and sees the thing through his own mental eyes; and any mirth you ever have must come through your own mind and your own understanding. One of the things we can never learn to do for other people, is to laugh for them.

WIT AND HUMOR.

The following selections of witty and humorous Readings from the Classics are submitted with a view to interesting the student in the works of men who have made our literature, but whose writings are, unfortunately, little known to the average reader.

The Readings here given are arranged chronologically under the birth-and-death dates of the author, and the period represented is from 1495 (Francois Rabelais) down to the present time (S. L. Clemens).

It is needless to say that the collection makes no claim to completeness. Rather has the idea been to indicate the progress of literature by means of selections which may be taken as representative of their time, and which may, therefore, be termed Landmarks in Literature.

The Nationalities here represented are American, English, French, Irish, Scottish, and Spanish, but the selections are not made with reference to the importance of the writer to his own country, but with regard to his influence on the World-Literature of today.

FRANCOIS RABELAIS,

(Born in Chinoun, Touraine, France, 1495. Died about 1553.)

Author of *The Pleasantest Story of the Giant Gargantua and his Son Pantagruel.*

THE LOST HATCHET.

There once lived a poor honest country fellow of Gravort, Tom Wellhung by name, a wood-cleaver by trade, who in that low drudgery made shift so as to pick up a sorry livelihood. It happened that he lost his hatchet. Now tell me who ever had more cause to be vexed than poor Tom? Alas, his whole estate and life depended on his hatchet; by his hatchet he earned many a penny of the best wood-mongers or log merchants, among whom he went a-jobbing; for want of his hatchet he was like to starve; and had death but met him six days after without a hatchet, the grim fiend would have mowed him down in the twinkling of a bed-staff. In this sad case he began to be in a heavy taking, and called upon Jupiter with most eloquent prayers (for, you know, necessity was the mother of eloquence), with the whites of his eyes turned up toward heaven, down on his marrow-bones, his arms reared high, his fingers stretched wide, and his head bare, the poor wretch without ceasing was roaring out by way of Litany at every repetition of his supplications, "My hatchet, Lord Jupiter, my hatchet, only my hatchet, Oh, Jupiter, or money to buy another, and nothing else; alas, my poor hatchet!"

Jupiter happened then to be holding a grand council about certain urgent affairs, and old Gammer Cybele was just giving her opinion, or, if you had rather have it so, it was young Phoebus the Beau; but, in short, Tom's outcry and lamentations were so loud that they were heard with no small amazement at the council-board by the whole consistory of the gods. "What a devil have we below," quoth Jupiter, "that howls so horridly? By the mud of Styx, haven't we had all along, and haven't we here still, enough to do to set to rights a world of

puzzling business of consequence? Let us, however, despatch this howling fellow below; you, Mercury, go see who it is, and discover what he wants." Mercury looked out at the heaven's trap-door, through which, as I am told, they hear what's said here below. By the way, one might well mistake it for the scuttle of a ship; though Incaromenippus said it was like the mouth of a well. The light-heeled deity saw that it was honest Tom, who asked for his lost hatchet; and, accordingly, he made his report to the Synod. "Marry," said Jupiter, "we are finely holped up, as if we had now nothing else to do here but restore lost hatchets. Well, he must have it for all that, for so 'tis written in the Book of Fate, as well as if it was worth the whole Duchy of Milan. The truth is, the fellow's hatchet is as much to him as a kingdom to a king. Come, come, let no more words be scattered about it; let him have his hatchet again. Run down immediately, and cast at the poor fellow's feet three hatchets! his own, another of gold, and a third of massy silver, all of one size; then, having left it to his will to take his choice, if he takes his own, and be satisfied with it, give him t'other two. If he takes another, chop his head off with his own; and henceforth serve me all those losers of hatchets after this manner."

Having said this, Jupiter, with an awkward turn of his head, like a jackanapes swallowing a pill, made so dreadful a phiz that all the vast Olympus quaked again. Heaven's foot-messenger, thanks to his low-crowned, narrow-brimmed hat, and plume of feathers, heel-pieces, and running-stick with pigeon-wings, flings himself out at heaven's wicket, and through the empty deserts of the air, and in a trice nimbly alights on the earth, and throws at friend Tom's feet the three hatchets, saying to him: "Thou hast bawled long enough to be a-dry; thy prayers and requests are granted by Jupiter; see which of these three is thy hatchet, and take it away with thee."

Wellhung lifts up the golden hatchet, peeps upon it, and finds it very heavy; then staring on Mercury, cries, "Gadzooks, this is none of mine! I won't ha't." The

same he did with the silver one, and said, "'Tis not this either; you may e'en take them again.'" At last he takes up his own hatchet, examines the end of the helve, and finds his mark there; then, ravished with joy, like a fox that meets some straggling poultry, and sneering from the tip of the nose, he cries, "By the Mass, this is my hatchet; Master God, if you will leave it me, I will sacrifice to you a very good and huge pot of milk, brim full, covered with fine strawberries, next Ides, i. e., the 15th day of May."

"Honest fellow," said Mercury, "I leave it thee; take it; and because thou hast wished and chosen moderately, in point of hatchet, by Jupiter's command I give thee these two others; thou hast now wherewith to make thyself rich; be honest."

Honest Tom gave Mercury a whole cart-load of thanks, and paid reverence to the most great Jupiter. His old hatchet he fastened close to his leathern girdle, and girds it about his breech like Martin of Cambray; the two others, being more heavy, he lays on his shoulder. Thus he plods on, trudging over the fields, keeping a good countenance among his neighbors and fellow-parishioners, with one merry saying or other, after Patelin's way.

The next day, having put on a clean white jacket, he takes on his back the two precious hatchets, and comes to Chinon, the famous city, noble city, ancient city, yea, the first city in the world, according to the judgment and assertion of the most learned Massoreths. In Chinon he turned his silver hatchet into fine testons, crown pieces, and other white cash; his golden hatchet into fine angels, curious ducats, substantial ridders, spankers, and rose nobles. Then with them purchases a good number of farms, barns, houses, outhouses, thatch-houses, stables, meadows, orchards, fields, vineyards, woods, arable lands, pastures, ponds, mills, gardens, nurseries, oxen, cows, sheeps, goats, swine, hogs, asses, horses, hens, cocks, capons, chickens, geese, ganders, ducks, drakes, and a world of all other necessaries, and in a short time became the richest man in all the country. His brother bumpkins, and the yeomen and other country-puts there-

about, perceiving his good fortune, were not a little amazed, insomuch that their former pity of poor Tom was soon changed into an envy of his so great and unexpected rise; and as they could not for their souls devise how this came about, they made it their business to pry up and down, and lay their heads together to inquire, seek and inform themselves by what means, in what place, on what day, what hour, how, why and wherefore, he had come by this great treasure.

At last hearing it was by losing his hatchet, "Ha, ha!" said they, "was there no more to do, but to lose a hatchet, to make us rich?" With this they all fairly lost their hatchets out of hand. The devil a one that had a hatchet left; he was not his mother's son, that did not lose his hatchet. No more was wood felled or cleared in that country through want of hatchets. Nay, the Aesopian apologue even saith, that certain petty country gents, of the lower class, who had sold Wellhung their little mill and little field, to have wherewithal to make a figure at the next muster, having been told that his treasure was come to him by that means only, sold the only badge of their gentility, their swords, to purchase hatchets to go lose them, as the silly clodpates did, in hopes to gain store of coin by that loss.

You would have truly sworn they had been a parcel of your petty spiritual usures, Rome-bound, selling their all, and borrowing of others to buy store of mandates, a penny-worth of a new-made pope.

Now they cried out and brayed, and prayed and bawled, and lamented and invoked Jupiter, "My hatchet! My hatchet! Jupiter, my hatchet!" On this side, "My hatchet!" On that side, "My hatchet! Ho, ho, ho, ho, Jupiter, my hatchet! The air round about rung again with the cries and howlings of these rascally losers of hatchets.

Mercury was nimble in bringing them hatchets; to each offering that which he had lost, as also another of gold, and a third of silver.

Everywhere he still was for that of gold, giving thanks in abundance to the great giver, Jupiter; but in the very

nick of time, that they bowed and stooped to take it from the ground, whip in a trice, Mercury looped off their heads, as Jupiter had commanded. And of heads thus cut off, the number was just equal to that of the lost hatchets.—“*Gargantua and Pantagruel.*”

MIGUEL CERVANTES.

(Born in Alcala de Henares, Spain, 1547. Died in Madrid, 1616.)

Author of Don Quixote.

THE ATTACK ON THE WINDMILLS.

They came in sight of thirty or forty windmills standing in the plain; and as soon as Don Quixote espied them, he said to his squire:

“Fortune disposes our affairs better than we ourselves could have desired. Look yonder, friend Sancho Panza, where thou mayest discover somewhat more than thirty monstrous giants, whom I intend to encounter and slay, and with their spoils we will begin to enrich ourselves; for it is lawful war, and doing God good service, to remove so wicked a generation from off the face of the earth.”

“What giants?” said Sancho Panza.

“Those thou seest yonder,” answered his master, “with their long arms; for some are wont to have them almost of the length of two leagues.”

“Look, sir,” answered Sancho, “those which appear yonder are not giants, but windmills, and what seem to be arms are the sails, which, whirled about by the wind, make the millstone go.”

“It is very evident,” answered Don Quixote, “that thou art not versed in the business of adventures. They are giants; and if thou art afraid, get thee aside and pray, while I engage with them in fierce and unequal combat.”

So saying, he clapped spurs to his steed, notwithstanding the cries his squire sent after him, assuring him that they were certainly windmills, and not giants. But he

was so fully possessed that they were giants, that he neither heard the outcries of his squire Sancho, nor yet discerned what they were, though he was very near them, but went on, crying out aloud, "Fly not, ye cowards and vile caitiffs! It is a single knight who assaults you."

The wind now rising a little, the great sails began to move, upon which Don Quixote called out:

"Although ye should have more arms than the giant Briareus, ye shall pay for it!"

Thus recommending himself devoutly to his lady Dulcinea, beseeching her to succor him in the present danger, being well covered with his buckler and setting his lance in the rest, he rushed on as fast as Rozinante could gallop and attacked the first mill before him, when, running his lance into the sail, the wind whirled it about with so much violence that it broke the lance to shivers, dragging horse and rider after it, and tumbling them over and over on the plain in very evil plight. Sancho Panza hastened to his assistance as fast as the ass could carry him; and when he came up to his master he found him unable to stir, so violent was the blow which he and Rozinante had received in their fall.

"God save me!" quoth Sancho, "did not I warn you to have a care of what you did, for that they were nothing but windmills? And nobody could mistake them but one that had the like in his head."

"Peace, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "for matters of war are, of all others, most subject to continual change. Now I verily believe, and it is most certainly the fact, that the sage Freston, who stole away my chamber and books, has metamorphosed these giants into windmills, on purpose to deprive me of the glory of vanquishing them, so great is the enmity he bears me! But his wicked arts will finally avail but little against the goodness of my sword."

"God grant it!" answered Sancho Panza. Then, helping him to rise, he mounted him again upon his steed, which was almost disjointed.—"*Don Quixote.*"

SAMUEL PEPYS.

(Born, 1632. Died, 1707.)

Author of Memoirs of Samuel Pepys; the Life, Journal and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys; John Heneage Jesse, The Court and Times of James I., The Court and Times of Charles I., Letters of William III. and Louis XIV.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY: A CHRISTENING.

Rose early, and put six spoons and a porringer of silver in my pocket to give away today. To dinner at Sir William Batten's; and then, after a walk in the fine gardens, we went to Mrs. Browne's where Sir W. Pen and I were godfathers, and Mrs. Jordan and Shipman godmothers to her boy. And there, before and after the christening, we were with the woman above in the chamber; but whether we carried ourselves well or ill, I know not; but I was directed by young Mrs. Batten. One passage of a lady that ate wafers with her dog did not a little displease me. I did give the midwife 10s. and the nurse 5s. and the maid of the house 2s. But for as much I expected to give the name to the child, but did not (it being called John), I forbore them to give my plate.

Meeting Dr. Gibbons, he and I to see an organ at the Dean of Westminster's lodgings at the Abbey, the Bishop of Rochester's, where he lives like a great prelate, his lodgings being very good; though at present under great disgrace at Court, being put by his Clerk of the Closet's place. I saw his lady, of whom the *Terrae Filius* of Oxford was once so merry, and two children, whereof one a very pretty little boy, like him, so fat and black. Here I saw the organ; but it is too big for my house, and the fashion do not please me enough, and therefore I will not have it. To the nursery where none of us ever were before; where the house is better and the music better than we looked for, and the acting not much worse, because I expected as bad as could be; and I was not much mistaken, for it was so.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

(Born at Dublin, Ireland, 1667. Died, 1745.)

Author of *Gulliver's Travels*, *Journal to Stella*, *Tale of a Tub*, *The History of John Bull*, *Thoughts on Religion*, *Historical Tracts*.

INVENTORY OF THE MAN-MOUNTAIN'S
POCKETS.

When I found myself on my feet, I looked about me, and must confess I never beheld a more entertaining prospect. The country around appeared like a continued garden, and the inclosed fields, which were generally forty feet square, resembled so many beds of flowers. These fields were intermingled with woods of half a perch, and the tallest trees, as I could judge, appeared to be seven feet high. I viewed the town on my left hand, which looked like the painted scene of a city in a theatre.

I had been for some hours extremely tired, however, so I crept into my house and shut the door after me. But it was of no use to try to get rid of so much company. I had to come out again, and to get a little change by stepping backward and forward as far as my chains allowed. I soon found that the emperor had descended from the tower, and, advancing on horseback toward me, which had like to have cost him dear; for the beast, though very well trained yet wholly unused to such a sight, which appeared as if a mountain moved before him, reared up on his hinder feet. But that prince, who is an excellent horseman, kept his seat, till his attendants ran in and held the bridle while his Majesty had time to dismount. When he alighted, he surveyed me round with great admiration, but kept beyond the length of my chain. He ordered his cooks and butlers, who were already prepared, to give me victuals and drink, which they pushed forward in a sort of vehicles upon wheels till I could reach them. I took these vehicles and soon emptied them all. Twenty of them were filled with meat and ten with liquor; each of the former afforded me two or three good mouthfuls; and I emptied the liquor of ten vessels, which was contained in earthen vials, into one

vehicle, drinking it off at a draught; and so I did with the rest. The empress and young princes of the blood of both sexes, attended by many ladies, sat at some distance in their chairs; but upon the accident that happened to the emperor's horse, they alighted, and came near his person, which I am now going to describe. He is taller, by almost the breadth of my nail, than any of his court; which alone is enough to strike an awe into the beholders. His features are strong and masculine, with an Austrian lip, and arched nose; his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well proportioned, all his motions graceful, and his deportment majestic. He was then past his prime, being twenty-eight years and three-quarters old, of which he had reigned about seven in great felicity, and generally victorious. For the better convenience of beholding him, I lay on my side, so that my face was parallel to his, and he stood but three yards off; however, I have had him since many times in my hand, and therefore cannot be deceived in the description. His dress was very plain and simple, and the fashion of it between the Asiatic and the European; but he had on his head a light helmet of gold, adorned with jewels, and a plume on the crest. He held his sword drawn in his hands to defend himself, if I should happen to break loose; it was almost three inches long; the hilt and scabbard were gold enriched with diamonds. His voice was shrill, but very clear and articulate, and I could distinctly hear it when I stood up. The ladies and courtiers were all most magnificently clad; so that the spot they stood upon seemed to resemble a petticoat spread on the ground, embroidered with figures of gold and silver. His imperial Majesty spoke often to me, and I returned answers, but neither of us could understand a syllable. There were several of his priests and lawyers present (as I conjectured by their habits), who were commanded to address themselves to me; and I spoke to them in as many languages as I had the least smattering of, which were High and Low Dutch, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, and *Lingua Franca*; but all to no purpose.

After about two hours the court retired, and I was left with a strong guard, to prevent the impertinence, and probably the malice, of the rabble, who were very impatient to crowd about me as near as they durst; and some of them had the impudence to shoot their arrows at me as I sat on the ground by the door of my house, whereof one very narrowly missed my left eye. But the colonel ordered six of the ringleaders to be seized, and thought no punishment so proper as to deliver them bound into my hands; which some of his soldiers accordingly did, pushing them forward with the butt-ends of their pikes into my reach. I took them all in my right hand, put five of them into my coat pocket, and as to the sixth, I made a countenance as if I would eat him alive. The poor man squalled terribly, and the colonel and his officers were in much pain, especially when they saw me take out my penknife. But soon I put them out of fear; for, looking mildly, and immediately cutting the strings he was bound with, I set him gently on the ground, and away he ran. I treated the rest in the same manner, taking them one by one out of my pocket; and I observed both the soldiers and people were highly delighted at this mark of my clemency, which was represented very much to my advantage at court.

HENRY FIELDING.

(Born at Somersetshire, England, 1707. Died in 1754.)

Author of *Tom Jones*, *Amelia*, *The True Patriot*, *The Adventures of Joseph Andrews*; *The Author's Farce* and *The Miser*, *Dramatic Works*; *Jonathan Wild*.

DIFFERENT HATS—DIFFERENT PRINCIPLES.

Wild had now got together a very considerable gang, composed of undone gamesters, broken tradesmen, idle apprentices, attorneys' clerks, and loose and disorderly youth, who, being born to no fortune, nor bred to any trade or profession, were willing to live luxuriously without labour. As these persons wore different principles—

i. e., hats—frequent dissensions grew among them. There were particularly two parties, viz., those who wore hats fiercely cocked, and those who preferred the nab or trencher hat, with the brim flapping over their eyes. The former were called Cavaliers and Tory-rory-ranter Boys, etc.; the latter went by the names of Wags, Roundheads, Shake-bags, Old-nolls, and several others. Between these, continual jars arose, insomuch that they grew in time to think there was something essential in their differences, and that their interests were incompatible with each other, whereas, in truth, the difference lay only in the fashion of their hats. Wild, therefore, having assembled them all at an ale house on the night after Fierce's execution, and, perceiving evident marks of their misunderstanding, from their behavior to each other, addressed them in the following gentle but forcible manner:

“Gentlemen, I am ashamed to see men embarked in so great and glorious an undertaking as that of robbing the public, so foolishly and weakly dissenting among themselves. Do you think the first inventors of hats, or, at least, of the distinctions between them, really conceived that one form of hat should inspire a man with divinity, another with law, another with learning, another with bravery? No; they meant no more by these outward signs than to impose on the vulgar, and, instead of putting great men to the trouble of acquiring or maintaining the substance, to make it sufficient that they condescend to wear the type or shadow of it. You do wisely, therefore, when in a crowd, to amuse the mob by quarrels on such accounts, that, while they are listening to your jargon, you may with the greater ease and safety pick their pockets; but surely to be in earnest, and privately to keep up such a ridiculous contention among yourselves, must argue the highest folly and absurdity. When you know you are all prigs, what difference can a broad or narrow brim create? Is a prig less a prig in one hat than in another? If the public should be weak enough to interest themselves in your quarrels, and to prefer one pack to the other, while both are aiming at their purses,

it is your business to laugh at, not imitate, their folly. What can be more ridiculous than for gentlemen to quarrel about hats, when there is not one among you whose hat is worth a farthing? What is the use of a hat further than to keep the head warm, or to hide a bald crown from the public? It is the mark of a gentleman to remove his hat on every occasion, and in courts and noble assemblies no man ever wears one. Let me hear no more, therefore, of this childish disagreement, but all toss up your hats together with one accord, and consider that hat best which will contain the largest booty.”

He thus ended his speech, which was followed by a murmuring applause, and immediately all present tossed up their hats together, as he had commanded them.—
“*Jonathan Wild.*”

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

(*Born in Boston, 1706. Died, 1790.*)

Author of Letters and Papers on Electricity; Essays and Tracts, Historical and Political, before the American Revolution; Political Papers During and After the American Revolution; Autobiography.

FRANKLIN AS A TEETOTALER.

At my first admission into this printing-house I took to working at press, imagining I felt a want of the bodily exercise I had been used to in America, where press work is mixed with composing. I drank only water; the other workmen, near fifty in number, were great guzzlers of beer. On occasion, I carried up and down stairs a large form of types in each hand, when others carried but one in both hands. They wondered to see, from this and several instances, that the *Water-American*, as they called me, was *stronger* than themselves, who drank *strong* beer!

We had an ale-house boy who attended always in the house to supply the workmen. My companion at the press drank every day a pint before breakfast, a pint at

breakfast with his bread and cheese, and a pint between breakfast and dinner, a pint at dinner, a pint in the afternoon about six o'clock, and another when he had done his day's work. I thought it a detestable custom; but it was necessary, he supposed, to drink *strong* beer, that he might be *strong* to labor. I endeavored to convince him that the bodily strength afforded by beer could only be in proportion to the grain or flour of the barley dissolved in the water of which it was made; that there was more flour in a pennyworth of bread; and therefore, if he would eat that with a pint of water, it would give him more strength than a quart of beer. He drank on, however, and had four or five shillings to pay out of his wages every Saturday night for that muddling liquor; an expense I was free from. And thus these poor devils keep themselves always under.

Watts, after some weeks, desiring to have me in the composing-room, I left the pressmen; a new *bien venu* or sum for drink, being five shillings, was demanded of me by the compositors. I thought it an imposition, as I had paid below; the master thought so too, and forbade my paying it. I stood out two or three weeks, was accordingly considered as an excommunicate, and had so many little pieces of private mischief done me, by mixing my sorts, transposing my pages, breaking my matter, etc., etc., if I were ever so little out of the room, and all ascribed to the chapel ghost, which they said ever haunted those not regularly admitted, that, notwithstanding the master's protection, I found myself obliged to comply and pay the money, convinced of the folly of being on ill terms with those one is to live with continually.

I was now on a fair footing with them, and soon acquired considerable influence. I proposed some reasonable alterations in their chapel laws, and carried them against all opposition. From my example, a great part of them left their muddling breakfast of beer, and bread, and cheese, finding they could, with me, be supplied from a neighboring house with a large porringer of hot water-gruel, sprinkled with pepper, crumbed with bread,

and a bit of butter in it, for the price of a pint of beer, viz., three half-pence. This was a more comfortable as well as cheaper breakfast, and kept their heads clearer. Those who continued sotting with beer all day were often, by not paying, out of credit at the ale-house, and used to make interest with me to get beer; their *light*, as they phrased it, *being out*. I watched the pay-table on Saturday night, and collected what I stood engaged for them, having to pay sometimes near thirty shillings a week on their accounts. This, and my being esteemed a pretty good *riggite*, that is, a jocular, verbal satirist, supported my consequence in the society. My constant attendance (I never making a St. Monday¹) recommended me to the master; and my uncommon quickness at composing occasioned my being put upon all work of dispatch, which was generally better paid. So I went on now very agreeably.—“*Autobiography.*”

¹ That is, never turning Monday into a holiday, as other workmen did, who, when paid Saturday night, squandered their earnings in drink and were good for nothing before Tuesday

LAURENCE STERNE.

(Born in Ireland, 1713. Died in London, 1768.)

Author of Sermons, Tristram Shandy, A Sentimental Journey to France and Italy by Mr. York, Sentimental Travels, Letters.

UNCLE TOBY'S COURTSHIP.

“I am half-distracted, Captain Shandy,” said Mrs. Wadman, holding up her cambric handkerchief to her left eye, as she approached the door of my uncle Toby's sentry-box; “a mote, or sand, or something, I know not what, has got into this eye of mine. Do look into it; it is not in the white.”

In saying which, Mrs. Wadman edged herself close in beside my uncle Toby, and, squeezing herself down upon the corner of his bench, she gave him an opportunity of doing it without rising up. “Do look into it,” said she.

Honest soul! Thou didst look into it with as much

innocency of heart as ever child looked into a raree show-box; and 'twere as much a sin to have hurt thee.

If a man will be peeping of his own accord into things of nature, I've nothing to say to it.

My uncle Toby never did; and I will answer for him that he would have sat quietly upon a sofa from June to January (which you know takes in both the hot and cold months) with an eye as fine as the Thracian Rhodope's beside him, without being able to tell whether it was a black or blue one.

The difficulty was to get my uncle Toby to look at one at all.

'Tis surmounted. And—

I see him yonder, with his pipe pendulous in his hand, and the ashes falling out of it, looking and looking, then rubbing his eyes and looking again, with twice the good nature that ever Galileo looked for a spot in the sun.

In vain! For, by all the powers which animate the organ, Widow Wadman's left eye shines this moment as lucid as her right; there is neither mote, nor sand, nor dust, nor chaff, nor speck, nor particle of opaque matter floating in it. There is nothing, my dear paternal uncle, but one lambent, delicious fire, furtively shooting out from every part of it in all directions into thine.

If thou lookest, my uncle Toby, in search of this mote one moment longer, thou art undone.

An eye is, for all the world, exactly like a cannon in this respect, that it is not so much the eye or the cannon in themselves, as it is the carriage of the eye and the carriage of the cannon; by which both the one and the other are enabled to do so much execution. I don't think the comparison a bad one, however, as 'tis made, and placed at the head of the chapter, as much for use as ornament, all I desire in return is, that whenever I speak of Mrs. Wadman's eyes (except once in the next period), that you keep it in your fancy.

"I protest, madam," said my uncle Toby. "I can see nothing whatever in your eye."

"It is not in the white," said Mrs. Wadman.

My uncle Toby looked with might and main into the

pupil. Now, of all the eyes which ever were created, from your own, madam, up to those of Venus herself, which certainly were as veneral a pair of eyes as ever stood in a head, there never was an eye of them all so fitted to rob my uncle Toby of his repose as the very eye at which he was looking. It was not, madam, a rolling eye, a romping, or a wanton one: nor was it an eye sparkling, petulant, or imperious, of high claims and terrifying exactions, which would have curdled at one that milk of human nature of which my uncle Toby was made up: but 'twas an eye full of gentle salutations and soft responses, speaking, not like the trumpet stop of some ill-made organ, in which many an eye I talk to holds coarse converse, but whispering soft, like the last low accents of an expiring saint: "How can you live comfortless, Captain Shandy, and alone, without a bosom to lean your head on or trust your cares to?"

It was an eye—

But I shall be in love with it myself if I say another word about it.

I did my uncle Toby's business. . . .

The world is ashamed of being virtuous. My uncle Toby knew little of the world: and therefore, when he felt he was in love with Widow Wadman, he had no conception that the thing was any more to be made a mystery of than if Mrs. Wadman had given him a cut with a gaped knife across his finger. Had it been otherwise— Yet, as he looked upon his life to treat him as such, it would have made no variation in the manner in which he informed him of the affair.

"I am in love, corporal," quoth my uncle Toby.

"In love!" said the corporal. "Your Honour was very well the day before yesterday, when I was telling your Honour our story of the King of Bohemia."

"Bohemia!" said my uncle Toby, musing a long time. "What became of that story, Trim?"

"We lost it, an't please your Honour, somehow, betwixt us: but your Honour was as free from love then as I am."

"'Twas just while thou went'st off with the wheelbarrow, with Mrs. Wadman," quoth my uncle Toby.

“She has left a ball here,” added my uncle Toby, pointing to his breast.

“She can no more, an’ please your Honour, stand a siege than she can fly,” cried the corporal.

“But as we are neighbors, Trim, the best way, I think, is to let her know it civilly first,” quoth my uncle Toby.

“Now, if I might presume,” said the corporal, “to differ from your Honour.”

“Why else do I talk to thee, Trim?” said my uncle Toby, mildly.

“Then I would begin, and it please your Honour, with making a good thundering attack upon her in return, and telling her civilly afterward; for if she knows anything of your Honour’s being in love before hand, Lord help her!”

TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

(Born at Dumbartonshire, Scotland, 1721. Died near Leghorn, Italy, 1771.)

Author of *The Adventures of Roderick Random*, *The Regicide*, *Don Quixote* (translated from Spanish), *History of England*.

UNREGRETTED SCHOOL DAYS.

I was sent to school at a village hard by, of which my grandfather had been dictator time out of mind; but as he neither paid for my board, nor supplied me with clothes, books, and other necessaries I required, my condition was very ragged and contemptible; and the schoolmaster, who through fear of my grandfather taught me gratis, gave himself no concern about the progress I made under his instruction.

In spite of all these difficulties and disgraces I became a good proficient in the Latin tongue; and as soon as I could write tolerably, pestered my grandfather with letters to such a degree, that he sent for my master and chid him severely for bestowing such pains on my education, telling him that if ever I should be brought to the gallows for forgery, which he had taught me to commit,

my blood would lie on his head. The pedant, who dreaded nothing more than the displeasure of his patron, assured his Honour that the boy's ability was more owing to his own genius and application than to any instruction or encouragement he received; that although he could not divest him of the knowledge he had already imbibed unless he would empower him to disable his fingers, he should endeavor, with God's help, to prevent his future improvement. And, indeed, he punctually performed what he had undertaken; for, on pretence that I had written impertinent letters to my grandfather, he caused a board to be made with five holes in it, through which he thrust the fingers and thumb of my right hand, and fastened it with a whip-cord to my wrist in such a manner as effectually debarred me from the use of my pen. But this restraint I was freed from in a few days, by an accident which happened in a quarrel between me and another boy, who, taking upon him to insult my poverty, I was so incensed at his ungenerous reproach, that with one stroke of my machine I cut him to the skull, to the great terror of myself and school-fellows, who left him bleeding on the ground and ran to inform the master of what had happened. I was so severely punished for this trespass, that were I to live to the age of Methusalem, the impression it made on me would not be effaced, no more than the antipathy and horror I conceived for the merciless tyrant who inflicted it.

The contempt which my appearance naturally procured in all who saw me, the continual wants to which I was exposed, and my own haughty disposition impatient of affronts, involved me in a thousand troublesome adventures, by which I was at length inured to adversity, and emboldened to undertakings far above my years. I was often inhumanly scourged for crimes I did not commit, because, having the character of a vagabond in the village, every piece of mischief, whose author lay unknown, was charged upon me. I have been found guilty of robbing orchards I never entered, of killing cats I never hurted, of stealing gingerbread I never touched, and of abusing old women I never saw. Nay, a stam-

mering carpenter had eloquence enough to persuade my master that I fired a pistol, loaded with small shot, into his window; though my landlady and the whole family bore witness that I was abed fast asleep, at the time when this outrage was committed. I was once flogged for having narrowly escaped drowning, by the sinking of a ferry-boat in which I was passenger; another time for having recovered of a bruise occasioned by a horse and cart running over me; a third time for being bit by a baker's dog. In short, whether I was guilty or unfortunate, the correction and sympathy of this arbitrary pedagogue were the same.—“*Roderick Random.*”

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(Born, 1771. Died in Edinburgh, Scotland, 1832.)

Author of Waverly Novels, consisting of Waverly, Rob Roy, Old Mortality, etc.; Lady of the Lake, Lay of the Last Minstrel, Marmion.

A PREACHING MATCH AT TILLIETUDLEM.

“I fear,” said Morton, “there is very little chance, my good friend Cuddie, of our getting back to our old occupation.”

“Hout, stir—hout, stir,” replied Cuddie, “it’s aye gude to keep up a hardy heart, as broken a ship’s come to land. But what’s that I hear? Never stir, if my auld mither isna at the preaching again! I ken the sough o’ her texts, that sound just like the wind bawling through the spence; and there’s Kettledrummle setting to wark too. Lordsake, if the sodgers anes get angry they’ll murder them baith, and us for company!”

Their further conversation was in fact interrupted by a blatant noise which rose behind them, in which the voice of the preacher emitted, in unison with that of the old woman, tones like the grumble of a bassoon combined with the screaming of a cracked fiddle. At first the aged pair of sufferers had been contented to condole with each other in smothered expressions of complaint and indignation; but the sense of their injuries became

more pungently aggravated as they communicated with each other, and they became at length unable to suppress their ire.

“Woe, woe, and a threefold woe unto you, ye bloody and violent persecutors!” exclaimed the Reverend Gabriel Kettledrummle. “Woe, and threefold woe unto you, even to the breaking of seals, the blowing of trumpets, and the pouring forth of vials.”

“Aye, aye; a black cast to a’ their ill faur’d faces, and the outside of the loof to them at the last day!” echoed the shrill counter-tenor of Mause, falling in like the second part of a catch.

“I tell you,” continued the divine, “that your rankings and your ridings, your neighings and your prancings, your bloody, barbarous, and inhuman cruelties, your benumbing, deadening, and debauching the conscience of poor creatures by oaths, soul-damning and self-contradictory, have arisen from earth to heaven like a foul and hideous outcry of perjury for hastening the wrath to come—hugh! hugh! hugh!”

“And I say,” cried Mause in the same tune, and nearly at the same time, “that wi’ this auld breath o’ mine, and it’s sair taen down wi’ the asthmatics and this rough trot—”

“Deil gin they would gallop,” said Cuddie, “wad it but gar her haud her tongue!”

“Wi’ this auld and brief breath,” continued Mause, “will I testify against the backslidings, defections, defalcations, and declinings of the land—against the grievances and the causes of wrath!”

“Peace, I pr’y thee—peace, good woman,” said the preacher, who had just recovered from a violent fit of coughing, and found his own anathema borne down by Mause’s better wind—“peace, and take not the word out of the mouth of a servant of the altar. I say, I uplift my voice and tell you, that before the play is played out—aye, before this very sun gaes down—ye shall learn that neither a desperate Judas, like your prelate Sharp that’s gane to his place; nor a sanctuary-breaking Holofernes, like bloody-minded Claverhouse; nor an ambitious

Diotrephes, like the lad Evandale; nor a covetous and warld-following Demas, like him they ca' Sergeant Bothwell, that makes every wife's plack and her meal-ark his ain; neither your carabines, nor your pistols, nor your broadswords, nor your horses, nor your saddles, bridles, surcingles, nose-bags, nor martingales, shall resist the arrows that are whetted and the bow that is bent against you!"

"That shall they never, I trow," echoed Mause. "Cast-aways are they ilk ane o' them; besoms of destruction, fit only to be flung into the fire when they have sweepit the filth out o' the Temple; whips of small cords, knotted for the chastisement of those wha like their wardly gudes and gear better than the Cross or the Covenant, but when that wark's done, only meet to mak latchets to the deil's brogues."

"Fiend hae me," said Cuddie, addressing himself to Morton, "if I dinna think our mither preaches as weel as the minister! But it's a sair pity o' his hoast, for it eye comes on just when he's at the best o't, and that lang routing he made air this morning is sair again him too. Deil and I care if he wad roar her dumb, and he wad hae't a' to answer for himself. It's lucky the road's rough, and the troopers are no taking muckle tent to what they say wi' the rattling o' the horses' feet; but and we were anes on saft grund we'll hear news o' a' this."

Cuddie's conjectures were but too true. The words of the prisoners had not been much attended to while drowned by the clang of horses' hoofs on a rough and stony road; but now they entered upon the moorlands, where the testimony of the two zealous captives lacked this saving accompaniment. And, accordingly, no sooner had their steeds begun to tread heath and greensward, and Gabriel Kettledrummle had again raised his voice with, "Also I uplift my voice like that of a pelican in the wilderness—"

"And I mine," had issued from Mause, "like a sparrow on the house-tops—"

When "Hollo, ho!" cried the corporal from the rear;

“rein up your tongues; the devil blister them, or I’ll clap a martingale on them.”

“I will not peace at the commands of the profane,” said Gabriel.

“Nor I neither,” said Mause, “for the bidding of no earthly potsherd, though it be painted as red as a brick from the Tower of Babel, and ca’ itsell a corporal.”

“Halliday,” cried the corporal, “hast got never a gag about thee, man? We must stop their mouths before they talk us all dead.”—“*Old Mortality.*”

CHARLES LAMB.

(Born, 1775. Died in London, 1834.)

Author of Rosamund Gray, John Woodvil, Essays of Elia.

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG.

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his “Mundane Mutations,” where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Chofang, literally the Cook’s Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swine-herd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who, being fond of playing with fire, as youngers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which, kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building, you may think), what was of much

more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished.

China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East, from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? Not from the burnt cottage: he had smelt that smell before; indeed, this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life, indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling!* And again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now; still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered, amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him

quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued:

“You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog’s tricks—and be hanged to you!—but you must be eating fire, and I know not what! What have you got there, I say?”

“Oh, father, the pig, the pig! Do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats.”

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself, that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, “Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father! Only taste! Oh, Lord!” with such barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when, the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son’s, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious), both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off until they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti’s cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward.

Some would break out in broad day, others at night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze. And Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Peking, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it; and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of not guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his lordship's town-house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance-offices, one and all, shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of gridiron. Roasting by the strong, or spit, came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By

such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious, arts, make their way among mankind.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

(Born in New York, 1783. Died at Sunnyside, on the Hudson River, 1859.)

Author of *The Sketch Book*, *Tales of a Traveller*, *Abbotsford*, *Bracebridge Hall*, *The Alhambra*, *The Adventures of Captain Bonneville*.

ANTHONY VAN CORLEAR.

The very first movements of the great Peter, on taking the reins of government, displayed his magnanimity, though they occasioned not a little marvel and uneasiness among the people of the Manhattoes. Finding himself constantly interrupted by the opposition, and annoyed by the advice of his privy council, the members of which had acquired the unreasonable habit of thinking and speaking for themselves during the preceding reign, he determined at once to put a stop to such grievous abominations. Scarcely, therefore, had he entered upon his authority than he turned out of office all the meddlesome spirits of the factious cabinet of William the Testy; in place of whom he chose unto himself counselors from those fat, somniferous, respectable burghers who had flourished and slumbered under the easy reign of Walter the Doubter. All these he caused to be furnished with abundance of fair long pipes, and to be regaled with frequent corporation dinners, admonishing them to smoke, and eat, and sleep for the good of the nation, while he took the burden of government upon his own shoulders—an arrangement to which they all gave hearty acquiescence.

Nor did he stop here, but made a hideous rout among the inventions and expedients of his learned predecessor, rooting up his patent gallows, where caitiff vagabonds were suspended by the waistband; demolishing his flag-staffs and windmills, which, like the mighty giants,

guarded the ramparts of New Amsterdam; pitching to the duyvel whole batteries of Quaker guns; and, in a word, turning topsy-turvy the whole philosophic, economic and windmill system of the immortal sage of Saardam.

The honest folks of New Amsterdam began to quake now for the fate of their matchless champion, Anthony the Trumpeter, who had acquired prodigious favor in the eyes of the women by means of his whiskers and his trumpet. Him did Peter the Headstrong cause to be brought into his presence, and eying him for a moment from head to foot, with a countenance that would have appalled anything else than a sounder of brass—"Pr'ythee, who and what art thou?" said he. "Sire," replied the other, in nowise dismayed, "for my name, it is Anthony Van Corlear; for my parentage, I am the son of my mother; for my profession, I am champion and garrison of this great city of New Amsterdam." "I doubt me much," said Peter Stuyvesant, "that thou art some scurvy costard-monger knave. How didst thou acquire this paramount honor and dignity?" "Marry, sir," replied the other, "like many a great man before me, simply by *sounding my own trumpet.*" "Aye, is it so?" quoth the Governor; "why, then, let us have a relish of thy art." Whereupon the good Anthony put his instrument to his lips, and sounded a charge with such a tremendous outset, such a delectable quaver, and such a triumph cadence, that it was enough to make one's heart leap out of one's mouth only to be within a mile of it. Like as a war-worn charger, grazing in peaceful plains, starts at a strain of martial music, pricks up his ears, and snorts, and paws, and kindles at the noise, so did the heroic Peter joy to hear the clangor of the trumpet; for of him might truly be said, what was recorded of the renowned St. George of England, "there was nothing in all the world that more rejoiced his heart than to hear the pleasant sound of war, and see the soldiers brandish forth in their steeled weapons." Casting his eye more kindly, therefore, upon the sturdy Van Corlear, and finding him to be a jovial varlet, shrewd in his discourse,

yet of great discretion and immeasurable wind, he straightway conceived a vast kindness for him, and discharging him from his troublesome duty of garrisoning, defending and alarming the city, ever after retained him about his person as his chief favorite, confidential envoy and trusty squire. Instead of disturbing the city with disastrous notes, he was instructed to play so as to delight the Governor while at his repasts, as did the minstrels of yore in the days of the glorious chivalry—and on all public occasions to rejoice the ears of the people with warlike melody—thereby keeping alive a noble and martial spirit.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

(Born in Ecclefechan, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, 1795. Died in 1881.)

Author of *Life of Schiller*, *Sartor Resartus*, *The French Revolution*, *The Bastille*, *The Constitution*, *Chartism*.

SIR JABESH WINDBAG.

Contrast this, Oliver, with my right honorable friend Sir Jabesh Windbag, Mr. Facing-Both-Ways, Viscount Mealymouth, Duke of Windlestraw, or what other Cagliostro, Cagliostrino, Cagliostraccio, the course of Fortune and Parliamentary Majorities has constitutionally guided to that dignity, any time during these last sorrowful hundred-and-fifty years! Windbag, weak in the faith of God, which he believes only at church on Sundays, if even then; strong only in the faith that Paragraphs and Plausibilities bring votes; that Force of Public Opinion, as he calls it, is the primal Necessity of Things, and highest God we have—Windbag, if we will consider him, has a problem set before him which may be ranged in the impossible class. He is a Columbus minded to sail to the indistinct country of NOWHERE, to the indistinct country of WHITHERWARD, by the *friendship* of those same waste-tumbling Water-Alps and howling waltz of All the Winds; not by conquest of them and in spite of them, but by friendship of them, when once *they*

have made up their mind! He is the most original Columbus I ever saw. Nay, his problem is not an impossible one; he will infallibly *arrive* at that same country of NOWHERE; his indistinct WHITHERWARD will be a THITHERWARD! In the Ocean Abysses and Locker of Davy Jones, there certainly enough do he and his ship's company, and all their cargo and navigatings, at last find lodgement. . . .

Oh, Windbag, my right honorable friend, in very truth I pity thee! I say, these Paragraphs, and low or loud votings of thy poor fellow-blockheads of mankind, will never guide thee in any enterprise at all. Govern a country on such guidance? Thou canst not make a pair of shoes, sell a pennyworth of tape on such. No, thy shoes are vamped up falsely to meet the market; behold, the leather only *seemed* to be tanned; thy shoes melt under me to rubbishly pulp, and are not veritable mud-defying shoes, but plausible vendible similitudes of shoes—thou unfortunate, and I! Oh, my right honorable friend, when the Paragraphs flowed in, who was like Sir Jabesh? On the swelling tide he mounted; higher, higher, triumphant, heaven-high. But the Paragraphs again ebbed out, as unwise Paragraphs need must: Sir Jabesh lies stranded, sunk and forever sinking in ignominious ooze; the Mud-nymphs, and ever-deepening bottomless Oblivion, his portion to eternal time. “Posterity?” Thou appealest to Posterity, thou? My right honorable friend, what will Posterity do for thee? The voting of Posterity, were it continued through centuries in thy favor, will be quite inaudible, extra-forensic, without any effect whatever. Posterity can do simply nothing for a man; nor even seem to do much, if the man be not brain-sick. Besides, to tell the truth, the bets are a thousand to one, Posterity will not hear of thee, my right honorable friend! Posterity, I have found, has generally his own Windbags sufficiently trumpeted in all market-places, and no leisure to attend to ours.—“*Past and Present.*”

THOMAS B. MACAULAY.

(Born in Leicestershire, England, 1800. Died, 1859.)

Author of *Lays of Ancient Rome*, *History of England*; *Essays: Gladstone on Church and State*, *Life and Writings of Addison*, *William Pitt*, *Milton*.

ON ROBERT MONTGOMERY'S POEMS.

We have no enmity to Mr. Robert Montgomery. We know nothing whatever about him, except that we have learned from his books and from the portrait prefixed to one of them, in which he appears to be doing his very best to look like a man of genius and sensibility, though with less success than his strenuous exertions deserve. We select him because his works have received more enthusiastic praise, and have deserved more unmixed contempt, than any which, as far as our knowledge extends, have appeared within the last three or four years. His writing bears the same relation to poetry which a Turkey carpet bears to a picture. There are colors in a Turkey carpet out of which a picture might be made. There are words in Mr. Montgomery's writings which, when disposed in certain orders and combinations, have made, and will again make, good poetry. But as they now stand they seem to be put together on principle in such a manner as to give no image of anything "in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth."

The poem on the "Omnipresence of the Deity" commences with a description of the creation, in which we can find only one thought which has the least pretension to ingenuity, and that one thought is stolen from Dryden—and marred in the stealing:

"Last, softly beautiful as music's close,
Angelic woman into being rose."

The all-pervading influence of the Supreme Being is then described in a few tolerable lines borrowed from Pope, and a great many intolerable lines of Mr. Robert

Montgomery's own. The following may stand as a specimen:

“But who could trace Thine unrestricted course,
 Though fancy followed with immortal force?
 There's not a blossom fondled by the breeze,
 There's not a fruit that beautifies the trees,
 There's not a particle in sea or air,
 But nature owns Thy plastic influence there!
 With fearful gaze, still be it mine to see
 How all is filled and vivified by Thee;
 Upon Thy mirror, earth's majestic view,
 To paint Thy presence, and to feel it too.”

The last two lines contain an excellent specimen of Mr. Montgomery's Turkey-carpet style of writing. The majestic view of death is in the mirror of God's presence, and on this mirror Mr. Robert Montgomery paints God's presence. The use of a mirror, we submit, is not to be painted upon. . . .

We would not be understood to say that Mr. Robert Montgomery cannot make similitudes for himself. We find one which has every mark of originality, and on which, we will be bound, none of the poets whom he has plundered will ever think of making reprisals:

“The soul, aspiring, pants its source to mount,
 As streams meander level with their fount.”

We take this to be, on the whole, the worst similitude in the world. In the first place, no stream meanders, or can possibly meander, level with its fount. In the next place, if streams did meander level with their founts, no two motions can be less like each other than that of meandering level and that of mounting upward.

We have, then, an apostrophe to the Deity couched in terms which, in any writer who dealt in meanings, we should call profane, but to which we suppose Mr. Robert Montgomery attaches no idea whatever.

“Yes! pause and think, within one fleeting hour,
 How vast a universe obeys Thy power;

Unseen, but felt, Thine interfused control
 Works in each atom, and pervades the whole;
 Expands the blossom, and erects the tree,
 Conducts each vapor, and commands each sea,
 Beams in each ray, bids whirlwinds be unfurl'd,
 Unrolls the thunder, and upheaves the world!"

No field-preacher surely ever carried his irreverent familiarity so far as to bid the Supreme Being stop and think on the importance of the interests which are under His care. The grotesque indecency of such an address throws into the shade the subordinate absurdities of the passage, the unfurling of whirlwinds, the unrolling of thunder, and the upheaving of the worlds. . . .

ALEXANDRE DUMAS, the Elder.

(*Born at Villers-Cotterets, France, 1803. Died, 1870.*)

Author of *Henry III.*, *Antony*, *Three Musketeers*, *The Count of Monte Cristo*.

THE GERMAN STUDENT.

It was at Bonn that we saw the first specimen of the common student, with his enormous pipe, his tightly buttoned coat, his turn-down collar, and his microscopic cap, which, however strong the wind may be, thanks to the student's skilful maneuvering with his neck, remains on the extreme summit of his head, as if held down by a nail.

The German student of today is well worth considering. Without a penny to his name, but trusting to Providence, like the birds of heaven, he sallies forth upon a pilgrimage through the country, pipe in hand, tobacco-pouch at side, and Koerner's poems in his pocket. He goes on foot, however great the distance: sun and shade are free to all. As for his other wants, the "Philistine" will take care of them. So, when he sees a carriage,

whether it contains strangers or natives, the student removes his pipe from his mouth, takes his embryonic cap off his head, and accosts the travelers, cheerfully offering them his company on the journey. Rarely does a German deny a gift to the passing student. At some other place, on some other road in Germany, his son is likewise passing, and perhaps at that very moment is making an appeal to the purse of the father whose son he is now assisting. The innkeeper, on his side, is full of indulgence and kindness for the pilgrim studiosus, whatever his academical rank; and whether he be a "finch," a "fox," or an "old house," he is the swallow returning with every spring, and is welcome to shelter under mine host's roof. As for food—fellow-countrymen can easily come to an understanding on that point; besides, the French and the English tourists will pay. Thus, without being asked whether he has money or no, on arriving at an inn the student always has his glass of Rhine wine or his bottle of beer, and he is usually asked what brand he prefers at that. He receives a dinner taken from every one else's dinner, and, if the hostelry be too crowded, a bed of fresh straw that sometimes is a sweeter couch than any stuffed mattress in the whole house. At daybreak the student rises in joyful spirits, drinks another glass of Rhine wine, lights his eternal pipe, and resumes his journey. Then, after having seen the battlefields of Jena, Ulm, and Leipsic, he returns to his university with the degree of "mossy head," drinks a few more thousand pints of beer, smokes a few more thousand pipes, exchanges a few score more of rapier strokes, and afterward goes back again to family life, still drinking, still smoking, but no longer dueling.

In the university town of Heidelberg I found more of my old friends, the students. They were exactly the same as at Bonn, the only difference in their faces being the difference between their pipes.—"*Excursions on the Rhine.*"

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

(Born in Salem, Mass., in 1807. Died in Concord, Mass., in 1864.)

Author of *The Scarlet Letter*, *The House of Seven Gables*, *Tanglewood Tales*, *Twice-Told Tales*, *Blithedale Romance*, *Mosses from an Old Manse*.

THE BRITISH MATRON.

I have heard a good deal of the tenacity with which English ladies retain their personal beauty to a late period of life; but (not to suggest that an American eye needs use and cultivation before it can quite appreciate the charm of English beauty at any age) it strikes me that an English lady of fifty is apt to become a creature less refined and delicate, so far as her physique goes, than anything that we Western people class under the name of woman. She has an awful ponderosity of frame,—not pulpy, like the looser development of our few fat women, but massive, with solid beef and streaky tallow; so that (though struggling manfully against the idea) you inevitably think of her as made up of steaks and sirloins. When she walks her advance is elephantine. When she sits down it is on a great round space of her Maker's footstool, where she looks as if nothing could ever move her. She imposes awe and respect by the muchness of her personality, to such a degree that you probably credit her with far greater moral and intellectual force than she can fairly claim. Her visage is usually grim and stern, seldom positively forbidding, yet calmly terrible, not merely by its breadth and weight of feature, but because it seems to express so much well-defined self-reliance, such acquaintance with the world, its toils, troubles, and dangers, and such sturdy capacity for trampling down a foe. Without anything positively salient, or actively offensive, or, indeed, unjustly formidable to her neighbors, she has the effect of a seventy-four-gun ship in time of peace, for, while you assure yourself that there is no real danger, you cannot help thinking how tremendous would be her onset if pugnaciously inclined, and how futile the effort to inflict any

counter-injury. She certainly looks tenfold—nay, a hundredfold—better able to take care of herself than our slender-framed and haggard womankind; but I have not found reason to suppose that the English dowager of fifty has actually greater courage, fortitude, and strength of character than our women of similar age, or even a tougher physical endurance than they. Morally, she is strong, I suspect, only in society and in the common routine of social affairs, and would be powerless and timid in any exceptional strait that might call for energy outside the conventionalities amid which she has grown up.

You can meet this figure in the street, and live, and even smile at the recollection. But conceive of her in a ballroom, with the bare, brawny arms that she invariably displays there, and all the other corresponding development, such as is beautiful in the maiden blossom, but a spectacle to howl at in such an overblown cabbage-rose as this.

Yet somewhere in this enormous bulk there must be hidden the modest, slender violet-nature of a girl, whom an alien mass of earthliness has unkindly overgrown; for an English maiden in her teens, though very seldom so pretty as our own damsels, possesses, to say the truth, a certain charm of half-blossom, and delicately folded leaves, and tender womanhood, shielded by maidenly reserves, with which, somehow or other, our Americans often fail to adorn themselves during an appreciable moment. It is a pity that the English violet should grow into such an outrageously developed peony as I have attempted to describe. I wonder whether a middle-aged husband ought to be considered as legally married to all the accretions that have overgrown the slenderness of his bride, since he led her to the altar, and which make her so much more than he ever bargained for! Is it not a sounder view of the case that the matrimonial bond cannot be held to include the three-fourths of the wife that had no existence when the ceremony was performed? And ought not an English married pair insist upon the celebration of a silver wedding at the end of twenty-five

years to legalize that corporeal growth of which both parties have individually come into possession since pronounced one flesh?—“*Leamington Spa,*” in *Our Old Home*.

CHARLES DICKENS.

(*Born in Portsmouth, England, 1812. Died, 1870.*)

Author of *David Copperfield*, *Pickwick Papers*, *Oliver Twist*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Old Curiosity Shop*, *Dombey and Son*.

MR. MICAWBER'S PECUNIARY DIFFICULTIES.

Mr. Micawber's difficulties were an addition to my distressed state of mind. In my forlorn state I became quite attached to the family, and used to walk about, busy with Mrs. Micawber's calculations of ways and means, and heavy with the weight of Mr. Micawber's debts. On a Saturday night, which was my grand treat—partly because it was a great thing to walk home with six or seven shillings in my pocket, looking into the shops, and thinking what such a sum would buy, and partly because I went home early—Mrs. Micawber would make the most heart-rending confidences to me; also on a Sunday morning, when I mixed the portion of tea or coffee I had bought overnight, in a little shaving-pot, and sat late at my breakfast. It was nothing at all unusual for Mr. Micawber to sob violently at the beginning of one of these Saturday-night conversations, and sing about Jack's delight being his lovely Nan, toward the end of it. I have known him to come home to supper with a flood of tears, and a declaration that nothing was now left but a jail; and go to bed making a calculation of the expense of putting bow windows to the house, “in case anything turned up,” which was his favorite expression. And Mrs. Micawber was just the same.

A curious equality of friendship, originating, I suppose, in our respective circumstances, sprung up between me and these people, notwithstanding the ludicrous disparity in our years. But I never allowed myself to be prevailed upon to accept any invitation to eat and drink

with them out of their stock (knowing that they got on badly with the butcher and baker, and had often not much for themselves), until Mrs. Micawber took me into her entire confidence. This she did one evening, as follows:

“Master Copperfield,” said Mrs. Micawber, “I make no stranger of you, and therefore do not hesitate to say that Mr. Micawber’s difficulties are coming to a crisis.”

It made me very miserable to hear it, and I looked at Mrs. Micawber’s red eyes with the utmost sympathy.

“With the exception of the heel of a Dutch cheese, which is not adapted to the wants of a young family,” said Mrs. Micawber, “there is really not a scrap of anything in the larder. I was accustomed to speak of the larder when I lived with papa and mamma, and I used the word almost unconsciously. What I mean to express is that there is nothing to eat in the house.”

“Dear me!” I said, in great concern.

I had two or three shillings of my week’s money in my pocket—from which I presume it must have been on a Wednesday night when we held this conversation—and I hastily produced them, and with heartfelt emotion begged Mrs. Micawber to accept of them as a loan. But this lady, kissing me, and making me put them back into my pocket, replied that she couldn’t think of it.

“No, my dear Master Copperfield,” said she, “far be it from my thoughts! But you have a discretion beyond your years, and can render me another kind of service, if you will; and a service I will thankfully accept of.”

I begged Mrs. Micawber to name it.

“I have parted with the plate myself,” said Mrs. Micawber. “Six tea, two salt, and a pair of sugars I have at different times borrowed money on, in secret, with my own hands. But the twins are a great tie; and to me, with my recollections of papa and mamma, these transactions are very painful. There are still a few trifles that we could part with. Mr. Micawber’s feelings would never allow *him* to dispose of them; and Clickett”—this was the girl from the workhouse—“being of a vulgar mind, would take painful liberties if so much con-

fidence was reposed in her. Master Copperfield, if I might ask you—”

I understood Mrs. Micawber now, and begged her to make use of me to any extent. I began to dispose of the more portable articles of property that very evening, and went out on a similar expedition almost every morning, before I went to Murdstone & Grinby's.

Mr. Micawber had a few books on a little chiffonier, which he called the library; and those went first. I carried them, one after another, to a book-stall in the City Road—one part of which, near our house, was almost all book-stalls and bird-shops then—and sold them for whatever they would bring. The keeper of this little book-stall, who lived in a little house behind it, used to get tipsy every night, and to be violently scolded by his wife every morning. More than once, when I went there early, I had audience of him in a turn-up bedstead, with a cut on his forehead, or a black eye, bearing witness to his excesses overnight (I am afraid he was quarrelsome in his drink), and he, with a shaking hand, endeavoring to find the needful shillings in one or other of the pockets of his clothes, which lay upon the floor, while his wife, with a baby in her arms, and her shoes down at heel, never left off rating him. Sometimes he had lost his money, and then he would ask me to call again; but his wife had always got some—had taken his, I dare say, while he was drunk—and secretly completed the bargain on the stairs as we went down together.

At the pawnbroker's shop, too, I began to be very well known. The principal gentleman who officiated behind the counter took a great deal of notice of me; and often got me, I recollect, to decline a Latin noun or adjective, or conjugate a Latin verb, in his ear, while he transacted my business. After all these occasions Mrs. Micawber made a little treat, which was generally a supper; and there was a peculiar relish in these meals which I well remember.

At last Mr. Micawber's difficulties came to a crisis, and he was arrested early one morning, and carried over to the King's Bench prison in the Burrough. He told me,

as he went out of the house, that the God of Day had now gone down upon him—and I really thought his heart was broken, and mine too. But I heard afterward that he was seen to play a lively game at skittles before noon.

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS (Mark Twain).

(*Born in Florida, Mo., 1835.*)

Author of *The Innocents Abroad*, *Roughing It*, *Life on the Mississippi*, *Tom Sawyer*, *Huckleberry Finn*, and other works of Humor and Travel.

MARK TWAIN ON NEW ENGLAND WEATHER.

(Speech in reply to the toast "The Oldest Inhabitant—the Weather," at a dinner of the New England Society.)

"I reverently believe that the Maker, who made us all, makes everything in New England except the weather. I don't know who makes that, but I think it must be raw apprentices in the weather clerk's factory, who experiment and learn how, in New England, for board and clothes, and then are promoted to make weather for countries that require a good article, and will take their custom elsewhere if they don't get it. There is a sumptuous variety about the New England weather that compels the stranger's admiration—and regret. The weather is always doing something there; always attending strictly to business; always getting up new designs, and trying them on the people to see how they will go. But it gets through more business in spring than in any other season.

"In the spring I have counted one hundred and thirty-six different kinds of weather inside of four and twenty hours. It was I that made the fame and fortune of that man who had the marvelous collection of weather on exhibition at the Centennial, that so astounded the foreigners. He was going to travel all over the world and get specimens from all climes. I said: 'Don't you do it; you come to New England on a favorable spring day.'

I told him what we could do, in the way of style, variety, and quantity. Well, he came, and he made his collection in four days. As to variety! Why, he confessed that he got hundreds of kinds of weather that he had never heard of before. As to quantity; well, after he had picked out and discarded all that were blemished in any way, he not only had weather enough, but weather to spare, weather to hire out; weather to sell; to deposit; weather to invest; weather to give to the poor.

“The people of New England are by nature patient and forbearing; but there are some things which they will not stand. Every year they kill a lot of poets for writing ‘Beautiful Spring.’ These are generally casual visitors, who bring their notions of spring from somewhere else, and cannot, of course, know how the natives feel about spring. And so, the first thing they know, the opportunity to inquire how they feel has permanently gone by.

“Old probabilities has a mighty reputation for accurate prophecy, and thoroughly well deserves it. You take up the paper and observe how crisply and confidently he checks off what today’s weather is going to be, on the Pacific—down South—in the Middle States—in the Wisconsin region—see him sail along in the joy and pride of his power till he gets to New England—and then see his tail drop. He doesn’t know what the weather is going to be in New England. He can’t any more tell than he can tell how many Presidents there’s going to be next year. Well, he mulls over it and by and by he gets out something like this: ‘Probably nor-east to sou-west winds, varying to the south’ard and west’ard and east’ard and points between; high and low barometers swapping around from place to place; probable areas of rain, snow, hail, and drought, succeeded or preceded by earthquakes, with thunder and lightning.’ Then he jots down this postscript from his wandering mind, to cover accidents: ‘But it is possible that the programme may be wholly changed in the meantime.’

“Yes, one of the brightest gems in the New England weather is the dazzling uncertainty of it. There is only one thing certain about it; you are certain there is going

to be plenty of weather—a perfect grand review—but you can never tell which end of the procession is going to move first. You fix up for the drought; you leave your umbrella in the house and sally out with your sprinkling pot, and ten to one you get drowned; you make up your mind that the earthquake is done; you stand from under and take hold of something to steady yourself, and the first thing you know you get struck by lightning. These are great disappointments, but they can't be helped.

“The lightning there is peculiar; it is so convincing. When it strikes a thing it doesn't leave enough of that thing behind for you to tell whether—well, you'd think it was something valuable and a congressman had been there. And the thunder! When the thunder commences to merely tune up, and scrape, and saw, and key up the instruments for the performance, strangers say: ‘Why, what awful thunder you have here.’ But when the baton is raised and the real concert begins, you'll find that stranger down in the cellar with his head in an ash barrel.

“Now as to the size of the weather in New England—lengthways, I mean. It is utterly disproportioned to the size of that little country. Half the time, when it is packed as full as it can stick, you will see that New England weather sticking out beyond the edges and projecting around hundreds and hundreds of miles over the neighboring states. She can't hold a tenth part of her weather. You can see cracks all about where she has strained herself trying to do it.

“I could speak volumes about the inhuman perversity of the New England weather, but I will give but a single specimen. I like to hear rain on a tin roof. So I covered part of my roof with tin, with an eye to that luxury. Well, sir, do you think it ever rains on that tin? No, sir; skips it every time. Friends, in this speech I have been trying merely to do honor to the New England weather. No language could do it justice.

“But after all, there is at least one or two things about that weather (or, if you please, effects produced by it) which we residents would not like to part with. If we

hadn't our bewitching autumn foliage we should still have to credit the weather with one feature which compensates for its bullying vagaries—the ice storm—when a leafless tree is clothed with ice from the bottom to the top—ice that is bright and clear as crystal; every bough and twig is strung with ice-twigs, frozen dew drops, and the whole tree sparkles cold and white like the shah of Persia's diamond plume.

“Then the wind waves the branches, and the sun comes out and turns all those myriads of beads and drops into prisms that glow and hum and flash with all manner of colored fires, which change and change again with inconceivable rapidity—from blue to red, from red to green, and green to gold—the tree becomes a spraying fountain, a very explosion of dazzling jewels; and it stands there the acme, the climax, the supremest possibility, in art or nature, of bewildering, intoxicating, intolerable magnificence! One cannot make the words too strong. Month after month I lay up hate and grudge against the New England weather; but when the ice storm comes at last I say: ‘There—I forgive you now—the books are square between us, you don't owe me a cent; go, and sin no more; your little faults and foibles count for nothing—you are the most enchanting weather in the world.’ ”

FIVE NONSENSE VERSES.

There was an Old Man with a beard, who said, “It is
just what I feared!

Two Owls and a Hen, four Larks and a Wren,
Have all built their nests in my beard!”

There was an Old Man in a tree, who was horribly bored
by a bee;

When they said, “Does it buzz?” he replied, “Yes, it
does!
It's a regular brute of a bee!”

There was an Old Man in a boat, who said, "I'm afloat!
I'm afloat!"

When they said, "No, you ain't!" he was ready to
faint,
That unhappy old man in a boat.

There was an Old Man with a poker, who painted his
face with red ochre;

When they said, "You're a Guy!" he made no reply,
But knocked them all down with his poker.

There was an Old Man who said, "Hush! I perceive a
young bird in this bush!"

When they said, "Is it small?" he replied, "Not at all!
It is four times as big as the bush!"

—*Edward Lear.*

WIT AND WISDOM.

(*A Reprimand.*)

"It is easy to be witty and wicked."

—*Thackeray.*

To be witty and wicked is easy,
'Tis clear from your ready replies,
But who would be witty and please, he
Must learn to be witty and wise.

True wit and true wisdom are brothers;
If a name for the last you would prize,
You had better not strive to be witty,
If you cannot be witty and wise.

And if for your wit you'd be famous,
Remember this adage applies:
To be witty and wicked is easy,
But 'tis hard to be witty and wise.

—*Charles Welsh.*

SELF CULTURE QUESTIONS.

Volume VIII.

1. In what form was the earliest writing of mankind? (p. 17.)
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3. Why does the best poetry lend itself readily to singing?
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5. What does poetry suggest to a child? (p. 18.)
6. How can poetry best be understood? (p. 18.)
7. How should children read poetry? (p. 18.)
8. How did poetry save the aviator from losing his reason?
(p. 18.)
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10. Why did the pig wring his hoofs and groan? (p. 23.)
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12. What did Robin Rover say to his crew? (p. 38.)
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(p. 360.)
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Poetry"? (p. 397.)
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98. What is the size of New England weather according to
Mark Twain? (p. 408.)
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in the world? (p. 409.)
100. What must he who wishes to be witty also learn to be?
(p. 410.)

NOTE—*In framing these "Questions" we have had several objects in view,—sometimes to help the student to get at the sense and meaning of the poems, although, of course, the ability to answer every one of the questions may never bring him nearer to an appreciation and understanding of what Literature really is; sometimes to encourage the dictionary habit, by hunting up historical references, etc.; sometimes to exercise ingenuity in the correction of errors; and always to help to fix in the mind what one has read.*

The mind that is richly stored with poetry has a valuable endowment. Therefore, it is never a loss of time spent in learning by heart as many poems as possible.



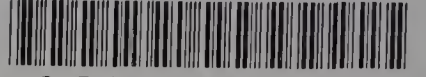
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