



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ELIZA COOK.





THE "CHANDOS POETS."

THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF

ELIZA COOK.
"

" Be ye glad, or be ye sad,
Come and list my simple song;
For Poet's dreams, though strange it seems,
Can help the weary heart along.
What are the prayers that Poets say?
Hark, they are told in this merry lay:—

" May Health be ours where'er we go,
May Reason shut out feud and foe,
May Love abound for high and low,
And God have his own good way."—OLD POEM.

" My Muse, though homely in attire,
May touch the heart."—BURNS.

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TO
J. P. BROWN-WESTHEAD, Esq. M.P.

These pages are gratefully Dedicated,

BY ONE WHO CAN ONLY WISH THAT THE OFFERING WERE
MORE WORTHY OF HIS ACCEPTANCE.

THE RICHEST WORDS ARE BUT POOR INTERPRETERS OF OUR FEELING ;

THEREFORE IT WILL BE ENOUGH TO SAY
THAT THE NAME OF HIM WHO FAVOURS ME BY RECEIVING
THIS SLIGHT PROOF OF GRATEFUL ADMIRATION

WILL BE

“A JOY FOR EVER,”

TO

ELIZA COOK.



PREFACE.

It is with considerable pride, and more pleasure, that I now present to my readers in one volume the whole of my poems, at a price which, I hope, will be within the means of those who could not afford the purchase of my previous editions; and if I can still retain the sympathy and support of "the people" I shall be amply rewarded, and wish for no more richly-gilded laurel.

I have been too long before the Public to have anything new to express or explain relative to the compositions now again tendered for their reception. I can only offer my earnest thanks for the generous patronage which has always followed the numerous editions of my works; and declare that I am still, as I ever have been, inspired alone by "love and goodwill" toward those who have so kindly helped me along my chequered path, by freely responding to my simple effusions. Let me add, that I am very happy in the assurance afforded me through that response, of many genial ears and hearts being as open to the whistle of the woodland robin, as they are to the pæan of the cloud-piercing skylark.

ELIZA COOK.

October, 1869.



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W. Marshall del.

H. Adlard sc.

I fled but soon the deep toned bay
Of blood hound followed on my way
Melana



P O E M S,

ETC.

M E L A I A.

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

Melonian was about to leave
His idol toil one summer eve;
When at his door a stranger-guest
Appeared, in venerable guise;
Whose weight of years had dimmed his eyes,
And meekly lowered his "haught crest."
His garb was of a shape and sort
That plainly augured little wealth;
But his frank smile gave good report
Of rich content and placid health.

No stern and frowning gloom was seen
 To curl his lip or shade his mien;
 His bending limbs and silvered head,
 Stricken with patriarchal age;
 Gave ample sign that he had read
 Life's volume to its closing page.

Melonian rose—the Stranger bowed:

“Artist,” cried he, “I’ve come to scan
 Thy blazoned works,—is it allowed?
 Though great, perhaps thou’rt not too proud
 To please an old and curious man.
 The restless wings of Rumour waft
 Fair tidings of thy noble craft:
 Crowds speak of thee with lauding joy;
 I know thy fame, and would employ
 Thy skill. Say, Artist, what may be
 The sum that forms thy common fee?”

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

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

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

“Hold!” said the Guest; “I must not hear
 Such hard words thrown to one so dear.
 Long as I’ve trod the world, I’ve found
 Naught half so worthy as my hound;

And thou, Melonian, wouldst not spurn
 His claims and merit, didst thou learn
 The strange and strong, nay, holy tie,
 That linked so firm and tenderly.
 Of all the boons that men possess
 To aid, to cheer, instruct, and bless,
 The dog—bold, fond, and beauteous beast—
 Is far from either last or least.
 His love lives on through change of lot;
 His faith will chain him on our grave
 To howl and starve; but thou mayst not
 Have proved such love and faith: *I have.*

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

Melonian seized his hand: “Nay, nay,
 Thy parting is not thus with me:
 Thy speech, thy bearing, all betray
 Thou art not what thou seem’st to be.
 There’s more than meets the eye and ear
 In thee. Say who and what thou art!
 I’m honest, and thou need’st not fear
 A gossip tongue nor traitor heart.
 May I beseech thee to relate
 The secrets of thy name and state?
 You start—ay, ’tis a bold request;
 But you have stirred within my breast
 A quick and sudden interest,
 Wrapt in thy pilgrimage and fate.
 The warmth you’ve kindled doth defy
 The rules of worldly courtesy;
 And prompts, perchance, to ruder word
 And freer tone than should be heard.

Your pardon, if I give offence;
 But, trust me, mine's no wily soul—
 This fervour, bursting all control,
 Is not the bearing of pretence."

The Stranger spoke not for awhile,
 But strove to check a rising sigh;
 And fixed his calm and searching eye
 Upon the Sculptor's brow. The smile
 Which erst illumed his mouth had fled,
 And with it every trace of red
 From cheek and lips; a change had spread
 O'er his fair mien, as though some deep,
 Keen pangs were roused from Memory's sleep,
 Till his rapt brow and stony gaze
 Betrayed that he re-trod the ways
 Which left him lost in Sorrow's maze.

Where is the one who hath not had
 Some anguish-trial, long gone by,
 Steal, spectre-like, all dark and sad
 On busy thought, till the full eye
 And aching breast, betrayed too well,
 The Past still held undying spell?

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

"Ay!" cried Melonian; "but the troth
 Of simple promise is, with me,

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

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

"Now," cried the Stranger, "hear me tell
 My simple tale; and, mark me well;
 Though my plain style may sound uncouth,
 It yields naught else than bitter truth.

"My long and chequered course began
 Far hence, in sultry Hindostan.
 I was a mighty monarch's heir;
 My toys, the sceptre and the crown;
 Shown like an idol to the stare
 Of a vast nation; taught to wear
 A princely port, and proudly share
 A power I should one day bear,
 All kingly—all my own.

"I know full well you cannot see
 A trace of what there once might be;
 My sand is almost out, and now
 You find but furrows on my brow.
 I know no records linger there,
 Save those indorsed by Age and Care;
 The storm-waves of Misfortune's tide
 Bring prince and peasant side by side;
 And who can mark the monarch, when
 He ranks and herds with other men?"

"I know full well it seems a thing
 Absurd, a jest to rouse your mirth,
 To say my sire was born a king,
 And held dominion o'er the earth.

Yet such he was, and such was I.
 Nay, start not!—'Tis but empty sound;
 Strip off the robes of purple dye,
 Throw all the peacock trappings by,
 And nothing more than Man is found;
 And often *less*—some scorpion worm
 That crawls and stings in human form;
 Some upright brute, whose ruthless might,
 In covert of a regal den,
 Lays waste all Mercy, Sense, and Right;
 Defies a God, and tramples men.
 But who expects the sapling tree
 To flourish, with no bough left free.
 Amid the worst the world can lend
 To choke and tangle, warp and rend;
 'Mid all to blast the goodly shoot,
 And turn fair bloom to bitter fruit.

“The monarch's glance hath little chance
 To scan a page in Nature's book;
 The lessons there are sealed with care;
 He must not, dare not, cannot look.
 Lulled by the songs that courtiers sing,
 No harsher music suffered near;
 If Truth should whisper, she would ring
 A strange alarum in his ear.
 Could ye but see what I have seen,
 And know as much as I have known;
 You would not wonder there have been
 Such graceless tyrants on a throne.

“I had an empire at my nod,
 And ruled it like a demigod.
 I was caressed as one divine;
 Wealth, Might—scarce limited—were mine.
 My word could free the veriest slave,
 Or doom the guiltless to a grave.
 I was a feared and homaged one;
 Perched on Ambition's utmost height:
 And thought, as other fools have done,
 Ne'er to be lower or less bright.
 But I was taught a mighty change,
 In spirit, feeling, place, and word;
 I've brooked the trials wild and strange,
 Which some might question if they heard.

“I've proved how hard it is to cope
 With traitors' blows and blasted hope:

I've drunk the cup of dark despair
E'en to the dregs; I've brunted all
Of searing pain and withering care
That Heaven can send to goad and gall:
Yet have I stood the trying test,
And found at last my hour of rest.

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

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

“The night came on, the work was done,
The glory ours, the battle won;
My hand was tired of the sword,
And gladly to its sheath restored
The dripping blade; for though my life
Has oft been risked in human strife,
Elate and proud to have my name
Grow dreaded for its soldier fame;
Though I have stumbled o'er the slain,
'Mid splintered bone and scattered brain;
Though I have seen the streaming blood
Drench the green earth and tinge the flood;
Still, when the raging hour had sped,

I sighed to think such things had been;
And though I helped to strew the dead,

I sickened at the carnage scene.
My soul was reckless in the crash
Of ringing shield and striking clash:
Then I had all the tiger's will,
And all the lion's strength, to kill;
But when I trod the dead-strewn plain,
With Mercy at her post again,
I felt a shuddering horror lurk,
To think I'd mingled in such work.

“'Twas on the night of such a day,
Exhausted and o'erspent,
I flung my heavy mail away,
And hied me to my tent.

There, close beside my couch, I found
 A young, and almost lifeless hound;
 Some random sword or falling spear
 Had deeply gash'd his neck and ear:
 He panted fast, he freely bled;
 His eyeballs had a glazy beam;
 He moaned with anguish as his head
 Fell weltering in his own life-stream.
 I asked who owned him—all were mute,—
 Not one stood forth to make a claim.
 Who brought him there?—None knew the brute;
 Nor how, nor whence, nor when he came.
 Poor wretch! I could not let him lie
 Unheeded, there to bleed and die:
 The girdle from my waist I tore,
 To bind the wound and stanch the gore.

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

“Full soon he won my right good-will;
 I liked him well,
 As you may tell,
 By how he claims my homage still.
 His fleetness held the longest chase;
 He never knew the second place;
 The prey once seized, he'd ne'er resign
 His hold for any voice but mine;
 The bribe was vain, the threat defied,
 I was his lord, and none beside.

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

“There was one other tie to hold
 My heart: I never loved but two:
 That other—must the name be told?

Yes, yes,—it was my queenly bride;
 My worshipped star, my joy, my pride:
 But *she* was false; my *dog* was true.

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

“Oh! how I doted on her smile,—
 That sunbeam o'er a gulf of guile!
 How I adored her orbs of blue,
 Clear, full, and lustrous in their hue;
 Rich as the deep, cerulean light
 Of autumn's melting, moonlit night!
 I've met their tender glance, half hid
 Beneath the thick-fringed falling lid;
 I've seen their pearly drops of grief
 Tremble like dew on violet's leaf;
 I've watched their pleasure-kindled ray,
 Flash out like summer lightning's play;
 And thought, had old Prometheus caught
 The gleaming spark from eyes like those;
 He would have found the fire he sought,
 On earth—nor made the gods his foes.

“Her balmy mouth with rosy glow
 Was imaged by the Love God's bow;
 As sweet and pure as lotus leaf—
 With perfumed teeth in pearly row
 Like foam-beads on a coral reef.
 Her golden hair, with glossy sheen,
 Fell round her temples, rich and free;
 With all the graceful beauty seen
 In flowers of the laburnum tree.
 Her soft cheeks made the maple fade,
 Such tint, such bloom, was theirs alone:
 And e'en thy art could ne'er impart
 Her stately bearing to the stone.

“Why, why does Heaven bequeath such gifts,
 To fascinate all eyes that mark,
 With magnet charm; till something lifts
 The mask, and shows how foully dark
 The dazzling reptile is within,
 Beneath its painted, shining skin!

Oh! if our dazzling outward part
 Bore witness of the mind and heart;
 How many a one must shun the light;
 Or show a leper to the sight!

“ I know I carried much of taint
 That gave offence to Heaven and man;
 But if ye seek a sage or saint,
 Search courts, and find him if ye can.
 I was corrupt, and did much wrong,
 But never breathed of harm to *her*;
 Mine was that passion, warm and strong,
 Which keeps its fervour, deep and long;
 However else the soul may err.
 I loved her with a zeal intense,
 That thrall'd each colder, wiser sense;
 I drank the nectar from her lip,
 As bees the honied poison sip;
 I trusted her, my tongue revealed
 All—much that should have been concealed:
 She laboured, not in vain, to wrest
 Some potent secrets from my breast;
 And then she leagued with traitor band;
 A toil was spread, foul work was planned,
 A rueful deed was to be done,
 And I the victim,—she the one—
 Oh, mercy! have I speech and breath—
 She, she to weave the mesh of death!

“ What's this upon my cheek? a tear!
 Weak drop, what business hast thou here?
 I fondly hoped the shattered string
 Had been by now, a tuneless thing;
 But touch it lightly as I will,
 It gives a mournful echo still.
 Oh! when the heart has once been riven,
 The wound will firmly close no more;
 Let Memory's searching probe be driven,
 It bleeds and quivers, freshly sore.

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

“ She leagued with traitors; 'twas no dream!
 I'd proof of all the hellish scheme;
 I'd noticed much of late to make
 The drowsiest suspicion wake.

Strange glances interchanged by those
 I guessed were less of friends than foes ;
 And more than once I plainly heard
 A whispered, treasonable word.
 But these I brooked, and thought to quell
 All petty brawls that might betide ;
 Till I beheld the Hecate spell
 Was conjured by my trusted bride.

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

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

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

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

“I was betrayed, by friend and wife,
 Sedition round, and death in view :
 And they who dread the assassin’s knife
 Must aptly think and promptly do.
 My love was wrecked ; my faith deceived ;
 The strokes that ever madden most.
 Without these, all had been retrieved ;
 With them, I cared not what was lost.

“My kingship flitted o’er my brain ;
 My pompous sway, my courtier train ;

I laughed, and rent the silken vest,
That only mocked my abject state;
I dashed the jewels from my breast,
And sought my palace gate.

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

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

“ With fearful haste, I saddled straight
An Arab courser, newly broke;
Whose strength and grace were fit to mate
With those that form Apollo's yoke.
'Twas no meet moment to restrain
His mettled zeal. Away he sped,
With tossing mane,
And flinging rein,
Upon the way he chose to tread.
The die was cast—flight, instant flight,
Alone could lend me hope to live;
The monarch-born, the gem-bedight,
The flattered god, the ever right;
Was now a friendless fugitive.

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

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

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

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

"I lingered; but, ere long, my ear
 Had warning of pursuers near.
 I touch'd my Arab's glossy side,
 And on he went, like rushing tide,
 That rolls to fling its sweeping waste
 With furious, all-defying haste.

"On, on, we sped, I took no heed
 How such a strange career would end.
 I urged my Barb to meteor speed;
 But cared not where that speed might tend.
 He sprang, he flew, as though he knew
 A frenzied wretch was on his back;
 And kept his pace for goodly space,
 Upon his own free chosen track.
 He bore me on for many an hour,
 With headlong stride, and bounding power.
 At last he faltered on his path;
 I goaded, but the goad was vain.
 Where was I? with the sun's full wrath
 Around me on the desert plain.

"What an unthought-of goal I'd won!
 Mercy! what wildering race I'd run.

'Twould soon be o'er, my failing horse
 Was strangely swerving on his course;
 His strength was out, his spirit flagged;
 His fire was spent, he faintly lagged;
 His dripping flanks and reeking neck,
 Were white with rifts of foaming fleck:
 His laboured breath was quick and short;
 His nostrils heaved with gasping snort;
 He tottered on,—his will was good,—
 His work had not belied his blood.

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

“ Above me one vast concave spread;
 No dappled clouds, no mellow blue;
 Hot, darting rays, like torches, shed
 A light of most unearthly hue,
 Below was one smooth, glittering sheet,
 That crisped and cracked beneath my feet,
 No springing herb, no daisied sod,—
 All barren, joyless, and untrod.
 My dog was fawning at my side,
 Unwearied by my rapid ride;
 But I rebuked his greeting bound,
 That scatter'd choking dust around.

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

“ Thus to be left on such a spot,
 Appeared the climax of my lot.
 Death hovered there in such gaunt shape,
 That Hope scarce whispered of escape;
 But I was not in fitting state
 To weigh the chances of my fate.
 I wended on with hasty stride,
 'Twixt torrid earth and brazen sky:
 Reckless of all that might betide;
 To meet the worst, to live or die.

But some conjecture, quick and wild,
 Flashed sudden o'er me, and beguiled
 To flattering hope. I vaguely guessed
 That nigh the desert in the west,
 A city stood. That thought inspired
 And held me on awhile, untired.

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

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

"Hour after hour brought on the night,
 With something less of heat and light.
 You may believe I was outworn;
 And trembling, famished, and forlorn,
 I flung me on the dewless ground
 And fast and bitter tears I wept.
 Till, pillowed on my faithful hound;
 Like a tired child, I sobbed and slept.
 Slumber like mine wrought little good:
 I started as the sun uprose;
 And fancied that my boiling blood
 Had gathered torture from repose.
 I felt my temples glow and beat
 With faster pulse and fiercer heat:
 I would have wept again, but now
 My very tears refused to flow.

"I woke—I lived, to meet, to bear
 With Famine, Thirst, and blank Despair:
 I cast my eager, straining eye
 From sky to sand, from sand to sky;
 No, no relief; my hound and I
 Were all that broke the vacancy.

"The whirling blast, the breaker's dash,
 The snapping ropes, the parting crash,
 The sweeping waves that boil and lash,
 The stunning peal, the hissing flash,

The hasty prayer, the hopeless groan,
 The stripling seaboy's gurgling tone,
 Shrieking amid the flood and foam,
 The names of mother, love, and home ;
 The jarring clash that wakes the land,
 When blade to blade and hand to hand,
 Unnumbered voices burst and swell,
 In one unceasing war-whoop yell ;
 The trump of discord ringing out,
 The clamour strife, the victor shout ;—
 Oh ! these are noises any ear
 Will dread to meet and quail to hear :
 But let the earth or waters pour ;
 The loudest din, or wildest roar ;
 Let Anarchy's broad thunders roll,
 And tumult do its worst to thrill ;
 There is a *silence* to the soul,
 More awful, and more startling still.

“ To hear our very breath intrude
 Upon the boundless solitude,
 Where mortal tidings never come
 With busy feet or human hum.
 All hushed above, beneath, around—
 No stirring form, no whispered sound—
 This is a loneliness that falls
 Upon the spirit, and appals
 More than the mingled rude alarms,
 Arising from a world in arms.
 This is a silence bids us shrink,
 As from a precipice's brink ;
 But ye will rarely meet it, save
 In the hot desert or cold grave.
 Cut off from life and fellow-men,
 This silence was around me then :
 'Twas horrible ; but once again
 I dragged along the scorching plain,
 Till the consuming orb of day
 Shot down the close, meridian ray.

“ Exhausted nature then had done
 Its utmost 'neath a desert sun ;
 And moments of delirium came ;
 A staggering weakness seized my frame ;
 My feet refused their task—when lo !
 My gaze met
 Many a minaret :
 A city rose ; 'twas nigh ; but oh !

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

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

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

“ My strange, distempered fancy wrought
 The doom of Tantalus : for naught
 Broke on my frantic, waking dream
 But the deep well and purling stream ;
 Distorted vision conjured near,
 All that is cool, fresh, moist, and clear.
 I saw the crystal fountain play
 In leaping sheets of snowy spray ;
 I heard the undulating wave
 Of the swift river, gush and lave ;
 I saw the dew on grass and flower ;
 I heard the gentle, summer shower,
 With its soft, pattering bubbles drip ;
 I heard the dashing waterfall—
 Oh ! it was cruel mockery all !
 I laughed, and then my shrunken lip
 Oozed thickened gore ; with upraised hand,
 I sank upon the shining sand,
 A Maker's mercy to implore.
 I fervently invoked a name,
 Which, I confess, with much of shame,
 I'd rarely called upon before.

“Mid Pleasure, Plenty, and Success ;
 Freely we take from Him who lends ;
 We boast the blessings we possess,
 Yet scarcely thank the One who sends.

But let Affliction pour its smart ;
 How soon we quail beneath the rod :
 With shattered pride and prostrate heart ;
 We seek the long-forgotten God.
 Let him but smite us, soon we bleed,
 And tremble like a fragile reed ;
 Then do we learn, and own, and feel
 The Power that wounds, alone can heal.
 'Twas thus with me ; the desert taught
 Lessons with bitter truth replete.
 They chastened sorely, but they brought
 My spirit to its Maker's feet.

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

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

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

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

Thank God, it came like lightning flame ;
And desolated as it past.

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

“ The next that Memory can mark
Is of a clear and deep-toned bark.
Sense tardily came back ; I woke
Beneath a gentle, pawing stroke.
I gazed with wild and doubting stare—
My dog ! my noble dog was there—
It was my Murkim that I saw ;
With blood, wet blood, upon his jaw.
What sight for eyes like mine to meet !
I shrieked, I started to my feet.
Judge of my joy ; beside him lay
A small and lifeless beast of prey.
I seized it ; I was in no mood
To play the epicure in food ;
I waited not to think on what
That prey might be, nor whence 'twas got.
Had you but seen me clutch and fall,
Like famished wolf or cannibal,
Upon that mangled, raw repast ;
My hands, my teeth, all tearing fast ;
Had you beheld my dry lips drain
The current from each reeking vein !
You might have judged how human pain
Can wring and madden human brain.
My dry lips met food soft and wet ;
No nectar half so sweet or fresh ;
Oh it was rare delicious fare !
I never quaffed such luscious draught,
Nor tasted viand like that flesh.
It soothed my pulse, it cooled my eye,
It quenched the fire upon my brow ;
It gave me breath, strength, energy ;
And, looking to the city nigh,
I felt that I could reach it now.
Could I do less than kneel and bless
My Saviour in the wilderness ?
But what will all of speech avail ?
The choicest eloquence would fail
Such wild emotion to express.
The feeling that absorbed my heart

Was of that deep entrancing kind
 Which doth defy the lips to find
 A fitting language to impart
 Its glowing zeal and passionate start.
 My lips would falter to discuss
 The glow he kindled in my breast ;
 My dog had snatched from death ; and thus—
 I leave thee to suppose the rest.

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

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

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

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

My words have just worn down the sun.
One question, Friend, and I have done.

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

Pillars had mouldered, Ages waned;
Since this plain tale beguiled an hour:
And Time and War had both profaned
The Glory-seat of Arts and Power.
Famed Greece, the beautiful and great;
Was but a wrecked and fallen state;
She was but as a funeral urn,
Holding the ashes, worlds revere;
O'er which the coldest heart will mourn,
And strangers hang to shed the tear.
Each monument was laid in dust,
By some ungodly, savage hand;
Her palace gates had gathered rust;
Her picture scrolls had fed the brand:
When, 'mid the relics scattered round;
One of surpassing skill was found,
The work was rare,
The marble fair,
The form, a bold and couchant Hound.

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

A Romaunt.

TRACY DE VORE AND HUBERT GREY.

A TALE.

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

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

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

The waving plume in his velvet cap
Is bound with a golden band;
His rich, embroidered suit exhales
The breath of Arabia's land.

His light and fragile form is graced
With a girdle of silvered blue;
And of matchless azure the belt would seem,
Were it not for his eyes' own hue.

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

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

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

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

He is born to bear the high command
Of the richest domain in Switzerland ;
And the vassals pray that fame and health
May bless the child of rank and wealth.
Oh ! truly does every lip declare
What a cherub-like boy is Lord Tracy's heir.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TRACY DE VORE AND HUBERT GREY.

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

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

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

And now he has brought, from his mountain home,
 (With feet and forehead bare),
 A tiny boat, and lancewood bow,
 The work of his own young hand, I trow,
 To please the Baron's heir.
 And now, at the waterfall, side by side,
 Stand the Herdsman's son and the Castle's pride !

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

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

His ear is used to the softest song ;
 To the lute, and gay guitar ;
 But the echoing call of the herdsman's son
 Is sweeter to him by far.

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

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

He teaches him how to note the hours,
By where the sunbeams rest ;
He wades for him where the virgin flowers
Gracefully bend 'neath the cascade's showers ;
To pluck the whitest and best.

He tells him the curious legends of old,
Known by each mountaineer ;
He tells him the story of ghost and fay ;
Waking his wonder and fear.

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

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

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

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

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

There's silence in the mansion now ;
Loud mirth is turn'd to sighing ;
The Baron weeps, the vassals mourn ;
For the darling heir is dying.

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

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

Pallid and weak, he is slowly led,
 Like an infant, from his downy bed ;
 He turns his dimmed and sunken eye
 To look once more upon the sky :
 But, ah ! he cannot bear the rays
 Of a glowing sun to meet his gaze.
 He breathes a sigh, and once again
 Looks out upon the grassy plain ;
 He sees his milk-white palfrey there ;
 His own pet steed, so sleek and fair :
 But there's no silken rein to deck
 The beauty of its glossy neck ;
 No saddle-cloth is seen to shine
 Upon its sides—the steed doth lack
 A coaxing hand, and seems to pine ;
 Missing the one that graced its back.

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

He looks once more in the Castle court ;
 The scene of many a festive sport :
 He sees his spaniel dull and lone ;
 He hears its plaintive, whining tone ;
 He looks beyond the Castle wall,
 Where he used to play by the waterfall ;
 He thinks on the days of health and joy,
 When he roved abroad with the mountain boy ;
 And the gushing tears start down his cheek ;
 His eyelids fall—he cannot speak—
 He turns away—a gentle arm
 Receives his fainting form :
 Exhausted, trembling, pale ; he sinks
 Like a lily from the storm.

His mother sits beside his couch,
Her arm around him thrown;
And bitterly she grieves above
Her beautiful, her own.

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

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

And where is he? the herdsman’s son,
The bold, the strong, the dauntless one?
The dew is off the shadiest spot,
The noon is nigh, why comes he not?

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

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

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

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

The door flings back—the herdsman’s wife
Comes forth with wondering look;
“’Tis strange!” she cries, “three hours ago
He started, with his staff and bow,
And the Castle way he took!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yes, yes, ’tis he ! the herdsman’s son—
 The bold, the strong, the daring one.

He hath bent him o'er to reach the flowers
 That spring along the dreaded steep:
 His brain grows dizzy—yet again—
 He snatches, totters, shrieks, in vain—
 He falls ten fathoms deep!

The groan that met his mother's ear,
 Gave forth his latest breath:
 The mountain boy is sleeping fast,
 The dreamless sleep of death.

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

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

Stretched like a lion-cub he lies;
 As free he lived, as lonely dies:
 The mountain-born; the strong, the brave;
 Too soon hath found a mountain-grave.

And many an eye shall weep his fate;
 And many a heart shall rue the day:
 For a brighter being ne'er had life
 Than the herdsman's son; young Hubert Grey.

And Tracy de Vore, the Baron's heir,
 The meek; the cherub-like; the fair:
 He is sinking to eternal rest;
 Soft pillowed on his mother's breast;
 He knows not that his lowly mate
 Has met so terrible a fate.

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

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

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

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

The Baron weeps ; his star has set ;
 All hope, all joy has fled.
 His soul's adored ; his house's pride ;
 His only born, is dead.

The Castle is dark—no sound is heard
 But the wailing of deep despair.
 The lord and the vassal are mourning alike
 For the well-loved, noble heir.
 Oh ! truly does every heart deplore
 The young and beautiful Tracy de Vore.

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

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

The mother mourns with a hopeless grief ;
 Her sobbing is bitterly loud :
 Her eye is fixed on her mangled boy ;
 As he lies in his winding shroud.

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

There's a tear on his cheek when the sun gets up ;
 He sighs at the close of day :
 His mates would offer the cheering cup ;
 But he turns his lip away.
 He mourns for the one that promised well
 To walk his land like another Tell.

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

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

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

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

Miscellaneous Poems.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I LOVE it, I love it; and who shall dare
 To chide me for loving that old Arm-chair ?
 I've treasured it long as a sainted prize ;
 I've bedewed it with tears, and embalmed it with sighs.
 'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart ;
 Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
 Would ye learn the spell ?—a mother sat there ;
 And a sacred thing is that old Arm-chair.

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

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

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

OH! DEAR TO MEMORY ARE THOSE HOURS.

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

Then shone the meteor rays of Youth ;
 Eclipsing quite the lamp of Truth ;
 And precious those bright sunbeams were ;
 That dried all tears, dispersed all care ;

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

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

 SONG OF THE RUSHLIGHT.

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

I am found in the closely-curtained room,
 Where a stillness reigns that breathes of the tomb—
 Where the breaking heart, and heavy eye,
 Are waiting to see a loved one die—

SONG OF THE RUSHLIGHT.

Where the doting child with noiseless tread
 Steals warily to the mother's bed ;
 To mark if the faint and struggling breath
 Is fluttering still in the grasp of Death.

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

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

Her restless gaze, as the night wears late,
 Is anxiously thrown on the dial-plate ;
 And a sob responds to the echoing sound
 That tells the hand hath gone its round :
 She mournfully trims my slender wick,
 As she sees me fading and wasting quick ;
 And many a time has my spark expired,
 And left her, still the weeping and tired.

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

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

I am the light that's doomed to share
 The meanest lot that man can bear :
 I see the scanty portion spread,
 Where children struggle for scraps of bread—
 Where squalid forms and faces seem
 Like phantoms in a hideous dream—
 Where the soul may look, with startled awe,
 On the work of Poverty's vulture-claw.

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



THE LAND OF MY BIRTH.

THERE'S a magical tie to the land of our home,
 Which the heart cannot break, though the footsteps may roam :
 Be that land where it may, at the Line or the Pole,
 It still holds the magnet that draws back the soul.
 'Tis loved by the freeman, 'tis loved by the slave,
 'Tis dear to the coward, more dear to the brave !
 Ask of any the spot they like best on the earth,
 And they'll answer with pride, " 'Tis the land of my birth."

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

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

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



THE MOTHER WHO HATH A CHILD AT SEA.

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

There's a cheek that is getting ashy white,
 As the tokens of storm come on with the night ;
 There's a form that's fixed at the lattice pane,
 To mark how the gloom gathers over the main ;
 While the yeasty billows lash the shore
 With loftier sweep, and hoarser roar.
 That cheek ! that form ! oh, whose can they be,
 But a mother's who hath a child at sea ?

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

She conjures up the fearful scene
 Of yawning waves, where the ship between,
 With striking keel and splintered mast,
 Is plunging hard and foundering fast.
 She sees her boy, with lank, drenched hair,
 Clinging on to the wreck with a cry of despair.



Fig. 1. 1841.

Fig. 2.

The best is the one that is made
of the best of the material
The best is the one that is made
of the best of the material

Oh! the vision is maddening. No fear can be
Like a mother's who hath a child at sea.

She presses her brow, she sinks and kneels;
Whilst the blast howls on and the thunder peals;
She breathes not a word, for her passionate prayer
Is too fervent and deep for the lips to bear:
It is poured in the long, convulsive sigh,
In the straining glance of an upturned eye;
And a holier offering cannot be
Than the mother's prayer for her child at sea.

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



SUMMER'S FAREWELL.

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

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

SAILING SONG.

They will, they will; but ah! who can tell
 Whether I may live on till their coming?
 This spirit may sleep too soundly then
 To wake with the warbling or humming.
 This cheek, now pale, may be paler far,
 When the summer sun next is glowing;
 The cherishing rays may gild with light
 The grass on my grave-turf growing.
 Oh! what a change in my spirit's dream
 May there be ere the summer sun next shall beam!

SAILING SONG.

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

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

SPRING.

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

Music, sweet music, sounds over the earth;
 One glad, choral song greets the primrose's birth;
 The lark soars above, with its shrill, matin strain;
 The shepherd-boy tunes his reed-pipe on the plain.

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

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

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

Welcome, all hail to thee, heart-stirring May !
 Thou hast won from my wild harp a rapturous lay ;
 And the last, dying murmur that sleeps on the string,
 Is "Welcome ! All hail to thee, welcome, young Spring !"



THE GIPSY'S TENT.

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

Some crime and much folly may fall to our lot ;
 We have sins ; but pray where is the one who has not ?
 We are rogues, arrant rogues :—yet remember ! 'tis rare
 We take but from those who can very well spare.
 You may tell us of deeds justly branded with shame ;
 But if great ones heard truth, you could tell them the same ;
 And there's many a king would have less to repent
 If his throne were as pure as the Gipsy's tent.

Pant ye for beauty ?—Oh ! where would ye seek
 Such bloom as is found on the tawny one's cheek ?
 Our limbs, that go bounding in freedom and health,
 Are worth all your pale faces and coffers of wealth.

There are none to control us, we rest or we roam ;
 Our will is our law, and the world is our home :
 E'en Jove would repine at *his* lot if he spent
 A night of wild glee in the Gipsy's tent.

 THE MISER.

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

Sad is the lot of those who pine
 In the gloomy depths of the precious mine ;
 But they toil not so hard in gaining the ore,
 As the miser in guarding the glittering store.
 He counts the coin with a feasting eye ;
 And trembles the while if a step comes nigh :
 He adds more wealth ; and a smiling trace
 Of joy comes over his shrunken face.

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

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

Death comes—but the miser's friendless bier
 Is freed from the sobbing mourner's tear ;

Unloved, unwept, no grateful one
 Will tell of the kindly deeds he has done.
 Oh! never covet the miser's fame;
 'Tis a cheerless halo that circles his name;
 And one fond heart that will truly grieve,
 Will outweigh all the gold we can leave.

 THE FREE.

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

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

The deer starts by, with his antlers high;
 Proudly tossing his head to the sky:
 The barb runs the plain, unbroke by the rein,
 With steaming nostrils and flying mane.
 The clouds are stirred by the eaglet bird,
 As the flap of its swooping pinion is heard:
 Oh! these shall be the creatures for me,
 For my soul was formed to love the Free.

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

OLD DOBBIN.

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

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

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

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

He was fond as a spaniel, and soon he became
The pride of the herd-boy, the pet of the dame.
'Tis well that his market-price cannot be known ;
But we christened him Dobbin, and called him our own.

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

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

We broke him for service, and tamely he wore
Girth and rein, seeming proud of the thralldom he bore ;
Each farm, it is known, must possess an " odd " steed,
And Dobbin was ours, for all times, and all need.

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

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

We fun-loving urchins would group by his side ;
We might fearlessly mount him, and daringly ride :
We might creep through his legs, we might plait his long tail ;
But his temper and patience were ne'er known to fail.

We would brush his bright hide till 'twas free from a speck ;
We kissed his brown muzzle, and hugged his thick neck :
Oh ! we prized him like life, and a heart-breaking sob
Ever burst when they threatened to sell our dear Dob.

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

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

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

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

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

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

SLEEP.

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

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

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

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

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

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

WINTER.

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

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

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

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

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

A few of thy blessings, a tithe of thy gold,
 Will save the young, and cherish the old.
 'Tis a glorious task to work such good—
 Do it, ye great ones!—Ye can, and ye should.

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

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



HALLOWED BE THY NAME.

List to the dreamy tone that dwells
 In rippling wave, or sighing tree;
 Go, hearken to the old, church bells;
 The whistling bird, the whirring bee:
 Interpret right, and ye will find
 'Tis "power and glory" they proclaim:
 The chimes, the creatures, waters, wind;
 All publish, "hallowed be Thy name!"

The pilgrim journeys till he bleeds,
 To gain the altar of his sires;
 The hermit pores above his beads,
 With zeal that never wanes nor tires:

THE ENGLISH SHIP BY MOONLIGHT.

But holiest rite or longest prayer
 That soul can yield or wisdom frame;
 What better import can it bear
 Than, "FATHER! hallowed be Thy name!"

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

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



THE ENGLISH SHIP BY MOONLIGHT.

THE world below hath not for me
 Such a fair and glorious sight,
 As an English ship on a rippling sea,
 In the full moon's placid light.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But the world below holds not for me
 Such a fair and glorious sight
 As a brave ship on a rippling sea
 In the full moon's placid light.



WATER.

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

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

THE QUIET EYE.

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

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



THE QUIET EYE.

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

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

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

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



SNOW.

Brave Winter and I shall ever agree,
 Though a stern and frowning gaffer is he.
 I like to hear him, with hail and rain,
 Come tapping against the window pane :
 I like to see him come marching forth,
 Begirt with the icicle gems of the north ;
 But I like him best when he comes bedight
 In his velvet robes of stainless white.

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

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

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

THE GALLANT ENGLISH TAR.

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

Let but the sons of Want come nigh, and tell their tale to him;
 He'll chide their eyes for weeping, while his own are growing dim:
 "Cheer up," he cries, "we all must meet the storm as well as calm;"
 But, turning on his heel, Jack slips the guineas in their palm.
 He'll hear no long oration, but tell you every man
 Is born to act a brother's part, and do what good he can.
 He's Britain's boast, and claims a toast! "In peace, my boys, or war,
 Here's to the brave upon the wave; the Gallant, English Tar."

The dark, blue jacket that enfolds the sailor's manly breast;
 Bears more of real honour than the star and ermine vest.
 The tittle of folly in his head may wake the landsman's mirth,
 But Nature proudly owns him as her child of sterling worth.
 His heart is warm, his hand is true, his word is frank and free;
 And though he plays the ass on shore, he's lion of the sea.
 He's Britain's boast, and claims a toast! "In peace, my boys, or war,
 Here's to the brave upon the wave; the Gallant, English Tar."

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

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

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

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

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

 THE OLD FARM-GATE.

WHERE, where is the gate that once served to divide
 The elm-shaded lane from the dusty road-side?
 I like not this barrier, gaily bedight,
 With its glittering latch and its trellis of white.

It is seemly, I own—yet, oh! dearer by far
 Was the red-rusted hinge, and the weather-warped bar.
 Here are fashion and form of a modernized date,
 But I'd rather have looked on the Old Farm-gate.

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

'Twas here where the miller's son paced to and fro,
 When the moon was above and the glow-worms below;
 Now pensively leaning, now twirling his stick,
 While the moments grew long and his heart-throbs grew quick.
 Why, why did he linger so restlessly there,
 With church-going vestment and sprucely-combed hair?
 He loved, oh! he loved, and had promised to wait
 For the one he adored, at the Old Farm-gate.

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

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

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

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



STANZAS.

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

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

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

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

THE IDIOT-BORN.

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

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

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

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

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

THE STAR O' GLENGARY.

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

'Tis lang sin' we first trod the Highlands together,
 Twa frolicsome bairns, gaily starting the deer ;
 When I ca'd her my life ! my ain, bonnie, wee wife,
 And ne'er knew sic joy as when Mary was near.
 And still she's the blossom I wear in my bosom,
 A blossom I'll cherish and wear till I dee ;
 For my ain, bonnie Mary, the star o' Glengary !
 She's health, and she's wealth, and she's a' good to me.

 THE WATERS.

WHAT was it that I loved so well about my childhood's home ?
 It was the wide and wave-lashed shore, the black rocks, crowned with
 foam.

It was the sea-gull's flapping wing, all trackless in its flight ;
 Its screaming note that welcomed on, the fierce and stormy night.
 The wild heath had its flowers and moss, the forest had its trees,
 Which, bending to the evening wind, made music in the breeze :
 But earth, ha ! ha ! I laugh e'en now, earth had no charms for me ;
 No scene half bright enough to win my young heart from the sea !
 No ! 'twas the ocean, vast and deep, the fathomless, the free !
 The mighty, rushing waters that were ever dear to me !

My earliest steps would wander from the green and fertile land,
 Down where the clear, blue ocean rolled, to pace the rugged strand ;
 I'd proudly fling the proffered bribe and gilded toy away,
 To gather up the salt sea weeds, or dabble in the spray !
 I shouted to the distant crew, or launched my mimic bark ;
 I met the morning's freshness there, and lingered till the dark ;
 When dark, I climbed, with bounding step, the steep and jutting cliff ;
 To see them trim the beacon-light to guide the fisher's skiff !
 Oh ! how I loved the Waters, and even longed to be
 A bird, or boat, or anything that dwelt upon the Sea.

The moon! the moon! oh, tell me, do ye love her placid ray?
 Do ye love the shining, starry train that gathers round her way?
 Oh! if ye do, go watch her when she climbs above the main,
 While her full transcript lives below, upon the crystal plain.
 While her soft light serenely falls; and rising billows seem
 Like sheets of silver spreading forth to meet her hallowed beam:
 Look! and thy soul will own the spell; thou'lt feel as I have felt;
 Thou'lt love the waves as I have loved, and kneel as I have knelt;
 And, well I know, the prayer of saint or martyr ne'er could be
 More fervent in its faith than mine, beside the moon-lit Sea.

I liked not those who nurtured me; they gave my bosom pain;
 They strove to fix their shackles on a soul that spurned the chain:
 I grew rebellious to their hope, disdainful of their care;
 And all they dreaded most, my spirit loved the most to dare.
 And am I changed? have I become a tame and fashioned thing?
 Have I yet learned to sing the joys that pleasure's minions sing?
 Is there a smile upon my brow, when mixed with Folly's crowd?
 Is the false whisper dearer than the storm-wail, shrill and loud?
 No! no! my soul is as it was, and as it e'er will be—
 Loving, and free as what it loves, the curbless, mighty Sea.

THE POET.

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

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

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

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

Life hath much of grief and pain
 To sicken the breast, and tire the brain ;
 All brows are shaded by sorrow's cloud,
 All eyes are dimmed, all spirits bowed ;
 Sighs will break from the careworn breast,
 Till death is asked as a pillow of rest ;
 But the gifted one, oh ! who can tell
 How his pulses beat, and his heart's strings swell.
His quivering pain, *his* throbbing woe
 None but himself and his God can know.

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

Oh ! there's something holy about each spot
 Where the weary sleep, and strife comes not ;
 And the good and great ones, passed away,
 Have worshippers still o'er their soulless clay ;

But the dust of the Bard is most hallowed and dear,
 'Tis moistened and blest by the warmest tear ;
 The prayers of the worthiest breathe his name,
 Mourning his loss, and guarding his fame ;
 And the truest homage the dead can have,
 Is poured from the heart, at the Poet's grave.



THE SONG OF MARION.

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

"Not yet, not yet ! I thought I saw
 The foldings of his plaid ;
 Alas ! 'twas but the mountain pine,
 That cast a fitful shade.
 The moon is o'er the highest crag,
 It gilds each tower and tree ;
 But Wallace comes not back to bless
 The hearts in Ellerslie.

Not yet, not yet ! Is that his plume
 I see beside the hill ?
 Ah, no ! 'tis but the waving fern ;
 The heath is lonely still.
 Dear Wallace, day-star of my soul,
 Thy Marion weeps for thee ;
 She fears lest evil should betide
 The guard of Ellerslie.

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

Not yet, not yet ! My heart will break :
 Where can the brave one stay ?
 I know 'tis not his own free will
 That keeps him thus away.

The lion may forsake his lair,
 The dove its nest may flee,
 But Wallace loves too well, to leave
 His bride and Ellerslie.

Not yet, not yet ! The moon goes down,
 And Wallace is not here ;
 And still his sleuth-hound howls, and still
 I shed the burning tear.
 Oh, come, my Wallace, quickly come,
 As ever, safe and free :
 Come, or thy Marion soon will find
 A grave in Ellerslie."

THE GIPSY CHILD.

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

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

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

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

NATURE'S GENTLEMAN.

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

She may not spend her greatest skill about the outward part,
 But showers beauty, grace, and light, upon the brain and heart ;
 She may not shed ancestral fame his pathway to illume—
 The sun that flings the brightest ray may rise from mist and gloom.
 Should Fortune pour her welcome store, and useful gold abound,
 He shares it with a bounteous hand, and scatters blessings round.
 The treasure sent, is rightly spent, and serves the end designed,
 When held by Nature's Gentleman, the good, the just, the kind.

He turns not from the cheerless home, where Sorrow's offspring dwell ;
 He'll greet the peasant in his hut,—the culprit in his cell :
 He stays to hear the widow's plaint, of deep and mourning love ;
 He seeks to aid her lot below, and prompt her faith above.
 The orphan child, the friendless one, the luckless, or the poor,
 Will never meet his spurning frown, nor leave his bolted door ;
 His kindred circles all mankind, his country all the globe—
 An honest name his jewelled star, and Truth his ermine robe.

He wisely yields his passions up to Reason's firm control—
 His pleasures are of crimeless kind, and never taint the soul.
 He may be thrown among the gay and reckless sons of life :
 But will not love the revel scene, nor head the brawling strife.

He wounds no breast with jeer or jest, yet bears no honied tongue;
 He's social with the grey-haired one, and merry with the young;
 He gravely shares the council speech, or joins the rustic game;
 And shines as Nature's Gentleman, in every place the same.

No haughty gesture marks his gait, no pompous tone his word;
 No studied attitude is seen, no ribald gossip heard;
 He'll suit his bearing to the hour—laugh, listen, learn or teach;
 With joyous freedom in his mirth, and candour in his speech.
 He worships God with inward zeal, and serves him in each deed;
 He would not blame another's faith, nor have one martyr bleed;
 Justice and Mercy form his code; he puts his trust in Heaven:
 His prayer is, "If the heart mean well, may all else be forgiven!"

Though few of such may gem the earth, yet such rare gems there are:
 Each shining in his hallowed sphere as Virtue's polar star.
 Though human hearts too oft are found all gross, corrupt, and dark,
 Yet, yet, some bosoms breathe and burn,—lit by Promethean spark:
 There are some spirits nobly just, unwarped by self or pride,
 Great in the calm, but greater still when dashed by adverse tide,—
 They hold the rank no king can give, no station can disgrace:
 Nature puts forth *her* Gentleman, and monarchs must give place.

NORAH M'SHANE.

I've left Ballymornach a long way behind me;
 To better my fortune I've crossed the big sea;
 But I'm sadly alone, not a creature to mind me,
 And, faith! I'm as wretched as wretched can be.
 I think of the buttermilk, fresh as a daisy;
 The beautiful hills and the emerald plain;
 And oh! don't I oftentimes think myself crazy,
 About that young black-eyed rogue, Norah M'Shane.

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

Oh! there's something so dear in the cot I was born in,
 Though the walls are but mud, and the roof is but thatch!
 How familiar the grunt of the pigs in the morning,
 What music in lifting the rusty, old latch!

TRUTH.

'Tis true I'd no money, but then I'd no sorrow;
 My pockets were light, but my heart had no pain;
 And if I but live till the sun shines to-morrow,
 I'll be off to old Ireland and Norah M'Shane.

 TRUTH.

'Tis passing sad to note the face
 Where haggard Grief has taken its place;
 Where the soul's keen anguish can but speak
 In the glistening lash and averted cheek—
 When the restless orbs, with struggling pride,
 Swell with the tears they fain would hide,
 Till the pouring drops and heaving throbs
 Burst forth in strong, impassioned sobs.

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

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

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

Oh! this to me is the look which hath
 More hideous seeming than honest wrath.

Let pain distort with its harrowing might,
 Or sorrow rob the glance of its light ;
 Yet the pallid chill, or the fevered flush,
 Sears less than Falsehood's scathing blush :
 Nay, look on the brow ; 'tis better to trace
 The lines of Death than the shade of Disgrace.

 THE SEXTON.

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

This is the lay of the Sexton grey ;
 King of the churchyard he—
 While the mournful knell of the tolling bell,
 Chimes in with his burden of glee.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GALLA BRAE.

O, TELL me, did ye ever see
 Sweet Galla on a simmer night,
 When ilka star had oped its e’e,
 An’ tipped the broom wi’ saft, pale light?

Ye'd never gang toward the town,
 Ye wadna like the flauntie day ;
 If ance ye saw the moon blink down
 Her bonnie beams on Galla Brae.

A' silent, save the wimplin tune,
 The win's asleep, nae leaflet stirs :
 O gie me Galla 'neath the moon,
 Its siller birk, and gowden furze.
 There's monie anither leesome glen,
 But let 'em talk o' whilk they may,
 O' a' the rigs an' shaws I ken,
 There nane sae fair as Galla Brae.

I crept a wee thing 'mang its heath,
 A laughing laddie there I stray'd ;
 I roved beside its burnie's tide
 In caller air, an' gloaming shade.
 Its gowans were the first I pu'd,
 An' still my leal heart loves it sae,
 That when I dee, nae grave would be
 Sic hallowed earth as Galla Brae.



THE CLOUDS.

BEAUTIFUL Clouds ! I have watched ye long
 Fickle and bright as a fairy throng ;
 Now ye have gathered golden beams,
 Now ye are parting in silver streams,
 Now ye are tinged with a roseate blush,
 Deepening fast to a crimson flush ;
 Now, like aërial sprites at play,
 Ye are lightly dancing another way ;
 Melting in many a pearly flake,
 Like the cygnet's down on the azure lake ;
 Now ye gather again, and run
 To bask in the blaze of a setting sun ;
 And anon ye serve as Zephyr's car,
 Flitting before the evening star.

Now ye ride in mighty form,
 With the arms of a giant to nurse the storm ;
 Ye grasp the lightning, and fling it on earth,
 All flashing and wild as a maniac's mirth.

Ye cavern the thunder, and bravely it roars,
 While the forest groans, and the avalanche pours;
 Ye launch the torrent with headlong force,
 Till the rivers hiss in their boiling course;
 Ye come, and your trophies are scattered around
 In the wreck on the waters, the oak on the ground.

Oh! where is the eye that doth not love
 The glorious phantoms that glide above?
 That hath not looked on the realms of air,
 With wondering soul, and bursting prayer!
 Oh! where is the spirit that hath not bowed
 At the holy shrine of a passing Cloud?

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

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

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

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

“That tune e’er held his soul in thrall;
 It never breathed in vain;
 He’ll waken as its echoes fall,
 Or never wake again.”

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

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

THE POET'S WREATH.

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

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

Fortune first tempted: she scattered her gold,
And placed on his temples a gem-bright rim;
But he scarcely glanced on the wealth as it rolled;
He said the circlet was heavy and cold,
And only a burden to him.

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

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

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

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

THE ENGLISHMAN.

Jove heard, and he scowled with a gloomier frown ;
 'Twas the cloud Pride lends to keep Sorrow unseen—
 He put by his sceptre, and flung his bolt down ;
 And snatched from the Glory that haloed his crown,
 The rays of most burning sheen.

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

 THE ENGLISHMAN.

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

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

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

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



TO A FAVOURITE PONY.

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

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

Or shall we take the sandy road
 Toward the wealthy squire's abode,
 Where the lodge gate swings freely back,
 To let us take the well-known track ?
 I'll warrant me, that gate thou'dst find,
 Though reinless, riderless, and blind.
 Thou'rt restless, Gyp ; come start, and go ;—
 You take the hill ; well, be it so—

TO A FAVOURITE PONY.

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

The squire tells truth ; to say the least,
 Thou really art a clever beast :
 A better one, take altogether,
 Ne'er looked from out a hempen tether.
 Full many a mile thou'st borne me, Gyp,
 Without a stumble, shy, or slip ;
 Excepting, when that deep morass,
 All overgrown with weeds and grass,
 Betrayed us to a headlong tumble,
 And made me feel a little humble ;
 But on we went, though well bespattered ;
 Thy knees uncut, *my* bones unshattered.

My gentle Gyp ! I've seen thee prove
 How fast a tiny steed can move ;
 I've seen thee keep the foremost place,
 And win the hard-contested race :
 I've seen thee lift as light a leg
 As Tam O'Shanter's famous Meg,
 Who galloped on right helter-skelter,
 With goblins in her rear to pelt her ;
 And, closely pressed by evil kind,
 Left her unhappy tail behind.
 Stop—fair and softly, gentle Gyp—
 I've jingled thus far in our trip ;

But now we're nigh the well-known gate ;
 So steady—stand at ease—and wait—
 While I restore to hiding-place
 My paper and my pencil-case ;
 Stand steady—and another time
 I'll sing thy praise in better rhyme.



STANZAS.

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

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

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

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

So Life may retain its full portion of joy,
 And Fortune give all that she can ;
 But the feelings that gladden the breast of the *boy*
 Will rarely be found in the *man*.



A B C.

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

A LOVE SONG.

Teasing things of toil and trouble,
 Fount of many a rolling bubble ;
 How I strived with pouting pain,
 To get thee quartered on my brain ;
 But when the giant feat was done,
 How nobly wide the field I'd won !
 Wit, Reason, Wisdom, all might be
 Enjoyed through simple A B C.

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

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

 A LOVE-SONG.

DEAR KATE—I do not swear and rave,
 Or sigh sweet things as many can ;
 But though my lip ne'er plays the slave,
 My *heart* will not disgrace the *man*.
 I prize thee—ay, my bonnie Kate,
 So firmly fond this breast can be ;
 That I would brook the sternest fate
 If it but left me health and thee.

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

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

You must not like me less, my Kate,
 For such an honest strain as this;
 I love *thee* dearly, but I hate
 The puling rhymes of "kiss" and "bliss."
 There's truth in all I've said or sung;
 I woo thee as a man *should* woo;
 And though I lack a honied tongue,
 Thou'lt never find a breast more true.



NAE STAR WAS GLINTIN OUT ABOON.

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

But when I trod the same way back,
 It seemed a sad and waefu' track;
 The brae and glen were lone and lang;
 I didna sing my cantie sang;
 I felt how sharp the sleet did fa',
 And couldna face the wind at a'.
 Oh! sic a change! how could it be?
 I ken fu' well, and sae may ye—
 The sunshine had been gloom to me
 While ganging *frae* my Katie.



CUPID'S ARROW.

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

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

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

 SONG OF THE CARRION CROW.

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

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

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

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

I scent the deeds of fearful crime;
I wheel o'er the parricide's head;
I have watched the sire, who, mad with ire,
The blood of his child hath shed.

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

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

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

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

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

I plunged my beak in the marbling cheek,
I perched on the clammy brow;
And a dainty treat was that fresh meat
To the greedy Carrion Crow.

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

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

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

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

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

Far and wide is my charnel range,
 And rich carousal I keep;
 Till back I come to my gibbet home,
 To be merrily rocked to sleep.

When the world shall be spread with tombless dead,
 And darkness shroud all below;
 What triumph and glee to the last will be,
 For the sateless Carrion Crow!



THE YOUNG MARINERS.

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

The eldest-born, our hope and pride, the brightest of the three,
 Had entered on the busy world, a sturdy shipwright he;
 And mighty project filled our heads—we sat in council sage,
 With earnest speech and gravity beseeeming riper age:

We dared to think, we dared to say, that *he* could frame a boat,
And many others said the same, but questioned—"would it float?"
Yet lines were drawn and timbers bought; all well and wisely planned;
And steadily he set to work to try his "'prentice hand."

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

"'Tis a sweet cockleshell," cried they, "well formed to please a boy;
With silken sails the thing will be a pretty water toy!"
We took their taunts all quietly, till she was fit to launch;
And then some eyes began to find she looked a little stanch.
All trim and neat, rigged out complete, we hailed our fairy bark,
And chose her name the *Petrel*, from the bird of storm and dark.

We three, and Will, the smuggler's son, composed her stripling crew;
Her sheets were white as breaker's spray, her pennon old true blue;
And blessed was the breezy hour, and happy wights were we,
When first we gave her wings the wind, and saw her take the sea.
She cleared the bay, and shot away with free and steady speed;
Ne'er faster sped the desert child upon his Arab steed;
And though that squally day had served the fishers to deter;
The *Petrel* fairly showed us, that it failed to frighten her.

We reefed—she slacked; "Helm down!"—she tacked: she scudded—
went about:

All nobly done, our hopes were won—what triumph filled our shout!
And miser never prized his heaps, nor bridegroom loved his bride,
As we did our brave *Petrel* when she cut the booming tide.
Full many a fearful trip we made; no hazard did we shun;
We met the gale as readily as butterflies the sun:
No terror seized our glowing hearts; the blast but raised our mirth;
We felt as safe upon her planks, as by our household hearth.

When many a large and stately ship lay rolling like a log,
With more of water in her hold than that which served for grog,—
"What ho!" we'd cry, while skimming by, "look here, ye boasting
band!

Just see what boys with water toys and silken sails can stand!"
Old Nep might lash his dolphins on with fierce and splashing wrath,
And summon all the myrmidons of death about his path;
The Triton trumpeter might sound his conch-horn long and loud,
Till scaly monsters woke and tossed the billows to the cloud.

The Nereids might scream their glee, bluff Boreas howl and rave;
But still the little *Petrel* was as saucy as the wave.
By day or night, in shade or light, a fitting mate was she
To ramble with her sponsor-bird, and live on any sea.

She tempted with a witching spell, she lured us to forget
 A sister's fear, a mother's tear, a father's chiding threat :
 Away we'd dash through foam and flash, and take the main as soon
 Amid the scowling tempest as beneath the summer moon.

Some thirty years of toil and moil have done their work since then ;
 And changed us three young mariners to staid and thoughtful men :
 But when by lucky chance we meet, we never forget to note
 The perils that we dared with such a " wee thing " of a boat.
 Oh ! were it so that time could give some chosen moments back,
 Full well we know the sunniest that ever lit life's track ;
 We'd ask the days beside the coast, of freedom, health, and joy—
 The ocean for our play-place, and the *Petrel* for our toy.

THE HEART THAT'S TRUE.

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

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

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

First in freedom's cause to bleed,
 First in joy when slaves are freed ;
 Their hearts were true—and what could quell
 The might of Washington or Tell ?

Oh! there is one mortal shrine
 Lighted up with rays divine:
 Seek it, yield the homage due;
 Deify the heart that's true.



NIGHT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THIS IS THE HOUR FOR ME.

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

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

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

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



THIS IS THE HOUR FOR ME.

I'LL sail upon the mighty main—but this is not the hour ;
 There's not enough of wind to move the bloom in lady's bower :
 Oh ! this is ne'er the time for me : our pretty bark would take
 Her place upon the ocean like a rose-leaf on a lake.
 There's not a murmur on the ear, no shade to meet the eye ;
 The ripple sleeps ; the sun is up, all cloudless in the sky :
 I do not like the gentle calm of such a torpid sea ;
 I will not greet the glassy sheet—'tis not the hour for me.

Now, now, the night-breeze freshens fast, the green waves gather
 strength ;
 The heavy mainsail firmly swells, the pennon shows its length ;
 Our boat is jumping in the tide—quick, let her hawser slip :
 Though but a tiny thing, she'll live beside a giant ship.
 Away, away ! what nectar spray she flings about her bow ;
 What diamonds flash in every splash that drips upon my brow,—
 She knows she bears a soul that dares and loves the dark rough sea :
 More sail ! I cry : let, let her fly !—this is the hour for me.



THERE'S A STAR IN THE WEST.

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

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

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

Oh, his laurels were pure ; and his patriot name
 In the page of the Future shall dwell ;
 And be seen in all annals, the foremost in fame,
 By the side of a Hofer and Tell.
 The truthful and honest, the wise and the good,
 Among Britons have nobly confessed
 That his was the glory and ours was the blood
 Of the deeply-stained field of the West.



THE LOVED ONE WAS NOT THERE.

WE gathered round the festive board,
 The crackling fagot blazed ;
 But few would taste the wine that poured,
 Or join the song we raised :

For there was now a glass unfilled—
 A favoured place to spare ;
 All eyes were dull, all hearts were chilled—
 The loved one was not there.

No happy laugh was heard to ring,
 No form would lead the dance ;
 A smothered sorrow seemed to fling
 A gloom in every glance.
 The grave had closed upon a brow,
 The honest, bright, and fair ;
 We missed our mate, we mourned the blow—
 The loved one was not there.

THE PLOUGHSHARE OF OLD ENGLAND.

THE sailor boasts his stately ship, the bulwark of the isle ;
 The soldier loves his sword, and sings of tented plains the while ;
 But we will hang the ploughshare up within our fathers' halls,
 And guard it as the deity of plenteous festivals.
 We'll pluck the brilliant poppies, and the far-famed barley-corn,
 To wreath with bursting wheat-ears that outshine the saffron morn ;
 We'll crown it with a glowing heart, and pledge our fertile land ;
 The Ploughshare of Old England, and the sturdy, peasant band.

The work it does is good and blest, and may be proudly told ;
 We see it in the teeming barns, and fields of waving gold ;
 Its metal is unsullied, no blood-stain lingers there :
 God speed it well, and let it thrive unshackled everywhere.
 The bark may rest upon the wave, the spear may gather dust ;
 But never may the prow that cuts the furrow lie and rust.
 Fill up, fill up, with glowing heart, and pledge our fertile land,
 The Ploughshare of Old England, and the sturdy, peasant band.

GRATITUDE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

AWAY FROM THE REVEL.

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

AWAY FROM THE REVEL.

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE FAIRY OF THE SEA.

THERE'S a frigate on the waters, fit for battle, storm, or sun;
 She dances like a life-boat, though she carries flag and gun.
 I'm rich and blest while I can call that gallant craft my own;
 I'm king of her, and Jove himself may keep his crown and throne.

She'll stem the billows mountain high, or skim the moonlit spray;
 She'll take a blow and face a foe, like lion turned at bay;
 Whate'er may try, she'll stand the test; the brave, the stanch, the
 free:
 She bears a name of stainless fame, the "Fairy of the Sea."

The gale is up, she feels the breath, the petrel is behind;
 She travels through the white foam like an arrow on the wind.
 Softly, softly,—hold her in—let her slacken in her pace;
 She'll do the pilot's bidding with a greyhound's gentle grace.
 The rocks are round her—what of that? she turns them like a swan;
 The boiling breakers roar, but she is safely creeping on.
 Hurrah! hurrah! she's clear again! More canvas! helm a-lee!
 Away she bounds, like deer from hounds, the "Fairy of the Sea!"

I've met with life's rough-weather squalls, and run on shoals ashore;
 All passed me under scudding-sails, and friends were friends no more:
 But when the storm-fiend did its worst, and blanched the firmest crew,
 No timber yawned, no cordage broke; my bark, my bark was true.
 We've lived together, closely bound, too long to lightly part;
 I love her like a living thing; she's anchored in my heart;
 But Death *must* come, and come he may; right welcome he shall be,
 So that I sleep ten fathoms deep in the "Fairy of the Sea!"



OH, NEVER BREATHE A DEAD ONE'S NAME.

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

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

THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.

OUR bark was out—far, far from land,
 When the fairest of our gallant band
 Grew sadly pale, and waned away
 Like the twilight of an autumn day.
 We watched him through long hours of pain;
 But our cares were lost, our hopes were vain.
 Death brought for him no coward alarm;
 For he smiled as he died on a messmate's arm.

He had no costly winding-sheet,
 But we placed a round shot at his feet;
 And he slept in his hammock as safe and sound
 As a king in his lawn shroud, marble-bound.
 We proudly decked his funeral vest
 With the English flag about his breast;
 We gave him that as the badge of the brave,
 And then he was fit for his sailor's grave.

Our voices broke—our hearts turned weak—
 Hot tears were seen on the brownest cheek—
 And a quiver played on the lips of pride,
 As we lowered him down the ship's dark side.
 A plunge—a splash—and our task was o'er;
 The billows rolled as they rolled before;
 But many a rude prayer hallowed the wave
 That closed above the sailor's grave.

 A SONG FOR MERRY HARVEST.

BRING forth the harp, and let us sweep its fullest, loudest string;
 The bee below, the bird above, are teaching us to sing
 A song for merry Harvest; and the one who will not bear
 His grateful part, partakes a boon he ill deserves to share.
 The grasshopper is pouring forth his quick and trembling notes;
 The laughter of the gleaner's child, the heart's own music, floats.
 Up! up! I say, a roundelay from every voice that lives
 Should welcome merry Harvest, and bless the Hand that gives.

The buoyant soul that loves the bowl may see the dark grapes shine;
 And gems of melting ruby deck the ringlets of the vine;
 Who prizes more the foaming ale, may gaze upon the plain;
 And feast his eye with yellow hops and sheets of bearded grain.

The kindly one whose bosom aches to see a dog unfed ;
 May bend the knee in thanks to see the ample promised bread ;
 Awake, then, all ! 'tis Nature's call ; and every voice that lives
 Shall welcome merry Harvest, and bless the Hand that gives.

I MISS THEE, MY MOTHER.

I MISS thee, my Mother, thy image is still
 The deepest impressed on my heart.—
 And the tablet so faithful, in death must be chill,
 Ere a line of that image depart.
 Thou wert torn from my side when I treasured thee most ;
 When my reason could measure thy worth ;
 When I knew but too well that the idol I'd lost,
 Could be never replaced upon earth.

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

I miss thee, my Mother when young health has fled,
 And I sink in the languor of pain :
 Where, where is the arm that once pillowed my head,
 And the ear that once heard me complain ?
 Other hands may support, gentle accents may fall—
 For the fond and the true are yet mine :
 I've a blessing for each ; I am grateful to all—
 But whose care *can* be soothing as thine ?

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

I miss thee, my Mother in winter's long night :
 I remember the tales thou wouldst tell—
 The romance of wild fancy, the legend of fright—
 Oh ! who could e'er tell them so well ?

Thy corner is vacant; thy chair is removed;
 It was kind to take *that* from my eye:
 Yet relics are round me—the sacred and loved—
 To call up the pure, sorrow-fed sigh.

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

THE WORLD.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Earth is not *all* fair, yet it is not *all* gloom ;
 And the voice of the grateful will tell,
 That He who allotted Pain, Death, and the Tomb,
 Gave Hope, Health, and the Bridal as well.

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

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



STANZAS.

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

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

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

I have heard the music the woods have made
 In deep and sullen roar,
 When the mighty winds of Winter played
 On branches grey and hoar :

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

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

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

My spirit has glowed, the rapt, the blest ;
 Flushed with the fervent zeal
 That may gush from the eyes and burn in the breast ;
 But the weak lips never reveal.

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

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

ENGLAND.

My heart is pledged in wedded faith to England's "merry isle ;"
 I love each low and straggling cot, each famed ancestral pile ;
 I'm happy when my steps are free upon the sunny glade ;
 I'm glad and proud amid the crowd that throngs its mart of trade.

I gaze upon our open port, where Commerce mounts her throne,
Where every flag that comes, ere now has lowered to our own.
Look round the globe, and tell me, can ye find more blazoned names,
Among its cities and its streams, than London and the Thames ?

My soul is linked, right tenderly, to every shady copse ;
I prize the creeping violets, the tall and fragrant hops ;
The citron-tree or spicy grove, for me would never yield
A perfume half so grateful as the lilies of the field.
I thread the wood, I rob the hedge, and glad content is mine ;
Although they lack the orange-branch, pomegranate, date, and vine.
I covet not the rarest fruit exotic region shows,
While England has its hazel-nuts, its blackberries, and sloes.

I'll ask if there's a British boy—whate'er may be his rank—
Who does not dearly love to climb his native bramble bank ;
Who would not trudge for many a mile to gain a nutting track ;
Proud of the crook'd stick in his hand, and basket at his back ?
Our songsters, too, say, can we breathe of them one slighting word ?
Their plumage dazzles not—but yet can sweeter strains be heard ?
Let other feathers vaunt the dyes of deepest rainbow flush ;
Give me old England's nightingale, its robin, and its thrush.

I'd freely rove through Tempe's vale, or scale the giant Alp,
Where roses list the bulbul's tale, or snow-wreaths crown the scalp ;
I'd pause to hear soft Venice streams plash back to boatman's oar ;
Or hearken to the western flood in wild and falling roar.
I'd tread the vast of mountain range, or spot serene and flowered ;
I ne'er could see too many of the wonders that are showered ;
Yet though I stood on fairest earth, beneath the bluest heaven,
Could I forget *our* summer sky, *our* Windermere and Devon ?

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

“*THY KINGDOM COME.*”

'Tis human lot to meet and bear
The common ills of human life ;
There's not a breast but hath its share
Of bitter pain, and vexing strife.

THE BOW.

The peasant in his lowly shed ;
 The noble 'neath a gilded dome :
 Each will at some time bow his head,
 And ask and hope, " Thy kingdom come !"

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

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

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

 THE BOW.

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

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

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

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

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

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



THE FOREST TREES.

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

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

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

THE KING OF THE WIND.

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

Ye lend to Life its earliest joy,
 And wait on its latest page !
 In the circling hoop for the rosy boy,
 And the easy chair for Age.

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

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

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

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

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



THE KING OF THE WIND.

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

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

He careered o'er the waters with death and despair;
 He wrecked the proud ship, and his triumph was there;
 The cheeks that had blanched not at foeman or blade,
 At the sound of his breathing turned pale and afraid.
 He rocked the stanch lighthouse, he shivered the mast;
 He howled—the strong life-boat in fragments was cast;
 And he roared in his glory, “Where, where will ye find
 A despot so great as the King of the Wind?”

THE HORSE.

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

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

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

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

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

THE MOURNERS.

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

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

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

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

 THE MOURNERS.

KING DEATH sped forth in his dreaded power
 To make the most of his tyrant hour;
 And the first he took was a white-robed girl,
 With the orange-bloom twined in each glossy curl.
 Her fond Betrothed hung over the bier,
 Bathing her shroud with the gushing tear;
 He madly raved; he uttered his pain;
 With frantic speech and burning brain.
 "There's no joy," cried he, "now my dearest is gone.
 Take, take me, Death; for I cannot live on!"

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

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

Death smiled, as he heard each earnest word:
 “Nay, nay,” said he, “be this work deferred;
 I’ll see thee again in a fleeting year,
 And, if grief and devotion live on sincere,
 I promise then thou shalt share the rest
 Of the being now plucked from thy doting breast.
 Then, if thou cravest the coffin and pall,
 As thou dost this moment, my spear shall fall.”
 And Death fled, till Time on his rapid wing
 Gave the hour that brought back the Skeleton King.

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

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

The Friend again was quaffing the bowl,
 Warmly pledging his faith and soul;
 His bosom cherished with glowing pride
 A stranger form that sat by his side:

MY GRAVE.

His hand the hand of that stranger pressed ;
 He praised his song, he echoed his jest ;
 And the mirth and wit of that new-found mate
 Made a blank of the name so prized of late.
 " See ! see ! " cried Death, as he hurried past,
 " How bravely the bonds of friendship last ! "

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

Hers was the love, all holy and strong ;
 Hers was the sorrow, fervent and long ;
 Hers was the spirit whose light was shed
 As an incense fire above the dead !
 Death lingered there, and paused awhile ;
 But she beckoned him on with a welcoming smile.
 " There's a solace," cried she, " for all others to find,
 But a mother leaves no equal behind."
 And the kindest blow Death ever gave
 Laid the mourning Child in the Mother's grave.

 MY GRAVE.

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

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

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

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

Though the long, formal prayer ne'er has been uttered there,
 Though the robed priest has not hallowed the sod ;
 Yet would I dare to ask any in saintly mask,
 " Where is the spot that's unwatched by a God ! "

There the wind loud and strong whistles its winter song ;
 Shri1l in its wailing and fierce in its sweep ;
 'Tis music now sweet and dear, loved by my soul and ear ;
 Let it breathe on where I sleep the last sleep.

There in the summer days rest the bright, flashing rays,
 There spring the wild flowers—fair as can be ;
 Daisy and pimpernel, lily and cowslip bell,
 These be the grave flowers chosen by me.

There would I lie alone, marked by no sculptured stone :
 Few will regret when my spirit departs ;
 And I loathe the vain, charnel fame, praising an empty name ;
 Dear, after all, but to two or three hearts.

Who does not turn and laugh at the false epitaph,
 Painting man spotless and pure as the dove ?
 If aught of goodly worth grace my career on earth ;
 All that I heed, is its record above.

'Tis on that sunny hill, fondly remembered still ;
 Where my young footsteps climbed, happy and free ;
 Fresh as the foamy surf, sacred as churchyard turf—
 There be the sleeping-place chosen by me.

THE WREATHS.

WHOM do we crown with the Laurel leaf ?
 The hero god, the soldier chief.
 But we dream of the crushing cannon-wheel,
 Of the flying shot and the reeking steel,
 Of the crimson plain where warm blood smokes,
 Where clangour deafens and sulphur chokes :
 Oh ! who can love the Laurel wreath,
 Plucked from the gory field of death ?

Whom do we crown with summer Flowers?
 The young and fair in their happiest hours:
 But the buds are only seen in the light
 Of a festive day or a glittering night;
 We know the vermeil tints will fade—
 That pleasure dies with the bloomy braid:
 And who can prize the coronal
 That's formed to dazzle, wither, and fall?

Who wears the Cypress, dark and drear?
 The one who is shedding the mourner's tear:
 The gloomy branch for ever twines
 Round foreheads graved with Sorrow's lines.
 'Tis the type of a sad and lonely heart,
 That hath seen its dearest hopes depart.
 Oh! who can like the chaplet band
 That is wove by Melancholy's hand?

Where is the Ivy circlet found?
 On the one whose brain and lips are drowned
 In the purple stream—who drinks and laughs
 Till his cheeks outflush the wine he quaffs.
 Oh! glossy and rich is the Ivy crown,
 With its gems of grape-juice trickling down;
 But, bright as it seems o'er the glass and bowl,
 It has stain for the heart and shade for the soul.

But there's a green and fragrant leaf
 Betokens nor revelry, blood, nor grief;
 'Tis the purest amaranth springing below,
 And rests on the calmest, noblest brow.
 It is not the right of the monarch or lord,
 Nor purchased by gold, nor won by the sword;
 For the lowliest temples gather a ray
 Of quenchless light from the palm of Bay.

Oh, beautiful Bay! I worship thee—
 I homage thy wreath—I cherish thy tree;
 And of all the chaplets Fame may deal,
 'Tis only to this one I would kneel:
 For as Indians fly to the banian branch,
 When tempests lower and thunders launch,
 So the spirit may turn from crowds and strife
 And seek from the Bay-wreath joy and life.



HOPE.

THERE is a star that cheers our way
 Along this dreary world of woe,
 That tips with light the waves of life,
 However bitterly they flow.

'Tis Hope! 'tis Hope! that blessed star
 Which peers through Misery's darkest cloud;
 And only sets where Death has brought
 The pall, the tombstone, and the shroud.

But, ah! to look upon the dead,
 And know they ne'er can wake again!
 To lose the one we love the best!—
 'Tis this that sears the breast and brain.

Then, then, the human heart will groan,
 And pine beneath the stroke of Fate;
 'Twill break, to find itself alone,
 A thing all sad and desolate.

 OLD PINCHER.

WHEN I gave to old Dobbin his song and his due;
 Apollo, I feared, would look scornfully blue:
 I thought he might spurn the low station and blood,
 And turn such a Pegasus out of his stud.

But another "four-footed" comes boldly to claim
 His place beside Dobbin for merit and fame;
 He shall have it,—for why should *I* be over nice,
 Since Homer immortalized Ilion and—mice?

I frolicked, a youngling, wild, rosy, and fat;
 When Pincher was brought in the butcher-boy's hat;
 And the long-promised puppy was hailed with a joy,
 That ne'er was inspired by a gold-purchased toy.

"What a darling!" cried I; while my sire, with a frown,
 Exclaimed, "Hang the brute! though 'tis easy to drown:"
 But I wept at the word, till my sorrowful wail
 Won his total reprieve from the rope or the pail.

Regarding his beauty, I'm silent: forsooth,
I've a little, old-fashioned respect for the truth;
And the praise of his colour or shape to advance
Would be that part of History known as Romance.

There were some who most rudely denounced him "a cur:"—
How I hated that name, though I dared not demur!
I thought him all fair; yet I'll answer for this,
That the fate of Narcissus could ne'er have been his.

Now, Dobbin, the pony, belonged to us all,
Was at every one's service, and every one's call:
But Pincher, rare treasure, possession divine,
Was held, undisputed, as whole and sole, mine.

Together we rambled, together we grew:
Many plagues had the household, but we were the two
Who were branded the deepest; all doings reviled,
Were sure to be wrought by "that dog and that child."

Unkennelled and chainless, yet truly he served;
No serfdom was known, yet his faith never swerved:
A dog has a *heart*,—secure that, and you'll find
That *love*, even in brutes, is the safest to bind.

If my own kin or kind had demolished my ball,
The transgression was marked with a scuffle and squall;
But with perfect consent *he* might mouth it about,
Till the very last atom of sawdust was out.

When halfpence were doled for the holiday treat,
How I longed for the comfits, so lusciously sweet;
But cakes *must* be purchased, for how could I bear
To feast on a luxury Pinch could not share?

I fondled, I fed him, I coaxed or I cuffed,—
I drove or I led him, I soothed or I huffed:
He had beatings in anger, and huggings in love,
But which gave most pain, 'twere a puzzle to prove.

If he dared to rebel, I might battle and wage
The fierce war of a tyrant with petulant rage:
I might ply him with kicks, or belabour with blows;
But Pincher was never once known to oppose.

Did a mother appear, the loud quarrel to learn;
If 'twere only with him, it gave little concern:
No ill-usage could rouse him, no insult could chafe;
While Pinch was the playmate, her darling was safe.

If the geese on the common gave signal of fear,
And screams most unmusical startled the ear,
The cause was soon guessed, for my foremost delight
Was in seeing Pinch put the old gander to flight.

Had the pantry been rifled of remnant of beef,
Shrewd suspicions were formed of receiver and thief;
For I paused not at crime, and I blushed not at fibs,
That assisted to nurture his well-covered ribs.

The warren was sacred, yet he and I dared
To career through its heath till the rabbits were scared:
The gamekeeper threatened me Pinch should be shot;
But the threat was by both of us always forgot.

The linen, half-bleached, must be rinsed o'er again;
And our footsteps in mud were "remarkably" plain.
The tulips were crushed, to the gardener's dismay;
And when last we were seen, we were bending that way.

When brought to the bar for the evil we'd done,
Some atrocious spoliation I chose to call "fun":
Though Pinch was Tiberius, those who might try,
Knew well that the active Sejanus was I.

But we weathered all gales, and the years sped away,
Till his glossy, black hide was fast turning to grey;
When accents were heard most alarmingly sad,
Proclaiming that Pincher, my Pincher, was mad.

It was true: his fixed doom was no longer a joke;
He that moment must die: my young heart was nigh broke.
I saw the sure fowling-piece moved from its rest,
And the sob of keen anguish burst forth unsuppressed.

A shot,—a faint howl,—and old Pincher was dead:
How I wept while the gardener prepared his last bed!
Something fell on his spade too, wet, sparkling and clear;
Though *he* said 'twas a dew-drop, *I* know 'twas a tear.

Our winter-night circle was now incomplete;
We missed the fond brute that had snoozed at our feet:
All his virtues were praised, all his mischief forgot,
We lauded his merits, and sighed o'er his lot.

Poodle, spaniel, and greyhound, were brought for my care,
Of beauty and breed reckoned precious rare;
But the playmate of infancy, friend of my youth,
Was linked with a lasting affection and truth.

CHRISTMAS TIDE.

He was never supplanted; nay, mention him now,
 And a something of shadow will steal from my brow.
 "Poor fellow!" will burst in such tone of regret,
 That whispers my heart is his lurking-place yet.

No wonder; for Memory brings back with him
 The thoughts that will render the lightest eye dim;
 He is mingled with all that I idolized most;
 The brightest, the purest, the loved, and the lost.

The smile of a parent, the dearest, the best,
 The joys of my forest home spring to my breast;
 And those days reappear with a halo divine,
 When a Mother, old Pincher, and Childhood were mine.



CHRISTMAS TIDE.

WHEN the merry Spring-time weaves
 Its peeping bloom and dewy leaves;
 When the primrose opes its eye,
 And the young moth flutters by;
 When the plaintive turtle-dove
 Pours its notes of peace and love;
 And the clear sun flings its glory bright and wide—
 Yet, yet my soul will own
 More joy in Winter's frown,
 And wake with warmer flush at Christmas tide.

The Summer beams may shine
 On the rich and curling vine,
 And the noontide rays light up
 The tulip's dazzling cup;
 But the pearly mistletoe
 And the holly-berries' glow
 Are not even by the boasted rose outvied;
 For the happy hearts beneath
 The green and coral wreath
 Love the garlands that are twined at Christmas tide.

Let the Autumn days produce
 Yellow corn and purple juice,
 And Nature's feast be spread
 In the fruitage ripe and red;

'Tis grateful to behold
 Gushing grapes and fields of gold,
 When cheeks are browned and rich lips deeper dyed ;
 But give, oh ! give to me
 The Winter night of glee,
 The mirth and plenty seen at Christmas tide.

The northern gust may howl,
 The rolling storm-cloud scowl,
 King Frost may make a slave
 Of the river's rapid wave,
 The snow-drift choke the path,
 Or the hail-shower spend its wrath ;
 But the sternest blast right bravely is defied :
 While limbs and spirits bound
 To the merry minstrel sound,
 And social wood-fires blaze at Christmas tide.

The song, the laugh, the shout,
 Shall mock the storm without ;
 And sparkling wine-foam rise
 'Neath still more sparkling eyes ;
 The forms that rarely meet,
 Then hand to hand shall greet,
 And soul pledge soul that leagues too long divide :
 Mirth, Friendship, Love, and Light,
 Shall crown the Winter night,
 And every glad voice welcome Christmas tide.

But while Joy's echo falls
 In gay and plenteous halls,
 Let the poor and lowly share
 The warmth, the sports, the fare ;
 For the one of humble lot
 Must not shiver in his cot,
 But claim a bounteous meed from Wealth and Pride :
 Shed kindly blessings round,
 Till no aching heart be found ;
 And then all hail to merry Christmas tide !



KINGS.

OH, covet not the throne and crown,
 Sigh not for rule and state ;
 The wise would fling the sceptre down,
 And shun the palace gate.

Let wild ambition wing its flight ;
Glory is free to all :
But they who soar a regal height
Oft risk a deadly fall.

Take any high, imperial name,
The great among the great ;
What was the guerdon of his fame ?
And what his closing fate ?

The hero of immortal Greece,
Unhappy, fled to wine ;
And died in Saturnalian peace,
As drunkard, fool, and swine.

The first in arms, Rome's victor son,
Fell by a traitor's aim ;
And drew the purple robes he'd won,
To hide his blood and shame.

Bold Richard, England's lion-heart,
Escaped the burning fray ;
To sink beneath a peasant's dart,
And groan his life away.

Gaul's eagle, he whose upraised hand
Swayed legions of the brave,
Died in a prison, "barred and banned,"
An exile and a slave.

Scores may be found whose tyrant-time
Knew not one hour of rest ;
Their lives one course of senseless crime,
Their every deed unblest.

Ye blazing stars of gems and gold,
What aching hearts ye mock !
Strong marble walls, do ye not hold
Sword, poison, axe, and block ?

Many have cursed the crown they've worn
When hurled from place and rank,
They met a people's groaning scorn,
And trod the scaffold plank.

"Uneasy lies the monarch's head,"
Despite his dazzling wreath ;
The hireling by his dying bed
May aid the work of death.

His cringing horde may bow the neck,
 Though bid to lick the dust;
 He may have serfs to wait his beck,
 But not one friend to trust.

Ye, lowly born! oh, covet not
 One right the sceptre brings;
 The honest name and peaceful lot,
 Outweigh the pomp of Kings!



LINES

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT, IN THE ANTICIPATION OF A
 DREADED BEREAVEMENT.

THOUGH to the passing world my heart
 A quiet, untouched thing may seem,
 It bleeds, my Mother, bleeds for *thee*;
 My love, my sorrow, and my theme.

How many a night these aching eyes
 Have watched beside thy wasting form;
 Watched, like the anxious mariner,
 Who marks and dreads the coming storm.

How many a time I've bent mine ear,
 To catch thy low and fainting breath;
 And trembled lest thy soul had fled,
 Unnoticed, to the realms of death.

My Mother! thou wilt die, and leave
 The world, with life and grief, to me;
 Oh! would the human branch might fade,
 When severed from its parent tree!

I do adore thee! such my first
 Fond, broken lispings did proclaim;
 And all I suffer now but proves
 My shrine and homage still the same.

Time, that will alter breast and brow
 So strangely that we know them not;
 That sponges out all trace of truth,
 Or darkens it with many a blot;

LINES WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

In me hath wrought its changes too,
 Alike in bosom, lip, and brain;
 And taught me much, much that, alas!
 Is learnt but in the school of Pain.

I'm strangely warped from what I was,
 For some few years, in Life's fresh morn;
 When Thought, scarce linked with Reason's chain,
 Nor dared to question, doubt, or scorn.

Though young in years, I've learnt to look
 With trustless eye on all and each;
 And shudder that I find so oft,
 The coldest heart with gentlest speech.

But one deep stream of feeling flows
 With warm devoted love for thee;
 A stream whose tide, without an ebb
 Will reach Eternity's vast sea.

Time has not dimmed, nor will it dim,
 One ray of that bright, glowing flame
 Which constant burns, like Allah's fire,
 Upon the altar of thy name.

But, ah! that name, so dearly prized,
 So fondly cherished, soon must be
 A beacon quenched; a treasure wrecked—
 To live but in the memory.

Father of Mercy, is there naught
 Of tribulation Thou canst send
 Upon my heart but this dire stroke,
 To scathe, to sadden, and to rend?

Wilt Thou not spare, at least awhile,
 The only one I care to call
 My own? Oh! wilt thou launch the bolt,
 And crush at once my earthly all?

But this is impious. Faith and Hope
 Will teach me how to bear my lot;
 To think Almighty Wisdom best,
 To bow my head, and murmur not.

The chastening hand of One above
 Falls heavy; but I'll kiss the rod;
 He gives the wound, and I must trust
 Its healing to the self-same God.

THE FIRST VOYAGE.

HE stood upon the sandy beach,
And watched the dancing foam ;
He gazed upon the leaping waves,
Which soon would be his home :

And then he eyed his sailor's garb,
With look of proud delight ;
The flowing kerchief round his neck,
The trousers, wide and white.

The rose of health was on his cheek,
His forehead fair as day ;
Hope played within his hazel eye,
And told his heart was gay.

And many a time the sturdy boy
Longed for the hour to come ;
Which gave the hammock for his couch,
The ocean for his home !

And now the gallant ship rides nigh,
The wind is fair and free,
The busy hands have trimmed her sails :
She stems the open sea.

The boy again is on the beach ;
A mother's arms have pressed him ;
A sister's hand is linked in his,
A father's lip hath blessed him.

The eyes that lately sparkled bright,
Are swollen with many a tear ;
His young heart feels a choking pang,
To part from all so dear.

Another kiss—another sob,
And now the struggle's o'er :
He springs into the tiny boat,
And pushes from the shore.

The last, sad drop upon his cheek
Falls mingling with the foam :
The sea-bird, screaming, welcomes him,
The Ocean is his home !

TO FANCY.

SPIRIT of ethereal birth !
 Aërial visitant of earth !
 Flashing vivid through the soul,
 Warm as the spark Prometheus stole ;
 Hither, Fancy, hither come ;
 'Neath thine Iris wings I'll roam.

Take me to the crystal caves,
 Glassy chambers of the waves ;
 Where the dolphin's golden back
 Splashes gems around its track,
 Cleaving through the rocky cells,
 Green with weeds, and rich with shells ;
 Where the Nereids keep their court,
 Where the Mermaids hold their sport ;
 Where the Syren sings to sleep
 All the tenants of the deep ;
 Take me through the proud, blue sea,
 Show its beauties all to me.

Waft me where the stars appear,
 Where the other worlds career ;
 Let me scan the dazzling scroll
 God's hand only can unrol.
 Let me hear the saints rejoice,
 Giving praise with harp and voice ;
 Let me tread the welkin round,
 Lulled in soft Elysian sound ;
 Let me rove the fields of light,
 Give their glories to my sight.

Take me where the fairies spring
 Round about their moonlit ring ;
 Where the dancing elfin sprites
 Consecrate their mystic rites ;
 Lead where Hippocrene's bright fount
 Gushes down the flowery mount ;
 Where Apollo's hand bestows
 Fadeless wreaths on Poets' brows.
 Hither, Fancy, hither come ;
 'Neath thine Iris wings I'll roam.





1840

1840

The Mill of St. John's — The weaving room.

In the Mill of St. John's — The spinning room.

The Old Mill.

THE OLD WATER-MILL.

AND is this the Old Mill-stream that ten years ago
 Was so fast in its current, so pure in its flow ;
 Whose musical waters would ripple and shine
 With the glory and dash of a miniature Rhine ?

Can this be its bed ? I remember it well
 When it sparkled like silver through meadow and dell ;
 When the pet-lamb reposed on its emerald side,
 And the minnow and perch darted swift through its tide.

Yes ! here was the miller's house, peaceful abode !
 Where the flower-twined porch drew all eyes from the road ;
 Where roses and jasmine embowered a door
 That never was closed to the wayworn or poor :

Where the miller, God bless him ! oft gave us a " dance,"
 And led off the ball with his soul in his glance ;
 Who, forgetting grey hairs, was as loud in his mirth
 As the veriest youngsters that circled his hearth.

Blind Ralph was the only musician we had,
 But his tunes—oh, such tunes—would make any heart glad !
 " The Roast Beef of Old England," and " Green grow the Rushes,"
 Woke our eyes' brightest beams, and our cheeks' warmest flushes.

No lustre resplendent, its brilliancy shed,
 But the wood fire blazed high, and the board was well spread ;
 Our seats were undamasked, our partners were rough,
 Yet, yet we were happy, and that was enough.

And here was the mill where we idled away
 Our holiday hours on a clear, summer day ;
 Where Roger, the miller's boy, lolled on a sack,
 And chorused his song to the merry click-clack.

But lo ! what rude sacrilege here hath been done !
 The streamlet no longer purls on in the sun ;
 Its course has been turned, and the desolate edge
 Is now mournfully covered with duck-weed and sedge.

The mill is in ruins. No welcoming sound
 In the mastiff's gruff bark and the wheels dashing round ;
 The house, too, untenanted—left to decay—
 And the miller, long dead : all I loved passed away !

This play-place of childhood was graved on my heart
 In rare Paradise colours that now must depart;
 The Old Water-mill's gone, the fair vision is fled,
 And I weep o'er its wreck as I do for the dead.

CHILDREN'S WELCOMING.

THEY were indeed a lovely group
 Of happy, sportive creatures;
 With all of beauty that can dwell
 In earthly forms and features.

There was a light in every eye,
 A tint on every cheek;
 So bright, so deep, that rarer ones
 A limner would not seek.

They sprang about the spangled grass
 Like young and gamesome deer;
 And thrillingly their voices fell
 Upon my heart and ear.

With minds of childish innocence,
 Unsullied and unbent;
 Though living in a world of sin,
 They knew not what sin meant.

"Come on," they cried, "we've decked your seat
 With fresh-pulled oaken boughs;
 We've gathered flowers, and you must weave
 Them round about your brows!

"We've chased each other down the hill,
 And through the primrose vale;
 But now we'll listen while you sit
 And tell the promised tale.

"We've run to meet you at the gate,
 And watched and waited long:
 Come on, come on,—we're all right glad
 To have you in our throng!"

And then the urchins, clambering up,
 Gave many an earnest kiss;
 And led me on, with wild delight,
 Towards their fields of bliss.

Oh, how I loved the fairy elves!
 I blessed them, for I knew
 Their inmost thoughts were on their lips.
Their welcoming was true.

There was a strong, endearing spell
 Around their artless ways;
 I feared no 'treachery 'neath *their* smiles,
 No falsehood in *their* praise.

I helped to weave their daisy chains,
 I wreathed their waving hair;
 And, pleased as they, 'twere hard to tell,
 Which heart was happiest there.

I blessed them all; and much I doubt
 If Time will ever bring
 Words to my ear more musical
 Than Children's Welcoming.



THE SACRILEGIOUS GAMESTERS.

The incident on which the following is founded is related (if my memory errs not) in a work entitled "Sketches of a Seaport Town."

The particulars of the circumstances I cannot remember, but the recital amounts to this. A traveller, passing through a country town in the dead of night, saw a light in the church, which equally excited his wonder and curiosity. He procured two companions, and, carrying a ladder, placed it against a window immediately above the altar, from which part the strongest light emanated: one of them ascended, and witnessed a scene of depravity perhaps unequalled. Three young men, of most abandoned character, were seated at the communion-table, engaged in gambling. The wax-candles were lighted; the sacramental wine reeked on their lips, and, to complete the impious orgies, they had exhumed a corpse, and set it at the table among them. The whole, it appeared, had originated in a drunken frolic; but the affair created so much horror and disgust, that the wretched profligates who enacted it were eventually compelled to quit the town. This is the sole outline which my memory will afford: I have taken a little liberty with the subject, which, I believe, most scribblers are allowed to do.

A STRANGER journeyed through the town,
 One dark and wintry night;
 And, as he passed the ivied church,
 He marked a flitting light.

It shed a restless, waving gleam
 Through the Gothic window-pane;
 And now it vanished for a space,
 And now it came again.

THE SACRILEGIOUS GAMESTERS.

He stood, and thought it wondrous strange
That such a scene should be ;
He stood, and now the full, red beam
Shone strong and steadily.

He looked around ; all else was dark,
Not e'en a star was left ;
The townsmen slumbered, and he thought
Of sacrilege and theft.

He roused two sleepers from their beds,
And told what he had seen ;
And they, like him, were curious
To know what it should mean.

They hied together to the church,
And heard strange sounds within
Of undistinguishable words,
And laughter's noisy din.

The window's high ; a ladder—quick—
'Tis placed with stealthy care,
And one ascends—he looks below ;
Oh ! what a sight is there !

The white communion-cloth is spread
With cards, and dice, and wine ;
The flaming wax-lights glare around,
The gilded sconces shine.

And three of earthly form have made
The altar-rail their seat,
With the Bible and the books of prayer
As footstools for their feet.

Three men, with flashing, bloodshot eyes
And burning, fevered brows,
Have met within those holy walls
To gamble and carouse.

But the darkest work is not yet told :
Another guest is there,
With the earthworm trailing o'er his cheek
To hide in his matted hair !

He lifted not the foaming cup,
He moved not in his place ;
There was slime upon his livid lips,
And dust upon his face.

The foldings of a winding-sheet
His body wrapped around,
And many a stain the vestment bore
Of the clay from the charnel ground.

A rent appeared, where his withered hands
Fell out on the sacred board;
And between those hands a goblet stood,
In which bright wine was poured.

Oh! he was not like the other three,
But ghastly, foul, and cold;
He was seated there, a stiffened corpse,
All horrid to behold.

He had been their mate for many a year,
Their partner many a game;
He had shared alike their ill-got gold,
And their deeply-tarnished fame.

He had died in the midst of his career,
As the sinful ever die;
Without one prayer from a good man's heart,
One tear from a good man's eye.

He had died a guilty one, unblessed,
Unwept, unmourned by all;
And scarce a footstep ever bent
To his grave by the old church wall.

The other three had met that night,
And revelled in drunken glee;
And talked of him who a month ago
Formed one of their company.

They quaffed another brimming glass,
And a noisy oath they swore,
That he who had joined their game so oft
Should join their game once more.

And away they strode to the old church wall,
Treading o'er skull and tomb;
And dragged him out triumphantly,
In the midnight, murky gloom.

They carry him down the chancel porch,
And through the fretted aisle;
And many a heartless, fiendish laugh,
Is heard to ring the while.

They place him at the hallowed shrine,
 They call upon his name;
 They bid him wake to life again,
 And play his olden game.

They deal the cards :—the ribald jest
 And pealing laugh ring on :
 A stroke—a start—the echoing clock
 Proclaims the hour of one !

And two of the three laugh louder still,
 But the third stares wildly round :
 He drops the cards, as if his hand
 Were palsied at the sound.

His cheeks have lost their deepened flush,
 His lips are of paler hue ;
 And Fear hath fallen on the heart
 Of the youngest of that crew :

His soul is not yet firmly bound
 In the fetters of reckless sin ;
 Depravity hath not yet wrought
 Its *total* work within :

The strong potation of the night
 Drowned all that might remain
 Of feeling; and his hand shrunk not
 While madness fired his brain.

But now the charm hath lost its spell,
 The heated fumes have passed ;
 And banished Reason, to her throne
 Usurped, advances fast.

He rises—staggers—looks again
 Upon the shrouded dead :
 A shudder steals upon his frame ;
 His vaunted strength is fled.

He doubts—he dreams—can, can it be ?
 A mist is o'er his eyes ;
 He stands aghast. “ Oh ! what is this ?
 Where ? where ? ” he wildly cries.

“ Where am I ?—see the altar-piece—
 The Holy Bible. Say—
 Is this the place where I was brought
 A tiny boy to pray ?

“The church—the churchyard too—I know
I have been *there* to-night ;
For what ? Ha ! mercy ! see that corpse !
Oh ! hide me from the light !

“I have been deemed a profligate,
A gamester, and a knave,
But ne’er was known to scoff at God
Or violate the grave :

“I’ve long been what man should not be,
But not what I am now.
Oh ! help me ! help ! My tongue is parched !
There’s fire upon my brow !

“Oh ! save me ! hide me from myself !
I feel my pulses start :
The horror of this drunken crime
Hath fixed upon my heart :

“Again ! I feel the rushing blood,
I die !—the unforgiven !
Again, it comes ; all—all is dark—
I choke—Oh ! mercy, Heaven !”

One struggling groan—he reels—he falls—
On the altar-steps he lies ;
And the others gasp with fear, for now
Two corpses meet their eyes.

But, hark ! swift footsteps echo round,
Encircled now they stand :
Surprised, detected, they are seized
By many a grappling hand ;

And soon the dreadful tale is spread,
And many a finger raised
To point them out ; while the listening one
Looks fearfully amazed.

They are shunned by all : the son, the sire,
The heedless and the gay ;
Their old associates leave their side,
And turn another way.

Hate, Shame, and Scorn have set a mark
Upon them : one by one,
Of all they knew, forsakes their path,
Till they are left alone :

DUNCAN LEE.

And they have sought another land,
 And breathe another clime ;
 Where men may deem them fellow-men,
 Nor hear their blasting crime :

And gossips, in their native town,
 Even now are heard to tell
 Of the Sacrilegious crew that turned
 The Old Church to a Hell.

DUNCAN LEE.

THE owl hath left its hiding-place,
 The mist is o'er the sea ;
 And wistfully a maiden's eyes
 Look out for Duncan Lee.
 The one who seeks the meeting-spot
 Is not the child of pride ;
 She has no circlet round her arm,
 No greyhound by her side.
 But ah ! her brow betrays a soul
 As true as soul can be ;
 And dearer to that soul than life
 Is gallant Duncan Lee !
 " Where ? where ? " she cries,
 " My Duncan, art thou roving ;
 The hour is passed, — but yet
 I cannot doubt thy loving."

And now there moves a gallant form
 Within the Castle hall ;
 It hurries on with eager bound
 Beyond the Castle wall :
 'Tis Duncan Lee, the wealthy heir
 To all Cathullin's lands ;
 Whose name and tartan keep their place
 Among the kilted bands.
 The sire hath listened to his son ;
 The son hath fondly sued ;
 The laird hath given the boy his will
 To wed the one he's wooed,
 Who still is crying, " Where,
 My Duncan, art thou roving ?
 The hour is past, — but yet
 I cannot doubt thy loving."

And now the foot of Duncan Lee
 Is dashing through the heather;
 And now the moon peeps out, and finds
 The beauteous pair together.
 Oh! what hallowed bliss is there,
 What rapture in their greeting!
 His face is flushed with doting joy,
 Her heart is wildly beating.
 And soft he whispers in her ear,
 "To-morrow thou shalt be,
 Before the face of heaven and earth,
 The bride of Duncan Lee!"
 No more she's heard to cry,
 "Where, Duncan, art thou roving?"
 The bridal day is past,
 Their hearts are blessed in loving.



SONG OF THE SEA-GULLS.

BIRDS of the land, ye may carol and fly
 O'er the golden corn 'neath a harvest sky;
 Your portion is fair amid fields and flowers,
 But it is not so broad or so free as ours.
 Ye are content with the groves and the hills,
 Ye feed in the valleys and drink at the rills;
 But what are the joys of the forest and plain
 To those we find on the fresh, wide main?

Birds of the land, ye rear your broods
 In the lofty tree, or tangled woods,
 Where the branch may be reft by the howling wind,
 Or the prowling schoolboy seek and find.
 But we roost high on the beetling rock,
 That firmly stands the hurricane's shock;
 Our callow young may rest in a home
 Where no shot can reach, and no footstep come.

Birds of the land, ye shrink and hide
 As the tempest cloud spreads black and wide;
 Your songs are hushed in cowering fear
 As the startling thunder-clap breaks near.
 But the brave Gull soars while the deluge pours,
 While the stout ship groans and the keen blast roars:
 Oh! the Sea-Gull leads the gayest life
 While the storm-fiends wage their fiercest strife.

We lightly skim o'er the breaker's dash,
 Where timbers strike with parting crash;
 We play round the dark hull, sinking fast,
 And find a perch on the tottering mast:
 More loud and glad is our shrieking note
 As the planks and spars of the wrecked bark float:
 There live we in revelling glee,
 'Mid the whistling gale and raging sea.

We are not caught and caged to please
 The fondled heirs of wealth and ease;
 The hands of beauty never come
 With soft caress or dainty crumb:
 We are not the creatures of petted love,
 We have not the fame of the lark or dove;
 But our screaming tone rings harsh and wild,
 To glad the ears of the fisher's child.

He hears our pinions flapping by,
 And follows our track with wistful eye,
 As we leave the clouds with rapid whirl
 To dive 'neath the water's sweeping curl.
 He laughs to see us plunge and lave,
 While the northern gale is waking the wave;
 And dances about 'mid sand and spray,
 To mimic the Sea-Gull's merry play.

We hold our course o'er the deep, or the land,
 O'er the swelling tide, or weed-grown strand;
 We are safe and joyous when mad waves roll,
 We sport o'er the whirlpool, the rock, and the shoal,—
 Away on the winds we plume our wings,
 And soar, the freest of all free things:
 Oh! the Sea-Gull leads a merry life
 In the glassy calm or tempest strife.

'TIS WELL TO WAKE THE THEME OF LOVE.

'Tis well to wake the theme of Love
 When chords of wild ecstatic fire
 Fling from the harp, and amply prove
 The soul as joyous as the lyre.

Such theme is blissful when the heart
 Warms with the precious name we pour ;
 When our deep pulses glow and start
 Before the idol we adore.

Sing ye, whose doting eyes behold—
 Whose ears can drink the dear one's tone ;
 Whose hands may press, whose arms may fold—
 The prized, the beautiful, thine own !

But should the ardent hopes of youth
 Have cherished dreams that darkly fled ;
 Should passion, purity, and truth,
 Live on, despairing o'er the dead :

Should we have heard some sweet voice hushed,
 Breathing our name in latest vow ;
 Should our fast heavy tears have gushed
 Above a cold, yet worshipped brow :

Oh ! say, then, can the minstrel choose
 The theme that gods and mortals praise ?
 No, no ; the spirit will refuse,
 And sadly shun such raptured lays.

For who can bear to touch the string
 That yields but anguish in its strain ;
 Whose lightest notes have power to wring
 The keenest pangs from breast and brain ?

“Sing ye of Love in words that burn ?”
 Is what full many a lip will ask ;
 But love the dead, and ye will learn
 Such bidding is no gentle task.

Oh ! pause in mercy, ere ye blame
 The one who lends not Love his lyre ;
 That which *ye* deem ethereal flame
 May be to *him* a torture pyre.



“WINTER IS COMING.”

WINTER is coming : who cares ? who cares ?
 Not the wealthy and proud, I trow ;
 “Let it come !” they cry, “what matters to us
 How chilly the blast may blow ?

DINNA FORGET, LOVE.

“ We’ll feast and carouse in our lordly halls,
The goblet of wine we’ll drain ;
We’ll mock at the wind with shouts of mirth,
And music’s echoing strain.

“ Little care we for the biting frost,
While the fire gives forth its blaze ;
What to us is the dreary night,
While we dance in the waxlight’s rays !”

’Tis thus the rich of the land will talk :
But think, oh, ye pompous great !
That the harrowing storm *ye* laugh at within,
Falls bleak on the *poor at your gate*.

They have blood in their veins, ay, pure as thine !
But naught to quicken its flow ;—
They have limbs that feel the whistling gale,
And shrink from the driving snow.

Winter is coming—oh, think, ye great !
On the roofless, naked, and old ;
Deal with them kindly, as man with man,
And spare them a tithe of your gold.



DINNA FORGET, LOVE.

THE last time we roved through Lochaber’s dark glen,
When the red blooming heather wi’ night-dew was wet,
You ken, bonnie lass, what you promised me then ?
You canna forget, love ! you canna forget !

You said when the harvest moon blinked forth again,
When the gowans’ gay hues and the summer-beams met,
That the kirk and the gowd ring should make you my ain !
Dinna forget, love ! oh, dinna forget !

And now the sun glitters o’er brae, and through birk ;
Though late in the gloaming his ray lingers yet :
Simmer is come, love, the ring and the kirk—
Dinna forget, love ! oh, dinna forget !



OUR NATIVE SONG.

OUR Native Song,—our Native Song !
 Oh, where is he who loves it not ?
 The spell it holds is deep and strong,
 Where'er we go, whate'er our lot.
 Let other music greet our ear
 With thrilling fire or dulcet tone ;
 We speak to praise, we pause to hear,
 But yet—oh yet—'tis not our own !
 The anthem chant, the ballad wild,
 The notes that we remember long—
 The theme we sung with lisping tongue—
 'Tis *this* we love—our Native Song !

The one who bears the felon's brand,
 With moody brow and darkened name ;
 Thrust meanly from his father-land,
 To languish out a life of shame ;
 Oh, let him hear some simple strain—
 Some lay his mother taught her boy—
 He'll feel the charm, and dream again
 Of home, of innocence, and joy.
 The sigh will burst, the drops will start,
 And all of virtue, buried long—
 The best, the purest in his heart,—
 Is wakened by his Native Song.

Self-exiled from our place of birth,
 To climes more fragrant, bright and gay ;
 The memory of our own fair earth
 May chance awhile to fade away :
 But should some minstrel echo fall,
 Of chords that breathe Old England's fame ;
 Our souls will burn, our spirits yearn,
 True to the land we love and claim.
 The high—the low—in weal or woe,
 Be sure there's something coldly wrong
 About the heart that does not glow
 To hear its own, its Native Song.



LOCH LEVEN'S GENTLE STREAM.

I've gazed upon the rapid Rhine,
 I've seen its waters foam and shine ;
 I've watched its cascades, wild and bright,
 Leap proudly on, in rainbow light :
 Its waves have charmed my dazzled eye,
 Like molten silver dashing by :
 Still, still, I could not love the Rhine ;
 The land it watered was not mine :
 I sighed to see the moon's mild beam
 Fall on Loch Leven's gentle stream !

I've wandered by the placid Rhone,
 When night was on her starry throne ;
 I've looked upon the Tiber's tide,
 And plucked the wild flowers by its side ;
 I've heard the gondolier's wild note
 O'er the Lagoon's fair waters float :—
 Still, still, I turned, with willing feet,
 My native North again to greet !
 Again to see the moon's mild beam
 Fall on Loch Leven's gentle stream !

 SIR HAROLD THE HUNTER.

SIR HAROLD, the hunter, was rarely seen
 At rest in his lordly home ;
 But, roughly clad in his forester's green,
 Far over the hills he'd roam.
 With his hounds and his bugle, he greeted the dawn
 Tracing the roebuck's track ;
 Oft was he seen, at the rosy morn,
 With the wild fawn slung at his back.
 Merrily carolled the bold, young knight,—
 "No love, no bride for me !
 I'll never go wooing to beauty bright,
 But live as a hunter free."

Sir Harold, the hunter—what ails him now ?
 His beautiful dogs are at play ;
 He has thrown aside the twanging bow ;
 His tunic is courtly and gay.

His quiver is hung where the barbs may rust,
 On high with his hunting spear ;
 His echoing bugle is covered with dust,
 And a softer note comes near.
 Sir Harold is singing, beneath the moon,—
 “ List, dearest Ella, to me !
 Life to thy knight is a joyless boon
 If he’s parted long from thee.”

Sir Harold, the hunter, is often known
 To go forth at the sunset hour :
 He roves in the twilight—but roves not alone,
 He leads a fair maid from her bower.
 He has doffed his belt and forester’s green,
 And shines in a bridal suit :
 Wooing, and wedding, are there, I ween,
 With the priest, the dance, and the lute.
 Merrily carols the gay young knight—
 “ Love and my bride for me !
 ’Tis better to kneel to beauty bright
 Than live as a hunter free.”



MUSIC.

Oh, Music ! gentle Music !
 There’s a magic in thy strain ;
 Come where thou wilt, in lady’s bower,
 Or on the battle plain.
 The wild harp hath a witching spell
 About its silver strings ;
 Can aught on earth excel the charm
 Its pensive breathing flings ?
 ’Tis Music’s, gentle Music’s power,
 That steals the listening soul away,
 Till Man, entranced in rapture’s dream,
 Forgets he wears a form of clay.

Oh, Music ! stirring Music !
 We see the war-steed rest,
 With dust upon his tired limbs,
 And white foam on his chest ;
 Stretched, quivering with many a wound,
 Upon the red sod lying,
 His rider leaves him, for he deems
 The gallant charger dying ;

ON SEEING A BIRD-CATCHER.

But hark! he hears the trumpet's blast,
 He starts, he shakes his clotted mane;
 Music! bold Music! fires his blood,
 And brings him to the ranks again,

Oh, Music! mighty Music!
 Thou art all of bliss on earth;
 Thou givest the lover's moonlight tale
 And poet's song their birth.
 There's not a heart, however rude,
 However base it be;
 But hath some slender string that yields
 An answering tone to thee.
 With promised Music heaven allures,
 With golden harps, and cherubs' love;
 Rejoice then! that we have below
 A foretaste of the bliss above!



ON SEEING A BIRD-CATCHER.

HEALTH in his rags, Content upon his face,
 He goes th' enslaver of a feathered race:
 And cunning snares, warm hearts, like warblers, take;
 The one to sing for sport, the other, break.



GIVE ME THE LAMA'S FABLED POWER.

THE wild bee and the butterfly
 Are bright and happy things to see;
 Living beneath a summer sky,
 And nestling in an orange tree.

The eagle, monarch of the rocks,
 Soars nobly in his lonely flight,
 'Mid lightning streams and thunder shocks;
 The bird of freedom, strength, and might.

The graceful chamois, bounding, leaps
 Where other steps would pause and shrink;
 He spans the gulf, he climbs the steeps,
 And sports upon the topmost brink.

Blest things of earth, the strong, the brave,
 In lands of serfdom still the free!
 Yet not one privilege ye have
 Is sought or coveted by me.

But I have heard an eastern tale—
 Of creature patient, mild, and fair;
 Whose faith is never known to fail
 Till man gives more than brute should bear.

Then, meekly proud, its head is bowed,
 With wrong and suffering oppressed;
 To breathe its gentle life away,
 And sink at once in death and rest.

This is the privilege I'd ask—
 When throbbing pulse and aching brow
 Betray how sadly dark the task
 The soul may have to learn below.

Oh, I have lived through many an hour
 That bade my writhing spirit cry—
 "Give me the Lama's fabled power:
 Break, break, my heart, and let me die!"

ROVER'S SONG.

I'm afloat—I'm afloat—on the fierce rolling tide;
 The Ocean's my home! and my bark is my bride;
 Up, up, with my flag; let it wave o'er the sea;
 I'm afloat—I'm afloat—and the Rover is free!
 I fear not a monarch; I heed not the law!
 I've a compass to steer by, a dagger to draw;
 And ne'er as a coward or slave will I kneel,
 While my guns carry shot, or my belt bears a steel.
 Quick—quick—trim her sails; let her sheets kiss the wind;
 And I'll warrant we'll soon leave the sea-gull behind;
 Up, up with my flag; let it wave o'er the sea;
 I'm afloat—I'm afloat—and the Rover is free!

The night gathers o'er us; the thunder is heard;
 What matter! our vessel skims on like a bird;
 What to her is the dash of the storm-ridden main?
 She has braved it before, and will brave it again.
 The fire-gleaming flashes around us may fall;
 They may strike; they may cleave; but they cannot appal:

With lightnings above us, and darkness below,
 Through the wild waste of waters right onward we go.
 Hurrah, my brave boys! ye may drink; ye may sleep;
 The storm-fiend is hushed; we're alone on the deep;
 Our flag of defiance still waves o'er the sea;
 Hurrah, boys! hurrah, boys! the Rover is free!

 THE DEAD.

WHEN the clear red sun goes down,
 Passing in glory away;
 And Night is spreading her twilight frown
 On the open brow of Day;
 When the faintest glimmering trace is gone,
 And all of light is fled;
 Then, then does Memory, sad and lone,
 Call back the dear ones dead.

When the harp's soul-touching chord
 Is roughly frayed and torn;
 When of all tones the string that poured
 The fullest is outworn;
 When it is heard to breathe and break,
 Its latest magic shed;
 Then, then will my warm heart bleed and ache,
 And weep for the kind ones dead.

When the elm's rich leaf is seen
 Losing its freshness fast;
 And paleness steals on its vivid green,
 As the autumn wind moans past;
 When it eddies to the cold damp ground,
 All crushed beneath the tread;
 Then, then may the sigh on my lip be found,
 For I muse on the fair ones dead.

For, like that orb of light,
 That chord, and shining leaf;
 Forms were once near, as rare and bright;
 And, oh! their stay as brief.
 I watched them fading—I saw them sink,
 Light, beauty, sweetness fled;
 And a type of their being bids me think
 Too fondly of the dead.

The sun will rise again,
 The string may be replaced,
 The tree will bloom—but the loved in the tomb
 Leaves the world for ever waste.
 Let earth yield all the joys it may,
 Still should I bow my head ;
 Still would my lonely breathing say,
 Give, give me back the dead !

As the thickest verdure springs
 From the ashes of decay,
 And the living ivy closest clings
 To the ruins cold and grey ;
 So my feelings most intense and deep
 By the shrouded and lost are fed ;
 So my thoughts will yearn, and my spirit turn,
 To be nurtured by the Dead.



THE THAMES.

LET the Rhine be blue and bright
 In its path of liquid light,
 Where the red grapes fling a beam
 Of glory on the stream ;
 Let the gorgeous beauty there
 Mingle all that's rich and fair ;
 Yet to me it ne'er could be
 Like that river great and free,
 The Thames ! the mighty Thames !

Though it bear no azure wave,
 Though no pearly foam may lave,
 Or leaping cascades pour
 Their rainbows on its shore ;
 Yet I ever loved to dwell
 Where I heard its gushing swell ;
 And never skimmed its breast,
 But I warmly praised and blest
 The Thames ! the mighty Thames !

Can ye find in all the world
 A braver flag unfurled,
 Than that which floats above
 The stream I sing and love ?

THROUGH THE WATERS.

Oh! what a burning glow
 Has thrilled my breast and brow,
 To see that proud flag come
 With glory to its home,
 The Thames! the mighty Thames!

Did ribs more firm and fast
 E'er meet the shot or blast
 Than the gallant barks that glide
 On its full and steady tide?
 Would ye seek a dauntless crew,
 With hearts to dare and hands to do?
 You'll find the foe proclaims
 They are cradled on the Thames;
 The Thames! the mighty Thames!

They say the mountain child
 Oft loves his torrent wild
 So well, that should he part
 He breaks his pining heart;
 He grieves with smothered sighs
 Till his wearing spirit dies;
 And so I yearn to thee,
 Thou river of the free,
 My own, my native Thames!



THROUGH THE WATERS.

THROUGH the forest, through the forest, oh! who would not like to roam,
 Where the squirrel leaps right gaily, and the shy fawn makes a home!
 Where branches, spreading high and wide, shut out the golden sun,
 And hours of noontide steal away, all shadowy and dun?
 'Tis sweet to pluck the ivy sprigs or seek the hidden nest,
 To track the spot where owlets hide and wild deer take their rest;
 Through the forest, through the forest, oh, 'tis passing sweet to take
 Our lonely way 'mid springy moss, thick bush, and tangled brake!

Through the valley, through the valley, where the glittering harebells
 peep,
 Where laden bees go droning by, and hum themselves to sleep;
 Where all that's bright with bloom and light springs forth to greet the
 day,
 And every blade pours incense to the warm and cloudless ray;

Where children come to laugh away their happy, summer hours,
 To chase the downy butterfly, or crown themselves with flowers;
 Through the valley, through the valley, oh, who does not like to bask
 Amid the fairest beauties Heaven can give or man can ask?

Through the desert, through the desert, where the Arab takes his
 course,

With none to bear him company except his gallant horse;
 Where none can question will or right, where landmarks ne'er impede,
 But all is wild and limitless to rider and to steed:
 No purling streamlet murmurs there, no chequered shadows fall;
 'Tis torrid, waste, and desolate, but free to each and all:
 Through the desert, through the desert, oh, the Arab would not change
 For purple robes or olive trees his wild and burning range!

Through the Waters, through the Waters, ah! be this the joy for me,
 Upon the flowing river, or the broad and dashing sea;
 Of all that wealth could offer me the choicest boon I'd crave,
 Would be a bold and sturdy bark upon the open wave.
 I love to see the wet sails fill before the whistling breath,
 And feel the ship cleave on as though she spurned the flood beneath.
 Through the Waters, through the Waters, can ye tell me what below
 Is freer than the wind-lashed main, or bolder than the prow?

I love to see the merry craft go running on her side;
 I laugh to see her splashing on before the rapid tide;
 I love to mark the white and hissing foam come boiling up,
 Fresh as the froth that hangs about the Thunderer's nectar cup.
 All sail!—Away—ah! who would stay to pace the dusty land,
 If once they trod a gallant ship, steered by a gallant band?
 Through the Waters, through the Waters. Oh, there's not a joy for
 me
 Like racing with the gull upon a broad and dashing sea!

THE STAR OF MY HOME.

I REMEMBER the days when my spirit would turn
 From the fairest of scenes and the sweetest of song,
 When the hearth of the stranger seemed coldly to burn,
 And the moments of pleasure for me were too long;
 For one name and one form shone in glory and light,
 And lured back from all that might tempt me to roam
 The festal was joyous, but was not so bright
 As the smile of a Mother, the Star of my Home

I remember the days when the tear filled my eye,
 And the heaving sob often disturbed my young breast ;
 But the hand of that loved one the lashes would dry,
 And her soothing voice lull my chafed bosom to rest.
 The sharpest of pain and the saddest of woes,
 The darkest, the deepest of shadows might come ;
 Yet each wound had its balm, while my soul could repose
 On the heart of a Mother, the Star of my Home !

But now let me rove the wide world as I may,
 There's no form to arise as a magnet for me ;
 I can rest amid strangers, and laugh with the gay—
 Content with the pathway, where'er it may be.
 Let Sorrow or Pain fling their gloomiest cloud,
 There's no haven to shelter, no beacon to save ;
 For the rays that e'er led me are quenched by the shroud,
 And the Star of my Home has gone down in the Grave.

THE BRAVE.

FOR whom are your gyves ? for the cowardly one,
 Who would strike in the dark, and steal back in the sun !
 For the felon who never hath used his right hand
 But to injure his brothers and merit the brand ?
 Go, fetter the traitor and dastardly spy ;
 Let them joylessly live, and despairingly die :
 THEY are guerdoned right well with the doom of the slave ;
 But away with your chains from the *honestly* Brave !

Could a Wallace or Washington—spirits divine !
 Live on as the captured to languish and pine ?
 Should earth show a wall as the dungeon of such,
 Or aught like a fetter profane with its touch ?
 No, no ! when the destiny woven by Fate
 Gives us power to trample and vanquish the Great,
 Strike, strike in pure mercy ; 'twere torture to save ;
 Fell at once, but oh ! forge not a link for the Brave.

The lion may yield—let him sink, let him bleed ;
 But seek not to tame him, to bind, and to lead.
 Launch thy barb, bring the proud eagle down from his swoop ;
 But a curse on the hand that would build him a coop.

Oh, give not the noble one trammels to wear,
 Till the heart-strings are snapped by the pressure they bear :
 Let him fall like the free—give him death and a grave ;
 But never, in mercy, place chains on the Brave !



SONG OF THE MARINERS.

THE Miser will hold his darling gold
 Till his eyes are glazed, and his hands are cold ;
 The Minstrel one to his soft lyre clings
 As though its chords were his own heart-strings ;
 No dearer boon will the Reveller ask
 Than the draught that deepens the purple flask ;
 But the firmest love-link that can be
 Chains the Mariners bold to the pathless sea.

Choose, ye who will, earth's dazzling bowers,
 But the great and glorious sea be ours ;
 Give us, give us the dolphin's home,
 With the speeding keel, and splashing foam :
 Right merry are we as the sound bark springs
 On her lonely track like a creature of wings.
 Oh ! the Mariner's life is blithe and gay,
 When the sky is fair and the ship on her way.

We love the perilous sea, because
 It will not bend to man or his laws ;
 It ever hath rolled, the uncontrolled,
 It cannot be warped to fashion or mould.
 Now quiet and fair as a sleeping child ;
 Now rousing in tempests madly wild ;
 And who shall wean the mighty flood
 From its placid dream or passionate mood ?

We are not so apt to forget our God
 As those who dwell on the dry, safe sod,
 For we know each leaping wave we meet
 May be a crystal winding-sheet ;
 We know each blustering gale that blows
 May requiem to a last repose ;
 And the chafing tide, as it roars and swells,
 Hath as solemn a tone as the calling bells.

STANZAS TO THE YOUNG.

The land has its beauty, its sapphire, and rose :
 But look on the colours the bright main shows,
 While each billow flings from its pearly fringe
 The lucid jewels of rainbow tinge.
 Go, mark the waters at sunny noon,
 Go, float beneath the full clear moon ;
 And cold is the spirit that wakes not there
 With wondering praise, and worshipping prayer.

'Tis true, we may sink 'mid deluge and blast,
 But we cope with the strong, we are quelled by the vast,
 And a noble urn is the foundered wreck,
 Though no incense may burn, and no flower may deck.
 We need no stately funeral car ;
 But, tangled with salt-weeds, and lashed to a spar,
 Down, down below, the Mariners go,
 While thunders volley, and hurricanes blow.

But little do we bold Mariners care
 What hour we fall or what risk we dare,
 For the groan on the struggling sailor's lip
 Is less for himself than his dying ship.
 Oh ! ours is the life for the free and the brave ;
 We dance o'er the planks that may yawn as a grave,
 We laugh 'mid the foam of our perilous home,
 And are ready for death whene'er it may come.



STANZAS TO THE YOUNG.

LONG have the wisest lips confessed
 That minstrel ones are far from wrong
 Who "point a moral" in a jest,
 Or yield a sermon in a song.

So be it ! Listen ye who will,
 And though my harp be roughly strung,
 Yet never shall its lightest thrill
 Offend the old or taint the young.

Mark me ! I ne'er presume to teach
 The man of wisdom, grey and sage ;
 'Tis to the growing I would preach
 From moral text and simple page.

First, I would bid thee cherish Truth
As leading star in Virtue's train;
Folly may pass, nor tarnish youth,
But Falsehood leaves a poison stain.

Keep watch, nor let the burning tide
Of Impulse break from all control;
The best of hearts needs pilot-guide
To steer it clear from Error's shoal.

One wave of Passion's boiling flood
May all the sea of Life disturb;
And steeds of good but fiery blood
Will rush on death without a curb.

Think on the course ye fain would run,
And moderate the rash desire;
There's many a one would drive the sun,
Only to set the world on fire.

Slight not the one of honest worth,
Because no star adorns his breast;
The lark soars highest from the earth,
Yet ever leaves the lowest nest.

Heed but the bearing of a tree,
And if it yield a wholesome fruit;
A shallow, envious fool is he,
Who spurns it for its forest root.

Let fair humanity be thine,
To fellow-man and meanest brute:
'Tis nobly taught—the code's divine—
Mercy is God's chief attribute.

The coward wretch whose hand and heart
Can bear to torture aught below,
Is ever first to quail and start
From slightest pain or equal foe.

Be not too ready to condemn
The wrong thy brothers may have done;
Ere ye too harshly censure them
For human faults, ask—"Have I none?"

Live that thy young and glowing breast
Can think of death without a sigh;
And be assured *that* life is best
Which finds us least afraid to die.

WEDDING BELLS.

TWILIGHT shade is calmly falling
 Round about the dew-robed flowers ;
 Philomel's lone song is calling
 Lovers to their fairy bowers ;
 Echo, on the zephyrs gliding,
 Bears a voice that seems to say,
 "Ears and hearts, come, list my tiding,
 This has been a wedding-day!"
 Hark! the merry chimes are pealing,
 Soft and glad the music swells;
 Gaily on the night-wind stealing,
 Sweetly sound the Wedding Bells.

Every simple breast rejoices ;
 Laughter rides upon the gale ;
 Happy hearts and happy voices
 Dwell within the lowly vale.
 Oh! how sweet, on zephyrs gliding
 Sound the bells that seem to say,
 "Ears and hearts, come, list my tiding,
 This has been a wedding-day!"
 Hark! the merry chimes are pealing,
 Soft and glad the music swells;
 Gaily on the night-wind stealing,
 Sweetly sound the Wedding Bells.

A HOME IN THE HEART.

OH! ask not a home in the mansions of pride,
 Where marble shines out in the pillars and walls ;
 Though the roof be of gold it is brilliantly cold,
 And joy may not be found in its torch-lighted halls.
 But seek for a bosom all honest and true,
 Where love, once awakened, will never depart :
 Turn, turn to that breast like the dove to its nest,
 And you'll find there's no home like a home in the heart.

Oh! link but one spirit that's warmly sincere,
 That will heighten your pleasure and solace your care ;
 Find a soul you may trust as the kind and the just,
 And be sure the wide world holds no treasure so rare.



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

Then the frowns of Misfortune may shadow our lot,
 The cheek-searing tear-drops of Sorrow may start,
 But a star never dim sheds a halo for him
 Who can turn for repose to a home in the heart.

SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR.

OLD TIME has turned another page
 Of Eternity and Truth ;
 He reads with a warning voice to age,
 And whispers a lesson to youth.
 A year has fled o'er heart and head
 Since last the yule log burnt ;
 And we have a task, to closely ask
 What the bosom and brain have learnt ?
 Oh, let us hope that our sands have run
 With Wisdom's precious grains !
 Oh, may we find that our hands have done
 Some work of glorious pains !
 Then a welcome and cheer to the merry New Year
 While the holly gleams above us ;
 With a pardon for the foes who hate,
 And a prayer for those who love us.

We may have seen some loved ones pass
 To the land of hallowed rest ;
 We may miss the glow of an honest brow
 And the warmth of a friendly breast :
 But if we nursed them while on earth
 With hearts all true and kind ;
 Will their spirits blame the sinless mirth
 Of those true hearts left behind ?
 No, no ! it were not well nor wise
 To mourn with endless pain ;
 There's a better world beyond the skies,
 Where the good shall meet again.
 Then a welcome and cheer to the merry New Year,
 While the holly gleams above us ;
 With a pardon for the foes who hate,
 And a prayer for those who love us.

Have our days rolled on, serenely free
 From Sorrow's dim alloy ?
 Do we still possess the gifts that bless,
 And fill our souls with joy ?

Are the creatures dear still clinging near?
 Do we hear loved voices come?
 Do we gaze on eyes whose glances shed
 A halo round our home?
 Oh, if we do, let thanks be poured
 To Him who hath spared and given,
 And forget not o'er the festive board
 The mercies held from Heaven.
 Then a welcome and cheer to the merry New Year,
 While the holly gleams above us;
 With a pardon for the foes who hate,
 And a prayer for those who love us!



THE HOMES OF THE DEAD.

WE must not make a home for the dead,
 Nor raise an osiered mound,
 Till the eloquent prayer and priestly tread
 Have sanctified the ground.

But there are those who fall and die
 Upon the desert land;
 With no pall above but the torrid sky,
 No bier but the scorching sand.

No turf is laid, no sexton's spade
 Chimes in with the mourner's groans;
 But the prowling jackal finds a feast,
 And the red sun crumbles the bones.

There are those who go down in the dark, wild sea,
 When storms have wrecked proud ships;
 With none to heed what the words may be
 That break from their gurgling lips.

No anthem-peal flows sweet and loud,
 No tablets mark their graves;
 But they soundly sleep in a coral shroud
 To the dirge of the rolling waves.

There are those who sink on the mountain path,
 With cold and curdling blood;
 With the frozen sleet for a funeral sheet,
 And no mates but the vulture brood:

No tolling bell proclaims their knell,
 No memory-stone is found;
 But the snowdrift rests on their skeleton breasts,
 And the bleaching winds sweep round.

There are those who fall on the purple field,
 In glory's mad career:
 Their dying couch—a battered shield,
 Their cross of faith—a spear:

No priest has been there with robes and prayer
 To consecrate the dust:
 Where the soldier sleeps his steed sleeps too,
 And his gore-stained weapons rust.

No cypress waves, no daisy grows,
 Above such pillows of rest;
 Yet say, are the riteless graves of those
 Unholy or unblest?

'Tis well to find our last repose
 Where the churchyard yew is nigh;
 But those who sleep in the desert or deep
 Are watched by the selfsame eye.



THE KING'S OLD HALL.

Few ages since, and wild echoes awoke
 In thy sweeping dome and panelling oak:
 Thy seats were filled with a princely band,
 Rulers of men and lords of the land.
 Loudly they raved, and gaily they laughed,
 O'er the golden chalice and sparkling draught;
 And the glittering board and gem-studded plume
 Proclaimed thee a monarch's revelling room.

But now the spider is weaving his woof,
 Making his loom of thy sculptured roof;
 The slug is leaving his slimy stain,
 Trailing his way o'er thy Gothic pane:
 Weeds have gathered and moss hath grown
 On thy topmost ridge and lowest stone;
 And the wheeling bat comes flapping his wing
 On the walls that circled a banqueting king.

The idle stare and vulgar tread
 May fall where the regal train was spread ;
 The gloomy owl may hide its nest,
 And the speckled lizard safely rest.
 Who were the revellers ? where are their forms ?
 Go to the charnel, and ask of the worms.
 They are low in the dust, forgotten and past,
 And the pile they raised is following fast.

Oh ! Man, vain Man ! how futile your aim,
 When building your temples to pleasure and fame !
 Go, work for Heaven with Faith and Care ;
 Let good works secure thee a mansion there.
 For the palace of pageantry crumbles away ;
 Its beauty and strength are mocked by decay ;
 And a voice from the desolate halls of kings
 Cries, " Put not your trust in earthly things ! "



THERE'S ONE TO GUARD AND SAVE.

THEY tell us that the deep sea hath
 More dangers than the shore ;
 They whisper tales of ocean wrath,
 And breakers' deadly roar.
 How oft the ruddy cheek will pale
 To leave the earth behind !
 How oft the glowing heart will quail
 Before the tempest-wind !
 We fear the billows' dash, but why ?
 There's One to guard and save ;
 There's one whose wide and watchful eye
 Sleeps not above the wave.

Why should the soul withdraw its trust
 Upon the foamy track ?
 HE who gave life, all wise and just,
 Knows when to ask it back.
 Though death were nigh, I would not shrink ;
 My faith, my hope, should rest
 Upon a Maker's will, and think
 Whate'er HE willed the best.
 I'd ever trust the ruling hand,
 Howe'er the storm might rave,
 For HE who watches o'er the land
 Sleeps not above the wave.

THE FLAG OF THE FREE.

'Tis the streamer of England—it floats o'er the brave—
 'Tis the fairest unfurled o'er the land or the wave;
 But though brightest in story and matchless in fight,
 'Tis the herald of Mercy as well as of Might.
 In the cause of the wronged may it ever be first—
 When tyrants are humbled and fetters are burst :
 Be “Justice” the war-shout, and dastard is he
 Who would scruple to die 'neath the Flag of the Free!

It may trail o'er the halyards—a bullet-torn rag,
 Or flutter in shreds from the battlement-crag;
 Let the shot whistle through it as fast as it may,
 Till it sweep the last glorious tatter away.
 What matter! we'd hoist the blue jacket on high,
 Or the soldier's red sash from the spearhead should fly :
 Though it were but a riband, the foeman should see
 The proud signal, and own it—the Flag of the Free!

Have we ever looked out from a far foreign shore,
 To mark the gay pennon each passing ship bore;
 And watch'd every speck that arose on the foam,
 In hope of glad tidings from country and home?—
 Has our straining eye caught the loved colours at last,
 And seen the dear bark bounding on to us fast?
 Then, then have our hearts learnt how precious can be
 The fair streamer of England—the Flag of the Free!



PRAYER.

How purely true, how deeply warm,
 The inly-breathed appeal may be,
 Though adoration wears no form,
 In upraised hand, or bended knee!
 One Spirit fills all boundless space,
 No limit to the when or where;
 And little recks the time or place
 That leads the soul to Praise and Prayer.

Father above, Almighty one,
 Creator, is that worship vain
 That hails each mountain as thy throne,
 And finds a universal fane?

When shining stars, or spangled sod,
 Call forth devotion, who shall dare
 To blame, or tell me that a God
 Will never deign to hear such Prayer: ?

Oh! prayer is good when many pour
 Their voices in one solemn tone;
 Conning their sacred lessons o'er,
 Or yielding thanks for mercies shown.
 'Tis good to see the quiet train
 Forget their worldly joy and care;
 While loud response and choral strain
 Re-echo in the house of Prayer.

But often have I stood to mark
 The setting sun and closing flower;
 When silence and the gathering dark
 Shed holy calmness o'er the hour.
 Lone on the hills my soul confessed
 More rapt and earnest homage there,
 And served the Maker it addressed
 With stronger zeal and closer Prayer.

When watching those we love and prize
 Till all of life and hope be fled;
 When we have gazed on sightless eyes,
 And gently stayed the falling head:
 Then what can soothe the stricken heart,
 What solace overcome despair;
 What earthly breathing can impart
 Such healing balm as lonely Prayer?

When fears and perils thicken fast,
 And many dangers gather round;
 When human aid is vain and past,
 No mortal refuge to be found;
 Then can we firmly lean on Heaven,
 And gather strength to meet and bear:
 No matter where the storm has driven,
 A saving anchor lives in Prayer.

Oh, God! how beautiful the thought,
 How merciful the blessed decree,
 That Grace can e'er be found when sought,
 And naught shut out the soul from Thee.
 The cell may cramp, the fetters gall,
 The flame may scorch, the rack may tear;
 But torture-stake, or prison wall,
 Can be endured with Faith and Prayer.

In desert wilds, in midnight gloom ;
 In grateful joy, in trying pain ;
 In laughing youth, or nigh the tomb ;
 Oh ! when is prayer unheard or vain ?
 The Infinite, the King of kings,
 Will never heed the when or where ;
 He'll ne'er reject the heart that brings
 The offering of fervent Prayer.



MY JOY, MY HOPES, LET OTHERS SHARE.

My Joy, my Hopes, let others share,—
 In Grief, I'd play the miser's part ;
 My lips, my brow shall never bear
 The index of a stricken heart.

If riches were consigned to me,
 No griping hand would clutch the pelf ;
 For valueless the gold would be
 If hoarded only for myself.

If Pleasure's cheering rays were mine,
 I would not bask in selfish light ;
 But have the circle spread and shine,
 And make all round as glad and bright.

But should my spirit bend and ache
 Beneath some pressing load of woe ;
 Unheard the heavy sigh must break,
 Unseen the scalding drop must flow.

With sudden stroke or wearing pain
 The barb might pierce, the worm might feed :
 I'd cloak the wound, I'd hide the chain—
 In secret weep—in silence bleed.

For did my troubled breast reveal
 Its anguish to the world's wide ear,
 The few would grieve, partake, and feel—
 The many would not care to hear.

And could I bear the few, the loved,
 To make my fears and sorrows theirs ?
 Could I e'er wish a bosom moved,
 To note and mourn my doubts and cares ?

THE SLUMBER OF DEATH.

'Twere easier far to inly groan,
 And let the canker rankle deep ;
 Better the worst of pangs my own
 Than see a dear one watch and weep.

And who among the busy throng
 Would heed my words or mark my tear ?
 The saddest tale, the foulest wrong,
 Might raise a smile or call a sneer.

Oh ! well I know, whate'er my fate,
 I'd meet and brook it, firmly proud ;
 And rather die beneath the weight
 Than tell it to the soulless crowd.

Joy, Hope, and Wealth, let others share ;
 In *grief* I'd play the miser's part :
 I'd scatter all that's sweet and fair,
 But lock the nightshade in my heart.



THE SLUMBER OF DEATH.

PEACEFUL and fair is the smiling repose
 That the breast-cradled slumber of infancy knows ;
 Sound is the rest of the weary and worn,
 Whose feet have been galled with the dust and the thorn :

Sweet is the sleep on the eyelids of youth,
 When they dream of the world as all pleasure and truth :
 Yet child, pilgrim, and youth shall awaken again
 To the journeys of toil and the trials of pain.

But, oh ! there's a fast and a visionless sleep,
 The calm and the stirless, the long and the deep :
 'Tis the sleep that is soundest and sweetest of all,
 When our couch is the bier, and our night-robe the pall.

No voice of the foe or the friend shall impart
 The proud flush to the cheek or warm throb to the heart :
 The lips of the dearest may seek for the breath,
 But their kiss cannot rouse the cold stillness of death.

'Tis a long, 'tis a last, 'tis a beautiful rest,
 When all sorrow has passed from the brow and the breast,
 And the lone spirit truly and wisely may crave
 The sleep that is dreamless, the sleep of the grave.

OUR SAILORS AND OUR SHIPS.

How dashing in sun and light the frigate makes her way;
 Her white wings spreading full and bright beneath the glancing ray!
 The gale may wake, but she will take whatever wind may come;
 Fit ear to bear the ocean-god upon his crystal home.
 She cleaves the tide with might and pride, like war-horse freed from
 rein;
 She treats the wave like abject slave—the empress of the main:
 All, all shall mark the gallant bark, their hearts upon their lips;
 And cry, “Old England, who shall match thy Sailors and thy
 Ships?”

Stout forms, strong arms, and dauntless spirits dwell upon the deck;
 True to their cause in calm or storm, in battle or in wreck.
 No foe will meet a coward hand, faint heart or quailing eye:
 They only know to fall or stand, to live the brave, or die.
 The flag that carries round the world a Nelson’s victor name
 Must never shield a dastard knave or strike in craven shame.
 Let triumph scan her blazing page, no record shall eclipse
 The glory of Old England’s Cross, her Sailors and her Ships.

The tempest breath sweeps o’er the sea with howlings of despair,
 Death walks upon the waters, but the tar must face and bear:
 The bullets hiss, the broadside pours, ’mid sulphur, blood, and smoke,
 And prove a British crew and craft alike are hearts of oak.
 Oh! ye who live ’mid fruit and flowers—the peaceful, safe, and free—
 Yield up a prayer for those who dare the perils of the sea.
 “God and our Right!” these are the words e’er first upon our lips;
 But next shall be, “Old England’s flag, our Sailors and our Ships!”



CHARLIE O’ROSS, WI’ THE SLOE-BLACK EEN.

’Tis down in the glen where the wild thistle grows,
 Where the golden furze glitters and bonnie broom blows;
 There dwells the braw laddie, sae gallant and free;
 The laddie wha blithely comes wooing o’ me.

You may ken him from a’ by his beauty sae rare,
 By the bloom on his cheek, and his dark, glossy hair;
 Oh! there’s nane half sae bright on the hills to be seen
 As Charlie O’Ross, with the sloe-black een.

THE FISHER BOY JOLLILY LIVES.

He looks like a laird, in his bonnet o' blue;
 His words are sae soft, and his heart is sae true;
 The sang that he sings is sae sweet, and sae clear,
 That it falls like the mavis's notes on the ear.

To be loved by him dearly is a' my delight;
 And he'll gang through the heather to meet me to-night;
 For I promised to lead off the dance on the green,
 Wi' Charlie O'Ross, wi' the sloe-black een.

 THE FISHER BOY JOLLILY LIVES.

MERRILY oh! merrily oh!
 The nets are spread out to the sun:
 Merrily oh! the Fisher Boy sings,
 Right glad that his labour is done.
 Happy and gay, with his boat in the bay,
 The storm and the danger forgot;
 The wealthy and great might repine at their state,
 And envy the Fisher Boy's lot.
 Merrily oh! merrily oh!
 This is the burden he gives:
 "Cheerily oh! though the blast may blow,
 The Fisher Boy jollily lives."

Merrily oh! merrily oh!
 He sleeps till the morning breaks;
 Merrily oh! at the seagull's scream
 The Fisher Boy quickly awakes.
 Down on the strand he is plying his hand,
 His shouting is heard again;
 The clouds are dark, but he springs to his bark
 With the same light-hearted strain.
 Merrily oh! merrily oh!
 This is the burden he gives;
 "Cheerily oh! though the blast may blow,
 The Fisher Boy jollily lives."

 I THANK THEE, GOD! FOR WEAL AND WOE.

I THANK Thee, GOD! for all I've known
 Of kindly fortune, health, and joy;
 And quite as gratefully I own
 The bitter drops of life's alloy.

Oh! there was wisdom in the blow
 That wrung the sad and scalding tear ;
 That laid my dearest idol low,
 And left my bosom lone and drear.

I thank thee, GOD! for all of smart
 That thou hast sent; for not in vain
 Has been the heavy, aching heart,
 The sigh of grief, the throb of pain.

What if my cheek had ever kept
 Its healthful colour, glad and bright—
 What if my eyes had never wept
 Throughout a long and sleepless night ?

Then, then, perchance, my soul had not
 Remembered there were paths less fair ;
 And, selfish in my own blest lot,
 Ne'er strove to soothe another's care.

But when the weight of sorrow found
 My spirit prostrate and resigned ;
 The anguish of the bleeding wound
 Taught me to feel for all mankind.

Even as from the wounded tree
 The goodly precious balm will pour ;
 So in the riven heart there'll be
 Mercy that never flowed before.

'Tis well to learn that sunny hours
 May quickly change to mournful shade ;
 'Tis well to prize life's scattered flowers,
 Yet be prepared to see them fade.

I thank Thee, GOD! for weal and woe :
 And whatsoe'er the trial be ;
 'Twill serve to wean me from below,
 And bring my spirit nigher Thee.

THE SMUGGLER BOY.

WE stole away at the fall of night,
 When the red round moon was deep'ning her light ;
 But none knew whither our footsteps bent,
 Nor how those stealthy hours were spent ;

THE TOMB.

For we crept away to the rocky bay,
 Where the cave and craft of a fierce band lay;
 We gave the signal cry, "Ahoy!"
 And found a mate in the Smuggler Boy.

His laugh was deep, his speech was bold,
 And we loved the fearful tales he told,
 Of the perils he met in his father's bark;
 Of the chace by day and the storm by dark.
 We got him to take the light boat out,
 And gaily and freshly we dashed about:
 And naught of pleasure could ever decoy
 From the moonlight sail with the Smuggler Boy.

We caught his spirit, and learnt to love
 The cageless petrel more than the dove;
 And wild and happy souls were we,
 Roving with him by the heaving sea.
 He whispered the midnight work they did,
 And showed us where the kegs were hid:
 All secrets were ours—a word might destroy—
 But we never betrayed the Smuggler Boy.

We sadly left him, bound to range
 A distant path of care and change;
 We have sought him again, but none could relate
 The place of his home, or a word of his fate.
 Long years have sped but we dream of him now,
 With the red cap tossed on his dauntless brow;
 And the world hath given no greater joy
 Than the moonlight sail with the Smuggler Boy.

 THE TOMB.

FEW years ago I shunned the tomb,
 And turned me from a tablet-stone;
 I shivered in the churchyard gloom,
 And sickened at a bleaching bone.

Then all were round my warm, young heart—
 The kindred tie—the cherished form;
 I knew not what it was to part,
 And give them to the dust and worm.

But soon I lost the gems of earth,
I saw the dearest cold in death:
And sorrow changed my joyous mirth
To searing drops and sobbing breath.

I stood by graves all dark and deep,
Pale, voiceless, wrapt in mute despair;
I left my soul's adored to sleep
In stirless, dreamless slumber there

And now I steal at night to see
The soft clear moonbeams playing o'er
Their hallowed beds, and long to be
Where all most prized have gone before.

Now can I calmly gaze around
On osiered heaps, with yearning eye,
And murmur o'er the grassy mound—
" 'Tis a glorious privilege to die !"

The grave hath lost its conquering might,
And death its dreaded sting of pain,
Since they but ope the path of light
To lead me to the loved again.

BLUE-BELLS IN THE SHADE.

THE choicest buds in Flora's train, let other fingers twine;
Let others snatch the damask rose, or wreath the eglantine;
I'd leave the sunshine and parterre, and seek the woodland glade,
To stretch me on the fragrant bed of blue-bells in the shade.

Let others cull the daffodil, the lily soft and fair;
And deem the tulip's gaudy cup most beautiful and rare;
But give to me, oh, give to me the coronal that's made
Of ruby orchis mingled with the blue-bells from the shade.

The sunflower and the peony, the poppy bright and gay,
Have no alluring charms for me, I'd fling them all away:
Exotic bloom may fill the vase, or grace the high-born maid;
But sweeter far to me than all, are blue-bells in the shade.

SONG OF THE IMPRISONED BIRD.

YE may pass me by with pitying eye,
 And cry "Poor captive thing!"
 But I'll prove ye are caged as safely as I,
 If ye'll list to the notes I sing.

I flutter in thrall, and so do all;—
 Ye have bonds ye cannot escape;
 With only a little wider range,
 And bars of another shape.

The noble ranks of fashion and birth
 Are fettered by courtly rule;
 They dare not rend the shackles that tend
 To form the knave and fool.

The parasite, bound to kiss the hand
 That, perchance, he may loathe to touch;
 The maiden, high-born, wedding where she may scorn,—
 Oh! has earth worse chains than such?

The one who lives but to gather up wealth,—
 Though great his treasures may be;
 Yet, guarding with care and counting by stealth,—
 What a captive wretch is he!

The vainly proud, who turn from the crowd,
 And tremble lest they spoil
 The feathers of the peacock plume
 With a low, plebeian soil:

Oh! joy is mine to see them strut
 In their chosen, narrow space;
 They mount a perch, but ye need not search
 For a closer prison-place.

The being of fitful, curbless wrath
 May fiercely stamp and rave;
 He will call himself free, but there cannot be
 More mean and piteous slave;—

For the greatest victim, the fastest-bound,
 Is the one who serves his rage:
 The temper that governs will ever be found
 A fearful, torture-cage.

Each breathing spirit is chastened down
 By the hated or the dear;
 The gentle smile or tyrant frown
 Will hold ye in love or fear.

How much there is self-will would do,
 Were it not for the dire dismay
 That bids ye shrink, as ye suddenly think
 Of "What will my neighbour say?"

Then pity me not; for mark mankind,
 Of every rank and age;
 Look close to the heart, and ye'll ever find,
 That each is a bird in a cage.



THE WILLOW TREE.

TREE of the gloom, o'erhanging the tomb,
 Thou seemest to love the churchyard sod;
 Thou ever art found on the charnel ground,
 Where the laughing and happy have rarely trod.
 When thy branches trail to the wintry gale,
 Thy wailing is sad to the hearts of men;
 When the world is bright in a summer's light,
 'Tis only the wretched that love thee then.
 The golden moth and the shining bee
 Will seldom rest on the Willow-tree.

The weeping maid comes under thy shade,
 Mourning her faithful lover dead;
 She sings of his grave in the crystal wave,
 Of his seaweed shroud and coral bed.
 A chaplet she weaves of thy downy leaves,
 And twines it round her pallid brow;
 Sleep falls on her eyes while she softly sighs,
 "My love, my dearest, I come to thee now!"
 She sits and dreams of the moaning sea,
 While the night wind creeps through the Willow-tree.

The dying one will turn from the sun,
 The dazzling flowers, and luscious fruit;
 To set his mark in thy sombre bark,
 And find a couch at thy moss-clad root.

He is fading away like the twilight ray,
 His cheek is pale and his glance is dim;
 But thy drooping arms, with their pensive charms,
 Can yield a joy till the last for him;
 And the latest words on his lips shall be,
 "Oh, lay me under the Willow-tree!"

THE DREAM IS BROKEN.

THEY told me in my earlier years,
 Life was a dark and tangled web;
 A gloomy sea of bitter tears,
 Where Sorrow's influx had no ebb.

But such was vainly taught and said,
 My laugh rang out with joyous tone;
 The woof possessed one brilliant thread
 Of rainbow colours, all my own.

They talked of trials, sighs, and grief,
 And called the world a wilderness;
 Where dazzling bud or fragrant leaf
 But rarely sprung to cheer and bless.

But there was one, dear precious flower
 Engrafted in *my* bosom's core,
 Which made my home an Eden bower,
 And caused a doubt if heaven held more.

I boasted—till a mother's grave
 Was heaped and sodded—then I found
 The sunshine stricken from the wave,
 And all the golden thread unwound.

Where was the flower I had worn
 So fondly, closely, in my heart?
 The bloom was crushed, the root was torn,
 And left a cureless, bleeding part.

Preach on who will—say "Life is sad,"
 I'll not refute as once I did;
 You'll find the eye that beamed so glad
 Will hide a tear beneath its lid.

Preach on of woe; the time *hath* been
 I'd praise the world with shadeless brow :
 The dream is broken—I have seen
 A mother die :—I'm silent now.



FIRE.

BLANDLY glowing, richly bright,
 Cheering star of social light ;
 While I gently heap it higher,
 How I bless thee, sparkling fire !
 Who loves not the kindly rays
 Streaming from the tempered blaze ?
 Who can sit beside his hearth
 Dead to feeling, stern to mirth ?
 Who can watch the crackling pile,
 And keep his breast all cold the while ?

Fire is good, but it must *serve* :
 Keep it thrall'd—for if it swerve
 Into freedom's open path,
 What shall check its maniac wrath ?
 Where's the tongue that can proclaim
 The fearful work of curbless flame ?
 Darting wide and shooting high,
 It lends a horror to the sky ;
 It rushes on to waste, to scare ;
 Arousing terror and despair ;
 It tells the utmost earth can know,
 About the demon scenes below ;
 And sinks at last, all spent and dead,
 Among the ashes it has spread.
 Sure the poet is not wrong
 To glean a moral from the song.
 Listen, Youth ! nor scorn, nor frown,—
 Thou must chain thy Passions down :
 Well to serve, but ill to sway,
 Like the Fire they must *obey*.
 They are good in subject state,
 To strengthen, warm, and animate ;
 But if once we let them *reign*,
 They sweep with desolating train,
 Till they but leave a hated name,
 A ruined soul, and blackened fame.

ALONE.

I've tracked the paths of the dark, wild wood,
 No footfall there but my own ;
 I've lingered beside the moaning flood,
 But I never felt alone.
 There were lovely things for my soul to meet,
 Rare work for my eye to trace :
 I held communion close and sweet
 With a Maker—face to face.

I have sat in the cheerless, vacant room,
 At the stillest hour of night ;
 With naught to break upon the gloom
 But the taper's sickly light :
 And there I have conjured back again
 The loved ones, lost and dead ;
 Till my swelling heart and busy brain
 Have hardly deemed them fled.

I may rove the waste or tenant the cell,
 But *alone* I never shall be ;
 While this form is a home where the spirit may dwell ;
 There is something to mate with me.
 Wait till ye turn from my mindless clay,
 And the shroud o'er my breast is thrown ;
 And then, but not *till* then, ye may say
 That I am left alone !

 SONG OF THE SUN.

SUPREME of the sky—no throne so high—
 I reign a monarch divine ;
 What have ye below that doth not owe
 Its glory and lustre to mine ?
 Has Beauty a charm I have not helped
 To nurture in freshness and bloom ?
 Can a tint be spread—can a glance be shed
 Like those I deign to illumine ?
 Though ye mimic my beams, as ye do and ye will,—
 Let all galaxies meet, I am mightiest still !

The first red ray that heralds my way,
 Just kisses the mountain top;
 And splendour dwells in the cowslip bells
 While I kindle each nectar drop;
 I speed on my wide, refulgent path,
 And Nature's homage is given;
 All tones are poured to proclaim me adored,
 As I reach the blue mid-heaven,
 And the sweetest and boldest, the truly free—
 The lark and the eagle come nearest to me.

The glittering train so praised by man,
 The moon, night's worshipped queen;
 The silvery scud, and the rainbow's span;
 Snatch from me their colours and sheen.
 I know when my radiant streams are flung,
 Creation shows all that is bright,
 But I'm jealous of naught save the face of the young
 Laughing back my noontide light:
 I see nothing so pure or so dazzling on earth,
 As Childhood's brow with its halo of mirth.

My strength goes down in the crystal caves,
 I gem the billow's wide curl;
 I paint the dolphin and burnish the waves,
 I tinge the coral and pearl.
 Love ye the flowers? What power, save mine,
 Can the velvet rose unfold?
 Who else can purple the grape on the vine,
 Or flush the wheat-ear with gold?
 Look on the beam-lit wilderness spot—
 'Tis more fair than the palace where I come not.

Though giant clouds ride on the whirlwind's tide,
 And gloom on the world may fall;
 I yet flash on in gorgeous pride,
 Untarnished, above them all.
 So the pure, warm heart for awhile may appear,
 In probations of sorrow and sin,
 To be dimmed and obscured, but trial or tear
 Cannot darken the spirit within.
 Let the breast keep its truth, and Life's shadow may roll,
 But they quench not, they reach not the Sun nor the Soul.



A SUMMER SKETCH.

'Tis June, 'tis merry, smiling June,
 'Tis blushing Summer now ;
 The rose is red—the bloom is dead—
 The fruit is on the bough.

Flora, with Ceres, hand in hand,
 Bring all their smiling train ;
 The yellow corn is waving high,
 To gild the earth again.

The bird-cage hangs upon the wall,
 Amid the clustering vine ;
 The rustic seat is in the porch,
 Where honeysuckles twine.

The rosy, ragged urchins play
 Beneath the glowing sky ;
 They scoop the sand, or gaily chase
 The bee that buzzes by.

The household spaniel flings his length
 Along the stone-paved hall ;
 The panting sheep-dog seeks the spot
 Where leafy shadows fall.

The petted kitten frisks among
 The bean-flowers' fragrant maze ;
 Or, basking, throws her dappled form
 To court the warmest rays.

The opened casement, flinging wide,
 Geraniums gives to view ;
 With choicest posies ranged between,
 Still wet with morning dew.

'Tis June, 'tis merry, laughing June,
 There's not a cloud above ;
 The air is still, o'er heath and hill,
 The bulrush does not move.

The pensive willow bends to kiss
 The stream so deep and clear ;
 While dabbling ripples, gliding on,
 Bring music to mine ear.

The mower whistles o'er his toil
 The emerald grass must yield;
 The scythe is out, the swath is down,
 There's incense in the field.

Oh! how I love to calmly muse
 In such an hour as this;
 To nurse the joy Creation gives,
 In purity and bliss!

There is devotion in my soul
 My lip can ne'er impart;
 But One above will deign to read
 The tablet of my heart.

And if that heart should e'er neglect
 The homage of its prayer,
 Lead it to Nature's altar-piece,—
 'Twill always worship there.



THE WELCOME BACK.

SWEET is the hour that brings us home,
 Where all will spring to meet us;
 Where hands are striving as we come,
 To be the first to greet us.
 When the world hath spent its frowns and wrath,
 And care been sorely pressing;
 'Tis sweet to turn from our roving path,
 And find a fireside blessing.
 Oh! joyfully dear is the homeward track,
 If we are but sure of a welcome back.

What do we reck on a dreary way,
 Though lonely and benighted;
 If we know there are lips to chide our stay,
 And eyes that will beam, love-lighted?
 What is the worth of your diamond ray,
 To the glance that flashes pleasure;
 When the words that welcome back betray
 We form a heart's chief treasure?
 Oh! joyfully dear is our homeward track,
 If we are but sure of a welcome back.

WHILE THE CHRISTMAS LOG IS BURNING.

HAIL to the night when we gather once more
 All the forms we love to meet;
 When we've many a guest that's dear to our breast;
 And the household dog at our feet.
 Who would not be in the circle of glee,
 When heart to heart is yearning—
 When joy breathes out in the laughing shout
 While the Christmas log is burning?

'Tis one of the fairy hours of life,
 When the world seems all of light;
 For the thought of woe, or the name of a foe
 Ne'er darkens the festive night.
 When bursting mirth rings round the hearth,
 Oh! where is the spirit that's mourning;
 While merry bells chime with the carol rhyme,
 And the Christmas log is burning?

Then is the time when the gray, old man
 Leaps back to the days of youth;
 When brows and eyes bear no disguise,
 But flush and gleam with truth.
 Oh! then is the time when the soul exults,
 And seems right heavenward turning;
 When we love and bless the hands we press,
 While the Christmas log is burning.

 THE ACORN.

BEAUTIFUL germ! I have set thee low
 In the dewy earth—strike, spring, and grow!
 Oh! cleave to the soil, and thou mayst be
 The king of the woods, a brave, rare tree.
 Acorn of England, thou mayst bear
 Thy green head high in the mountain air:
 Another age, and thy mighty form
 May scowl at the sun and mock at the storm.

A hundred years, and the woodman's stroke
 May fiercely fall on thy heart of oak:
 Let Time roll on and thy planks may ride
 In glorious state o'er the fathomless tide.

Thou mayst baffle the waters, and firmly take
 The winds that sweep and waves that break;
 And thy vaunted strength shall as nobly stand
 The rage of the sea as the storm on the land.

A hundred years, and in some fair hall
 Thou mayst shine as the polished wainscot wall;
 And ring with the laugh and echo the jest
 Of the happy host and the feasting guest.
 Acorn of England! deep in the earth
 Mayst thou live and burst in flourishing birth;
 May thy root be firm and thy broad arms wave,
 When the hand that plants thee is cold in the grave.



TO A CRICKET.

MERRY Cricket, twittering thing,
 How I love to hear thee sing!
 Chirping tenant, child of mirth,
 Minstrel of the poor man's hearth!—
 Stay, merry Cricket, stay, and be
 Companion in our jollity.

Winter days are round us now,
 Stormy winds and falling snow;
 Pelting hail is rattling fast,
 Driven by the northern blast;
 Dark December's dreary night
 Needs the fagot's blazing light!
 Grandsires tell the goblin tale,
 Urchins listen,—mute and pale;
 Mistletoe is hung on high;
 Christmas tide is drawing nigh;—
 Stay, merry Cricket, stay, and be
 Partner in our jollity.

Holly branches deck the walls
 Of peasants' cots and barons' halls;
 Scarlet berries peep between
 Twined with laurel, darkly green,
 Close commingled, rudely bound;
 Sacredly they wreath around.—
 Polished tankards grace the board;
 Racks and cellars yield their hoard;

ANACREONTIC.

Flowing ale, with cheering zest,
 Animates the song and jest;
 Wine, rich sparkling, greets the lip,
 Such as Bacchus' self might sip;
 Such that Horace might have sung
 Praises of with honest tongue;
 Giving to the world its name,
 Sharing the Falernian fame.—
 Laughing voices, bounding feet,
 In many a happy circle meet;
 Sports and feasting make the hours
 Light as those in summer bowers;—
 Stay, then, merry Cricket, stay,
 Tarry with the glad and gay.

Spring about the oaken floor,
 Dread not pussy's murderous paw;
 Dainty crumbs and fragments rare
 Shall be scattered for thy fare;
 Gambol in thy covert warm,
 None shall chase thee, naught shall harm;
 I will guard thee, for I dote
 Upon thy timid, whistling note.

Stay, then, merry Cricket, stay,
 Tarry with the glad and gay;
 Share our blazing fire, and be
 Partner in our jollity.



ANACREONTIC.

WINE! Wine! Wine!
 Thou purple stream of bliss;
 Thy Lethe powers drown bygone hours,
 And make a heaven of this.
 Go, look upon the boundless sky,
 Where shining planets roll;
 There's none can match the sparkling eye,
 When Wine lights up the soul!
 Let monarchs say, their eastern gems
 All other gems surpass;
 We'll show them brighter in the drops
 That stud each draining glass;

Wine! Wine! Wine!
Thou purple stream of bliss;
Thy Lethe powers drown bygone hours,
And make a heaven of this.

There's beauty round that might entice
The angels as of yore:
Once drawn to Earth by such a charm,
They'd seek the sky no more.
There's music, soft and thrilling—hark!
What magic in the strain!
'Twere madness for to listen long,
Come, fill the glass again.
Wine! Wine! Wine!
Thou purple stream of bliss;
Thy Lethe powers drown bygone hours,
And make a heaven of this.

Young Bacchus reels about our board
With face like morning's blush;
His cheeks have pilfered from the grapes
Their rich, carnation flush.
The rosy rogue around to-night
A treble rapture flings;
He revels with Apollo's lyre,
And Cupid's rainbow wings,
Wine! Wine! Wine!
Thou purple stream of bliss;
Thy Lethe powers drown bygone hours,
And make a heaven of this.

"*THY WILL BE DONE.*"

LET the scholar and divine
Tell us how to pray aright;
Let the truths of gospel shine
With their precious, hallowed light;
But the prayer a mother taught,
Is to me a matchless one;
Eloquent and spirit-fraught
Are the words—"Thy will be done."

Though not fairly understood,
Still those words at evening hour,
Implied some Being, great and good,
Of mercy, majesty, and power.

SONG OF OLD TIME.

Bending low on infant knee,
 And gazing on the setting sun,
 I thought that orb his home must be,
 To whom I said—"Thy will be done."

I have searched the sacred page,
 I have heard the godly speech;
 But the lore of saint or sage
 Nothing holier can teach.
 Pain has wrung my spirit sore,
 But my soul the triumph won;
 When the anguish that I bore
 Only breathed—"Thy will be done."

They have served in pressing need,
 Have nerved my heart in every task;
 And howsoever my breast may bleed,
 No other balm of prayer I ask.
 When my whitened lips declare
 Life's last sands have almost run,
 May the dying breath they bear
 Murmur forth—"Thy will be done."



SONG OF OLD TIME.

I WEAR not the purple of earth-born kings,
 Nor the stately ermine of lordly things;
 But monarch and courtier, though great they be,
 Must fall from their glory and bend to me.
 My sceptre is gemless; yet who can say
 They will not come under its mighty sway?
 Ye may learn who I am,—there's the passing chime,
 And the dial to herald me—Old King Time!

Softly I creep, like a thief in the night,
 After cheeks all blooming and eyes all light;
 My steps are seen on the patriarch's brow,
 In the deep-worn furrows and locks of snow.
 Who laugh at my power? the young and the gay:
 But they dream not how closely I track their way.
 Wait till their first, bright sands have run,
 And they will not smile at what Time hath done.

I eat through treasures with moth and rust ;
 I lay the gorgeous palace in dust ;
 I make the shell-proof tower my own,
 And break the battlement, stone from stone.
 Work on at your cities and temples, proud man,
 Build high as ye may, and strong as ye can ;
 But the marble shall crumble, the pillar shall fall,
 And Time, Old Time, will be king, after all.



SONG OF THE GOBLET.

I HAVE kept my place at the rich man's board
 For many a waning night ;
 Where streams of dazzling splendour poured
 Their galaxy of light :
 No wilder revelry has rung
 Than where my home has been ;
 All that the bard of Teos sung,
 Has the golden Goblet seen :
 And what I could tell, full many might deem
 A fable of fancy, or tale of a dream.

I have beheld a courteous band
 Sit round in bright array ;
 Their voices firm, their words all bland,
 And brows like a cloudless day :
 But soon the guests were led by the host
 To dash out Reason's lamp ;
 And then God's noble image had lost
 The fineness of its stamp :
 And their sober cheeks have blushed to hear
 What they told o'er me without shame or fear.

Their loud and tuneless laugh would tell
 Of a hot and reeling brain ;
 Their right arms trembled, and red wine fell
 Like blood on a battle-plain.
 The youth would play the chattering ape,
 And the gray-haired one would let
 The foul and sickening jest escape
 Till I've loathed the lips I've met ;
 And the swine in the dust, or the wolf on its prey,
 Gave less of sheer disgust than they.

SONG OF THE GOBLET.

The drunkard has filled me again and again
 'Mid the roar of a frantic din;
 Till the starting eyeballs told his brain
 Was an Etna pile within.
 Oh! sad is the work that I have done
 In the hands of the sot and fool;
 Cursèd and dark is the fame I have won,
 As Death's most powerful tool:
 And I own that those who greet my rim
 Too oft, will find their bane on the brim.

But all the golden Goblet has wrought
 Is not of the evil kind;
 I have helped the creature of mighty thought,
 And quickened the Godlike mind.
 As gems of first water may lie in the shade,
 And no lustre be known to live;
 Till the kiss of the noontide beam has betrayed
 What a glorious sheen they can give:
 So, the breast may hold fire that none can see,
 Till it meet the sun-ray shed by me.

I have burst the spirit's moody trance,
 And woke it to mirth and wit;
 Till the soul would dance in every glance
 Of eyes that were rapture-lit.
 I have heard the bosom all warm and rife
 With friendship, offer up
 Its faith in heaven, its hope on earth,
 With the name it breathed in the cup!
 And I was proud to seal the bond
 Of the truly great and the firmly fond.

I have served to raise the shivering form
 That sunk in the driving gale;
 I have fanned the flame that famine and storm
 Had done their worst to pale.
 The stagnant vein has been curdled and cold
 As the marble's icy streak;
 But I have come, and the tide hath rolled
 Right on to the heart and cheek;
 And bursting words from a grateful breast
 Have told the golden Goblet was blest.

Oh! Heaven forbid that bar or ban
 Should be thrown on the draught I bear,
 But woful it is that senseless man
 Will brand me with sin and despair.

Use me wisely, and I will lend
 A joy ye may cherish and praise;
 But love me too well, and my potion shall send
 A burning blight on your days.
 This is the strain I sing as ye fill—
 "Beware! the Goblet can cheer or kill."

 THE CHRISTMAS HOLLY.

THE Holly! the Holly! oh, twine it with bay—
 Come, give the Holly a song;
 For it helps to drive stern Winter away,
 With his garments so sombre and long.
 It peeps through the trees with its berries of red,
 And its leaves of burnished green,
 When the flowers and fruits have long been dead,
 And not even the daisy is seen.
 Then sing to the Holly, the Christmas Holly,
 That hangs over peasant and king:
 While we laugh and carouse 'neath its glittering boughs,
 To the Christmas Holly we'll sing.

The gale may whistle, and frost may come,
 To fetter the gurgling rill;
 The woods may be bare, and the warblers dumb—
 But the Holly is beautiful still.
 In the revel and light of princely halls,
 The bright Holly-branch is found;
 And its shadow falls on the lowliest walls,
 While the brimming horn goes round.
 Then drink to the Holly, &c.

The ivy lives long, but its home must be
 Where graves and ruins are spread;
 There's beauty about the cypress tree,
 But it flourishes near the dead:
 The laurel the warrior's brow may wreath,
 But it tells of tears and blood.
 I sing the Holly, and who can breathe
 Aught of *that* that is not good?
 Then sing to the Holly, &c.

WASHINGTON.

LAND of the West! though passing brief the record of thine age,
 Thou hast a name that darkens all on History's wide page!
 Let all the blasts of Fame ring out—thine shall be loudest far;
 Let others boast their satellites—thou hast the planet star.
 Thou hast a name whose characters of light shall ne'er depart;
 'Tis stamped upon the dullest brain, and warms the coldest heart;
 A war-cry fit for any land where Freedom's to be won:
 Land of the West! it stands alone—it is thy Washington!

Rome had its Cæsar, great and brave; but stain was on his wreath:
 He lived the heartless conqueror, and died the tyrant's death.
 France had its Eagle; but his wings, though lofty they might soar,
 Were spread in false ambition's flight, and dipped in murder's gore.
 Those hero-gods, whose mighty sway would fain have chained the waves—
 Who fleshed their blades with tiger zeal, to make a world of slaves—
 Who, though their kindred barred the path, still fiercely waded on.
 Oh, where shall be *their* "glory" by the side of Washington!

He fought, but not with love of strife; he struck but to defend;
 And ere he turned a people's foe, he sought to be a friend:
 He strove to keep his country's right by Reason's gentle word,
 And sighed when fell Injustice threw the challenge—sword to sword.
 He stood the firm, the calm, the wise, the patriot and sage;
 He showed no deep, avenging hate—no burst of despot rage.
 He stood for Liberty and Truth, and daringly led on,
 Till shouts of Victory gave forth the name of Washington.

No car of triumph bore him through a city filled with grief;
 No groaning captives at the wheels proclaimed him victor-chief:
 He broke the gyves of slavery with strong and high disdain;
 But cast no sceptre from the links when he had rent the chain.
 He saved his land, but did not lay his soldier trappings down,
 To change them for a regal vest, and don a kingly crown.
 Fame was too earnest in her joy—too proud of such a son—
 To let a robe and title mask her noble Washington.

England, my heart is truly thine—my loved, my native earth—
 The land that holds a mother's grave, and gave that mother birth!
 Oh, keenly sad would be the fate that thrust me from thy shore,
 And faltering my breath that sighed "Farewell for evermore!"
 But did I meet such adverse lot, I would not seek to dwell
 Where olden heroes wrought the deeds for Homer's song to tell.
 "Away, thou gallant ship!" I'd cry, "and bear me swiftly on;
 But bear me from my own, fair land to that of Washington."

SONNET.

'Tis midnight ! and pale Melancholy stands
 Beside me, wearing a funereal wreath
 Of yew and cypress : the faint dirge of Death
 Moans in her breathing, while her withered hands
 Fling corse-bedecking rosemary around.
 She offers nightshade, spreads a winding-sheet,
 Points to the clinging clay upon her feet,
 And whispers tidings of the charnel-ground.
 Oh ! pray thee, Melancholy, do not bring
 These bitter emblems with thee ; I can bear
 With all but these—'tis these, oh God ! that wring
 And plunge my heart in maddening despair.
 Hence, for awhile, pale Melancholy ; go !
 And let sweet slumber lull my weeping woe.



LOVE'S FIRST DREAM,

BRIGHT is the froth of an eastern wave,
 As it plays in the sun's last glow ;
 Pure is the pearl in its crystal bed,
 Gemming the worlds below ;
 Warm is the heart that mingles its blood
 In the red tide of Glory's stream ;
 But more flashingly bright, more pure, more warm,
 Is " Love's first Dream."

Hope paints the vision with hues of her own,
 In all the colours of Spring ;
 While the young lip breathes like a dewy rose
 Fanned by the fire-fly's wing.
 'Tis a fairy scene, where the fond soul roves,
 Exulting in Passion's warm beam ;
 Ah, sad 'tis to think we should wake with a chill,
 From " Love's first Dream."

But it fades like the rainbow's brilliant arch,
 Scattered by clouds and wind ;
 Leaving the spirit, unrobed of light,
 In darkness and tears behind.

When mortals look back on the heartfelt woes
 They have met with in Life's rough stream,
 That sigh is oft deepest which Memory gives
 To "Love's first Dream."



T I M E.

OH! never chide the wing of Time,
 Or say 'tis tardy in its flight!
 You'll find the days speed quick enough,
 If you but husband them aright.

Thy span of life is waning fast;
 Beware, unthinking youth, beware!
 Thy soul's *eternity* depends
 Upon the record *moments* bear!

Time is indeed a precious boon,
 But with the boon a task is given;
 The heart must learn its duty well,
 To man on earth, and God in heaven.

Take heed, then, play not with thine hours,
 Beware, unthinking youth, beware!
 The one who acts the part he ought,
 Will have but little Time to spare.



THE SURGEON'S KNIFE.

THERE are hearts—stout hearts—that own no fear
 At the whirling sword or the darting spear,—
 That are ready alike to bleed in the dust,
 'Neath the sabre's cut or the bayonet's thrust;
 They heed not the blows that Fate may deal,
 From the murderer's dirk or the soldier's steel:
 But lips that laugh at the dagger of strife
 Turn silent and white from the surgeon's knife.

Though bright be the burnish and slender the blade,
 Bring it nigh, and the bravest are strangely afraid;
 And the rope on the beam or the axe on the block
 Have less terror to daunt, and less power to shock.

Science may wield it, and danger may ask
 The hand to be quick in its gory task :
 The hour with torture and death may be rife,
 But death is less feared than the surgeon's knife.

It shines in the grasp—'tis no weapon for play,
 A shudder betrays it is speeding its way ;
 While the quivering muscle and severing joint
 Are gashed by the keen edge and probed by the point.
 It has reeked in the dark and welling flood,
 Till purple and warm with the heart's quick blood ;
 Dripping it comes from the cells of life,
 While glazing eyes turn from the surgeon's knife.

Braggarts in courage, and boasters of strength,
 At the cannon's mouth or the lance's length ;
 Ye who have struggled sword to sword,
 With your wide wounds drenching the battle-sward—
 Oh ! boast no more till your soul be found
 Unmoved with a breathless silence around ;
 And a dread of the grave and a hope of life ;
 That rest on the work of the surgeon's knife.



LOVE ON. *

Love on, love on, the soul *must* have a shrine—
 The rudest breast must find *some* hallowed spot ;
 The One who formed us left no spark divine
 In him who dwells on earth, yet loveth not.
 Devotion's links compose a sacred chain
 Of holy brightness and unmeasured length ;
 The world with selfish rust and reckless stain
 May mar its beauty, but not touch its strength.

Love on, love on—ay, even though the heart
 We fondly build on proveth like the sand ;
 Though one by one Faith's corner-stones depart ;
 And even Hope's last pillar fails to stand :
 Though we may dread the lips we once believed,
 And know their falsehood shadows all our days ;
 Who would not rather trust and be deceived,
 Than own the mean, cold spirit that betrays ?

TO THE SPIRIT OF SONG.

Love on, love on, though we may live to see
 The dear face whiter than its circling shroud ;
 Though dark and dense the gloom of Death may be,
 Affection's glory yet shall pierce the cloud.
 The truest spell that Heaven can give to lure,
 The sweetest prospect Mercy can bestow ;
 Is the blest thought that bids the soul be sure
 'Twill meet above the things it loved below.

Love on, love on—Creation breathes the words—
 Their mystic music ever dwells around ;
 The strain is echoed by unnumbered chords,
 And gentlest bosoms yield the fullest sound.
 As flowers keep springing though their dazzling bloom
 Is oft put forth for worms to feed upon,
 So hearts, though wrung by traitors and the tomb,
 Shall still be precious, and shall still love on.



TO THE SPIRIT OF SONG.

SPIRIT OF SONG, thou hast left me awhile
 To find my joy in the world's false smile ;
 Thou hast left me to prove that world to be
 A dull, sad desert, uncheered by thee.
 Oh ! my heart has been a shivering thing ;
 Like a young bird missing its mother's wing :
 It has ached in secret and pined away
 Through the festive night and the weary day.
 Spirit of Song, when thou art fled,
 No light is left on my earthly track ;
 We must not part till I sleep with the dead—
 Spirit of song, I'll woo thee back !

And yet I know 'tis kind and best
 That thou for awhile shouldst leave my breast ;
 Strings tuned too highly must soon be snapt,
 Though the tone may be rich and the minstrel rapt ;
 The heart that kindles a flame so strong
 Can never feed that flame for long ;
 It would burn as a sacred incense pyre,
 And be consumed by its own wild fire.
 Spirit of Song, thou hast wrung the tear ;
 Thou hast tortured with joy and maddened with pain ;
 Yet shine, thou star of a holier sphere ;
 Spirit of Song, be mine again !

I'll seek thee, but not in the midnight crowd,
 Where revels are kept by the gay and proud;
 Not in the city's clamorous mart,
 Where wealth is the idol of each cold heart;
 Not at the sculptured palace gate,
 That bars out peace with towering state;
 Not in the region of a throne,
 Where truth and repose are rarely known.
 Spirit of Song, thou dost not dwell

With the sons of pomp or the slaves of care :
 Their homes may hold the glories of gold,
 But, Spirit of Song, *thou art not there !*

I'll seek thee when the night winds blow,
 Warming the bosom and cooling the brow;
 When the moon climbs over the misty hill,
 When the steed is unyoked and the hamlet still;
 When the flowers are sleeping, and dripping gems
 Hang like pearls on their emerald stems;
 When the cawing rook has gone to rest,
 And the lark is hid in his lowly nest.
 Spirit of Song, this, this is the time

When wisp-lights dance on the moor and fen ;
 When the watch-dog bays to the curfew chime—
 Spirit of Song, I'll woo thee then !

I'll seek thee where the moonshine falls
 On ivied towers and crumbling walls ;
 Where the frog leaps on in the rising dew,
 And the owl hoots out with his loud too-whooh :
 Where the arms of the clustering alders moan,
 Where the tall larch straggles dark and lone,
 Where black pines crown the rugged steep,
 Where heather blooms and lichens creep—
 Spirit of Song, 'tis there thou art,

By the desolate shore and heaving sea :
 Oh ! come thou rainbow of my heart,
 Spirit of Song, come back to me !

Thou comest ! I hear thy voice once more
 In the waters laving the pebbly shore ;
 Thou comest with breathing deep and sweet,
 Where the fitful breeze and the willows meet.
 Thou comest ! I feel thy presence around ;
 My harp and my soul are alike unbound ;
 The world is wearing the selfsame hue
 Of fairy tinge it was wont to do.

GOD SPEED THE PLOUGH.

Spirit of Song, thou hast left me long,
 But the prayer of thy child has not been vain;
 Thou hast come in the might of thy glory and light;
 Spirit of Song, thou art mine again!

GOD SPEED THE PLOUGH.

"God speed the plough!" be this a prayer
 To find its echo everywhere;
 But curses on the iron hand
 That grasps one rood of "common" land.
 Sure there's enough of earth beside,
 Held by the sons of Wealth and Pride;
 Their glebe is wide enough without
 Our "commons" being fenced about!

We guard the spot where steeples rise
 In stately grandeur to the skies;
 We mark the place where altars shine,
 As hallowed, sainted, and divine;
 And just as sacred should we hold
 The turf, where peasants blithe and bold,
 Can plant their footsteps day or night,
 In free, unquestioned, native right.

The common range—the common range—
 Oh! guard it from invading change;
 Though rough, 'tis rich—though poor, 'tis blest—
 And will be while the skylark's nest
 And early violets are there,
 Filling with sweetness earth and air.

It glads the eye—it warms the soul,
 To gaze upon the rugged knoll;
 Where tangled brushwood twines across
 The straggling brake and sedgy moss.
 Oh! who would give the blackthorn leaves
 For harvest's full and rustling sheaves?
 Oh! who would have the grain spring up
 Where now we find the daisy's cup;
 Where clumps of dark red heather gleam,
 With beauty in the summer beam—
 And yellow furze-bloom laughs to scorn
 Your ripened hops and bursting corn?

"God speed the plough!" but let us trace
 Something of Nature's infant face;
 Let us behold some spot where man
 Has not yet set his "bar and ban;"
 Leave us the green wastes, fresh and wild,
 For poor man's beast and poor man's child!

'Tis well to turn our trusty steeds
 In chosen stalls and clover meads;
 We like to see our "gallant grey"
 Snuff daintily his fragrant hay;
 But the poor sandman's "Blind old Ball"
 Lacks grooms and clover, oats and stall.

With tired limbs and bleeding back
 He takes his steady, homeward track;
 The hovel gained, he neighs with glee,
 From burthen, whip, and bridle free:
 Turned forth, he flings his bony length,
 And rolls with all his waning strength;
 Up on his trembling legs again,
 He shakes himself from tail to mane,
 And, nibbling with a grateful zest,
 Finds on "the common" food and rest.

Hark to the shouts of peasant boys,
 With ill-carved bats, and unchecked noise!
 While "cricket," with its light-heeled mirth,
 Leaves scars upon the grassy earth
 Too deeply lined by Summer's play,
 For Winter's storms to wear away.
 Spent by the game, they rove apart,
 With lounging form and careless heart;
 One by the rushy pond will float
 Old "Dilworth" in a paper boat;
 Another wades, with legs all bare,
 To pluck the water-lily fair;
 Others will sit and chatter o'er
 The village fund of cricket lore—
 Quote this rare "catch," and that bold "run,"
 Till, having gossiped down the sun,
 They promise, with a loud "Good night!"
 That, if to-morrow's sky be bright,
 They'll be again where they have been
 For years—upon the "common green."

The chicken tribe—the duckling brood,
 Go there to scratch their daily food;

THE OLD MILL-STREAM.

The woodman's colt—the widow's cows,
Unwatched—untethered—there may browse;
And, though the pasturage be scant,
It saves from keen and starving want.

“God speed the plough!” let fields be tilled,
Let ricks be heaped and garners filled;
'Tis good to count the Autumn gold,
And try how much our barns can hold:
But every English heart will tell
It loves an “English common” well;
And curse the hard and griping hand
That wrests away such “hallowed” land:
That shuts the green waste, fresh and wild:
From poor man's beast and poor man's child.



THE OLD MILL-STREAM.

BEAUTIFUL streamlet! how precious to me
Was the green-swarded paradise watered by thee;
I dream of thee still, as thou wert in my youth,
Thy meanderings haunt me with freshness and truth.

I had heard of full many a river of fame,
With its wide rolling flood, and its classical name;
But the Thames of Old England, the Tiber of Rome,
Could not peer with the mill-streamlet close to my home.

Full well I remember the gravelly spot,
Where I slyly repaired though I knew I ought not;
Where I stood with my handful of pebbles to make
That formation of fancy, a duck and a drake.

How severe was the scolding, how heavy the threat
When my pinafore hung on me dirty, and wet;
How heedlessly silent I stood to be told
Of the danger of drowning, the risk of a cold!

“Now mark!” cried a mother, “the mischief done there
Is unbearable—go to that stream if you dare!”
But I sped to that stream like a frolicsome colt,
For I knew that her thunder-cloud carried no bolt.

Though puzzled with longitude, adverb and noun,
Till my forehead was sunk in a studious frown ;
Yet that stream was a Lethe that swept from my soul
The grammar, the globes, and the tutor's control.

I wonder if still the young anglers begin,
As I did, with willow-wand, packthread, and pin ;
When I threw in my line, with expectancy high
As to perch in my basket, and eels in a pie :

When I watched every bubble that broke on a weed,
Yet found I caught nothing but lily and reed ;
Till time and discernment began to instil
The manœuvres of Walton with infinite skill.

Full soon I discovered the birch-shadowed place
That harboured the trout and the silver-backed dace ;
Where the coming of night found me blest and content,
With my patience unworn, and my fishing-rod bent.

How fresh were the flags on the stone-studded ridge,
That rudely supported the narrow oak bridge :
And that bridge, oh ! how boldly and safely I ran
On the thin plank that now I should timidly scan.

I traversed it often at fall of the night,
When the clouds of December shut out the moon's light ;
A mother might tremble, but I never did ;
For my footing was sure, though the pale stars were hid.

When the breath of stern winter had fettered the tide,
What joy to career on its feet-warming slide ;
With mirth in each eye, and bright health on each cheek,
While the gale in our faces came piercing and bleak.

The snow-flakes fell thick on our wind-roughened curls,
But we laughed as we shook off the feathery pearls ;
And the running, the tripping, the pull and the haul
Had a glorious end in the slip and the sprawl.

Oh ! I loved the wild place where the clear ripples flowed
On their serpentine way o'er the pebble-strewed road ;
Where, mounted on Dobbin, we youngsters would dash ;
Both pony and rider enjoying the splash.

How often I tried to teach Pincher the tricks
Of diving for pebbles and swimming for sticks ;
But my doctrines could never induce the loved brute
To consider hydraulics a pleasant pursuit.

Did a forcible argument sometimes prevail,
 What a woful expression was seen in his tail;
 And, though bitterly vexed, I was made to agree,
 That Dido, the spaniel, swam better than he.

What pleasure it was to spring forth in the sun,
 When the school-door was oped, and our lessons were done,
 When "Where shall we play?" was the doubt and the call,
 And "Down by the mill-stream" was echoed by all.

When tired of childhood's rude, boisterous pranks,
 We pulled the tall rushes that grew on its banks;
 And, busily quiet, we sat ourselves down
 To weave the rough basket, or plait the light crown.

I remember the launch of our fairy-built ship,
 How we set her white sails, pulled her anchor atrip;
 Till mischievous hands, working hard at the craft,
 Turned the ship to a boat, and the boat to a raft.

The first of my doggerel breathings was there,—
 'Twas the hope of a poet, "An Ode to Despair;"
 I won't vouch for its metre, its sense, or its rhyme,
 But I know that I then thought it truly sublime.

Beautiful streamlet! I dream of thee still,
 Of thy pouring cascade, and the tic-tac-ing mill;
 Thou livest in memory, and wilt not depart,
 For thy waters seem blent with the streams of my heart.

Home of my youth! if I go to thee now,
 None can remember my voice or my brow;
 None can remember the sunny-faced child,
 That played by the water-mill joyous and wild.

The aged, who laid their thin hands on my head,
 To smooth my dark, shining curls, rest with the dead;
 The young, who partook of my sports and my glee,
 Can see naught but a wandering stranger in me.

Beautiful streamlet! I sought thee again,
 But the changes that marked thee awakened deep pain;
 Desolation had reigned, thou wert not as of yore—
 Home of my Childhood, I'll see thee no more!



SONG OF THE RED INDIAN.

OH! why does the white man hang on my path,
 Like the hound on the tiger's track?
 Does the flush of my dark skin awaken his wrath?
 Does he covet the bow at my back?
 He has rivers and seas where the billow and breeze
 Bear riches for him alone;
 And the sons of the wood never plunge in the flood
 That the white man calls his own.
 Then why should he covet the streams where none
 But the red-skin dare to swim?
 Oh! why should he wrong the hunter one
 Who never did harm to him?

The Father above thought fit to give
 To the white man corn and wine;
 There are golden fields where he may live,
 But the forest shades are mine.
 The eagle has its place of rest,
 The wild horse where to dwell;
 And the Spirit who gave the bird its nest,
 Made me a home as well.
 Then back, go back from the red-skin's track,
 For the hunter's eyes grow dim,
 To find the white man wrongs the one
 Who never did harm to him.

Oh! why does the pale-face always call
 The red man "heathen brute?"
He does not bend where the dark knees fall,
 But the tawny lip is mute.
 We cast no blame on his creed or name,
 Or his temples, fine and high;
 But he mocks at us with a laughing word
 When we worship a star-lit sky.
 Yet, white man, what has thy good faith done,
 And where can its mercy be,
 If it teach thee to hate the hunter one
 Who never did harm to thee?

We need no book to tell us how
 Our lives shall pass away;
 For we see the onward torrent flow,
 And the mighty tree decay.

“Let thy tongue be true and thy heart be brave,”
 Is among the red-skins' lore;
 We can bring down the swift wing and dive in the wave,
 And we seek to know no more.
 Then back, go back, and let us run
 With strong, unfettered limb;
 For why should the white man wrong the one
 Who never did harm to him?

We know there's a hand that has fixed the hill
 And planted the prairie plain;
 That can fling the lightnings when it will,
 And pour out the torrent rain.
 Far away and alone, where the headlong tide
 Dashes on with our bold canoe,
 We ask and trust that hand to guide
 And carry us safely through.
 The Great Spirit dwells in the beautiful sun,
 And while we kneel in its light,
 Who will not own that the hunter one
 Has an altar pure and bright?

The painted streak on a warrior's cheek
 Appears a wondrous thing;
 The white man stares at a wampum belt,
 And a plume from the heron's wing.
 But the red man wins the panthers' skins
 To cover his dauntless form;
 While the pale-face hides his breast in a garb
 That he takes from the crawling worm.
 And your lady fair, with her gems so rare,
 Her ruby, gold, and pearl,
 Would be as strange to other eyes
 As the bone-decked Indian girl.

Then why does the cruel, white man come
 With the war-whoop's yelling sound?
 Oh! why does he take our wigwam home,
 And the jungled hunting-ground?
 The wolf-cub has its lair of rest,
 The wild horse where to dwell,
 And the Spirit who gave the bird its nest
 Made me a place as well.
 Then back, go back, from the red-skin's track;
 For the hunter's eyes grow dim,
 To find that the white man wrongs the one
 Who never did harm to him.

'TIS SWEET TO LOVE IN CHILDHOOD.

'Tis sweet to love in Childhood, when the souls that we bequeath
 Are beautiful in freshness as the coronals we wreath;
 When we feed the gentle robin, and caress the leaping hound,
 And linger latest on the spot where buttercups are found;
 When we seek the bee and ladybird with laughter, shout, and song,
 And think the day for wooing them can never be too long;
 Oh! 'tis sweet to love in Childhood, and though stirred by meanest
 things,
 The music that the heart yields then, will never leave its strings.

'Tis sweet to love in after years the dear one by our side;
 To dote with all the mingled joys of passion, hope, and pride;
 To think the chain around our breast will hold still warm and fast;
 And grieve to know that Death must come to break the link at last.
 But when the rainbow span of bliss is waning, hue by hue,
 When eyes forget their kindly beams, and lips become less true;
 When stricken hearts are pining on through many a lonely hour,
 Who would not sigh "'Tis safer far, to love the bird and flower!"

'Tis sweet to love in ripened age the trumpet blast of Fame,
 To pant to live on Glory's scroll, though blood may trace the name;
 'Tis sweet to love the heap of gold, and hug it to our breast—
 To trust it as the guiding star, and anchor of our rest,
 But such devotion will not serve, however strong the zeal,
 To overthrow the altar where our Childhood loved to kneel.
 Some bitter moment shall o'ercast the sun of wealth and power,
 And then proud man would fain go back to worship bird and flower.



HONESTY—A FRAGMENT.

I TELL you, sir, that Honesty is nought
 But a mere word bandied by men's lips;
 It is a quality that does insure
 Hate's venom'd arrows, and affords a prey
 For human bloodhounds to hunt down to death.
 There have *been* honest men—there may *be* such.
 Some have been bold enough to breathe aloud
 Their own peculiar homage to the God
 Who formed at first, and who at last shall judge.
 They did avow their faith with steady zeal,
 Nor let their breast be warped by bribe or threat.

What were the guerdons of such honest tongues?
 The chain, the rack, the fagot, and the stake:
 And the sharp crackling of consuming bones,
 Commingled with the yell of saintly fiends,
 Served as encouragement to speak the truth.

Some have been honest—rarely; strangely so;
 In that Elysium of craft—a Court.
 With most presuming speech the patriot one
 Has offered stern advice to sceptred fools,
 Serving a people rather than a king:
 And what the thanks he gained? A traitor's name
 At least; perchance the secret poison-cup
 Or public scaffold, teaching senators
 A glorious lesson in the book of—TRUTH.

Go, face the hungry lion in his path,
 Tread on the serpent in his torpid coil,
 And less of risk will wait upon such deed
 Than on the effort that shall seek to tear
 The specious mask from gilded roguery.
 Oh! 'tis a goodly thing this Honesty!
 An estimable feature in a watchdog;
 And there repaid and valued; but the *man*
 Who takes up Candour for his standard word,
 Scorning the Proteus shapes of mean dissemblance,
 Acts just as wisely as the soldier does
 Who draws his sword and flings away his shield.

Try ye how uncloaked Honesty will thrive
 With close and kindred friends or passing strangers.
 Confess your errors with a ready grace;
 Own you have sins, and tell how Passion throbs
 With earnest pulse at some forbidden shrine;
 Proclaim how dark Revenge excites your soul;
 Betray the latent spring of selfish Pride
 That moves the blazoned hand of Charity:
 Publish the flaws and blots that "flesh is heir to;"
 Speak out—*appear* the chequered thing you *are*;
 And see if Mercy will befriend your cause,
 Or any voice commend your guileless tongue.
 No, no. The herd around, who hide, perchance,
 More guilt under more cunning, will pounce down,
 Like hungry hawks upon a wandering bird.
 They will condemn the heart that's frank enough
 To speak its folly, and yet babble forth
 "An honest man's the noblest work of God."

Oh, Honesty ! thou art indeed a gem
 Of matchless brilliancy ; but he who wears thee
 Finds the pure jewel is a target mark
 For every bolt that worldly knaves can shoot ;
 Till, worn and harassed by the goading strife,
 He flings the lustre from his struggling breast,
 And walks the road of life like all wise men,
 A flattering trickster. He must learn to look
 All smiles and courtesy to those above him ;
 Be their ways good or evil. He must give
 The hand of Friendship where he may despise ;
 Woo the rich fool, and meet the titled villain
 With eulogistic greeting and glad aspect.
 He must be all things for all purposes ;
 Veer with Opinion's compass, let it point
 Wherever it may, and breathe soft eloquence
 In praise of even that he inly loathes.

'Tis sad, but 'tis most true—that Honesty
 Is like the phantom sprites in grandams' tales—
 Much oftener prated of than seen ; and 'tis
 As true and sad, that it is safer far
 To sin, like Lucifer, in wily guise ;
 Than simply err, and *tell* the wrong we do

SONG OF THE WORM.

THE worm, the rich worm, has a noble domain
 In the field that is stored with its millions of slain ;
 The charnel-grounds widen, to me they belong,
 With the vaults of the sepulchre, sculptured and strong.
 The tower of ages in fragments is laid,
 Moss grows on the stones, and I lurk in its shade ;
 And the hand of the giant and heart of the brave
 Must turn weak and submit to the worm and the grave.

Daughters of earth, if I happen to meet
 Your bloom-plucking fingers and sod-treading feet—
 Oh ! turn not away with the shriek of disgust
 From the thing you must mate with in darkness and dust.
 Your eyes may be flashing in pleasure and pride,
 'Neath the crown of a Queen or the wreath of a bride ;
 Your lips may be fresh and your cheeks may be fair—
 Let a few years pass over, and I shall be there.

WEALTH.

Cities of splendour, where palace and gate,
 Where the marble of strength and the purple of state;
 Where the mart and arena, the olive and vine,
 Once flourished in glory; oh! are ye not mine?
 Go look for famed Carthage, and I shall be found
 In the desolate ruin and weed-covered mound;
 And the slime of my trailing discovers my home,
 'Mid the pillars of Tyre and the temples of Rome.

I am sacredly sheltered and daintily fed
 Where the velvet bedecks, and the white lawn is spread;
 I may feast undisturbed, I may dwell and carouse
 On the sweetest of lips and the smoothest of brows.
 The voice of the sexton, the chink of the spade,
 Sound merrily under the willow's dank shade.
 They are carnival notes, and I travel with glee
 To learn what the churchyard has given to me.

Oh! the worm, the rich worm, has a noble domain,
 For where monarchs are voiceless I revel and reign;
 I delve at my ease and regale where I may;
 None dispute with the worm in his will or his way.
 The high and the bright for my feasting must fall—
 Youth, Beauty, and Manhood, I prey on ye all:
 The Prince and the peasant, the despot and slave;
 All, all must bow down to the worm and the grave.



WEALTH.

WHAT is Wealth? ye worldly knaves,
 Mammon's crew of fettered slaves—
 Ye who seem to know so well
 What is Wealth—I bid ye tell!
 Spendthrift young, and miser grey;
 All may guess what ye will say;
 Millions cry, "'Tis gold alone!"
 And millions echo back the tone.

What is Wealth? ask all around—
 We hear men breathe one common sound;
 We see them turn with eager stare,
 To gaze upon "the richest heir,"

The maiden weds, and we are told,
 Weds well, because her lord hath gold,
 Ye fools, and is there nothing more
 Worth calling wealth, but yellow ore?

Hath Heaven dispensed to mortal share
 Nought else to claim our ceaseless care?
 Is there no music we can think
 So perfect as the ducat's chink?
 No Eden left to wander through,
 Save the deep caverns of Peru?
 Is wealth a blessing none can hold,
 Save in the shape of worshipped "gold?"

Oh, hoodwinked creatures that we are!
 To see but one soul-guiding star,
 When there are myriad rays of light
 More pure, more warm, and full as bright!
 Riches, what are ye? Oh, how blind
 Is he who cannot, will not find
 The choicest "wealth" held from above
 In peaceful health and trusting love!

Who shall say what the boon is worth,
 To rise from slumber and go forth,
 To shout, to leap, to laugh, to run,
 'Twixt the green grass and golden sun?
 To see the mountain high and wide,
 And feel that we can climb its side,
 And breathe upon that mountain peak
 With bounding limb and mantling cheek.

Oh, who would weigh the coffer chest
 Against a fond and faithful breast?
 Who would not rather bear to part
 With all before a clinging heart?
 What though no gleaming gem may deck
 The arm that twines about our neck;
 Does not that arm keep out the cold
 Better than stately cloth-of-gold?

Riches, what are ye? let us look
 Abroad upon the gushing brook,
 Where the cool tide pours fast and clear,
 Fresh to the pilgrim as the peer.
 Let our steps wander where the mead
 Fattens the wild bee and the steed:
 These, these are "wealth," ye sons of dust;
 That does not flee nor "gather rust."

THE ROOM OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

Go, taste the morning's spicy breeze,
 That plays among the forest trees !
 Go, loiter in the noon-tide ray,
 That flashes on the harvest day !
 Go, dream in evening's twilight hour,
 With nestling bird and closing flower !
 No lock is placed, no bar, no wall—
 These, these are "wealth" that's free to all.

Go where the lime and citron spread
 Their branches round the wearied head !
 Go where the bloomy clusters shine,
 And myrtles mingle with the vine !
 Was it not said of one of old,
 Great with his glory and his gold ;
 That he, in all his pomp, must yield,
 To the sweet "lilies of the field ?"

Wealth, Wealth ! oh, God has given much
 Of treasure that we deem not such ;
 And lips of truth will quickly own
 Riches dwell not in gold alone.
 Toil on, vain man, and think no fame
 Like that which marks a Cræsus' name ;
 But sadly poor are they who hold
 No Wealth that's dearer than their gold.

 THE ROOM OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

THERE'S a room I love dearly—the sanctum of bliss,
 That contains all the comforts I least like to miss ;
 Where, like ants in a hillock, we run in and out,
 Where sticks grace the corner, and hats lie about ;
 Where no idlers dare come to annoy or amuse
 With their "morning call" budget of scandalous news.
 'Tis the room of the Household—the sacredly free—
 'Tis the room of the Household that's dearest to me.

The romp may be fearlessly carried on there,
 No "bijouterie" rubbish solicits our care ;
 All things are as meet for the hand as the eye,
 And patchwork and scribbling unheeded may lie ;
 "Black Tom" may be perched on the sofa or chairs,
 He may stretch his sharp talons and scatter his hairs ;
 Wet boots may "come in," and the ink-drop may fall,
 For the room of the Household is "liberty hall."

There is something unpleasant in company days,
When saloons are dressed out for Terpsichore's maze;
When the graceful Mazourka and Weippert-led band
Leave the plain countrydance-people all at a stand.
There's more mirth in the jig, and the amateur's strum,
When the parchment-spread battledore serves as a drum.
When Apollo and Momus together unite,
Till the Household-room rings with our laughing delight.

Other rooms may be rich in the gorgeous display
Of Murillos, and Titians in boasted array:
But the Morland and Wilkie that hang on the wall
Of the family parlour, out-value them all.
The gay ottomans, claiming such special regard,
Are exceedingly fine, but exceedingly hard;
They may serve for state purpose—but go, if you please,
To the Household-room cushions for comfort and ease.

And the bookshelves—where tomes of all sizes are spread,
Not placed to be looked at, but meant to be read;
All defaced and bethumbed, and I would not be sworn,
But some volumes, perchance the most precious, are torn.
There's the library open;—but if your heart yearns,
As all human hearts must, for the song of a Burns,
Or the tale of a "Vicar"—that ever rich gem,—
You must go to the room of the Household for them.

'Tis the shadiest place when the blazing sun flings
His straight rays on the rose and the butterfly's wings;
For the first beams of morning are all that dare peep
Through the windows where myrtle and eglantine creep.
Happy faces assemble with cheerful salute,
When the summer meal tempts with its cream and its fruit:
But the board's not so merry, the meal's not so sweet
If 'tis out of the room of the Household we meet.

And that room is the one that is sought by us still,
When the night clouds of winter bring darkness and chill;
When the ramblers return from their toil or their play,
And tell over the news and the deeds of the day.
When the favoured old dog takes his place on the rug,
Curled up in the firelight—all warmly and snug;
While the master sits nodding before the bright flame,
Till the hound snores aloud, and the Squire does the same.

I've wandered far off, over "moorland and lea,"
O'er the fairest of earth and the bluest of sea;
It was health that I sought—but, alas! I could find
The pursuit was in vain while my heart looked behind.

The room of the Household had bound with a spell,
 And I knew not till then that I loved it so well:
 "Take me back to that room," was my prayer and my cry,
 "For my languishing spirit does nothing but sigh."

There was light in my glance when I saw the green woof
 Of old elm-trees half screening the turreted roof;
 I grew strong as I passed o'er the daisy-girt track,
 And the Newfoundland sentinel welcomed me back.
 But the pulse of my joy was most warmly sincere
 When I met the old faces, familiar and dear;
 When I lounged in the "Household-room," taking my rest;
 With a tinge on my cheek, and content in my breast.



THE PLEDGE.

FULL oft we breathe and echo round,
 With cheering shout and minstrel sound,
 A name that Honesty would write
 In colours anything but bright.
 But shame be on the hands that hold
 The wine-cup at the shrine of gold!
 Shame on the slavish lips that part
 To utter what belies the heart!
 Fill high, fill high, while Truth stands by
 To echo back the lauding cry:
 But gall be on the goblet's edge
 For him who yields the worthless pledge.

However rich the stream that's poured
 In homage at the banquet board,
 To coward, fool, or wealthy knave;
 Let, let us spurn the tainted wave.
 Far sweeter is the foaming ale
 That circles with the fireside tale:
 While sacred words and beaming eyes
 Proclaim we pledge the souls we prize.
 Fill high, fill high, while Truth stands by
 To echo back the lauding cry;
 But let the glad libation prove
 The meed of Friendship, Worth, and Love.

Let warm Affection light the draught,
 Then be the nectar deeply quaffed :
 Let Genius claim it—gift divine—
 And all shall drain the hallowed wine ;
 Let goodness have the honour due,
 Drink to the poor man if he's true ;
 And ne'er forget that star's the best
 That's worn not *on* but *in* the breast.
 Fill high, fill high, while Truth stands by
 To echo back the lauding cry :
 But gall be on the goblet's edge
 For him who yields the worthless pledge,

 THE FUTURE.

It was good, it was kind, in the Wise One above,
 To fling Destiny's veil o'er the face of our years ;
 That we dread not the blow that shall strike at our love,
 And expect not the beams that shall dry up our tears.

Did we know that the voices, now gentle and bland,
 Would forego the fond word and the whispering tone ;
 Did we know that the eager and warm pressing hand
 Would be joyfully forward in " casting the stone ;"

Did we know the affection engrossing our soul
 Would end, as it oft does, in sadness and pain ;
 That the passionate breast would but hazard its rest,
 And be wrecked on the shore it is panting to gain :

Oh ! did we but know of the shadows so nigh,
 The world would indeed be a prison of gloom ;
 All light would be quenched in youth's eloquent eye,
 And the prayer-lisping infant would ask for the tomb.

For if Hope be a star that may lead us astray,
 And " deceiveth the heart," as the aged ones preach ;
 Yet 'twas Mercy that gave it, to beacon our way,
 Though its halo illumines where we never can reach.

Though Friendship but flit, like a meteor gleam,
 Though it burst, like a morn-lighted bubble of dew ;
 Though it passes away, like a leaf on the stream,
 Yet 'tis bliss while we *fancy* the vision is true.

Oh! 'tis well that the Future is hid from our sight;
 That we walk in the sunshine, nor dream of the cloud;
 That we cherish a flower, and think not of blight;
 That we dance with the loom that may weave us a shroud.

It was good, it was kind, in the Wise One above,
 To fling Destiny's veil o'er the face of our years;
 That we dread not the blow that will strike at our love,
 And expect not the beams that will dry up our tears.



MY MURRAY PLAID.

My Murray plaid, my Murray plaid,
 I love thee, though vain tongues have said
 That thou art all unfit to be
 So praised, so worn, so prized by me.
 Wise men have ever shrewdly guessed
 That plainest friends are oft the best;
 'Tis so—my silks and lustres fade,
 But thou'rt unchanged, my Murray plaid.

There was no colour, gay or light,
 To lure and fix my wandering sight;
 But darkened shades of myrtle green,
 Parted with sombre black between;
 The lines of purple broadly spread,
 Right-angled with the stripes of red.
 These, these were all the tints that made
 The charms about my Murray plaid.

How soft and full the foldings lie,
 In close and clinging drapery;
 Satin or velvet, truly both
 Are harsh beside the woollen cloth.
 Thou'rt fashioned with a goodly taste,
 High wrapping corsage—girdled waist—
 And snowy collar, smoothly laid,
 Looks well upon my Murray plaid.

The clouds are dark, the roads are wet,
 The glass at "stormy" firmly set;
 And none dare brave the threatened rain,
 Lest valued garments gather stain;

But I, well muffled,—thanks to thee,
My darling dress,—can wander free:
The roughest journey may be made
In “double soles” and Murray plaid.

The petted hound, all joy and play,
Forgets 'tis a November day;
And, leaping up with bounding zeal,
Heeds not what mud-strokes he may deal.
“Tasso, get out!” and “Down, sir, down!”
Echo with many a chiding frown;
Till, fondly safe, his paws are laid
Upon his owner's Murray plaid.

Full oft my roving limbs, oppressed,
Would turn to seek a place of rest;
And soon the welcome ease is found
On dusty stile or mossy ground.
The ridge of chalk—the pile of clay—
The gravel bank—the run grey;
'Tis all the same, in sun or shade,
For nought can spoil my Murray plaid.

When Pleasure rules the festive night,
Crowned with her garlands briefly bright,
And bids her worshippers appear
In laughing mood and rainbow gear;
Oh, how I grieve to throw aside
Comfort's old garb for that of Pride!
How long the moment is delayed
That sees me change my Murray plaid!

I shun the world—I cannot bear
The worldling's greeting, worldling's stare—
And placed among them, soul and eye
Grow strangely haughty, strangely shy;
I'm happier far when I can find
The few, the genial, and the kind;
Whose warm, fond spirits are betrayed,
And welcome me in “Murray plaid.”

That world may smile above my song—
But thou hast served me well and long;
And, somehow, mine's a foolish heart,
That, once endeared, 'tis hard to part.
Let ladies sneer, and dandies scoff,
I cannot, will not fling thee off;
And wonder not, if I'm arrayed
On wedding-day in Murray plaid.

HARVEST SONG.

I LOVE, I love to see
 Bright steel gleam through the land;
 'Tis a goodly sight, but it must be
 In the reaper's tawny hand.

The helmet and the spear
 Are twined with the laurel wreath;
 But the trophy is wet with the orphan's tear,
 And blood-spots rust beneath.

I love to see the field
 That is moist with purple stain;
 But not where bullet, sword, and shield
 Lie strewn with the gory slain.

No, no; 'tis where the sun
 Shoots down his cloudless beams,
 Till rich and bursting juice-drops run
 On the vineyard earth in streams.

My glowing heart beats high
 At the sight of shining gold;
 But it is not that which the miser's eye
 Delighteth to behold.

A brighter wealth by far,
 Than the deep mine's yellow vein,
 Is seen around in the fair hills crowned
 With sheaves of burnished grain.

Look forth, thou thoughtless one,
 Whose proud knee never bends;
 Take thou the bread that's daily spread,
 But think on Him who sends.

Look forth, ye toiling men,
 Though little ye possess,—
 Be glad that dearth is not on earth
 To make that little less.

Let the song of praise be poured
 In gratitude and joy,
 By the rich man with his garners stored
 And the ragged gleaner boy.

The feast that Nature gives
 Is not for one alone ;
 'Tis shared by the meanest slave that lives
 And the tenant of a throne.

Then glory to the steel
 That shines in the reaper's hand,
 And thanks to Him who has blest the seed,
 And crowned the harvest land.

SONG OF THE WIND.

I've cradled on the topsail, o'er a smooth and glassy deep,
 Till mariners have whistled to arouse me from my sleep ;
 I've seen the lovegift kissed by him who had the watch aloft ;
 And breathed no ruffling whisper round the tress so dark and soft :
 But lo ! I started into life, I called the tempest band,
 And soon the hull was on the rock, the spars were on the strand :
 I snatched the glossy ringlet from the struggling sea-boy's breast,
 And dropped it on the mountain-side within an eagle's nest.
 Outwearied with my fierce career, I left the frantic train,
 Whose lightning-brands and thunder-roars had helped the hurricane—
 And, sinking into gentle mood, I took my lonely way,
 Just breaking through the cobweb film, and dancing on the spray.

A castle door was flinging wide, and straight I entered there,
 Where rich aroma greeted me of luscious banquet-fare ;
 I travelled on by silken walls, and loitered round the board,
 Where forest deer was smoking high, and bubbling wine was poured.
 Choked with the mingled odours nigh, and sickened with the fume
 Of hot and tainted revel breath, I left the palace-room :
 I hastened to the harvest-fields, I scattered poppy leaves,
 And plumed and purified my wings upon the harvest-sheaves.

A young child came and stood to gaze on all things bright and sweet ;
 The butterfly was round his head, the wild-flower at his feet :
 I grasped an airy thistle-tuft, I cried, " Come, follow me,"
 And off he bounded, light and fast, and rare good sport had we.
 Full long he strove with all his strength to gain the bubble prize,
 As high and low it scudded on, and danced before his eyes ;
 Until his panting heart became half angry and half sad,
 To think he had not caught a thing worth nothing if he had.
 At last I blew it into nought, and then the boy stood still ;
 And found the chase had tired him, as all such chases will :
 But while I lingered round the spot, I saw him turn and creep
 Beneath a spreading chestnut-tree, and calmly fall asleep.

Man, like the child, will often run in close and fond pursuit
Of what will prove but thistle-down, or yield a bitter fruit;
But ah! unlike the tired child, 'tis rarely that his breast
Can meet its disappointed hopes with deep, unbroken rest.

On to the busy town I went, and fanned the burning brow
That many an hour had fed the loom, or faced the furnace glow,
Lips never dimpled with a smile, all tintless, parched, and thin,
Parted as I went wafting by and gladly drank me in.
I played about the shrivelled hand, whose hard and fevered palm
Grew somewhat softer as it felt my cool refreshing balm.
The tear-drop that was trickling from a friendless orphan's eye
Was lightly breathed upon by me, and soon the cheek was dry.

I wandered on till suddenly I heard a fervent prayer,
That gasped the last of mortal need in "Give, oh, give me air!"
I rushed beside the bed of death—the dying one had gold,
But he had piled it round his heart, and kept that heart too cold;
He clung to earth like leech to blood, but, ah! he had forgot
To weave the strongest of earth's ties, Affection's silken knot.
And when his latest moments came, no kindred could he find,
None round him but the hireling, and the wandering, zephyr Wind.

Again I sought the fragrant fields, and merrily I rung
A fairy peal of changes where the bonnie hare-bells hung;
And soon there came the grasshoppers, the ladybirds, and bees;
And never was a purer host of willing devotees.
I bowed the bulrush to the stream, I swayed the willow-bough,
And pushed a mimic boat along till ripples washed the prow.
I galloped with the noble steed, freed from his girth and rein,
And proudly did I toss about his thick and flying mane.
I sped across the lonely waste, and there I heard strange tones,
For I had swung the gibbet-chains against the bleaching bones;
I clanked the rusted fetter-links with white ribs, hard and dry,
Till I had scared the crows away, and then away went I.

From East to West, from North to South, a roving life is mine;
Now howling round the snow-topped fir, now toying with the vine;
From beggar's rags to prince's robes, from hut to court I go;
I rule the golden clouds above, and drive the waves below.

Away! away! I cannot stay, I hear the ploughboy's song—
But I can chant as carelessly and whistle just as long:
It comes again—up, up, my wings! the saucy loon shall find
He hath a goodly challenger in me, the angry Wind.



A GENTLE HEART.

A GENTLE Heart went forth one day—
 As many another heart has done—
 To take a strange and friendless way,
 And walk the mazy world alone.

It had no shield, no help, no guide,
 And soon that Heart began to find
 Rude foes come jostling side by side—
 Darkness before, despair behind.

The beggar's rags that wrapped it round
 Met but the glance of bitter scorn;
 And all the earth seemed desert ground,
 Where nothing flourished but the thorn.

It journeyed on its pilgrim road,
 'Twixt barren waste and gloomy sky:
 And sank beneath Oppression's goad,
 To pine unseen—to break and die.

The haggard Ghosts—Want, Pain, and Care—
 More fiercely laughed, more closely pressed;
 And all the wild fiends gathered there
 That seek to hunt down life and rest.

It chanced young Love came by just then—
 Love wanders at all times and seasons:
 He travels how he will and when,
 He asks no leave, he gives no reasons.

He saw the Heart, and bent above
 The cheerless thing with whispered word;
 And whatso'er the tidings were,
 The heart revived at what it heard.

"Avaunt!" cried Love, "I'll shed a light
 To scare ye all, ye demon crew;
 And Poverty, thou beldam sprite,
 For once I'll try my strength with you."

To work he went—a pile was reared—
 Such fingers work with magic charm;
 And soon a brilliant flame appeared—
 'Twas Love's own watchfire, strong and warm.

The Heart grew bold beneath the rays ;
 Its pulse beat high, it pined no more—
 It had fresh hope, and dared to gaze
 On all from whom it shrunk before.

It dared to smile, it dared to scoff
 At squalid Want and weeping Woe ;
 While Pain and Care went farther off,
 And grim Despair packed up to go.

And thus it is, the soul may smart
 Beneath all ills that goad and tire ;
 But bravely rallies when the Heart
 Is guarded by Love's beacon-fire.



SONG OF THE DYING OLD MAN TO HIS YOUNG WIFE.

KATE, there's a trembling at my heart, a coldness on my brow,
 My sight is dim, my breath is faint, I feel I'm dying now ;
 But ere my vision fadeth quite, ere all of strength be o'er,
 Oh ! let me look into thy face and press thy hand once more.

I would my latest glance should fall on what I hold most dear ;
 But, ah ! thy cheek is wet again—wipe, wipe away the tear.
 Such tears of late have often gemmed thy drooping eyelids' fringe ;
 Such tears of late have washed away thy young cheek's ruddy tinge.

I brought thee from a simple home to be an old man's bride ;
 Thou wert the altar where I laid affection, joy, and pride ;
 My heart's devotion, like the sun, shone forth with glowing power,
 And kept its brightest glory rays to mark its setting hour.

I brought thee from a simple home, when early friends had met ;
 And something filled thy farewell tone that whispered of regret :
 Oh ! could I wonder—when you left warm spirits like your own,
 To dwell upon far distant earth, with Age and Wealth alone.

I gazed with holy fondness on thy meek, retiring eye,
 Soft in its beaming as the first, fair star of evening's sky ;
 I marked the dimpled mirth around thy sweet lips when they smiled ;
 And while I loved thee as a bride, I blest thee as a child.

But, oh! thy young and ardent soul could not respond to mine;
 My whitened hairs seemed mocked by those rich, sunny curls of thine;
 And though thy gentle faith was kind as woman's faith can be;
 'Twas as the spring flower clinging round the winter-blighted tree.

My speech is faltering and low—the world is fading fast—
 The sands of life are few and slow—this day will be my last:
 I've something for thine ear—bend close—list to my failing word;
 Lay what I utter to thy soul, and start not when 'tis heard.

There's one who loves thee—though his love has never lived in speech:
 He worships as a devotee the star he cannot reach;
 He strives to mask his throbbing breast, and hide its burning glow—
 But I have pierced the veil and seen the struggling pulse below.

Nay, speak not: I alone have been the selfish and unwise;
 Young hearts will nestle with young hearts, young eyes will meet young
 eyes;
 And when I saw his earnest glance turn hopelessly away,
 I thanked the hand of Time that gave me warning of decay.

I question not thy bosom, Kate—I cast upon thy name
 No memory of jealous fear, no lightest shade of blame:
 I know that he has loved thee long, with deep and secret truth,
 I know he is a fitting one to bless thy trusting youth.

Weep not for me with bitter grief; I would but have thee tell
 That he who bribed thee to his care has cherished thee right well.
 I give thee to another, Kate—and may that other prove
 As grateful for the blessing held, as doting in his love.

Bury me in the churchyard where the dark yew-branches wave,
 And promise thou wilt come sometimes to weed the old man's grave!
 'Tis all I ask! I'm blind—I'm faint—take, take my parting breath—
 I die within thy arms, my Kate, and feel no sting of death.

 TRUTH.

TRUTH! Truth! where is the sound
 Of thy calm, unflattering voice to be found?
 We may go to the Senate, where wisdom rules,
 And find but deceived or deceiving fools:

Who dare trust the sages of old ;
 When one shall unsay what another has told ?
 And even the lips of childhood and youth
 But rarely echo the tones of Truth.

We hear the full-toned anthem-hymn
 Pealing along the cloisters dim :
 We hear the priest, in his eloquent pride,
 Bless those of *his* faith, and none beside :
 We hear the worshippers gathered there
 Muttering forth the lengthy prayer ;
 But few of the throng shall come or depart
 With the peaceful truth of a lowly heart.

Truth ! Truth ! thy echoes are mute
 In the tyrant's oath and the courtier's salute,
 The Bacchanal screams in his maniac laugh,
 The hermit groans over his pilgrim-staff ;
 But hollow and wild is the maniac's glee,
 The penance is false as penance can be ;
 And Love itself has learned to lie,
 In the faithless vow and unfelt sigh.

Where then, O Truth, may thy voice be found ?—
 In the welcoming bay of a faithful hound.
 Thy form is seen and thy breathing heard
 In the leaping fawn, and warbling bird.
 There is truth in the soft sweet tones that come
 In the ringdove's coo, and the honey-bee's hum ;
 In the dabbling stream, whose ripples gem
 The lily-cup's brim and the bulrush-stem.

There is Truth in the south wind stealing by,
 'Neath the clear, blue span of a sunlit sky ;
 When it hardly deigns in its perfumed way
 To rustle the leaves on the topmost spray :
 There is truth in the grasshopper's twittering song ;
 In the owl's night shriek, loud and strong ;
 In the steed's glad neigh on the grassy plain,
 In the sea-mew's cry on the stormy main.

There is Truth, good Truth, in the ringing stroke
 Of the axe that is felling the giant oak ;
 In the shrivelled leaves that the hollow blast flings
 To dance at our feet, cold, sapless things !
 In the tumbling stone that tears away
 The ivy branch from the ruin grey ;
 In the billow that bears on its crystal car
 The rock-torn plank and shattered spar.

There is nothing that saint or sage may tell
 Can school the bosom half so well
 As the chink of the sexton's polished spade,
 Digging a grave 'neath the yew-tree's shade.
 Truth! Truth is there! You may hear her tones
 In the rattling heap of gathered bones;
 "Live but to die" is her lesson to man,
 —And learn a wiser if ye can.

 RORY O'MORE.

Jove had gathered his band,—and to every one
 Gave peremptory notice of what he wished done;
 And he sat on his throne with expectancy great
 As to when they'd return, and what news they'd relate.

He sat till his patience was nearly outworn—
 Disappointment by gods is not easily borne—
 "I am sure," he exclaimed, "'tis full two hours ago
 Since Mercury sped with that message below.

"There's Bacchus, too—he was to bring me some wine
 And Hebe, that teasing, young scapegrace of mine,
 She knows she should serve it, but neither is here,—
 'Tis strange that not one of my minions appear.

"This neglect is atrocious,—there must be some cause
 For such absolute scorn of the King and his laws;
 I'll just walk through the court to examine and see
 Why this truly unbearable conduct should be."

He went, and behold! the whole outermost court
 Was thronged like a market of vulgar resort;
 All idle—and seeming as much at their ease
 As though they'd no master to serve or to please.

In the midst was Apollo with laughter-lit face,
 Bending over his harp with all passion and grace;
 And there was the tribe of Olympus around,
 With their fettered ears eagerly drinking the sound.

There was Boreas, hoarse Boreas, attempting to sing,
 And Mars chiming in with his rude tink-a-ting;
 For, instead of careering on red battle-field,
 He had turned into cymbals the sword and the shield.

There was Mercury beating strict time with his wings,
 And looking as though he'd fain pilfer the strings;
 The poppies had fallen from Somnus's wig,
 And his tiptoeing feet seemed inclined for a jig.

Bacchus leaned on a barrel with tankard in hand,
 It was useless his trying to sit or to stand;
 And he saw not the nectar-juice running about,
 That the tap was unturned and the spigot was out.

There was Cupid, forgetting loves, doves, hearts, and smarts,
 Had bundled together his bow and his darts;
 And pressed through the gods with a push and a bob,
 Just as other young urchins will do in a mob.

There was Venus, who seemed half-ashamed to be seen,
 For a blush marked the cheek of the Paphian Queen;
 She said she had come there to look for her son,
 Who of all children was the most troublesome one.

So mothers on earth often steal to a crowd
 Where the puppets are droll and the music is loud;
 To seek for their "wee ones," the worrying elves,
 But, in truth, 'tis to peep and to listen themselves.

All, all were delighted, but Mercury's eye
 Saw the form of the thundering Monarch draw nigh:
 And the minstrel one stopped ere the tune was played out,
 And the listeners looked, half in fear, half in doubt.

Jove stared with astonishment, "How's this?" he cried;
 "My commands disobeyed—my displeasure defied;
 'Tis open rebellion—quick—tell me who leads;
 Or, by Juno, I'll level a bolt at your heads.

"You, King of the battle-plain, loitering here!
 I'll make you spin petticoat fringe for a year;
 And Boreas, I told you to get up a gale
 In the Baltic—you villain, how came you to fail?"

"And you, Miss Aurora, 'tis two hours at least
 Since I saw you set off for your place in the east;
 Yet Day's portal is closed and the night-cloud's still black;—
 You heedless young spirit, how dare you come back?"

He threatened them all, and he terrified each
 With his light-flashing glance and his thundering speech,
 Till Hebe stepped forth,—the rogue didn't forget
 That Jupiter often had called her his pet.

She raised her fair hand ere she ventured to speak,
And threw back the curls from her down-covered cheek;
She looked up in his face,—and 'twere easy to mark,
That the frown on his brow was a great deal less dark.

“Indeed, Sire,” she cried, “'tis that serpent of song
Who has lured us from duty, and made us do wrong;
We all were intent on your mission and word,
When he struck up a tune that we never had heard.

“We believe that he picked it up somewhere on earth,
But 'tis rife with sweet melody, humour, and mirth;
I attempted to pass, but I really could not;
For my wings and my senses were chained to the spot.

“Just allow him to play it?” Apollo's best skill
Was that moment exerted to charm and to thrill:
Jove laughed with delight, as he shouted “Encore!”
And inquired the name—it was “Rory O'More.”

“'Tis well,” cried the King, “here's a pardon for all,
But mind, 'Pol, play that at our annual ball.
And, really (while looking at Hebe askance)
I think now we could manage a bit of a dance.”

It was done, and they merrily footed awhile
In the good old Sir Roger de Coverley style;
Till Juno appeared in all possible state,
And looked most unlovable things at her mate.

“Come, Madam,” cried Jove, “let us have no to-do,
Here's Mars wants a partner, no doubt he'll take you.”
Juno listened a moment, then ran to her place,
As the music went on, with a smile on her face.

“Bless me!” and “How wonderful!” whispered the gods,
With very significant shruggings and nods;
“Why, her Majesty ne'er was so pleasant before,
It must be all owing to 'Rory O'More.'”

So it was, and a glorious time they all had;
Blithe Momus was crazy, Melpomene glad;
They danced till the minstrel began to complain
That his fingers were sore, and his wrists were in pain.

But 'tis noted that Jove since that musical day
Has most graciously bowed when 'Pol comes in his way;
And his manners and bearing most courteously tend
To make the god-minstrel his intimate friend;

For he knows very well that Apollo's soft lyre
 Is more than a match for his thunder and fire;
 That his slaves would revolt—all supremacy o'er—
 If led on by the quick-step of "Rory O'More."

TEDDY O'NEALE.

I've come to the cabin he danced his wild jigs in,
 As neat a mud palace as ever was seen;
 And considering it served to keep poultry and pigs in,
 I'm sure it was always most elegant clean.
 But now all about it seems lonely and dreary,
 All sad and all silent, no piper, no reel;
 Not even the sun, through the casement, is cheery,
 Since I miss the dear, darling boy, Teddy O'Neale.

I dreamt but last night—oh! bad luck to my dreaming,
 I'd die if I thought 'twould come truly to pass,—
 But I dreamt, while the tears down my pillow were streaming,
 That Teddy was courting another fair lass.
 Oh! didn't I wake with a weeping and wailing,—
 The grief of that thought was too deep to conceal;
 My mother cried—"Norah, child, what is your ailing?"
 And all I could utter was—"Teddy O'Neale!"

Shall I ever forget when the big ship was ready,
 And the moment was come when my love must depart;
 How I sobbed like a spalpeen, "Good-bye to you, Teddy!"
 With drops on my cheek and a stone at my heart.
 He says 'tis to better his fortune he's roving,
 But what would be gold to the joy I should feel,
 If I saw him come back to me, honest and loving,
 Still poor, but my own darling, Teddy O'Neale.

UNDER THE MOON.

BROWNIES, and goblins, and kelpies, and fays,
 Dance it away in the greenwood maze,
 Or merrily swing on the aspen's sprays,
 While glowworms are setting the sward in a blaze,
Under the moon.

Young eyes from young eyes are gathering light,
Hearts beat the faster as Luna grows bright;
And Love claps his soft wings with all his might,
Forgetting he's wandered so late in the night,
Under the moon.

The language that charms, and the voices that fill
Our fond bosoms with bliss, are more exquisite still
When blent with the wind sighing over the hill,
Or the musical chime of the shimmering rill,
Under the moon.

Sorrow is taking its desolate way,
Where the grave-grass is kissed by the quivering ray,
And tears that were dried by the sunshine of day,
Are falling again on the mouldering clay,
Under the moon.

The blighted in feeling, the sad yet the proud,
Whose soul-wearing grief is too deep to be loud,
Who has smiles for the noontide and jests for the crowd
Now wander unmarked, with their throbbing heads bowed,
Under the moon.

Lips that are flushed when the morning is new,
And carry their roses the whole day through;
Like the billow-dashed coral, in freshness and hue,
Seem fresher and redder when meeting the dew,
Under the moon.

The shades of the summer eve beckon us out,
Tracking and beating the wild woods about;
But freer the footstep and blither the shout,
As homeward we hie while the young owlets flout,
Under the moon.

The robin's sweet note and the lark's matin call
Are spells that e'er hold the warm spirit in thrall;
But the nightingale's warble is clearest of all,
When the tones of its echoing cadences fall,
Under the moon.

We may breathe a farewell in a sigh-deepened tone,
Yet devotion shall live though the idol be gone;
The heart shall still pant for the well-cherished one,
But never so truly as when 'tis alone,
Under the moon.

THE OLD MAN'S MARVEL.

OLD Man, Old Man, come tarry awhile,
 There is something I fain would ask of thee ;
 For thy hands are thin and thy lips fall in,
 And thou'st been a long time in the world, I see.

Thy back is bowed and thy forehead is ploughed ;
 Thou'st a tapering chin, and a sunken cheek ;
 Oh ! thou hast been long in the mortal throng,
 So tarry, and give me the wisdom I seek.

Of all thou hast marked and all thou hast met
 In wide Creation's curious host ;
 Come, tell me, I say, through thy pilgrim way,
 What is it hath called up thy wonder most ?

" I'll tell you full soon," quoth the grey Old Man,
 " Though, methinks, you might be as wise as I ;
 It is not the moon," quoth the grey Old Man,
 " Nor the rolling sun, nor the azure sky :

" There is that which can change with swifter might
 Than the orb that maketh the ghost-hour fair ;
 There is that which gloweth with warmer light
 Than the crimson globe in the purple air.

" It is not the main with its rushing tides,
 Fitful in fury and curbless in will ;
 Nor the black ravine with its iron sides,
 Nor the pathless peak of the mountain hill.

" There is that which taketh its own wild course,
 In madder mood than the raging waves ;
 There is that which mocks the fissured rocks
 With harder walls and darker caves.

" There's a loftier thing than the hills that spring,
 Though, perchance, 'tis alone in its daring height ;
 There's a loftier thing than the eagle king,
 And it striketh out with a bolder flight.

" It is not the wolf, nor the tiger dam,
 With red fangs laved in their reeking food ;
 There is that which drains and laps from the veins,
 Fiercer in preying and fonder of blood.

- “It is not the worm that dwelleth in shade,
Leaving its slime as it travelleth slow;
There is that which is bound to the dusty ground,
More abjectly crawling—more meanly low.
- “It is not the sweet bird that dies in its nest,
Pining to miss its chosen love;
For I have seen truth and affection rest
In a deeper fount than the breast of the dove.
- “It is not the snake in the jungled brake,
Crushing and stinging with venom'd fold;
There is that which coils with deadlier toils,
Gripping its victim with firmer hold.
- “I have measured the star,” quoth the grey Old Man,
“And can guess what its limits in space may be;
I have found how far,” quoth the grey Old Man,
“The lead will sink in the ‘deep, deep sea.’
- “But there is that which hath baffled my skill,
Though my brain to the task was closely set;
I have watched and sought with right goodwill,
But its power and depth I know not yet.
- “’Tis an Etna burning with demon hate;
’Tis an Eden breathing devotion’s sigh;
’Tis a tyrant wielding the sceptre of state;
’Tis a crouching slave to a gentle eye.
- “It panteth to claim the laurel of Fame;
It starteth in chase of the daisies of spring;
It labours in search of a deathless name;
It runneth a race with a painted wing.
- “It hath fouler blots than the leper’s spots;
It leapeth in freedom, nobly pure;
It quails at the touch of a careless word;
It can stretch to the rack-rope, and bravely endure.
- “It yieldeth the fire that hallows the lyre;
It formeth the poet’s rich key-note;
It nerveth the murderer’s lurking hand,
To clutch the knife and grapple the throat.
- “It doeth in mercy the deeds divine;
It works in oppression, accursed and cold;
It stands unbribed by an Eastern mine—
For a ducat of dross ’tis bought and sold.

STANZAS FOR THE SEASON.

“Oh! ’tis a mazy and mystic thing ;
 It deceiveth my trust and foileth my lore ;
 I am watching it still with a right goodwill,
 But it winneth my wonder more and more.

“I am waning away,” quoth the grey Old Man,
 “My sands are few—I shall soon depart ;
 But, while I stay,” quoth the grey Old Man—
 “I shall marvel most at the *human heart*.”



STANZAS FOR THE SEASON.

ONCE again, once again,
 Christmas wreaths are twining ;
 Once again, once again,
 Mistletoe is shining.

Time is marching through the land,
 Decked with leaf and berry ;
 He leads the Old Year in his hand,
 But both the churls are merry.

He speaketh in the clanging bells,
 He shouts at every portal ;
 God speed the tidings that he tells,—
 “Goodwill and peace to mortal.”

Gladly welcome shall he be,
 Even though he traces
 Silver threads upon our heads
 And wrinkles on our faces.

For once again, once again,
 He brings the happy meeting ;
 When cynic lips may preach in vain
 That life is sad and fleeting.

Christmas logs should beacon back
 The wanderer from his roving ;
 Leave, oh ! leave the world’s wide track,
 And join the loved and loving.

Spirits that have dwelt apart,
Cold with pride and folly;
Bring olive in your hand and heart,
To weave with Christmas holly.

Breathe a name above the cup,
And leave no drop remaining;
When Truth and Feeling fill it up,
'Tis always worth the draining.

Though few and short the flashes are
That break on Care's dull story;
Yet, like the midnight shooting star,
Those moments pass in glory.

Then once again, once again,
We'll tap the humming barrel:
"Goodwill and peace" shall never cease
To be a wise man's carol.

All, all we love!—a health to those!
A bumper!—who wont fill it?
A health to brave and open foes,
A bumper!—who would spill it!

And here's to him who guards our right
Upon the distant billow!
And him who sleeps in watch-fire light
Upon his knapsack pillow!

If changing fate has frowned of late,
And of some joys bereft us,
Still, let us "gang a gleesome gait,"
And prize the blessings left us.

Wisdom's helmet strapped too tight
Wearies in the bearing;
And Folly's bells on Christmas night
Are always pleasant wearing.

Then once again, once again,
Let holly crown each portal;
And echo round the welcome sound—
"Goodwill and peace to mortal!"



SONG OF THE BLIND ONE.

THEY talk of rainbows in the sky, and blossoms on the earth ;
 They sing the beauty of the stars in songs of love and mirth ;
 They say the rippling wave is fair—they tell of dewdrops bright ;
 They praise the sun that warms the day, and moon that cheers the
 night.

I do not sigh to watch the sky, I do not care to see
 The lustre drop on green-hill top, or fruit upon the tree ;
 I've prayed to have my lids unsealed, but 'twas not to behold
 The pearly dawn of misty morn, or evening cloud of gold.
 No, no, my Mary, I would turn from flower, star, and sun ;
 For well I know thou'rt fairer still, my own, my gentle one.

I hear the music others deem most eloquent and sweet,
 The merry lark above my head—the cricket at my feet ;
 The laughing tones of childhood's glee that gladden while they ring,
 The robin in the winter time—the cuckoo in the spring ;
 But never do I think those tones so beautiful as thine,
 When kind words from a kinder heart confirm that heart is mine.
 There is no melody of sound that bids my soul rejoice
 As when I hear my simple name breathed by thy happy voice ;
 And, Mary, I will ne'er believe that flower, star, or sun,
 Can ever be so bright as thee, my true, my gentle one.



THE BOAT-CLOAK.

HE is ready to sail, and he gazes with pride
 On the bright-buttoned jacket, the dirk by his side ;
 But the trappings of gold do not waken his joy
 Like the boat-cloak his mother flings over her boy.
 With graceful affection 'tis hung on his arm,
 While he marks its full drapery, ample and warm.
 "Thou'rt my shipmate," he cries "'twill go hard if we part,"
 And the boat-cloak seems linked to the sailor-boy's heart.

Long years brown his cheek, and, far, far on the sea,
 While the storm threatens, keeping the mid-watch is he ;
 The chill breeze is defied by his close-clinging vest,
 For the weather-tanned boat-cloak encircles his breast.

The rocks are before, and the sands are behind,
 The wind mocks the thunder, the thunder the wind:
 The noble ship founders—he leaps from the deck,
 And his boat-cloak is all that he saves from the wreck.

Age comes, and he tells of his perils gone by,
 Till the veteran lays him down calmly to die:
 And soft is the pillow that bears his grey head,
 And warm is the clothing that's heaped on his bed.
 But "My boat-cloak!" he cries; "I am turning all cold;
 Oh! wrap me once more in its cherishing fold!"
 'Tis around him, he clasps it, he smiles, and he sighs,
 He murmurs, "My boat-cloak, thou'rt warmest!" and dies.

SUNSHINE.

WHO loveth not the sunshine? oh! who loveth not the bright
 And blessed mercy of His smile, who said, "Let there be light"?
 Who lifteth not his face to meet the rich and glowing beam?
 Who dwelleth not with miser eyes upon such golden stream?
 Let those who will accord their song to hail the revel blaze
 That only comes where feasting reigns and courtly gallants gaze!
 But the sweet and merry sunshine is a braver theme to sing,
 For it kindles round the peasant while it bursts above the king.

We hear young voices round us now swell loud in eager joy,
 We're jostled by the tiny child, and sturdy, romping boy;
 In city street and hamlet path, we see blithe forms arise;
 And childhood's April life comes forth as glad as April skies.
 Oh! what can be the magic lure that beckons them abroad
 To sport upon the grassy plain, or tread the dusty road?
 'Tis the bright and merry sunshine that has called them out to play,
 And scattered them like busy bees, all humming in our way.

The bloom is on the cherry-tree—the leaf is on the elm;
 The bird and butterfly have come to claim their fairy realm;
 Unnumbered stars are on the earth—the fairest who can choose,
 When all are painted with the tints that form the rainbow's hues?
 What spirit-wand hath wakened them? the branch of late was bare,
 The world was desolate—but now there's beauty everywhere.
 'Tis the sweet and merry sunshine has unfolded leaf and flower,
 And tells us of the Infinite, of Glory, and of Power.

We see Old Age and Poverty forsake the fireside chair,
 And leave a narrow, cheerless home, to taste the vernal air :
 The winter hours were long to him who had no spice-warmed cup,
 No bed of down to nestle in, no furs to wrap him up.
 But now he loiters 'mid the crowd, and leans upon his staff,
 He gossips with his lowly friends, and joins the children's laugh.
 'Tis the bright and merry sunshine that has led the old man out,
 To hear once more the Babel roar, and wander round about.

The bright and merry sunshine—see, it even creepeth in
 Where prison bars shut out all else from solitude and sin ;
 The doomed one marks the lengthened streak that poureth through the
 chink ;
 It steals along—it flashes ! oh ! 'tis on his fetter link.
 Why does he close his bloodshot eyes ? why breathe with gasping
 groan ?
 Why does he turn to press his brow against the walls of stone ?
 The bright and merry sunshine has called back some dream of youth,
 Of green fields and a mother's love, of happiness and truth.

The sweet and merry sunshine makes the very churchyard fair ;
 We half forget the yellow bones, while yellow flowers are there ;
 And while the summer beams are thrown upon the osiered heap,
 We tread with lingering footsteps where our "rude forefathers sleep."
 The hemlock does not seem so rank—the willow is not dull ;
 The rich flood lights the coffin nail and burnishes the skull.
 Oh ! the sweet and merry sunshine is a pleasant thing to see,
 Though it plays upon a grave-stone through the gloomy cypress tree.

There's a sunshine that is brighter, that is warmer e'en than this ;
 That spreadeth round a stronger gleam, and sheds a deeper bliss ;
 That gilds whate'er it touches with a lustre all its own,
 As brilliant on the cottage porch as on Assyria's throne.
 It gloweth in the human soul, it passeth not away ;
 And dark and lonely is the heart that never felt its ray :
 'Tis the sweet and merry sunshine of Affection's gentle light,
 That never wears a sullen cloud, and fadeth not in night.

THE SABBATH BELL.

PEAL on, peal on,—I love to hear
 The old church ding-dong soft and clear !
 The welcome sounds are doubly blest
 With future hope and earthly rest.

Yet were no calling changes found
 To spread their cheering echoes round,
 There's not a place where Man may dwell
 But he can hear a Sabbath bell.

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

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

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



THE FISHER-BOAT.

No reefer struts upon her deck—no boatswain pipes her crew,
 Whose rough and tarry jackets are as often brown as blue;
 Her sails are torn, her timbers worn, she's but a crazy craft,
 Yet luck betides her in the gale, and plenty crowns her draught.
 Let but a foe insult the land that holds their cottage home,
 And English hearts will spring from out the merry, little *Foam*:
 What, oh! what, oh! away they go, the moon is high and bright,
 God speed the little fisher-boat, and grant a starry night.

No pennant flutters at her mast, no port-holes range her side ;
 A dusky speck—she takes her place upon the midnight tide,
 While gaily sings some happy boy, " A life upon the sea,
 With jolly mates, a whiskey-can, and trusty nets for me !"
 But many an hour of fearful risk she meets upon the wave,
 That ships of stout and giant form would scarcely care to brave
 And many a one with trembling hand will trim the beacon-light,
 And cry " God speed the fisher-boat upon a stormy night !"

We proudly laud the daring ones who cross the pathless main,
 The shining gems and yellow dust of other climes to gain ;
 We honour those whose blood is with the mingled waters found,
 Who fight till death to guard the cliffs those waters circle round.
 'Tis well ; but let us not forget the poor and gallant set,
 Who toil and watch, when others sleep, to cast the heavy net :
 Their perils are not paid by fame—so trim the beacon-light ;
 And cry " God speed the fisher-boat, and grant a starry night !"

 STANZAS.

THOUGH like the marble rock of old,
 This heart may seem all hard and cold,
 Yet, like that rock, a touch will bring
 The water from the secret spring :
 Let Memory breathe her softest tone,
 With magic force it breaks the stone ;
 And forth will gush, all fresh and bright,
 The living tide of love and light,
 That pours in vain.

Though like the cloud of gathered storm,
 This brow may be of dull, dark form ;
 Yet, like that cloud, the brow may bear
 The spirit lightning hidden there.
 The pensive mood, with charmless frown,
 May weigh my heavy eyelids down ;
 The gloom is deep, but it is fraught
 With flashings of electric thought,
 That burst in pain.

The eastern flower of desert birth
 Is prized not while it decks the earth ;
 But, snatched and gathered, crushed and dead ;
 Is valued for its odour shed.

Love hath its utterance of magic sound,
 When soft confession calls the ruddy flush
 Into the maiden's cheek, and gentle vows
 Breathe whispered music in the willing ear;
 Even as the nightingale is said to woo
 The listening rose. And Love, too, hath its kind
 And merry mood of fond loquacity;
 When happy confidence and long-tried truth
 Set the soul prating of its full delight
 With easy freedom; but the hallowed tone
 Of pure Affection's richest, sweetest string,
 Affords no echo of its thrilling note
 In measured syllables. When severed long
 From the dear, chosen one whose presence flings
 A summer sunshine on our wintry way,
 That ever comes as welcome to our sight
 As the cool stream amid the desert sand;—
 Oh! words can never tell our ecstasy
 When once again we hold the idol form
 Close to our heart, and look into the eyes
 Where fond devotion finds a faithful mirror,
 And dotting glances are reflected back
 In silent bliss.

The debt of Gratitude

Is not the best remembered where the lips
 Pour forth their voluble and fluent tide
 Of warm acknowledgment. Fair-spoken phrases,
 Graced with a courtier's bow, are pleasant things,
 But rarely hold much more of grateful truth
 Than the bright slime that cunning reptiles spread
 To catch their prey,—and they who oftenest turn
 In fierce recoil upon the helping hand,
 Are oftenest those whose hollow hearts have sworn
 A changeless sense of benefits received.
 The breast where Gratitude is firm and deep
 Gives least expression to the one it serves;
 As trees that bear the heaviest of fruit
 Yield the least rustling to the cherishing breeze.

Prayer has its decalogue and well-set chant
 To say or sing; but Prayer can offer up
 A purer tribute to the mighty One
 Who rules the thunder and restrains the wave,
 Than ever cloistered walls responded to.
 —The lonely, orphan child, who steals at night
 Where the round moon shines on a mother's grave,
 Knows little how to mould his trusting faith

In proper sentences ; but the dim eye
 That sheds its blinding tear upon the turf,
 And then looks up to the fair, silver stars,
 Carries a ray of holy fervency
 That will not be rejected at the throne
 Of Him who suits the "wind to the shorn lamb."
 The erring one, whose right arm has been strong
 In working evil, may repent, "and save
 His soul alive." He cannot frame his thoughts
 In saintly code,—but the pale, moping brow
 That droops in silence, penitence, and shame,
 Shall plead for him at the eternal bar,
 Where boundless mercy fills the judgment-seat.

The Poet wins the world with minstrelsy,
 And holds the ear of wondering nations fast ;
 But fuller melodies and rarer themes
 Dwell in his soul, and people his quick brain,
 Than any that his breathing song can give.
 Swift-flashing streams from Helicon's high fount
 Rush through his breast ; but their cherubic sounds
 Of murmuring music are too strangely wild
 To live again, even upon his lyre.
 —Let the proud Orator assert the power
 That Language holds ; but the Soul, prouder still,
 Shall keep an eloquence all, all her own,
 And mock the tongued interpreter.

DREAMS OF THE PAST.

(For Music.)

As we wander alone where the moonlight reposes,
 And the wind o'er the ripple is tuneful and sweet ;
 When the stars glitter out as the day-flower closes,
 And the night-bird and dewdrop are all that we meet ;—
 Oh ! then, when the warm flush of thought is unsealing
 The bonds that a cold world too often keeps fast ;
 We shall find that the deepest and dearest of feeling
 Is pouring its tide in a dream of the Past.

Oh ! who shall have travelled through Life's misty morning,
 Forgetting all waymarks that rose on their track ?
 Though the things we loved then had Maturity's scorning,
 Though we cast them behind, yet we like to look back.

Though the Present may charm us with magical numbers,
 And lull the rapt spirit, entrancing it fast;
 Yet 'tis rarely the heart is so sound in its slumbers,
 As to rest without mingling some dream of the Past.

Oh! the days that are gone—they will have no returning,
 And 'tis wisest to bury the hopes that decay;
 But the incense that's purest and richest in burning,
 Is oft placed where all round it is fading away.
 Though the days that are gone had more canker than blossom,
 And even that blossom too tender to last;
 Yet had we the power, oh! where is the bosom
 Would thrust from its visions the dreams of the Past



BIRDS.

BIRDS! Birds! ye are beautiful things,
 With your earth-treading feet and your cloud-cleaving wings!
 Where shall Man wander, and where shall he dwell,
 Beautiful birds, that ye come not as well?
 Ye have nests on the mountain all rugged and stark,
 Ye have nests in the forest all tangled and dark;
 Ye build and ye brood 'neath the cottagers' eaves,
 And ye sleep on the sod 'mid the bonnie green leaves.
 Ye hide in the heather, ye lurk in the brake,
 Ye dive in the sweet flags that shadow the lake;
 Ye skim where the stream parts the orchard-decked land,
 Ye dance where the foam sweeps the desolate strand;
 Beautiful Birds, ye come thickly around,
 When the bud's on the branch and the snow's on the ground;
 Ye come when the richest of roses flush out,
 And ye come when the yellow leaf eddies about!

Grey-haired pilgrim, thou hast been
 Round the chequered world, I ween:
 Thou hast lived in happy lands,
 Where the thriving city stands;
 Thou hast travelled far to see
 Where the city used to be;
 Chance and change are everywhere,
 Riches here and ruins there;
 Pilgrim, thou hast gazed on all;
 On rising pile and tumbling wall—

Tell us, saw ye not brave Birds,
 In the crumbled halls of old,
 Where Monarchs smiled and rulers' words
 Breathed above the chalice gold ?
 Say, who is it now that waits
 At the "hundred brazen gates" ?
 Who is now the great High Priest,
 Bending o'er the carrion feast ?
 Who is now the reigning one
 O'er the dust of Babylon ?—
 It is the Owl with doleful scream,
 Waking the Jackal from his dream ;
 It is the Raven black and sleek,
 With shining claw and sharpened beak ;
 It is the Vulture sitting high,
 In mockery of thrones gone by.

Pilgrim, say, what dost thou meet
 In busy mart and crowded street ?
 There the smoke-brown Sparrow sits,
 There the dingy Martin flits,
 There the tribe from dove-house coop
 Take their joyous morning swoop ;
 There the treasured, singing pet
 In his narrow cage is set,
 Welcoming the beams that come
 Upon his gilded prison-home.
 Wearied Pilgrim, thou hast marched
 O'er the desert dry and parched,
 Where no little flower is seen,
 No dewdrop, no Oasis green,—
 What saw'st thou there ? the Ostrich, fast
 As Arab steed or tempest blast,
 And the stately Pelican,
 Wondering at intrusive Man.

Pilgrim, say, who was it showed
 A ready pathway to the Alp ?
 Who was it crossed your lonely road
 From the valley to the scalp ?
 Tired and timid friends had failed,
 Resting in the hut below ;
 But your bold heart still was hailed
 By the Eagle and the Crow.
 Pilgrim, when you sought the clime
 Of the myrtle, palm, and lime,
 Where the diamond loves to hide
 Jostling rubies by its side,—

Say, were not the brightest gleams
 Breaking on your dazzled eye
 From the thousand glancing beams
 Poured in feathered blazonry ?
 Pilgrim, hast thou seen the spot
 Where the wingèd forms came not ?

Mariner ! mariner ! thou mayst go
 Far as the strongest wind can blow,
 But much thou'lt tell when thou comest back
 Of the sea running high and the sky growing black,
 Of the mast that went with a rending crash,
 Of the lee-shore seen by the lightning's flash,
 And never shalt thou forget to speak
 Of the white Gull's cry and the Petrel's shriek.
 For out on the ocean, leagues away,
 Madly skimmeth the boding flock,—
 The storm-fire burns, but what care they ?
 'Tis the season of joy and the time for play ;
 When the thunder-peal and the breaker's spray
 Are bursting and boiling around the rock.

Lovers linger in the vale
 While the twilight gathers round,
 With a fear lest mortal ear
 Should listen to the whispered sound.
 They would have no peering eye
 While they tell the secret tale,
 Not a spy may venture nigh,
 Save the gentle Nightingale.
 Perched upon the tree close by,
 He may note each trembling sigh ;
 Swinging on the nearest bough,
 He may witness every vow.
 Favoured bird, oh ! thou hast heard
 Many a soft and mystic word,
 While the night-wind scarcely stirred,
 And the stars were in the sky.

Up in the morning, while the dew
 Is splashing in crystals o'er him ;
 The ploughman hies to the upland rise,
 But the Lark is there before him :
 He sings while the team is yoked to the share ;
 He sings when the mist is going ;
 He sings when the noon-tide south is fair ;
 He sings when the west is glowing :

Now his pinions are spread o'er the ploughman's head,
 Now he drops in the furrow behind him ;
 Oh ! the Lark is a merry and constant mate,
 Without favour or fear to bind him.

Beautiful Birds ! how the schoolboy remembers
 The warblers that chorused his holiday tune ;
 The Robin that chirped in the frosty Decembers,
 The Blackbird that whistled through flower-crowned June.
 That schoolboy remembers his holiday ramble,
 When he pulled every blossom of palm he could see ;
 When his finger was raised, as he stopped in the bramble,
 With " Hark ! there's the Cuckoo, how close he must be !"

Beautiful Birds ! we've encircled your names
 With the fairest of fruits and the fiercest of flames.
 We paint War with his Eagle, and Peace with her Dove ;
 With the red bolt of Death, and the olive of Love.
 The fountain of Friendship is never complete
 Till ye coo o'er its waters, so sparkling and sweet ;
 And where is the hand that would dare to divide
 Even Wisdom's grave self from the Owl by her side ?

Beautiful creatures of freedom and light,
 Oh ! where is the eye that groweth not bright
 As it watches you trimming your soft, glossy coats,
 Swelling your bosoms and ruffling your throats ?
 Oh ! I would not ask, as the old ditties sing,
 To be " happy as sand-boy," or " happy as king ;"
 For the joy is more blissful that bids me declare,
 " I'm as happy as all the wild birds in the air."
 I will tell them to find me a grave, when I die,
 Where no marble will shut out the glorious sky ;
 Let them give me a tomb where the daisy will bloom,
 Where the moon will shine down, and the leveret pass by ;
 But be sure there's a tree stretching out, high and wide,
 Where the Linnet, the Thrush, and the Woodlark may hide
 For the truest and purest of requiems heard,
 Is the eloquent hymn of the beautiful Bird.

SONG OF THE BEGGARS.

THROUGH the city, the hamlet, and province we roam ;
 Every country is ours, every spot is our home :
 We ask pity from all, and our claim is allowed,
 With fair words from the poor, and contempt from the proud.

SONG OF THE BEGGARS.

The boy has his satchel—the pedlar his pack,
 But we have no burthen for heart or for back ;
 While nations are struggling for right or for wrong,
 The Beggar, in freedom, goes whistling along.

The earth may be parched 'neath a shadowless sky,
 We've no grain in the soil that may wither and die ;
 Let the lightning-sheets flash out as strong as they like,
 We've no ship for the tempest-roused waters to strike :
 Let the gold-spreading rays of wide Commerce depart,
 'Tis no matter to us—we've no place in the mart :
 Let the waves of the world ebb and flow as they will,
 The Beggar, unchanged, is the merriest still.

The rich man is fed till the dainties but pall ;
 He is sated with banquets, and thankless for all ;
 And the scrap that he turns from is relished with zest
 By the stroller whose pittance is short as his rest.
 Hunger fathoms our wallet, and up and away—
 At the board that is empty the guests never stay.
 Those with supper secured o'er their dinner may sit,
 But the Beggar's next meal must be won by his wit.

The wooer that's wealthy is certain to meet
 The caresses of lips that are smilingly sweet ;
 And he pledges the girl that he reckons most fair,
 In his claret so bright, and his Burgundy rare.
 Yet the name of a false one may sully the brim,
 She may cling to his broad lands more fondly than him ;
 But if any love us, 'tis the love that will hold—
 For the Beggar will never be wed for his gold.

The gentleman's form is all stiffly bedight ;
 His cheek must be smooth and his hands must be white ;
 And though fashion may war with his will or his ease,
 'Tis the world he must heed—'tis the world he must please.
 But free are the limbs that our motley garbs wrap ;
 Though the cold wind may pierce and the tatters may flap ;
 And Liberty's self, if her garment were made
 Of the Beggar's coarse rags, would be fitly arrayed.

All wearied with pleasure the lord may recline,
 Where the feathers are soft and the drapery fine ;
 He may loll amid luxury's trappings, but we
 On our pillowless couch sleep as soundly as he.
 Though the blanket and straw-heap be all that are spread
 In some comfortless hovel or desolate shed,
 From robber or cut-throat our rest is secure,
 The Beggar is safe—for he's known to be poor.

The children of earth, who have fortune or fame,
 Must endure the fierce arrows of envy and blame:
 Those who sit in high places with crosier or crown,
 Only waken a spirit for hurling them down.
 But no rivalry enters in Poverty's state,
 We have nothing for others to covet or hate;
 And the blasting of Calumny's withering power
 Cannot injure the Beggar in name or in dower.

As the atom may fall from the mountain of sand,
 So we in our littleness pass from the land.
 None pray for the pauper—none think of his soul,
 No dirge will they sing, and no bell will they toll.
 But they *must* dig the deep hole and lay us below,
 And the worms they *will* feed, and the grass it *will* grow.
 'Tis enough—for the dust o'er the Beggar's grey bones,
 Is as hallowed as all your rich epitaph stones.



SOME CALL THE WORLD A DREARY PLACE.

SOME call the world a dreary place,
 And tell long tales of sin and woe;
 As if there were no blessèd trace
 Of sunshine to be found below.

They point, when autumn winds are sighing,
 To falling leaves and withered flowers;
 But shall we only mourn them dying,
 And never note their brilliant hours?

They mark the rainbow's fading light,
 And say it is the type of man;
 "So passeth he"—but, oh! how bright
 The transient glory of the span!

They liken Life unto the stream.
 That, swift and shallow, pours along;
 But beauty marks the rippling gleam,
 And music fills the bubbling song.

Why should the preacher ever rave
 Of sorrow, death, and "dust to dust"?
 We know that we shall fill a grave,—
 But why be sad before we must?

Look round the world and we shall see,
 Despite the cynic's snarling groan,
 Much to awaken thankful glee,
 As well as wring the hopeless moan.

Perchance the laden tree we shake
 May have a reptile at its root ;
 But shall we only see the snake,
 And quite forget the grateful fruit ?

Shall we forget each sunny morn,
 And tell of one dire lightning-stroke ?
 Of all the suits that we have worn,
 Shall we but keep the funeral cloak ?

Oh ! why should our own hands be twining
 Dark chaplets from the cypress tree ?
 Why stand in gloomy spots, repining,
 When further on sweet buds may be ?

'Tis true that nightshade oft will bind us,
 That eyes, the brightest, will be dim ;
 Old wrinkled Care too oft will find us,
 But why should we go seeking him ?



THE WATERS.

WATERS, bright Waters, how sweetly ye glide
 Where the tapering bulrush stands up in your tide ;
 Where the white lilies peep and the green cresses creep,
 And your whimple just lulleth the minnow to sleep.
 Now lurking in silence, all lonely you take
 Your meandering course through the close-tangled brake ;
 Where the adder may wink as he basks on the brink,
 And the fox-cub and timid fawn fearlessly drink.
 'Mid valley and greenwood right onward ye ramble,
 Through the maze of the rushes and trail of the bramble ;
 Where the bard with his note and the child with his boat,
 Will linger beside ye to dream and to dote.
 For a moment the mill-wheel may waken your wrath,
 And disturb the repose of your silvery path ;
 But your passionate spray falls like rainbows at play,
 And as gently as ever ye steal on your way,

Humming a song as ye loiter along,
 Looking up in the face of a shadowless day.
 Waters, bright Waters, how sweetly ye glide
 In the brooklet, with blossoms and birds by your side!

Now the precious Waters lie
 In a fountain never dry,
 " Full fathoms five " below ;
 While above, the moss is springing,
 And the old well-bucket swinging
 To and fro.
 Brown and busy hands are plying,
 Fresh and limpid streams are flying,
 Splashing round ;
 Merrily the bumper floweth,
 And down again the bucket goeth
 With a hollow sound.
 Pilgrim bands on desert sands,
 With panting breath and parching skin,
 What would ye not give to see
 That crazy bucket tumble in ?
 How gladly palms all dry and burning
 Would help that old rope in its turning ;
 How the sore and cracking lip
 Would laugh to see it drain and drip,
 And prize each dribbling, icy gem
 Beyond an eastern diadem !
 Let the merchant's garners hold
 Silken sheen and molten gold :
 Richer treasures still shall dwell,
 Gathered in the poor man's well,
 Dark and cold.

Waters, gentle Waters,
 Ye are beautiful in Rain,
 Coming oft and pattering soft
 On hedgerow, hill, and plain.
 Wandering from afar—
 In a cloud-swung car—
 Ye dim the blaze of noon,
 Shut out the midnight moon,
 And veil the evening star.
 The seed is in the earth
 Of promised bread ;
 But ye must aid its sacred birth,
 Or nations, pressed by starving dearth,
 Will groan, unfed.

THE WATERS.

Man may plant the root
 In some fair spot ;
 But where will be the spring-time shoot,
 And who shall pluck the autumn fruit,
 If ye come not ?
 How the red grapes flush,
 Till the rich streams burst !
 But your crystal gush
 Must have trickled first.
 The ancient forest lord
 Had ne'er looked proudly up,
 Had ye not glittered on the sward
 That held the acorn-cup.
 Waters, gentle Waters,
 Beautiful in Showers,
 Ye help to wreath the arms that breathe
 A perfume through the bowers ;
 Ye feed the blade in lowland glade,
 And nurse the mountain flowers :
 Ye bathe Creation's lovely face,
 And keep it young in every grace ;
 Where'er ye fall ye cherish all
 Most beautiful in Beauty's train :
 Then, welcome, gentle Waters,
 In the soft, sweet Rain !

Now ye come in incense Dew,
 Distilling from the churchyard yew,
 Hemlock, rosemary, and rue,
 Odours sweet in evening shade.
 Now ye drop into the rose,
 Silently to heal and close
 Wounds the rifling bee has made.
 Now ye tremble on the spray,
 Just above the nightingale ;
 While he chants his roundelay,
 Ringing through the moonlit vale.
 Now ye rest upon his wing,
 Till his constant trillings fling
 Your diamond lustres scattering
 Upon the glow-worm's meteor tail.

King Oberon is on his throne
 In the fairy hall of light ;
 And a merry set of sprites have met
 To dance away the night.
 What do they quaff in that revelling hour ?
 'Tis the waters caught from the spicy flower ;

And reeling away go the elfin crew,
Drunk with the balmy, nectar Dew.

Waters, broad Waters, how nobly ye swell
Round the huge coral reef and the nautilus shell!
Glory is shed on your Ocean breast,
Heaving in fury or placid in rest.
Ye live far down in the sparry cave,
Where the sea-boy lies in his amber grave;
Ye braid the dank weed in his hair,
And deck him with jewels pure and rare;
He keep the record of where and when
The brave ship sunk with her braver men;
Ye have treasures and secrets, and guard them well—
For no stores will ye give, and no word will ye tell.
Ye spread your waves on the rifted strand;
Where the white foam spangles the golden sand;
And ebb away with the deep perfume
Of the citron branch and orange bloom.
Ye dash where the gloomy pine-tree grows,
Where the northern tempest beats and blows;
The thunder may burst and the wolf-dog bay,
But ye will be louder and bolder than they.
Ages ago ye washed the feet
Of cities that sent ye a galley fleet;
Cities, and Galleys, and People, are gone,
But the great Waters still roll on:
Kingdoms and empires flourish no more,
But ye still dwell by the desolate shore—
As fresh in your brightness, as strong in your flood,
As when the IMMORTAL ONE "saw ye were good."

Waters, ye are fair
In the winding River,
Running here, and twining there,
While the waking, twilight air
Stirs the spreading sails ye bear,
To a flapping shiver.
"Outward bound," the stripling one
Sighs to see the setting sun;
And shadows lengthen on his heart,
As the rays that meet his gaze,
One by one depart.
"Outward bound" for many a year,—
A dream comes o'er his brain;
He looks into the lucid wave,
Where he was wont to plunge and lave
In waters cool and clear;

A THANKSGIVING.

And wonders if the chance of time
 Will bring him to his native clime
 And native stream again.
 He leans against the vessel's side,
 And the big burning tear
 He cannot check, but fain would hide,
 Has mingled with the River's tide.

Waters, ye are beautiful,
 Take what form ye will ;
 Leaping in the yeasty billow,
 Toying with the pensive willow,
 Bearing the mast before the blast,
 Or straws upon the rill !
 Waters, ye are beautiful,
 Howsoe'er ye come,
 In sheets that pour with falling roar—
 Or moisture on the purple plum.
 Ye are free as aught can be,
 Singing strains of liberty
 In bubbling Spring and booming Sea !
 Waters, living Waters,
 Strew your pearls upon the sod,
 And Man needs no other beads
 To count in memory of God.

 A THANKSGIVING.

ALMIGHTY Spirit ! Father, Lord ! Thou Worshipped ! Thou Unknown !
 Whose mystic glory spreadeth round a Universal Throne ;
 Whose breath is in the summer wind, and in the ocean's roar :
 Whose presence lights the saintly shrine, and fills the desert shore.

Thou who dost guide the lightning shaft, and mark the rainbow's span ;
 Creator of the reptile worm, and fashioner of Man ;—
 Hear Thou my song of praise and love ! Hear Thou my song, O God !
 My temple-dome is Thy broad sky, my kneeling-place Thy sod.

Far from the busy world, alone, I bring my heart to Thee,
 And bend in fervent homage where no eye but thine can see ;
 I seek Thee, and it cannot be that seeking will be vain ;
 Because Thy servant does not stand within a cloistered fane.

Who will, may give the sacrifice, reeking in gory flood,
 And supplicate a God with hands all hot and dark with blood ;
 I could not sue for mercy at a victim-laden shrine,—
 The altar and the incense of the mountain-top be mine.

What though I have no zealot priest in white robes at my side !
Such robes too often mask a form corrupt with sin and pride ;
What though no formal code of speech my faith and hopes shall bear !
My warm and trusting soul still yields its own adoring prayer.

I thank Thee, God ! enough of joy has marked my span of days,
To thrill my heart with gratitude, and wake the words of praise :
I have accepted at Thy hands much more of good than ill,
And all of trouble has but shown the wisdom of Thy will.

I see the climbing sun disperse the misty clouds of night,
And pour devotion to the One who said, " Let there be light :"
I watch the peeping star that gleams from out the hazy west ;
And offer thanks to Him who gave his creatures hours of rest.

I see the crystal dewdrop stand upon the bending stem,
And find as much of glory there as in the diamond gem ;
I look upon the yellow fields, I pluck the wild hedge-flower ;
And pause to bless Thy lavish hand, and wonder at its power.

Father ! Beneficent, Supreme, All-Bounteous ! could I bring
My trembling soul before *Thee*, as before a tyrant king ?
Never—my secret orisons are fervent as sincere ;
I love, I serve, I worship Thee, but never yet could *fear*.

I see too much of happiness for human hearts to find ;
To hold the Maker that bestows, as aught else but the kind.
Let Man be but as kind to man, and soon our woe and strife
Would fade away like mists, and leave us well content with life.

And what is death, that e'en its thoughts should make us sigh and
weep ?

The grave, to me, but seems a couch of sound and holy sleep.
Why should I dread the fiat, when my trusting spirit knows
That He who bids my eyelids fall will watch their last repose ?

THE OLD BARN.

THE Barn, the Old Barn, oh ! its dark walls were rife
With the records most fair in my tablet of life ;
And a rare barn it was, for, search twenty miles round,
Such another brave building was not to be found.

'Twas large as an ark, 'twas as strong as a church,
 'Twas the chicken's resort, 'twas the young raven's perch;
 There the bat flapped his wing, and the owl might screech,
 Secure in the gable-ends, far out of reach.

For many a year had the harvest-home wain
 Creaked up to its door with the last load of grain;
 And 'twas evident Time had been playing his pranks
 With the moss-garnished roof, and the storm-beaten planks.

A wee thing, they tumbled me into its mow;
 And left me to scramble out, Heaven knows how,
 A wild, merry girl, the Old Barn was the spot
 Which afforded delight that is still unforgot.

'Twas a birthday, one scion was walking life's stage,
 In youth's proudest of characters—just come of age;
 Many joys were devised—but the chosen of all
 Was to clear out the Old Barn, and “get up a ball.”

We had prayed, we had hoped that the lanes might be dry,
 That no cloud would come over the moon-lighted sky;
 But, alas! 'twas November, and fog, sleet, and gloom
 Made the night of our jubilee dark as the tomb.

The rain fell in torrents—the wind roared along—
 The watch-dog howled back to the rude tempest song;
 And we trembled, and feared lest the merriest set
 Should be scared by that true English sunshine—the wet.

But, hark!—what loud voices—what rumbling of wheels—
 What stepping in puddles—what tragical “squeals!”
 While close-tilted waggons and mud-spattered carts
 Set down a rare cargo of happy young hearts.

What a dance was the first—with what pleasure we went
 Down the middle and up, till our breathing was spent!
 Though Musard might have shrugged at a bit of a strife
 'Twixt the notes of the fiddle and key of the fife.

Our flooring was rugged, our sconces had rust;
 There was falling of grease—there was raising of dust;
 But Terpsichore published a *Morning Post* “yarn”
 Of the Almacks we held in the noble Old Barn.

Then the rat-hunt—oh, mercy! we hear poets speak
 Of the tug of fierce battle when “Greek joins with Greek;”
 But war held as wild and as deadly a reign
 When the terriers met the destroyers of grain.

The smith left his bellows—the miller his sack,—
 It was lucky that business grew suddenly slack ;
 The thatcher was there, and the thatcher's boy too,
 And somehow, the butcher had nothing to do.

The Squire lent his whip and his voice to the fray ;
 He, of course, only "chanced to be riding that way ;"
 And the master—the ploughman—the rich and the poor,
 Stood Equality's jostling about the Barn door.

There was bustling, old Pincher, all fierceness and bark ;
 And even fat Dido, as gay as a lark ;
 Snap, Vixen, and Bob, and another full score,
 For though rats might be many—the dogs were oft more.

It was sport, I dare say, but such works were torn down,
 That the sapient "master" looked on with a frown ;
 And saw without aid of astrologer's star,
 That the hunters were worse than the hunted, by far.

Full well I remember our taking the ale
 To the good-natured fellow who toiled at the flail ;
 When the boy—who now sleeps with a stone at his feet—
 Would fain try his hand as a thrasher of wheat.

'Twas agreed to—and boldly he swung the bright staff,
 With an awkwardness raising a tittering laugh,
 Which strengthened to bursting Vulgarity's tone,
 When, instead of on wheat-ears, it fell on his own.

Ever luckless in daring, 'twas he who slipped down,
 With a broken-out tooth and a broken-in crown—
 When he clambered up high on the crossbeams, to feed
 The unhappy stray cat and her tortoiseshell breed.

'Twas he who, in petulance, sulked with his home,
 And packed up his bundle the wide world to roam ;
 But, with penitent heart, and a shelterless head,
 He came back to the sheaves in the Barn for a bed.

'Twas a bitter cold night when I heard with a pout,
 That the stables were full, and old Dobbin turned out ;
 Old Dob who had seen a score miles since the morn ;
 'Twas a shame and a cruelty not to be borne.

A brother was ready—the pony was caught—
 Brought in he *must* be—yet where *could* he be brought ?
 But short was the parley ; and munching away,
 He was warm in the Barn with his oats and his hay.

The Barn was the place where the beams and the rope
 Gave our mischievous faculties plenty of scope;
 And when rick-lines were found, knotted, severed, and frayed;
 Not a word did we breathe of the swings we had made.

“Hide and Seek” was the game that delighted us most,
 When we stealthily crept behind pillar and post;
 When the law was enforced that “Home” should not be wou
 Before we’d encircled the Barn in our run.

I’d a merry heart then,—but I scarcely know why
 I should look into Memory’s page with a sigh;
 ’Tis ungrateful to turn to the past with regret,
 When we hold a fair portion of happiness yet.

My laugh in that day was a spirited shout,
 But still it is heard to ring joyously out;
 My friends were the warmest that childhood could find,
 But those round me still are endearingly kind.

“Long ago” has too often awakened my soul,
 Till my brow gathered shade, and the tear-drop would roll;
 Down, down, busy thought, for the future may be
 As bright as the time of the Old Barn for me.



STANZAS.

THE Mind, the great, the mighty Mind,
 Now soars and leaves all earth behind,
 To claim its kindred with a God,—
 And now sinks down on flagging wing,
 Till Man becomes the meanest thing
 That walks the sod.

The Form, the upright, beauteous Form,
 Towering like lighthouse ’mid the storm,
 Now stands in wondrous power and grace,—
 Anon, the shrivelled, angled bones,
 Crazy and warped as old gravestones,
 Are all we trace.

The Hand, the strong, the ruling Hand,
 That piles the pyramids on land,
 And builds what tempests fail to break,—
 With palsied trembling holds the staff,
 While rosy children gaze and laugh
 To see it shake.

The Voice, the deep, the full, firm Voice,
That swells to threaten or rejoice
 In pompous oath or revel shout,—
Is now so mumbling, thin, and weak,
We wonder what the garrulous squeak
 Is all about.

Oh, Man, when thou art getting vain
Of courtly rank or treasured gain,
 Just turn towards the cypress-tree,—
“Ashes to ashes” form the prayer,
And yellow skulls are crumbling there,
 Where *thou shalt* be.

THE SHIP AND THE MAIDEN.

The Ship was at rest in the tranquil bay,
Unmoved by a ripple—undimmed by a cloud;
The winds were asleep, and her broad sails lay
 As still and as white as a winding-shroud.

She was a fair and beautiful thing,
With the waters around her, all peaceful and bright;
Ready for speed as a wild bird's wing,
 Graceful in quiet—'mid glory and light.

There was a Maiden wandering free,
With a cheek as fresh as the foam at her feet;
With a heart that went forth, like a summer-day bee,
 To take nothing but honey from all it might meet.

She stood on the land as the bark on the main,
As placid in beauty as lovely in form;
The maiden had dreamt not of sadness or pain,
 The vessel had never been dashed by the storm.

Where are they now—the brave Ship and fair Girl?
Gaze on the fragments that scatter the shore:
The tempest is raging—the mad billows curl,
 And the glorious bark shall be looked on no more.

And the Maiden so fair—oh! what change has come there!
She is wandering still, and she wanders alone;
But her cheek has grown white, and her eye lost its light,
 And the dove from her breast, with its olive, has flown.

THE GRANDFATHER'S STICK.

She has loved, but "not wisely,"—she walks to the grave ;
 Unwept and unmarked shall her spirit depart ;
 There's a record of ships that go down in the wave,
 But no whisper to tell of the *wreck of a heart* !

 THE GRANDFATHER'S STICK.

'Twas as bonnie an ash-staff as ever was seen
 In the hands of a pilgrim or paths of a wood ;
 It as tough as the bow of Ulysses, I ween ;
 Its polish was high, and its fibre was good.

It the Grandfather's Stick—it was his stick alone—
 Of its forty years' service how proudly he'd tell ;
 It was all very just—he might *call* it his own ;
 But every one else seemed to claim it as well.

It was his when the soft, Sabbath chimes floated by,
 When the sun might be hot, or the mud might be *thick* ;
 The church was up-hill, and the youngsters would fly
 To carry his prayer-book, and find him his stick.

It was his when they coaxed him for wickets or bat,
 Now pleading with tears, and now trusting a laugh ;
 It was not half a mile to the village—and that
 He could manage right well with the help of his staff.

But often he wanted his faithful supporter,
 When as often 'twas asked for and sought for in vain ;
 Perhaps Master Dick had it down by the water,
 Or the young ones had carried it out in the lane.

It was not a whit safer for all the close-hiding,
 For corners were peeped in and cupboards explored ;
 Till some urchin came shouting, careering, and riding
 On his Grandfather's Stick, like a tournament lord.

There were sticks in abundance, from bamboo to oak,
 But all eyes and all hands singled that from the rest ;
 For business or fun that old staff was the one,
 For all times and all purposes that was the best.

The herd-boy, perchance, had to cross the bleak waste,
 When the sky had no star, and the winter blast wailed ;
 His eye lost its light, and his red lips turned white,
 While 'twas easy to see that his rude spirit quailed.

He thought of the murdered ghost haunting that spot;
Of the gibbet's loose beams—and the boy's heart turned sick;
But half of the soul-thrilling fear was forgot
If he might but take with him the Grandfather's Stick.

"Look, Susan, the flowers!" was cried in alarm;
"See! see! the old sow's in the garden—quick! quick!"
And the very next moment found Susan's strong arm
Belabouring Bess with the Grandfather's Stick.

When the dust-laden carpets were swung on the line,
And brave cudgels were chosen—the strong and the thick,
It would not take Sibylline art to divine
That among them was always the Grandfather's Stick.

A branch of the pear-tree hung, drooping and wide,
And the youngsters soon joined in the pilfering trick;
"This, this will just reach all the ripest!" they cried,
As they scampered away with the Grandfather's Stick.

Rich Autumn came on, and they roved far and near,
With the sun on each cheek and red stain on each mouth;
They basked in the rays of the warm harvest days
Till their faces were tinged with the glow of the South.

Luscious berries and nuts formed the vineyard they sought,
And the branches were highest where fruit was most thick
Hooks and crooks of all sizes were theirs, but none caught
The tall bramble so well as the Grandfather's Stick.

Full often they left the long willow behind,—
The dandified cane was forgotten and lost;
What matter?—who cared? not a soul seemed to mind
The pains in the cutting, the shilling it cost:

But that brave bit of ash, let it fall where it might,
In the brier-grown dell, or the nettle-bed's mound;
Every eye was intent, every heart in a fright—
For they dared not go home if that stick were not found.

Old Winter stepped forth, and the waters were still,
The bold hearts were bounding along on the slide;
And the timid one ventured, all trembling and chill,
If he had but the Grandfather's Stick by his side.

But the Grandfather waned from the earth, day by day,—
Hoards must be opened and treasures must fall;
No selfish heart watched o'er his "passing away,"
Yet that stick was the coveted relic by all.

SONG OF THE SPIRIT OF GOLD.

Serenely the old man went down to his grave,
 Looking on to a future with faith, hope, and joy;
 But, ere the flame died in the socket, he gave
 His favourite stick to his favourite boy.

That boy was a spendthrift, all reckless and gay,
 Keeping nought but a warm heart and fair honest name;
 He was wild in his home—a few years rolled away,
 He was out in the world, but the *man* was the same.

He parted from all—from his land and his gold;
 But, with wealth or without, it was all one to Dick;
 The same merry laugh lit his face when he told
 That he'd nothing more left save his Grandfather's Stick.

The merry laugh still echoed out, though he found
 That friends turned their backs when his money was spent;
 He sung, "The world's wide, and I'll travel it round,"—
 And far from his kindred the wanderer went.

He lives and yet laughs in the prodigal's part;
 But whatever his fortune—wherever his land,
 There's a lock of white hair hanging close to his heart,
 And an ash staff—the Grandfather's Stick—in his hand.



SONG OF THE SPIRIT OF GOLD.

MINE is the rare magician's hand;
 Mine is the mighty fairy wand!
 Monarchs may boast, but none can hold
 Such powerful sway as the spirit of Gold.
 The wigwam tent, the regal dome,
 The senator's bench, the peasant home;
 The menial serf, the pirate bold,—
 All, all are ruled by the spirit of Gold.

I spread my sceptre, and put to flight
 Stern Poverty's croaking bird of night;
 And where I come 'tis passing strange
 To note the swift and wondrous change.
 I rest with the one whose idiot tongue
 Was the scorn of the old, and jest of the young;
 But flattering worshippers soon crawl round,
 And the *rich* man's *wit* and *sense* are found.

Some lowly child of earth has erred,
 And Mercy breathes no lenient word;
 The fallen one becomes a mark
 For every human bloodhound's bark.
 Virtue can spare no pitying sigh;
 Justice condemns with freezing eye;
 Till the pressing load of blight and blame
 Goad on to deeper guilt and shame.

But let *me* shield the sinning one,—
 And dark are the deeds that may be done;
 Vice in its "high career" may reign,
 It meets no bar, it leaves no stain.
 Passion and crime may wear the mask,
 No hand will strip, no lip will task;
 The record of sin may be unrolled,
 None read, if 'tis traced in letters of Gold.

The dame has come to her waning years—
 And man goes by with his laughing jeers.
 Who, who can love! what creature seeks
 The softness of such wrinkled cheeks?
 But, lo! she is *rich*, and scores will bring
 The lover's vow and the bridal ring;
 And many a heart so bought and sold
 Has lived to curse the spirit of Gold.

Does it not pain the breast to note
 How the eyes of the aged will glisten and gloat?
 How the hands will count with careful stealth
 O'er the growing stores of useless wealth?
 They bend to me with a martyr's knee—
 And many a time have I laughed to see
 The man of fourscore, pale and cold,
 Stinting his fire to save his Gold.

Pile on to your masses, add heap to heap,
 While those around you may starve and weep;
 But forget not, hoary-headed slave,
 That *thou*, not *gold*, must fill a grave:
 Thou canst not haggle and bargain for breath,
 Thy coffers wont serve to bar out death;
 Thou *must* be poor when the churchyard stone
 And the shroud will be all that thou canst own.

Hatred dwells in the poor man's breast,
 But the foe may safely be his guest;
 Though his wrongs may madden to despair,
 The injured one must brook and bear.

But let the princely heart desire
 Revenge to quench its raging fire;
 Though it even crave to be fed with life,
 Gold, Gold will find the ready knife.

The patriot boasts his burning zeal
 In the people's good and his country's weal;
 But let *me* whisper a word in his ear,
 And Freedom and Truth become less dear;—
 The honest friend will turn a spy,
 The witness swear to the hideous lie:
 Oh! the souls are unnumbered, and crimes untold,
 That are warped and wrought by the spirit of Gold.

I work much evil,—but, yet, oh! yet,
 I reign with pride when my throne is set
 In the good man's heart, where Feeling gives
 Its aid to the meanest thing that lives.
 My glorious home is made in the breast
 That loves to see the weary rest;
 That freely and promptly yields a part
 Of its riches to gladden the toil-worn heart;

That loathes the chance of the rattling dice,
 And turns from the gambler's haunts of vice;
 That does not watch with frenzied zeal
 The tossing throw or circling deal;
 That squanders not with spendthrift haste,
 Nor lets glad Plenty run to Waste;
 But saves enough to give or lend
 The starving foe or needy friend.

Glory is mine when I shed my light
 On the heart that cannot be lured from right;
 That seeks to spread the cheering ray
 On all that come around its way.
 Cursed is wealth when it falls to the share
 Of the griping dotard or selfish heir!
 But wisely scatter the talents ye hold,
 And blessings shall fall on the spirit of Gold.



FRAGMENT.

MAN, Man, thou art too vain ! Look round, and see
 Mountain o'er mountain rising, till thine eye
 Fails to observe the ether-circled tops,
 Whose every atom is a work of might
 And mystery as complex as thyself.
 Gaze on the flood of waters rolling on
 In strength and freshness. Billow after billow
 Spreading in sudden fury to contend
 With wind and cloud, or, hushed in glassy rest,
 Scarce ripples loud enough against the ship,
 To lull the drowsy sea-boy to his sleep.
 Is there a bubble of the foamy spray—
 Is there one drop of the great briny world
 That is not like thyself—a miracle ?
 The throb that marks the current of thy blood,
 With constant and unerring beat, is not
 More curious or regular in course
 Than the vast tides that form the Ocean's pulse.
 Cast thy proud glance upon the concave span
 Where suns shine out with pure, eternal light,
 And starry myriads dwell in endless space ;
 Where Godhead flings such flashing lustre round,
 That Reason shrinks before the blinding ray ;
 While Knowledge gazes with an idiot stare
 Upon the illumined scroll, and owns 'tis traced
 In characters it cannot comprehend.
 Watch the mute creatures that obey thy nod—
 The steed that bears thee, and the hound that follows,—
 There shalt thou meet an Instinct, hedging close
 Upon thy vaunted attribute of Mind ;
 An Instinct so allied to human wit
 That pale Reflection knows not where to set
 The delicate boundary 'twixt soul and sense,
 But wonders at the brute-embodied spirit
 That often mocks the claim of baser Man,
 And shames him in his high supremacy.
 Philosophy and Science, stand ye forth,—
 Array your crucibles of magic flame,
 Unroll your parchments of long-gathered lore ;
 And see if ye can shape with chemic craft
 A blade of grass, or tell us where the wind
 Goeth or listeth. Man, thou art too vain !
 Exert thy cunning brain and dext'rous hand

With all the daring energy and skill
 That mortal loves to boast; yet wilt thou find
 The particle of dust thou tramplest on,
 Too much for thy weak power to analyze.

TO MY LYRE.

MY LYRE! oh, let thy soothing power
 Beguile once more the lonely hour;
 Thy music ever serves to cheer,
 To quell the sigh and chase the tear.
 Thy notes can ever wile away
 The sleepless night and weary day;
 And howsoe'er the world may tire,
 I care not while I've thee, my Lyre!

None were around to mark and praise
 The breathings of thy first, rude lays;
 But many a chiding taunt was thrown
 To mock and crush thy earliest tone.
 'Twas harshly done—yet, ah! how vain
 The cruel hope to mar thy strain;
 For the stern words that bade us part
 But bound thee closer to my heart.

Let the bright laurel-wreath belong
 To prouder harps of classic song;
 I'll be content that thou shouldst bear
 The wild flowers children love to wear.
 If warmth be round thy chords, my Lyre,
 'Tis Nature that shall yield the fire;
 If one responsive tone be found,
 'Tis Nature that shall yield the sound.

Gold may be scant—I ask it not;
 There's peace with little—fairly got.
 The hearts I prize may sadly prove
 False to my hopes, my trust, my love.
 Let all grow dark around, but still
 I find a balm for every ill:
 However chequered fate may be,
 I find wealth, joy, and friends in thee.

What are the titles monarchs hold?—
 Mere sounding nothings, bought and sold;
 The highest rank that man can gain,
 Fortune may bribe or fools attain.
 But they who sweep the glowing strings,
 Mock the supremacy of kings:
 The Minstrel's skill is dearer far
 Than Glory's crown or Triumph's car.

My Lyre! I feel thy chords are rife
 With music ending but with life:
 When the "cold chain" shall round thee dwell,
 'Twill bind this fervid breast as well.
 My Lyre! my Lyre! I hang o'er thee
 With lifted brow and bended knee,
 And cry aloud, "For every bliss
 I thank thee, God! but most for this."

RHYMES BY THE ROADSIDE.

WE'RE losing fast the good, old days
 Of rattling wheels and gallant greys;
 We're losing fast the luggaged roof,
 The whistling guard and ringing hoof;—
 The English stage and high-bred teams
 Will soon exist but in our dreams;
 And whirling mail or startling horn
 Ne'er cheer the night, nor rouse the morn.
 Ah, well-a-day! no cracking lash,
 No champing bit, no restless dash,
 No "pull up" at the "Cross" or "Crown,"
 'Mid all the gossips of the town;
 For Time, with deep railroaded brow,
 Changes all things but horses, now.
 Yet, who shall wish for nobler speed?
 Who would forego the rapid steed?
 Who that loves beauty would resign
 The winding road for formal "line"?
 'Tis joy to mount the lofty seat,
 That bears us from the city street;
 To lightly roll from pent-up smoke,
 To singing bird and towering oak,
 Scanning, despite our bounding haste,
 The forest dell and heath-clad waste,—

On through the valley, rich and rife
 With fragrant air and blooming life.
 Where the clear brooklet softly flows,
 Kissing the lily as it goes ;—
 Where quiet herds lie down to crop
 The grass-blade and the cowslip-drop ;
 Where the low cottage-thatch is seen
 'Mid trailing arms of jasmine green,
 And the wide-flinging casement glass
 Shows the pet flower to all who pass.

Away ! away !—one lingering look
 At valley, cottage, herds and brook ;
 And bowling on, we gain the hill
 Crowned with the old church and the mill.
 The sun-ray plays upon the spire,
 Tinging the cross with glancing fire ;
 The south wind freshens there, but fails
 To turn the heavy, sluggard sails ;
 The miller stands with peering eye,
 To see the famed “ Eclipse ” go by ;
 His next five minutes fairly lost
 In wondering what that chestnut cost ;
 And why they've changed the clever bay
 That graced the pole the other day.

Onward ! the tiny hamlet comes ;
 The village nest of pleasant homes ;
 The ploughman's cur wakes from his doze
 With perking ears and sniffing nose ;
 The child upon the red-brick floor
 Crawls quickly to the open door ;
 The old man and the matron stand
 With staring gaze and idle hand ;
 The maiden, smiling, nods her head
 To the blithe fellow donned in red ;
 No matter what they have to do,
 They all must see the mail go through.
 The inn is reached : host, men, and boys,
 Gather around with bustling noise.
 Few moments serve—the harness bands
 Are flung off as by magic hands ;
 The loosened nags are panting hard,
 Seeking the well-known stable-yard ;
 Forth come the wheelers—glossy black—
 With bit in mouth, and cloth on back :
 Quick ! bring the leaders—two bright roans
 As ever spurned the wayside stones ;

Each buckle tight—'tis done, "All right!"
 The steeds are ready for their flight;
 And old, bluff Jehu once again
 Swings up to rule the whip and rein.
 Onward we hie, like shooting star
 That runs all dazzling—fleet and far;
 And worthy sight for king to see,
 Are four bold coursers, fast and free.

O England! many an olden tale
 Shall yet be told o'er Christmas ale,
 By lips unborn, and they shall say
 What rare works graced their fathers' day.
 Young boys shall chatter in the sun,
 And tell what English steeds have done;
 Records shall note the bygone age,
 And vaunt the matchless, English stage.

Ah! well-a-day! the glory's o'er;
 Soon steed and stage shall be no more:
 The roads that break our fertile earth
 Seem lonely in their human dearth.
 Ah! grieve I will, and grieve I must,
 To miss the mail-coach cloud of dust;
 To think that I shall never see
 The blood-like team, so fast and free;
 And find old Time, with scowling brow,
 Changing all things but horses, now.

 LOVE'S ROSES.

It chanced that late on a summer eve,
 Young Love went scampering through the dew;
 When Old Time met him, and cried, "By your leave,
 Master Cupid, I'll have a few words with you:

"The flowers you own are of great renown,
 And you place them in every mortal breast;
 But most of them fade before my frown,
 As fast as the sun-rays from the west.

"I have only to walk around the stalk,
 And scatter a handful of bitter seeds;
 When lo! where the young rose used to be,
 There dwelleth a crop of lasting weeds.

“ But here and there (not oft, I allow)
I meet with a curious blossom of yours,
That lifteth its head 'neath my heaviest tread,
And is sweeter, methinks, for the crush it endures.

“ Many a vigorous effort I've made
To mow down that blossom so fairly blown ;
But it turns the edge of my well-tried blade,
Though whetted anew on an old gravestone.

“ I have hidden the worm in the innermost germ,
I have sprinkled the leaves with mildew blight ;
But the magical bloom defieeth my strength,
And flourishes on in perfume and light.

“ Come, tell me, boy, how this may be,
That I, who can crumble the pyramid tower,
And wither the sap of a mountain tree,
Am baffled in strength by a tiny flower ?”

“ Oh, oh !” cried Love, “ why, I sadly fear
That you, like me, are among the blind :
Or you'd surely have seen in your long career,
That the roses I plant are of various kind.

“ You must know I've a hotbed here below,
Where most of the glittering scions spring ;
They burst and they blow with a dazzling show,
But I cannot say much for the scent they fling.

“ The gold-dust of Fortune I've always found
Will engender the bud and deepen the hue ;
And the warm breath of Passion, exhaling around,
Will quicken the growth, as nought else can do.

“ They are forward and shining things, forsooth,
And look well as I lavish them carelessly forth :
They are vividly fair, but I know they wont bear
Many sweeps of your scythe, or a gust from the north.

“ They serve for the million creatures of clay,
And, in truth, are the only flowers that suit
The manifold hearts that crowd in my way,
That have no depth for a firmer root.

“ But hearken, old fellow ; I'd soon resign
A godship based on such hollow fame,
If I held no privilege more divine,
To cast a glory about my name.

“There is a fount in the realms above
 With a bubbling stream that hath no end ;
 Where the red rose dips its fadeless lips
 In the waters where Life and Affection blend.

“As the gates of that realm are open to me,
 Why I oftentimes choose to wander there ;
 And I never return, but I bring two or three
 Of the flowers whose tint is beyond compare.

“I do not pluck many, because I have learnt
 'Tis in very few bosoms those flowers can thrive ;
 The soil *must* be the same as the spot whence they came,
 Where such exquisite blossoms will deign to live.

“By chance, I discover a spirit of worth,
 As strong as the eagle, though soft as the dove ;
 That spurns my ephemeral roses of earth,
 And will not be bribed by a butterfly love.

“So, deep in that heart I ingraft the stem
 That blunts your cormorant scythe, old friend ;
 And try as you will, 'twill conquer you still,
 For it never is known to break or bend.

“'Tis a flower that nothing below can destroy ;
 'Tis unwithered by Poverty, Age, or Pain ;
 So take for once the advice of a boy,
 And never go wasting your labour again.”

Time turned away on his iron-shod heel,
 Muttering, after a short “Good night”—
 “I think such a heart must be parcel and part
 Of a very great fool,”—and Time was right.



THE POOR MAN'S GRAVE.

No sable pall, no waving plume,
 No thousand torchlights to illumine,
 No parting glance, no heavy tear,
 Is seen to fall upon the bier.
 There is not one of kindred clay
 To watch the coffin on its way :
 No mortal form, no human breast
 Cares where the pauper's bones may rest.

But one deep mourner follows there,
 Whose grief outlives the funeral prayer ;
 He does not sigh—he does not weep,
 But will not leave the fresh-piled heap.
 'Tis he who was the poor man's mate,
 And made him more content with fate ;
 The mongrel dog that shared his crust,
 Is all that stands beside his dust.

He bends his listening head, as though
 He thought to hear a voice below ;
 He pines to miss that voice so kind,
 And wonders why he's left behind.
 The sun goes down, the night is come ;
 He needs no food—he seeks no home ;
 But, stretched upon the dreamless bed,
 With doleful howl calls back the dead.

The passing gaze may coldly dwell
 On all that polished marbles tell ;
 For temples built on churchyard earth,
 Are claimed by riches more than worth.
 But who would mark with undimmed eyes
 The mourning dog that starves and dies ;
 Who would not ask, who would not crave,
 Such love and faith to guard his grave ?

THE DAISY.

WHEN first the teeming world was rife
 With beauty, plenty, light, and life ;
 When Nature's Godhead, great and wise,
 Had looked upon the earth and skies,
 And "saw all good" that he had done,
 From glowworm's spark to rolling sun ;
 When every tribe and every race,
 Seemed well contented with their place ;
 One little voice alone was heard
 To utter a complaining word.

Creation's Spirit, ever just,
 Turned to the murmuring thing of dust—
 "Stand forth," He said, "and tremble not,
 Relate the evil of thy lot ;
 Low as thou art, thou shalt be heard,—
 Stand forth, thou need'st not fear my word."

A tiny flower from the shade,
Whose head scarce topped the emerald blade,
Came with a sad and plaintive tone,
And thus addressed the Mighty One :

“ Oh! gaze, Creator, gaze around,
And see what brilliant tints abound.
The poppy, with its flaming breast,
Outshines the crimson of the west ;
The speedwell, with its azure hue,
Peeps out and mocks the southern blue,
The foxglove shakes its ruby bells ;
With purple pride the orchis swells ;
The dog-rose, with its dewy charms,
Can lure the wild bee to its arms ;
The corn-flower and the asphodel
Are homes where golden moths will dwell ;
The primrose glitters in the beam,
The pearly lily gems the stream ;
The violet in its regal dress
Wins the young zephyr's soft caress ;
The pimpernel, with scarlet star,
Spangles the hill-top—trailing far :
All, all beside, are seen to wear
Garbs richly gay, or sweetly fair.
The meanest of my kindred shine
With hues of rarer tint than mine.
Oh! who will praise, or who will seek
My simple form and scentless cheek ?”

“ Hush !” said the Spirit, “ well I know
Thou hast no gaudy leaves to show ;
But listen ! Learn what thou wilt be :
Then change with any flower or tree.

“ Thou shalt become a favoured thing
With those who sweep the burning string ;
The lyre shall echo for thy sake,
That brighter bloom shall fail to wake.
A future son of Song and Fame
Shall fling a halo round thy name ;
The inspiration of thy flower
Shall kindle an immortal hour ;
And the ‘ poor Daisy ’ in his way
Shall mingle with the Poet's bay.
Thou shalt be bound by mystic ties
To guileless souls and infant eyes ;
The lisping ones shall clutch thy stem,
As though thy blossom were a gem.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

In Spring-time troops of them shall come
 To hail thee in thy fresh green home ;
 And loudly glad, with bounding heart,
 Tell all the world how dear thou art.
 This, lowly Daisy, is thy lot,
 Say, canst thou be content, or not ?”

The little floweret “ coloured up”
 Till rosy redness fringed its cup ;
 And never has it lost the flush
 Of pride and joy that called the blush.

“ Forgive me, mighty Lord,” it cried ;
 “ Creation’s realm, however wide,
 Holds nought for which I’d change my fate,
 And yield my blest, though humble state.
 The mountain pine may rear its head,
 The forest oak may nobly spread ;
 The rose may bloom, the jasmine breathe,
 The vine and eglantine may wreathe ;
 Of all that springs beneath the sun,
 I, the ‘ poor Daisy’ envy none :
 For none can greater homage prove
 Than Minstrel’s song and Childhood’s love.”

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY ! St. Patrick's Day !
 Oh ! thou tormenting Irish lay—
 I've got thee buzzing in my brain,
 And cannot turn thee out again.
 Oh, mercy ! music may be bliss,
 But not in such a shape as this,
 When all I do, and all I say,
 Begins and ends in Patrick's Day.

Had it but been in opera shape,
 Italian squall, or German scrape,
 Fresh from the bow of Paganini,
 Or caught from Weber or Rossini,
 One would not care so much—but, oh !
 The sad plebeian shame to know
 An old, blind fiddler bore away
 My senses with St. Patrick's Day.

I take up Burke in hopes to chase
 The plaguing phantom from its place ;
 But all in vain—attention wavers
 From classic lore to triplet quavers ;
 An "Essay" on the great "Sublime"
 Sounds strangely set in six-eight time.
 Down goes the book, read how I may,
 The words will flow to Patrick's Day.

I take my meal, and knife and fork
 Must do orchestral leader's work,
 And strike my plate with tinkling jar,
 To mark the fall of every bar.
 I call upon a friend, and lo !
 There's no end to my rat-tat blow—
 Striving to make the knocker play
 That rattling jig, St. Patrick's Day.

I dream of it throughout the night,
 I hum it at the morning's light ;
 Walk, talk, or sit, do what I will,
 'Tis dinning in my cranium still.
 Oh, let the droning bagpipes swell,
 Bring hurdy-gurdy, dustman's bell,
 Or anything to drive away
 That spectral tune, St. Patrick's Day !

SONG OF THE HEMPSEED.

Ay, scatter me well, 'tis a moist spring day ;
 Wide and far be the Hempseed sown :
 And bravely I'll stand on the autumn land,
 When the rains have dropped and the winds have blown
 Man shall carefully gather me up ;
 His hand shall rule and my form shall change ;
 Not as a mate for the purple of state,
 Nor into aught that is "rich and strange."
 But I shall come forth all woven and spun,
 With my fine threads curled in serpent length ;
 And the fire-wrought chain and the lion's thick mane
 Shall be rivalled by me in mighty strength.
 I have many a place in the busy world,
 Of triumph and fear, of sorrow and joy ;
 I carry the freeman's flag unfurled ;
 I am linked to childhood's darling toy.

SONG OF THE HEMPSEED.

Then scatter me wide, and hackle me well;
For a varied tale can the Hempseed tell.

Bravely I swing in the anchor ring,
Where the foot of the proud man cometh not;
Where the dolphin leaps and the sea-weed creeps
O'er the rifted sand and the coral grot.
Down, down below I merrily go
When the huge ship takes her rocking rest:
The waters may chafe, but she dwelleth as safe
As the young bird in its woodland nest.
I wreath the spars of that same fair ship,
Where the gallant sea-hearts cling about:
Springing aloft with a song on the lip,
Putting their faith in the cordage stout,
I am true when the blast sways the giant mast,
Straining and stretched in a nor'-west gale,
I abide with the bark in the day and the dark,
Lashing the hammock and reefing the sail.
Oh! the billows and I right fairly cope,
And the wild tide is stemmed by the cable rope.

Sons of Evil, bad and bold,
Madly ye live and little ye reck;
Till I am noosed in a coiling fold
Ready to hug your felon neck.
The yarn is smooth and the knot is sure;
I will be firm to the task I take;
Thinly they twine the halter line,
Yet when does the halter hitch or break?
My leaves are light and my flowers are bright—
Fit for an infant hand to clasp;
But what think ye of me, 'neath the gibbet tree,
Dangling high in the hangman's grasp?
Oh! a terrible thing does the Hempseed seem
'Twixt the hollow floor and stout crossbeam.

The people rejoice, the banners are spread;
There is frolic and feasting in cottage and hall;
The festival shout is echoing out
From trellised porch and Gothic wall.
Merry souls hie to the belfry tower,
Gaily they laugh when I am found;
And rare music they make, till the quick peals shake
The ivy that wraps the turret round.
The Hempseed lives with the old church bell,
And helpeth the holiday ding-dong-dell.

The sunshine falls on a new-made grave,—
 The funeral train is long and sad :
 The poor man has come to the happiest home,
 And easiest pillow he ever had.
 I shall be there to lower him down
 Gently into his narrow bed ;
 I shall be there, the work to share,
 To guard his feet, and cradle his head.
 I may be seen on the hillock green,
 Flung aside with the bleaching skull ;
 While the earth is thrown with worm and bone,
 Till the sexton has done, and the grave is full.
 Back to the gloomy vault I'm borne,
 Leaving coffin and nail to crumble and rust ;
 There I am laid with the mattock and spade,
 Moistened with tears and clogged with dust.
 Oh ! the Hempseed cometh in doleful shape,
 With the mourner's cloak and sable crape.

Harvest shall spread with its glittering wheat,
 The barn shall be opened, the stack shall be piled ;
 Ye shall see the ripe grain shining out from the wain,
 And the berry-stained arms of the gleaner child.
 Heap on, heap on, till the waggon-ribs creak,
 Let the sheaves go towering to the sky ;
 Up with the shock till the broad wheels rock,
 Fear not to carry the rich freight high ;
 For I will infold the tottering gold,
 I will fetter the rolling load ;
 Not an ear shall escape my binding hold,
 On the furrowed field or jolting road.
 Oh ! the Hempseed hath a fair place to fill,
 With the harvest band on the corn-crowned hill.

My threads are set in the heaving net,
 Out with the fisher-boy far at sea ;
 While he whistles a tune to the lonely moon,
 And trusts for his morrow's bread to me.
 Toiling away through the dry summer-day,
 Round and round I steadily twist ;
 And bring from the cell of the deep old well
 What is rarely prized, but sorely missed.
 In the whirling swing,—in the peg-top string ;
 There am I, a worshipped slave,—
 On ocean and earth I'm a goodly thing ;
 I serve from the playground to the grave.

I have many a place in the busy world,
 Of triumph and fear, of sorrow and joy ;
 I carry the freeman's flag unfurled,
 And am linked to childhood's darling toy ;
 Then scatter me wide, and hackle me well ;
 And a varied tale shall the Hempseed tell.

 THE OLD CLOCK.

CLOCK of the household ! few creatures would trace
 Aught worthy a song in thy dust-covered face ;
 The sight of thy hands and the sound of thy bell
 Tell the hour, and to many 'tis *all* thou canst tell.
 But to me thou canst preach with the tongue of a sage,
 Thou canst tell me old tales from life's earliest page ;
 The long night of sorrow, the short span of glee—
 All my chequers of fate have been witnessed by thee.

They say my first breathings of infant delight
 Were bestowed on the "dicky birds," gilded and bright,
 Which shone forth on thy case,—that the cake or the toy
 Ne'er illumined my eyes with such beamings of joy.
 Full well I remember my wonder profound—
 What caused thee to tick and thy hands to move round,
 Till I watched a safe moment and mounted the chair,
 Intent to discover the why and the where.

I revelled in ruin 'mid wheels, weights, and springs ;
 What sport for the fingers, what glorious things !
 No doubt I gained something of knowledge, but lo !
 Full soon 'twas declared "the old clock didn't go."
 The culprit was seized, but, all punishment vain ;
 I was caught at such doings again and again.
 'Twas the favourite mischief, and nothing would cure,
 Till a lock kept the pendulum sacred and sure.

The corner thou stood'st in was always my place,
 When "I shall" or "I sha'n't" had insured my disgrace ;
 Where my storm of defiance might wear itself out,
 Till the happy laugh banished the frown and the pout.
 When a playmate was coming, how often my eye
 Would greet thee to see if the moment were nigh ;
 And impatiently fancied I never had found
 Thy hand such a laggard in travelling round.

Thou bringest back visions of heart-bounding times,
 When thy midnight hour chorused the rude carol rhymes ;
 When our Christmas was noted for festival mirth,
 And the merry New Year had a boisterous birth.
 I remember the station thou hadst in the hall,
 Where the holly and mistletoe decked the rough wall ;
 Where we mocked at thy voice till the herald of day
 Peeped over the hills in his mantle of grey.

And thou bringest back sorrow, for, oh ! thou hast been
 The companion of many a gloomier scene :
 In the dead of the night I have heard thy loud tick,
 Till my ear has recoiled and my heart has turned sick,
 I have sighed back to thee as I noiselessly crept
 To the close-curtained bed where a dying one slept ;
 When thy echoing stroke and a mother's faint breath
 Seemed the sepulchre tidings that whispered of death.

Clock of the household ! thou ne'er hast been thrust
 From thy station to dwell amid lumber and dust :
 Let fashion prevail and rare changes betide,
Thou wert always preserved with a cherishing pride.
 Thou hast ever been nigh, thou hast looked upon all,—
 On the birth, on the bridal, the cradle, and pall ;
 To the infant at play and the sire turning grey,
 Thou hast spoken the warning of "passing away."

Clock of the household ! I gaze on thee now
 With the shadow of thought growing deep on my brow ;
 For I feel and I know that "the future" has hours
 Which will not be marked by a dial of flowers.
 My race may be run when thy musical chime
 Will be still ringing out in the service of time ;
 And the Clock of the household will shine in the room
 When I, the forgotten one, sleep in the tomb.

SONG OF THE OSTRICH.

THE minstrel ever loves to sing
 Of the beautiful gloss of the raven's wing ;
 He tells of beauty, and seeks to compare
 The pinion of jet with the maiden's hair.
 The swan has a bright and goodly place
 For its spotless down and stately grace ;
 And bards unnumbered have praised the dove,
 For its gentle faith and eye of love.

SONG OF THE OSTRICH.

The carolling lark oft wakes a tone
 As rich, as sweet, and fresh as its own ;
 Lyres are strung for the wild sea-mew,
 And the tawny night-owl hath its due.
 The eagle on dark, broad wing goes by,
 While we hail him and laud him as king of the sky ;
 And the poet's responding echoes float
 Round the nightingale's lay and cuckoo's note.

But, forget not, when praising the tribes of the air,
 To give to the bird of the desert his share :
 Though I warble not in a verdant land,
 And am never leashed to a lady's hand.
 Yet many a league does the traveller come,
 Seeking me far in my torrid home ;
 To gain my plumage " rich and rare "
 For the knightly train and courteous fair.

The wished-for heir to the titled line
 Is worshipped and decked as a thing divine ;
 The helpless form and tiny face
 Are swathed in purple and shaded with lace ;
 The mantle of velvet is richly bright,
 The robe of fine lawn, soft and white ;
 But mine are the feathers that nod and bow
 Over the first-born's baby brow.

Away on their steeds to the hostile horde
 Go the warrior knight and the soldier lord ;
 The corselet sparkles, the baldric is gay,
 And bravely they bound in their battle array.
 The scarf may flutter, the steel may shine,
 But a prouder and nobler place is mine !
 For the gem-wrought star that may gleam on the breast
 Dazzles not like the dancing plume on the crest.

The envied daughters of rank are seen
 In costly garbs of lustrous sheen ;
 And I must be had to grace and crown
 Foreheads as fair as my own soft down.
 Glad and light such foreheads may seem,
 And all look bright as a fairy dream ;
 But I have dwelt in halls of state,
 While temples have throbb'd beneath my weight.

Man dies and is coffined—but yet I am found
 Swelling the train on the bone-strewn ground :
 His race is run—his glory is past,
 But I come in my pomp to mock him at last.

Then a song for the bird whose feathers wave
 O'er the christening font, and the fresh-made grave—
 A song for the bird of the desert, whose plume
 Is seen by the cradle and met at the tomb!

THE ROOK SITS HIGH.

THE Rook sits high when the blast sweeps by,
 Right pleased with his wild see-saw ;
 And though hollow and bleak be the fierce wind's shriek
 It is mocked by his loud caw-caw.
 What careth he for the bloom-robed tree,
 Or the rose so sweet and fair ;
 He loves not the sheen of the spring-time green,
 Any more than the branches bare,
 Oh ! the merriest bird the woods e'er saw
 Is the sable Rook with his loud caw-caw.

Winter may fling crystal chains on the wing
 Of the fieldfare, hardy and strong ;
 The snow-cloud may fall like a downy pall ;
 Hushing each warbler's song ;
 The starved gull may come from his ocean home
 And the poor, little robin lie dead ;
 The curlew bold may shrink from the cold,
 And the house-dove droop his head :
 But the sable Rook still chatters away,
 Through the bitterest frost and the darkest day.

He builds not in bowers, 'mid perfume and flowers,
 But as far from the earth as he can ;
 He " weathers the storm," he seeks for the worm,
 And craves not the mercy of man.
 Then a health to the bird whose music is heard
 When the ploughboy's whistle is still ;
 To the pinions that rise, when the hail-shower flies,
 And the moor-cock broods under the hill :
 For the merriest fellow the woods e'er saw
 Is the sable Rook with his loud caw-caw.

We read in the page of the grey-haired sage,
 That misfortune should ne'er bow us down ;
 Yet if Care come nigh, the best of us sigh,
 And cower beneath his frown.

But the Rook is content when the summer is sent,
 And as glad when its glories fade ;
 Then fill, fill to the brim—here's a bumper to him
 Who sings on through the sun and the shade :
 For the wisest fellow the world e'er saw
 Is the sable Rook with his loud caw-caw.

SONG OF THE GREENWOOD FAGOT.

OH! a bonnie thing am I, when the woodman binds me up,
 For he takes me with the green leaf and the tawny acorn cup ;
 He takes me in the forest, while the soft wind loiters through,
 Where my branches bear the ringdove and my young bark drinks the
 dew.

I am lopped from sylvan thickets, where the squirrel peeping out,
 Seems wondering why they take the arms he used to play about ;
 And the bonnie Greenwood Fagot, with its blossoms and its sprays ;
 Is beautiful and fragrant in the first of summer days.

My green leaves soon are dead, and my freshness withers fast ;
 The glory and the beauty of my forest life are past ;
 But the birds find other branches where they troll as gay a song
 And I fall unmourned, like many, from a bright and worldly throng.
 Away I go at sunset, on a broad and sturdy back,
 To mingle with my kindred heap upon the winter stack ;
 I bear all change that stormy cold and parching heat can bring,
 Till the bonnie, Greenwood Fagot is a seared and sapless thing.

My green leaves soon are brown, and the acorn drops away ;
 The forest is far off, and my lithe bark turneth gray ;
 And while some noisy festival is ringing through the land,
 Young hands, perchance, are seizing me to bear me to the brand.
 They spring amid my showering sparks in bold, fantastic form ;
 Their spirits buoyant as my light, their hearts as wild and warm :
 Dance on, dance on! for never will ye bask in brighter rays
 Than those the Greenwood Fagot sheds on boyhood's bonfire-days.

Long time ago they pulled me from the peasant's frugal hoard
 To feed the altar, where the stream of human incense poured,
 And brought and piled by goodly hands and Christian souls I stood
 Crackling around the oozing bones, and smoking through the blood.
 I've choked the martyr's deadly shriek with hissing tongues of flame ;
 While saints and prelates crowned me with a loud, undying fame ;
 And the bonnie Greenwood Fagot spread its fierce and fiendish blaze,
 As Mercy's crimson banner in the "Good Queen Mary's days."

But better place and nobler deeds have fallen to my lot:
 When fair Helvetia's earth was stained with tyranny's foul blot,
 I was the signal to brave hearts from every mountain height—
 I was the star that ushered in the sun of Freedom's light—
 I gave the fire that melted down the fetters of the slave,
 And struck a quailing terror to the trampling, despot knave—
 I was the beacon flame that rose when chains and Gesler fell,
 And the bonnie Greenwood Fagot shone on Liberty and Tell.

Oh! a bonnie thing am I, when the woodman binds me up,
 For he takes me with the green leaf and the tawny acorn cup;
 He takes me from the forest, where I brush the red deer's horn,
 Where the sweetest and the richest of Spring's violets are born.
 Nought fresher and nought fairer can be found upon the earth,
 For May flowers and April rainbows come to hail me at my birth:
 And the bonnie Greenwood Fagot, with its blossoms and its sprays,
 Deserves a song in Winter nights and Summer's merry days.



LET NOT THE SEED OF ANGER LIVE.

THE ruthless hand of savage strife
 Lays waste the fair and smiling bowers;
 The ruby flood of streaming blood
 Darkens the earth and chokes the flowers.
 But let the fearful day be past—
 The dust forgets the sanguine stain;
 The crushed blade rises fresh and fast;
 And leaf and flower are there again.

The sunlight gilds the rippling tide—
 The wave is gentle in its flow—
 Till some rude bark, in sweeping pride,
 Disturbs it with a cleaving prow.
 Foam dashes as the keel speeds on,
 Its chafing track awakes the main;
 A moment, and the foam is gone—
 The ruffled waters sleep again.

The clouds may meet in frowning form,
 And gather in the face of day;
 The shadow of the scowling storm
 May overcast the noontide ray;

But soon the south wind breathes serene,—
 The bee and bird are on the plain ;
 The sky forgets the storm hath been—
 And all is joy and light again.

So should our bosoms take the jar
 That thoughtless speech or deed may wake ;
 The wounds which, soon healed, slightly scar,—
 Kept open, fester, bleed, and ache.
 Let not the seed of anger live—
 The yielding heart knows least of pain :
 'Tis wisest to forget, forgive ;
 And dwell in love and peace again.



BLACK BESS.

TURPIN had his Black Bess, and she carried him well,
 As Fame with her loud-breathing trumpet will tell ;
 She knew not the lash, and she suffered no spur ;
 A bold rider was all that was needed by her.
 That rider grew pallid and cautious with fear,
 There was danger around him and death in the rear :
 But he mocked at the legion of foes on his track,
 When he found himself firm on his bonnie steed's back.

She carried him on as no steed did before,
 She travelled as courser will never do more ;
 Bounding on like the wild deer, she scarce left a trace,
 On the road or the turf, of her antelope pace.
 The pistol was levelled, what was it to Dick ?
 The shot might be rapid, but Bess was as quick :
 "Ha ! ha !" shouted Turpin, "a horse and a man
 Are fair marks for your bullets to reach, if they can."

The mountain was high, and the valley was deep ;
 She sprang up the hill and she flew down the steep ;
 She came to the waste, rough with furrow and weed,
 But the brushwood and gap were no checks to her speed.
 She dashed through the stream and she climbed the broad bank ;
 With no word to urge forward, no heel to her flank ;
 The gate with its padlock might stand in her way ;
 It took more than five bars to keep Black Bess at bay.

She kept her career up for many a league,
 With no slackening of pace and no sign of fatigue;
 Right onward she went till she staggered and dropped;
 But her limbs only failed when her heart-pulse had stopped.
 Her dare-devil rider lived on for a while,
 And told of her work with a triumphant smile:
 And the fame of Dick Turpin had been something less
 If he'd ne'er rode to York on his bonnie Black Bess.

Here's a health to her memory! shirk it who dare—
 If you love what is noble, pledge Turpin's brave mare;
 And the draught will be welcome, the wine will be good;
 If it have half the spirit and strength of her blood.
 May the steed that comes nigh her in courage and fire
 Carry rider more worthy to make its heart tire;
 Though she saved him, and died to prove what she could do,
 Yet *her* life was most precious by far of the two.

I live on the sea, and I'm lord of a ship,
 That starts from her rest like a hound from the slip;
 Her speed is unrivalled, her beauty is rare;
 But her timbers are black as the highwayman's mare.
 From her keel-spanning beam to her sky-greeting spar
 She's as dark as a midnight without moon or star:
 Her name, boys! her name, you may easily guess,
 She is christened, right nobly, "The Bonnie Black Bess."

THE HEART—THE HEART.

THE Heart—the Heart! oh! let it be
 A true and bounteous thing;
 As kindly warm, as nobly free,
 As eagle's nestling wing.
 Oh! keep it not, like miser's gold,
 Shut in from all beside;
 But let its precious stores unfold,
 In mercy, far and wide.
 The Heart—the Heart that's truly blest
 Is never all its own;
 No ray of glory lights the breast
 That beats for self alone.

The Heart—the Heart! oh! let it spare
 A sigh for other's pain;
 The breath that soothes a brother's care
 Is never spent in vain.

TO THE ROBIN.

And though it throb at gentlest touch,
 Or Sorrow's faintest call;
 'Twere better it should ache too much,
 Than never ache at all.
 The Heart—the Heart that's truly blest
 Is never all its own;
 No ray of glory lights the breast
 That beats for self alone.

TO THE ROBIN.

I WISH I could welcome the spring, bonnie bird,
 With a carol as joyous as thine;
 Would my heart were as light as thy wing, bonnie bird,
 And thine eloquent spirit-song mine!

The bloom of the earth and the glow of the sky
 Win the loud-trilling lark from his nest;
 But though gushingly rich are his pæans on high,
 Yet, sweet Robin, I like thee the best.

I've been marking the plumes of thy scarlet-faced suit,
 And the light in thy pretty, black eye;
 Till my harpstring of gladness is mournfully mute,
 And I echo thy note with a sigh.

For you perch on the bud-covered spray, bonnie bird,
 O'er the bench where I chance to recline;
 And you chatter and warble away, bonnie bird,
 Calling up all the tales of "lang syne."

They sang to my childhood the ballad that told
 Of "the snow coming down very fast;"
 And the plaint of the Robin all starving and cold,
 Flung a spell that will live to the last.

How my tiny heart struggled with sorrowful heaves,
 That kept choking my eyes and my breath;
 When I heard of thee spreading the shroud of green leaves
 O'er the little ones, lonely in death.

I stood with delight by the frost-chequered pane,
 And whispered, "See, see, Bobby comes!"
 While I fondly enticed him again and again
 With the handful of savoury crumbs.

There were traps—there were nets, in each thicket and glen,
 That took captures by night and by day ;
 There were cages for chaffinch, for thrush, and for wren,
 For linnet, for sparrow, and jay.

But if ever thou chanced to be caught, bonnie bird,
 With what eager concern thou wert freed ;
 Keep a Robin enslaved ! why, 'twas thought, bonnie bird,
 That “bad luck” would have followed the deed.

They wondered what led the young dreamer to rove
 In the face of a chill, winter wind ;
 But the daisy below, and the Robin above,
 Were bright things that I ever could find.

Thou wert nigh when the May blossoms gladdened the sight,
 When the autumn's blast smote the proud tree ;
 In the corn-field of plenty, or desert of blight,
 I was sure, bonnie bird, to see thee.

I sang to thee then as thou sing'st to me now,
 And my strain was as fresh and as wild ;
 Oh, what is the laurel Fame twines for the brow,
 To the wood-flowers plucked by the child !

Oh, would that, like thee, I could meet with all change,
 And ne'er murmur at aught that is sent !
 Oh, would I could bear with the dark and the fair ;
 And still hail it with voice of content !

How I wish I could welcome the spring, bonnie bird,
 With a carol as joyous as thine ;
 Would my heart were as light as thy wing, bonnie bird,
 And thy beautiful spirit-song mine !

A SKETCH.

THE summer sun is stealing fast away,
 And merry children join in noisy mirth ;
 Laughing and leaping in the golden ray,
 The dearest and the gayest things of earth.

Fair forms are bounding rapidly about,
 Light as the fairy imps in sylvan rings ;
 Drowning the blackbird's song with their wild shout ;
 And chasing down the moth with azure wings.

But there is one, in quiet, lonely mood,
 Taking a shadowy path apart from all ;
 Choosing the mossy margin, where the flood
 Leads to the loud and dashing waterfall.

Slow, lingering—now to gaze upon the tide,
 And watch the swelling ripples gliding by ;
 Now bending o'er the brooklet's shelving side,
 With stiller breathing, and a closer eye.

He muses with a long and earnest glance ;
 Noting the things his playmates never heed ;
 Pausing to see the water-lilies dance
 To the soft music of the wave-splashed reed.

He wonders none beside himself can find
 Something to wonder at in woods and streams ;
 And knows not that his fresh, untutored mind
 Is dreaming busily, the poet's dreams.

He feels the Immortal light of Spirit live
 Within his breast—but knows not that in years
 To come that warm and flashing ray will give
 The brightest rainbow through the bitterest tears.

Life's sands run on—The wayward child is now
 All that foreboding tongues erst prophesied ;
 Reflection's cloud has darkened on the brow,
 And all Youth promised, Time has not denied.

The cheeks have less of roundness and of red,
 The grey eye has become more softly deep ;
 The lips are thinner, but the spirit shed
 Around them tells that Feeling does not sleep.

And still he takes the lonely way, and still
 He saunters idly, seeming to love best
 That which he loved of old—the wimpling rill,
 And the thick wood that holds the owl's nest.

Yet does he lean against the straggling tree,
 When Summer flings her blossoms at his feet ;
 And still he thinks the whirring of the bee
 And distant, tinkling sheep-bell, music sweet.

Yet does he wander on a starry night ;
 Yet will he stand to watch the bulrush nod ;
 Still will he hold upon the mountain height
 Close questioning with nature and its God.

What is he? Hark! the busy voice of Fame
 Sounds beneath household roofs from heart to heart;
 And heralds forth his glory and his name,
 In notes whose echoes never shall depart.

What is he? Ask it of his own proud breast,
 That quails, perchance, from Poverty and Wrong:
 His lyre shall tell thee—he is great and blest,
 The worshipped and the poor—a Child of Song.



TOM TIDLER'S GROUND.

THE sports of Childhood's roseate dawn
 Have passed from our hearts like the dew-gems from morn;
 We have parted with marbles—we own not a ball,
 And are deaf to the hail of a "whoop and a call."
 But there's one old game that we all keep up,
 When we've drunk much deeper from Life's mixed cup:
 Youth may have vanished and Manhood come round,
 Yet how busy we are on "Tom Tidler's ground
 Looking for gold and silver."

We see an old man with his hair all grey,
 Bending over his desk through a long summer day;
 The flowers are closed and the red sun sets,
 But he is awake o'er his column of debts.
 With his brain in a whirl and his hands never still,
 He toils and plods on like a steed in a mill;
 And though every penny has grown to a pound,
 Not an inch will he stir from "Tom Tidler's ground,
 Where springeth the gold and silver."

"I like not my lover," the fair girl cries;
 "He suits not my soul—he glads not my eyes;
 And it cannot be good to wed the one
 Whom in secret truth we loathe and shun."
 "Fool! fool! ther. is many a heart that feels
 Like thine—but the noise of his chariot wheels
 Will drown thy sighs with a magical sound;
 And think of your home on "Tom Tidler's ground,
 Among the gold and silver."

The poet goes wandering everywhere,
 But the chance is a strange one that carries him *there*,
 He may gaze on the road, but he's certain to mark
 That the twistings and turnings are mazy and dark;
 And if he should happen to thread the way,
 And arrive at the spot, 'tis a doubt if he'll stay;
 For his spirit is broad, and will rarely be bound
 As a slave upon even "Tom Tidler's ground,
 Though the chains be of gold and silver."

He may rest for a time, but he thinks full soon,
 It is pleasanter far to be watching the moon;
 Soft tones go by, and away starts he
 In pursuit of his friend, the murmuring bee.
 The trees are green and the violets sweet,
 There's the lark overhead and the brook at his feet;
 And his harp responds to the music around,
 As it never could do on "Tom Tidler's ground
 To the chinking of gold and silver."

But we find no record that tells us when
 The poet was reckoned among wise men;
 For 'tis said that the waters of Helicon's stream
 Will lull him in aught but a sober dream.
 No other proof need the wide world bring,
 That his brain is a wayward and witless thing;
 'Tis quite enough that he often is found
 Roving away from "Tom Tidler's ground,
 Forgetting the gold and silver."

"Take no heed of to-morrow" is ever the text,
 For the ear of the mourner whose "spirit is vexed;"
 But our lips will often be wearing a smile,
 If we mark what the priest is about the while.
 He is gathering up a worldly store;
 Though holding enough, he is longing for more;
 And you'll meet him, despite his text profound,
 Along with the crowd on "Tom Tidler's ground,
 Looking for gold and silver."

Faith zealously points out a kingdom to come,
 Another—a pure—and a beautiful home;
 Where all joy shall be known, where the poor shall be blest;
 Where all burthens shall fall, and the weary have rest.
 Bright promise! but answer me, children of earth;
 Don't it seem that the land of most glory and worth
 Would be where the limitless dross could be found,
 Where you'd walk on eternal "Tom Tidler's ground,
 Picking up gold and silver."

THOSE WE LOVE.

WE leave our own—our father-land,
 To lead the wanderer's chequered life—
 On stormy seas or desert sand,
 In pilgrim peace or busy strife:
 But there's a hope to save and cheer
 Through all of danger, toil, and pain;
 It shines to dry the starting tear,
 And lights the pathway back again
 To those we love.

Let others give us gems and gold;
 With gems and gold we'd lightly part—
 We take them, but we do not hold
 The treasures sacred in the heart.
 Such costly boons may have the power
 To win our thanks and wake our pride;
 But dearer is the withered flower
 That has been worn and thrown aside
 By those we love.

We pine beneath the regal dome,
 We prize not all that's rich and fair;
 We cannot rest in princely home,
 If those we cherish dwell not there.
 But let the spirit choose its lot,
 We'd rather take the rover's tent;
 Or gladly share the peasant's cot,
 And bless the flying moments spent
 With those we love.

And when at last the hand of death
 Has dimmed the glance and chilled the breast;
 When trembling word and fleeting breath
 Dwell on the name we like the best;—
 E'en then, however keen the throe,
 'Tis easy for ourselves to die:
 The deepest anguish is to know
 That grief will wring the mourner's sigh
 From those we love.



THE PLAYGROUND.

'Tis not a place where the heirs of pride
 Can leap in their pastimes far and wide;
 No marbled court—no daisied sward—
 'Tis but three fathoms of stone-paved yard.
 No freshening breeze—no trellised bower—
 No bee to chase from flower to flower:
 'Tis dimly close—in a city pent—
 But the hearts within it are well content.

Five young forms are busy there,
 In the August sunlight, warm and fair;
 And there are the shouts of mirth and might,
 In the gloom of a chill November night.
 Shells are scattered and squibs whirl high,
 While they build the grotto or burn the guy.
 The flagstones ring with the revel joys
 Of two blithe girls and three bold boys.

They are kindred ones, that ever share
 The same fond love, the same plain fare;
 They have sprung together, side by side,
 And heart to heart is closely tied.
 They bound as lightly as the ball
 That dances back from the whitewashed wall;
 And beauty and health illumine each face,
 Though their Playground be but a narrow place.

Time's dial, numbered with hopes and fears,
 Has told the flight of a score of years;
 And few of the golden figures are found
 That once filled up the whole, smooth round.
 Where is the young and happy band
 That sported together, hand in hand?
 Where are the creatures glad and bright,
 That made the narrow Playground light?

The eldest-born once more has come
 To the play-place of his boyhood's home;
 And his eye is cast on the swivel-ring,
 Where he passed the rope for a sister's swing.
 He remembers when it used to shine
 With the constant wear of the cable line:
 The spider's web is round it now,
 And he turns his glance with falling brow.

He hath no mate—he stands alone,
And marks the broken corner-stone
Where the hole was scooped, and treasures spread
In buttons of brass and dumps of lead.
He stands in fixed and pensive thought,
Above the chinks his pegtop wrought :
The lid droops closer o'er his eye,
And his breathing deepens to a sigh.

The broken nails still mark the spot
Where he toiled to fix the pigeon's cot ;
And the rusted staple is clinging yet
Where the kennel for his dog was set.
He looks upon the slated ledge
Where a brother climbed the slippery edge ;
The brother, boldest of the three,
The frank, the kind—and where is he ?

That one of the five has passed away
Ere a lock of his rich brown hair was grey ;
The death-damp stood on his brow serene
Ere the trace of a wrinkled line was seen.
The fairest in face, the finest in form,
Is laid in the dust with the shroud and worm ;
The bravest in heart, the loudest in mirth,
In the flush of his youth has passed from earth.

And one is far in another land,
His steed the camel, his bed the sand ;
And the others are dwelling wide apart,
With a coldness in each selfish heart.
The world has strangely warped each breast
That so purely glowed in the parent nest :
The links that formed Love's silken chain
Are broken, never to meet again.

Fortune has bribed with dazzling gold,
And truth and feeling have been sold,
Till a sister's or a brother's name
Are coldly breathed in tones of blame.
Happiest far the stripling boy
Who died in the hours of peace and joy ;—
Who passed in the flush of his beauty's bloom,
From the narrow Playground to the tomb.

MOURN NOT THE DEAD.

MOURN not the dead—shed not a tear
 Above the moss-stained, sculptured stone ;
 But weep for those whose living woes
 Still yield the bitter, rending groan.

Grieve not to see the eyelids close
 In rest that has no fevered start ;
 Wish not to break the deep repose
 That curtains round a pulseless heart.

But keep thy pity for the eyes
 That pray for night, yet fear to sleep ;
 Lest wilder, sadder visions rise
 Than those o'er which they, waking, weep.

Mourn not the dead—'tis they alone
 Who are the peaceful and the free ;
 The purest olive branch is known
 To twine about the cypress tree.

Crime, Pride, and Passion hold no more
 The willing or the struggling slave ;
 The throbbing pangs of love are o'er,
 And Hatred dwells not in the grave.

The world may pour its venom'd blame,
 And fiercely spurn the shroud-wrapped bier ;
 Some few may call upon the name,
 And sigh to meet a "dull, cold ear."

But vain the scorn that would offend,
 In vain the lips that would beguile ;
 The coldest foe, the warmest friend
 Are mocked by Death's unchanging smile.

The only watchword that can tell
 Of peace and freedom won by all,
 Is echoed by the tolling bell,
 And traced upon the sable pall.





W. M. G. 1852

W. M. G. 1852

Hang up the happy bell, we'll wake no more

He sleeps the sleep of death

Hang up the Harry

YOUNG KATHLEEN.

'Twas long, long ago, nigh the streams of Killarney,
 Young Kathleen, sweet flower, I wooed for my bride;
 But she said that an Irishman's love was soft blarney,
 Like a rainbow it lived, like a rainbow it died.
 Yet fondly and truly my bosom was yearning;
 Her smile was my star, and her word was my creed:
 Oh! my loving was pure, but she mocked its deep burning;
 She rived my warm spirit and left it to bleed!

But the worm's at the core, and its work is proclaiming
 The sorrowful tale my proud lip would not speak;
 It feeds and lives on in defiance of blaming;
 It drinks from my breathing and whitens my cheek.
 Soon, soon will the green grass above me be springing,
 And maidens shall come to my grave with a sigh;
 They shall strew the dark willow, and tell in their singing
 That the sons of old Erin can love till they die.



STANZAS TO THE MEMORY OF BURNS.

OH, Robin, Robin, child of Song!
 The nobly poor—the bravely strong,
 Warm hearts have met to crown thy lyre,
 And mourn the fate that quenched its fire.
 Like many another, rare and great,
 Thou wert not treasured till too late;
 Thy “magic mantle’s” glowing sheen
 Burst through thy shroud-cloth ere ’twas seen.

Oh, Robin, Robin! bards divine
 Fair wreaths for thee have loved to twine;
 But none that deck thy memory-stone
 Eclipse the laurels of thine own.
 The craven hand would seek to fling
 A shadow o'er thy richest string;
 But never shall such coward slave
 Shut out one ray from Robin's grave.

Oh, Robin, Robin! princes now
 Will speak of him who "held the plough;"
 And many a pilgrim hails the spot
 Made sacred by the "ploughman's cot."
 The lips that laugh—the hearts that grieve,
 Chant forth thy strains from morn till eve;
 For Nature ever fondly turns
 To hear her own sweet truth from Burns.

Though nought beside of hallowed worth
 Marked Scotia's men and Scotia's earth,
 Since Burns has sung, she needs no more
 To spread her fame the wide world o'er.
 Oh, Robin, Robin! proudly dear,
 Thy spirit still is with us here;
 And Glory's halo round thy head
 Shines as we laud the mighty dead.



THE POOR IRISH BOY.

OH! I wish that the strange kith and kin of my father
 Had never remembered poor Norah at all;
 They have left me a heap of bright gold, but I'd rather
 Go back as I was to the clay cottage wall.
 Gay lovers in plenty come whining and wooing;
 I'm followed as close as a deer by the hounds;
 False-hearted fellows! I know what they're doing,
 They're courting my pennies, now turned into pounds.
 But Dermot, dear Dermot—oh! woe is my breathing,
 Dermot has stricken the root of my joy;
 For he passes me by with a flash in his eye,
 Saying, "Norah's too rich for the Poor, Irish Boy."

Oh! will I forget when he helped me to carry
 The bucket of water and basket of peat;
 When I left him alone, and yet found he would tarry
 To gaze on the dew-moistened prints of my feet?
 Oh! will I forget his sad praying and weeping
 When the sickness of fever was wasting my cheek;
 When he turned from his bread, and watched on without
 sleeping;
 With a sorrow too deep for his white lips to speak?
 Oh! Dermot, dear Dermot, though gold oft bewitches,
 And the best of our soul it can often destroy;
 Yet Norah's warm heart would soon break amid riches,
 Unless they were shared by the Poor, Irish Boy.

Though the pledge in pure whiskey too often he's drinking;
 Though he idles his time, singing, "Cush la ma chree";
 Yet they cannot be mighty great faults—I am thinking,
 When the glass and the song are both sacred to me.
 They tell me his face has no beauty about it;
 But beauty's a garb for a butterfly's wear:
 I'm not sure but I love him the better without it,
 Yet how white are his teeth and how black is his hair!
 Dermot, my own, darling Dermot, oh! never
 Believe that I'll look on another with joy!
 But just ask me once more if I'll have you for ever,
 And see if I'll turn from the Poor, Irish Boy.



SONG OF THE HAYMAKERS.

THE noontide is hot and our foreheads are brown;
 Our palms are all shining and hard;
 Right close is our work with the wain and the fork,
 And but poor is our daily reward.
 But there's joy in the sunshine, and mirth in the lark
 That skims whistling away over head;
 Our spirits are light, though our skins may be dark,
 And there's peace with our meal of brown bread.
 We dwell in the meadows, we toil on the sward,
 Far away from the city's dull gloom;
 And more jolly are we, though in rags we may be,
 Than the pale faces over the loom.
 Then a song and a cheer for the bonnie, green stack,
 Climbing up to the sun, wide and high;
 For the pitchers, and rakers, and merry haymakers,
 And the beautiful, Midsummer sky!

Come forth, gentle ladies—come forth, dainty sirs,
 And lend us your presence awhile;
 Your garments will gather no stain from the burs,
 And a freckle wont tarnish your smile.
 Our carpet's more soft for your delicate feet
 Than the pile of your velveted floor;
 And the air of our balm-swath is surely as sweet
 As the perfume of Araby's shore.

Come forth, noble masters, come forth to the field,
 Where freshness and health may be found;
 Where the wind-rows are spread for the butterfly's bed,
 And the clover-bloom falleth around.

THE MOOR OF GLENARM.

Then a song and a cheer for the bonnie, green stack,
 Climbing up to the sun, wide and high;
 For the pitchers, and rakers, and merry haymakers,
 And the beautiful, Midsummer sky!

“Hold fast!” cries the waggoner, loudly and quick,
 And then comes the hearty “Gee-wo!”
 While the cunning old team-horses manage to pick
 A sweet mouthful to munch as they go.
 The tawny-faced children come round us to play,
 And bravely they scatter the heap;
 Till the tiniest one, all outspent with the fun,
 Is curled up with the sheep-dog, asleep.
 Old age sitteth down on the haycock’s fair crown,
 At the close of our labouring day;
 And wishes his life, like the grass at his feet,
 May be pure at its “passing away.”
 Then a song and a cheer for the bonnie, green stack,
 Climbing up to the sun, wide and high;
 For the pitchers, and rakers, and merry haymakers,
 And the beautiful, Midsummer sky!



THE MOOR OF GLENARM.

'Tis only a wonder how Nature gave birth
 To so ugly a place upon Ireland's fair earth:
 But, indeed, 'tis a lonely and desert-like spot,
 With no home for a soul but one poor, little cot.
 The few, scattered trees are the first to be bare,
 If a cold wind is blowing 'tis coldest just there.
 No garden, no turf-bog, oh! what was the charm
 That took me so oft to the Moor of Glenarm?

I remember one beautiful, rosy-faced morn,
 I put on my best suit, and was out with the dawn;
 Though I meant to go east, by the truth of my breast,
 I found myself bending full speed to the west.
 I was nigh to the shieling, right happy and gay,
 When young Brian came whistling the very same way:
 Oh! didn't I burn with a mighty alarm
 To find that *he* came to the Moor of Glenarm.

Full soon I discovered one sweet, dimpled face
 Gave all the soft light on that desolate place;
 One kind voice said, “Terence, boy, how do you do?”
 And made the loud night-blast seem musical too.

I took courage and asked for the darling one's love,
When she crouched to my heart like a fluttering dove :
I wooed and I wedded, and still own the charm,
For I bless till this day, the dark Moor of Glenarm.

TROUBLE YOUR HEADS WITH YOUR OWN AFFAIRS.

A Song for the Million.

You all know the burden that hangs to my song,
Like the bell of St. Paul's, 'tis a common ding-dong ;
I don't go to College for classical tools,
For Apollo has now set up National Schools.
Oh ! mine is a theme you can chant when you may,
Fit for every age and for every day ;
And if rich folks say, " Poor folks, don't give yourselves airs !"
Bid them " Trouble their heads with their own affairs."

Oh ! how hard it appears to leave others alone,
And those with most sin often cast the first stone ;
What missiles we scatter wherever we pass,
Though our own walls are formed of most delicate glass.
Let the wise one in " Nature's walk " pause ere he shoot
At scampering Folly in harlequin suit ;
He'd find " motley," no doubt, in what he himself wears,
If he'd " Trouble his head with his own affairs."

Our acquaintance stand up with reproving advice,
Where the friend of our soul would be sparingly nice ;
But people *will* see their own farthing-dip shine,
Though they stick it right under a gunpowder mine.
Faults and errors choke up like a snow-storm, I ween,
But we each have a door of our own to sweep clean ;
And 'twould save us a vast many squabbles and cares,
If we'd " Trouble our heads with our own affairs."

The " Browns " spend the bettermost part of the day
In watching the " Greens," who live over the way ;
They know about this, and they know about that,
And can tell Mr. Green when he has a new hat.
Mrs. Brown finds that Mrs. Green's never at home,
Mrs. Brown doubts how Mrs. Green's money can come ;
And Mrs. Brown's youngest child tumbles down stairs.
Through not " Troubling her head with her own affairs."

Mr. Figgins, the grocer, with sapient frown,
 Is forsaking the counter to go to "the Crown :"
 With his grog and his politics, mighty and big ;
 He raves like a Tory, or swears like a Whig :
 He discusses the Church, Constitution, and State,
 Till his creditors also get up a debate ;
 And a " plum " of rich colour is lost to his heirs
 Through not " Troubling his head with his own affairs !"

Let a symptom of wooing and wedding be found,
 And full soon the impertinent whisper goes round :
 The fortune, the beauty, the means, and the ends ;
 Are all carefully weighed by our good-natured friends.
 'Tis a chance if the lady is perfectly right ;
 She must be a flirt, if she is not a fright ;
 Oh, how pleasant 'twould be if the meddlesome bears
 Would but " Trouble their heads with their own affairs !"

We are busy in helping the far-away slave,—
 We must cherish the Pole, for he's foreign and brave ;
 Our alms-giving record is widely unrolled—
 To the east and the west we send mercy and gold :
 But methinks there are those in our own famous land
 Whose thin cheeks might be fattened by Charity's hand ;
 And when John Bull is dealing his generous shares,
 Let him " Trouble his head with his own affairs."

We abuse without limit the heretic one
 While he bends to the image, or kneels to the sun ;
 We *must* interfere with all other men's creeds,
 From the Brahmin's white bull to the Catholic's beads :
 But Heaven, like Rome, may have many a road
 That leads us direct to the wished-for abode ;
 And a wise exhortation, in Christian prayers,
 Would be—" Trouble your head with your own affairs."

THE FOREST BRAKE.

THE forest brake—the forest brake,
 It must not dwell in cultured soil ;
 Its dewy green must not be seen
 Where reaping pays the sower's toil.

'Tis rooted up, like noxious weed,
From gay parterres of floral grace ;
Where roses shine and jasmines twine,
The forest brake must have no place.

Its curling leaf must never spring
Where riches hold the wide domain ;
'Tis cast, as an unwelcome thing,
From grassy dell and sweeping plain.

But fresh and free its tall head rears
O'er mount and moorland, far and wide ;
And noble company it bears
With forest monarch, side by side.

Oh ! how I loved the ferny waste
That spread about my childhood's home !
I sought it with a gladder haste
Than now I seek a gilded dome :

I knew it was the dark retreat
Of lizard, frog, and speckled snake ;
But nought could keep my wandering feet
From trampling through the forest brake.

The breathing violets sprung there,
'Twas there the skylark chose to dwell ;
And hissing serpents failed to scare,
While bird and bloom were found as well.

There did I muse in lonely thought,
Bending above the purple flower ;
'Twas there the simple heath-bloom taught
The Great Creator's boundless power.

My young, warm spirit yielded up
Its first intense devotion there ;
And breathed above the harebell's cup,
Its grateful joy and fervent prayer.

I dreamt not that the world would hold
So much to make that spirit ache ;
The world to me then seemed to be
Fair as the sun-lit forest brake.

Once, once again I see it grow
As thick as in life's earlier day ;
And shadow falls upon my brow,
And pensive echoes mark my lay.

THE BEES-WING.

I love the brake, the bonnie brake—
 Yet do I almost blush to own
 A soul that at so light a touch
 Can yield so deep, so sad a tone.

Whatever flowers may spring around,
 However bright the path I take;
 My heart goes back to childhood's track
 That lay amid the forest brake.

 THE BEES-WING.

FILL, fill to the brim, let the bubble froth swim
 Like pearls on a ruby stream;
 Till woman's eye, or the star in the sky
 Less brilliant gems shall seem!
 Let the ivy crown on the flushed brow shine,
 While joy illumines the wreath;
 But wear it with care, for ivy will twine
 When the ruin is dark beneath.
 Drink, drink, and the chorusing chink
 Of glasses shall chime as ye sing—
 "Time flies, but never so fast
 As it does on a 'bees-wing.'"

Laugh, laugh in the light of a jovial night,
 But let the wine-song tell—
 That which carries the gauzy wing
 Bears the poison-dart as well!
 We may drain a cup to those we love,
 And one to our native land;
 A bumper to Freedom, another to Truth;
 And then let the nectar stand.
 For Wine, Wine, good as thou art,
 'Tis well to remember the sting
 That carries its smart to the head and the heart,
 Along with the "bees-wing."

DUST.

Dust! Dust! thou art old in fame,
 For man gained from thee his form and his name;
 And though proud he may be of his noble line,
 The haughtiest race are but sons of thine.
 Thou wert the food of the first, false thing
 That glozingly coiled with the hidden sting:
 Thou wert cursed, and that curse is existing now,
 While the furrow is moist with "the sweat of the brow."
 Thou chokest the artisan over his toil,
 Thou dwellest with skulls on the dead-strewn soil:
 Dust! Dust! who shall distrust
 Mingling with thee, and the moth, and the rust?

Heroes that look on ten thousand foes
 With unshifting gaze and a firm repose;
 From the coming dust will turn and shrink,
 With retreating step and a cowardly wink.
 The maiden's dark eyes shall conquer all,—
 The prince and the peasant alike may fall;
 But those brilliant orbs shall quail to meet
 Old, blustering March with his whirlwind sheet;
 For the glance that bids each captive sigh,
 Oh! where is its might when there's "dust in the eye?"
 Dust! Dust! thou art rudely thrust
 On the present one's face and the past one's bust.

Dust! Dust! where'er we may be,
 In palace or hut, we are jostled by thee;
 Scattered over Creation thy atoms we find;
 Thou ridest on sunbeams and mountest the wind.
 Thou art watched for and feared on the red, desert ground;
 At the hearth of our home thou comest eddying round;
 On the threshold and housetops thy presence is seen,
 On the high, mountain path and the hedgerow green:
 In the cradle's fair crevice thou stealest to hide,
 And thou'rt thrown on the coffin-lid, dimming its pride.
 Dust! Dust! who shall distrust
 Mingling with thee, and the moth, and the rust?

There's a famous old Dustman comes cleaning the way;
 He gathers by night and he gathers by day;
 He sorts the shroud-rags, he heaps grey bones,
 And locks up his stores under marble stones:

When he comes for your ashes you know him full well,
 For he carries a scythe instead of a bell :
 His name—oh ! whisper it under your breath,
 For 'tis he—the immortal, old scavenger, Death :
 Make ready—make ready, ye shall and ye must—
 There's no putting *him* off when he calls for his dust.
 Dust ! Dust ! who shall distrust
 Mingling with thee, and the moth, and the rust ?



THE SUIT OF RUSSET BROWN.

A MAIDEN once a lover had
 Who breathed the truest sighs,—
 But simply was this lover clad
 In dark and lowly guise :
 So all his wooing was in vain,
 She scorned his peasant grade ;
 She tossed her head, and mocked his pain,
 And laughed at all he said.
 "No, no," cried she, "the tale would be
 A jest for all the town !
 I'll wed no Youth who wears, forsooth,
 A suit of russet brown."

He offered her a gentle Bird,
 Whose plumage, it was true,
 Gave forth no sheen of glossy green,
 No scarlet, gold, or blue :
 She looked upon it with an eye
 That flashed with kindling pride ;
 With head uplift, she scorned the gift,
 And thrust the cage aside.
 "No, no," cried she, with pompous airs,
 "Such boon I would not own ;
 For, like yourself, it only wears
 A suit of russet brown."

When next she met the Youth, he wore
 A doublet of brave cost ;
 The bird's rich song was heard to pour,—
 But Youth and Bird were lost.
 The Maiden then bewailed her fate,
 She rued her scornful mirth ;

And thought, but, ah! she thought too late,
 "Plain garbs may cover worth."
 Then ladies, list—this lesson learn,—
 Be wary how ye frown;
 Think twice, ere once ye rudely spurn
 A suit of russet brown.

 SONG OF THE CITY ARTISAN.

I NEVER murmur at the lot
 That dooms me as the rich man's slave;
 His wealthy ease I covet not—
 No power I seek, no wealth I crave.

Labour is good, my strong, right hand
 Is ever ready to endure;
 Though meanly born, I bless my land,
 Content to be among its poor.

But look upon this forehead pale,
 This tintless cheek, this rayless eye;
 What do they ask?—the mountain gale,
 The dewy turf, and open sky.

I read of high and grassy hills,
 Of balmy dells and tangled woods;
 Of lily-cups where dew distils,
 Of hawthorns where the ringdove broods.

I hear of bright and perfumed flowers,
 That spring to kiss the wanderer's feet;
 Of forests where the young fawn cowers,
 Of streamlets rippling, cool and sweet.

They tell of waving fields of grain,
 Of purple fruit and shining leaves;
 Of scattered seed and laden wain,
 Of furrowed glebe and rustling sheaves.

They speak of Nature, fresh and free,
 Lighting the dullest eyes that look;
 Bards sing its glory,—but to me
 It is a sealed and hidden book.

WINTER IS HERE.

The radiant summer beams may fall,
 But fail to break my cheerless gloom :
 They cannot pierce the dusty wall
 Where pallid fingers ply the loom.

No warbler sings his grateful joys,
 No laden bee goes humming by ;
 Nought breaks the shifting shuttle's noise
 But angry oath or suffering sigh.

Pent with the crowd, oppressed and faint :
 My brow is damp, my breath is thick ;
 And though my spirit yield no plaint,
 My pining heart is deadly sick.

Give me a spade to delve the soil
 From early dawn to closing night ;
 The plough, the flail, or any toil
 That will not shut me from the light.

I often dream of an old tree,
 With violets round it, growing wild ;
 I know that happy dream must be
 Of where I played, a tiny child :

A dog-rose hedge, a cottage door,
 Still linger in my wearied brain ;
 I feel my soul yearn more and more
 To see that hedgerow once again.

Double the labour of my task,
 Lessen my poor and scanty fare ;
 But give, oh ! give me what I ask—
 The sunlight and the mountain air.

 WINTER IS HERE.

WINTER is here—the old robin has come
 To remind us with tip-tapping bill,
 That his morning repast of the delicate crumb
 Should be spread for him now on the sill.
 Thou shalt have it, all saucy and rude as thou art,
 Strutting up in thy warrior red ;
 I adore thy sweet note, and I love thy bold heart,
 So come here, pretty Bob, and be fed.

Winter is here—for the dove-cage is found
Taken down from the vine-covered wall ;
The rough-coated spaniel and favourite hound
Sneak in to the fire-lighted hall :
The door that was flinging wide open of late,
Till night sent her heralding star ;
Where the porch-trellis bent with the eglantine's weight,
Is now fast with the bolt and the bar.

Winter is here—the broad hearth is undrest,
All stript of its wreathings of green ;
The cricket once more whistles out from its nest,
And the bright, snapping wood-blaze is seen.
We circle that blaze when the morning's dark frown
Lingers long on the mist-covered pane ;
A few hours roll over, the dim sun goes down,
And we meet by that warm blaze again.

Winter is here—there's no moth to be caught,
E'en the daisy has shrunk from the blast ;
The fields are deserted, the grove is unsought,
And the oak-tree is leafless at last.
No down-covered peaches are found on the board,
There's no sparkling Bucellas to sip ;
But stained fingers proclaim that the walnuts are stored,
And red wine is deepening the lip.

Winter is here—all the flowers are dead,
No posy is gracing the room :
But coral and pearls of rare lustre are spread
In the holly and mistletoe bloom.
The herds are brought in from the verdureless hills
To their coverts, for shelter and food ;
The trout nestle deep in the rush-bordered rills,
The rooks have come back to their wood.

Winter is here—the old, tottering man,
Closely muffled, goes shivering forth ;
The bare-headed urchins laugh loud as they can,
With their glowing cheeks turned to the north.
The seat 'neath the beeches is tenantless now ;
There's no loitering form in the shade ;
But the dance gives a warmth and a flush to the brow,
While the quickest of jig tunes is played.

Winter is here—let us welcome him on,
Remember Old Christmas is near ;
And when Christmas with all his gay feasting has gone,
Why then we've the merry New Year.

Here's a health to the rich who will give to the poor,—
 Let Plenty and Mercy ne'er part;
 And though bitter winds blow through the white clouds of snow,
 No Winter shall fall on the heart.

 THE HAPPY MIND.

Out upon the calf, I say,
 Who turns his grumbling head away,
 And quarrels with his feed of hay
 Because it is not clover.
 Give to me the happy mind,
 That will ever seek and find
 Something fair and something kind,
 All the wide world over.

'Tis passing good to have an eye
 That always manages to spy
 Some star to bear it company,
 Though planets may be hidden.
 And Mrs. Eve was foolish, very,
 Not to be well content and merry
 With peach, plum, melon, grape, and cherry,
 Though apples were forbidden.

We love fair flowers; but suppose
 We're far from Italy's rich rose,—
 Must we then turn up our nose
 At lilies of the valley?
 Can't we snuff at something sweet,
 In the "bough-pots" that we meet
 Cried and sold in city street
 By "Sally in our Alley?"

Give me the heart that spreads its wings,
 Like the free bird that soars and sings,
 And sees the bright side of all things,
 From Behring's Straits to Dover.
 It is a bank that never breaks,
 It is a store thief never takes,
 It is a rock that never shakes,
 All the wide world over.

We like to give old Care the slip,
 And listen to the "crank and quip"
 At social board from fluent lip,—
 No fellowship is better:

But he must lack the gentle grace
That marks the best of human race,
Who cannot see a friendly face
In mastiff, hound, or setter.

Our hungry eyes may fondly wish
To revel amid flesh and fish,
And gloat upon the silver dish
That holds a golden plover ;
Yet if our table be but spread
With savoury cheese and oaten bread,
Be thankful if we're always fed
As well, the wide world over.

We may prefer Italian notes,
Or choose the melody that floats
About the gay Venetian boats,
Half wild in our extolling :
But surely music may be found
When some rough, native harp unbound
Strikes up, like cherries "round and sound,"
With English fol-de-rolling.

We may be poor—but then, I guess,
Our trouble with our pomp is less,
For they who wear a russet dress
May never fear the rumpling :
And though champagne froth never hums
Between our fingers and our thumbs,
Red apoplexy rarely comes
To dine with plain stone dumpling.

Then out upon the calf, I say,
Who turns his grumbling head away,
And quarrels with his feed of hay
Because it is not clover.
Give to me the happy mind,
That will ever seek and find
Something good and something kind
All the wide world over.



GREY-HAIRED DECEMBER.

HAIL to thee, hail to thee, summer-day sun !
Brilliant and long is the course that you run,
Lighting the rose on the straw-covered hut,
Storing the hedges with berry and nut :

SONG OF THE SPIRIT OF POVERTY.

Flash on in the strength of your glorious pride;
 Scorching the hill-top and gilding the tide;
 But my welcome is neither so long nor so loud
 As it is when you peep from a dark, winter cloud.
 My warmest of healths is to grey-haired December,
 With his holly-twined brow and his carolling lip;
 There's no fire half so bright as the Yule fagot's ember,
 No nectar so rich as the wassail-bowl flip!

The winter wind breaks from its ice-belted caves,
 Roaring its way o'er the answering waves;
 Onward it goes with a hurricane haste,
 Searching the valley and sweeping the waste:
 Whistling adown the wide chimney it comes,
 And away through the keyhole it merrily hums,
 With a freshness of breath and a wildness of tune
 That you never can meet in the zephyrs of June.
 Here's a health, then, a health to old grey-haired December,
 With his holly-twined brow and his carolling lip;
 There's no fire half so bright as the Yule fagot's ember,
 No nectar so rich as the wassail-bowl flip!

The moonlight of summer is fair on the flower,
 On the leaf-shadowed thicket—the blossom-wreathed bower;
 Hallowed and tender it falls on the grove,
 As a woman's soft eye on the shrine of its love.
 But see the pale beams on the snow-crested mountain;
 On the rime-feathered branch and the crystal-locked fountain;
 Oh! the fairest of rays are the gleamings that fall
 On the frost-chequered panes of the log-lighted hall.
 Here's a health, then, a health to old grey-haired December,
 With his holly-twined brow and his carolling lip;
 There's no fire half so bright as the Yule fagot's ember,
 No nectar so rich as the wassail-bowl flip!

SONG OF THE SPIRIT OF POVERTY.

A SONG, a song, for the beldam Queen,
 A Queen that the world knows well;
 Whose portal of state is the workhouse gate;
 And throne, the prison cell.

I have been crowned in every land
With nightshade steeped in tears ;
I've a dog-gnawn bone for my sceptre wand ;
Which the proudest mortal fears.

No gem I wear in my tangled hair,
No golden vest I own ;
No radiant glow, tints cheek or brow ;
Yet say, who dares my frown ?

Oh ! I am Queen of a ghastly Court,
And tyrant sway I hold ;
Baiting human hearts for my royal sport
With the bloodhounds of Hunger and Cold.

My power can change the purest clay
From its first and beautiful mould ;
Till it hideth from the face of day,
Too hideous to behold.

Mark ye the wretch who has cloven and cleft
The skull of the lonely one ;
And quailed not at purpling his blade to the heft,
To make sure that the deed was done :

Fair seeds were sown in his infant breast,
That held goodly blossom and fruit ;
But I trampled them down—Man did the rest—
And God's image grew into the brute.

He hath been driven, and hunted, and scourged,
For the sin I bade him do ;
He hath wrought the lawless work I urged,
Till blood seemed fair to his view.

I shriek with delight to see him bedight
In fetters that chink and gleam ;
"He is mine !" I shout, as they lead him out
From the dungeon to the beam.

See the lean boy clutch his rough-hewn crutch,
With limbs all warped and worn ;
While he hurries along through a noisy throng,
The theme of their gibing scorn.

Wealth and Care would have reared him straight
As the towering mountain pine ;
But I nursed him into that halting gait,
And withered his marrowless spine.

SONG OF THE SPIRIT OF POVERTY.

Pain may be heard on the downy bed,
Heaving the groan of despair ;
For Suffering shuns not the diademed head,
And abideth everywhere.

But the shortened breath and parching lip
Are watched by many an eye ;
And there is balmy drink to sip,
And tender hands to ply.

Come, come with me, and ye shall see
What a child of mine can bear ;
Where squalid shadows thicken the light,
And foulness taints the air.

He lieth alone to gasp and moan,
While the cancer eats his flesh ;
With the old rags festering on his wound,
For none will give him fresh.

Oh ! carry him forth in a blanket robe,
The lazar-house is nigh ;
The careless hand shall cut and probe,
And strangers see him die.

Where's the escutcheon of blazoned worth ?
Who is heir to the famed, rich man ?
Ha ! ha ! he is mine—dig a hole in the earth,
And hide him as soon as ye can.

Oh, I am Queen of a ghastly Court,
And the handmaids that I keep,
Are such phantom things as Fever brings
To haunt the fitful sleep.

See, see, they come in my haggard train,
With jagged and matted locks
Hanging round them as rough as the wild steed's mane,
Or the black weed on the rocks.

They come with broad and horny palms,
They come in maniac guise,
With angled chins, and yellow skins,
And hollow, staring eyes.

They come to be girded with leather and link,
And away at my bidding they go,
To toil where the soulless beast would shrink,
In the deep, damp caverns below.

Daughters of beauty, they, like ye,
 Are of gentle womankind,—
 And wonder not if little there be
 Of angel form and mind :

If I'd held your cheeks by as close a pinch,
 Would that flourishing rose be found ?
 If I'd doled you a crust out, inch by inch,
 Would your arms have been so round ?

Oh ! I am Queen with a despot rule,
 That crushes to the dust ;
 The laws I deal bear no appeal,
 Though ruthless and unjust.

I deaden the bosom and darken the brain,
 With the might of a demon's skill ;
 The heart may struggle, but struggle in vain,
 As I grapple it harder still.

Oh, come with me, and ye shall see
 How well I begin the day ;
 For I'll hie to the hungriest slave I have,
 And snatch his loaf away.

Oh, come with me, and ye shall see
 How my skeleton victims fall ;
 How I order the graves without a stone,
 And the coffins without a pall.

Then a song, a song for the beldam Queen—
 A Queen that ye fear right well ;
 For my portal of state is the workhouse gate,
 And my throne, the prison cell.



THERE WOULD I BE.

Not where the courtly, the great, and the proud
 Meet in the splendour of festive array ;
 Not where the mirth of a gem-spangled crowd
 Proclaims the bright circle as hollow as gay,—
 Where the red wine ripples over the brim,
 And the torch-flame illumines the orgies of glee,
 Till it flickers at sunrise all sickly and dim
 O'er the pale and the languid—not there would I be.

Not where stern Fashion would shackle me round
 With its flower-wreathed fetters and honey-lipped guile,
 Where the heart, though it bleed, must dissemble the wound
 With the fair-spoken word and the meaningless smile.
 Not with the million who blest in their fate
 Can snatch at each poppy of pleasure they see,
 Who, though burthenless, seek not to lighten the weight
 That is crushing another—not there would I be.

But where the billows and bright pebbles meet,
 Where the sand glistens and wild waters flow ;
 Where the white foam would come kissing my feet,
 And the breath of the night-wind fall cool on my brow :
 Where my rapt spirit might wander alone,
 Deep in its dreams 'mid the fresh and the free ;
 Where the petrels career and the storm demons moan
 By the rock-girded ocean—there, there would I be.

Where the dark forest-lords tangle their boughs,
 And close-shadowed dewdrops are sparkling at noon ;
 Where gipsy bands linger, to sleep and carouse
 In the covert that shuts out the winds and the moon ;
 Where there's no whisper to break on the ear,
 Save the owl in the thicket, the rook in the tree—
 Save the soft-piping thrush and the light-stepping deer,
 Or the grasshopper's twitter—there, there would I be.

The world may allure with its pomp and its noise,
 Yet the stings of remorse, and the penance of pain,
 Too often are found to o'erbalance the joys,
 And leave on the soul an indelible stain.
 Oh ! I love the blue hills and the wide-dashing flood, —
 But the crowd and the city are joyless to me ;
 With the steeds of the desert, the birds of the wood ;
 With health, freedom, and nature—there, there would I be !



DANCING SONG.

DANCE, dance, as long as ye can :
 We must travel through life, but why make a dead march of it ?
 The fine linen of state may sit well upon man,
 But 'tis pleasant, methinks, just to rub out the starch of it.

Dance, dance, as long as ye may :
 See the plumes of the pine, how they dance on the mountain ;
 See the ocean floods dance while the winds pipe and play ;
 See the radiant bubble-drops dance in the fountain !

Dance, dance ; let no cynic rebel :
 See the stars are for ever all dancing and twinkling !—
 'Tis the music of spheres that they dance to so well,
 And that music is ceaseless, though soft be the tinkling.

Dance, dance, every one :
 The gnats round our heads dance in endless gyration ;
 The very worlds foot it away round the sun,
 Keeping up the old figure first led by Creation.

Dance, dance : see the sweet rose
 Bend to the blue-bell, in light minuetting !
 Summer leaves fall when the autumn gust blows ;
 But they dance and die merrily, wildly poussetting.

Dance, dance : look on the rill !
 The white lilies nod, and the bulrushes quiver ;
 The beautiful water-flags, when are they still ?
 They dance in the mill-pond, they dance in the river.

Dance, dance : see over head
 How the clouds dance along, with their gauzy robes streaming !
 Look below, see the legion of dancers that spread
 In the corn-ears that shake, with their golden crowns gleaming !

Dance, dance : the wisp-light will try
 With its harlequin dancing to tempt the lost ranger ;
 The flame of the ingle-log dances on high,
 To shed joy in the household, and beacon the stranger.

Dance, dance : the savage is found
 Dancing in fury, in triumph, and laughter ;
 The child, from the village-school trammels unbound,
 Dances, as rarely he's seen to dance after.

Dance, dance, as long as ye may :
 Nature gets up a great "ballet" about us ;
 Her stage-room is vast, so come, trip it away ;
 For Life's Opera cannot be perfect without us.



SONG OF THE MODERN TIME.

OH, how the world has altered since some fifty years ago !
 When boots and shoes would *really* serve to keep out rain and snow ;
 But double soles and broadcloth—oh, dear me, how very low,
 To talk of such old-fashioned things ! when every one must know
 That we are well-bred gentlefolks, all of the modern time.

We all meet now at midnight-hour, and form a "glittering throng,"
 Where lovely angels polk and waltz, and chant a German song :
 Where "nice young men," with fierce moustache, trip mincingly along,
 And the name of a good, old country-dance would sound like a Chinese
 gong
 In the ears of well-bred gentlefolks, all of the modern time.

Your beardless boys, all brag and noise, must "do the thing that's
 right ;"
 That is, they'll drink champagne and punch, and keep it up all night :
 They'll smoke and swear till, sallying forth at peep of morning light,
 They knock down some old woman, just to show how well they fight ;
 Like brave, young, English gentlemen, all of the modern time.

At the good old hours of twelve and one our grandsires used to dine,
 And quaff their horns of nut-brown ale and eat roast beef and chine ;
 But we must have our silver forks, ragouts, and foreign wine,
 And not sit down till five or six, if we mean to "cut a shine ;"
 Like dashing, well-bred gentlefolks, all of the modern time.

Our daughters now at ten years old must learn to squall and strum,
 And study shakes and quavers under Signor Fee-Foo-Fum ;
 They'll play concertos, sing bravuras, rattle, scream, and thrum,
 Till you almost wish that you were deaf, or they, poor things, were
 dumb ;
 But they must be like young gentlefolks, all of the modern time.

Our sons must jabber Latin verbs, and talk of a Greek root,
 Before they've left off tunic skirts, cakes, lollypops, and fruit ;
 They all have "splendid talents," that the desk or bar would suit ;
 Each darling boy would scorn to be "a low mechanic brute ;"
 They must be well-bred College "men," all of the modern time.

But bills will come at Christmas tide, alas ! alack-a-day !
 The creditors may call again, "Papa's not in the way ;
 He's out of town, but certainly next week he'll call and pay ;"
 And then his name's in the "Gazette ;" and this I mean to say
 Oft winds up many gentlefolks, all of the modern time.

THERE'S A LOVE THAT ONLY LIVES.

THERE'S a love that only lives
 While the cheek is fresh and red ;
 There's a love that only thrives
 Where the pleasure-feast is spread.
 It burneth sweet and strong,
 And it sings a merry theme,
 But the incense and the song
 Pass like flies upon the stream.
 It cometh with the ray,
 And it goeth with the cloud,
 And quite forgets to-day
 What yesterday it vowed.
 Oh, Love! Love! Love!
 Is an easy chain to wear
 When many idols meet our faith
 And all we serve are fair.

But there's a love that keeps
 A constant watch-fire light ;
 With a flame that never sleeps
 Through the longest winter night.
 It is not always wise,
 And it is not always blest ;
 For it bringeth tearful eyes,
 And it loads a sighing breast.
 A fairer lot hath he,
 Who loves awhile, then goes
 Like the linnet from the tree,
 Or the wild bee from the rose.
 Oh, Love! Love! Love!
 Soon makes the hair turn grey ;
 When only one fills all the heart,
 And that one's far away.

 SONG OF THE WINTER TREE.

WHAT a happy life was mine, when the sunbeams used to twine
 Like golden threads about my summer suit!
 When my warp and woof of green let enough of light between.
 Just to dry the dew that lingered at my root.

What troops of friends I had when my form was richly clad,
And I was fair 'mid fairest things of earth :
Good company came round, and I heard no rougher sound
Than Childhood's laugh, in bold and leaping mirth.

The old man sat him down to note my emerald crown ;
And rest beneath my branches thick and bright :
The squirrel on my spray kept swinging all the day,
And the song-birds chattered to me through the night.

The dreaming poet laid his soft harp in my shade,
And sung my beauty, chorused by the bee ;
The village maiden came, to read her own, dear name,
Carved on my bark, and bless the broad, green tree.

The merry music breathed, while the bounding dancers wreathed
In mazy windings round my giant stem ;
And the joyous words they poured, as they trod the chequered sward,
Told the green tree was a worshipped thing by them.

Oh ! what troops of friends I had, to make my strong heart glad ;
What kind ones answered to my rustling call !
I was hailed with smiling praise, in the glowing summer days ;
And the beautiful green tree was loved by all.

But the bleak wind hath swept by, and the grey cloud dimmed the sky ;
My latest leaf has left my inmost bough ;
I creak in grating tones, like the skeleton's bleached bones ;
And not a footstep seeks the old tree now.

I stand at morning's dawn, the cheerless and forlorn ;
The sunset comes and finds me still alone ;
The mates who shared my bloom, have left me in my gloom ;
Birds, poet, dancers, children—all are gone.

The hearts that turned this way, when I stood in fine array,
Forsake me now, as though I ceased to be ;
I win no painter's gaze, I hear no minstrel's lays ;
The very nest falls from the leafless tree.

But the kind and merry train will be sure to come again,
With love and smiles as ready as of yore ;
I must only wait to wear my robe so rich and fair,
And they will throng as they have thronged before.

Oh, ye who dwell in pride with parasites beside,
Only lose your summer green leaves and ye'll see,
That the courtly friends will change into things all cold and strange,
And forget ye, as they do the Winter Tree !

WHEN I WORE RED SHOES.

"WHEN I wore red shoes!" Ah me!
 Simple as the words may be,
 Yet these simple words can bring
 The peacock feather of Time's wing,
 And flutter it before my eyes
 In all its vivid, pristine dyes.
 What were Cinderella's slippers
 To my pair of fairy trippers?
 No heart gives such ecstatic thumps
 In spur-decked boots or polished pumps,
 As mine did when I strutted out
 To show my fine red shoes about.
 Most truly then my tiny toes
 Walked in a path "couleur de rose,"
 As, marching forth, I sought the street,
 My head filled, choke-full, with my feet.
 Proud and happy thing was I,
 Amid the world's enchanted views;
 When hair and sash-ends used to fly,
 And I wore red shoes.

How they used to flit and shine
 O'er the chalky zigzag line,
 As with Taglioni tread
 I moved where "Hop Scotch" maps were spread!
 How rich their contrast as they plied
 In kicks on Pincher's jetty side;
 Till "tantrums" made it hard to trace
 Which were the reddest, shoes or face!
 Oh, Pincher! Pincher! it was you
 That shared the scolding and "to-do,"
 When I had joined their strings to deck
 Your dear old apoplectic neck.
 Sock and buskin—out upon them!
 Let the crookbacked Richards don them:
 I remember wearing socks
 That gave severer tragic shocks;
 That won a fame by no means fickle—
 A fame I stood no chance to lose;
 When I acted "Little Pickle,"
 Stamping in red shoes.

Mentors dubbed me "stupid child,
 Idle, careless, rude, and wild;
 U

As they laboured to instil
 Mystic hornpipe and quadrille.
 How I used to fling and flout
 Through "Ladies' Chain" to "put them out;"
 And took vast pains to "balancez"
 In any but the proper way!
 Red shoes, red shoes, what heavy raps,
 Under the name of "gentle taps,"
 Fell on your bright, morocco skins
 To punish my provoking sins!
 Who cared? Not I. Next moment found
 Me where the ball and rope went round;
 And sermons, scoldings, slaps, and school,
 Were soon immersed in Lethe's pool.
 I'll own my steps were sometimes pestered,
 But nothing left the gall or bruise;
 The thorn might wound, but never festered,
 When I wore red shoes.

The Roman in his sandalled pride,
 Gazing upon the Tiber's tide,
 Ne'er met such glory in his way
 As I on some "spring, showery day,"
 When splashing through the puddle flood
 Into a paradise of mud;
 Till some intrusive voice was heard
 With startling tone and angry word;
 Exclaiming "Mercy! who would choose
 Such place to walk—look at your shoes!"
 Red shoes, how well ye served to fling
 In "Hunt the Slipper's" fairy ring!
 When "blouzed and thumped" on head and legs
 I feared no "Miss Amelia Skeggs;"
 But screamed and shouted, clutched and clawed,
 Unchecked, unruly, and unawed;
 And bounced about like "my man John,"
 With one shoe off and one shoe on.
 What though a tear might sometimes fall,
 And dim the lustre of their hues;
 It formed a rainbow, after all,
 Dissolving round red shoes.

Red shoes, red shoes, ye bore me well
 Through ferny copse and greenwood dell;
 When I careered in childhood's day
 "Over the hills and far away."
 Now ye went boldly dashing through
 The russet heath still charged with dew;

Now in the orchard ye would be
 Climbing the fine, old cherry-tree;
 Now ye would tramp the grass about,
 To find the scattered filberts out;
 And now beneath broad boughs ye stopped,
 To see if plums or pears had dropped.
 Anon, ye scampered hard and fast
 After the blue moth flitting past;
 Keeping the chase with restless might,
 Till quickset barrier checked your flight.
 Red shoes, red shoes, ye come in dreams,
 When fond and busy fancy teems:
 Ye fill Life's simplest page I own,
 But Memory has turned it down.
 Ye come with "old familiar faces"—
 Ye come with all I cared to lose:
 I wake—and count the empty places
 Since I wore red shoes.

MOTHER, COME BACK!

MOTHER, come back! this is the cry
 When some rare pleasure fills my heart;
 When laughing joy lights up my eye,
 And impulse wakes with eager start.
 I know thou wouldst exult to see
 The flush of sunshine on my track;
 And faithful Memory clings to thee,
 With yearning words, "Mother, come back!"

Tidings, perchance, may reach my ear,
 Cold, false, and bitter in their tone;
 Till the low sigh and stealing tear
 Burst from a spirit, sad and lone.
 Then do I breathe in accents wild;
 With heartstrings stretched on Feeling's rack;
 "Thou who didst ever love thy child
 With changeless truth, Mother, come back!"

Faint languor shades my drooping face,
 My pulses flutter, swiftly weak;
 The fading lily takes its place,
 And hides the rose-leaf on my cheek.

SONG OF THE OLD YEAR.

Then do I call upon thy name,
 When stranger hands support my brow;
 My pining soul still asks the same—
 "Mother, come back, I need thee now!"

When Fortune sheds her fairest beams,
 Thou art the missing one I crave;
 I ask thee—when the whole world seems
 As dark and cheerless as thy grave.
 I ask thee, with a dreamer's brain,
 For no, ah! no, it cannot be;
 Thou'lt never come to me again,
 But I will pray to go to thee!

SONG OF THE OLD YEAR.

OH! I have been running a gallant career
 On a courser that needeth nor bridle nor goad;
 But he'll soon change his rider, and leave the Old Year
 Lying low in the dust on Eternity's road.
 Wide has my track been, and rapid my haste,
 But whoever takes heed of my journey will find,
 That in marble-built city and camel-trod waste,
 I have left a fair set of bold way-marks behind.
 I have choked up the earth with the sturdy elm-board;
 I have chequered the air with the banners of strife;
 Fresh are the tombstones I've scattered abroad,
 Bright are the young eyes I've opened to life.
 My race is nigh o'er on Time's iron-grey steed,
 Yet he'll still gallop on as he gallops with me;
 And you'll see that his mane will be flying again
 Ere you've buried me under the Green Holly-tree.

If ye tell of the sadness and evil I've wrought,
 Yet remember the share of "good works" I have done;
 Ye should balance the clouds and the canker I've brought
 With the grapes I have sent to be crushed in the sun.
 If I've added grey threads to the worldly-wise heads,
 I have deepened the chestnut of Infancy's curl;
 If I've cherished the germ of the shipwrecking worm,
 I've quickened the growth of the crown-studding pearl;
 If I've lengthened the yew till it brushes the pall,
 I have bid the sweet shoots of the orange-bloom swell;
 If I've thickened the moss on the ruin's dank wall,
 I have strengthened the love-bower tendrils as well.

Then speak of me fairly, and give the Old Year
 A light-hearted parting in kindness and glee;
 Chant a roundelay over my laurel-decked bier,
 And bury me under the Green Holly-tree.

Ye have murmured of late at my gloom-laden hours,
 And look on my pale, wrinkled face with a frown;
 But ye laughed when I spangled your pathway with flowers,
 And flung the red clover and yellow corn down.
 Ye shrink from my breathing, and say that I bite—
 So I do—but forget not how friendly we were
 When I fanned your warm cheek in the soft, summer night,
 And just toyed with the rose in the merry girl's hair.
 Fill the goblet and drink, as my wailing tones sink;
 Let the wassail-bowl drip and the revel-shout rise—
 But a word in your ear, from the passing Old Year,
 'Tis the last time he'll teach ye—"Be merry and wise!"
 Then sing, while I'm sighing my latest farewell;
 The log-lighted ingle my death-pyre shall be:
 Dance, dance while I'm dying, blend carol and bell;
 And bury me under the Green Holly-tree.

I LAUGHED AT THE STORM.

DID my heart e'er fail, or my cheek turn pale
 When I stood on the starting deck?
 Did my strong arm flinch, did I quail an inch,
 Though the beautiful bark was a wreck?
 No, no, it might blow, and wake all below,
 Death might come in his darkest form;
 But fierce with delight, I laughed outright;
 Ha! ha! how I laughed at the storm!

For mine is a soul that defies control,
 Too proud for the palace or throne;
 And I was glad that the waters had
 A spirit to match with my own.
 I bared my teeth to the gulf beneath,
 While the salt foam laved my lips;
 My upturned eye rejoiced that the sky
 Was lost in the deep eclipse.

The groaning blast that levelled the mast
 Was pleasing music to me;
 I dared to rave at the giant wave,
 Though that wave my shroud might be.

Though I heard the yell of a last farewell
 In a messmate's gurgling cry ;
 Yet I firmly stood 'mid the lightnings and flood
 To laugh at the storm, or to die.



MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY.

MERRY words, merry words, ye come bursting around,
 Telling all that Affection can say ;
 'Tis the music of heart-chords that dwells in the sound,
 " Many happy returns of the day !"
 The red cheek of the child is more rich in its glow,
 And the bright eye more swift in its ray ;
 When his mates hail his birth in their holiday mirth,
 And drink " happy returns of the day !"
 The old man may smile while he listens, and feel
 He hath little time longer to stay ;
 Still he liketh to hear from the lips that are dear,
 " Many happy returns of the day !"

Though Misfortune is nigh, let the kind words float by,
 And something of Hope will spring up ;
 That the hand of the Future may drain off the gall,
 And some nectar-drops yet fill our cup.
 If we bask in content while another short year
 Is recorded with eloquent bliss ;
 How we prize the fond wishes, all gladly sincere,
 That come round with the soul-pledging kiss.
 Oh ! our place in the world will be chilly and drear,
 When our natal-tide passes away
 Without one to remember, or breathe in our ear,
 " Many happy returns of the day !"

There are moments when Memory cruelly brings
 The grim spectres of Joy back again ;
 When Sorrow malignantly sharpens her stings,
 Till we quiver and bleed with the pain.
 And the spirit will groan in such moments as this,
 When our loudly-hailed birthday shall fall ;
 And among the warm greetings there's one that we miss,
 The one that was dearest of all.
 What would we not give if the grave could restore
 The dear form it hath wrested away ;
 If the voice of that lost one could wish us once more,
 " Many happy returns of the day ?"

There are moments when Truth and Devotion increase,
 Till they burn in the crucible breast;
 With a fervour and might that we knew not the light
 Of our smouldering feeling possessed;
 And that flame will be vividly flashing out thus,
 When we welcome returns of the time,
 That gave some loved beings to life and to us;
 —The sweet bells in Mortality's chime.
 Then a garland—a bumper, a dance, and a feast,
 Let the natal-tide come when it may;
 Be it autumn or spring, a gay chorus we'll sing,
 "Many happy returns of the day!"

SUMMER IS NIGH.

THE richest of perfumes and jewels are mine,
 While the dog-roses blow and the dew-spangles shine;
 And the softest of music is wakened for me,
 By the stream o'er the pebble—the wind in the tree.
 Nature, kind Mother, my heart is content
 With the beauty and mirth thou hast lavishly sent!
 Sweet Summer is nigh, and my spirit leaps high,
 As the sun travels further along the blue sky.

If I murmur, it is that my home is not made
 'Mid the flowers and drops in the green, coppice shade;
 If I sigh, 'tis to think that my steps cannot stray
 With the breeze and the brook on their wandering way.
 Nature, kind Mother, I long to behold
 All the glories thy blossom-ringed fingers unfold.
 None like thee can I meet, for all others will cheat
 With a portion of bitter disguised in the sweet.

The earth, the wide earth, will be beautiful soon,
 With the cherry-bloom wreath and the nightingale's tune;
 And the dreams without sleep, with strange magic will come,
 While the wood-pigeons coo, and the heavy bees hum.
 Oh! Nature, kind Mother, 'tis only thy breast
 That can nurse my chafed spirit and lull it to rest;
 For my soul is too proud to be telling aloud,
 What to thee it can utter, all weeping and bowed.

I see the rife buds on the wide-spreading bough;
 Soon, soon they will shadow my thought-laden brow:
 I see the bright primroses burst where I stand,
 And I laugh like a child as they drip in my hand.

THE DEWDROP.

Nature, kind Mother, thou hearest me breathe
 My devotion at altars where wild flowers wreathe;
 None other e'er knows how my warm bosom glows,
 As I watch the young daisy-fringe open and close.

I see the blue violets peep from the bank;
 I praise their Creator—I bless and I thank;
 And the gossamer insect at play in the beam
 Is an atom that bids me adore the Supreme.
 Nature, kind Mother, my heart is content
 With the beauty and mirth thou hast lavishly sent:
 Sweet Summer is nigh, and my spirit leaps high,
 As the sun travels further along the blue sky.

THE DEWDROP.

THE sky hath its star, the deep mine hath its gem,
 And the beautiful pearl lights the sea;
 But the surface of earth holds a rival for them
 And a lustre more brilliant for me.

I know of a drop where the diamond now shines;
 Now the blue of the sapphire it gives;
 It trembles—it changes—the azure resigns;
 And the tint of the ruby now lives:

Anon the deep emerald dwells in its gleam,
 Till the breath of the south wind goes by;
 When it quivers again, and the flash of its beam
 Pours the topaz flame swift on the eye.

Look, look, on yon grass-blade all freshly impearled,
 There are all of your jewels in one;
 You'll find every wealth-purchased gem in the world,
 In the dewdrop that's kissed by the sun.

Apollo's own circlet is matchless, they say;
 Juno envies its sparkles and light;
 For 'tis formed of drops lit by his own burning ray;
 And Olympus shows nothing so bright.

OLD SONGS.

Old Songs, Old Songs,—how well I sung
 Your varied airs with lisp'ing tongue;
 When breath and spirit, free and light,
 Carolled away from morn till night!
 When this beginning and that end,
 Were mystically made to blend,
 When the sweet "Lass of Richmond Hill"
 Gave place to her of "Patie's Mill!"
 And brave "King Cole" commenced the strain
 That finished with poor "Crazy Jane."

Old Songs, Old Songs,—how thick ye come,
 Telling of Childhood and of Home,
 When Home forged links in Memory's chain
 Too strong for Time to break in twain;
 When Home was all that home *should* be,
 And held the vast, rich world for me!

Old Songs, Old Songs,—what heaps I knew,
 From "Chevy Chase" to "Black-eyed Sue;"
 From "Flow, thou Regal purple stream"
 To "Rousseau's" melancholy "Dream!"
 I loved the pensive "Cabin Boy"
 With earnest truth and real joy.
 My warmest feelings wander back
 To greet "Tom Bowling" and "Poor Jack;"
 And, oh! "Will Watch," the "Smuggler" bold,
 My plighted troth thou'lt ever hold!

I doted on the "auld Scots sonnet,"
 As though I'd worn the plaid and bonnet;
 I went abroad with "Sandy's Ghost;"
 I stood with Bannockburn's brave host;
 And gaily tossed my curly head
 With "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."
 I shouted "Comin' through the Rye"
 With restless step and sparkling eye;
 And chased away the passing frown
 With "Bonnie ran the Burnie down."

The tiny "Warbler" from the stall—
 The fluttering "Ballad" on the wall—
 The gipsy's glee—the beggar's catch—
 The old wife's lay—the idiot's snatch—
 The schoolboy's chorus, rude and witty—
 The harvest strain—the carol ditty—

I taxed ye all—I stole from each ;
 I spurned no tutor that could teach :
 Though long my list—though great my store
 I ever sought to add one more.

Old Songs, Old Songs,—ye fed, no doubt,
 The flame that since has broken out ;
 For I would wander far and lone,
 And sit upon the moss-wrapt stone,
 Conning “old songs,” till some strange power
 Breathed a wild magic on the hour ;
 Sweeping the pulse-chords of my soul,
 As winds o’er sleeping waters roll.
 ’Twas done—the volume was unsealed—
 The hallowed mission was revealed.
 Old Songs called up a kindred tone ;
 An echo started—’twas my own.
 Joy, pride, and riches swelled my breast,
 The “lyre” was mine, and I was blest.

Old Songs, Old Songs,—my brain hath lost
 Much that it gained with pain and cost ;
 I have forgotten all the rules
 Of Murray’s books and Trimmer’s schools.
 Detested figures ! how I hate
 The mere remembrance of a slate ;
 How I have cast from woman’s thought
 Much goodly lore the girl was taught !
 But not a word has passed away
 Of “Rest thee, Babe” or “Robin Gray.”

Sweet “Rest thee, Babe !” oh, peaceful theme
 That floated o’er my infant dream !
 My brow was cool, my pillow smooth,
 When thou wert sung, to lull and soothe,
 By lips that only ceased the strain
 To kiss my cheek, then sung again.
 I loved the tune, and many a time
 I hummed the air and lisped the rhyme,
 Till, curled up ’neath its potent charms,
 The kitten slumbered in my arms.

Old Songs, Old Songs,—how ye bring back
 The brightest paths in mortal track !
 I see the merry circle spread
 Till watchman’s notice warned to bed,—
 When one fair boy would loiter near,
 And whisper in a well-pleased ear,

“Come, mother, sit before we go,
And sing ‘John Anderson, my Jo.’”

The ballad still is breathing round,
But other voices yield the sound;
Strangers possess the household room;
The mother lieth in the tomb;
And the blithe boy that praised her song,
Sleepeth as soundly and as long.

Old Songs, Old Songs,—I should not sigh,—
Joys of the earth on earth must die;
But spectral forms will sometimes start
Within the caverns of the heart,
Haunting the lone and darkened cell
Where, warm in life, they used to dwell.

Hope, Youth, Love, Home,—each human tie
That binds, we know not how or why—
All, all that to the soul belongs
Is closely mingled with “Old Songs.”

SPRING.

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

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

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE HOUND.

"I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray."

CAMPBELL.

I AM glad thou art gone when the leaves are yellow,
 And the hill-tops turning sere;
 I had missed thee more, my brave old fellow,
 In the bright time of the year.
 For when have I sat where the dark elm-trees
 Soften the noontide rays,—
 When have I stood in the rich, green wood,
 Noting the sunset blaze,—
 When have I gazed on the river's tide,—
 But thou wert close by the dreamer's side?
 Each other companion would come and go—
 To-day my friend, to-morrow my foe;
 If the hand of the gay world beckoned away,
 I had no power to bid them stay:
 There was pleasure in reach, or gold in view,
 And off they went like a butterfly crew;
 But the old dog went not—there was he
 True as few else but dogs can be.

I am glad thou art gone when the leaves are yellow,
 And the latest blossoms dead;
 I shall miss thee somewhat less, old fellow;
 Than I should when the field-flowers spread.
 For merry and constant mates were we,
 When the summer sky was blue:
 Who saw me wandering, ever might see
 The old dog wandering too:
 And the beautiful hound fixed many an eye
 That coldly passed my dull face by.
 Thou hast been a watcher beside my bed,
 When suffering bowed my heavy head;
 Thou hast often cheered the silent gloom
 Of a lonely hour and lonely room:
 Thou hast followed my footsteps everywhere,
 In the rambles of joy and the journeys of care;
 And the stranger who chanced to break on our way
 Was met by the old hound's challenging bay.

I am glad that my own eye watched thy dying,
 For I know thy lot, old brute;
 And none can spurn thee where thou art lying,
 Deep under the cedar's root.

Thou wilt not meet a savage hand
 To smite thee to the dust ;
 Thou canst not pine, with starving whine,
 For a morsel of wasted crust.
 I'd rather look on thy grave, old hound,
 Than wonder what hard fate thou hadst found.
 I cherished thee long and liked thee well,
 As the tears—ay, the *tears*—I have shed will tell ;
 There is nothing of shame in the lids that are wet,
 When the drops are wrung by an honest regret.
 Thou wert only a dog—a poor, dumb thing ;
 But the heart, like the oak, finds mean weeds cling ;
 And the world may judge what this heart can be
 In its *human* love, by its care for thee.



A HINT TO LOVERS.

“ COME, Master Plutus,” Cupid cried,
 “ Oblige me, will you, with some cash ?
 I mean to travel far and wide,
 And feel inclined to cut a dash.

“ For though I'm very kindly greeted
 By most warm souls that dwell below ;
 I find that I am always treated
 Much better when I've gold to show.

“ I cannot guess what charm can be
 About this stupid pelf of yours ;
 For really it appears to me
 To cause more trouble than it cures.

“ Yet those poor mortals who would falter,
 If I held fadeless chaplets o'er them ;
 Will boldly march to Hymen's altar
 When I fling rent-rolls down before them.

“ But come, I'm just about to wander
 As a right noble gentleman ;
 Lend me a handsome sum to squander :
 Mamma will pay you—when she can.”

Plutus looked somewhat grave and grim,
 To hear his hoards called “ stupid pelf ;”
 But knowing Love would have his whim,
 He told the boy to help himself.

The guineas made a merry chink,
 And soon Love piled a goodly lot;
 But suddenly began to think
 How he could carry what he'd got.

His shining bow must be resigned;
 His arrows—famed as those of Tell;—
 His roses—must be left behind,
 And, oh! his sweet, pet doves as well.

He laid them down, and belted fast
 Cash-books and bags, a precious bevy;
 But muttered something o'er the last
 About their being "monstrous heavy."

However, off the stripling went;
 Again his well-known tales were told;
 And many a listening ear was bent,
 And many a hand received his gold.

Alas! alas! they failed to note
 That he had not one magic shaft;
 That all the "*billets-doux*" he wrote
 Were pencilled on a banker's draft.

They did not heed his missing bow,
 They asked not for his absent birds;
 He offered riches—whispered low,
 And they believed his cheating words.

Full soon they murmured, sighed, and sorrowed;
 The rogue had gone, and bliss had flown;
 True, he had left them all he'd borrowed,
 But not one relic of his own.

Full many a spirit proved too late
 That homes in gold-mines may be lonely;
 And cursed the hour, and mourned the fate,
 That gave them wealth, but gave wealth *only*.

For though great gain is well enough
 To feed our hope and crown our pride;
 Yet who would choose the shining stuff
 Without a tithe of love beside?

This villain trick is known to be
 Too often played among us here;
 So mind, good people, when you see
 The bowless, Blind Boy coming near.

The imp may seem a spendthrift giver
 Of all that dazzles eyes and hearts ;
 But trust not to a gleaming quiver
 That's filled with coins, instead of darts.

Be sure he has his birds and flowers,
 And dons no masquerading trim ;
 And when he talks of " deeds and dowers,"
 Just ask if they belong to *him*.

SONG OF THE UGLY MAIDEN.

OH! the world gives little of love or light,
 Though my spirit pants for much ;
 For I have no beauty for the sight,
 No riches for the touch.

I hear men sing o'er the flowing cup
 Of woman's magic spell ;
 And vows of zeal they offer up,
 And eloquent tales they tell.

They bravely swear to guard the fair
 With strong, protecting arms ;
 But will they worship woman's worth
 Unblent with woman's charms ?

No! ah, no! 'tis little they prize
 Crookbacked forms and rayless eyes.

Oh! 'tis a saddening thing to be
 A poor and Ugly one :

In the sand Time puts in his glass, for me
 Few sparkling atoms run.

For my drawn lids bear no shadowing fringe ;
 My locks are thin and dry ;

My teeth wear not the rich, pearl tinge,
 Nor my lips the henna dye.

I know full well I have nought of grace
 That maketh woman " divine ;"

The wooer's praise and doting gaze,
 Have never yet been mine.

Where'er I go all eyes will shun
 The loveless mien of the Ugly one.

I join the crowd where merry feet
 Keep pace with the merry strain ;

I note the earnest words that greet
 The fair ones in the train.

The stripling youth has passed me by ;
 He leads another out !
 She has a light and laughing eye,
 Like sunshine playing about.
 The wise man scanneth calmly round,
 But his gaze stops not with me ;
 It hath fixed on a head whose curls, unbound,
 Are bright as curls can be ;
 And he watches her through the winding dance,
 With smiling care and tender glance.

The gay cavalier has thrust me aside,
 Whom does he hurry to seek ?
 One with a curving lip of pride,
 And a forehead white and sleek.
 The grey-haired veteran, young with wine,
 Would head the dance once more ;
 He looks for a hand, but passes mine,
 As all have passed before.
 The pale, scarred face may sit alone,
 The unsightly brow may mope ;
 There cometh no tongue with winning tone
 To flatter Affection's hope.
 Oh, Ugliness ! thy desolate pain
 Had served to set the stamp on Cain.

My quick brain hears the thoughtless jeers
 That are whispered with laughing grin ;
 As though I had fashioned my own dull orbs,
 And chosen my own seared skin.
 Who shall dream of the withering pang,
 As I find myself forlorn—
 Sitting apart, with lonely heart,
 'Mid cold neglect and scorn ?
 I could be glad as others are,
 For my soul is young and warm ;
 And kind it had been to darken and mar
 My feelings with my form.
 For fondly and strong as my spirit may yearn,
 It gains no sweet love in return.

Man, just Man ! I know thine eye
 Delighteth to dwell on those
 Whose tresses shade, with curl or braid,
 Cheeks soft and round as the rose.
 I know thou wilt ever gladly turn
 To the beautiful and bright ;
 But is it well that thou shouldst spurn
 The one God chose to blight ?

Oh! why shouldst thou trace my shrinking face
 With coarse, deriding jest?
 Oh! why forget that a charmless brow
 May abide with a gentle breast?
 Oh! why forget that gold is found
 Hidden beneath the roughest ground?

Would that I had passed away
 Ere I knew that I was born;
 For I stand in the blessed light of day
 Like a weed among the corn,—
 The black rock in the wide, blue sea—
 The snake in the jungle green,
 Oh! who will stay in the fearful way
 Where such ugly things are seen?
 Yet mine is the fate of lonelier state
 Than that of the snake or rock;
 For those who behold me in their path
 Not only shun, but mock.
 Oh, Ugliness! thy desolate pain
 Had served to set the stamp on Cain.



THE TREE OF DEATH.

LET the King of the Grave be asked to tell
 The plant he loveth best,—
 And it will not be the cypress-tree,
 Though 'tis ever the churchyard's guest:
 He will not mark the hemlock dark,
 Nor stay where the nightshade spreads;
 He will not say 'tis the sombre yew,
 Though it droops o'er skeleton heads;
 He will not point to the willow-branch,
 Where breaking spirits pine beneath;
 For a brighter leaf sheds deeper grief,
 And a fairer tree is the Tree of Death.

But where the green, rich stalks are seen,
 Where ripe fruits gush and shine;
 "This, this," cries he, "is the tree for me—
 The Vine, the beautiful Vine!"
 I crouch amid the emerald leaves,
 Gemmed with the ruby grapes;
 I dip my spear in the poison here,
 And he is strong that escapes.

HEALTH.

Crowds dance round with Satyr bound,
 Till my dart is hurled from its traitor sheath,
 While I shriek with glee, "No friend for me
 Is so true as the Vine, the Tree of Death."

Oh! the glossy Vine has a serpent charm;
 It bears an unblest fruit;
 There's a taint about each tendrilled arm,
 And a curse upon its root.
 Its juice may flow to warm the brow,
 And wildly lighten the eye;
 But the frenzied mirth of a revelling crew
 Will awaken the wise man's sigh.
 For the maniac laugh, the trembling frame,
 The idiot speech and pestilent breath;
 The shattered mind and blasted fame,
 Are wrought by the Vine, the Tree of Death.

Fill, fill the glass, and let it pass;
 But ye who quaff, oh! think
 That even the heart which loves, must loathe
 The lips that deeply drink.
 The breast may mourn o'er a close link, torn,
 And the scalding tear-drop roll;
 But 'tis better to weep o'er a pulseless form,
 Than the wreck of a living soul.
 Then a health to the hemlock, the cypress, and yew,
 The worm-hiding grass, and the willow wreath;
 For though shading the tomb, they fling not a gloom
 So dark as the Vine, the Tree of Death.

 HEALTH.

I NEVER sigh when courtly pride
 Rolls on in splendour by my side;
 I care not that the "form divine"
 Or face of beauty be not mine;
 I covet not the noble home,
 The rich, broad lands, nor lofty dome;
 Rare gems on haughty brows may rest,
 Bright store may fill the miser's chest;
 I ask not these—but when I see
 The sun shine out on bird and tree,
 When summer rays and summer mirth
 Yield all of Eden left on earth;

When my young mates go flitting by,
 With laughing tone and beaming eye;
 When, trimly decked for festive hours,
 Their spirits radiant as their flowers,
 They all depart with joyous glance—
 Mine the lone couch, theirs the gay dance—
 Then, then, perchance, the murmuring word
 Within my sighing breath is heard;
 I bow my head, and fondly dream
 Of the green wood and rushing stream.
 But, ah! I cannot wander there,
 To drink the fresh and balmy air;
 To root the trailing bindweed up,
 And wreath it with the hare-bell's cup;
 To hear the waters ripple by,
 And pluck the bulrush waving high.
 Oh, no! there's paleness on my brow,
 My languid steps are few and slow;
 The panting frame and laboured breath
 Have darkened life and sweetened death;
 The quickened pulse and wearied brain,
 The sweat-drops wrung by choking pain;
 The hot and nerveless hands that lay
 Too weak to wipe those drops away;
 These, these have taught my lips to cry,
 "Mercy, O God! or let me die."
 I long to walk the rich greensward,
 Where showers of scent and bloom are poured;
 I pine to ramble free and far,
 To meet the wind and watch the star:
 My soul springs forth with eager zest,
 And fondly yearns for Nature's breast.
 'Tis vain—'tis vain—it must not be,
 The fair, wide world is not for me.
 Oh! ye whose eyelids ever close
 In wearied Nature's sound repose;
 Who sleep till glory lights the day,
 And wake as fresh as morning's ray—
 Be wisely grateful—kneel and own
 The great and priceless mercy shown!

Almighty! let the hands that clasp
 In fearful silence, when the gasp
 Of pain's convulsion will not bear
 The sacred *language* of a prayer—
 Oh! let these hands be raised once more
 To bless, to worship, and adore;
 To thank thee for the richest wealth
 That thou canst grant me—Sleep and Health.

OLD STORY BOOKS.

OLD Story Books! Old Story Books! we owe ye much, old friends,
Bright-coloured threads in Memory's warp, of which Death holds the
ends.

Who can forget ye! who can spurn the ministers of joy
That waited on the lispng girl and petticoated boy?
I know that ye could win *my* heart when every bribe or threat
Failed to allay my stamping rage, or break my sullen pet.
A "promised story" was enough—I turned, with eager smile,
To learn about the naughty "pig that would not mount the stile."

There was a spot in days of yore whereon I used to stand,
With mighty question in my head, and penny in my hand;
Where motley sweets and crinkled cakes made up a goodly show;
And "story books," upon a string, appeared in brilliant row.
What should I have? The peppermint was incense in my nose;
But I had heard of, "hero Jack," who slew his giant foes:
My single coin was balanced long before the tempting stall,
'Twixt book and bull's-eye—but, forsooth! "Jack" got it after all.

Talk of your "vellum, gold embossed," "morocco," "roan," and
"calf,"

The blue and yellow wraps of old were prettier by half;
And as to pictures—well we know that never one was made,
Like that where "Bluebeard" swings aloft his wife-destroying blade.
"Hume's England"—pshaw! what history of battles, states, and men,
Can vie with Memoirs all about "sweet, little Jenny Wren?"
And what are all the wonders that e'er struck a nation dumb,
To those recorded as performed by "Master Thomas Thumb?"

Miss "Riding Hood," poor luckless child! my heart grew big with
dread,

When the grim "wolf," in grandmamma's best bonnet showed his
head;

I shuddered when, in innocence, she meekly peeped beneath,
And made remarks about "great eyes," and wondered at "great teeth."
And then the "House that Jack built," and the "Bean-stalk Jack cut
down,"

And "Jack's eleven brothers," on their travels of renown;
And "Jack," whose cracked and plastered head insured him lyric
fame;

These, these, methinks, make "vulgar Jack" a rather classic name.

Fair "Valentine," I loved him well; but better still the bear
That hugged his brother in her arms with tenderness and care.
I lingered spell-bound o'er the page, though eventide wore late;
And left my supper, all untouched, to fathom "Orson's" fate.

Then "Robin with his merry men," a noble band were they;
 We'll never see the like again, go hunting where we may.
 In Lincoln garb, with bow and barb, rapt Fancy bore me on,
 Through Sherwood's dewy, forest paths, close after "Little John."

"Miss Cinderella" and her "shoe" kept long their reigning powers,
 Till harder words and longer themes beguiled my flying hours;
 And "Sinbad," wondrous sailor he, allured me on his track;
 And set me shouting when he flung the old man from his back.
 And, oh! that tale—the matchless tale, that made me dream at night,
 Of "Crusoe's" shaggy robe of fur, and "Friday's" death-spurred
 flight;

Nay, still I read it, and again, in sleeping visions, see
 The savage dancers on the sand—the raft upon the sea.

Old Story Books! Old Story Books! I doubt if "Reason's Feast"
 Provides a dish that pleases more than "Beauty and the Beast;"
 I doubt if all the ledger leaves that bear a sterling sum,
 Yield happiness like those that told of "Master Horner's plum."
 Old Story Books! Old Story Books! I never pass ye by
 Without a sort of furtive glance—right loving, though 'tis sly;
 And fair suspicion may arise, that yet my spirit cleaves
 To dear "Old Mother Hubbard's Dog" and "Ali Baba's Thieves."

SONG OF THE SEA-WEED.

I AM born in crystal bower
 Where the despot hath no power
 To trail and turn the oozy fern,
 Or trample down the fair sea-flower.
 I am born where human skill
 Cannot bend me to its will;
 None can delve about my root,
 And nurse me for my bloom and fruit;
 I am left to spread and grow
 In my rifted bed below,
 Till I break my slender hold,
 As the porpoise tumbleth o'er me;
 And on I go—now high—now low—
 With the ocean world before me.

I am nigh the stately ship
 Where she loiters in the calm;
 While the south, like Love's own lip,
 Breathes a sweet and peaceful balm.

SONG OF THE SEA-WEED.

Plashing soft with gentle grace,
 Round the hull I keep my place;
 While the sailor, through the day,
 Leaneth o'er her side,
 And idly watches me at play
 Upon the drowsy tide.
 She is stanch and she is stout,
 With chain and cable girt about;
 But I'll match my tendrils fine
 With her shrouds and halyard line.

Now the red flash breaks,
 The thunder volley shakes,
 And billows boil with hissing coil,
 Like huge snow-crested snakes.
 The mad winds roar,
 The rain sheets pour,
 And screaming loud 'mid wave and cloud
 The white gulls soar.
 Diving deep and tossing high,
 Round that same ship, there am I;
 Till at last I mount the mast,
 In the tight reef hanging fast;
 While the fierce and plunging sea
 Boweth down the stout cross-tree;
 Till the sharp and straining creak
 Echoeth the tempest shriek.

Another peal! another flash!
 Top-gallants start with snapping crash.
 "Quick! quick! All hands!" one mighty sweep,
 And giant guns are in the deep.
 Hark! the heavy axe below
 Whirls and rings with blow on blow;
 And I feel the timber quiver,
 Like a bulrush on a river.
 Still I twine about the pine,
 Till a wild and bursting cry
 Tells the fearful work is done;
 —The ship leaps up—the mast is gone,
 And away with it go I.

Now I dance and dash again,
 Headlong through the howling main;
 While the lightning groweth stronger,
 And the thunder rolleth longer.

Now I feel a hard hand clutch me,
 With a blindly snatching hold;
 Who is he that dares to touch me,
 With a grip so strong and bold?
 'Tis the sailor, young and brave,
 Struggling o'er his yawning grave.
 Does he think that he can cling
 To the Sea-weed's mazy string?
 Does he dream, with frenzied hope,
 Of floating spar and saving rope?
 He does, he does! but billows meet,
 And form his close-wrapped winding-sheet;
 While I mingle with the wreath
 Of white foam gurgling through his teeth,
 And twist and tangle in his locks;
 As the mountain waters lift him,
 And the frothy breakers drift him,
 On the grey and iron rocks.

Again I mount my ocean steed,
 Rolling on with curbless pace;
 Who will follow where I lead?
 Who will ride in such a race?
 On I rush by raft and wreck,
 By sinking keel and parting deck;
 Now the lifeboat's side I'm lashing;
 Now against the torn plank dashing;
 Up I go—the flood is swelling
 With whiter foam and fiercer yelling—
 My courser rears, and I am thrown
 Upon the lighthouse topmost stone.
 Rave on, ye waters—here I'll stay
 Till storm and strife have passed away!

Now I have taken my course to the shore,
 Where yellow sand covers the crystal and amber;
 Serenely I dwell with the rosy-mouthed shell,
 Where limpets are thick and the tiny crabs clamber.

A young child is roving, and soon he espies
 My rich curling threads as they mount in the spray;
 He steps 'mid the green stones, and eagerly cries,
 "Oh, that beautiful Sea-weed, I'll bear it away!"

All earnestly gazing, he stretches to reach,
 But a swift-spreading wave has rolled over the beach;
 It hath carried me back from the sun-lighted strand,
 And the young child beholds me, far, far, from the land.

He runs through the ebb-surf, but vain the endeavour ;
 I am gone, my fair boy, I am gone, and for ever ;
 Thou wilt covet full many bright things,—but take heed
 They elude not your grasp like the pretty Sea-weed.

Now I am met in my wide career
 By the ice-pile driving fast ;
 A broad and sailless boat rides near,
 And a lithe rope runneth past.

Hark that plunge ! who cometh here,
 With long and purple trail ?
 'Tis the Sea King pierced with the jagged spear,—
 The cleaving and furious whale.

He huggeth me tight in his downward flight ;
 On his wreathing fin I go :
 While his blood pours out with torrent spout,
 And he gasps with snorting blow.

Weltering in his ocean halls,
 He dyeth the coral deeper ;
 And wallows against the mossy walls
 With the lunge of a frantic sleeper.

He hurls me off with floundering pang :
 I am caught on a glittering shrub ;
 And there I merrily dangle and hang
 O'er the head of a grampus' cub.

The starfish comes with his quenchless light,
 And a cheerful guest is he ;
 For he shineth by day and he shineth by night,
 In the darkest and deepest sea.

I wind in his arms, and on we glide,
 Leagues and leagues afar ;
 'Till we rest again where the dolphins hide,
 In the caverns roofed with spar.

Gems of all hues for a king to choose,
 With coins and coffer are round ;
 The wealth and weight of an Eastern freight
 In the Sea-weed's home are found.

Here are pearls for maiden's curls—
 Here is gold for man ;
 But the wave is a true and right safe bar,
 And it murmurs a dreaded ban.

I revel and rove 'mid jewelled sheen,
 Till the Nautilus travels by ;
 And off with him I gaily swim,
 To look at the torrid sky.

I rise where the bark is standing still,
 In the face of a full, red sun ;
 While out of her seams, and over her beams,
 The trickling pitch-drops run.

Oh ! worse is the groan that breaketh there
 Than the burst of a drowning cry ;
 They have bread in store, and flesh to spare ;
 But the water-casks are dry.

Many a lip is gaping for drink,
 And madly calling for rain ;
 And some hot brains are beginning to think
 Of a messmate's opened vein.

Nautilus, Nautilus, let us be gone ;
 For I like not this to look upon.

Now about the island bay,
 I am quietly at play ;
 Now the fisher's skiff I'm round ;
 Now I lave the rocky mound ;
 Now I swiftly float aground,
 Where the surge and pebbles rustle ;
 Where young, naked feet tread o'er
 My dripping branches, to explore
 For spotted egg and purple mussel.

The tide recedes—the wave comes not
 To bear me from this barren spot.
 Here I lie for many a day,
 Crisped and shrivelled in the ray ;
 Till I wither, shrink, and crack ;
 And my green stem turneth black.

See ! there cometh sturdy men,
 But they wear no sailor blue ;
 No kerchief decks their tawny necks ;
 They form no smart and gallant crew.
 Hark ! there cometh merry strains,
 'Tis not music that I know ;

MY OLD STRAW HAT.

It does not tell of anchor chains,
 Blending with the "Yo, heave ho!"
 'Tis my death-dirge they are singing,
 And thus the lightsome troll is ringing.

The Vraic! the Vraic! oh! the Vraic shall be
 The theme of our chanting mirth;
 For we come to gather the grass of the sea,
 To quicken the grain of the earth.
 That grass it groweth where no man moweth;
 All thick, and rich, and strong:
 And it meeteth our hand on the desolate strand,
 Ready for rake and prong.
 So gather and carry; for oft we need
 The nurturing help of the good Sea-weed.

The Vraic! the Vraic! come, take a farewell
 Of your boundless and billowy home;
 No more will you dive in the fathomless cell,
 Or leap in the sparkling foam.
 Far from the petrel, the gannet, and grebe,
 Thou shalt be scattered abroad;
 And carefully strewn on the mountain glebe,
 To add to the harvest hoard.
 The land must be tilled, the tiller must feed;
 And the corn must be helped by the good Sea-weed.

The Vraic! the Vraic! pile it on to the fire,
 Let it crackle and smoke in the wind;
 And a smouldering heap of treasure we'll keep
 In the ashes it leaveth behind.
 On to the furrow, on to the field;
 "Dust to dust" is the claim;
 'Tis what the prince and pilgrim yield,
 And the Sea-weed giveth the same.
 The land must be tilled, the tiller must feed;
 But he'll mingle at last with the good Sea-weed.

MY OLD STRAW HAT.

FAREWELL, old friend,—we part at last;
 Fruits, flowers, and summer, all are past;
 And when the beech-leaves bid adieu,
 My Old, Straw Hat must vanish too.

We've been together many an hour,
 In grassy dell, and garden bower ;
 And plait and riband, scorched and torn,
 Proclaim how well thou hast been worn.
 We've had a time, gay, bright, and long ;
 So let me sing a grateful song,—
 And if one bay-leaf falls to me,
 I'll stick it firm and fast in thee,
 My Old Straw Hat.

Thy flapping shade and flying strings
 Are worth a thousand close-tied things.
 I love thy easy-fitting crown,
 Thrust lightly back, or slouching down.
 I cannot brook a muffled ear,
 When lark and blackbird whistle near ;
 And dearly like to meet and seek
 The fresh wind with unguarded cheek.
 Tossed in a tree, thou'lt bear no harm ;
 Flung on the moss, thou'lt lose no charm ;
 Like many a real friend on earth,
 Rough usage only proves thy worth,
 My Old Straw Hat.

The world will stare at those who wear
 Rich, snowy pearls in raven hair ;
 And diamonds flash bravely out
 In chestnut tresses wreathed about :
 The golden bands may twine and twirl,
 Like shining snakes through each fair curl ;
 And soft down with imperial grace
 May bend o'er Beauty's blushing face :
 But much I doubt if brows that bear
 The jewelled clasp and plumage rare,
 Or temples bound with crescent wreath,
 Are half so cool as mine beneath
 My Old Straw Hat.

Minerva's helmet ! what of that ?
 Thou'rt quite as good, my Old Straw Hat ;
 For I can think, and muse, and dream,
 With poring brain and busy scheme ;
 I can inform my craving soul
 How wild bees work and planets roll ;
 And be all silent, grave, and grim,
 Beneath the shelter of thy brim.

THE DOG OF THE ALPS.

The cap of Liberty, forsooth !
 Thou art the thing to me in truth ;
 For slavish fashion ne'er can break
 Into the green paths where I take
 My Old Straw Hat.

My Old Straw Hat, my conscience tells
 Thou hast been hung with Folly's bells ;
 Yet Folly rings a pleasant chime,
 If the rogue will but "mind his time,"
 And not come jingling on the way
 When sober minstrels ought to play.
 For oft when hearts and eyes are light,
 Old Wisdom *should* keep out of sight.
 But now the rustic bench is left,
 The tree of every leaf bereft,
 The merry voices, all are still,
 That welcomed to the well-known hill
 My Old Straw Hat.

Farewell, old friend, thy work is done ;
 The misty clouds shut out the sun ;
 The grapes are plucked, the hops are off,
 The woods are stark, and I must doff
 My Old Straw Hat—but "bide a wee,"
 Fair skies we've seen, yet we may see
 Skies full as fair as those of yore,
 And then we'll wander forth once more.
 Farewell, till drooping bluebells blow,
 And violets stud the warm hedgerow—
 Farewell, till daisies deck the plain—
 Farewell, till spring days come again—
 My Old Straw Hat !



THE DOG OF THE ALPS.

THE hero lives on in the pages of story,
 Though blood-drops may sully the words that record :
 His bust shall be crowned with the chaplet of glory ;
 The hand shall be honoured that rests on the sword.
 But there's one whose good deeds are scarce noted by any ;
 The field of his valour, the ice-covered scalps ;
 'Tis the dumb and the faithful, the saviour of many ;
 The brave and the beautiful Dog of the Alps.

With his mission of mercy, right onward he'll hurry ;
 No wild, howling storm burst shall turn him aside :
 Though the tottering avalanche threaten to bury,
 And the arrowy sleet-shower bristle his hide.
 We drink health to the bold one, whose strong arm has wrested
 The perishing form from the billowy grave :
 But a laurel is due to the dog who has breasted
 The winding-sheet found in the snow-drifted wave.

Through the fearful ravine, when the thick flakes are falling
 O'er peaks, while the cutting wind curdles his breath ;
 He wends his lone way with the wallet-strap galling,
 To seek the lost pilgrim, and snatch him from death.
 Where the traveller lies, with his parting breath sighing
 Some name that he loves in a tremulous prayer ;
 The Dog of the Alps comes with life to the dying ;
 With warmth to the frozen, and hope to despair.

It is not ambition that leads him to danger,
 He toils for no trophy, he seeks for no fame ;
 He faces all peril and succours the stranger ;
 But asks not the wide world to blazon his name.
 'Twould be well if the great ones, who boast of their reason,
 Would copy his work on the winter-bound scalps ;
 And cherish the helpless in sorrow's bleak season,
 Like the brave and the beautiful Dog of the Alps.

OLD CRIES.

Oh ! dearly do I love " Old Cries"
 That touch my heart and bid me look
 On " Bough-pots" plucked 'neath summer skies,
 And " Watercresses" from the brook.
 It may be vain, it may be weak,
 To list when common voices speak ;
 But rivers with their broad, deep course,
 Pour from a mean and unmarked source :—
 And so my warmest tide of soul
 From strange, unheeded springs will roll.

" Old Cries," " Old Cries"—there is not one
 But hath a mystic tissue spun
 Around it, flinging on the ear
 A magic mantle rich and dear,
 From " Hautboys," pottled in the sun,

To the loud wish that cometh when
 The tune of midnight waits is done
 With "A merry Christmas, gentlemen,
 And a Happy New Year!"

The clear, spring dawn is breaking, and there cometh with the ray,
 The stripling boy with "shining face," and dame in "hodden grey :"
 Rude melody is breathed by all—young—old—the strong, and weak ;
 From manhood with its burly tone, and age with treble squeak.
 Forth come the little busy "Jacks," and forth come little "Gills,"
 As thick and quick as working ants about their summer hills ;
 With baskets of all shapes and makes, of every size and sort ;
 Away they trudge, with eager step, through alley, street, and court.
 A spicy freight they bear along, and earnest is their care,
 To guard it like a tender thing from morning's nipping air ;
 And though our rest be broken by their voices shrill and clear,
 There's something in the well-known "cry" we dearly love to hear.
 'Tis old, familiar music, when "the old woman runs"
 With "One a penny, two a penny, Hot Cross Buns !"
 Full many a cake of dainty make has gained a good renown,
 We all have lauded "Gingerbread" and "Parliament" done brown ;
 But when did luscious "Banburies," or dainty "Sally Lunn's,"
 E'er yield such merry chorus theme as "One a penny buns !"
 The pomp of palate that may be like old Vitellius fed ;
 Can never feast as mine did on the sweet and fragrant bread ;
 When quick impatience could not wait to share the early meal,
 But eyed the pile of "Hot Cross Buns," and dared to snatch and
 steal.
 Oh, the soul must be uncouth as a Vandal's, Goth's, or Hun's,
 That loveth not the melody of "One a penny Buns !"

There was a man in olden time,
 And a troubadour was he ;
 Whose passing chant and lilting rhyme
 Had mighty charms for me.

My eyes grew big with a sparkling stare,
 And my heart began to swell,
 When I heard his loud song filling the air
 About "Young lambs to sell !"

His flocks were white as the falling snow,
 With collars of shining gold ;
 And I chose from the pretty ones "all of a row,"
 With a joy that was untold.

Oh, why did the gold become less bright,
 Why did the soft fleece lose its white,
 And why did the child grow old?

'Twas a blithe, bold song the old man sung;
 The words came fast, and the echoes rung,
 Merry and free as "a marriage bell;"
 And a right, good troubadour was he,
 For the hive never swarmed to the chinking key,
 As the wee things did when they gathered in glee,
 To his musical cry—"Young lambs to sell!"

Ah, well-a-day! it hath passed away,
 With my holiday pence and my holiday play—
 I wonder if I could listen again,
 As I listened then to that old man's strain.

And there was a "cry" in the days gone by,
 That ever came when my pillow was nigh;
 When, tired and spent, I was passively led
 By a mother's hand to my own, sweet bed—
 My lids grew heavy, my glance was dim,
 As I yawned in the midst of a cradle hymn—
 When the watchman's echo lulled me quite,
 With "Past ten o'clock, and a starlight night!"

Well I remember the hideous dream,
 When I struggled in terror, and strove to scream,
 As I took a wild leap o'er the precipice steep,
 And convulsively flung off the incubus sleep.
 How I loved to behold the moonshine cold
 Illume each well-known curtain-fold;
 And how I was soothed by the watchman's warning,
 Of "Past three o'clock, and a moonlight morning!"

Oh, there was music in this "old cry,"
 Whose deep, rough tones will never die:
 No rare serenade will put to flight
 The chant that proclaimed a "stormy night."

The "watchmen of the city" are gone,
 The church-bell speaketh, but speaketh alone;
 We hear no voice at the wintry dawning,
 With "Past five o'clock, and a cloudy morning!"
 Ah, well-a-day! it hath passed away,
 But I sadly miss the cry

That told in the night when the stars were bright,
 Or the rain-cloud veiled the sky.
 Watchmen, Watchmen, ye are among
 The bygone things that will haunt me long.

“Three bunches a penny, Primroses!”
 Oh, dear is the greeting of Spring;
 When she offers her dew-spangled posies;
 The fairest Creation can bring.

“Three bunches a penny, Primroses!”
 The echo resounds in the mart;
 And the simple “cry” often uncloses
 The worldly bars grating man’s heart.

We reflect, we contrive, and we reckon
 How best we can gather up wealth;
 We go where bright finger-posts beckon,
 Till we wander from Nature and Health.

But the “old cry” shall burst on our scheming,
 The song of “Primroses” shall flow,
 And “Three bunches a penny” set dreaming
 Of all that we loved long ago.

It brings visions of meadow and mountain,
 Of valley, and streamlet, and hill,
 When Life’s ocean but played in a fountain—
 Ah, would that it sparkled so still!

It conjures back shadowless hours,
 When we threaded the dark, forest ways;
 When our own hand went seeking the flowers,
 And our own lips were shouting their praise.

The perfume and tint of the blossom
 Are as fresh in vale, dingle, and glen;
 But say, is the pulse of our bosom
 As warm and as bounding as then?

“Three bunches a penny, Primroses!”
 “Three bunches a penny,—come, buy!”
 A blessing on all the spring posies,
 And good-will to the poor ones who cry.

“Lavender, sweet Lavender!”
 With “Cherry Ripe!” is coming;
 While the droning beetles whirr,
 And merry bees are humming.

“Lavender, sweet Lavender!”
 Oh, pleasant is the crying;
 While the rose-leaves scarcely stir,
 And downy moths are flying.

Oh, dearly do I love “Old Cries,”
 Your “Lilies all a-blowing!”
 Your blossoms blue still wet with dew,
 “Sweet Violets all a-growing!”

Oh, happy were the days, methinks,
 In truth, the best of any;
 When “Periwinkles, winkle, winks!”
 Allured my last, lone penny.

Oh, what had I to do with cares
 That bring the frown and furrow,
 When “Walnuts” and “Fine mellow pears”
 Beat Catalani thorough.

Full dearly do I love “Old Cries,”
 And always turn to hear them;
 And though they cause me some few sighs,
 Those sighs do but endear them.

My heart is like the fair sea-shell,
 There’s music ever in it;
 Though bleak the shore where it may dwell,
 Some power still lives to win it.

When music fills the shell no more,
 ’Twill be all crushed and scattered;
 And when this heart’s deep tone is o’er,
 ’Twill be all cold and shattered.

Oh, vain will be the hope to break
 Its last and dreamless slumbers;
 When “Old Cries” come, and fail to wake
 Its deep and fairy numbers!

THE PAST.

THE Past! the Past! oh, what a tide
 Does Memory pour upon the breast;
 What visions rise, what phantoms glide
 To fill the brain and break the rest.

Though few the waves of life may be
 That shall have ebb'd, yet all will find
 More rugged strands than golden sands,
 More weeds than pearls are left behind.

The Past! the Past! how many a one
 Comes back again in that sad word;
 The cherished form for ever gone,
 The voice of music now unheard.

It brings the haunts of Childhood's day,
 Our hours of sport, our shouts of mirth;
 Our schoolmates and our early play,
 When paradise was linked with earth.

No matter where those haunts might be,
 In city streets or mountain spot;
 Long years may roll, but yet the soul
 Will hold them loved and unforget.

They are remembered as a flower
 Of richest tint, its bloom gone by;
 Or as the string of sweetest power
 That, broken, wakes the minstrel's sigh:

As rainbow of a bright, fresh morn,
 That storms have scattered and o'ercaст—
 As all that to a heart outworn
 Is saddening, as the *beauteous past*.

We conjure up some gentle eye,
 That only told of changeless love;
 Some breast that yearned as warmly nigh
 As nestling to a parent dove.

Pale Thought will sit upon our brow,
 In busy fancy deeply rapt;
 We start, and ask, "Where are they now?"
 And then the magic chain is snapped.

Perchance we nurse some hapless deed
 Of Folly's gay and reckless years ;
 On which the deathless worm may feed,
 And vain repentance shed its tears.

The Past ! the Past ! there may be those
 Who never dwell upon such theme ;
 Whose pulse of steel will never feel
 One quickened throb in Memory's dream.

But there are those who sigh and weep
 O'er the " departed," e'en in youth ;
 Whose trembling hearts will ever keep
 Long-vanished scenes with cruel truth.

Such trembling hearts too soon are riven,
 Light blows will cleave—the wounds will last ;
 And Faith, portraying future heaven,
 Is all that can redeem the Past.



THE SEA-CHILD.

He crawls to the cliff and plays on a brink
 Where every eye but his own would shrink ;
 No music he hears but the billow's noise,
 And shells and weeds are his only toys.
 No lullaby can the mother find
 To sing him to rest like the moaning wind ;
 And the louder it wails and the fiercer it sweeps.
 The deeper he breathes and the sounder he sleeps.

And now his wandering feet can reach
 The rugged tracks of the desolate beach ;
 Creeping about like a Triton imp,
 To find the haunts of the crab and shrimp.
 He clings, with none to guide or help,
 To the furthest ridge of slippery kelp ;
 And his bold heart glows while he stands and mocks
 The seamew's cry on the jutting rocks.

Few years have waned—and now he stands
 Bareheaded on the shelving sands.
 A boat is moored, but his young hands cope
 Right well with the twisted cable rope ;

THE ENGLISH HOLIDAY.

He frees the craft, she kisses the tide ;
 The boy has climbed her beaten side :
 She drifts—she floats—he shouts with glee ;
 His soul hath claimed its right on the sea.

'Tis vain to tell him the howling breath
 Rides over the waters with wreck and death :
 He'll say there's more of fear and pain
 On the plague-ridden earth than the storm-lashed main.
 'Twould be as wise to spend thy power
 In trying to lure the bee from the flower,
 The lark from the sky, or the worm from the grave,
 As in weaning the Sea-Child from the wave.



THE ENGLISH HOLIDAY.

EACH minstrel hand must fondly greet
 Young Spring, the redolent and sweet ;
 All voices hail the breezy balm,
 The peeping leaf, and golden palm.
 The freshened grass and deepening sky
 Wake hope and light in heart and eye ;
 And cold's the lyre that does not own
 A richer breathing in its tone.
 Oh ! doubly welcome cheering Spring,
 The climbing sun and budding spray ;
 And why ? because they ever bring
 A common English Holiday.

May blessings fall upon the hour
 When Freedom takes the sovereign power ;
 When the swarth brow may wear a smile
 And lose the lines of care awhile ;
 When drum and trumpet, bravely woke
 By infant breath and pigmy stroke,
 Proclaim the gladsome "uproar wild"
 Is shared e'en by the lisping child.
 I love to mark the bounding tread,
 The treasured vestments, clean and gay ;
 I prize the happiness that's shed
 Upon a People's Holiday.

'Tis true that revelry and noise
 May herald forth their frantic joys ;
 That Prudence flies the motley crowd,
 "Quite shocked" at Folly's bells so loud.

Some few may loathe the merry din,
 Deeming blithe laughter, deadly sin ;
 And spurn the thronging multitude,
 As "creatures" worthless, base, and rude :
 Yet think, their lives of toil and gloom
 But rarely meet a sunny ray ;
 And none perchance that e'er illumine
 So brightly as a Holiday.

Such hours, such days, too soon are o'er,
 Too few !—ah ! would that they were more !
 The outburst of a million's mirth
 Is the most grateful sound on earth.
 Shade to his name—woe to his breast,
 Whose selfish aim would strive to wrest
 And trample down their sacred right
 With tyrant zeal and iron might !
 Hail to the festal wide and free,
 And ne'er may charter know decay ;
 That ratifies a people's glee,
 And grants an English Holiday.

A RIVER THOUGHT.

THE banks of the River were lovely and bright,
 As blossoms and boughs met the summer noon-light ;
 The moss hid the flower, the tree screened the moss ;
 And the willow's thick tresses fell sweeping across.

The cottagers' homes, on the sunniest side,
 Had hedges of woodbine that trailed in the tide ;
 And the deep-bosomed river rolled merrily by,
 While its banks with their green beauty gladdened the eye.

But Time took his way on those green banks at last,
 And pulled up the flowers and trees as he passed ;
 He stretched his cold hand—the white cottage was down,
 And the springy moss withered beneath his stern frown.

He trampled the woodbine, and blotted all trace
 Of the willow so loved for its wave-kissing grace ;
 But he touched not the River—that still might be found
 Just the same as when perfume and roses were round.

A FOREST THOUGHT.

The Heart, like that water, may quicken and glow,
 While rare beauty is seen on the furrowless brow ;
 It may gaily expand where love twineth a bower,
 And faithfully picture the branch and the flower.

But Time will soon plough up the forehead so sleek ;
 He will whiten the dark hair and wrinkle the cheek ;
 The charms that once dazzled will dazzle no more ;
 But the Heart, like the water, shines on as before.

The Tide gushes fast, all as fresh and as fair
 As it did when the alder and lily were there ;
 The change that has come o'er the place of its course,
 Has not darkened its ripple or narrowed its source.

And the Heart that is beating with Nature and Truth
 May outlive some dear images mirrored in youth ;
 Some wrecks may be round it, but none e'er shall find
 Its deep feeling less quick, or its yearning less kind.

Oh ! the green banks may fade, and the brown locks turn white
 But the Stream and the Soul keep their freshness and light ;
 For the Heart that is warm, and the Tide that is free,
 Glide onward, unchanged, to Eternity's sea.



A FOREST THOUGHT.

THE fine, old Oak hath passed away, its noble stem hath shrunk,
 Till roving footsteps speeding on, leap o'er the sapless trunk ;
 Its glory hath departed, and the wrestler with the storm
 Is crumbled, till it yields no home to keep the squirrel warm ;
 But bright, green moss is clothing it, all soft, and sweet, and fresh ;
 As true as when it first entwined the sapling in its mesh ;
 It leaveth not the ruined spot, but beautiful to see,
 It yearneth still the closer to the Old Grey Tree.

I know this heart must wither, and become as dead a thing ;
 It will not heed the winter-cloud, nor feel the sun of spring ;
 In low, decaying solitude this form ere long shall fade,
 And moulder 'neath the grave-dust, like the tree in forest glade.
 Oh ! let me hope that some kind thoughts will turn toward my name,
 And glowing breasts that love me now will love me still the same ;
 Let gentle Memory fill the home where once I used to be,
 And cling to me like green moss to the Old Grey Tree.

THE BONNIE SCOT.

THE bonnie Scot! he hath nae got
 A hame o' sun an' light;
 His clime hath aft a dreary day
 An' mony a stormy night;
 He hears the blast gae crooning past,
 He sees the snawflake fa';
 But what o' that? He'll tell ye still,
 His land is best o' a'.
 He wadna tine, for rose or vine,
 The gowans round his cot;
 There is nae bloom like heath an' broom,
 To charm the bonnie Scot.

The roarin' din o' flood an' linn
 Is music unco sweet;
 He loves the pine aboon his head,
 The breckans 'neath his feet:
 The lavrock's trill, sae clear and shrill,
 Is matchless to his ear;
 What joy for him like bounding free
 To hunt the fleet, dun deer?
 Nae wonder he sae proudly scorns
 A safter, kinder lot;
 He kens his earth gave Wallace birth;
 That brave and bonnie Scot.



OH! COME TO THE INGLE-SIDE.

OH! come to the Ingle-side!
 For the night is dark and drear;
 The snow is deep, and the mountain wide;
 Then stay and rest thee here.
 My board is simply spread,
 I've little food to spare;
 But thou shalt break my wholesome bread,
 And have a welcome share:
 For while the fagot burns
 To warm my cottage floor,
 They never shall say the poor man turns
 A poorer from his door.

OH! COME TO THE INGLE-SIDE.

Then come to the Ingle-side,
 The night is dark and drear ;
 The snow is deep, and the mountain wide,
 Oh ! stay and rest thee here !

If thou seekest the castle gate,
 Though broad that gate may be ;
 A weary time thou'lt have to wait,
 For it lets in none like thee.
 If thou cravest bit or sup
 Where courtly gallants feed,
 Thou'lt find there is nor plate nor cup
 For the starving lips of need.
 They have couches 'neath proud domes,
 And downy ones they are ;
 But the guests who sleep have as princely homes,
 And carry the pearl and star.
 Then come to my Ingle-side,
 For the night is dark and drear ;
 The snow is deep, and the mountain wide,
 Oh ! stay and rest thee here !

If thou wert rich and strong,
 I would not ask thee in ;
 But thy journey has been lone and long,
 And thy tattered garb is thin.
 Thy limbs are stiff with cold,
 Thy hair is icy white ;
 Thou art a pilgrim far too old
 To face this bitter night.
 Less pity might there be
 In a breast e'er warmly clad ;
 But I have been as poor as thee,
 As hungry and as sad.
 Then come to my Ingle-side,
 The night is dark and drear ;
 The snow is deep, and the mountain wide,
 Oh ! stay and rest thee here !

See, see, the shaggy hound
 Creeps in to thaw his coat ;
 And a frozen robin that I found
 Chirps with a grateful note.
 They claim and have from me
 What richer hands might grudge :
 How right or wrong the mercy be
 I leave a GOD to judge.

And thou shalt sit by the log,
 I'll feed thee as I can;
 For the heart that cherishes bird and dog,
 Turns not from suffering man.
 Then come to my Ingle-side,
 The night is dark and drear;
 The snow is deep, and the mountain wide,
 Oh! stay and rest thee here!

 GOD HATH A VOICE.

God hath a voice that ever is heard
 In the peal of the thunder, the chirp of the bird;
 It comes in the torrent, all rapid and strong;
 In the streamlet's soft gush as it ripples along;
 It breathes in the zephyr, just kissing the bloom;
 It lives in the rush of the sweeping simoom:
 Let the hurricane whistle, or warblers rejoice;
 What do they tell thee but God hath a voice?

God hath a presence, and that ye may see
 In the fold of the flower, the leaf of the tree;
 In the sun of the noonday, the star of the night;
 In the storm-cloud of darkness, the rainbow of light;
 In the waves of the ocean, the furrows of land;
 In the mountain of granite, the atom of sand;
 Turn where ye may, from the sky to the sod,
 Where can ye gaze that ye see not a God?

 STANZAS.

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

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

Strangers may pause to mark who sleeps below,—
 Perchance a friend may read, perchance a foe,
 What can they learn?—that Joy, Affection, Trust,
 Hate, Scorn, and Malice, end in “dust to dust.”

DAY DREAMS.

“We are too apt to denounce as Folly much that belongs to the exquisitely Spiritual and Imaginative, and the highest pleasures of the highest natures may be said to resolve themselves into what are termed by the hard, cold worldling—‘day dreams.’”

DAY Dreams, loved Day Dreams, still be mine,
 Though wise ones mock the dreamer’s breast;
 Wisdom may press with serpent twine,
 Till the crushed spirit moans for rest.

Though air-piled castles may not hold
 The wealth that Man so fiercely craves;
 Yet, is there no bright stuff but gold?
 No mortals rich but Mammon’s slaves?

We know our brains are oft entranced
 By spells that weaken while they bind;
 And where our fairy hopes have danced,
 Some withered rings are left behind.

Perchance the pearl we treasure up
 As Life’s most dear and darling prize,
 Falls in some deadly, acid cup
 And melts before our weeping eyes.

Even Love’s torch may sorely scorch—
 The fruit we pined for bring the asp;
 And Fancy’s wand, snatched from our hand,
 Be broken short in Reason’s grasp.

Yet who would spurn the starry bloom
 That cheers the tangled path we tread;
 Because some blight may chance to light
 Upon the flowers, and lay them dead?

Day Dreams, ye’ve ever been to me
 God-sparks to warm my earthly clay;
 Ye’ve been the leaves upon my tree,
 That winter could not sweep away.

Ye've been the blessed, phantom things,
That sung weird music in mine ear ;
And freely lent me angel's wings,
To seek awhile a rarer sphere.

Day Dreams, ye came all thick and fair,
When I went hunting down the bee ;
And fresh and beautiful ye were,
As ripples on a moonlit sea.

And still ye haunt me, still I meet
The vision-joys that then I met ;
My quickest, fullest pulses beat ;
A child—a fool—a dotard yet.

Ah ! may ye ever claim my soul ;
I could not live in stagnant thrall :
Better to start for wisp-light goal,
Than run no spirit-race at all.

Up ! though I tread a dazzling ridge,
"Excelsior" is a noble shout ;
I'd climb on any rainbow bridge,
To let my heart look farther out.

Day Dreams, bright Day Dreams, still be mine ;
And though Life's darkest clouds abound,
'Tis bliss to know that ye will shine,
And fling your silver edges round.



HERE'S MERRY CHRISTMAS COME AGAIN.

HERE's merry Christmas come again,
With all it ever used to bring ;
The mistletoe and carol strain,
The holly in the window-pane,
And all the bloom from hill and plain
That Winter's chilly hand can fling.

It must be welcomed with a song,
Though nothing new may fill the ditty ;
Old fashioned feelings may be wrong,
But prejudice is very strong,
And dear, old Christmas, wooed so long,
Shall find us faithful, if not witty.

It comes with roar of city bells ;
 It comes with many a village chime ;
 And many a village grandam tells
 Of places where the white ghost dwells,
 Of demon forms, and robbers' cells,
 And all the tales for Christmas time.

It comes with music in the hall,
 That stirs the old man in his chair ;
 And when the midnight measures fall,
 He'll lead the blithest dance of all,
 Spurning alike the chimney wall,
 And seventy years of wear and tear.

It comes with frolic, feast, and mirth,
 It sings the chants it used to sing ;
 And makes the yule-log on the hearth
 An altar-forge, where links of earth,
 That bound and broke in strongest girth,
 Are welded fast in Memory's ring.

Here's merry Christmas ; and methinks,
 Although it seems an olden story,
 There's something pleasant in the winks
 Of blue-eyed fire that boils and blinks,
 Mocking the palm that snaps and shrinks
 Above the tempting plums of glory.

Here's merry Christmas ; and it seems
 To call back Childhood to the breast,
 With kindly words and laughing screams,
 With leaping steps that shake the beams,
 With noisy games and happy dreams,
 And all of Life that's bright and best.

Bring fragrant bay with laurel tied ;
 Bring shining chestnuts—how we'll roast 'em !
 Bring forth the bowl in wassail pride,
 Bring sack and brown ale, side by side,
 Bring foaming flip in endless tide,
 Bring friends around—and how we'll toast 'em !

Here's merry Christmas come again ;
 Cling heart to heart and hand to hand.
 "Love one another," was the strain
 Of him who never taught in vain ;
 And let it sound o'er hill and plain,
 And rule the feast in every land.

DERBYSHIRE DALES.

I SIGH for the land where the orange-tree flingeth
 Its prodigal bloom on the myrtle below;
 Where the moonlight is warm, and the gondolier singeth,
 And clear waters take up the strain as they go.

Oh! fond is the longing, and rapt is the vision,
 That stirs up my soul over Italy's tales;
 But the *present* was bright as the *far-off* Elysian,
 When I roved in the sun-flood through Derbyshire Dales.

There was joy for my eye, there was balm for my breathing;
 Green branches above me—blue streams at my side:
 The hand of Creation seemed proudly bequeathing
 The beauty reserved for a festival tide.

I was bound, like a child, by some magical story;
 Forgetting the "South" and "Ionian Vales;"
 And felt that dear England had temples of Glory,
 Where any might worship, in Derbyshire Dales.

Sweet pass of the "Dove!" 'mid rock, river, and dingle,
 How great is thy charm for the wanderer's breast!
 With thy moss-girdled towers and foam-jewelled shingle,
 Thy mountains of might, and thy valleys of rest.

I gazed on thy wonders—lone, silent, adoring;
 I bent at the altar whose "fire never pales:"
 The Great Father was with me—Devotion was pouring
 Its holiest praises in Derbyshire Dales.

Wild glen of dark "Taddington"—rich in thy robing
 Of forest-green cloak, with grey lacing bedight;
 How I lingered to watch the red, Western rays probing
 Thy leaf-mantled bosom with lances of light!

And "Monsal," thou mine of Arcadian treasure,
 Need we seek for "Greek Islands" and spice-laden gales,
 While a Tempe like thee, of enchantment and pleasure,
 May be found in our own, native, Derbyshire Dales?

There is much in my Past, bearing waymarks of flowers,
 The purest and rarest in odour and bloom;
 There are beings and breathings, and places and hours,
 Still trailing in roses o'er Memory's tomb.

And when I shall count o'er the bliss that's departed,
 And Old Age be telling its garrulous tales ;
 Those days will be first when the kind and true-hearted
 Were nursing my spirit in Derbyshire Dales.



THE HARP'S WILD NOTES.

A ZEPHYR breath of wind is playing,
 So softly none can trace its wings ;
 And lone and fitful in its straying,
 It falls upon the silver strings.

They pour an answering strain, that never
 Could be awoke by minstrel skill ;
 The rarest melody that ever
 Stirred from the chords to bless and thrill.

So rich, so full, so pure; so deep,
 The air in dreamy sweetness floats ;
 But only spirit-hands can sweep
 Such music from the Harp's wild notes.

So many a breast where music lives,
 May yield a store of measured tone ;
 Full many a burning lay it gives,
 Its rarest breathing still unknown.

The throb of strange and holy feeling,
 The dearest joy, the saddest sigh,
 Will fill the soul with high revealing ;
 But, like the Harp-strain, it must die.

None can record the matchless theme
 That with the mystic Wind-kiss floats ;
 And none can learn the Poet's dream
 That singeth in the Heart's wild notes.



THERE IS NOTHING IN VAIN.

OH! prize not the essence of Beauty alone,
 And disdain not the weak and the mean in our way ;
 For the world is an engine—the Architect's own,
 Where the wheels of least might keep the larger in play.

We love the fair valley, with bloom in the shade;
 We sing of green hills—of the grape and the grain;
 But be sure the Creator did well when he made
 The stark desert and marsh—for there's nothing in vain.

We may question the locust that darkens the land,
 And the snake, flinging arrows of death from its eye;
 But remember they come from the Infinite Hand,
 And shall Man, in his littleness, dare to ask why?
 Oh! let us not speak of the "useless" or "vile;"
 They may seem so to us—but be slow to arraign:
 From the savage wolf's cry to the happy child's smile,
 From the mite to the mammoth, there's nothing in vain.

There's a mission, no doubt, for the mole in the dust,
 As there is for the charger, with nostrils of pride;
 The sloth and the newt have their places of trust,
 And the agents are needed, for God has supplied.
 Oh! could we but trace the great meaning of ALL,
 And what delicate links form the ponderous chain;
 From the dewdrops that rise, to the stardrops that fall;
 We should see but one purpose, and nothing in vain.



DID GOD SO WILL IT?

DID GOD so will it? Truth is in the tone
 That so arraigns the evil deeds of Man;
 And worshippers at the Eternal throne
 Will breathe it forth in face of mortal ban.
 We note dark scenes that crowd upon our eyes;
 Rousing the bosom but to chafe and chill it.
 Oh, who shall gaze, nor feel the question rise—
 Did God so will it?

The Holy Word, typed by the gentle bird
 Of Holy Peace, is often yelled around
 As a fierce war-cry—scaring while 'tis heard,
 Baiting and baying where bold Thought is found.
 "Be merciful," is the divine behest;
 Priests with the mission, how do ye fulfil it?
 Even as Tyranny and Strife attest—
 Did God so will it?

The red-skinned savage holds his hunting-field
 As Nature's heritage by human law ;
 Content with what the bush and river yield,
 His rugged wigwam and his tawny squaw.
 But the smooth white-face drives him back and back ;
 Let his voice tell of *Right*, and *Might* shall still it,
 Till his free steps are thrust from their own track—
 Did God so will it ?

The heirs to Fortune eat, drink, laugh, and sleep ;
 Scarce knowing Winter's cold from Summer's heat :
 Strange contrast with the lank, pinched forms that creep,
 With roofless heads, and bleeding, heartless feet.
 While sated Wealth reclines to cull and sip
 Where the full feast is decked with flowery fillet,
 Wonder not Hunger asks with moody lip,
 Did God so will it ?

'Tis a fit question, when the coward hand
 Deals needless anguish to the patient brute :
 Base, upright thing of clay, thou hadst command
 To rule, but not to *torture*, the poor mute.
 When thou wouldst urge the brave steed to a task,
 Knowing the mean, inhuman work will kill it,
 Hearest thou not the voice of Conscience ask—
 Did God so will it ?

Crime, clothed in greatness, holds a wondrous claim
 On the world's tenderness : 'tis few will dare
 To call foul conduct by its proper name,
 When it can prowl and prey in golden lair.
 But let the *pauper* sin—Virtue, disgraced,
 Rears a high seat, and Vengeance stern must fill it.
 Justice, thy bandage is not fairly placed—
 Did God so will it ?

'Tis a fit question to be put to Man
 When he would trample hearts already sad ;
 Reckless what pressing trials crowd the span
 Of others' days—so that his own are glad :
 'Tis a broad taxing, but the chainless mind
 Will dare to raise the doubtings that shall thrill it ;
 Inquiring oft, 'mid factions base and blind,
 Did God so will it ?

Who can look out upon the earth, and see
 Much that is there, without a startling fear
 That Man has darkly set the Upas-tree
 Where Nature gave him vineyard fruits to rear.

Sorrow, Oppression, Carnage, Madness, Pain—
 Read the world's record—note how these do fill it;
 Shrink not, but question straight with heart and brain;
 Did God so will it?

 THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

THE village church is passing gay,
 The bells clang out in merry tune,
 A flag is o'er the turret grey,
 The porch holds all the flowers of June:
 For Youth and Beauty come to wed,
 With bounding form and beaming eye—
 With all the rapture Love can shed,
 And all the hope that Gold can buy;
 And children twine, with noisy glee,
 White favours round the cypress-tree.

An old man sitteth on a grave;
 His steps no more are firm and fast:
 And slenderly his white locks wave,
 As breeze and butterfly go past.
 A gentle smile lights up his face,
 And then he turns to gaze around;
 For he has come to choose the place
 Where he shall sleep in hallowed ground:
 "Just by yon daisy patch," saith he,
 "'Tis there, 'tis there, I'd have it be."

The bridal hearts in triumph glow,
 With all the world before them yet;
 The old man's pulse beats calm and slow,
 Like sun rays, lengthening as they set.
They see the fancied hours to come;
He sees the real days gone by:
 They deem the earth a fairy home;
 He thinks it well that man should die.
 Oh! goodly sight—it should be so—
 Youth glad to stay—Age fit to go!

LIKE THE EVERGREEN SO SHALL OUR
FRIENDSHIP BE.

To——.

SOME liken their love to the beautiful rose,
And some to the violet, sweet in the shade ;
But the Flower Queen dies when the Summer day goes,
And the blue eye shuts up when the Spring blossoms fade !
So we'll choose for our emblem a sturdier thing,
We will go to the mountain and worship its tree ;
With a health to the Cedar—the Evergreen King—
Like that Evergreen so may our Friendship be.

The perfume it carries is deeply concealed,
Not a breath of rich scent will its branches impart ;
But how lasting and pure is the odour revealed
In the inmost and deepest recess of its heart !
It groweth in might and endureth for long ;
And the longer it liveth, the nobler the tree ;
Then a health to the Cedar—the true and the strong ;
Like the Evergreen so may our Friendship be !

It remaineth unseared in the deluge of light,
When the flood of the sun-tide is pouring around ;
And as firmly and bravely it meeteth the night,
With the storm-torrent laden, and thunder-cloud crowned.
And so shall all changes that Fortune can bring,
Find our spirits unaltered and stanch as the tree :
Then a health to the Cedar—the Evergreen King—
Like that Evergreen so may our Friendship be !

“LET NOT THE SUN GO DOWN UPON YOUR
WRATH.”

“FATHER, forgive us,” is our daily prayer,
When the worn spirit feels its helpless dearth ;
Yet in our lowly greatness, do we dare
To seek from Heaven what we refuse on earth.
Too often will the bosom, sternly proud,
Bear shafts of vengeance on its graveward path ;
Deaf to the teaching that has cried aloud,
“Let not the Sun go down upon your Wrath.”

We ask for mercy from the Throne above,
 In morning worship, and in vesper song;
 And let us kindly shed the balm of love,
 To heal and soothe a brother's deed of wrong.
 If ye would crush the bitter thorns of strife,
 And strew the bloom of peace around your path—
 If ye would drink the sweetest streams of life,
 "Let not the Sun go down upon your Wrath."

Were this remembered, many a human lot
 Would find more blessings in our home below;
 The chequered world would lose its darkest blot,
 And mortal record tell much less of woe.
 The sacred counsels of the Wise impart
 No holier words in all that language hath;
 For light divine is kindled, where the heart
 Lets not the Sun go down upon its Wrath.

 MY OWN.

"My own, my own"—oh! who shall dare
 To set this seal of claim on earth;
 When "chance and change" are everywhere,
 On all and each of human birth?

"My own, my own"—these words are breathed
 By the young mother o'er her child:
 Her Hope and joy about it wreathed,
 Like moss to wood flower—warm and wild.

"My own, my own"—so gently sighs
 The doting lover to his bride,
 Finding his sunshine in her eyes,
 His world of Pleasure by her side.

"My own, my own"—so gaily sings
 The merchant with exulting lip;
 While the strong Eastern pinion brings
 The heavy freight and gallant ship.

"My own, my own"—the miser cries,
 O'er tarnished dross and parchment fold;
 Chained where his cumbrous coffer lies,
 With hand all close, and heart all cold.

“My own, my own”—the poet one
 Thus fondly hails his minstrel power ;
 While dreaming in the summer sun,
 Or musing in the moonlight hour.

“My own, my own”—the fair girl says,
 Noting her beauty, young and bright ;
 Smoothing her ringlet as it strays
 Upon her cheek, with proud delight.

“My own, my own”—these words resound
 Distinctly through the Babel noise ;
 From Kings with mighty nations round,
 And infants o’er their gathered toys.

“My own, my own”—ay, thus we boast—
 Short-sighted worshippers of clay ;
 Yet where’s the heart that holds no ghost
 Of treasures lent, and snatched away ?

Who has not stood beneath Life’s tree,
 Rapt by some song-bird, perching nigh ;
 And when the music seemed to be
 The sweetest, seen the warbler fly ?

Who has not cherished some fair shoot,
 Nursing it as the garden gem ;
 And seen foul canker sap its root,
 Or rushing storm-wind snap the stem ?

Do we not meet hard blows that fall
 Upon the pile deemed most secure ?
 Do we not grieve the strokes that leave
 The poet mad—the rich man poor ?

Do we not see deep love estranged—
 Thrust from the one it held so dear ;
 And all the dazzling garlands changed
 For willow-branches, dead and sear ?

Do we not see the pest-worm steal,
 The rose of beauty to destroy ?
 Does not the frantic mother kneel
 Beside her “own,” her coffined boy ?

“My own, my own”—oh, cheating speech,
 How soon its falsehood smites the breast !
 What monitors come nigh to teach
 Man to be *humble* while he’s *blest* !

Who shall presume with boasting hand
 To trace such words on aught below !
 It is but writing on the sand,
 Where troubled waters ebb and flow.

Our "talents" are but held in trust,
 Grasp them as closely as we will ;
 And draughts that swim with highest brim,
 The lightest touch will serve to spill.

"My own, my own"—oh ! who shall dare
 Thus to defy Pain, Woe, and Strife ;
 When chance and change are everywhere,
 And Death walks hand-in-hand with Life ?



LINES WRITTEN FOR THE SHEFFIELD MECHANICS'
 EXHIBITION, 1846.

THE ice-bound tide, with currents pent beneath,
 Is stagnant, dreary, dull, and sad as Death :
 Black, frowning clouds hang like a pall unfurled
 Above the source whose Commerce aids a world.
 The *River's* frozen—and the "outward bound"
 Lies like a coffin in the ice-grave round.

The stripling boy with dust-polluted skin,
 Hears no soft bubble-plash to tempt him in ;
 The famished curlew, fluttering far to seek
 For water, falls with stiff, unmoistened beak ;
 And vernal bloom that fain would deck the bank,
 Crushed by the chill breath, leaves a cheerless blank.

But see ; the summer sun with glowing beam
 Flings radiant warmth upon the torpid stream ;
 The dense and blackened mass is seen no more—
 Life stirs the waters—Joy is on the shore ;
 And fast and fresh the tide goes rolling by,
 Beneath the glory of a cloudless sky.

The laden bark hastes onward with her freight :
 Destined to cheer some lone and distant state :
 The growing children loiter by the side,
 Watching the waves that sparkle as they glide ;
 Wading knee-deep, to touch the lily's brim,
 Till bold in Hope—they plunge—strike out—and swim.

“*BONNIE, SWEET ROBIN.*”

The bird, whose soft notes hail Affection's nest,
Comes nigh to drink, and lave its downy breast;
The buds that spring, burst forth with deeper hue,
With sweeter perfume, and a richer dew;
And the pure River, spreading as it goes;
Bears Health and Loveliness where'er it flows.

Knowledge, bright Knowledge, so *thy* sun must shine,
And leave unchained the Spirit-stream divine.
Knowledge, fair Knowledge, 'tis alone thy ray
Can melt the bars of mortal ice away:
Thy honest sunshine only can unbind
The hard, cold fetters freezing up the *Mind*;
Letting the tide of Intellect run free
With clear, strong gush to the Eternal Sea.

Fair Knowledge pleads the Universal Cause;
Truth in her language—Justice in her laws:
Leading rude Ignorance with gentle hand
To join Creation's highest, noblest band,
Loudly proclaiming that her humblest halls
Aid Peace and Virtue more than prison walls.
There we do list the teachings that impart
Strength to the brain, and Goodness to the heart;—
There do we gain the wisdom that bestows
Balm for our own, and care for others' woes;
There do we learn to prize the mercies sent,
And hail the Giver with a glad content;
And *all* must bless the Temple that is raised
Where Man grows happier, while God is praised.



“*BONNIE, SWEET ROBIN*” IS “*NAE DEAD
AND GANE.*”

[Written for the Anniversary of the Birthday of Robert Burns, at Sheffield,
January 25th, 1848.]

OH! say not in sadness, the Bard has departed,
While Memory thus is enshrining his name;
For the perfume his chaplet of bay-leaves imparted,
Lives fragrantly yet in the breathing of Fame.
While we think of him over the “crimson-tipped flower;”
While we chant forth his soul in the “Bannockburn” strain;
While we bend to his harp as we do at this hour;
Oh! “Bonnie, sweet Robin” is “nae dead and gane.”

His love-plaints in exquisite tenderness breaking,
 Still fall on our ear as the dew on the earth;
 His songs of proud honesty still are awaking
 Man's sense of the greatness that springeth from Worth.
 While rare "Tam O'Shanter" calls smiles to our faces;
 While "Mary in heaven" brings something of pain;
 While "Puir Maillie" is mourned, and "Twa Dogs" keep their
 places;
 Oh! Bonnie, sweet Robin" is "nae dead and gane."

It is bitter to know we must tell a dark story,
 Of poverty thrusting him on to his grave;
 That he struggled with Sorrow while working for Glory:
 A toiler—a victim—but never a *slave*.
 Yet his spirit now seemeth to hover beside us;
 The sepulchre-stone was laid o'er him in vain;
 He is here as GOD's teacher, to prompt and to guide us;
 And "Bonnie, sweet Robin" is "nae dead and gane."

He lighted the beacon that burneth for ever,
 He opened the well-spring that cannot dry up;
 He poured Truth in the chalice he left us, and never
 Shall noble Humanity turn from the cup.
 While we've hearts in our bosoms that know how to cherish
 The hands that unfasten the world's heavy chain—
 Till the Good and the Beautiful utterly perish,
 Oh! "Bonnie, sweet Robin" is "nae dead and gane."

 AN OLD TUNE.

To ——.

Dost thou remember when we roved in Summer's glowing prime,
 While Friendship's sacred bells rung out a soft and merry chime?—
 Dost thou remember where we stood beneath the old elm-boughs,
 With laughing speech upon our lips and mirth upon our brows?—
 Dost thou remember singing there, in low and fitful tone,
 A melody of bygone days—one of sweet Nature's own?
 Dost thou remember, Lady, when the topmost leaf was green,
 Hushing the ringdove overhead, with "Jock o' Hazeldean?"

Oh, little didst thou know the spell that old tune had for me;
 A mist came o'er the broad, blue air, a dimness round the tree;
 I knew the branch was still as bright, I knew the sky was clear;
 But I was breathing through a sigh, and gazing through a tear.

That old tune brought a busy crowd of shadows to my side ;
 It flung a narrow floodgate back that let in Memory's tide.
 Quick visions came upon my heart of all that once had been,
 When other lips enchained my ear with " Jock o' Hazeldean."

I knew Affection's lonely dove still dwelt within my breast,
 And deemed that it had ceased to miss the one that cheered and blessed ;
 I knew its mournful note, full long, had been acutely deep,
 But thought the dark, grey wing of Time had nestled it to sleep :
 Not so, not so ; that old tune bore my spirit on its breath,
 Back to the days when Hope and Joy made Life a wildflower wreath ;
 It bore me to the rude, porch seat behind the woodbine screen,
 Where many a summer night I heard sweet " Jock o' Hazeldean."

It called up kind and gentle eyes, whose glances fell on mine,
 Like the soft moon that looketh down to bid the dew-gems shine ;
 It raised again the homaged form, it brought the placid smile ;
 Till the electric flash of Pain laid waste my fairy pile.
 Lady ! I know thou lovest me—but scarcely canst thou tell
 How bitterly this brain can throb, how fast these heart-strings swell ;
 As blight-winds wither up the flower, yet do their work unseen,
 So didst thou smite my glowing soul with " Jock o' Hazeldean."

That old tune taught me still to feel how weak and frail a thing
 This bosom is, in face of all that Reason's aid can bring,
 And had I lingered by thy side, perchance thou mightst have smiled,
 To find me as a harp unstrung, and weeping like a child.
 Lady ! I know thou lovest me—let others chant the strain,
 But do not thou e'er sing to me that ballad-lay again ;
 For something in thy earnest tones, probing where wounds have been,
 Reminds me of a mother's voice in " Jock o' Hazeldean."



A SONG FOR THE DOG.

A SONG for the Dog, ay, a song from the heart :
 Let the sensitive leaf of man's vanity start ;
 But a Song for the Dog shall be merrily trolled,
 As the meed of the honest, the fond, and the bold.

Ye heirs to a bright immortality born,
 Oh ! lift not your heads in the triumph of scorn ;
 Take some heed how ye sneer at the cur o'er his bone,
 Whose good work, fairly weighed, might outbalance your own.

Come hither, blind pilgrim, say who is thy guide?
 No son of proud reason is found at thy side!
 How is it thou darest, all sightless, to roam,
 And canst track out the pathway safe back to thy home?

"'Tis my Dog that I trust to," the darkened one cries,
 "And he ministers well to my visionless eyes;
 He leadeth me gently, and heralds my feet
 Through the world's busy mob, and the city's long street.

"Ah! where is another, whose patience and care
 Would endure so unwearied, the task and the fare?
 'Tis my Dog that I trust to, and ne'er can I find
 Such a friend to the palsied, the poor, and the blind."

Rigid-limbed traveller, mounting the peak,
 With the blood curdling fast in thy heart and thy cheek;
 Thine eyelids are heavy—thy breathing grows deep,
 And sleep hath come over thee—terrible sleep.

Who shall discover thy snow-curtained bed?
 Who shall stand up between thee and the dead?
 Who shall tear off the cold wrap from thy form,
 And call loudly for help through the shriek of the storm?

It is not Man's footstep—that ne'er would have found thee;
 It is not Man's hand—that would ne'er have unbound thee;
 It is not Man's wisdom—his powers had failed—
 'Tis the Dog that has come where the man would have quailed.

The lisping child snatches the blossom and brake
 That spring by the side of the blue-bosomed lake;
 Till, heedless with laughter, he slips from the brink,
 And a horror-struck mother beholdeth him sink.

But hark—there's a plunge; a brave diver is out,
 Whose ready zeal needs no encouraging shout;
 'Tis the Newfoundland playmate—the soulless, the mute—
 And God's beautiful image is saved by the brute.

There's one that is keeping the wide-scattered flock;
 Now pacing the moorland, now perched on the rock;
 Now quietly watching the lambs at their play;
 Now arresting their steps that would wander away.

He rules, as all should rule, with merciful peace;
 He preserveth the sheep, yet he covets no fleece;
 He is true to his charge when the red sun gets up;
 He is there when night closes the gold-blazoned cup.

His master may conjure some love-whispered dream ;
 He may rove in the shade—he may rest by the stream—
 He may pillow his head on the heath-covered steep ;
 If the Dog is awake—why, the shepherd may sleep.

"Yoicks ! yoicks, tally-ho !" and away rush glad men,
 Over hill, hedge, and furrow—through copse, vale, and glen ;
 "Hark forward !"—on, on, with a cheer, and a bound ;
 But Man, mighty creature, must trust to the *hound*.

Up ! up ! with the barrel, the pheasant is nigh ;
 "Quick, quick, to the shoulder—he rises, let fly ;"
 The bird's in the bag ; but who will not confess,
 'Twas the nose of old Ponto insured the success ?

All weary and lonely the beggar goes by,
 No kind home to expect him, no friendly hand nigh ;
 But among all the sorrows that misery deals,
 We may see the starved cur ever close at his heels.

The one who for years has been missed in his place,
 May return with strange shadows of time on his face ;
 Old friends have forgotten the wandering boy,
 But the old Dog remembers, and hails him with joy.

Then a health to the noble, the honest, old Tray ;
 The watchman of night, the companion of day ;
 And a Song for the Dog shall be merrily trolled
 As the meed of the faithful, the fond, and the bold.



"DON'T YOU REMEMBER?"

OH ! these are the words that eternally utter
 The spell that is seldom cast o'er us in vain ;
 With the wings and the wand of a fairy they flutter,
 And draw a charmed circle about us again.
 We return to the spot where our Infancy gambolled ;
 We linger once more in the haunts of our Youth ;
 We re-tread where young Passion first stealthily rambled,
 And whispers are heard full of Nature and Truth,
 Saying, "Don't you Remember?"

We treasure the picture where Colour seems breathing
 In lineaments mocking a long-worshipped face ;
 We are proud of some tress in a chain of close wreathing,
 And gold-links of Ophir are poor in its place.

Oh! what is the secret that giveth them power
 To fling out a star on our darkest of ways?
 'Tis the tone of Affection—Life's holiest dower—
 That murmurs about them, and blissfully says,
 "Don't you Remember?"

The voice of Old Age, while it tells some old story,
 Exults o'er the tale with fresh glee in the breast;
 As the haze of the twilight e'er deepens the glory
 Of beams that are fast going down in the west.
 When the friends of our boyhood are gathered around us,
 The spirit retraces its wild-flower track;
 The heart is still held by the strings that first bound us,
 And Feeling keeps singing, while wandering back,
 "Don't you Remember?"

When those whom we prized have departed for ever,
 Yet perfume is shed o'er the cypress we twine;
 Yet fond recollection refuses to sever,
 And turns to the Past, like a saint to the shrine.
 Praise carved on the marble is often deceiving;
 The gaze of the stranger is all it may claim;
 But the strongest of love, and the purest of grieving,
 Are heard when lips dwell on the missing one's name,
 Saying, "Don't you Remember?"



MY OLD COMPANIONS.

My heart has yearned, like other hearts,
 With all the fervour Youth imparts;
 And all the warmth that Feeling lends
 Has freely cherished "troops of friends."
 A change has passed o'er them and me,
 We are not as we used to be;
 My heart, like many another heart,
 Sees Old Companions all depart.

I mark the names of more than one,
 But read them on the cold, white stone;
 And steps that followed where mine led,
 Now on the far-off desert tread;
 The world has warped some souls away,
 That once were honest as the day;
 Some dead—some wandering—some untrue—
 Ah! Old Companions are but few.

MY OLD COMPANIONS.

But there are green trees on the hill,
 And blue flags sweeping o'er the rill,
 And there are daisies peeping out,
 And dogrose-blossoms round about.
 Ye were my friends, "long, long ago,"
 The first, bright friends I sought to know;
 And yet ye come—rove where I will,
 My Old Companions, faithful still.

And there are sunbeams, rich and fair,
 As cheering as they ever were;
 And there are fresh winds playing nigh
 As freely as in time gone by.
 The birds come singing as of yore,
 The waves yet ripple to the shore;
 Howe'er I feel—where'er I range,
 These Old Companions never change.

I'm glad I learnt to love the things
 That Fortune neither takes nor brings;
 I'm glad my spirit learnt to prize
 The smiling face of sunny skies;
 'Twas well I clasped with dotting hand
 The balmy hedge-flowers of the land:
 For still ye live in friendship sure,
 My Old Companions, fair and pure.

Though strong may be the ties we make,
 The strongest mortal tie may break;
 Though warm the lips that woo us now,
 They may perchance forswear the vow.
 We see pale Death and envious Hate,
 Fling shadows on Life's dial-plate;
 Noting the hours when dark sands glide,
 And Old Companions leave our side.

But be we sad, or be we gay,
 With thick curls bright, or thin locks grey;
 We never find the spring bloom meet
 Our presence with a smile less sweet.
 Oh! I am glad I learnt to love
 The tangled wood and cooing dove;
 For these will be, in good or ill,
 My Old Companions, changeless still.



TO WILLIAM THOM,

THE INVERURY POET.

[Written after Reading his Poems.]

OH! my heart is aching, Willie,
 And mine eye forgets to shine;
 Heavy sighs are breaking, Willie,
 From this trembling breast of mine.
 Thou hast caused the gentle woe,
 Thou hast wrought it all, Willie;
 Thou hast bid my bosom throe,
 And my hot tear fall, Willie:
 Oh! that I were less like thee;
 Then this anguish would not be.

O'er thy draught of sorrow, Willie,
 I have hung with smileless lip;
 The cup is sad to borrow, Willie,
 Yet a kindred one *will* sip.
 Thy spirit, like the willow, grieves
 In fresh and fragrant suit, Willie;
 With beauty in its drooping leaves,
 And strength about its root, Willie:
 A spirit every breeze may shake,
 But not a thousand tempests break.

Thou hast oft been smitten, Willie,
 With a hard and stunning blow;
 Truth's rough hand has written, Willie,
 Lines of anguish on thy brow.
 Death and Want, with goading might,
 Have bowed thee to the earth, Willie;
 But darkest mines will give to light
 The gem of matchless worth, Willie;
 And thus thy lay of rarest power
 Has sprung from Misery's hopeless hour.

Though thy harp is lonely, Willie,
 It has strings so sweet and deep,
 That honest nature only, Willie,
 Could have taught thee how to sweep.
 'Neath the weaver's lowly roof,
 Bravely hast thou done, Willie;
 Blending with thy warp and woof,
 Beam-threads of the sun, Willie,
 That will shed a fadeless ray
 When you and I have passed away.

AUTUMN THOUGHTS.

Take this leaf of laurel, Willie—
 Brighter ones to thee belong;
 Yet thou wilt not quarrel, Willie,
 With a sister's greeting song.
 I cannot bind with worldly chains,
 I cannot give thee wealth, Willie;
 But I can bless thee for thy strains,
 And wish thee Peace and Health, Willie:
 And hold thee as a shining one—
 Poor, but God's high-hearted son.

 AUTUMN THOUGHTS.

Look out, look out; there are shadows about;
 The forest is donning its doublet of brown;
 The willow-tree sways with a gloomier flout,
 Like a beautiful face with a gathering frown!
 'Tis true we all know that summer must go,
 That the swallow will never stay long in our eaves;
 Yet we'd rather be watching the cowslip blow,
 Than be counting the colours of Autumn leaves!

Look high, look high, there's the lace-winged fly,
 Thinking he's king of a fairy realm;
 As he swings with delight on the gossamer tie,
 That is linked 'mid the boughs of the sun-tipped elm
 Alas! poor thing, the first rustle will bring
 The pillars to dust, where your pleasure-clue weaves;
 And many a spirit, like thine, will cling
 To hopes that depend upon Autumn leaves!

Look low, look low; the night gusts blow
 And the restless forms in hectic red
 Come whirling and sporting wherever we go;
 Lighter in dancing, as nearer the dead!
 Oh! who has not seen rare hearts, that have been
 Painted and panting, in garb that deceives;
 Dashing gaily along in their fluttering sheen
 With Despair at the core, like Autumn leaves!

Look on, look on; morn breaketh upon
 The hedgerow boughs, in their withering hue;
 The distant orchard is sallow and wan,
 But the apple and nut, gleam richly through.

Oh ! well it will be if our life, like the tree,
 Shall be found, when Old Time of green beauty bereaves,
 With the fruit of good works for the planter to see
 Shining out in Truth's harvest, through Autumn leaves !

Merrily pours, as it sings and soars,
 The west wind over the lands and seas,
 Till it plays in the forest and moans and roars,
 Seeming no longer a mirthful breeze !
 So music is blest, till it meeteth the breast
 That is probed by the strain, while the mourner grieves,
 To think it was sung by a loved one at rest ;
 Then it comes like the sweet wind in Autumn leaves !

Not in an hour are leaf and flower
 Stricken in freshness, and swept to decay ;
 By gentle approaches, the frost and the shower
 Make ready the sap-veins for falling away !
 And so is Man made to as peacefully fade,
 By the tear that he sheds, and the sigh that he heaves ;
 For he's loosened from earth by each trial-cloud's shade,
 Till he's willing to go, as the Autumn leaves !

Look back, look back, and you'll find the track
 Of our human steps strewn thickly o'er
 With Joy's dead leaves, all dry and black ;
 And every year still flinging more.
 But the soil is fed where the branches are shed,
 For the furrow to bring forth fuller sheaves ;
 And so is our trust in the Future spread
 In the gloom of Mortality's Autumn leaves !



WILT THOU BE TRUE ?

INSCRIBED TO ———.

“WILT thou be true ?” we ask it of the flower
 That decks our garland in the festive scene ;
 But leaves that fall before the parting hour
 Mock us, and tell how vain the words have been,
 “Wilt thou be true ?”

“Wilt thou be true ?” we ask it of the billow,
 And launch our bark upon the crystal tide ;
 But many a sea-weed shroud and coral pillow
 Have met the lips that trusted while they cried,
 “Wilt thou be true ?”

“Wilt thou be true?” we ask it of the heaven
 That shines all pure and beaming on our way :
 But clouds that gather, dark and thunder-riven,
 Bid us regret that e’er we asked the ray,
 “Wilt thou be true?”

“Wilt thou be true?” oh ! ask it of my bosom,
 Let thy warm faith believe Affection’s sigh ;
 And thou shalt find it shame the scented blossom,
 The sparkling ocean, and the smiling sky,
 “For it *is* true?”



REST.

Rest, sweet Rest, mellifluous Rest,
 The tree of Life’s soft, cushat’s nest !—
 Word that falls on mortal grief
 As night-dew on the parching leaf ;—
 They who fain would have thee near,
 Let Wisdom whisper in their ear.
 Grasp not with a greedy hand
 At useful gold or fertile land ;
 Seek “enough,” but mind thy touch
 Shuns the cancer of “too much.”
 Fortune’s fruit is blissful fare,
 While we ask a modest share ;
 But when we have gathered in
 All we can with selfish sin,
 We shall find some oozing gall
 From “Discord’s apple,” tainting all.
 Spread what serveth for our food,
 And the ripe store keepeth good ;
 But luscious pulp and bloomy scent,
 Unduly piled, will soon ferment.
 Few Hesperian boughs are caught,
 Whose fruit is flavoured as we thought ;
 And wise Content must rule the breast
 Where Earth’s riches bring us “Rest.”

Love not as the thoughtless love !
 Affection is the emblem dove,
 Whose sacred wings are ever spread
 In glory o’er the Maker’s head.
 Passion burns—but such fierce light
 Marks not Truth’s sure beacon-height,

Pride may vow and offer up
 The soul-pledge in a poisoned cup ;
 The lips may learn to lie with grace,
 And shrinking heart show eager face ;
 But Love, true Love, that guides and cheers
 Through dazzling joys and blinding tears :
 The Love that will not sell itself
 For gaudy rank or shining pelf—
 This, this Love, only is the guest
 In angel form that bringeth " Rest."

Ye who murmur and repine
 While ye dwell 'mid " rose and vine ;"—
 Ye who cast a languid eye
 On a velvet canopy ;—
 Ye who find a downy heap
 Bring no sound, unbroken sleep—
 Leave the chariot and chair,
 Cushioned seats and perfumed air !
 Up ! go forth into the day,
 Climb the rugged, mountain way ;
 Task your sinew—brace your limb ;
 Dig, or dance, or leap, or swim ;
 Let the sickle or the plough
 Raise the sweat-drop on your brow :
 For venom'd Luxury soon breaks
 The calm of Sloth with spawning snakes ;
 Labour only is the blest
 And blessing price that buyeth " Rest."

Dwell not, as the many do,
 On Life's hemlock, thorns, and rue ;
 Pain and trouble may arise,
 As shade comes over summer skies.

Happiness is not the lot
 Of this chequered trial-spot !
Duty formeth *here* our task,
 Else why would the Spirit ask
 A " Future" in its hopeful prayer,
 And dream of realms for ever fair ?
 Take the poppy with the wheat ;
 If bees have stings, their hive is sweet ;
 And bells that give the churchyard knell
 Ring out the wedding peal as well.
 Weigh the things that make us glad
 Against our moments lone and sad ;
 Nurse not all the ugly forms
 Conjured up from " dust and worms ;"
 The broadest stars of light may set,
 But the darkness must be met ;

And if anguish vex thy soul,
Stem the rough waves as they roll!
Hope and *courage* shed repose,
 Even while the tempest blows;
 And bosoms that e'er make the best
 Of human ills, find most of "Rest."

Turn not with a doubting face
 From the kindly of thy race!
 We *may* meet the false and foul—
 Reptiles lurk, and wolves will prow!
 Many a one we may have seen
 Prove bitter, faithless, cold, and mean;
 But earth yields far nobler things,
 And Nature's harp has finer strings.
 There are beings frank and just,
 Worthy of all human trust;
 There are souls that bear below,
 The rarest blossoms that can grow
 In a soil where they recoil
 From warfare that must crush and spoil.
 There are beautiful, high hearts,
 Free and stanch as barb that starts;
 And, like that barb, will die and drop
 In Friendship's race before they stop.
 Be ye sure the world holds those
 Who claim our homage—even as *foes*;
 But when we find such twining round
 Our spirits—fondly, closely bound,
 Then Friendship is no "hollow jest,"
 But sheddeth balmy, hallowed "Rest."

Rest, sweet Rest, mellifluous Rest,
 The tree of Life's soft, cushat's nest!
 Word whose dearest tones belong
 To the mother's cradle-song;
 Word whose echoes ever float,
 'Mid strife-winds the Æolian note;
 Word that cannot be erased
 Where by *Honesty* 'tis traced
 On a *Conscience* firmly pure—
 The only tablet to endure.
 Thou'rt the word of promise still,
 Be "worn and wearied" as we will;
 The word that's printed in the heaven
 When no chariot-cloud is driven;
 And spelt with daisies on the heap,
 When we lie down with Death and Sleep.

PARTING SONG.

COME, let us part with lightsome heart,
 Nor breathe one chiding sigh;
 To think that wings of rainbow plume
 So soon should learn to fly.
 We scarcely like the chimes to strike
 That tell of Pleasure's flight;
 But Friendship's chain, when severed thus,
 Is sure to re-unite.
 Then why not we as merry be,
 Though this song be the last,
 Believing other hours will come
 As bright as those just past?

The wild bird's song is loud and long,
 But the sweetest and the best
 Is whistled as he leaves the bough,
 To seek his lonely nest.
 The sun's rich beam shines through the day
 But flashes deeper still
 While darting forth his farewell ray
 Behind the western hill.
 Then why not we as merry be,
 In this our parting strain?
 For, like the bird and sun, we'll come
 With joy and warmth again.

The moments fled, like violets dead,
 Shall never lose their power;
 For grateful perfume ever marks
 The Memory's withered flower.
 The sailor's lay, in peaceful bay,
 With gladsome mirth rings out;
 But when the heavy anchor's weighed,
 He gives as blithe a shout.
 Then why not we as merry be,
 In this, our parting strain;
 And trust, as gallant sailors do,
 To make the port again?

CURLS AND COUPLETS.

THERE's a Curl that Beauty clusters,
 There's a Curl that Grace arrays;
 It mocketh all the lustres
 Of your laurels, palms, and bays.

The forehead where it lieth
 Rarely holds a deeper thought
 Than of where the blue moth flieth
 And of how it may be caught.

The young head where it beameth
 Rolls o'er the daisied earth,
 With a heart-filled laugh, that seemeth
 Like the trumpet-call of Mirth.

It glitters fresh and purely,
 Like the sea-shell, fathoms low;
 'Tis the only gem that surely
 Addeth halo to the brow.

Humming-birds when resting
 On the citron green;
 Stars the night-cloud cresting,
 Ere the moon is seen;

Dewdrops in the dingle,
 Noon-lit harvest shocks,
 Foam upon the shingle;
 Ye are dimmed by Childhood's locks.

Oh! Manhood's knightly feather,
 And Womanhood's rich pearl—
 Ye would not weigh together,
 Against Childhood's golden Curl.

There's a Curl of bitter sadness,
 That is found when Peace and Gladness
 Have departed;
 When the World hath made the bosom,
 Like a canker-eaten blossom,
 Leper-hearted.

'Tis a Curl that seems to borrow
 All its strength from Hate and Sorrow,
 Pain and Scorn ;
 Leaving the lip it lifteth,
 Cold as the snow that drifteth
 On the thorn.

That dark Curl ever turneth,
 As the coiling adder yearneth
 To its prey ;
 Like that adder, ever shedding
 Fear round the footstep treading
 In its way.

Oh ! a fearful thing to gaze on,
 Is the scathing Curl that plays on
 Human lips ;
 Fierce as the lightning-flashes,
 Sharp as the gore-soaked lashes
 Of men's whips.

There's a red Curl bursting in terrible form,
 By the mast that stood up in the longest storm ;
 Onward shooteth the ringlet flake ;
 Nor asketh nor heedeth the way it shall take ;
 And it turns, and it twines, while its forked tongue shines,
 With a thirst that the great deep cannot slake.
 Round and round is the wild tress wound,
 Till frightfully fast is the pine-tree bound ;
 It hisses and sings where the lifeboat swings,
 It roars and it rushes, it climbs and it clings
 From the hull to the spars, and blackens and chars
 With its waving grace and circling rings.
 It leapeth within the temples of earth,
 Like demon furies in revelling mirth ;
 It graspeth the column with crushing might,
 It filleth the porch with purple light,
 It wrappeth itself in the silken fold ;
 It darteth about the woven gold ;
 It cracketh the dome-span of marble and oak,
 And rushes on high with its crest of smoke :
 It painteth the land with a ghastly dye,
 It flingeth a blood-stain over the sky.
 Oh ! a terrible thing, in the still, dark hour,
 Is the Fire Curl wielding its ruthless power.

The salt wave Curls as it hurrieth fast,
 At the flood of the tide, in the face of the blast;
 It rears and it rolls in bold, broad scrolls,
 As the artist will of a God controls;
 It beateth and bindeth the lighthouse-top;
 It formeth a perch where the white gulls drop.
 Over the coral leaf, leaping and light,
 It dances in robes of bridal white;
 As fair teeth show in a red-lipped smile,
 Over the wrecking breast of guile;
 And the Water Curl spreadeth its fringe on the land;
 A banner of might in a mightier hand.

There's a glossy Curl that groweth,
 In fullest, greenest length;
 When the summer sunbeam gloweth
 In straight, unshadowed strength.
 Far in other climes it springeth,
 To our own dear walls it clingeth;
 O'er the lowly porch-seat creeping,
 Through the window-lattice peeping;
 In uncultured beauty trailing,
 O'er the garden's old, grey paling.
 Low it dangles, high it soars,
 Where all can pluck and none can snatch;
 Hanging round white cottage doors,
 And trellising the latch.
 Up the chimney turret sprawling,
 O'er the farthest gable crawling,
 Soft and lovingly it prieth,
 Into every mossy patch;
 Where the honeysuckle lieth,
 With the lichen, on the thatch.
 Shadowing the roadside dwelling,
 Gracefully it twirls and twists,
 O'er the purple bunches swelling;
 —Young Pomona's amethysts—
 Oh! a sweet and sunny thing
 Is the Vine Curl, only coming
 When roses breathe and wild birds sing,
 And Nature tunes her own rich string
 Within the heart, and sets it humming.

And there's another glossy Curl that wanders where it will;
 But rarely on the cottage porch, or round the cottage sill;
 A darker tinge is on its leaf, it seeketh darker homes;
 And bravely stareth at the clouds when frowning Winter comes.

The tottering heap within its grasp is closely held together ;
 The proud tree stands within its thrall, like wild horse in a tether ;
 It climbeth where the ruffled owl chimes with the midnight gust,
 And hears them sing, in doleful wail, the song of " dust to dust."

Where the Gothic pane has been,
 There it stretches—there it tangles
 With its drapery, between
 Dropping arch and broken angles
 The granite pile is softly cracking ;
 The topmost ridge is grey and hoary ;
 And walls that stood the siege and sacking,
 Stand like flitting ghosts of Glory.
 The port-mouthed parapet is shattered ;
 The giant column fallen low ;
 The buttress—firm when cannon-battered—
 Shakes now when merry wind-horns blow.
 Bit by bit the ruin crumbles ;
 Bat and lizard there abiding ;
 And the callow raven tumbles,
 From the loophole of his hiding.
 There Old Time is blithely sitting,
 In the finest of his dresses ;
 And while his wrinkled brow is knitting,
 He hides it with his Ivy tresses.
 Base and battlement were strong,
 But passing moments have been stronger
 Stone and stanchion lasted long,
 But the Ivy Curl lasts longer.
 No frost below, no storms above,
 The Ivy from its home can part ;
 It leaneth like a woman's love,
 Towards a cold, ungrateful heart.
 Green when armed with icy spear,
 Green when decked with dewy pearl ;
 A pleasant pall to hide a bier,
 Is the glossy Ivy Curl.

It forms an honest epitaph,
 Where ashes of a nation spread ;
 Mark it who will, it needs no skill,
 'Tis plainly writ and plainly read,
 The stately robes—the blazoned crown—
 The scroll of right—the sword of ruth—
 The triumph-shouts that strive to drown
 God's own, deep, whisper-tones of truth—
 Oh! who would struggle Life away,
 Amid these hollow things of clay ?

THE BONNIE, GREEN BOUGH.

Who would be panting in the race,
 That endeth in such lowly place?
 The Past, the Past—we blend the name
 With fevered tales of glaring fame;
 But seek the City of the dead,
 Where mighty millions once were met;
 Where Song inspired and Valour bled,
 And Fortune's longest watch was set:
 There shall the spirit fold its wings,
 Chafed in Ambition's swooping whirl;
 Smile at the nothingness of Kings,
 And bless the peaceful Ivy Curl.



THE BONNIE, GREEN BOUGH.

SUNSHINE, thou art beautiful
 When thy beams are shed,
 Like a blaze of glory rays,
 Round a mortal head.
 But we love thy smile the best
 When it plays between
 Each acorn-cup, and lighteth up
 The old oak's robe of green.
 Moonlight, thou art fair to view,
 With all thy thousand charms;
 But fairest when thou'rt creeping through
 The tall elm's mazy arms.
 Streamlets, ye are pleasant things,
 Whimpling as ye glide;
 But sweetest where the willow flings
 Its tresses in your tide.
 Then sing, sing, like the bird in spring;
 While the fresh leaf shades our brow;
 From the mountain pine to the desert palm,
 Here's a health to the bonnie, green bough.

Music has no richer strings
 For minstrel-hands to find,
 Than the bloomy branch that swings,
 Played on by the wind.
 Gipsy rovers, 'neath the stars,
 Win the painter's love;
 But who would show the tent below,
 Without the tree above?

Old men, who the world have ranged,
Think on schoolboy time,
And only find one thing unchanged,—
The tree they used to climb.
In trees the hunted fox will hide,
To mar the bloodhound's aim ;
A hunted King has thrown aside
His crown, and done the same.
Then sing, sing, like the bird in spring,
While the fresh leaf shades our brow ;
From the mountain pine to the desert palm,
Here's a health to the bonnie, green bough.

Oh! when does Fame e'er trace our name,
To so delight the soul ;
As when 'tis cut with rusted blade
Upon the barken scroll ?
Never does the poet live
In rarer worlds of light,
Than the forest paths can give
To his dreamy sight.
When I pass away from earth,
Dig a grave for me
Where the daisy has its birth—
'Neath the cypress-tree.
Friends would soon forget the spot,
And loathe the churchyard air ;
But the tree would ever be
A constant mourner there.
Then sing, sing, like the bird in spring,
While the fresh leaf shades our brow ;
From the mountain pine to the desert palm,
Here's a health to the bonnie, green bough.

"HE THAT IS WITHOUT SIN AMONG YOU, LET
HIM FIRST CAST A STONE."—St. John viii. 7.

BEAUTIFUL eloquence, thou speakest low ;
But the world's clashing cannot still thy tones :
Thou livest, as the stream with gentle flow
Lives in the battle-field of strife and groans.
Thine is the language of a simple creed,
Whose saving might has no priest-guarded bound :
If soundly learned, say would the martyr bleed,
Or such dense shadows fall on "hallowed ground" ?

Oh! how we boast our knowledge of "the Right;"
But blast the Christian grain with Conduct's blight!

'Tis well to ask our Maker to "forgive
Our trespasses;" but 'tis as we may bear
The trespasses of those who breathe and live
Amid the same Temptation, Doubt, and Care.
Oh! ye who point so often to the herd,
Whose dark and evil works are all uncloaked,
Is there no other than condemning word
For minds untaught and spirits sorely yoked?
Are ye quite sure no hidden, leper taint
Blurs your own skin, if we look through the paint?

Ye throw from ambush!—let Truth's noontide light
Flash on the strength that nerves such eager aims;
Bring pigmy greatness from its giant height;
Where would be then the splendour of your names?
Ye harsh denouncers, 'tis an easy thing
To wrap yourselves in Cunning's specious robes,
And sharpen all the polished blades ye fling,
As though ye held diploma for the probes:
But if the charlatan and knave were dropped;
Some spreading trees would be most closely lopped.

Ye, that so fiercely show your warring teeth
At every other being on your way;
Is your own sword so stainless in its sheath,
That ye can justify the braggart fray?
The tricks of policy—the hold of place—
The dulcet jargon of a courtly rote—
The sleek and smiling mask upon the face—
The eye that sparkles but to hide its mote—
Tell me, ye wise ones, could ye bear the rub
That tore these silken windings from the grub?

Ye lips that gloat upon a brother's sin,
With moral mouthing in the whispered speech;
Methinks I've seen the poison-fang within,
Betray the viper rather than the leech.
I've marked the frailties of some gifted one,
Blazoned with prudent doubt and virtuous sigh;
But through the whining cant of saintly tone,
Heard Joy give Pity the exulting lie;
As if it were a pleasant thing to find
The racer stumbling and the gazehound blind.

Too proud,—too ignorant,—too mighty Man,—
 Why dost thou so forget the lesson taught?
 Why not let Mercy cheer our human span?
 Ye say ye *serve* Christ—heed him as ye ought:
He did not goad the weeping child of clay;
He heaped no coals upon the erring head;
 Fixed no despair upon the sinner's way;
 And dropped no gall upon the sinner's bread:
 He heard Man's cry for Vengeance, but he flung
 Man's conscience at the yell; and hushed the tongue.

Great teaching from a greater teacher—fit
 To breathe alike to Infancy and Age:
 No garbled mystery encircles it;
 And noblest hearts have deepest read the page.
 Carve it upon the mart and temple arch;
 Let our fierce Judges read it as they go;
 Make it the key-note of Life's pompous march;
 And trampling steps will be more soft and slow:
 For God's own voice says from the Eternal throne,
 "Let him that is without sin cast the stone."

TIME'S CHANGES.

TIME's changes—oh! Time's changes,
 We can bear to see them come;
 And crumble down the cottage roof,
 Or rend the palace dome.

We bear to see the flower we nursed,
 And cherished in the spring,
 Turn withering from autumn's wind,
 A dead and sapless thing.

The playground of our childish days
 May wear so strange a face,
 That not one olden lineament
 Is left for us to trace.

The beams that light Life's morning up
 May set in misty shade;
 The stars of Pleasure's fairy sky
 May glitter but to fade.

TO CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

Time's changes—oh! Time's changes—
 They may work whate'er they will;
 Turn all our sunshine into storm,
 And all our good to ill.

The cheek we like to look upon
 May lose its downy red;
 And only carry wrinkled lines
 Where once fair dimples spread.

The form that's dearest to our arms
 May wane from easy grace;
 The raven tresses shine no more,
 And grey hairs take their place.

But we can lightly smile at all
 Time's changes, till we find
 Some well-known voice grow harshly cold,
 That once was frankly kind.

Till hands and eyes that used to be
 The first our own to greet;
 Can calmly take a long farewell,
 And just as calmly meet.

Till gentle words are passed away,
 And promised faith forgot;
 Teaching us sadly that we love
 The one who loveth not.

Oh! better, then, to die, and give
 The grave its kindred dust,
 Than live to see Time's bitter change
 In those we love and trust.



TO CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN,

ON SEEING HER PLAY "BIANCA" IN MILMAN'S TRAGEDY OF "FAZIO."

I THOUGHT thee wondrous when thy soul portrayed
 The youth Verona bragged of; and the love
 Of glowing, southern blood by thee was made
 Entrancing as the breath of orange-grove.

I felt the spirit of the great was thine:
 In the fond Boy's devotion and despair;
 I knew thou wert a pilgrim at the shrine
 Where God's high ministers alone repair.

No rote-learned sighing filled thy doting moans ;
 Thy grief was heavy as thy joy was light ;
 Passion and Poesy were in thy tones,
 And MIND flashed forth in its electric might.

I had seen many " fret and strut their hour ;"
 But my brain never had become such slave
 To Fiction, as it did beneath thy power ;
 Nor owned such homage as to thee it gave.

I did not think thou couldst arouse a throb
 Of deeper, stronger beating in my heart ;
 I did not deem thou couldst awake the sob
 Of choking fulness, and convulsive start.

But thy pale madness, and thy gasping woe,
 That breathed the torture of Bianca's pain ;
 Oh ! never would my bosom ask to know
 Such sad and bitter sympathy again !

When the wife's anguish sears thy hopeless cheek,
 Let crowds behold and laud thee as they will ;
 But this poor breast, in shunning what *they* seek,
 May yield, perchance, a richer tribute still.



LINES AMONG THE LEAVES.

HAVE ye heard the West Wind singing,
 Where the summer trees are springing ?
 Have ye counted o'er the many tunes it knows ?
 For the wide-winged spirit rangeth,
 And its ballad-metre changeth
 As it goes.

A plaintive wail it maketh,
 When the willow's tress it shaketh ;
 Like new-born infant sighing in its sleep :
 And the branches, low and slender,
 Bend to list the strain so tender,
 Till they weep.

Another tale 'tis telling,
 Where the clustered elm is swelling
 With dancing joy, that seems to laugh outright ;
 And the leaves, all bright and clapping,
 Sound like human fingers, snapping
 With delight.

LINES AMONG THE LEAVES.

The fitful key-note shifteth
 Where the heavy oak uplifteth
 A diadem of acorns broad and high ;
 And it chants with muffled roaring,
 Like an eagle's wings in soaring
 To the sky.

Now the breeze is freshly wending,
 Where the gloomy yew is bending,
 To shade green graves and canopy the owl ;
 And it sends a mournful whistle,
 That remindeth of the missal
 And the cowl.

Another lay it giveth,
 Where the spiral poplar liveth,
 Above the cresses, lily, flag, and rush ;
 And it sings with hissing treble,
 Like the foam upon the pebble,
 In its gush.

A varied theme it utters,
 Where the glossy date-leaf flutters ;
 A loud and lightsome chant it yieldeth there ;
 And the quiet, listening dreamer
 May believe that many a streamer
 Flaps the air.

It is sad and dreary hearing
 Where the giant pine is rearing
 A lonely head, like hearse-plume waved about ;
 And it lurketh, melancholy,
 Where the thick and sombre holly
 Bristles out.

It murmurs soft and mellow,
 'Mid the light laburnum's yellow,
 As lover's ditty chimed by rippling plash ;
 And deeper is its tiding,
 As it hurries, swiftly gliding,
 Through the ash.

A roundelay of pleasure
 Does it keep in merry measure,
 While rustling in the rich leaves of the beech ;
 As though a band of fairies
 Were engaged in Mab's vagaries,
 Out of reach.

Oh! a bard of many breathings
Is the Wind in sylvan wreathings,
O'er mountain tops and through the woodland groves;
Now fifing and now drumming—
Now howling and now humming,
As it roves.

Oh! are not human bosoms
Like these things of leaves and blossoms,
Where hallowed whispers come to cheer and rouse?
Is there no mystic stirring
In our souls, like sweet wind whirring
In the boughs?

Though that Wind a strange tone waketh
In every home it maketh;
And the maple-tree responds not as the larch:
Yet Harmony is playing
Round all the green arms swaying
'Neath Heaven's arch.

Oh! what can be the teaching
Of these forest voices preaching?
'Tis, that a brother's creed, though not as mine,
May blend about God's altar,
And help to fill the psalter
That's Divine.

TO ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

FRANCE, in her future annals, shall set down
Thy blazoned work on Freedom's battle-field;
And show how men can s'ep and crush a Crown,
When puppet Kings ask more than men should yield.

Her almost bloodless victory will be
A sacred lesson to earth's latest hour;
And all who would be greatly, bravely free,
Must give her noble watchword, "Peace is Power."

Thou, Lamartine! her gentle, Poet One,
With heart all mercy, and with speech all truth;
Whose lays we love to hear at set of sun,
Breathed by some happy maid, or dreaming youth;—

Thou hast arisen in Confusion's roar,
 'Mid chafing people and a burning throne;
 Stopping the reeking tide of Slaughter's gore;
 Lulling to sleep the cannon's thunder-tone;—

Thou hast stood forth with firm, unfearing breast,
 While Discord's steel was flashing round thy brow:
 Proving that minstrel eloquence can wrest
 The poisoned arrow from the bended bow.

God keep the form of Liberty arrayed
 In her pure garments of primeval white;
 Each blood-dyed stain of purple that is made,
 Sullies the high divinity of "Right."

But come what may, of evil or of wrong,—
 Ere the dark, teeming clouds of Doubt depart—
 Thou, Lamartine, as great in Deeds as Song,
 Hast wisely, promptly, done thy mighty part.

Let France be proud in claiming such a son.
 Kings, Empires, Dynasties, all fall and rot;
 But spirits such as thine, thou Poet One,
 Hold the unmeasured life that dieth not!

SUMMER DAYS.

Oh! the Summer days are sweet,
 And I long to have them coming!
 How my pulse will glow to meet
 Shadows in the arbour seat,
 And dance to hear the beetle thrumming!

Oh! the Summer days are gay;
 And I long to own the power
 Of the sun, in flood-tide ray,
 Embracing earth—as Jove, they say,
 Did his love—in golden shower.

Oh! the Summer days are fair,
 And I long to see the thicket,
 When the grasshoppers are there;
 And roses flush out everywhere,
 By castle wall and cottage wicket.

Oh! the Summer days are bright,
 And I long to mark their glory;
 When the lark talks to the light,
 Till the gleesome bird of night
 Goes on with the pleasant story.

Summer days will soon be near,
 And I long to have them nearer;
 For, with sunshine rich and clear,
 And fruit and flowers, and all things dear,
 They will bring *me* something dearer.

They will bring one to my side,
 Whose loved word will make me fonder
 Of grassy bank and azure tide—
 Of all Earth's beauties, far and wide;
 And cheer the path where'er we wander.

They will bring to me again
 One whose spirit, warmly beaming,
 Gilds my joy, dissolves my pain,
 And charges my dull earth-wrought chain
 With Friendship's rare, electric dreaming.

They will bring to me a heart
 That can bear my faults and failings;
 Nobly weigh my better part,
 Nor find its true devotion start
 From mortal flaws, with selfish quailings.

Summer days are rife with hope,
 Of all that fills my soul with pleasure:
 The star that crowns my horoscope,
 Will lead o'er many a balmy slope,
 And Time will move to faster measure.

Oh! the Summer days will find
 One beside me that I cherish;
 One whose faith, so fondly kind,
 Flings a radiance o'er my mind
 In colours far too deep to perish.

Summer days! how fair to me
 Comes your snowdrop herald, peeping
 With an eye that seems to be
 Just opening its lids, to see
 The drowsy world arise from sleeping.

Summer days will soon be near,
 And I long to have them nearer ;
 For, with sunshine rich and clear,
 And fruits and flowers, and all things dear
 They will bring *me* something dearer.



L O V E.

LOVE, beautiful and boundless Love—oh ! who shall hymn thy praise ?
 Who shall exalt thy hallowed name with fitting anthem-lays ?
 When shall thy workings all be seen—thy power all revealed ?
 Oh ! who shall count thy fairy steps upon earth's rugged field ?

There are few things of gloom that meet our Sorrow or our Hate,
 Where Love and Beauty have not once been portion of their state ;
 Few things are seen in charmless guise that shutteth out all trace
 Of God's infinitude of Joy, of Purity, and Grace.

There's not a palsied ruin bows its patriarchal head,
 Which has not rung with Triumph-shouts while Revel-banquets spread ;
 There's not a desolated hearth but where the cheerful pile
 Of blazing logs has sparkled, and the cricket sung the while.

The broken mandolin that lies in silent, slow decay,
 Has quickened many a gentle pulse that heard its measures play ;
 The stagnant pool that taints and kills the mallow and the rush,
 Has filtered through the silver clouds and cooled the rainbow's flush.

There's not a dark, dull coffin-board which has not stood to bear
 A swarm of summer warblers in the mellow, greenwood air ;
 There's not a thread of cerecloth but has held its blossom-bells,
 And swung the morning pearls about within the fragrant wells.

Love lurketh round us everywhere—it fills the great design ;
 It gives the soul its chosen mate—it loads the autumn vine ;
 It dyes the orchard branches red—it folds the worm in silk ;
 It rears the daisy where we tread, and bringeth corn and milk.

Love stirreth in our beings, all unbidden and unknown ;
 With aspirations leaping up, like fountains from the stone ;
 It prompts the great and noble deeds that nations hail with pride ;
 It moveth when we grieve to miss an old dog from our side.

It bids us plant the sapling, to be green when we are grey,
 It pointeth to the Future, and yet blesses while we stay ;
 It opens the Almighty page, where, though 'tis held afar,
 We read enough to lure us on still higher than we are.

The child at play upon the sward, who runs to snatch a flower,
 With earnest passion in his glee that glorifies the hour—
 The doting student, pale and meek, who looks into the night,
 Dreaming of all that helps the soul to gauge Eternal might;—

The rude, bold savage, pouring forth his homage to the sun,
 Asking for other "hunting-fields" when life's long chase is run—
 The poet-boy who sitteth down upon the upland grass;
 Whose eagle thoughts are nestled by the Zephyr wings that pass;—

The weak, old man that creepeth out once more before he dies,
 With longing wish to see and feel the sunlight in his eyes;—
 Oh! these are the unerring types that Nature setteth up,
 To tell that an elixir drop yet sanctifies our cup.

Love, beautiful and boundless Love! thou dwellest here below,
 Teaching the human lip to smile—the violet to blow;
 Thine is the breath ethereal that yet exhales and burns
 In sinful breasts, as incense steals from dim, unsightly urns.

Thou art the holy, record seal that Time can ne'er annul;
 The dove amid the vulture tribe—the lamp within the skull—
 Thou art the one, bright, Spirit-Thing that is not bought and sold;
 The cherub elf that laugheth in the giant face of Gold.

Love—exquisite, undying Love—runs through Creation's span,
 Gushing from countless springs to fill the ocean breast of Man;
 And there it broadly rolleth on in deep, unfathomed flood;
 Swelling with the Immortal Hope that craveth more of "Good."

It is the rich, magnetic spark yet shining in the dust;
 The fair, salvation ray of Faith that wins our joyful trust;
 The watchword of the Infinite, left here to lead above;
 That's ever seen and ever heard, and tells us, "GOD IS LOVE."

THE HAPPIEST TIME.

AN Old Man sat in his chimney seat
 As the morning sunbeam crept to his feet;
 And he watched the Spring light as it came
 With wider ray on his window frame.
 He looked right on to the eastern sky,
 But his breath grew long in a trembling sigh;
 And those who heard it wondered much
 What Spirit-hand made him feel its touch.

For the Old Man was not one of the fair
 And sensitive plants in earth's parterre;
 His heart was among the scentless things
 That rarely are fanned by the honey-bee's wings:
 It bore no film of delicate pride,
 No dew of Emotion gathered inside:
 Oh! that Old Man's heart was of hardy kind,
 That seemeth to heed not the sun or the wind.

He had lived in the world, as millions live,
 Ever more ready to take than give;
 He had worked and wedded, and murmured and blamed,
 And paid to the fraction what Honesty claimed;
 He had driven his bargains and counted his gold,
 Till upwards of threescore years were told;
 And his keen blue eye held nothing to show
 That Feeling had ever been busy below.

The Old Man sighed again, and hid
 His keen, blue eye beneath its lid;
 And his wrinkled forehead, bending down,
 Was knitting itself in a painful frown.
 "I've been looking back," the Old Man said,
 "On every path through sun and shade;
 Over every year my brain can trace;
 To find the happiest time and place."

"And where and when," cried one by his side,
 "Have you found the brightest wave in your tide?
 Come tell me freely, and let me learn,
 How the spark was struck that yet can burn.
 Was it when you stood in stalwart strength
 With the blood of youth, and felt that at length
 Your stout, right arm could win its bread?"
 —The Old Man quietly shook his head.

"Then it must have been when Love had come,
 With a faithful bride to glad your home;
 Or when the first-born cooed and smiled,
 And your bosom cradled its own, fair child;
 Or was it when that first-born joy
 Grew up to your hope—a brave, strong boy—
 And promised to fill the world in your stead?"
 —The Old Man quietly shook his head.

"Say, was it, then, when Fortune brought
 The round sum you had frugally sought?
 Was the year the happiest that beheld
 The vision of Poverty all dispelled?"

Or was it when you still had more,
 And found you could boast a goodly store;
 With Labour finished and Plenty spread?"
 —The Old Man quietly shook his head.

" Ah, no! ah, no! it was longer ago,"
 The Old Man muttered—sadly and low;
 " It was when I took my lonely way
 To the lonely woods in the month of May;
 When the Spring light fell as it falleth now;
 With the bloom on the turf, and the leaf on the bough:
 When I tossed up my cap at the nest in the tree;
 Oh! that was the happiest time for me.

" When I used to leap, and laugh, and shout;
 Though I never knew what my glee was about;
 And something seemed to stir my breast,
 As I sat on a mossy bank to rest.
 That was the time—when I used to roll
 On the blue-bells that covered the upland knoll;
 And I never could tell why the thought should be,
 But I fancied the flowers talked to me.

" Well I remember climbing to reach
 A squirrel brood rocked on the top of a beech;
 Well I remember the blossoms so sweet
 That I toiled with back to the city street:
 Yes, *that* was the time—the happiest time—
 When I went to the woods in their May-day prime."
 And the Old Man breathed with a longer sigh;
 And the lid fell closer over his eye.

Oh! who would have thought this hard, Old Man
 Had room in his heart for such rainbow span?
 Who would have deemed that wild, copse flowers
 Were tenderly haunting his latest hours?
 But what did the Old Man's spirit tell,
 In confessing it loved the woods so well?
 What do we learn from the Old Man's sigh,
 But that *Nature and Poetry cannot die!*



WE'LL SING ANOTHER CHRISTMAS SONG.

WE'LL sing another Christmas song; for who shall ever tire,
 To hear the olden ballad-theme around a Christmas fire?
 We'll sing another Christmas song, and pass the wassail-cup;
 For fountains that refresh the soul, should never be dried up.

Ne'er tell us that each Yule-tide brings more silver to our hair ;
 Time seldom scatters half the snow that quickly gathers there :
 The goading of Ambition's thorns—the toiling heed of gold—
 'Tis these do more than rolling years in making us grow old :
 Then shake Old Christmas by the hand—in kindness let him dwell ;
 For he's King of right, good company, and we should treat him well.

Why should we let pale Discontent fling canker on the hours—
 Unjust regrets lurk round the soul, like snakes in leafy bowers ;
 And though the flood of Plenty's tide upon our lot may pour ;
 How oft the lip will murmur still, the horseleech cry for “more.”
 We sigh for wealth—we pant for place—and, getting what we crave,
 We often find it only coils fresh chains about the slave.
 Year after year may gently help to turn the dark locks white ;
 But Time ne'er kills a flower so soon as cold and worldly blight :
 Then shake Old Christmas by the hand—in kindness let him dwell ;
 For he's King of right, good company, and we should treat him well.

Be glad—be glad—stir up the blaze, and let our spirits yield
 The incense that is grateful as the “lilies of the field ;”
 “Good will to all”—'tis sweet and rich, and helps to keep away
 The wrinkled pest of frowning brows—and mildew shades of grey.
 Be glad—be glad—and though we have some cypress in our wreath ;
 Forget not there are rosebuds too, that ever peep beneath.
 And though long years may line the cheek, and wither up the heart ;
 It is not Time, but selfish Care, that does the saddest part.
 Then shake Old Christmas by the hand—in kindness let him dwell ;
 For he's King of right, good company, and we should treat him well.

A SONG

TO “THE PEOPLE” OF ENGLAND.

ONWARD ! “Liberty and Reason !”
 This is, now, broad Europe's shout ;
 England, it were moral treason,
 Were thy lion voice left out.

Britons ! keep your banner waving ;
 Hang it forth in Freedom's sun ;
 But beware the braggart raving
 That would talk of sword and gun !

Trust not to the brawling leaders,
 Lighting ye with Fury's brand !
 'Tis brain-feeders, not blood-breeders,
 That shall purify the land.

Heed not those whose noisy yelling
 Would awaken Tumult's din ;
 Let a nobler voice be swelling
 In the battle ye would win !

Show that ye have sense and feeling,
 Fit to gain and guard your place ;
 Let your own, determined dealing
 Meet Oppression, face to face !

Not with weapons red and reeking ;
 Not with Anarchy's wild flame ;
 But with loud and open speaking,
 In " The People's " mighty name !

Wisely think, and boldly utter
 What ye think, in Wisdom's speech
 But ye must not even mutter
 Words that madmen only teach !

Ye shall soon have wider Charters !
 England hears the startling cry
 Of her poor and honest martyrs ;
 And her " glory " *must* reply.

Ask for all that should be granted !
 Show the fester of neglect ;
 If " a People's " love is wanted,
 " People's Rights " must have respect !

Let the great ones, high in station,
 Lift their eyes, and see at length,
 Ye are pillars in the nation,
 That alone insure its strength !

Tell your rulers they must levy
 Fairer weights on wearied backs !
 Say the coffers that are heavy
 Best can yield the heavy tax !

Tell the Church, its first great Pastor
 Had no gathered store to count :
 Little had the Christian Master
 For his " Sermon on the Mount ! "

Say the Prelates—crammed unduly—
 Should divide their bloated spoil
 With the humbler Priests, who truly
 Serve mankind with ill-paid toil !

Tell the paupers, clad in ermine,
 That your children are unfed;
 And ye will not have State vermin
 Gnawing into Labour's bread!

Tell aloud your hearts are loyal;
 Let "God save the Queen" be sung:
 Yet the idle and the Royal
 Must not suck with "horseleech" tongue!

Show that ye have bravely risen;
 That ye are not "brutes" and "fools";
 Say that ye will shun the "prison,"
 When they give ye "Work" and "Schools!"

Tell your wise and great Law-makers
 (Moral o'er their meat and wine),
 That they might become Law-breakers,
 Left, like ye, to pinch and pine!

Think they, with short-sighted meanness,
 Ye are weaker 'neath their will;
 With your flesh in wolfish leanness,
 And your minds less nourished still?

Let "the People" have THEIR "College;"
 Untaught men are fearful things;
 Only crucibles of Knowledge
 Serve to melt Crime's fetter rings.

Sons of England, be ye steady!
 'Tis your heads, and not your hands,
 That shall prove ye fit and ready
 To enlist in Freedom's bands!

Trust not to your brawling leaders!
 Scorn to spring with tiger claws;
 'Tis Truth-heeders—not Steel-speeders—
 That shall triumph in your cause.

League in firm, unflinching quiet;
 Use your presses, print and read!
 If you ope the gate of Riot,
 Wives and little ones must bleed!

Onward! "Liberty and Reason;"
 Let this be the Chorus cry;
 And not a heart will dream of treason,
 If wise, Senate lips reply!

THE CHARCOAL AND THE DIAMOND.

Charcoal and diamond are precisely the same in chemical atoms; some secret process of crystallization alone constitutes the difference between them, and when subjected to powerful and concentrated heat, the gem is reduced to mere carbon.—
Philosophical Notes.

THE green-wood paths were thick and long,
The sunny noontide shed its glow ;
The lark was lazy in its song,
The brook was languid in its flow ;

And so I sat me down to rest,
Where grass and trees were densely green ;
And found dear Nature's honest breast
The same that it had ever been.

It nurtured, as it did of old,
With Love, and Hope, and Faith, and Prayer ;
And if the truth must needs be told,
I've had my best of nursing there.

I sat me down—I pulled a flower ;
I caught a moth—then let it fly ;
And thus a very happy hour—
Perchance it might be two—went by.

A fragment from a fuel-stack,
Brushed by a hasty Zephyr's wing,
Fell, in its joyless garb of black,
Beside my one, dear, jewelled ring.

I snatched no more the censer-bell ;
I held no dappled moth again ;
I felt the dreamer's dreamy spell,
And thus it bound my busy brain.

* * * * *

There lies the charcoal, dull and dark ;
With noxious breath and staining touch ;
Here shines the gem whose flashing spark,
The world can never praise too much.

How worthless that—how precious this ;
How meanly poor—how nobly rich ;
Dust that a peasant would not miss ;
Crystal that claims a golden niche.

THE CHARCOAL AND THE DIAMOND.

There lies the charcoal, dim and low—
Here gleams the diamond, high in fame—
While well the sons of Science know
Their atom grains are both the same.

Strange Alchemy of secret skill!
What varied workings from one cause!
How great the Power and the Will
That prompts such ends and guides such laws.

Do we not trace in human form
The same eccentric, wondrous mould
The lustre spirit, purely warm;
The beamless being, darkly cold?

Do we not find the breast that keeps
A true, immortal fire within?
Do we not see the mind that leaps
O'er all the pitfalls dug by Sin?

Do we not meet the wise, the kind,
The good, the excellent of earth;
The rare ones that appear designed
To warrant Man's first, Eden birth?

Oh! many a fair and priceless gem
Is fashioned by the hidden hand;
To stud Creation's diadem,
And fling TRUTH'S light upon the land.

And do we not look round and see
The sordid, soulless things of clay;
Sterile and stark as heart can be;
Without one scintillating ray?

Bosoms that never yield a sigh,
Save when some anguish falls on self—
Hand that but seeks to sell and buy,
Grown thin and hard in counting pelf?

Brains, pent in such a narrow space
That Spirit has no room to stir;
Wills, that whate'er may be their place,
Seem only fit to act, and err?

We boast the demi-god sublime;
We spurn the wretch of baneful mood—
One linked divinely with "all time,"
The other stamped with "reign of blood."

Strange Alchemy of secret skill!
 That thus sends forth, in mortal frame,
 The gem of Good—the dross of Ill—
 Yet both, in elements, the same.

An angel's feeling lights this eye;
 A demon's poison fills that breath;
 Yet undistinguished they shall lie,
 Passed through the crucible of Death.

What is the inspiration held?
 Where is the essence that refines?
 How is the carbon-gloom dispelled?
 Whence is the jewel-light that shines?

* * * * *

The dream was o'er—I started up,
 I saw a spreading oak above;
 I tried to snatch an acorn-cup—
 I strove to mock a cooing dove.

I had been weaving idle thought
 In cobwebs, o'er my foolish brain;
 And so I snapped the warp, and sought
 The common thread of life again.

But still methinks this wonder-theme,
 Of Mind debased, and Soul divine—
 This Diamond and Charcoal dream,
 Might haunt a wiser head than mine.



TO WINTER.

OH, Winter, old Winter! for many a year
 You and I have been friends; but I sadly fear
 That your blustering nights and stormy days
 Will have no more of my love or my praise.

There was a time when I used to look
 You full in the face on the frost-bound brook;
 When I laughed to see you lock up the ale,
 And fetter the mop to the housemaid's pail.

It was fun to see you redden a nose,
Benumb little fingers, and pinch great toes;
To hear you swear in a nor'-west blast,
As your glittering sledge-car rattled past.

I've greeted you, come what there might in your train,
The hurricane wind or the deluging rain;
I've even been kind to your sleet and your fog,
When folks said "'twasn't weather to turn out a dog."

I've welcomed you ever, and tuned each string
To thank and applaud you for all you bring;
I've raced on your slides with reckless folly,
And pricked my fingers in pulling your holly.

But you treat me so very unfairly now,
That, indeed, old fellow, we must have a "row;"
Though your tyrannous conduct's so fiercely uncouth,
That I hardly dare venture "to open my mouth."

I tremble to hear you come whistling along;
For my breathing gets weak as yours grows strong;
And I crouch, like my hound, in the fire's, warm blaze,
And eagerly long for the solstice rays.

You may spit your snow, but you need not make
My cheek as white as the icicle flake;
You may darken the sky, but I cannot tell why
You should spitefully seek to bedim my eye.

You sent old Christmas parading the land,
With his wassail-cup and minstrel-band;
But you griped me hard when the sports began,
Crying, "Drink if you dare, and dance if you can."

It is true I had proffers of meat and of wine;
Which, with honest politeness, I begged to decline;
For with drams antimonial I cannot agree,
And I quarrel with beef when 'tis made into tea.

Others may go to the revel and rout;
They may feast within and ramble without;
But I must be tied to the chimney-side,
Lest Death, on his white horse, ask me to ride.

The wise ones say I must keep you away,
If I wish not to see my brown locks turn grey;
That your motive is base, for you're lying in wait
To carry me off through the churchyard gate.

Oh, Winter ! old Winter ! such usage is sad,
 You're a brute and a traitor, and everything bad ;
 But, like many dear friends, you are stinging the breast
 That has trusted you most, and has loved you the best.

THE BOATMEN OF THE DOWNS.

THERE'S fury in the tempest, and there's madness in the waves ;
 The lightning snake coils round the foam, the headlong thunder raves ;
 Yet a boat is on the waters, filled with Britain's daring sons,
 Who pull like lions out to sea, and count the minute guns.
 'Tis Mercy calls them to the work—a ship is in distress !
 Away they speed with timely help that many a heart shall bless :
 And braver deeds than ever turned the fate of kings and crowns
 Are done for England's glory, by her Boatmen of the Downs !

We thank the friend who gives us aid upon the quiet land ;
 We love him for his kindly word, and prize his helping hand ;
 But louder praise shall dwell around the gallant ones who go,
 In face of death, to seek and save the stranger or the foe.
 A boat is on the waters—when the very sea-birds hide :
 'Tis noble blood must fill the pulse that's calm in such a tide !
 And England, rich in record of her princes, kings, and crowns,
 May tell still prouder stories of her Boatmen of the Downs.

“COME UNDER MY PLAIDIE.”

A SONG FOR THE SEASON.

OLD Christmas is weaving his holly again,
 And begemming his garments with ice-spangled pride ;
 While the wind, with its snow-spear, is piercing the plain,
 And the shrewmouse lies dead by the sheltered hedge-side.

'Tis the time when the hand that has Plenty should fling
 What it has to bestow on the Want-stricken near ;
 And no holier carol of joy can we sing,
 Than “Come under my Plaidie,” in Poverty's ear.

Oh! let us look out on the pinched and the poor,
 And ne'er question too closely their claim on our breast;
 They have blood-veins to curdle and pangs to endure,
 And Starvation is active in warping the best.

"Come under my Plaidie" is Charity's song,
 And the theme of God's melody breathes in the tune;
 When we find how it cheers as we wander along,
 Can we hum it too often, or learn it too soon?

The great ones that meet but Prosperity's face—
 Oh! too often their bosoms grow callous the while;
 As in boldest and highest of mountains we trace
 'Tis the hardest of strata that formeth the pile.

How soon does the exquisite blossom-bell fade,
 If the hot beams unceasingly fall on its cup;
 But the draught of sweet water it drinks in the shade,
 Feeds the beauty we prize when we see it look up.

And so should Humanity's shadows impart
 The rich moisture that fits for the sunshine of Power;
 For the dew of Benevolence freshens the heart;
 As Night's pure distillation enlivens the flower.

Though we have but good will and kind wishes to spare,
 Let us give them like Him who brought peace upon earth;
 We must all have a bit of *some* "plaidie" to spare,
 And dividing the garment increases its worth.

If we read, as we ought, the wide Truth-bearing scroll
 That fair Mercy eternally hangs in our sight;
 We shall see there are duties of love which the soul
 Is too apt to forget in its self-serving might.

Affection may link to the kindred around;
 The fond spirit may turn toward many a friend;
 But warm feelings, like water-rings, own not a bound,
 And the fullest and strongest, the furthest extend.

Let us help where we may—let us give what we can—
 To stop Misery's flaw where gaunt Famine crawls through;
 'Tis Compassion's soft wings make the angel of Man;
 And there's *something* that most of us surely can do.

"Come under my Plaidie"—let rich ones be heard
 In the chorus that cannot too loudly be trolled:
 And when Yule feasts are smoking, and Yule logs are stirred,
 Think of boards that are breadless, and hearths that are cold.

"Come under my Plaidie"—oh fear not to pour
The most feeble of whispers to swell the blest tone ;
For though small be the seed we may cast from our store,
It will bear the right grain when God garners his own.

'TIS A WILD NIGHT AT SEA.

THE clouds arose in a giant shape,
And the wind with a piercing gust—
Dark as a murderer's mask of crape,
And keen as a poniard-thrust.

Thicker and wider the gloom stretched out,
With a flush of angry red ;
Till the hissing lightning blazed about,
And the forest bent its head.

A maiden looked from a lattice-pane
Toward where the ocean lay ;
And her gaze was fixed with earnest strain
On the beacon, leagues away.

She knew that he who had won her soul
Was getting close to land ;
And she clutched at every thunder roll
With a hard, convulsive hand.

He had promised he would sail no more
To far and fearful climes ;
He had talked of a cottage on the shore,
And the sound of wedding chimes.

They had loved each other many a year,
They had grown up, side by side ;
She had reckoned the days—his ship must be near—
He was coming to claim his bride.

An old crone passed the lattice-pane—
"God help us all!" quoth she ;
"'Tis bad on the mountain, but worse on the main,—
'Tis a wild night at sea!"

The maiden heard, but never stirred
Her gaze from the beacon lamp ;
Her heart alone felt a sepulchre-stone
Roll up to it, heavy and damp.

'TIS A WILD NIGHT AT SEA.

A grey-haired mariner looked around,—
 "Here's a wind," cried he :
 "May God preserve the homeward bound ;
 'Tis a wild night at sea !"

The maiden heard, yet never stirred
 Her eyes from the distant part ;
 But shadow was thrown upon the stone,
 And the stone was *over* her heart.

The Lightning blades fenced fierce and long ;
 The Blast wings madly flew ;
 But Morning came, with the skylark's song,
 And an arch of spotless blue.

Morning came with a tale too true,
 As sad as tale could be :
 "A Homeward bound" went down with her crew,—
 "'Twas a wild night at sea !"

The maiden heard, yet never stirred,
 Nor eye, nor lip, nor brow ;
 But moss had grown on the sepulchre-stone,
 And it covered a skeleton now.

* * * * *

Summer and Winter came and went,
 With their frosty and flowery time ;
 Autumn branches lusciously bent,
 And Spring buds had their prime.

The maiden still is in her home ;
 But not a word breathes she ;
 Save those that sealed her spirit doom,
 —"'Tis a wild night at sea !"

The hedgerow thorn is out again,
 And her cheek is as pale as the bloom ;
 She bears a wound whose bleeding pain
 Can only be stanch'd by the tomb.

Children show her the violet bed
 And where young doves will be ;
 But they hear her say, as she boweth her head,
 —"'Tis a wild night at sea !"

She may be seen at the lattice-pane
 When the climbing moon is bright ;
 With the gaze distraught of a dreaming brain
 Toward the beacon height.

There's not a cloud a star to shroud,
 The song-birds haunt the tree ;
 But she faintly sighs, as the dewdrops rise,
 —“ 'Tis a wild night at sea !”

Golden beams of a sunny June
 The world with light are filling ;
 Till the roses fall asleep at noon
 O'er the draught of their own distilling :

The maiden walks where aspen stalks
 Only move with the moth and the bee ;
 But she sigheth still, with shivering chill,
 —“ 'Tis a wild night at sea !”

Her beautiful Youth has withered away ;
 Sorrow has eaten the core ;
 But, weak and wan, she lingereth on
 Till the thorn is white once more.

There are bridal robes at the old, church porch,
 And orange-bloom so fair ;
 The merry bells say, 'tis a wedding-day,
 And the priest has blessed the pair.

The maiden is under the churchyard yew,
 Watching with hollow eye ;
 Till the merry bells race with faster pace,
 And the bridal robes go by.

She dances out to the ding-dong tune,
 She laughs with raving glee ;
 And Death endeth the dream in her requiem scream,
 —“ 'Tis a wild night at sea !”



THE CHILD'S OFFERING.

“The child Samuel ministered unto the Lord.”
1 Samuel, iii. 1.

A FAIR, young Child went wandering out,
 One glorious day in June ;
 Flirting with bees that were humming about,
 Kissing red buds with a rival pout,
 And mocking the cuckoo's tune.

THE CHILD'S OFFERING.

For a moment his tiny hand was lost
 'Mid rushes that fringed the stream ;
 Then it came forth, and white lilies were tossed
 After the golden perch, that crossed
 In the flash of the noontide beam.

He loitered along in the dusky shade,
 Where spicy cones were spread !
 He gathered them up, till a lamb at play
 Came close beside, then down he lay,
 Hugging its innocent head.

A pair of glittering wings went by,
 And the Child flew after the moth ;
 Till a fluttering nestling caught his eye,
 And he chased the bird ; but he gave no sigh
 When he saw he had lost them both.

He found himself in a dazzling place,
 Where Flora had been crowned ;
 Where perfume, colour, light, and grace,
 Pure as the flush on his own young face,
 Were flung over bower and mound.

He stood like an elf in fairy lands,
 With a wide and wistful stare ;
 As a maiden over her casket stands,
 With heaps of jewels beneath her hands,
 Uncertain which to wear.

He went with delight through the brilliant maze,
 For some trophy to carry away ;
 To the tulip-bed, and acacia-sprays,
 To the borders illumed with the peony's blaze ;
 Not knowing where to stay.

At last the Child was seen to pass
 With one, sweet opening Rose,
 And a blade of the white-streaked Ribbon-grass :—
 The beautiful things, in the gorgeous mass,
 That his untaught spirit chose.

He rambled on through another gay hour,
 With a young heart's revelling mirth ;
 But he still preserved the Grass and the Flower,
 As though they formed the richest dower
 That he could inherit from Earth.

Over the green hill he slowly crept,
 Guarding the Rose from ill;
 He lolled on the bank of a meadow and slept,
 Then he hunted a squirrel, but jealously kept
 The Rose and the Ribbon-leaf still.

He strolled to the sea-beach, bleak and bare;
 And climbed to a jutting spot;
 And the Child was wooing his idols there,
 Nursing the Flower and Grass with care;
 All else in the world forgot.

A dense, dark cloud rolled over the sky,
 Like a vast, triumphal car!
 The Child looked up as it thickened on high,
 And watched its thundering storm-wheels fly
 Through the blue arch, fast and far.

He knelt with the trophies he held so dear,
 And his beaming head was bowed;
 As he murmured, with mingled trust and fear:
 "I'll twine them together, and leave them here,
 For the God who made that cloud."

Worshipping Child, thou wert doing then
 What all below should do;
 We hear it taught by the Prophet men;
 We see it traced by the Prophet pen;
 By the Holy, the Wise, the True.

We must lay down the flowers we bear,
 Held close in doting pride!
 We must be ready to willingly spare
 On Life's altar-rock, the things most fair—
 And loved beyond all beside.

Worshipping Child, may the tempest hour
 Find me with my spirit as bowed!
 As thou didst give the Grass and the Flower,
 May I yield what I love best to the Power
 Of HIM that makes the Cloud.

WILT THOU BE MINE ?

“ WILT thou be mine ?” Oh ! words of gentle breathing,
 Ye come like music that we hear in dreams,
 When Love that seeks, is blest by Love’s bequeathing ;
 And Hope shines out ; the warmest of Life’s beams.
 “ Wilt thou be mine ?” Oh ! words of magic sighing,
 Whose echo is the last to pass away ;
 The bond ye seal will haunt us in our dying,
 Still loth to leave the one who heard us say,
 “ Wilt thou be mine ?”

“ Wilt thou be mine ?” Oh ! let it not be spoken
 As though the boon were only some light thing ;
 A flower that we may drop, all crushed and broken—
 A bird that we may cage with drooping wing.
 “ Wilt thou be mine ?” Oh ! words of holy meaning,
 When breathed with truth that sees the hair turn grey ;
 And yet can feel that heart on heart is leaning
 As fondly as when first they yearned to say,
 “ Wilt thou be mine ?”

 STANZAS,

IN THE ORPHAN’S CAUSE.

Written in Aid of the Bazaar held at the “Orphan Working School,”
 Haverstock Hill.

POMP and Pageant may be round ;
 Star and feather nigh ;
 Wreaths and banners may be found
 Challenging mine eye.
 Brows may wear the princely gem
 By ingot bought and sold ;
 But never have I breathed o’er them,
 “ Oh ! would that I had gold !”

I have stood beneath the dome
 Spanning halls of pride !
 I have dwelt within the home
 Where Art and Plenty vied ;
 I have seen all Fortune brings,
 That men so fondly hold ;
 Yet never sighed above such things,
 Oh ! would that I had gold !”

But when Charity has shown
 The helpless and the poor ;
 Telling woes too oft unknown,
 That kindred forms endure ;
 Then I inly crave the store
 Of those with "wealth untold,"
 Then do I dare to ask for more :
 And wish that I had gold.

Orphans ! your sad claims must prove
 With me the first on earth ;
 For I have prized a mother's love,
 And know its holy worth.
 'Tis first in clinging close and warm,
 'Tis last to loose its hold ;
 The circlet of a mother's arm
 Is formed of God's own gold !

Orphans ! your sad claims must wring
 The mite from hardest hand ;
 Where friendless Childhood finds no spring ;
 The breast is desert land.
 Poets' mantles rarely fall
 In rich and shining fold,
 But Song may strengthen Pity's call ;
 And be as blest as gold.

Orphans ! take my Spirit-prayer,
 'Tis all I have to give ;
 And simple words perchance may bear
 Deed-gifts that may live.
 Yet there's dimness in mine eye
 When tales like yours are told ;
 And Mercy in her gentle sigh,
 Breathes, "Would that I had gold !"



WHICH DO I LOVE THE BEST?

WHICH do I love the best ?
 Is it the mountain or main ?
 The Land, with its sweet and posied breast,
 Or the Sea, with its wave-robed train ?
 I merrily tread where the green hills spread,
 And talk to the flowers about ;
 But whenever I ride on the trackless tide,
 The bells of my heart ring out.

“WHERE THE WEARY ARE AT REST.”

I like the wind in its noisy mirth
 In the dark woods, far on the shore ;
 For I listen and think it plays on earth
 The tune of the Ocean's roar.
 Oh ! which can it be that is dearest to me—
 The stir of the Forest, or dash of the Sea ?

Oh ! which do I love the best ?
 Is it the grass or the surf ?
 Does my rich draught lie in the spray leaping by,
 Or the nectar-dew spilt on the turf ?
 I have longed to dance where the moonbeams glance,
 With the sprites in a fairy ring ;
 But with deeper glow I have panted to know
 The secrets the mermaids sing.
 I have heard that I turned in my lisping time
 From the harp, and the lily's white bell ;
 To the black, salt weed, and the murmuring chime
 That dwelt in the red-lipped shell.
 Oh ! which can it be that is dearest to me—
 The furrow of Land or the billow of Sea ?

Which do I love the best ?
 Let my spirit be honest and say,
 That it worships the waves in their rage or their rest,
 And dreams of them—far away.
 I know full well there's a holy spell
 In the waters that binds my soul ;
 For they speak in a tone that I hear alone
 Where the flood and the foam-curl roll.
 I feel when I stand 'mid the marvels of Land,
 As though angels were over the sod ;
 But I gaze on the deep from the desolate strand,
 And see more of the shadow of God.
 Oh ! there never was yet, and there never will be ;
 A shrine for my love like the broad, blue Sea.



“WHERE THE WEARY ARE AT REST.”

GRIEF is bitter o'er the dust,
 When we hear the churchyard knell
 But echoes of an upward trust
 Float around the tolling bell.

Selfish, even in our love,
 Sorrow may become too deep,
 And Faith and Patience often prove
 The stroke is kind that bids us weep.
 Think, while mourning, broken-hearted,
 O'er the friends that cheered and blessed,
 We shall follow the departed,
 "Where the weary are at rest!"

It is well that we should sigh
 When the dark death-shadows fall;
 But there's an eternal sky
 Behind the tear-cloud of the pall.
 Though the hour of parting brings
 Anguish that we groan to bear;
 Hope, sweet bird of promise, sings
 In the yew-tree of Despair.
 Let us hearken while her story
 Whispers to the aching breast;
 "Those ye mourn are crowned with glory,
 Where the weary are at rest!"



To —.

ON HER BIRTHDAY.

"I LOVE thee," is a "cuckoo song,"
 But yet methinks the honest lay,
 Though growing somewhat old and long,
 Is suited to this happy day.

If I were rich, I'd give thee gems,
 And place rare flowers on thy breast;
 With ruby buds, and emerald stems;
 And all the world holds choice and best.

But well thou know'st I'm here below
 With nothing but a tuneful reed;
 And hard and fast as I may blow,
 Still does it leave me "poor indeed."

I prize it though, and like the thing
 That leaves sweet clover for a thistle;
 I think the tones that ducats fling
 Harsh music to my penny whistle.

TO — ON HER BIRTHDAY.

And if I only offer thee
 What craving hands care not to take;
 'Tis much to know my gift will be
 Held dear, but for the giver's sake.

"I love thee," ay! and love thee well;
 And fondly hope that many a year
 Will test the lie cold cynics tell;
 And prove that hearts *can* be sincere.

I bless the day that shed its ray
 Of mortal light upon thy brow;
 And thank the One that let thee stay
 To hear and trust my simple vow.

"I love thee," and my heart will bear
 The seal which thou hast set for ever;
 Truth weaves the silken chain I wear,
 That death, and death alone, will sever.

"I love thee," but I do not ask
 Thy soul to shut its beams from any;
 The wine that fills so choice a flask
 Should be a sparkling draught for many.

The rose most perfect in its hue
 Has spreading leaves of kindred blush;
 And, like that rose, thy spirit too
 Must warm and widen in its flush.

Thy fair esteem I fain would keep;
 Thy tender faith I fondly crave:
 So that thy speaking eye would weep
 An honest tear above my grave.

I hail the day that gave to earth
 A heart so brave, so just, so high:
 Even as the glad bird notes the birth
 Of spring-time bloom, and spring-time sky.

"I love thee," is a "cuckoo song,"
 But Heaven's echo lurks about it;
 And mayst thou hear it oft and long,
 And I be 'mid the first to shout it!



AN ENGLISH CHRISTMAS HOME.

A LOUD and laughing welcome to the merry, Christmas bells,
 All hail with happy gladness the well-known chant that swells;
 We list the pealing anthem chord, we hear the midnight strain,
 And love the tidings that proclaim a Christmas-tide again.
 But there must be a melody of purer, deeper sound,
 A rich key-note whose echo runs through all the music round;
 Let kindly voices ring beneath low roof or palace-dome,
 For these alone are Christmas chimes that bless a Christmas Home.

CHORUS.

Then fill once more, from Bounty's store, red wine or nutbrown foam;
 And drink to kindly voices in an English, Christmas Home.

A blithe and joyous welcome to the berries and the leaves
 That hang about our household walls in dark and rustling sheaves;
 Up with the holly and the bay, set laurel on the board:
 And let the mistletoe look down while pledging draughts are poured.
 But there must be some hallowed bloom to garland with the rest,—
 All, all must bring toward the wreath some flowers in the breast;
 For though green boughs may thickly grace low roof or palace-dome;
 Kind hearts alone will truly serve to deck a Christmas Home.

CHORUS.

Then fill once more, from Bounty's store, red wine or nutbrown foam;
 And drink to honest hearts within an English, Christmas Home.

STANZAS BY THE SEA-SIDE.

BEAUTIFUL Ocean, how I loved thy face
 When mine was fresh and sparkling as thine own;
 When my bold footstep took its toppling place,
 To see thee rise upon thy rock-piled throne.

Oh! how I loved thee, when I bent mine ear
 To listen to the rosy sea-shell's hum,
 And stood in ecstasy of joyous fear,
 Daring thy broad and bursting wave to come.

When my young breast beat high to see thee leap
 In stormy wrath around the beacon light:
 And my eye danced to see thee swell and sweep,
 Like a blind lion, wasting all thy might.

I loved thee when, upon the shingle stones,
 I heard thy glassy ripples steal and drip,
 With the soft gush and gently murmured tones
 That dwell upon an infant's gurgling lip.

I loved thee with a childish, dreaming zeal,
 That gazed in rapture and adored with soul;
 And my proud heart, that stood like tempered steel
 Before harsh words, melted beneath thy roll.

Thou wert a part of God; and I could find
 Almighty tidings in thy mystic speech:
 Thou couldst subdue my strangely wayward mind,
 And tune the string no other hand could reach.

Eloquent Ocean, how I worshipped thee,
 Ere my young breath knew what it was to sigh;
 Ere I had proved one cherished flower to be
 A thing of brightness, nurtured but to die.

Years have gone by since those light-footed days,
 And done their work, as years will ever do;
 Setting their thorny barriers in Life's maze,
 And burying Hope's gems of rarest hue.

I have endured the pangs that all endure,
 Whose pulses quicken at the world's rude touch!
 Who dream that all they trust in must be sure,
 Though sadly taught that they may trust too much.

The cypress branch has trailed upon my way,
 Leaving the longest shadow Death can fling;
 My lips have quivered while they strove to pray;
 Draining the deepest cup that Grief can bring.

I have conned o'er the lessons hard to learn—
 I have plucked Autumn leaves in fair Spring-time:
 I have seen loved ones go and ne'er return;
 And reared high shrines for ivy-stalks to climb.

My chords of Feeling have been sorely swept;
 Rousing the strain whose echo ever floats;
 And mournful measures, one by one, have crept
 After the sweet and merry prelude notes.

Yet, noble Ocean, do I hail thee now,
 With the exulting spirit-gush of old;
 The same devotion lights my breast and brow,
 Spreading unbidden—gleaming uncontrolled.

Scaling the green crag while thy rough voice raves ;
 Here am I sporting on thy lonely strand ;
 Shrieking with glee, while hunted by thy waves ;
 Foam on my feet, and sea-weed in my hand.

I stand again beside thee as I stood
 In panting youth, watching thy billows break ;
 Fixed by the strong spell of thy headlong flood ;
 Even as the bird is charm-bound by the snake.

Thou bringest visions—would that they could last—
 Thou makest me a laughing child once more ;
 Casting away the garner of the Past,
 Heedless of all that Fate may have in store.

I feel beside thee like a captive one,
 Whose riven fetter-links are left behind ;
 I love thee as the flower loves the sun ;
 I greet thee as the incense greets the wind.

Thou wilt be haunting me when I am found
 Amid the valleys and green slopes of earth ;
 And I shall hear thy stunning revel-round,
 And see the gem-spray scattered in thy mirth.

Creation's first and greatest—though we part—
 Though with thy worshipped form I may not dwell ;
 Thou art among the idols of my heart
 To which it never breathes the word—Farewell !

FAITH'S GUIDING STAR.

WE find a glory in the flowers
 When snowdrops peep and hawthorn blooms ;
 We see fresh light in spring-time hours
 And bless the radiance that illumines.
 The song of promise cheers with hope,
 That Sin or Sorrow cannot mar ;
 God's beauty fills the daisied slope,
 And keeps undimmed, Faith's guiding star.

We find a glory in the smile
 That lives in Childhood's, happy face ;
 Ere fearful doubt or worldly guile
 Has swept away the angel trace.

ADDRESS TO THE FREEMASONS.

The ray of promise shineth there,
 To tell of better lands afar ;
 God sends his image, pure and fair,
 To keep undimmed, Faith's guiding star.

We find a glory in the zeal
 Of doting breast and toiling brain ;
 Affection's martyrs still will kneel,
 And Song, though famished, pour its strain.
 They lure us by a quenchless beam,
 And point where joy is holier far ;
 They breathe, Immortal and Supreme,
 And keep undimmed, Faith's guiding star.

We muse beside the rolling waves,
 We ponder on the grassy hill ;
 We linger by the new-piled graves,
 And find that star is shining still.
 God in his great design hath spread
 Unnumbered rays to lead afar ;
 They shine the brightest o'er the dead ;
 And keep undimmed, Faith's guiding star.



ADDRESS TO THE FREEMASONS.

DELIVERED AT THEIR FESTIVAL, JUNE 21ST, 1848, IN AID
 OF THE FUNDS OF THEIR ASYLUM FOR THE POOR
 AND AGED MASONS.

A RICH Man lived 'mid all that life could know
 Of Peace and Plenty in our lot below ;
 His wealth was ready, and his hand was kind,
 Where friends might sue, or rigid Duty bind ;
 He gave to kindred, and bestowed his aid
 Where right could sanction the demand it made :
 But there he paused—his bosom never felt
 Compassion's impulse kindle, rise, and melt :
 With Stoic ease he turned from every cause
 That had no claim except through Mercy's laws ;
 And, coldly good, he measured out his span—
 An honest, moral, true, and prudent man.

The Rich Man died, and, cleansed from earthly leaven,
 Upward he sprang, on pinions stretched for heaven :
 Onward he soared, and well nigh reached the gate
 Where Angel-sentries ever watch and wait :

But there he fluttered ; just below the place
 Where Bliss and Glory pour their crowning grace ;
 Striving with Hope to gain the eternal height ;
 And weakly drooping as he sought the flight.
 "'Tis vain," the Angel-keeper cried, "'tis vain,
 Thou must return and dwell on earth again :
 One feather more thy ample wings must wear,
 Ere they will lift thee through this ambient air ;
 Good as thou art, go back to human dust ;
 Man, to be God-like, must be *more than just.*"
 The humbled Spirit took its downward way ;
 And here resumed its working garb of clay :
 For threescore years and ten it stemmed Life's tide ;
 And toiled and thought—the trying and the tried—
 Still was he honest—still he loved the best
 The ones who claimed the kindness in his breast—
 Still was he trusted as the type of truth—
 The moral oracle of age and youth—
 His love began with mother, wife, child, friend ;
 But there he found Affection must not *end*,
 His gentle sympathy now turned to heed
 The stranger's sorrow and the stranger's need.
 With right good-will he ever sought to dry
 The tear that dimmed the lonely orphan's eye ;
 He gave his Pity and bestowed his gold
 Where want abideth with the Poor and Old
 He burst the bonds of Duty's narrow thrall ;
 His Soul grew wider, and he felt for *all*.

The Rich Man died—again his Spirit flew
 On through the broad, Elysian fields of blue ;
 Higher, still higher, till he saw once more
 The crystal arch he failed to reach before ;
 And trembling there, he feared to task his might
 To travel farther in the realms of light.

"Fear not," the Angel-warder cried, "I see
 The plume that now will waft thee on to me :
 Thy wings have now the feather that alone
 Lifts the created to the Father's throne.
 'Tis Mercy, bounteous Mercy, warm and wide,
 That brings the mortal to the Maker's side ;
 'Tis dove-eyed Mercy deifies the dust ;
 Man, to be God-like, must be *more than just.*
 Up to thy place." The Spirit soon obeyed
 The Angel's words. A strain of music played
 In melting murmurs round the fields of blue,
 And Cherubs came to lead the Spirit through.

THE DREAMER.

The crystal portal opened at that strain—
 The Spirit passed—the Angel watched again—
 Still crying to the short-winged sons of dust :
 “ Man, to be God-like, must be *more* than *just*.”

YE, willing workers in a sacred band,
 Among the noblest in our noble land—
 YE gladly build in Charity's blest name
 The Christian altars raised to England's fame ;
 Altars that serve to break the storms that rage
 In fearful gloom round Poverty and Age ;
 Ye help the helpless with a cheerful zeal,
 Ye feel for Want as Man should ever feel ;
 Ye shed the essence of your GOD around,
 For GOD is seen where Charity is found.

Fear not to die, for freely do ye spare
 Some of the “ talents ” trusted to your care :
 Well may ye hope to gain the highest flight
 Toward the portal of celestial light ;
 For if that portal, Mercy's plume can win,
 Ye bear the pinions that shall let you in.

 THE DREAMER.

“ While we look, not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen ; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.”—*St. Paul*.

“ DOES Childhood love rich domes above,
 Or painted walls around ?
 Will marble floors arouse the step
 That falls with lightest bound ?

“ Ah, no ! ah, no ! it is not so ;
 The fair Child goes
 To tread on tiny daisies
 Where the green blade grows.

“ Can Manhood's heart so strangely part
 With all that's fresh and true,
 That Care leaves not a loophole spot
 For Spirit to look through ?

“ Ah, no ! ah, no ! it is not so ;
 His heart still glows,
 When some old haunt he traces
 Where the green blade grows.

“ We wane away, till bent and grey,
 We creep where once we ran,
 And Age lies down and ends his race
 Where Boyhood’s race began.

“ ’Tis there we sleep, where daisies peep,
 And sunset throws
 The promise of a morrow
 Where the green blade grows.”

And thus, where the mallow
 Was fringing the shallow ;
 The Poet One sung to the summer-lit stream,
 And then he grew dizzy
 With watching how busy
 The swallows were, chasing the gnats in the beam.

Then the minnow tribe swimming—
 The lotus-cup, brimming—
 Had charms for his fancy, and lured him to stay ;
 Till one, wiser and colder—
 A richer and bolder
 Among the world’s denizens, broke on his way.

“ What ! still idle, thou dreamer—
 Thou bubble-blown schemer ;
 Still useless on earth ?” cried the sneer-darkened lip ;
 “ Can that mortal inherit
 A shadow of merit,
 Who lives out the day seeing willow-leaves dip ?

“ You aid not in felling
 The wood for man’s dwelling—
 You twine not a thread for his doublet and vest—
 You’ve no sheaves for the binding—
 No mill for the grinding—
 No tool in the hand, and no corselet on breast !

“ No vessel is riding,
 That owneth thy guiding—
 Thou help’st not to fashion the hull or the mast—
 You’ve no forge for her chain-gear,
 No loom for her main-gear—
 No ball in the battle, no rope in the blast !

“Thou art not a master
 Of forest or pasture—
 Thy name is unknown in the Commerce of Gold ;
 You’ve no dappled herds lowing,
 No purple grapes growing,
 No stock have you bought, and no land have you sold !

“You delve not for fuel—
 You polish no jewel—
 You pave not the city—you plough not the sward ;
 You help not a neighbour
 With sweat-drop of labour—
 What right CANST THOU have at Humanity’s board ?

“Where’s the profit in mounting
 The copse-hill, and counting
 The stars and the glow-worms that glimmer around ?
 Why, why dost thou wander
 Where brooklets meander,
 And listen as though there were speech in the sound ?

“What lore are you gleaning
 While silently leaning
 O’er Spring’s simple snowdrop and Autumn’s dead leaf ?
 Why waste your strong powers
 ’Mid green leaves and flowers,
 When wealth is so mighty and life is so brief ?

“Up, Man, and be doing ;
 No longer be wooing
 The rays of the moonlight and song of the bird.
 Muse no more on the motion
 Of cloud-scud and ocean ;
 But mix where the hum of the Active is heard.

“Is it fair he should fatten,
 And revel and batten,
 Who ‘draweth no water’ and ‘heweth no wood ?’
 Shame, shame, to thee, Dreamer !
 Thou bubble-blown schemer,
 Thy presence among us here cannot be good !”

* * * * *

The Dreamer replied not ;
 He smiled not, he sighed not ;
 A red brow was all that betokened his pride ;
 But while he was flushing,
 A Spirit came rushing
 In radiant glory, and stood by his side.

“ Look up, thou rebuker !
 Hard son of hard lucre !”
 The Immortal One cried, as the chiding one bent ;
 “ ’Tis time thou wert learning
 That he thou art spurning ;
 Is here with great mission and sacred intent.

“ He was formed by the Maker,
 A favoured partaker
 Of all Man can know of the Essence Divine ;
 Heaven sent him forth singing,
 Like alchymist flinging
 A drop in the crude mass to melt and refine.

“ Your barn-mows o’erflowing—
 Your furnace flames glowing—
 Your freights on the sea, and your stores on the land ;
 Oh ! there’s fear in the pleasure
 That springs from such treasure ;
 For the heart is too apt to grow hard as the hand.

“ The Creator, All-seeing,
 Knew well that each being
 Had strings of choice melody hid in his breast ;
 Whose music, the clearest,
 The purest, the dearest ;
 Could stir to wild gladness, or lull to sweet rest.

“ ’Tis the music revealing
 Truth, Nature, and Feeling ;
 But strings of such texture had soon gathered rust ;
 If they met with no finger,
 About them to linger ;
 To tune the rich soul-chords, and sweep off the dust.

“ The loud, chafing action
 Of Gold, Toil, and Faction,
 Had drowned the fine echo from Heaven now heard ;
 If no minstrel were straying
 Among ye, and playing
 On notes that will only respond to his word.

“ The strains he is chanting
 Will set your souls panting
 With impulse of Freedom and yearning of Love :
 The Song that he teaches
 Has magic that reaches
 Your brightest of earth-chains, and links them above.

“ Ye are proud of the pine tree,
 The oak, and the vine tree ;
 The rose on your bush, and the fruit on your wall :
 But say, would ye shut out
 The fresh wind, or put out
 The sun, bringing perfume and beauty from all ?

“ As the fresh wind that hummeth,
 The Poet One cometh
 To stir into health the dense, world-ridden brain ;
 As that sun paints the blossom,
 He tinges your bosom,
 With colours that shame all its clay-gathered stain.

“ The charm, in his keeping,
 Can comfort the weeping,
 Can soften the rugged, and strengthen the weak ;
 He wins, with devotion,
 Man’s noblest emotion,
 And telleth the things that none other can speak.

“ While thou art fulfilling,
 With sowing and tilling,
 The portion of duty God chose to assign !
 This One is entrusted
 With talents, adjusted
 To render his office far higher than thine.

“ The power he holdeth,
 The scroll he unfoldeth,
 Your utmost of striving will fail to obtain ;
 Life’s rarest bequeathing
 But lives in his breathing ;
 And think’st thou such gift was allotted in vain ?

“ Go, go, thou rebuker,
 Hard son of hard lucre !
 Let the dreaming One rove as he lists on the sward ;
 And tremble, ye Toilers,
 Ye Spirit despoilers ;
 When the Poet is thrust from Humanity’s board !”



THE OLD PALACE.

OH, the Palace looked so great and grand
 When its walls stood up in giant pride;
 When it held the highest in the land,
 And its triumph-gates were flinging wide;
 When its turrets bore the bannered staff,
 And the courtyard rung with the prancing hoof;
 When the dancing strain and the revel laugh
 Went merrily up to the spanning roof.
 Oh! the Palace was a noble place
 In its palmy days of strength and grace.

Tower and terrace have fallen low,
 And the banquet-hall is dimly seen;
 Through ivy and bindweed that twine as they go
 In shadowy folds of grey and green.
 Ages have blotted the sculptured crest,
 The wind sings through the portal stone;
 It stands like an eagle's forsaken nest;
 Dreary and desolate, mournful and lone.
 The sun of its brightness for ever has set,
 But the lone, old Palace is beautiful yet.

We may see a heart as grand and rare,
 Stand like the Palace in its prime;
 Rich in all that is noble and fair,
 Till stricken by Grief as the Palace by Time.
 We may see the moss of a blighted trust
 Creeping around its pillars of joy;
 But amid the ruin, the gloom, and the dust,
 There's a glory abiding that nought can destroy;
 For the true heart is great in its lonely decay,
 As the Palace is grand in its passing away.



CHRISTMAS SONG OF THE POOR MAN.

"A MERRY Christmas, *Gentlemen*,"
 'Tis thus the ancient ditty runs;
 But minstrels chime no hailing rhyme
 For Poverty's low, haggard sons.

CHRISTMAS SONG OF THE POOR MAN.

A merry Christmas to ye all,
 Who sit beneath the green-twined roof,
 To mark how fast the snow-flakes fall,
 Or listen to the ringing hoof.
 A pleasant tune the north wind hums,
 When that's without, and ye within ;
 But like a serpent's fang it comes
 Upon the poor man's naked skin.
 A merry Christmas to ye all,
 Who fold warm robes o'er limb and breast :
 Who sleep enclosed by curtained wall,
 With blankets on your couch of rest.
 But I—the poor man—what shall be
 The merry Christmas-tide to me ?

I've seen men hew the log trunk through,
 I've seen them bear the holly by ;
 To pile upon the sparkling hearth,
 And grace the stalled ox ; smoking high.
 The oak-root is a mighty thing,
 And beauteous the berry red ;
 But hollow is the joy they bring
 To eyes that dimly look for bread.
 The poor man's fire !—pshaw ! how should he
 Feel such a strange, luxurious want ?
 The poor man's meal !—oh ! let it be
 Some scrap, ungarnished, cold and scant.
 " A merry Christmas, Gentlemen,"
 'Tis thus the ancient ditty runs ;
 But nought we hear of welcome cheer
 For Poverty's low, haggard sons ;
 Nor malt, nor meat, nor fruit, nor wine,
 Oh, a merry Christmas will be mine !

A rapid ding-dong swelleth round,
 The giant steeples shake with glee ;
 And mistletoe is gaily bound
 With branches from the laurel tree.
 The midnight gloom is deep—but hark
 The tones of kindly custom flow ;
 Sweet music cometh in the dark,
 With voices greeting as they go.
 " A merry Christmas, Gentlemen,"
 Ay, great ones, it is all your own ;
 The hour is sung, the harp is strung ;
 Where Plenty flings her treasures down :
 What has the poor man got to do
 With bells and bay-wreaths, songs and mirth ?

Let me creep on with Misery's crew,
 'Twixt piercing sky and frozen earth;
 Nor malt, nor meat, nor fruit, nor wine,
 Oh, a merry Christmas-tide is mine!

The rich man's boy laughs loud to find
 Thick ice upon the streamlet's tide;
 His round cheeks freshen in the wind;
 His warm feet bound along the slide.
 But little loves the poor man's heir
 Upon the stagnant rill to look;
 He crouches from the biting air;
 His thin blood curdles with the brook.
 The well-born daughter smiles to think
 How gay the lighted room will seem
 When friends shall meet to dance and drink,
 And all be glad as fairy dream.
 The poor man's girl shall only care
 To hug her tattered garment tight;
 To wring the hoar frost from her hair,
 And pray that sleep may come with night.
 Pale children of a pauper slave;
 Rare Christmas gambols ye will have!

"A merry Christmas, Gentlemen,"
 Fill, fill your glasses high and fast;
 The north wind's shriek is fiercely bleak,—
 What matter! let it rattle past.
 "A merry Christmas, Gentlemen,"
 Feast on, and chant a blithesome strain;
 The cutting chill grows bleaker still,—
 What matter! fill the glass again.
 Stir up the blaze—rejoice and feed,
 Shout and be happy as ye can,
 My groan arrests ye! take no heed,
 'Tis but a hungry fellow-man.
 "A merry Christmas, *Gentlemen,*"
 'Tis thus the ancient ditty runs;
 No tongues shall sing, no bells shall ring,
 For Poverty's low, haggard sons;
 Nor malt, nor meat, nor fruit, nor wine;
 Oh, a merry Christmas-tide is mine!

TEN YEARS AGO.

INSCRIBED TO ALL WHO KNOW ME.

Published in the first number of "Eliza Cook's Journal," May 5, 1849.

THE robin had been dull all day, the clouds were close and drear,
 The oak-leaf bent its withered lips to kiss the dying year ;
 The night was coming like a monk, in dark and hooded guise,
 And Winter's voice breathed dolefully its heaviest of sighs.
 My thoughts were sad as sad could be, and lone and still I gazed
 Upon the shadows as they fell—the red coal as it blazed.
 The room was bare—no forms were there—but memories went and
 came,
 With love and sorrow chequered, like the shadows and the flame.
 Oh ! my young heart's tide of happiness had ebb'd a wave too low,
 In that dim hour of twilight gloom, some ten years ago.

Old, merry Christmas was at hand, as constant as of yore ;
 I counted those about me at the Christmas-tide before,
 And if I missed some two or three, that ne'er could come again,
 No wonder that my bosom felt a gentle throb of pain.
 The twilight deepened murkily ;—I wept, but lo ! there came
 A branch of holly falling from an ancient picture-frame.
 And as it shimmered at my feet, all fresh, and green, and bright,
 It seemed to fill my drooping soul with music, mirth, and light.
 A key-note of wide echoings that still around me flow,
 Was that poor Holly-branch, that tumbled, ten years ago.

It conjured up, with minstrel spell, a fair and merry throng
 Of glad conceits, that found a voice and burst into a song ;
 I poured out ballad lines of joy above the shining bough,
 While pleasure quickened every pulse, and danced upon my brow.
 I gave that song unto the world, with secret hope and fear,—
 I longed to try if I could win that world's broad, honest ear ;
 'Twas done—applauding words of life came thickly on my way,
 And those who caught my holly leaves, flung back a sprig of bay ;
 "We like your notes," the "people" cried, "come, sing again," and so
 My "Christmas Holly" bound me to ye, ten years ago.

Since then we've mingled cheerfully within our "Household Room,"
 Ye've heard me sing "Old Dobbin's" worth, and tell "Old Pincher's"
 doom ;
 Ye hailed me in my "Murray Plaid," and listened to my strain,
 When like a baby in a field I wove my "Daisy" chain ;
 Ye took my simple "Old Arm Chair," ye knew it was a part
 Of Love's rich cedar-tree, that Death had cut down in my heart :

Ye smiled to see my "Old Straw Hat" laid by with earnest rhyme,
 And chorused when a "People's Song" awoke your spirit chime :
 Oh ! many a changeful carol-lilt has knitted us, I trow,
 Since first my "Christmas Holly" flourished, ten years ago.

I bring ye now a posy bunch of varied scent and hue,
 And rather think "Forget Me Not" will anxiously peep through ;
 True, loyal hands to Nature's cause, have helped to pluck the flowers,
 And pray that ye will take them home to nurse in evening hours.
 What say ye ? will they gain a place upon the window sill ?
 Have ye some household nook to spare, which they will serve to fill ?
 And as ye took my sombre branch, in midst of wintry gloom,
 Will ye as tenderly receive my bunch of spring-time bloom ?
 Once safe beneath your sunny care, oh ! how the leaves will blow,
 And proudly crown the hope you gave me, ten years ago.

Spring flowers are sweet in every place ; we like to see them come
 On upland turf, by roadside hedge, and round about our home ;
 The monarch lady bears them 'mid the jewels on her breast,
 And Poverty will seek a bud to deck its tattered vest.
 Oh ! take my mingled offering.—I long to hear you say
 Ye like the simple blossoms, which I place upon your way.
 It is the lucid dew of Truth, that gems each painted cup,
 'Tis Freedom gives the Fragrance, and my heart-strings tie them up ;
 Oh ! take them, "gentle reader," let my "spring flowers" live and grow
 With ye who nursed my "Christmas Holly," ten years ago.

THE POET'S HEART.

No, not for worlds would I resign
 This full and fevered heart of mine,
 Though some quick pulses in it dwell,
 That thrill and tremble, shrink and swell,
 With that intense and fearful pain
 Which locks the lip and burns the brain !
 No, not for worlds would I give up
 The drop of nectar in my cup,
 Though that one drop may render all
 The draught beside of deeper gall !
 No, not for worlds would I forego
 The throb of rapt, ecstatic glow,
 When kindling flushes seem to meet,
 Of sunset tinge, and noontide heat ;
 Though oft the gorgeous glow may mark
 My breast, to leave it still more dark.

I would not lose the poet power
 That feels the thorn and sees the flower
 With sharper thrust, and gladder mirth,
 Than more undreaming ones of earth.
 No, not for worlds would I resign
 This fond, weak, poet-heart of mine ;
 For well I know this weak heart finds
 A music in the running rills—
 A voice upon the western winds—
 A shadow on the misty hills—
 Which, if it were a colder thing,
 Streams, winds, and mountains would not bring.

It maketh me Creation's heir
 To all that's beautiful and fair ;
 It holds me with a secret tie
 To the sweet lilies of the field ;
 It links me to the star-lit sky ;
 It talks to wild birds fitting by,
 And lets me look upon the book
 Of Life's strange, fairy tale, unsealed.

What though it has some strings, that ache
 And quiver till they well nigh break ?
 It is the same electric strings,
 That have the might of Angels' wings
 To raise and waft this heart away,
 Above its common home of clay.
 'Tis round those strings rare magic clings,
 And Joy's seraphic fingers play.

It bends to Nature's holy charm,
 And twineth, like a Lover's arm,
 With sweet devotion—true and warm—
 Around its idol's worshipped form.
 It quails, it weeps, it throbs, it fears,
 With unknown pangs and unseen tears.
 It feels, perchance, a keener goad,
 To urge it onward with its load ;
 Yet, yet it has some hopes so bright,
 Such soul-tides, flooding it with light,
 That Love and Heaven seem to be
 Familiar glories unto me ;
 And not for worlds would I resign
 This weak, fond, poet-heart of mine,
 While it can taste immortal cheer
 Amid the bitter herbs grown here.

A SPECIAL PLEADING.

AND so they tell you, Mary, love, that I am false and gay,
 And that I woo another maid when I am far away,
 That I am seen in merry mood upon the coast of France,
 And let another pair of eyes allure me to the dance.

They tell you that I do not care for all the vows I've made,—
 That love with me is but a game, at which I've often played;
 They say that sailors win a heart—then think of it no more,
 And that your Harry soon forgets this bit of English shore.

You knew me as a sturdy boy,—you trusted to my arm
 To pull you through the gale, without a breathing of alarm;
 I've grown and strengthened in your sight, and shall it be confessed,
 That he who clasped with Childhood's hand betrayed with Manhood's
 breast?

I kept my good, old mother till she gently drooped and died;
 I have a little sister still, that's clinging to my side;
 And could I bear a manly heart to them, my Mary, dear,—
 Could I be faithful to my home, and yet be traitor here?

Oh! Mary, don't believe the tale,—indeed it is not true;
 How could I, even if I tried, love any girl but you?
 Oh! do look up into my face, and see if you can find
 A trace of any feeling there but what is just and kind.

Tell me who raised the foul report,—who cast upon my name
 The taint of infamy that marks with meanness, vice, and shame;
 And if it be a man that gave the bitter slander birth,
 I'll strike the coward, rich or poor, down to his parent earth.

Curse on the tongues that sought to fling a poison in my cup,
 May ill betide their evil souls,—Come! Mary, do look up;
 Say that you love me as you did, or, though I'm proud and brave,
 My spirit soon will pray to be beneath the ocean wave.

Look! here's the curl you gave me when I stood upon the sands,
 Just going for the first, sad time to far and foreign lands;
 See! here's the handkerchief you tied so fondly round my neck,
 And these two precious things were all I rescued from the wreck.

Oh, can it be! do you refuse to listen to my word?
 'Tis simple; but a purer truth the angels never heard;
 I'm faithful to you, Mary, as an honest man can be,
 And would my heart were opened wide for all the world to see!

But ah! perhaps some other one has gained your woman's love,—
 You've changed your roving sea-gull for a quiet cottage-dove:
 You think a fair-cheeked husband that could sit beside his fire,
 Would be a wiser life-mate for a maiden to desire.

Last night I saw young Walter May keep near your window-sill,
 And there he watched you from the door and joined you on the hill;
 And twice before I've seen him lurk beside you on the road,
 And when you fetched the fishing-net, he soon took up the load.

Oh, Mary! something's choking me! Tell, tell me, is it so?
 Say, do you love him? Walter May! tell, tell me, Yes or No?
 Oh! let me hear the worst at once,—cost what it will to sever,
 I'll only ask for one more kiss, and say Good-bye for ever.

That blush,—that tear!—what do I hear?—You love but me alone?—
 God bless you, girl! I breathe again,—my life, my joy, my own!
 How could you for a moment doubt the language of a lip,
 That breathed for you its deepest prayer upon a sinking ship?

Come, let me kiss those eyelids dry, and then we'll walk awhile;
 We'll go across the clover-field, and sit upon the stile,—
 We'll take the village in our path, for, as you wisely say,
 'Twill mortify the gossip fools, and silence Walter May.

And, Mary,—let me whisper, love;—before I sail again,
 I'll work a charm to make the words of evil-speakers vain.
 The first of June will soon be here, and that blest day shall bring
 Your Harry's heart to anchor in a tiny, golden ring!



GOOD WORKS.

How shall we climb to Heaven?
 How seek the path aright?
 How use the essence given
 To trim Earth's temple-light?
 Oh! not by lips that pour
 The tones of Faith alone;—
 "Good Works" must live before
 The true disciple's shown.

Ye leaders of mankind,
 With precepts loudly heard,
 Oh! let your working bind
 Example with your word.

Shame to the holy teacher
Whose life we dare not scan ;
Though language forms the preacher,
'Tis "good works" make the man.

It is not well to say
Our lowly race is run
In far too narrow way
For great deeds to be done.
Let fair Intention move
The heart to do its best ;
And little, wrought in love,
Is "good work" great and blest.

Relax the warrior gripe,
Turn swords to reaping-hooks,
Melt bullets into type,
Bend spears to shepherds' crooks ;
Sow fields with yellow wheat,
Instead of crimson limbs,
And such "good work" shall meet
A people's grateful hymns.

Build up the school-house wall,
Where Infancy and Youth
May hear wide echoes fall
From Knowledge, Hope, and Truth.
Twine on the social band
That ties us to each other ;
Let such "good work" expand,
Till man to man is brother.

Let Woman have her share
Of Reason, unreviled,
Till those ordained to bear
Are fit to guide the child.
Let Woman fairly take
The place she's born to fill,
And such "good work" shall make
Our great sons greater still.

Let nations trample down
The flag of savage Strife ;
Let Peace and Justice own
That Love is King of Life.
Let Wisdom onward march,
And while Life's spirit groans,
Let Faith's triumphal arch
Have "good works" corner-stones.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

CHRISTMAS SONG.

UNDER the Mistletoe, pearly and green,
 Meet the kind lips of the young and the old ;
 Under the Mistletoe hearts may be seen
 Glowing as though they had never been cold.
 Under the Mistletoe, peace and good will
 Mingle the spirits that long have been twain ;
 Leaves of the olive-branch twine with it still,
 While breathings of Hope fill the loud carol strain.
 Yet why should this holy and festival mirth
 In the reign of Old Christmas-tide only be found ?
 Hang up Love's Mistletoe over the earth,
 And let us kiss under it all the year round !
 Hang up the Mistletoe over the land
 Where the poor, dark man is spurned by the white ;
 Hang it wherever Oppression's strong hand
 Wrings from the Helpless, Humanity's right.
 Hang it on high where the starving lip sobs,
 And the patrician one turneth in scorn ;
 Let it be met where the purple steel robs
 Child of its father and field of its corn ;
 Hail it with joy in our yule-lighted mirth,
 But let it not fade with the festival sound ;
 Hang up Love's Mistletoe over the earth,
 And let us kiss under it all the year round !

 A PATHETIC LAMENT.

"Here's a state of things! the company come that we didn't expect till next week, and master gone nobody knows where."—DOMESTIC ASIDE OF A "PRETTY PAGE."

THE lost "gude man," the lost "gude man!"
 Oh! the width of our anguish who could span,
 When we stood at the gate in pilgrim state,
 Bemoaning our lonely and dinnerless state ?

The castle was nigh, with its towers so high,
 And the flagmast poking its nose to the sky ;
 The walls were grey as the farewell of day,
 When the muffin-boy goes on his wandering way.

The ivy was green in the Midsummer sheen,
With as noble a watch-dog as ever was seen ;
All things were enriching the prospect bewitching,
Excepting a little black smoke from the kitchen.

We could see at a glance that the fairies might dance,
Or the poet might sing in such field of romance ;
But alack and alas ! the plain truth came to pass,
Proving " Spenser " looks foolish without " Mrs. Glass."

We had conjured up dreams of rare Burgundy streams,
Of terrestrial cake and ethereal creams ;
With the zeal of a Milton our fancies had built on
The hopes of some precious old port with ripe Stilton.

The soul-stirring line may be all very fine,
Provided the minstrel can manage to " dine ;"
But to stand 'neath a portal where the commons are short all,
Takes a vast deal of sentiment out of the mortal.

The carnivorous room was as still as the tomb,
With those horrid things in it—a duster and broom ;
Not an atom of chicken for invalid's picking,
Not a symptom of ox, neither sirloin nor sticking.

We sat in despair, with a starvation stare,—
Not a plate, not a dish, not a cover was there ;
Not the chink of a fork nor the creak of a cork,
To announce that the butler was doing his work.

The master was out after flounders and trout,
Far away on the tide, gallivanting about ;
And, most doleful to tell, to complete the sad spell,
Took the butler and Bramah keys fishing as well.

Three blusterous nights, 'mid doubts and frights,
Did we linger and pine on the castle heights ;
And each hour we ran, like " sister Ann,"
To see if we spied a coming man.

We have got him at last, and we'll hold him fast,
And drink his health while the Rhenish is passed ;
But we'll add 'mid the rout of the echoing shout,
" May we ne'er come again when the keys have gone out."



IT IS THE SONG MY MOTHER SINGS.

It is the song my mother sings,
 And gladly do I list the strain ;
 I never hear it, but it brings
 The wish to hear it sung again.
 She breathed it to me long ago,
 To lull me to my baby rest ;
 And as she murmured, soft and low,
 I slept in peace upon her breast.
 Oh, gentle Song ! thou hast a throng
 Of angel tones within thy spell ;
 I feel that I shall love thee long,
 And fear I love thee far too well.

For though I turn to hear thee now,
 With doting glance of warm delight ;
 In after-years I know not how
 Thy plaintive notes may dim my sight.
 That mother's voice will then be still,
 I hear it falter day by day ;
 It soundeth like a fountain rill,
 That trembles ere it cease to play.
 And then this heart, thou simple Song,
 Will find an anguish in thy spell ;
 'Twill wish it could not love so long,
 Or had not loved thee half so well.



WE ARE APT TO GROW AWEARY.

WE are apt to grow aweary in this troubled world at times,
 For even golden bells can ring in melancholy chimes !
 And let our human lot in life be what or where it may,
 Dark shadows often rise from which our hearts would turn away.

Full often do we sigh to taste some spirit-draught of joy,
 And almost envy Childhood's laugh above its painted toy :
 When some great hope breaks under us, or loved ones prove unjust ;
 And, roused from starry dreams, we find our pillow in the dust.

Say, whither shall we turn to seek the healing balm of rest,
 And whence shall come the cheerful ray to re-illumine our breast?
 Oh! let us go and breathe our woe in Nature's kindly ear,
 For her soft hand will ever deign to dry the mourner's tear;

She mocks not, though we tell our grief with voice all sad and faint,
 And seems the fondest while we pour our weak and lonely plaint.
 Oh! let us take our sorrows to the bosom of the hills,
 And blend our pensive murmurs with the gurgle of the rills;

Oh! let us turn in weariness toward the grassy way,
 Where skylarks teach us how to praise, and ringdoves how to pray;
 And there the melodies of Peace that float around the sod,
 Shall bring back hope and harmony upon the voice of God.



GREAT HELP WAITS ON LITTLE NEED.

"GIVE me some bread," the beggar cries,
 And crouches to the passer-by;
 But on the proud wayfarer hies,
 And leaves the wretch to starve or die.
 That passer-by sets forth at night,
 A feast where only rich ones feed;
 He crams the full—no doubt 'tis right;
 For great help waits on little need.

"Oh for a score of pounds awhile!"
 Prays some up-striving, struggling one;
 But he may walk for many a mile,
 And find the favour yet undone.
 Yet when that one has climbed the hill,
 Where toiling hearts oft sink and bleed;
 Full many a friend has gold to lend;
 For great help waits on little need.

The orphan child of Sin and Want
 Finds none to take his lonely hand;
 With cheek unkissed, and raiment scant;
 Still lonely may that orphan stand.
 But crowds come round the rich man's heir
 To kindly soothe and gently lead,
 To tend with love and guard with care;
 For great help waits on little need.

The frozen one with wounded feet,
 May leave the crimson on the snow;
 But let a royal footstep meet
 A spot of vulgar damp below,
 And myriad Raleighs press around,
 With courtly hand and eager speed,
 To fling their velvet on the ground;
 For great help waits on little need.

“I want to build—come, neighbour, friend,
 You see my wretched walls of clay;
 You’ve piles of bricks and beams to lend,”—
 Alas! you turn your head away.
 I have a mansion strong and high,
 And now I do not vainly plead;
 I may add stories to the sky;
 For great help waits on little need.

Come, muse of mine, methinks thy song
 Is somewhat cynical in sound,
 And spite of all that’s hard and wrong,
 Good deeds and noble hearts abound.
 But yet Reflection will go straying
 Where all the older, wise heads lead;
 And looking on, we can’t help saying,—
 The greatest help meets least of need.



FRUIT.

THE roses are bright, in their summer days’ light,
 With their delicate scent and their exquisite hue;
 But though beautiful Flowers claim many a song,
 The Fruit that hangs round us is beautiful too.

When Midsummer comes, we see cherries and plums
 Turning purple and red when the glowing sun falls;
 They hang on their stems like a garland of gems,
 In ruby and coral and amethyst balls.

How delicious and sweet is the strawberry treat,
 What pure pleasure it is to go hunting about,
 To raise up the stalks on the leaf-trellised walks,
 And see the dark, scarlet eyes just peeping out.

Don't you think we can find in the nectarine rind,
 A colour as gay as the dahlia's bloom ;
 Don't you think the soft peach is as tempting to reach
 As the hyacinth, petted and nursed in the room ?

The apricot yellow, so juicy and mellow,
 Is tempting as any fresh cowslip of Spring,
 And the currants' deep blushes light up the green bushes,
 Or hang in white bunches, like pearls on a string.

The mulberry-tree is enchanting to see,
 When 'tis laden with autumn fruit, pulpy and cool,
 And those berries abounding, with thorn-fence surrounding,
 Oh, who loves not the flavour of gooseberry-fool ?

The woodbine's fair leaves and clematis that weaves
 Round the window, are cheering to all that pass by ;
 But the grapes on the vine as they cluster and twine
 Are as lovely a sight for the traveller's eye.

The apples' round cheeks, with their rose-coloured streaks,
 And the pears that are ready to melt on the spray,
 What lip can deny they have beauties that vie
 With the daisy and buttercup spread in our way ?

Then the ripe nut that drops as we push through the copse,
 While busy as squirrels we hunt and we eat,
 Oh ! I think we must own that its coat of rich brown
 Can peer with May bluebells all dewy and sweet.

So though poets may sing of the blossoms of Spring,
 And all the bright glory of Flowers may tell,
 We will welcome the berries, the plums and the cherries,
 And the beautiful Fruits shall be honoured as well.



BESSIE GRAY.

ANOTHER of my childhood's friends has passed into the grave,
 The living waters of my heart are ebbing, wave by wave ;
 The floodtide of my youthful love has left its sparkling strand,
 But Memory keeps the margin-marks in rifts of golden sand.
 I will not count how many of my playmates I have lost,
 I only know they all have gone, like gems of morning frost ;
 I only know that they who shared my path at break of day,
 Have vanished from my side before Life's noontide sheds its ray.

I scarcely now can find a name that chimed with mine at school,
 And often wonder why I'm left to live as "Fortune's fool;"
 For many a cheek had more of red than mine could ever show,
 And many a spirit had more will to struggle here below.
 Fine saplings were around me, and full many seemed to be
 More likely to become a strong and storm-enduring tree;
 And the fair stem just stricken! oh, I dreamt not of its fall,
 For Bessie Gray was ever deemed the rarest of them all.

Poor Bessie Gray! ah, well-a-day! I sigh to learn thy fate,
 For thou wert dearest of the group—my chief and chosen mate;
 We were a pair of daring things in mischief, mirth, and noise,
 But famed for peaceful partnership in story-books and toys;
 We clubbed our pence when cash was scant, and had a "joint-stock"
 hope
 Invested in "Arabian Nights," hoop, ball, and skipping-rope;
 And battle as we often did—ay, even with a brother,
 Our busy hands were never seen upraised against each other.

Poor Bessie Gray! we spent Life's May in merry games together,
 We made fine, silken puppet-shows and spun the shuttle-feather;
 And how we sat on Winter nights beside old Kitty's fire,
 And found choice themes in quaint Dutch tiles that never seemed to
 tire;
 How we stirred up the blaze to see where Jacob's ladder stood,
 Where Abraham offered up his son, and Noah stemmed the flood;
 Where Solomon and David sat in grandeur on their thrones,
 And how we loved the Bible lore of those old, pictured stones.

And then we'd turn to that prized book—'tis now before my gaze,
 I see its well-thumbed pages, and its title, "Shakspeare's Plays;"
 And how we talked of Hamlet with the zeal of older praters,
 And did it quite as well, perchance, as greater "Commentators."
 And then with motley drapery, tin shield, and wooden sword,
 'What "Histrionics" we essayed as "Lady" and as "Lord;"
 But truth to tell I never shone in that peculiar way,
 And ne'er could "make believe" so well as thou couldst, Bessie Gray.

And then our bright half-holidays, our happy, summer walks,
 Oh, Childhood's richest fruit e'er hangs upon the poorest stalks!
 Pleasure and Triumph, can ye give to any grown-up daughter,
 Such joy as ours when we had leaped the dyke of weeds and water?
 Oh, Bessie Gray! we used to play, like two unbroken hounds,
 Strong health was thine, glad thoughts were mine, life had no thorny
 bounds;
 And somehow as I've travelled since, no young face seemed to stay
 Upon the mirror of the past, as thine did, Bessie Gray.

We parted when we had outgrown our rudest peals of laughter,
 When each began to meditate upon a grand hereafter ;
 Thy steps were turned for ever from thy native home and shore,
 I saw thee on a bounding ship and never saw thee more.
 I will not say, poor Bessie Gray, that later years have not
 Strewn truest friendships on my path in many a pleasant spot ;
 But favoured as my heart has been, I never yet could see
 Two merry girls in giddy sport, without a thought of thee.

For thou wert frank, and kind, and true, and shared my sunniest
 time :

We sat upon the self-same form, and learnt the self-same rhyme ;
 We sang the same old, ballad scraps, and when my fault was blamed,
 The chance was rare when thou wert not as guilty and ashamed.
 But thou art dead—'tis like a dream ! they tell me thou'rt at rest
 Where prairie flower, and panther cub, may spring above thy breast.
 'Tis strange ! for thou didst often speak in wild romance of youth,
 Of distant land, and lonely home, and lo ! 'twas augured truth.

My gay, young playmate ! can it be ? and art thou lying low
 Where tawny footsteps leave their trail, and waves of blossom flow ?
 Oh ! can it be, that thou art gone—so blithe, so brave, so strong,
 And I, the weaker one, still left, to hum thy requiem song ?
 I wonder where my eyes will close, and sleeping-place will be,—
 No matter ; sleep where'er I may, 'tis little care to me ;
 I only hope some gentle hearts, when I have passed away,
 Will think of me, as I do now of thee, dear Bessie Gray.



LET US GIVE THANKS.

LET us give thanks with grateful soul,
 To Him who sendeth all ;
 To Him who bids the planets roll,
 And sees a "sparrow fall."
 Though grief and tears may dim our joys,
 And Care and Strife arrest,
 'Tis Man, too often, that alloys
 The lot his Maker blessed ;
 While sunshine lights the boundless sky,
 And dew-drops feed the sod—
 While stars and rainbows live on high—
 Let us give thanks to God.

THE POOR MAN TO HIS SON.

We till the Earth in Labour's health,
 We plant the acorn cup;
 The fields are crowned with golden wealth,
 The green tree springeth up;
 The sweet, eternal waters gush
 From mountain and from vale;
 The vineyards blush with purple flush,
 The yellow hop-leaves trail:
 And while the Harvest flings its gold,
 And forest branches nod—
 While limpid streams are clear and cold,
 Let us give thanks to God.

The flower yields its odour breath,
 As gentle winds go past;
 The grasshopper that lurks beneath
 Chirps merrily and fast;
 The ringdove coos upon the spray,
 The larks, full anthems pour;
 The bees start with a jocund lay,
 The waves sing on the shore;
 Hosannas fill the wood and wild,
 Where human steps ne'er trod;
 And Nature, like an unweaned child,
 Smiles on its parent, God.

Say, Brothers, shall the bird and bloom
 Thus teach, and teach in vain?
 Shall all the Love-rays that illumine,
 Be lost in clouds of pain?
 Shall hearts be dead, and vision blind
 To all that Mercy deals?
 Shall Soul and Reason fail to find
 The Shrine where Instinct kneels?
 Ah, no!—while glory lights the sky,
 And beauty paints the sod—
 While stars and rainbows live on high,
 Let us give thanks to God.

*THE POOR MAN TO HIS SON.*

WORK, work, my boy, be not afraid,
 Look Labour boldly in the face;
 Take up the hammer or the spade,
 And blush not for your humble place.

Earth was first conquered by the power
Of daily sweat and peasant toil;
And where would kings have found their dower,
If poor men had not trod the soil?

Hold up your brow in honest pride,
Though rough and swarth your hands may be:
Such hands are sap-veins that provide
The life-blood of the Nation's tree.

There's honour in the toiling part,
That finds us in the furrowed fields;
It stamps a crest upon the heart
Worth more than all your quartered shields.

There's glory in the shuttle's song,
There's triumph in the anvil's stroke:
There's merit in the brave and strong,
Who dig the mine or fell the oak.

Work, work, my boy, and murmur not,
The fustian garb betrays no shame;
The grime of forge-soot leaves no blot;
And labour gilds the meanest name.

There's duty for all those, my son,
Who act their earthly part aright;
The spider's home-threads must be spun,
The bee sucks on 'twixt flowers and light.

The hungry bird his food must seek,
The ant must pile his winter fare;
The seed drops not into the beak;
The store is only gained by care.

The wind disturbs the sleeping lake,
And bids it ripple pure and fresh;
It moves the green boughs till they make
Grand music in their leafy mesh.

And so the active breath of life
Should stir our dull and sluggard wills;
For are we not created rife
With health that stagnant torpor kills?

I doubt if he who lolls his head
Where Idleness and Plenty meet,
Enjoys his pillow or his bread,
As those who *earn* the meals they eat.

THEY ALL BELONG TO ME.

And man is never half so blest
 As when the busy day is spent,
 So as to make his evening rest
 A holiday of glad content.

God grant thee but a due reward,
 A guerdon portion fair and just ;
 And then ne'er think thy station hard,
 But work, my boy, work, hope, and trust !

*THEY ALL BELONG TO ME.*

THERE are riches without measure
 Scattered thickly o'er the land ;
 There are heaps and heaps of treasure,
 Bright, beautiful, and grand ;
 There are forests, there are mountains,
 There are meadows, there are rills,
 Forming everlasting fountains
 In the bosoms of the hills ;
 There are birds and there are flowers,
 The fairest things that be—
 And these great and joyous dowers,
 Oh ! “ they all belong to me.”

There are golden acres bending
 In the light of harvest rays,
 There are garland branches blending
 With the breath of June's, sweet days :
 There are pasture grasses blowing
 In the dewy, moorland shade,
 There are herds of cattle lowing
 In the midst of bloom and blade ;
 There are noble elms that quiver,
 As the gale comes full and free,
 There are alders by the river,
 And “ they all belong to me.”

I care not who may reckon
 The wheat piled up in sacks,
 Nor who has power to beckon
 The woodman with his axe ;
 I care not who hold leases
 Of the upland or the dell,
 Nor who may count the fleeces
 When the flocks are fit to sell.

While there's beauty none can barter
By the greensward and the tree :
Claim who will, by seal and charter,
Yet "they all belong to me."

There's the thick and dinged cover
Where the hare and pheasant play,
There are sheets of rosy clover,
There are hedges crowned with May ;
There are vines all dark and gushing,
There are orchards ripe and red,
There are herds of wild deer crushing
The heath-bells as they tread.
And ye, who count in money
The value these may be,
Your hives but hold my honey,
For "they all belong to me."

Ye cannot shut the tree in,
Ye cannot hide the hills,
Ye cannot wall the sea in,
Ye cannot choke the rills ;
The corn will only nestle
In the broad arms of the sky,
The clover crop must wrestle
With the common wind, or die.
And while these stores of treasure
Are spread where I may see,
By God's high, bounteous pleasure,
"They all belong to me."

What care I for the profit
The stricken stem may yield ?
I have the shadow of it
While upright in the field.
What reck I of the riches
The mill-stream gathers fast,
While I bask in shady niches,
And see the brook go past ?
What reck I who has title
To the widest lands that be ?
They are mine, without requital,
God gave them all to me.

Oh! privilege and blessing,
To find I ever own,
What great ones, in possessing,
Imagine theirs alone !

“POVERTY PARTS GOOD COMPANIE.”

Oh! glory to the Maker,
 Who gave such boon to hold,
 Who made me free partaker
 Where others buy with gold!
 For while the woods and mountains
 Stand up where I can see,
 While God unlocks the fountains,
 “They all belong to me!”

“POVERTY PARTS GOOD COMPANIE.”

WE love the sayings of olden times,
 We quote them in Age, we learn them in Youth;
 They fall on our ears like ding-dong chimes,
 Which Experience rings in the belfry of Truth.
 But I wonder what people it was in the land,
 And I wonder as much where the land might be,
 So stupidly wise, that the proverb could rise,
 Of “Poverty parts Good Companie.”

’Twas a woful thing for man to prove,
 And sorrow was in the tale it told,
 For it said that Goodness, Worth, and Love,
 Weighed little unless they were cast in gold.
 And now in the world ’tis bitter to hear,
 And sadder yet to feel and see,
 That velvet is shy, when rags go by,
 And that “Poverty parts Good Companie.”

There’s many a board where laggards sit,
 Heavy and dull as a Winter’s morn;
 Not even red Muscadel brightens their wit,
 For how can we nurture what never was born?
 Spirit and brain, of a diamond light,
 Might quicken the feasting with eloquent glee;
 But “Talent” is oft in a beggarly plight,
 So “Poverty parts Good Companie.”

Full many a sinner of poor estate,
 With nothing to leave but a felon’s name,
 Has walked to death through the prison-gate—
 The example of Law, and the target of Blame.
 Yet, seeing the deeds that rich men do,
 He could point to many of high degree;
 And think they might share the hangman’s care;
 But “Poverty parts Good Companie.”

We punish the whining rogue, who seems
 To be what he is not, in the open streets ;
 And the Judge, in his sapient wisdom, deems
 The villain in pence the greatest of cheats.
 But hypocrites live in grander guise,
 Wily and cunning as rogue can be ;
 They might rank with the beggar for meanness and lies,
 But " Poverty parts Good Companie."

Full many a heart hath made its home,
 With Hope and Honesty close by its side ;
 Temptation may whisper and lure it to roam,
 Yet safely it goes, with these to guide.
 But the beldam Queen of Want comes in,
 And Hope and Honesty quickly flee,
 While the lone heart groans in its reckless sin—
 " Oh ! ' Poverty parts Good Companie ! ' "



THE DECK OF THE "OUTWARD BOUND."

How seldom we dream of the mariners' graves,
 Far down by the coral strand ;
 How little we think of the winds and the waves,
 When all we love are on land.
 The hurricane comes and the hurricane goes,
 And little the heed we take ;
 Though the tree may snap as the tempest blows,
 And the walls of our homestead shake.
 But the north-east gale tells a different tale,
 With a voice of fearful sound ;
 When a loved one is under a close-reefed sail,
 On the deck of an " outward bound."

How wistfully then we look on the night,
 As the threatening clouds go by ;
 As the wind gets up, and the last faint light
 Is dying away in the sky.
 How we listen and gaze with a silent lip,
 And judge by the bending tree,
 How the same wild gust must toss the ship,
 And arouse the mighty sea.
 Ah ! sadly then do we meet the day,
 When the signs of storm are found ;
 And pray for the loved one far away,
 On the deck of an " outward bound."

THE SHOWER.

There is one that I cherished when hand in hand
 We roved o'er lowland and lea ;
 And I thought my love for that one on the land
 Was as earnest as love could be.
 But now that one has gone out on the tide,
 I find that I worship the more ;
 And I think of the waters deep and wide,
 As I bask 'mid the flowers on shore.
 I have watched the wind, I have watched the stars,
 And shrunk from the tempest sound ;
 For my heart-strings are wreathed with the slender spars
 That carry the "outward bound."

I have slept when the zephyr forgot to creep,
 And the sky was without a frown ;
 But I started soon from that fitful sleep,
 With the dream of a ship going down.
 I have sat in the field when the corn was in shock,
 And the reaper's hook was bright,
 But my fancy conjured the breaker and rock,
 In the dead of a moonless night.
 Oh ! I never will measure affection again,
 While treading earth's flowery mound,
 But wait till the loved one is far on the main,
 On the deck of an "outward bound."

 THE SHOWER.

THERE was nothing but azure and gold in the sky,
 The lips of the young Rose were yawning and dry,
 And each blossom appealed, with luxurious sigh,
 To its neighbouring flower.
 The Carnation exclaimed, "I am really too bright ;"
 The Lily drawled out, "I shall faint with the light ;"
 And a troop of red Poppies cried out in their might,
 "Let us pray for a shower."

The Myrtle-leaf said, "I'm too wearied to shine,"
 And the Jasmine quite languidly lisped, to the Vine,
 "Your ringlets I think are more lanky than mine,"
 Then sank down in her bower.
 "There is really too much of this Midsummer blaze,"
 Said the Sage-plant, while screening her root from the rays ;
 "The Poppies are right, though I hate their bold ways,
 We *must* ask for a shower."

They framed the petition, while Flora and Jove
Most attentively heard ; and in fulness of love,
A dark, mist-laden messenger wandered above

For a shadowy hour.

The gloom came on suddenly,—that we must own,—
And we wondered where all the world's beauty had flown,
As the clouds gathered up and the rain rattled down
In a leaf-laying shower.

The blossoms fell prostrate and pensive awhile,
Bending down to the earth in most pitiful style,
Even after Apollo reburnished his smile

With more radiant power.

But at last they stood up in their strength, one by one,
And laughed out in the face of the beautiful sun,
With a perfume and colour they could not have done
Were it not for the shower.

“It was sad while it lasted,” the Mignonette said,
“To be splashed by the dust and be stretched in the shade ;”
“Why, yes,” said the Stock, “but how soon we should fade,

And grow sickly and sour,

If we grumbled and whined 'neath the gold and the blue,
As we all have done lately,—between me and you,
I think that the very best thing we could do
Was to ask for the shower.”

Now “sermons in stones” we are told may be learned,
And methinks a quick eye may have aptly discerned
That a rich draught of wisdom may often be urned

In the cup of a flower.

Come read me the riddle, and read it aright,
All ye that have too much good luck in your sight,—
All ye that are faint in Prosperity's light,
Just for want of a shower.

Have the wit of the blossoms, and ask for no more
At the hands of Dame Fortune, in station or store,
But think it a blessing if sorrow should pour,

Or disquietude lower.

For the cloud and the rain-drop are exquisite things,
Though they dim for a season our butterfly wings,
And, the sweetest and purest unceasingly springs
After a shower.



THE TRYSTING-PLACE.

THERE'S a Cavalier that rideth on a white and bony hack ;
 There's one beside his bridle with a spade upon his back ;
 A truer pair, as Knight and Squire, were never yet seen,
 And their hostelrie is ever on the Churchyard green.

They wander through the world, and keep chanting as they go,
 Their ditty theme is constant, for it tells of human woe ;
 The passing bell is tolling, and their chorus comes between,
 " Oh, a bonnie trysting-place is our Churchyard green ! "

Ah ! list to them, good people, as the strain comes floating round,
 The echo is a wide one, and truth is in the sound ;
 For, though Winter bites the blade, or Summer flings a sheen,
 Still a bonnie trysting-place is the Churchyard green !

Come, neighbours, do not quarrel over dice or drinking-cup,
 A meeting-spot is certain, where ye needs must make it up ;
 And to part and dwell in bitterness is Folly's work, I ween,
 When a trysting-place awaits us on the Churchyard green !

Proud noble, in your chariot, smile not with too much pride,
 When your wheels have splashed the pauper who sweeps the kennel
 side ;

No panel and no coats of arms will keep your ermine clean,
 When ye both shall find this trysting-place—the Churchyard green !

Poor, broken-hearted mourner, ne'er hang your heavy brow,
 Our spirit-fruit is often grown upon the cypress bough ;
 And though the loved are hidden, 'tis but a grassy screen,
 That keeps you from the trysting-place—the Churchyard green !

Grand rulers of the earth, fight not for boundless lands,
 Head not your myriad armies with fierce and crimson hands ;
 For a narrow field will serve ye when your pioneer is seen,
 With his mattock on his shoulder, on the Churchyard green !

Pale worker, sadly feeding on your tear-besoddened bread,
 With cold and palsied fingers, and hot and throbbing head ;
 The only pleasant dream that your haggard eyes have seen,
 Comes when thinking of the trysting-place—the Churchyard green !

Oh ! a bonnie place it is, for we all shall jostle there,
 No matter whether purple robes, or lazar rags we wear ;
 No marble wall, nor golden plate, can raise a bar between
 The comers to the trysting-place—the Churchyard green !

Hark! there's the passing bell, and there's the chant again!
 The Cavalier and Squire are keeping up the strain;
 Oh! loudly sings old Death, on his white and bony hack,
 And loudly sings the Sexton, with his spade upon his back.

'Tis hard to say, where they may stay and troll their theme of sorrow.
 It may be at my door to-day—perchance at yours to-morrow;
 So let us live in kindness, since we all must meet, I ween,
 Upon that common trysting-place—the Churchyard green'

ALABAMA!

There is a tradition, that a tribe of Indians, fleeing from an enemy through the forests of the south-west, reached a noble river, flowing through a beautiful country, when the chieftain of the band struck his tent-pole into the ground, exclaiming, "Alabama! Alabama!" signifying, "Here we rest! Here we rest!"

THE whole, wide world is but the same,
 Tracked by those foemen Care and Grief,
 While every human hope would claim
 The spot that cheered the Indian chief.
 Yet where is that Elysian tide
 Which saved the warriors of the West?
 Where can we find the river's side
 Where mortal fears say, "Here we rest?"

We often think that gold,—hard gold,
 Will form the spot of dreamy joy,
 But all we get and all we hold
 Brings something with it of alloy.
 Good does not always mate with Gain,
 And wearied brow or cheerless breast
 Bends o'er a golden stream in vain,
 Seeking the sweet words, "Here we rest!"

We put our trust in robe or crown,—
 In ribbon band or jewelled star;
 Such things may gleam in Fortune's dream,
 But dazzle most when seen afar.
 Ambition's temple rarely yet
 Let in a well-contented guest;—
 Some spoil unwon, some deed undone,
 Will choke the soft words "Here we rest!"

WINTER'S WILD FLOWERS.

Some place their faith in safer creed,—
 The wise, the Heaven-directed few,
 Who think a *heart* is what we need
 To yield the peace that's pure and true;
 And happy they who seek and find
 A shelter in a kindred breast;
 And, leaving foes and fears behind,
 Say to some dear one, "Here we rest!"

Go carve long epitaphs who will,
 On sculptured brass or marble wall;
 The Indian's "Alabama" still
 Speaks with the fittest voice of all.
 I ask no more than turf enough
 To make the grasshopper a nest,
 And that a stone bear but this one—
 This only record—"Here we rest!"



WINTER'S WILD FLOWERS.

'Tis dark and dreary winter time,
 The snow is on the ground;
 No roses trail, no woodbines climb,
 No poppies flaunt around.
 The earth is hard, the trees are bare,
 The frozen robin drops;
 The wind is whistling everywhere,
 The crystal brooklet stops;
 But I have found a grassy mound,
 A green and sheltered spot,
 And there peeps up a primrose cup,
 With blue "Forget-me-not."
 Oh! great to me the joy to see
 The spring-buds opening now;
 To find the leaves that May-day weaves,
 On old December's brow.

They say the world does much to make
 The heart a frosted thing,—
 That selfish Age will kill and break
 The garlands of our spring,—
 That stark and cold we wail and sigh
 When wintry snows begin,—
 That all Hope's lovely blossoms die,
 And chilling winds set in.

But let me pray, that come what may
 To desolate this breast,
 Some wild flower's bloom will yet illumine,
 And be its angel guest ;
 For who would live when Life could give
 No feeling touched with youth,—
 No May-day gleams to light with dreams
 December's freezing truth ?

THE FIREMEN OF THE LAND.

ENGLAND, thou art justly proud
 Of thy men so tried and brave ;
 Well thy voice may boast aloud
 Of our Boatmen on the wave.
 Gallant fellows ! well they grace
 British song and Hero story ;
 They will take a foremost place
 When Valour counts her troops of glory.
 But our cities long have shown
 Those that match the Sailor band ;
 Courage nobly claims her own
 In the Firemen of the Land.
 Give them Honour, give them Fame,
 A Health to hands that fight the Flame.

When the red sheet winds and whirls
 In the coil of frightful death ;
 When the bannered smoke unfurls,
 And the hot walls drink our breath ;
 When the far-off crowd appears
 Choking in the demon glare,
 And some helpless form uprears
 In that furnace of despair ;—
 " Save, oh, save ! " the people cry,
 But who plucks the human brand ?
 Who will do the deed or die ?
 'Tis a Fireman of the land.
 Then give them Honour, give them Fame,
 A Health to hands that fight the Flame.

They who march to battle-field,
 With the bullet and the sword ;
 They who go to take or yield
 Life upon the crimson sward ;

They who measure blade to blade ;
 They who offer shot for shot,
 With a heart that's ne'er afraid,
 With a courage free from blot ;
 Let such spirits ever live
 Foremost in a nation's band,
 But as noble rank we'll give
 To the Firemen of the Land.
 Then yield them Honour, give them Fame,
 And drink to hands that fight the Flame.

 STANZAS TO AN OLD FRIEND.

OLD Ocean, once again, thou mayst hear thy lover's strain
 Come mingling with the music of thy deep and fitful surge ;
 And my harp could gaily swell, like a merry "marriage-bell,"
 But thy mighty voice subdues it to a low and whispered dirge.
 Oh, 'tis thus I ever stand beside thee, dreaming of the hand
 That "holds thee in its hollow," as I look upon thy breast ;
 But the thought that makes me dumb, as thy headlong billows come,
 Is a mystery that links me to the Infinite and Blest.

Old Ocean, could I choose, not for sceptres would I lose
 The holy spirit-charm that e'er abideth in thy waves ;
 Nor the fairy dream that tells of amber rocks and rosy shells,
 And dolphin sprites, and mermaid fays, that play in coral caves.
 I wooed thee long and well, ere a worldly shadow fell
 Upon this heart, whose lot hath been to feel and know too much ;
 As I bent before thy shrine, the strings that were divine
 Poured melody of praise and prayer upon thy sacred touch.

Dark storms have troubled thee, and Care has come to me ;
 Yet here we are together with affection tried and true ;
 The same glad flush of red upon my cheek is spread,
 And thy unchanging bosom is as bounding and as blue.
 Oh, I'll set an emblem up on Devotion's nectar cup,
 But it shall not be that ever soft and gentle bird the dove ;
 The white gull with its shriek, and its billow-kissing beak,
 Shall be my type of constancy, of purity and love.

Old Ocean, thou hast yet all the beauty that was set
 About thee, when I made thee first my worshipped altar-place ;
 The pearls upon thy brow are as thick and gleaming now,
 As when they dashed in dripping light upon my baby face.

The murmur of thy notes, around the fishers' boats,
 Tells just the same strange ditty that it sang to me of yore ;
 The perfume of thy breath, and thy wild and weedy wreath,
 Are flung as fresh as ever on thy pebble-covered shore.

And years shall come and go, and thou shalt ebb and flow
 As broad, as deep, as fetterless, as mighty and as pure ;
 Thy waves will still be seen in rich snow-crested sheen,
 Ages shall die, but thou and thy grand beauty will endure.
 But she who loves thee so, let few years come and go,
 And where will be her thinking brow and warm and grasping hand ?
 "Gone, gone," I hear thee say, "forgotten, passed away ;
 And now toil on for Fame, and write thy name upon my sand."



THE WORSHIP OF NATURE.

'Twas a goodly pile of ancient stone,
 And it stood in frowning grace,
 Telling of many ages gone
 O'er a proud and ducal race.

It held a famed and countless store
 Of rare and matchless things,
 That gave strange, legendary lore
 Of battles, feasts, and kings.

Dark pictures (gorgeous, choice, and old)
 Were kept with hoarded care ;
 And tap'stried walls, and chaliced gold,
 And armour suits were there.

It held all treasure, great and grand,
 That riches could bestow ;
 And people came from every land
 To see the raree show.

The flashing rays of the harvest days
 Lit up this pile of state,
 When a score of wanderers took their way
 Through the heavy, portal-gate.

There were hearts and brains of every sort
 To form this gazing crowd ;
 The child who skipped in listless sport,
 And the old man, bald and bowed.

The player, the poet, the layman and priest,
Were among the varied band ;
And fair, young girls, with glossy curls,
And the toiler with work-stained hand.

Up marble steps they slowly went,
Staring at ceiling and floor ;
Now at a graven bronze they bent,
And now at a sculptured door.

They stood in the room where a monarch's crown,
On its velvet bed was seen ;
But the child, full soon, was looking down
At the deer on the forest green.

And the player and poet followed the child
To the oriel window pane ;
And they spake with joy, like the noisy boy,
Of the sight on the grassy plain.

The battered rim of regal pride,
Was left by every one,
For the sake of the hill-turf, free and wide,
And the deer-herd, fleet and dun.

They were ushered to gaze on a hero's sword,
That was great in soldier story ;
But the old man smiled, and the restless child
Proclaimed a fresher glory.

"Look, look !" cried he, "come here and see
How the boughs are waving about !"
And they turned from the rusted blood within,
To the dancing leaves without.

The layman, the priest, and all in the throng,
Turned off from the warrior's blade,
And stood at the window, wistful and long,
To watch how the oak-tree swayed.

They stood again in the banqueting-hall,
Where pictures, coldly dim,
Of dukes and princes, hung on the wall,
Like goblins, grave and grim.

They gazed for a time on faces so dread,
That the living began to shiver ;
When the poet cried, as he turned his head,
"Oh, look on the beautiful river !"

And they stood again at an open pane,
And every form kept there,
To gaze on the tide as they saw it glide
Through the landscape soft and fair.

And the child began to ask the man
With worn and wrinkled face,
"If he did not think that the river's brink
Would be a lovelier place?"

The maiden said, "The castle pile
Was somewhat dull and dreary;"
And the toiler owned, in a little while,
He was growing rather weary.

And down the marble steps they passed,
And through the portal span,
To where the river, bright and fast,
Like molten diamonds ran.

And there the child, with mirth half wild,
Hugged lilies to his breast;
And shouted out with dancing glee,
"I like this place the best!"

The player and the poet strayed
Upon the bank for hours;
And laughed like babies, while they made
A wreath of forest flowers.

The old man and the maiden roved,
And wooed and vowed sincerely;
For Youth and Age declared they loved
The Summer sunshine dearly.

The toiler wandered for a while,
Then, resting on the sward,
Thought the green blade of the peaceful shade
More blest than the blood-dyed sword.

All lingered there till the sun was lost;
Then took their homeward way;
Talking of all that had charmed them most
On that glad holiday.

And the regal crown with its battered rim,
The tattered chairs of state;
The relic paintings, black and grim,
And the massive, portal-gate,

Were scarcely noted by passing words ;
 But every voice was high
 In praise of the river, the trees, and the birds,
 And the gorgeous, harvest sky.

They forgot the warrior's noble rank,
 And the cost of the guarded gem ;
 But they knew the shape of the river's bank,
 And the girth of the old, beech stem.

And thus, methought, does Greatness flit,
 And the shadows of Fame depart ;
 And thus does Nature ever sit
 On the throne of the human heart.

'Tis thus Man turns from crowns and kings
 To the sunlight and the sod,
 And yearns with instinct to the things
 That tell the most of God !



WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

WE have faith in old proverbs full surely,
 For Wisdom has traced what they tell,
 And Truth may be drawn up as purely
 From them, as it may from "a well."
 Let us question the thinkers and doers,
 And hear what they honestly say ;
 And you'll find they believe, like bold wooers,
 In "Where there's a will there's a way."

The hills have been high for man's mounting,
 The woods have been dense for his axe,
 The stars have been thick for his counting,
 The sands have been wide for his tracks,
 The sea has been deep for his diving,
 The poles have been broad for his sway,
 But bravely he's proved in his striving,
 That "Where there's a will there's a way."

Have ye vices that ask a destroyer ?
 Or passions that need your control ?
 Let Reason become your employer,
 And your body be ruled by your soul.

Fight on, though ye bleed in the trial,
Resist with all strength that ye may;
Ye may conquer Sin's host by denial;
For "Where there's a will there's a way."

Have ye Poverty's pinching to cope with?
Does Suffering weigh down your might?
Only call up a spirit to hope with,
And dawn may come out of the night.
Oh! much may be done by defying
The ghosts of Despair and Dismay;
And much may be gained by relying
On "Where there's a will there's a way."

Should ye see, afar off, that worth winning,
Set out on the journey with trust;
And ne'er heed if your path at beginning
Should be among brambles and dust.
Though it is but by footsteps ye do it,
And hardships may hinder and stay;
Walk with faith, and be sure you'll get through it;
For "Where there's a will there's a way."



THE LOVER TO HIS DEPARTING LOVED ONE.

THOU art leaving us all, love, and much may befall, love,
To warp and to wean thee from Infancy's ties;
Thou wilt tread fairer places, and see brighter faces,
And freshness and beauty will dazzle thine eyes.
Thou hast promised thine heart, love, but now, ere we part, love,
Take back all the vows thou hast given to me;
They were made in our joy, love, as girl and as boy, love,
When moonlight was gilding the old Hawthorn-tree.

We have grown up together like green moss and heather,
Our hands were entwined ere our footsteps were sure;
But the dreams of our youth, love, too often, forsooth, love,
Are painted in colours that will not endure.
And now thou art going where life will be glowing
With all the enchantment thou longest to see;
And a rarer Elysian may shut from thy vision
The spells of romance, and the old Hawthorn-tree.

If thou findest another whose presence can smother
 Our earliest words and our latest adieu ;
 Thou hadst better be breaking thy word than be taking
 An altar to serve where thou couldst not be true.
 I'd have thee forget, love, if aught of regret, love,
 Should come with the thought that thy will is not free :
 Oh ! I'd have thee forget, love, that ever we met, love,
 With promise and pledge 'neath the old Hawthorn-tree.

Think not I would gain thee, if duty but chain thee,
 Think not that I deem thee unchangeably mine ;
 Shouldst thou love one more dearly, oh ! tell me sincerely,
 And my hopes and my claims I will sadly resign.
 For my soul, while possessing its coveted blessing,
 Would bitterly grieve, if Affection could see
 That thy young love had vanished, and feelings were banished,
 That gladdened my soul 'neath the old Hawthorn-tree.

I see by thy smile, love, thou'rt thinking the while, love,
 That thou wilt return with thy spirit the same ;
 And perchance I am wrong, love, in breathing a song, love,
 That shadows one moment thy well-cherished name.
 So I'll tell thee no more, love, but that I adore, love,
 With passion as fervent as passion can be ;
 And that if thou wilt come, love, unchanged to thy home, love,
 We'll have orange bloom twined with the old Hawthorn-tree.

DEAD LEAVES.

I NEVER cared for Autumn in the happy days gone by,
 When all the leaves came whirling down that curtained out the sky ;
 The lady-birch might lose her charms, so wooed in summer's prime,
 And every giant arm be stripped that I had loved to climb.
 But merry was my loud laugh, and joyously I stood
 Ankle deep in Dead Leaves amid the misty wood ;
 Dancing with the spectre things—Autumn preached in vain,
 For I knew that green leaves would soon come again.
 Now I stand and see the boughs of Human Life get bare,
 I hear the wail of Sorrow's breath through branches bright and fair ;
 And down come leaves of Joy and Love, all thickly strewn around,
 And blossoms that were topmost borne are on the lowest ground.
 But no laugh is on my lip, no light is on my brow ;
 I cannot smile as once I did,—I am not dancing now.
 Heart deep in Dead Leaves, Spring will come in vain ;
 For the trees that now are bare, will ne'er be green again.

THE HOLY WELL.

It is not generally known that the tavern in Holywell-street, Strand, London, known by the sign of "The Old Dog," is raised on the site of the "celebrated Holy Well," from which the street derives its name. Fitzstephen mentions this well in 1660, as being "famous and frequented by the scholars and youths of the City, when they walked forth to take the air;" and Stowe alludes to it as "being much decayed and spoiled with rubbish, purposely laid there for the heightening of the ground for garden plots." The coffee-room at the tavern above mentioned is supposed to be built immediately over the spring. The following lines were prompted by the interesting remembrance which forms one of the many thousand poetic legends connected with our modern Babylon.

THEY say, three hundred years ago
 The cold, pure water used to flow
 From a gurgling fount with trees around,
 Where "The Old Dog" Tavern may now be found.
 They say it was a wondrous spot,
 And the "Chronicles" keep it unforgot;
 For the pages of History often dwell
 On the storied fame of the "Holy Well."

I can see the place as it was of yore,
 When its crystal riches would ripple and pour
 From a fountain channel, fresh and dank,
 'Mid flowering rush and grassy bank.
 When the pale cheek left the City wall,
 And the courtier fled the Palace hall,
 To seek the peaceful shadows that fell
 On the waters of the "Holy Well."

The scholar sat on some old, grey stone,
 Where the ivy trailed and the moss had grown,
 And he conned his book, while the gentle tide
 Came softly bubbling up at his side.
 Plighted lovers went wandering there,
 Blending their sighs with the twilight air;
 And many a warm lip stooped to tell
 Its first romance by the "Holy Well."

Sweet birds came to plume their wing,
 And lave their beak in the healing spring;
 And gorgeous butterflies stopped to play
 About the place on a sultry day.
 Folks came from the east, and came from the west,
 To take at that fountain, health and rest;
 From the north and the south they came to dwell
 By the far-famed stream of the "Holy Well."

A SONG FOR THE WORKERS.

Oh, a goodly sight was the old place then,
 When the waters were sought by the Red Cross men ;
 When the brave Knights Templars there were seen,
 With their "hostelrie" gay on the field of green.
 When the famished pilgrim lingered there,
 Blessing the draught with a grateful prayer,
 As his cockle hat and scallop shell
 Were thrown aside at the "Holy Well."

And yet we see in the busy street
 A "hostelrie" where men still meet ;
 Though they wear no symbol Red-cross bands,
 And draw no steel with their strong, right hands.
 For many a year there has been no trace
 Of the legend lore that marks the place ;
 No stranger dreams of the verdant dell
 That was famed afar for its "Holy Well."

Close and narrow that place is now,
 Where the beautiful water used to flow ;
 But those who will, may go and see
 Where the waters sprang up—pure and free.
 On the mouth of the tide they may lightly tread,
 As they would on the graves of the honoured dead ;
 At the sign of "The Old Dog" gossips still tell
 Rare things of the ancient "Holy Well."

Ah ! many among us, like this old place,
 Exist in the world without a trace
 Of the exquisite truth, and goodly power,
 That filled our spirits in Life's young hour.
 Time has choked the magical spring
 With the burthens that Trouble and Toil e'er bring,
 Yet we turn with joy to let Memory tell
 Of the days when our heart was a "Holy Well."



A SONG FOR THE WORKERS.

(Written for the Early Closing Movement.)

LET Man toil to win his living,
 Work is not a task to spurn ;
 Poor is gold of others' giving,
 To the silver that we earn.



1848

1848

Our fire in the turf and our tent needs a fire

Caroling by moonlight how merry are we

The Gypsies' Tent

Let Man proudly take his station
At the smithy, loom, or plough ;
The richest crown-pearls in a nation
Hang from Labour's reeking brow.

Though her hand grows hard with duty,
Filling up the common Fate ;
Let fair Woman's cheek of beauty
Never blush to own its state.

Let fond Woman's heart of feeling
Never be ashamed to spread
Industry and honest dealing,
As a barter for her bread.

Work on bravely, God's own daughters !
Work on stanchly, God's own sons !
But when Life has too rough waters,
Truth must fire her minute guns.

Shall ye be *unceasing* drudges ?
Shall the cry upon your lips
Never make your selfish judges
Less severe with Despot-whips ?

Shall the mercy that we cherish,
As old England's primest boast,
See no slaves but those who perish
On a far and foreign coast ?

When we reckon hives of money,
Owned by Luxury and Ease,
Is it just to grasp the honey
While Oppression chokes the bees ?

Is it just the poor and lowly
Should be held as soulless things ?
Have they not a claim as holy
As rich men, to angels' wings ?

Shall we burthen Boyhood's muscle ?
Shall the young Girl mope and lean,
Till we hear the dead leaves rustle
On a tree that should be green ?

Shall we bar the brain from thinking
Of aught else than work and woe ?
Shall we keep parched lips from drinking
Where refreshing waters flow ?

THE OLD GREEN LANE.

Shall we strive to shut out Reason,
 Knowledge, Liberty, and Health?
 Shall all Spirit-light be treason
 To the mighty King of Wealth?

Shall we stint with niggard measure,
 Human joy, and human rest?
 Leave no profit—give no pleasure,
 To the toiler's human breast?

Shall our Men, fatigued to loathing,
 Plod on sickly, worn, and bowed?
 Shall our Maidens sew fine clothing,
 Dreaming of their own, white shroud?

No! for Right is up and asking
 Loudly for a juster lot;
 And Commerce must not let her tasking
 Form a nation's canker spot.

Work on bravely, God's own daughters!
 Work on stanchly, God's own sons!
 But till ye have smoother waters,
 Let Truth fire her minute guns!



THE OLD GREEN LANE.

'Twas the very, merry, summer time
 That garlands hills and dells,
 And the south wind rang a mystic chime
 Upon the foxglove bells;
 The Cuckoo stood on the lady-birch
 To bid her last good-bye—
 The lark sprang o'er the village church,
 And whistled to the sky;
 And we had come from the harvest sheaves,
 A blithe and tawny train,
 And tracked our path with poppy leaves
 Along the Old, green lane.

'Twas a pleasant way on a sunny day,
 And we were a happy set,
 As we idly bent where the streamlet went
 To get our fingers wet;

With the dog-rose here, and the orchis there,
 And the woodbine, twining through ;
 With the broad trees meeting everywhere,
 And the fern still dank with dew.
 Ah ! we all forgot in that blissful spot,
 The names of Care and Pain,
 As we lay on the bank by the shepherd's cot
 To rest in the Old, green lane.

Oh, days gone by ! I can but sigh
 As I think of that rich hour,
 When my heart in its glee, but seemed to be
 Another wood-side flower ;
 For though the trees be still as fair,
 And the hedge bloom still as gay,—
 Though the south wind sends as sweet an air,
 And Heaven as bright a day ;
 Yet the merry set are far and wide,
 And we never shall meet again ;—
 We shall never ramble, side by side,
 Along that Old, green lane.

LINES FOR MUSIC.

Sung at the Sheffield Athenæum, November 6th, 1849, on the occasion of
 opening the Mechanics' Institute.

THE sweetest lays that Man can raise
 Should greet the spreading light of Reason,
 As bee and bird are ever heard
 The loudest in the bright, spring season ;
 And let us gladly hail the day
 That sees us here with goodly will,
 That sheds another helping ray
 To make Truth's sunshine wider still.
 God speed the cause, and let the laws
 Of Peace and Knowledge rule our land ;
 God guard the walls whose temple halls
 Are filled by Wisdom's, Christian band.

No blood-stained spear—no orphan's tear
 Is blending with our simple glory ;
 If laurels grace this favoured place,
 They will not tell a carnage-story.
 But higher far the mortal fame
 That we would bravely seek to win ;

Man gains his noblest hero-name
 By quelling Ignorance and Sin.
 God speed the cause, and let the laws
 Of Peace and Knowledge rule our land ;
 God guard the walls whose temple halls
 Are filled by Wisdom's, Christian band.

 ELECAMPANE.

SONNETS and Odes have been echoed in praise
 Of many grand doings on many grand days ;
 Days when a victory-scroll was unfurled—
 Days when proud princes were born to the world :
 But I've just tuned my harp to the lightest of notes,
 And so smile as ye may while its melody floats :
 For I must and I will play a merry refrain
 On the red-letter days of sweet "Elecampane."

Famed honey of Hybla, oh ! what's thy renown
 To the almond-stuffed hardbake's, so lusciously brown ?
 Olympian Ambrosia, oh ! what wert thou worth,
 Compared with the "Everton toffy" of earth ?
 And the ox eyes of Juno ! did ever they flash
 Like the "bull's eyes" we bought with our Saturday's cash ?
 Oh, tell us, Anacreon, was not thy strain
 First awakened to rapture by "Elecampane ?"

Who forgets the quaint shop or the street-corner stall,
 Where he purchased his "brandy" condensed in a "ball ?"
 Where his tongue ran on politics, freely and glib,
 In the earnest destruction of "Bonaparte's rib ;"
 Where the "peppermint twist" its fair rivalry tried
 With the quite as fair "lemon twist" close by its side.
 Tell me, men "upon 'Change," have your glory and gain
 Yet extinguished the halo of "Elecampane ?"

How we crammed and devoured the treasures we got,
 "Rock," "candy," and "comfits," and heaven knows what,
 That were no Dead Sea apples with ashes beneath,
 For the innermost morsel stuck most to the teeth.
 What bites of ecstatic enjoyment we had ;
 With a "something to suck" we could never be sad ;
 The school and the lesson, the book and the cane,
 Were endured by the tonic of "Elecampane."

Say, who of us paused with the terrible question
 Of, how such indulgence would suit the digestion?
 Whoever asked whether such doses were good
 For the "tone of the system" or "state of the blood?"
 Whoever at that time turned nervously faint
 O'er the dregs of molasses, and streaks of red paint?
 Whoever discovered the weight of a brain,
 When its trouble was balanced by "Elecampane?"

You may set us down now at the feast of a night,
 Where "temples of sugar" gleam out in the light;
 Where the "bonbons" of France in profusion appear;
 And the saccharine "crackers" come thick on our ear;
 But whoever dreams there of beginning to eat,
 Who thinks the mysterious things are as sweet
 As the "stuff" that we craved, in King Lollipop's reign,
 In the vulgar formation of "Elecampane?"

The Bard that's immortal has plainly averred,
 That the man whom the breath of soft music ne'er stirred,
 Who hears nothing divine in Æolian reeds,
 Can be fit for nought else but the blackest of deeds.
 I as truly and firmly believe that the child
 Will grow into a monster, all dark and defiled;
 A Lucretia, or Nero, where Hope is in vain,
 If its heart is untouched by sweet "Elecampane."

THE WORLD IS A FAIRY RING.

O! say not the world is lonely,
 Sigh not to pass above,
 The Earth is a desert only
 To hearts unfilled by love.
 Though links of Fate may bound us,
 And cold winds dim our flowers;
 Though clouds may come around us,
 And shade our Eden bowers;
 Still there is joy to inherit,
 And magical music to sing;
 For while Love is the fairy spirit,
 The world is a Fairy ring.

The Past may hold its sorrow,
 The Present be far from bright,
 But yet who will not borrow
 A ray from the Future's light?

NEVER HOLD MALICE.

And the broken heart while sighing,
 Is proud in its cheerless dearth,
 That it fell on a grave while trying
 Its angel-wings on earth.
 Oh! still there is joy to inherit,
 And magical music to sing,
 For while Love is a fairy spirit,
 The world is a Fairy ring.

While the young child greets its mother,
 And the bridegroom woos his bride ;
 While sister clings to brother,
 And friends walk side by side ;
 While Spring-time brings the flowers,
 And Autumn harvests shine,
 While every human bosom
 Seeks something more divine ;
 Still, still, there is joy to inherit,
 And magical music to sing,
 For, while Love is a fairy spirit,
 The world is a Fairy ring.



NEVER HOLD MALICE.

Oh! never "hold malice;" it poisons our life,
 With the gall-drop of hate, and the nightshade of strife ;
 Let us scorn where we must, and despise where we may,
 But let anger, like sunlight, go down with the day.
 Our spirits in clashing may bear the quick spark,
 But no smouldering flame to break out in the dark ;
 'Tis the narrowest heart that Creation can make,
 Where our passion folds up, like the coils of a snake.

Oh! never "hold malice;" it cannot be good,
 For 'tis nobler to strike in the rush of hot blood
 Than to bitterly cherish the name of the foe ;
 Wait to sharpen the weapon, and measure the blow.
 The wild dog in hunger—the wolf in its spring—
 The shark of the waters—the asp with its sting—
 Are less to be feared than the vengeance of man,
 When it lieth in secret, to wound when it can.

Oh! never "hold malice;" dislike if you will ;
 Yet remember, Humanity linketh us still ;
 We are all of us human, and all of us erring,
 And Mercy within us should ever be stirring.

Shall we dare to look up to the Father above,
 With petitions for pardon, or pleading for love;
 Shall we dare, while we pant for revenge on another,
 To ask from a God, yet deny to a brother ?

BETTER FED THAN TAUGHT.

LET him look about, who wanders,
 And he'll surely find,
 When he notes where Fortune squanders,
 That she *must* be blind.
 Gilded Ignorance will jostle
 Poor Wit from the wall;
 While brute Wealth pursues its wassail,
 Worth *waits* in the hall;
 And when such strange things confound us,
 Well may come the thought,
 Oh! how many are there round us
 "Better fed than taught!"

When we see a stately madam,
 In some lofty place,
 Proud as any child of Adam,
 Of her worldly grace,—
 When we hear her lips inveighing,
 Bitterly and long,
 Against some lowly sister, straying
 In the path of wrong,—
 When she breathes the loud decrying,
 As no Christian ought,—
 Charity keeps gently sighing
 "Better fed than taught!"

When we find a Priest, who groweth
 Greater every year;
 Taking corn that Labour soweth,
 When 'tis in the ear,—
 When we see his heart get thinner,
 As his tithes increase,
 Snatching from the helpless sinner
 All he can of fleece,—
 When we find such saints defaming
 Creeds with mercy fraught,—
 Tell me, who can help exclaiming,
 "Better fed than taught!"

When we see a young man leaning
 Idly on his gold,
 Large in speech, but small in meaning,
 Out of danger, bold,—
 When we see him rude to Weakness,
 Insolent to Age;
 Trampling on the words of Meekness,
 With a braggart's rage,—
 When we note the revel vision
 Of his brain distraught,—
 Wisdom sneers, in cold derision,
 "Better fed than taught!"

When some little Miss or Master,
 Fresh from desk and form,
 Manages to spread disaster
 In a household storm,—
 When they cry for "moons" above them,
 And for "chimney bricks,"—
 When they cling to those who love them,
 With most filial kicks,—
 Let us brand such olive blossoms,
 As wise people ought,
 And hang this label on their bosoms,—
 "Better fed than taught!"

Good sooth! we must mind our manners,
 One and all and each,
 Or Shame will leap and plant her banners
 In some moral breach.
 When Prosperity's broad table
 Yields us all we ask,
 'Tis to make us strong and able
 For some Duty-task;
 Our life is written—Truth will do it—
 Noting deed and thought;
 So guard against this foot-note to it,
 "Better fed than taught!"

FORTUNE AND LOVE.

LET me live without Fortune if Providence will it,
 For Joy can be found where small treasure is shed;
 Those who bear a full cup are the aptest to spill it,
 And oftentimes walk with the narrowest tread.

I care not though Fate may deny me profusion,
 If earth will but show me some rays from above ;
 Tell me not that such light is a dreamy illusion—
 I could live without Fortune, but not without Love !

Oh ! 'tis pleasant to know there are beings about us
 Who tune the most exquisite strings in our heart,
 To feel that they would not be happy without us,
 And that we, in our loneliness, sigh when we part.
 Oh ! there's something divine in the thought that we cherish
 A star-beam within us, that shines from above—
 To know, that if all which gold gives us should perish,
 The greatest of Fortune still dwells in our love !

Oh ! 'tis glory to feel that we live for some others,
 That Self is not all we depend on below,
 That affection yet links us to sisters and brothers,
 Whose faith will be constant, come weal or come woe.
 Though the Vulture of trouble may harass our bosom,
 Ne'er fear while our spirit is fed by the Dove ;
 Let the desert of Life give Eternity's blossom,
 And we'll live without Fortune, while favoured by Love !



THE BIRD IN THE STORM.

THE summer noon was soft and fair
 As the face of a sleeping child ;
 The roses drooped in the stirless air,
 And Earth in its beauty seemed to wear
 The garb of the undefiled.

The golden sun was looking out,
 And the reaper tied the sheaf ;
 The bee went heavily about,
 And the fine, old tree, so tall and stout,
 Moved not its topmost leaf.

A Blackbird, perched on that old tree,
 Kept whistling clear and loud ;
 Its little heart, brimful of glee,
 Seemed running o'er with joy, to be
 In a spot without a cloud.

THE BIRD IN THE STORM.

All things were beautiful and still,
 In the flush of gladsome light ;
 And the bird with many a gushing trill,
 Seemed pouring thanks to the Power and Will
 That made its home so bright.

But ere another hour was past,
 The thunder-scowl was round ;
 The chilling rain poured cold and fast,
 And the old tree creaked in the sudden blast,
 With a dull and moaning sound.

The flowers fell in their deluged bed,
 Their colours stained with clay ;
 The corn bent down, and the reapers fled,
 The hardiest pilgrim hid his head,
 And gloom was over the day.

But there was the Blackbird still in the tree,
 With its pæan not yet done ;
 It carolled away in its earnest glee,
 As though it were sure, that Glory must be
 In the shadow as well as the sun.

Its wings were drenched, and the bough was wet ;
 No ray was below or above ;
 But it shook its dripping feathers of jet,
 And hopefully resting, it carolled yet
 In the tone of grateful love.

I watched the clouds and I saw the bird,
 As it whistled on the bough ;
 And a lesson came in the notes I heard,
 The spirit in my heart was stirred,
 And Thought sat on my brow.

It whispered thus, " Oh, child of Earth,
 Learn thou to sing with trust ;
 Not only in the hour of mirth,
 But when the sorrowing time of dearth
 May lay thy joys in dust !

" Though gloom may gather in your way,
 Yet let your faith be warm ;
 And while the mingling thunders play,
 Let the heart still pour its fervent lay,
 —The Blackbird of Life's Storm !"

“EARLY TO BED AND EARLY TO RISE.”

“EARLY to bed and early to rise,”
 Ay! note it down in your brain,
 For it helpeth to make the foolish wise,
 And uproots the weeds of pain.

Ye who are walking on thorns of care,
 Who sigh for a softer bower;
 Try what can be done in the morning sun,
 And make use of the early hour.

Full many a day for ever is lost,
 By delaying its work till to-morrow;
 The minutes of sloth have often cost
 Long years of bootless sorrow.

And ye who would win the lasting wealth
 Of content and peaceful power;
 Ye who would couple Labour and Health,
 Must begin at the early hour.

We make bold promises to Time,
 Yet, alas! too often break them;
 We mock at the wings of the King of kings,
 And think we can overtake them.

But why loiter away the prime of the day,
 Knowing that clouds may lower;
 Is it not safer to make Life's hay
 In the beam of the early hour?

Nature herself e'er shows her best
 Of gems to the gaze of the lark,
 When the spangles of light on earth's, green breast
 Put out the stars of the dark.

If we love the purest pearl of the dew,
 And the richest breath of the flower,
 If our spirits would greet the fresh and the sweet,
 Go forth in the early hour.

Oh! pleasure and rest are more easily found
 When we start through Morning's gate,
 To sum up our figures or plough up our ground,
 And weave out the threads of Fate.

"OUR FATHER."

The eye looketh bright and the heart keepeth light,
 And Man holdeth the conqueror's power,
 When ready and brave, he chains Time as his slave,
 By the help of the early hour.

"OUR FATHER."

"Many of the children told me they always said their prayers at night, and the prayer they said was 'Our Father.' I naturally thought they meant that they repeated the Lord's Prayer, but I soon found that few of them knew it. They only repeated the first two words; they knew no more than 'Our Father.' These poor children, after their laborious day's work (nail-making, japanning, screw-making), lying down to sleep with this simple appeal, seemed to me inexpressibly affecting."
 —*Report of the Commissioners on the Employment of Children: Evidence of R. H. Horne, Town of Wolverhampton.*

PALE, struggling blossoms of mankind,
 Born only to endure;
 White, helpless slaves whom Christians bind;
 Sad children of the poor!
 Ye walk in rags, ye breathe in dust,
 With souls too dead to ask
 For aught beyond a scanty crust,
 And Labour's grinding task.
 Ye ne'er have heard the code of love,
 Of Hope's eternal light;
 Ye are not led to look above
 The clouds of earthly blight;
 And yet 'mid Ignorance and Toil,
 Your lips, that ne'er have known
 The "milk and honey" of the soil,
 Sleep not before they own
 "Our Father!"

Unheeded workers in the marts
 Of England's boasted wealth,
 Ye, who may carry ulcered hearts,
 If hands but keep their health;
 Ye, whose young eyes have never watched
 June's roses come and go,
 Whose hard-worn fingers ne'er have snatched
 The spring-flowers as they blow;
 Who slave beneath the summer sun,
 With dull and torpid brain,
 Ye, who lie down when work is done,
 To rise and work again:

Oh! even ye, poor, joyless things ;
 Rest not, before you pray ;
 Striving to mount on fettered wings
 To Him who hears you say,
 " Our Father !"

Proud, easy tenants of the earth,
 Ye who have fairer lots ;
 Who live with Plenty, Love, and Mirth,
 On Fortune's golden spots ;
 Ye, who but eat, laugh, drink, and sleep,
 Who walk 'mid Eden's bloom,
 Who know not what it is to weep
 In Poverty's cold gloom ;
 Oh! turn one moment from your way,
 And learn what these can teach,
 Deign in your rosy path to stay,
 And hear the "untaught" preach.
 Then to your homes so bright and fair,
 And think it good to pray ;
 Since the sad children of Despair
 Can kneel in thanks and say,
 " Our Father !"

 LADY JUNE.

HERE she comes with broided kirtle ; here she is—the Lady June,
 Singing, like a ballad minstrel, many a gay and laughing tune.
 Let us see what she is dressed in—let us learn the "mode" she brings—
 For maiden never looked so lovely, though she wear but simple things.

See, her robe is richly woven of the greenest, forest leaves,
 With full boughs of honeysuckle looping up the flowing sleeves.
 See, the fragrant marsh-flag plaited forms her yellow tasselled sash,
 With the diamond studs upon it, flung there by the river's splash.
 See her flounces—widely swelling, as the Zephyr's wings go past,
 Made of roses, with the woodbine's perfumed thread to stitch them fast.
 See the foxglove's bell of crimson and the poppy's scarlet bud
 'Mid her tresses, bright and vivid as the sunset's ruby scud.
 See the fresh and luscious bouquet that she scatters in her way,
 It is nothing but a handful she has snatched of new-mown hay.
 See, her garments have been fashioned by a free and careless hand,
 But tell me, have you seen a Lady look more beautiful and grand ?

Yon old man has quite forgotten what his errand was, I ween ;
 As he stares with listless pleasure, on her garment-folds of green.

Busy dealers pause a moment in their hurry after gain ;
 Thinking there is something joyous in her trolling, carol strain.
 Youths and maidens track her closely, till their footsteps blithely
 mingle,
 In the field and by the streamlet, up the hill and through the dingle ;
 Children fondly gather round her, prying into leaf and blossom,
 Pilfering, with tiny fingers, jewels from her very bosom.

Here she comes with fairy footsteps, chanting ever as she runs,
 Ditty words that soothe the mournful, and enchant the happy ones ;
 Here she comes with broidered kirtle, and we'll list what Lady June
 May be telling out so sweetly, in that merry, dancing tune.

The Song of June.

Oh ! come with me, whoever ye be,
 Come from the palace, and come from the cot ;
 The strong and the hale—the poor and the pale—
 Ah ! sad is the spirit that follows me not.

Old December lighted his pyre,
 And beckoned ye in to the altar-blaze ;
 He hung up his mistletoe over the fire,
 And pressed soft lips upon Christmas days.

Ye welcomed him with his eyes so dim,
 But I know ye have more love for me,
 When I wander about, and whistle ye out
 With my blackbird pipers in every tree.

Oh ! come from the town, and let us go down
 To the rivulet's mossy and osiered brink ;
 'Tis pleasant to note the lily queen float ;
 The gadfly skim, and the dappled kine drink.

Oh ! let us away, where the ringdoves play,
 By the skirts of the wood in the peaceful shade ;
 And there we can count the squirrels that mount,
 And the flocks that browse on the distant glade.

And if we should stay till the farewell of day,
 Its parting shall be with such lingering smile,
 That the western light, as it greeteth the night,
 Will be caught by the eastern ray peeping the while.

Little ones come, with your chattering hum,
 And the bee and the bird will be jealous full soon ;
 For no music is heard like the echoing word
 Of a child, as it treads 'mid the flowers of June.

Ye who are born to be weary and worn
 With labour or sorrow, with passion or pain,
 Come out for an hour, there's balm in my bower,
 To lighten and burnish your tear-rusted chain.

Oh! come with me, wherever you be,
 And Beauty and Love on your spirits shall fall;
 On the rich and the hale, the poor and the pale,
 For Lady June scatters her joys for all.

A SABBATH EVENING SONG.

God on earth! and God in heaven!
 God! who gave one day in seven
 Unto Man, that he might rest
 With thy mercy in his breast.
 God of Goodness! I am kneeling
 In my Spirit's deep revealing;
 Fervently to give thee praise
 For the peace of Sabbath days.
 Calm and tranquil thou hast made
 This dim hour of twilight shade,
 And I ask thee, in thy night,
 To be "Watchman of my night."

Let me thank thee, let me own,
 At the footstool of thy throne,
 All my grateful joy and love,
 Drawn from hopes that point above;
 Let me lay my soul before thee,
 And with holy trust implore thee
 To forgive its human blot,
 Gathered in its human lot.
 Listen, Father! to my singing,
 Like a child to thee I'm clinging;
 If I wander, guide me right,
 Be thou "Watchman of my night!"

Let me ask thee ere I sleep,
 To remember those who weep,
 Those who moan with some keen sorrow
 That shall dread to meet the morrow;
 Let me ask thee to abide
 At the fainting, sick one's side,

LIVE AND LET LIVE.

Where the plaints of anguish rise
 In smothered moans and weary sighs;
 Give them strength to brook and bear
 Trial pain, and trial care;
 Let them see thy saving light;
 Be thou "Watchman of their night!"

God of all; thou knowest well,
 Myriads of thy children dwell
 Here among us, lone and blind,
 In the midnight of the mind;
 Well thou knowest how they need
 Words to teach and hand to lead;
 Well thou knowest that they sin,
 For the want of light within;
 They grope and fall, and men refuse
 To raise them up and "bind the bruise;"
 But thou, O God! in judgment's might;
 Be thou "Watchman of their night!"

God of mercy! God of grace!
 Keep me worthy of my place.
 Let my harpstrings ne'er be heard
 When they jar with thy plain word;
 Should the world's fair pitfall take me,
 Father! do not thou forsake me;
 Let repentance cleanse the stain,
 And call me back to truth again;
 Father: Infinite and Just!
 Shine upon my path of dust;
 Lead me in the noontide light,
 And be thou "Watchman of my night!"

*LIVE AND LET LIVE.*

METHINKS we should have this engraven,
 Where all who are running may read;
 Where Interest swoops like a raven,
 Right eager to pounce and to feed.
 For too often does Honesty dwindle
 In bosoms that fatten on wealth,
 While Craft, with unsatisfied spindle,
 Sits winding in darkness and stealth.

It is fair we should ask for our labour
 The recompense fairness should give;
 But pause ere we trample a neighbour,
 For Duty says, "Live and let live."

Shame to those who, secure in their thriving,
 Yet fain would keep poorer ones down—
 Those who like not the crust of the striving
 To grow to a loaf like their own.
 Shame to those, who for ever are grasping
 At more than one mortal need hold;
 Whose heart-strings are coiling and clasping
 Round all that gives promise of gold.
 Shame to those who with eager attaining
 Are willing to take, but not give,
 Whose selfishness—coldly enchaining—
 Forgets it should "Live and let live."

There is room in the world for more pleasure,
 If Man would but learn to be just;
 And regret when his fellow-man's measure
 Runs over with tear-drops and dust.
 We were sent here to help one another,
 And he who neglects the behest,
 Disgraces the milk of his mother,
 And spreadeth Love's pall o'er his breast.
 And the spirit that covets unduly,
 Holds sin that 'tis hard to forgive;
 For Religion ne'er preaches more truly,
 Than when she says, "Live and let live."



A TEMPERANCE SONG.

"Be ye sober."—ST. PETER.

Who shall talk of strength and freedom,
 With a loud and fevered breath,
 While they let a full cup lead 'em
 To the slavery of death?

Men of labour, wake to thinking,
 Shout not with a reeling brain!
 Lips that argue o'er deep drinking
 Ever yield more chaff than grain.

A TEMPERANCE SONG.

Bravery that needs inspiring
 By the grape and barley-corn,
 Only gives the random firing
 Cunning folks may laugh to scorn.

Do ye hope to march the faster
 To the summit of your claim,
 While ye let such tyrant master
 Strike your limbs in staggering shame?

Do ye find the hot libation,
 Poured so wildly on the heart,
 Make it fitter for its station,
 Whatsoe'er may be its part?

Father, husband, wife, or mother!
 Can ye do the work ye should,
 While the fumes of madness smother
 Human love, and human good?

Wonder not that children trample
 All fair precept in the dust,
 When a parent's foul example
 Robs a home of peace and trust?

Who shall reckon all the anguish,
 Who shall dream of all the sin,
 Who shall tell the souls that languish
 At the spectral-shrine of Gin?

Never shall we find a surer
 Portal to the beam and cell,
 Where the poor becometh poorer,
 Where earth seems akin to hell.

God sent all things for our pleasure,
 Food for man, and food for beast:
 Say, which takes the surfeit measure,
 At the board of Nature's feast?

God sent all things for our using,—
 Meat, and malt, and oil, and wine.
 Woe attends our rash abusing
 Heaven's merciful design.

Prize the boon we are possessing,
 But mark well the holy verse:
 Take enough, it is a blessing;—
 Take too much, it proves a curse.

“Be ye sober!”—they who struggle
 For the better lot below,
 Must not let the full cup juggle
 Soul and body into woe.

“Be ye sober!”—if ye covet
 Healthy days and peaceful nights:
 Strong drink warpeth those who love it
 Into sad and fearful sights.

“Be ye sober!”—cheeks grow haggard,
 Eyes turn dim, and pulse-tide blood
 Runs too fast, or crawleth laggard
 When there’s poison in the flood.

Will ye let a demon bind ye
 In the chain of Helot thrall?
 Will ye let the last hour find ye
 In the lowest pit of all?

Oh! stand back in godly terror,
 When Temptation’s joys begin;
 ’Tis such wily maze of Error,
 Few get out who once go in.

Shun the “dram” that can but darken,
 When its vapour-gleam has fled.
 Reason says, and ye must hearken,
 “Lessened drink brings double bread.”

Though your rulers may neglect ye,
 “Be ye sober!” in your strength;
 And they must and shall respect ye,
 And the light shall dawn at length.

But let none cry out for Freedom
 With a loud and fevered breath,
 While they let a full cup lead ’em
 To the slavery of death.



THANK GOD FOR SUMMER.

I LOVED the Winter once with all my soul,
 And longed for snow-storms, hail, and mantled skies;
 And sang their praises in as gay a troll
 As Troubadours have poured to Beauty’s eyes.

I deemed the hard, black frost a pleasant thing,
 For logs blazed high, and horses' hoofs rung out:
 And starved birds came with tame and gentle wing,
 To eat the bread my young hand flung about.

But I have walked into the world since then,
 And seen the bitter work that Cold can do—
 When the grim Ice King levels babes and men
 With bloodless spear, that pierces through and through.

I know now there are those who sink and lie
 Upon a stone bed at the dead of night:
 I know the roofless and unfed *must* die,
 When even lips at Plenty's Feast turn white.

And now, whene'er I hear the cuckoo's song
 In budding woods, I bless the joyous comer;
 While my heart runs a cadence in a throng
 Of hopeful notes, that say, "Thank God for Summer!"

I've learnt that sunshine bringeth more than flowers,
 And fruits, and forest leaves, to cheer the earth;
 For I have seen sad spirits, like dark bowers,
 Light up beneath it with a grateful mirth.

The aged limbs, that quiver in their task
 Of dragging life on when the bleak winds goad—
 Taste once again contentment, as they bask
 In the straight beams that warm their churchyard road.

And Childhood—poor, pinched Childhood—half forgets
 The niggard pittance of our cottage homes,
 When he can leave the hearth, and chase the nets
 Of gossamer that cross him as he roams.

The moping idiot seemeth less distraught,
 When he can sit upon the grass all day,
 And laugh and clutch the blades, as though he thought
 The yellow sun-rays challenged him to play.

Ah! dearly now I hail the nightingale,
 And greet the bee—that merry-going hummer—
 And when the lilies peep so sweet and pale,
 I kiss their cheeks, and say, "Thank God for Summer!"

Feet that limp, blue and bleeding, as they go
 For dainty cresses in December's dawn,
 Can wade and dabble in the brooklet's flow,
 And woo the gurgles on a July morn.

The tired pilgrim, who would shrink with dread
 If Winter's drowsy torpor lulled his brain,
 Is free to choose his mossy, summer bed,
 And sleep his hour or two in some green lane.

Oh! Ice-toothed King, I loved you once—but now
 I never see you come without a pang
 Of hopeless pity shadowing my brow,
 To think how naked flesh must feel your fang.

My eyes watch now to see the elms unfold,
 And my ears listen to the callow rook;
 I hunt the palm-trees for their first, rich gold,
 And pry for violets in the southern nook.

And when gay Flora sends the butterfly,
 Painted and spangled, as her herald mummer,
 "Now for warm holidays," my heart will cry,
 "The poor will suffer less! Thank God for Summer."



THE LILY AND THE STREAM.

A LILY-CUP was growing where the streamlet tide was flowing,
 And rich with grace and beauty there it bent;
 And passed the whole day long in dancing to the song,
 Which gurgling ripples murmured as they went.
 Though rush and weed were there, the place was fresh and fair,
 And wavelets kissed the Lily's tender leaf;
 The Lily wooed the water, and drank the draught it brought her,
 And never wore a tint of blighting grief.

A strong hand came and took the Lily from the brook,
 And placed it in a painted vase of clay;
 But, ah! it might not be, and sad it was to see
 The suffering Lily fade and pine away.
 The fountain-drops of wealth ne'er nursed it into health;
 It never danced beneath the lighted dome;
 But wofully it sighed for the streamlet's gushing tide,
 And drooped in pain to miss its far-off home.

Now human hearts be true, and tell me are not you
 Too often taken, like the gentle flower;
 And do ye never grieve, when Fortune bids ye leave
 Affection's Life-stream for a gilded bower?

Oh! many a one can look far back on some sweet brook
 That fed their soul-bloom, fresh, and pure, and shining;
 And many a one will say, some painted vase of clay
 Has held their spirit, like the Lily, pining.



A SONG FOR THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

To work, to work! ye good and wise,
 Let "ragged" scholars grace your schools;
 Ere Christian children can arise,
 They must be trained by Christian rules.

We ask no fragrance from the bud
 Where canker-vermin feeds and reigns;
 We seek no health-pulse in the blood
 Where poison runneth in the veins.

And can we hope that harvest fruit s
 In desert bosoms can be grown;
 That palms and vines will fix their roots
 Where only briars have been sown?

Man trains his hound with watchful care,
 Before he trusts him in the chase;
 Man keeps his steed on fitting fare,
 Before he tries him in the race;

And yet he thinks, the human soul,
 A meagre, fierce, and untaught thing,
 Shall heed the written Law's control,
 And soar on Reason's steady wing.

Oh, they who aid not by their gold,
 Or voice, or deed, the helpless ones;
 They who, with reckless brain, withhold
 Truth's sunshine from our lowly sons;

Shall they be blameless—when the guilt
 Of rude and savage hands is known;
 When crime is wrought and blood is spilt—
 Shall the *poor* sinner stand alone!

Dare we condemn the hearts we leave
 To grope their way in abject gloom;
 Yet conscious that we help to weave
 The shroud-fold of Corruption's loom?

Shall we send forth the poor and stark,
 All rudderless on stormy seas :
 And yet expect their spirit-bark
 To ride out every tempest breeze ?

Shall we with dim, short-sighted eyes,
 Look on their forms of kindred clay ;
 And dare to trample and despise
 Our sharers in a "judgment day ?"

Oh, narrow, blind, and witless preachers !
 Do we expect the "ragged" band
 To be among Earth's perfect creatures,
 While we refuse the helping hand ?

To work, to work ! with hope and joy,
 Let us be doing what we can ;
 Better build schoolrooms for "the boy,"
 Than cells and gibbets for "the man."

To work, to work ! ye rich and wise,
 Let "ragged" children claim your care,
 Till those who yield Crime's jackal cries
 Have learned the tones of peace and prayer.

HERE'S "CHRISTMAS!"

HERE'S "Christmas"—let us boldly greet him.
 We may as well, for none can cheat him ;
 He will steal on, and slyly sprinkle
 The first grey hair and first faint wrinkle.
 And yet methinks it little matters,
 What seed of Ruin-moss he scatters,
 So that amid it we contrive
 To keep Truth's Heartsease still alive
 Within our breast.

Here's Christmas, and it seemeth well
 That Conscience to our deeds should tell
 The just result of all we've done,
 And trace the way our sands have run.
 Let us peruse the closely-sealed,
 The volume ever unrevealed ;
 And see if we have said or thought
 No evil thing that shall have brought
 Blots on our crest.

HERE'S "CHRISTMAS!"

The heart is but a ledger-sheet
 Where Right and Wrong in balance meet ;
 And well it is that we should see
 Full often how "accounts" may be.
 Old Christmas has a trick we find
 Of bringing bills of every kind,
 So, ere we drain the festive cup,
 We'll look within and reckon up
 The debts we owe.

Too many of us get so wrapt
 In "own dear self," that we are apt
 To dwell much more on what our brothers
 Should give to us, than we to others.
 Our grasp is quick to seize and hold
 The kindness paid in moral gold :
 But Equity, that bids us pass
 The same again, oft sees, alas !
 Our palms more slow.

Let us not idly shirk the task,
 But face ourselves and boldly ask
 Our conduct whether it has trod
 The path of Mammon or of God ?
 A more important " Day-book" lives
 Than that which worldly Commerce gives ;
 Some brighter figures must be found
 Than those which make the shining round
 Of Profit's dial.

Let us take heed that no arrears
 Are due to those whose silent tears
 Are calling on us night and day
 For debts which Mercy ought to pay ;
 Let us be sure that we have heard
 The claims of Misery's lowly word,
 And that our lips have never driven
 The helpless and the spirit-riven
 With harsh denial.

Let us think how "accounts" may stand
 When the "recording angel's" hand
 Adds up *our* columns—turning then
 To the "great book" not kept by men.
 No yellow dust will serve to hide
 The errors made by selfish pride :
 False items, though on vellum page,
 Will never bear the searching gauge
 Of holy sight.

So take good caution how we let
 Delusion lead us into debt ;
 And let Old Christmas find us willing
 To pay Humanity's last shilling.
 We'll pile the log and drain the cup,
 But not before we reckon up
 The "balance-sheet" that Conscience draws,
 And God e'er keeps by his own laws
 Of Wrong and Right.

ON RECEIVING A BUNCH OF HEATHER,
 GORSE, AND FERN.

WILD blossoms of the moorland, ye are very dear to me ;
 Ye lure my dreaming memory as clover does the bee ;
 Ye bring back all my childhood loved, when Freedom, Joy, and Health
 Had never thought of weaving chains to fetter Fame and Wealth.
 Wild blossoms of the common land, brave tenants of the earth,
 Your breathings were among the first that helped my spirit's birth ;
 For how my busy brain would dream, and how my breast would burn,
 Where gorse and heather flung their arms above the forest fern.

Wild blossoms of the lonely waste, no fear could ever daunt
 My tiny feet from wandering amid your jungle-haunt ;
 And many a bunch of purple bells that towered above myself,
 And many a fragrant brake I pulled like some wee, sylvan elf.
 But, ah ! those tempting leaves of gold were difficult to get ;
 Alas, I prove that winning gold is not more easy yet :
 But then my fingers only felt the sharp and piercing smart,
 And now I find the worldly thorns oft leave a wounded heart.

Oh, happy time, ere ruth or rhyme had crossed my sunny brain ;
 'Tis not worth while to ask if such a time will come again ;
 For then my soul had not a thought but might be told aloud ;
 And Pleasure's optics always gave the bow without its cloud.
 How bright my eye was when I gazed upon the plumes of green,
 And saw young rabbits in their play go speeding on between ;
 When burrowed sand with root-bound arch formed strange and antique
 bowers,
 And ye, wild blossoms of the waste, were fresh and Eden flowers.

Who loved me then ? Oh, those who were as gentle as sincere,
 Who never kissed my cheek so hard as when it owned a tear.
 Whom did I love ? Oh, those whose faith I never had to doubt ;
 Those who grew anxious at my sigh and smiled upon my pout.

What did I crave? The power to rove unquestioned at my will;
 Oh, wayward idler that I was!—perchance I am such still.
 What did I fear? No chance or change, so that it did not turn
 My footstep from the moorland coast, the heather and the fern.

Methinks it was a pleasant time, those gipsy days of mine,
 When Youth with rosy magic turned Life's waters into wine;
 But nearly all who shared those days have passed away from earth,
 Passed in their beauty and their prime, their happiness and mirth.
 So now, rich flowers of the waste, I'll sit and talk to ye;
 For Memory's casket, filled with gems, is opened by your key;
 And glad I am that I can grasp your blossoms sweet and wild,
 And find myself a dotard yet, a dreamer and a child.

"THERE'S A SILVER LINING TO EVERY
 CLOUD."

THE poet or priest who told us this
 Served mankind in the holiest way:
 For it lit up the earth with the star of bliss
 That beacons the soul with cheerful ray.
 Too often we wander, despairing and blind,
 Breathing our useless murmurs aloud;
 But 'tis kinder to bid us seek and find
 "A silver lining to every cloud."

May we not walk in the dingle ground
 When nothing but Winter's dead leaves are seen;
 But search beneath them, and peeping around
 Are the young, spring tufts of blue and green.
 'Tis a beautiful eye that ever perceives
 The Immortal illuming Mortality's crowd;
 'Tis a saving creed that thinks and believes
 "There's a silver lining to every cloud."

Let us look closely before we condemn
 Bushes that bear nor bloom nor fruit;
 There may not be beauty in leaves or stem,
 But virtue may dwell far down at the root;
 And let us beware how we utterly spurn
 Brothers that seem all cold and proud;
 If their bosoms were opened, perchance we might learn
 "There's a silver lining to every cloud."

Let us not cast out Mercy and Truth,
 When Guilt is before us in chains and shame ;
 When Passion and Vice have cankered Youth,
 And Age lives on with a branded name :
 Something of good may still be there,
 Though its voice may never be heard aloud ;
 For, while black with the vapours of pestilent air,
 "There's a silver lining to every cloud."

Sad are the troubles that oftentimes come,
 Heavy and dull, and blighting and chill ;
 Shutting the light from our heart and our home,
 Marring our hopes and defying our will ;
 But let us not sink beneath the woe,
 'Tis well, perchance, we are tried and bowed ;
 For be sure, though we may not oft see it below,
 "There's a silver lining to every cloud."

And when stern Death, with skeleton hand
 Has snatched the flower that grew in our breast ;
 Do we not think of a fairer land,
 Where the lost are found, and the weary at rest ?
 Oh ! the hope of the unknown Future springs,
 In its purest strength o'er the coffin and shroud ;
 The shadow is dense, but Faith's spirit-voice sings
 "There's a silver lining to every cloud."



OUR RAMBLES BY THE DOVE.

ADDRESSED TO C. C. IN AMERICA.

'Tis well to proudly tell me of the glories of the West,
 Of the stream with rapid torrent, and the lake with heaving breast ;
 Of the mountain and the prairie, of the forest and the bluff,
 Savannah spot so fragrant and the jungle dell so rough.
 I know that there are wonders in your own gigantic land ;
 The gorgeous and the beautiful, the startling and the grand ;
 I know the cataracts are bold, the fields of maize are wide ;
 I know the pines are thick enough to let the lightnings hide ;
 But glad am I to hear you say with warm and clinging love,
 Thou thinkest of Old England, and our rambles by the "Dove."

Prize as thou wilt the banks that keep thy clear, broad rivers in ;
 Where jaguars-drink, and light canoes bear on the tawny skin :
 Be speaking fondly, as thou mayst, of hills that climb around,
 And boast of wildflowers that bedeck the trackless "hunting-ground ;"

Magnolias are exquisite, and humming-birds are choice ;
 And "Whip-poor-will" may charm thee with his melancholy voice ;
 But canst thou quite despise the thrush that whistled on the thorn ;
 And those "Forget-me-nots" that wore the jewels of the morn ?
 Canst thou shut out the green below and cloudless blue above ;
 That led us still, still onward in our rambles by the "Dove ?"

Oh, no indeed, I know *thy* land will never chase away
 The happiness we found in *mine* on that long, sunny day ;
 I know thy great, White Mountains cannot dim the winding steep,
 That lured us dreamily along to gain the "Lover's Leap."
 Do you remember how we sat and tried to find a word
 That would express the plashing gush of water that we heard ?
 And how we watched the alders bend, as peacefully and light
 As though an angel's wing had passed, and touched them in its flight ?
 And how we said, that Eastern clime held no Arcadian Grove
 Of more romance and sweetness than the valley of the "Dove ?"

We were familiar with the place, we had roved there before ;
 But somehow on this August day we worshipped it the more ;
 And every crag of old, grey rock, and every wave-washed stone,
 Seemed touched with richer colouring, and breathed a softer tone.
 That tiny river, how it crept beneath the leafy shade,
 Where golden perch and silver dace in glancing frolic played ;
 And how it dashed in foaming haste adown the mossy wall,
 Where granite fragments broke the flow, and made a waterfall ;
 And how we stood in silent joy with hearts brimful of love,
 And saw the great Creator gliding onward with the "Dove."

Oh, do not let the boundless scenes that meet thy vision now,
 Shut out "Thorpe Cloud," that standeth, like a frown on Beauty's brow.
 Oh, do not let the noble trees that spring upon thy sod,
 Prompt thee to spurn the bramble arms that hugged us as we trod.
 Thou wilt be seeing many things to win thy loudest praise ;
 But let Old England's woods and dales yet steal upon thy gaze :
 Think of our merry travels on this narrow, island earth,
 And own that we have often found rare spots of Eden birth ;
 And when amid the vast and fair, thy native footsteps rove ;
 Call up our sunny rambles by the waters of the "Dove."

I breathed a prayer while staying there, God grant 'twas not in vain,
 It asked the boons of Life and Health to seek that place again,
 It asked that those around me then might share the future joy,—
 The hope was earnest, strong, and deep ; God keep it from alloy.
 Write on—and proudly tell me of the wonders of the West,
 But glad I am that more than once thy spirit hath confessed
 Affection for our daisied fields, green lanes, and bubbling brooks ;
 Our orchards and white cottages, and fairy-haunted nooks ;
 For I believe that thou wilt come with all thy olden love,
 And let my prayer be answered by the waters of the "Dove."

LINES IN THE TWILIGHT.

My native harp, my native harp,
 And is the willow round thee?
 Oh, why not be as light and free
 As when I first unbound thee!

Thy simple song has poured for long
 Like water from the fountain;
 Thy thoughts have burst, all roughly nursed,
 Like daisies from the mountain.

And many a time thy minstrel chime
 Has found warm hearts to listen;
 Till joy and pride stood side by side
 And made my dull eye glisten.

I know too well a fearful spell
 Has lately hushed thy breathings;
 But Truth's refrain shall sound again,
 And wild flowers form thy wreathings.

The shadowy leaves that Suffering weaves,
 Are one by one departing;
 And 'mid thy strings I see the wings
 Of moth and woodlark starting.

My native harp, my native harp,
 Deep gloom has hung about me;
 And sad, I ween, my life has been
 While dragging on without thee.

Full many a day I've longed to play
 Some fond and earnest measure;
 But thou wert laid in silent shade,
 Like some unholy treasure.

A valued one has passed and gone,
 In death his faith revealing;
 And some have sold for needless gold
 Their friendship and their feeling.

Yet up, my heart—thy minstrel part
 Shall win new friends to love thee;
 There's more to do before the yew
 Will spread its shade above thee.

Though some have been too falsely mean,
 To keep the place I gave them,
 And seemed to think my pride would shrink
 Before it dared to brave them.

Let, let them go, as things too low
 To grieve for in the losing:
 Friends still abound, and plenty round
 Stand forth to seek my choosing.

The true, the good, have nobly stood
 The test of lengthened trial;
 And watching o'er, they strove to pour
 Some balm from Sorrow's vial.

I've learnt to scorn the basely born,
 Whose wealth has dried Life's springs up;
 And learnt the worth of some on earth
 Who fold their eagle wings up.

Fate filled a cup—I drank it up,
 Though Torture mixed the potion;
 The storm is past, and now at last
 I see a sun-bright ocean.

So up, my heart, thy minstrel part
 Greet's all who kindly love thee;
 There's more to do before the yew
 May fling its shade above thee.

LAW AND JUSTICE.

"ONCE upon a time," which all good people know,
 Always stands for "nobody knows when:"
 Old, Dame Justice lived among us here below;
 Held in proper reverence by men.

They tell us wondrous tales, and say that in her scales,
 An ounce of Worth weighed down a pound of Gold;
 And though none quite agree, as to when that time might be,
 We all admit it must be very old.

It seems that cunning folks soon tried to lead and hoax
 The blind, old lady into doing wrong;
 But they saw they could not frighten, and they found they could not
 coax,
 So they openly abused her before long.

She stood with dauntless form, like a sign-post in a storm,
Still telling people which way they should take ;
But her enemies increased, and their malice grew so warm,
That the honest woman's heart began to ache.

The Gods, who lived above, and held her in their love,
As most important delegate of Truth ;
Felt very sad to find the mass of mortal kind
So soon should prove, mean, selfish, and uncouth.

Dame Justice, somewhat proud, would seldom tell aloud
The burning wrongs that pierced her to the heart ;
And so Jove thought at length he'd give her extra strength,
And send a brave, young man to take her part.

They dressed him all in black, and stuffed a sacred sack
With spotless wool to serve him for a seat ;
And firmly did he vow that he would never bow
To any who might come with bribe or cheat.

He'd keep at the right hand of Justice, and withstand
The yellow dust and great patrician's word ;
'Twixt Poverty and Might, he promised to indict
The greatest sinner, spite of all he heard.

And this most honest man Jove sent to aid the plan
Of universal good and common right ;
They blessed him and anointed the head of their appointed ;
They called him " Law," and sent him forth to fight.

Alas ! this " traitor loon," this brave, young man, full soon
Did anything but serve his mistress well :
He shifted like the wind, he altered like the moon ;
And was changeful in his breathings, as a bell.

All plausible and fair, he kept beside her chair ;
But while she told him how he was to act,
He managed so to state what she wished him to relate,
That she scarcely knew her own, unvarnished fact.

He has dared full many a time to treat the poor man's crime
With bitter words—the prison and disgrace ;
While the rich, whose meed of shame should have been the very same,
Met the smile of courteous mercy on his face.

He does such brazen deeds, that the soul of Justice bleeds ;
As she hears his " summing up," with sad surprise ;
And while he " settles things," convulsively she wrings
The brine-drops from the bandage on her eyes.

Most certain it appears, that these anguish-laden tears
 Are caused by this young man so shrewd and clever ;
 And the case is very clear, that since Jove sent " Law" here,
 Dame Justice has been much worse off than ever.



"TURN AGAIN, WHITTINGTON."

BE it fable or truth, about Whittington's youth,
 Which the tale of the magical ding-dong imparts ;
 Yet the story that tells of the boy and the bells,
 Has a purpose and meaning for many sad hearts.
 That boy sat him down, and looked back on the town,
 Where merchants, and honours, and money were rife ;
 With his wallet and stick, little fortuneless Dick
 Was desponding, till fairy chimes gave him new life,
 Saying, " Turn again, Whittington !"

And up rose the boy, with the impulse of joy,
 And a vision that saw not the dust at his feet ;
 And retracing his road, he was found, with his load,
 In the city that gave him its loftiest seat.
 Hope, Patience, and Will, made him bravely fulfil
 What the eloquent tone of the chimes had foretold ;
 And that echo still came, breathing light on his name,
 When by chance his hard fortune seemed rayless and cold,
 Saying, " Turn again, Whittington !"

And say, is there not, in the gifted one's lot,
 A fairy peal ringing for ever and aye ?
 Would not Genius stoop 'neath its burden, and droop,
 If it ne'er heard a mystical chime on its way ?
 Oh ! full often the soul hath been turned from the goal,
 Where Glory and Triumph were weaving its meed ;
 Till some angel-tongued voice bade it rise and rejoice,
 Like the Bow bells that spoke in the wanderer's need,
 Saying, " Turn again, Whittington !"

Oh ! many bright wings would be motionless things,
 If some echo of Faith did not bear them above ;
 For the world will oft try to coop those who can fly,
 If they hear but a whisper in Mercy and Love.
 The breast that is fraught with the great prophet-thought,
 May encounter all troubles that vex and destroy ;
 But a fairy-peal still gives it hope, strength, and will,
 Like the chimes in our legend that guided the boy,
 Saying, " Turn again, Whittington !"

THE STREETS.

GREAT good oft springs from "common things," and exquisite Ideal
Will make its way, with holy ray, among the Hard and Real ;
 Upon the beaten road of Life it is the crystal gate
 Through which we all must pass who seek to taste our Eden state.
 'Tis with us ever in the town—its fadeless halo falls
 Upon the highway path as well as in the Temple halls :
 And how my bosom cherishes the first delights it had
 In those strange sympathies of Soul that make us good and glad—
 For I was born no rich man's child, and all my "spirit-treats"
 Were spread in greatest plenitude about the crowded "Streets."

I saw the foreign "image-man" set down his laden stand ;
 I lingered there ; and coveted the Beauty that I scanned :
 The "Dancing Girl," the "Prancing Steed," the "Gladiator" dying,
 The bust of "Milton" close beside where sinless "Eve" was lying ;
 And how I gazed with rapture on the "Bard of Avon's" face,
 With young, impulsive worship of its majesty and grace.
 Oh ! by the memory of those hours, I never thrust aside
 A child who stares at lovely things, with eyeballs fixed and wide ;
 We may not gauge the flood of light such opening vision meets,
 While bent in joyful wondering on "Beauty" in the "Streets."

How well I knew the organ-boys, and how I freely gave
 My halfpenny to him who sang "Dunois the Young and Brave ;"
 How wistfully I coaxed my guide to take me to the spot
 Where old, Blind Arthur's fiddle poured the tunes yet unforget ;
 The "College Hornpipe" stirred my feet, "Auld Robin Gray" my
 breast,
 But "Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me,"—I think I liked that best.
 And how I struggled with the hand that would not let me stay
 As long as I would fain have done, to hear that minstrel play.
 Oh ! let me list what strains I may, I know my pulse ne'er beats
 Such perfect time, as then it did, to music in the "Streets."

I loved, as Childhood ever loves, the blossoms of the earth ;
 I had no garden of my own, and watched no rose's birth ;
 But I could walk abroad and see the daffodils so gay,
 With violets mixed, and I could touch the basket where they lay ;
 And I could ask the tired girl to tell me all she knew
 About the crocuses she sold, and how and where they grew ;
 And I could buy a tiny bunch to serve me as a shrine,
 Where many a time my heart knelt down with feeling all divine.
 Ah me ! ah me ! no bloom can be encircled with such sweets
 As those poor, simple "bowpots" were—those flowers in the "Streets."

Ah! well it is for human truth, and well for human joy,
 That Spirit flings a rainbow hope which Sin can ne'er destroy;
 That "common things" can lure us on, and firmly raise us up;
 And shed the Hybla honey-drop within the humblest cup.
 Who scorns the "common" sculpture art that poor men's pence can buy,
 That silently invokes our soul to lift itself on high?
 Who shall revile the "common" tunes that haunt us as we go?
 Who shall despise the "common" bloom that scents the market-row?
 Oh! let us bless the "Beautiful" that ever lives and greets
 And cheers us in the music and the flowers of the "Streets."

THE GALLOPING STEED.

THERE'S a Courser we ne'er have been able to rein—
 He careers o'er the mountain, he travels the main—
 He's Eternity's Arab—he trieth his pace
 With the worlds in their orbits, and winneth the race.
 Oh! a charger of mettle, I warrant is he,
 That will weary his riders, whoe'er they may be;
 And we all of us mount, and he bears us along,
 Without hearing our check-word, or feeling our thong;
 No will does he heed, and no rest does he need;
 Oh! a brave, Iron-Grey is this Galloping Steed.

On, on, and for ever, for ever he goes—
 Where his halting-place is, not the wisest one knows;
 He waits not to drink at the Joy-rippled rill;
 He lags not to breathe up the Pain-furrowed hill.
 Right pleasant, forsooth, is our place on his back,
 When he bounds in the sun on Life's flowery track;—
 When his musical hoofs press the green moss of Hope,
 And he tramples the pansy on Love's fairy slope;
 Oh, the journeying then is right pleasant indeed,
 As we laugh in our strength on this Galloping Steed.

But alack and alas! he is soon off the grass,
 With dark, stony defiles and dry deserts to pass;
 And his step is so hard, and he raises such dust,
 That full many are groaning, yet ride him they must.
 On, on, through the gloomy morass of Despair—
 Through the thorns of Remorse, and the yew-trees of Care;
 Our limbs and our forehead are sore to the quick,
 But still we must ride him, bruised, weary, and sick:
 Gentle hearts may be shaken and stirred till they bleed,
 But on they must go with this Galloping Steed.

In the stone-hurdled churchyard he maketh no stop
 But the boldest, perchance, of his riders will drop :
 They may cling to him closely, but cannot hold fast,
 When he leaps o'er the grave-trench that Death opened last.
 Betrapped and bedecked with his velvet and plumes,
 A grand circle he runs in the show-place of tombs ;
 He carries a King—but he turneth the crypt,
 And the Monarch that strode him so gaily, hath slipped ;
 Yet on goes the Barb at the top of his speed,—
 What's the fall of such things to this Galloping Steed ?

Right over the pyramid walls does he bound ;
 In the Babylon deserts his hoof-prints are found ;
 He snorts in his pride—and the temples of light
 Wear a shadowy mist like the coming of night.
 On, on, and for ever—he turns not aside ;
 He recks not the road, be it narrow or wide ;
 In the paths of the city he maketh no stay ;
 Over Marathon's Plain he is stretching away.
 Oh ! show me a pedigree, find me a speed,
 That shall rival the fame of this Galloping Steed.

He hath traversed the Past ; through the Present he flies ;
 With the Future before him, right onward he hies ;
 He skims the broad waters, he treads the dark woods,
 On, on, and for ever,—through forests and floods.
 Full many among us are riding him now,
 All tired and gasping, with sweat on our brow ;
 We may suffer and writhe, but 'tis ever in vain,
 So let's sit on him bravely and scorn to complain ;
 For we know there's a goal and a glorious meed
 For the riders of Time—that old, Galloping Steed.

THE HEART'S CHARITY.

A RICH man walked abroad one day,
 And a Poor man walked the selfsame way :
 When a pale and starving face came by
 With a pallid lip and a hopeless eye :
 And that starving face presumed to stand
 And ask for bread from the Rich man's hand ;
 But the Rich man sullenly looked askance,
 With a gathering frown and a doubtful glance.
 " I have nothing," said he, " to give to you,
 Nor any such rogue of a canting crew.

THE HEART'S CHARITY.

Get work, get work! I know full well
 The whining lies that beggars can tell."
 And he fastened his pocket, and on he went,
 With his soul untouched, and his Wisdom content.

Now this great owner of golden store
 Had built a church not long before;
 As noble a fane as Man could raise,
 And the world had given him thanks and praise;
 And all who beheld it, lavished fame
 On his Christian gift, and godly name.

The Poor man passed,—and the white lips dared
 To ask of him, if a mite could be spared.
 The Poor man gazed on the beggar's cheek;
 And saw what the white lips could not speak.
 He stood for a moment, but not to pause
 On the truth of the tale, or the parish laws;
 He was seeking to give—though it was but small—
 For a penny, a single penny, was all:
 But he gave it with a kindly word;
 While the warmest pulse in his breast was stirred.
 'Twas a tiny seed his Charity shed,
 But the white lips got a taste of bread;
 And the beggar's blessing hallowed the crust,
 That came like a spring in the desert dust.

The Rich man and the Poor man died,
 As all of us must,—and they both were tried
 At the sacred Judgment-seat above,
 For their thoughts of evil, and deeds of love.
 The balance of Justice *there* was true;
 Fairly bestowing what fairly was due;
 And the two fresh-comers through Heaven's gate
 Stood there to learn their eternal fate.
 The recording angels told of things
 That fitted them both with kindred wings;
 But as they stood in the crystal light,
 The plumes of the Rich man grew less bright.
 The angels knew by that shadowy sign,
 That the Poor man's work had been most divine;
 And they brought the unerring scales to see
 Where the Rich man's falling off could be.

Full many deeds did the angels weigh,
 But the balance kept an even sway;
 And at last the Church Endowment laid
 With its thousands promised, and thousands paid,

With the thanks of prelates by its side,
 In the stately words of pious pride;
 And it weighed so much, that the angels stood
 To see how the Poor man could balance such good:
 When a Cherub came and took his place
 By the empty scale, with radiant grace;
 And he dropped the penny that had fed
 White, starving lips with a crust of bread.
 The Church Endowment went up with the beam,
 And the whisper of the Great Supreme,
 As he beckoned the Poor man to his throne,
 Was heard in this Immortal tone—
 "Blessed are they who from great gain
 Give thousands with a reasoning brain,
 But holier still shall be his part
 Who gives one coin with pitying heart!"



STANZAS WRITTEN ON A SPRING DAY.

OH, let me bask amid the beams
 That gild the May-day noon;
 For I am dreaming happy dreams,
 That will dissolve too soon.

A soft and sunny day like this
 Brings back a thousand things,
 To dance again with Elfin bliss
 In Memory's fairy rings.

As fond Affection's words of might,
 In secret fluid traced;
 Exist unseen, till warmth and light
 Before the scroll are placed;

So do the deep and mystic thoughts
 Of pure devotion start
 Into rich flow, as Nature's glow
 Of sunshine meets my heart.

I hear loud, merry voices come
 Of children out at play:
 The music of that human hum
 Is Earth's first poet-lay.

MY NAME.

It yields the notes that call me back
 To many a kindred scene ;
 When my young steps and my young track
 Were just as gay and green.

I recked not then what Fame or Gold
 The world might have to give ;
 While balls were flung, and hoops were trolled
 'Twas boon enough to *live*.

And while I hear glad shouting now
 From Childhood's panting lips ;
 As spring-rays steal, with radiant brow,
 From Winter's dark eclipse ;

I find my Spirit's hope become
 As gleaming and as vernal ;
 For child and flower, with holy power
 Say "Beauty is eternal."

So let me bask amid the beams
 That gild the May-day noon ;
 For they are bringing happy dreams
 That will dissolve too soon.



MY NAME.

THERE was a tree—a flourishing tree—
 Stood by a babbling stream ;
 And its noble stem, fair, strong, and free,
 Became so precious a thing to me,
 That it haunted my midnight dream.

For I loved to look on its branches bright,
 So graceful and so green :
 And I loved to watch the golden light
 Come rushing down the sapphire height,
 To sleep in its leafy screen.

I sat at its root, and sang its praise,
 And talked to it many a time :
 And wished I were a bird, whose days
 Could be spent on its boughs in roundelays
 Far richer than my poor rhyme.

I carved my name on that brave tree,
With deep and earnest mark :
And something of a triumph-glee
Came over my youthful breast, to see
The letters live on the bark.

I wrought each line with cunning care,
And thought, as the last was done,
That in after-years I might come back there
And see how that brave tree still would bear
My name in the summer sun.

Fond child of Hope ! I went again
When a lengthened span had passed ;
And I sought the tree with a busy brain,
That pictured the letters as clear and plain
As when I beheld them last.

But my spirit met a chilling cloud
In that cherished memory-spot ;
For the name of which I had been so proud
Had been hidden long in a rugged shroud,
And was but a graceless blot.

The letters graved with joyous care,
Had lost all shapely trace ;
The tree had grown more grand and fair ;
But my poor name—oh ! nothing was there
Save a blurred and knotted place !

I stood and gazed—"And thus," I said,
"Has many a trusting one
Been proud of the impress they have made
On some loved heart that was arrayed
In the light of Affection's sun.

"They thought they had carved their name on a thing
That would wear it, and bear it for ever ;
That the winds of Winter and showers of Spring,
And all the changes Life's seasons could bring,
Would work with a vain endeavour.

"They have fondly dreamt of finding it there
When long, long years had gone by ;
They have thought it firmly sculptured where
The beautiful tablet, sound and fair,
Would never let it die.

“But alas! Time plays a guileful part,
 And many have lived to see,
 With Disappointment's baneful smart,
 Their name blotted out in some loved heart,
 As mine from the cherished tree.”

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

OH, what can this be, that with earnest endeavour
 We seek for in vain—yet keep seeking for ever?
 Oh, where is the charm that has baffled for ages
 The wise and the witless—the saints and the sages?
 We go on pursuing, we go on believing;
 Still ardently wooing some thing that's deceiving;
 We gaze on some bubble that Fancy has blown,
 And behold in its shape the “Philosopher's Stone.”

The Child looketh out on the sunshine and moth;
 And he sees what the alchemist toils for in both:
 Let him play in the beam, let him capture the fly;
 And the world wears a mantle that dazzles his eye.
 But the heat and the light make him weary, full soon,
 And he finds we may tire of the summer-day's noon;
 The insect is crushed and he sitteth alone,
 Sighing over his childhood's “Philosopher's Stone.”

The Man in his prime is still doting and dreaming,
 Hope's roseate flames more intensely are gleaming;
 And he thinks the alembic yields all he desires,
 When Affection's elixir is formed by its fires.
 He has seized on the charm, but he liveth to prove
 That some dross is not even transmuted by Love;
 And full many a bosom will mournfully own
 It was cheated the most by this meteor Stone.

Old Age in ripe Wisdom conceiveth at length,
 That the gold in *itself* holds the spell and the strength;
 And he scrapes and he gathers in coffers and lands,
 And imagines he then has the charm in his hands;
 But he findeth, alas! that he cannot miss all
 Of Mortality's cypress, and Misery's gall;
 Though monstrous and mighty his heaps may have grown,
 Even wealth is a failing “Philosopher's Stone.”

We pant after that, and we toil after this;
 And some wisp-light delusion still beacons to bliss;
 We hang o'er Life's crucibles, fevered with care,
 Ever eager to find the great talisman there.
 We get sweet distillations and magical fumes;
 The rich fragrance beguiles, and the vapour illumines;
 But we find when the odour and mist-cloud have flown;
 That we have not secured the "Philosopher's Stone."

Oh! what folly it seems to be striving to gain
 Heaven's alchemy secret with efforts so vain:
 Why struggle for bloom of celestial birth;
 While neglecting the flowers beside us on earth?
 Let us keep a "good Conscience,"—*this* talisman seems
 To come nighest the charm of our chemical dreams:
 'Tis the ray most direct from the Infinite Throne,
 And the only *enduring* "Philosopher's Stone."

THE GREEN HILL-SIDE.

How well I know, that long ago, ere Reason oped her eyes
 My spirit asked for "something more," with deep and earnest sighs;
 How well I know that Childhood's glow flushed redder on my brow,
 When wanderers came home at night, and brought a forest bough.
 The town-born child had heard of streams, of woods, and giant trees;
 Of golden sunshine on the sward, and perfume on the breeze:
 And visions floated round me, that a city could not hide,
 Of cottages and valleys, and a Green Hill-side.

Oh! how my young wish coveted a distant, sylvan-land!
 I longed to grasp the wild flowers, that I read of, in my hand;
 I longed to see the ringdove's nest, and craved to hear the tones
 Of the sheep-bell on the mountains, and the brooklet on the stones;
 And if by chance a butterfly came flitting through the street,
 The thought to chase its pretty wings ne'er stirred my tiny feet;
 But I wished that it would take me on its journey far and wide;
 And let me share its home-place by some Green Hill-side.

The wondrous tales of diamond mines, of silver, and of gold—
 The stories of kings' palaces, that elder playmates told—
 Not all the treasures of the earth, nor pearl-drops of the sea,
 Could serve to form the Paradise so coveted by me;
 But when they spoke of shady lanes, and woods where they had been;
 Of crimson foxgloves they had pulled, and song-birds they had seen;
 Then, then, uprose the eager voice that ever loudly cried,
 "'Tis these I love! Oh! give to me the Green Hill-side!"

It was a deep, an inborn love, and Fate at last was kind;
 It gave me all my childish soul had ever hoped to find;
 Fresh meadows and fair valleys, where a pebbled stream ran through;
 Where bleating flocks were herded, and the brake and hawthorn grew.
 I trod the open land of Joy my dreaming long had sought;
 With ecstasy too glad for words, almost too wild for thought;
 Till lulled in peaceful happiness, my song, with gushing tide,
 Ran chiming with the mill-stream by the Green Hill-side.

That cottage, with its walls so white, and gabled roof so quaint;
 Oh! was it not a chosen thing for artist hands to paint?
 With casement windows, where the vine festooned the angled panes;
 And trellised porch, where woodbine wove its aromatic chains.
 Ah! Memory yet keeps the spot with fond and holy care;
 I know the shape of every branch that flung its shadow there;
 And 'mid the varied homes I've had—oh! tell me which has vied
 With that of merry Childhood by the Green Hill-side?

I dwelt in that white cottage, when the Winter winds were loud
 In singing funeral dirges over Nature's snowy shroud;
 When my breath was turned to crystal stars upon the casement lead;
 When the drift choked up the threshold, and the robin tumbled, dead.
 I dwelt there when the rains came down, and mist was on the height;
 When brown leaves, dark and desolate, brought on December's night;
 But still I climbed the open slope, and still I watched the tide;
 And loved the gabled cottage by the Green Hill-side.

I have a hope—I have a prayer, now living in my breast;
 They keep beside me everywhere, and haunt my hours of rest:
 I have a star of future joy, that shines with worshipped ray;
 That rises in my dreams at night, and in my thoughts by day.
 My dotting wish, my passion-shrine invokes no worldly prize
 That Fortune's noisy wheel can give to charm Ambition's eyes:
 The grand, emblazoned gifts of place, let those who will divide;
 I long for some white cottage by a Green Hill-side.

It is no fevered summer-whim that asks for fields and flowers,
 With chance of growing weary when the roses leave the bowers;
 It is no fancy, just begot by some romantic gleam
 Of silver moonlight peeping down upon a pleasant stream.
 Ah, no! I loved the tree and flower, with Childhood's early zeal,
 And tree and flower yet hold the power to bid my spirit kneel;
 I know what cities offer up to Pleasure, Pomp, and Pride;
 But still I crave the cottage by a Green Hill-side.

Oh, Fortune! only bless me thus! 'tis all I ask below;
 I do not need the store that serves for luxury and show;
 A quiet home, where birds will come, with freedom, fields, and trees;
 My earliest hope, my latest prayer, have coveted but these.

It is a love that cannot change—it is the essence-part
 Of all that prompts my toiling brain, or stirs my glowing heart ;
 And doting Age will say the same that dreaming Childhood cried ;
 " Oh, give me but a cottage by some Green Hill-side ! "

A CITY SONG.

Go look into the City's face,
 That spreadeth over tens of miles ;
 Go wander through the Merchant place
 Of ledger lore and countless piles.

From palace halls to cellar floors,
 In broad highway, and narrow street ;
 From beggars' dens to princes' doors,
 Go look and note what ye shall meet.

Close pent, and grim, the God of Gain
 Dwells there within his home of stone ;
 Content with kennel and with chain ;
 So that he gnaw a golden bone.

Ah ! gloomy are the Winter days
 That close around the traffic mart ;
 And short-lived are the Summer rays
 That fall upon the City's heart.

Yet dear, Old Nature, fresh and fair,
 Has worshippers for ever true,
 For ever fond ; and even there
 We see her sweet smile peeping through.

Mark the dim windows ye shall pass,
 And see the petted myrtle here ;
 While there, upraised in tinted glass,
 The curling hyacinths appear.

The gay geranium, in its pride,
 Looks out to kiss the scanty gleam ;
 And rosebud nurslings, by its side,
 Are gently brought to share the beam.

Hands, with their daily bread to gain,
 May oft be seen, at twilight hour,
 Decking their dingy, garret pane
 With wreathing stem or sickly flower.

A CITY SONG.

Smile not to see the broken cup,
 With dusty mould and starting seed ;
 The one who fills it, renders up
 An offering that Heaven may heed.

Look kindly on the housecrop patch,
 Reared by the sinful or the poor ;
 Spurn not the humblest, who would snatch
 Sparks from the Beautiful and Pure.

For not "all evil" is the one
 Who fondly twines some dwindling leaves,
 Now to the life-stream of the sun,
 Then to the raindrops from the eaves.

A spark of something goodly still
 Lurks in a bosom while it yields
 An instinct love on smoky sills,
 And seeks to call up woods and fields.

A pleasant sight it is to see
 The spirit of Creation haunt
 The City paths in some old tree,
 Where butterflies and rooks may flaunt.

Though Toil and Dust may hem us round,
 And drink the freshness of our Life ;
 Some primal trace will yet be found—
 Some olive-branches in the strife.

The babe will smile at these fair things,
 And strive to clutch the types of light ;
 Telling how faithfully man clings
 To Nature's mystery and might.

Oh ! let us look with grateful eye
 On branch and bloom within a City ;
 They seem, we know not how or why,
 To cheer us like a minstrel's ditty.

They tell of something which defies
 The lust of Wealth and dread of Death—
 They point to brighter, bluer skies,
 And whisper with a seraph's breath.

Though mean they seem, though weak they be ;
 Yet do they hold our mortal leaven ;
 And while we see the flower and tree,
 The City still is nigh to Heaven.

A SONG FOR CHRISTMAS EVE.

I CANNOT let my harp be still
 While holy chimes and bells are ringing ;
 Come round me, neighbours, if ye will,
 And help me in my carol-singing.
 Chant, loud and long ; 'tis " Christmas Eve ;"
 We've got a merry time before us.
 And now, old friends, by your good leave,
 I'll troll the song, and ye the chorus :
 And this shall be the theme for glee,
 A theme no cynic dare condemn ;
 May kindly word and loving heart
 Be household " stars of Bethlehem."

We all have had our yearly share
 Of pains and griefs and sad vexations ;
 For grim, old Care comes everywhere,
 And claims us as his near relations.
 Our heads have ached, our hands have toiled,
 But blackest bread may hold some leaven ;
 And all earth's trials never spoiled
 A spirit that had faith in Heaven.
 Crushed bloom, a perfume still imparts,
 Though hard the blow that smote the stem ;
 And hearts that feel for others' hearts
 Are human " stars of Bethlehem."

But surely some bright hours have come
 Of Hope and Joy, of Peace and Beauty ;
 Some welcome ray has cheered our way,
 And lighted up the path of Duty :
 Some blessings have been scattered round ;
 Some drops of mercy have been showered ;
 Some heavy chains have been unbound ;
 Some clouds have passed that darkly lowered.
 So let us raise the note of praise,
 For gratitude is Nature's gem ;
 And breasts that wear it shed a beam
 Like holy " stars of Bethlehem."

Let friend and foe, let age and youth,
 Let weak and strong draw nigh together ;
 And spread the wing of Social Truth
 Without one rough or broken feather.

'Tis fit that such a time as this
 Should link us closer to each other ;
 To spread the circle of our bliss
 Until it reach our poorest brother.
 Oh ! "help the needy," for 'tis said,
 The hands that raise and succour them ;
 Will find a friend in Him who made
 His sign "the star of Bethlehem."

Oh ! let us pray with earnest will
 To render thanks for Plenty's measure ;
 And may our bounty ever spill
 A goodly portion of the treasure.
 May blessings fall on each and all
 Who rightly use the gifts entrusted ;
 But shame to Wealth that keeps in stealth
 Its "talent," cold, and dim, and rusted.
 The pearl of Charity is yet
 The Christian's purest, fairest gem,
 And every bosom where 'tis set
 Serves well the "star of Bethlehem."

Hark ! there are merry bells without,
 And let us ring our chimes within ;
 Let mirth and music breathe about,
 For simple pleasure killeth sin.
 Chant loud and long, 'tis "Christmas Eve,"
 Come help me, neighbours, in my singing ;
 Ye give true notes, and by your leave,
 I'll string the echoes ye are flinging.
 And thus the glad refrain is heard,
 A theme no cynic dare condemn ;
 May loving heart and kindly word
 Be household "stars of Bethlehem."

"WRITE SOON."

LONG parting from the hearts we love
 Will shadow o'er the brightest face ;
 And happy they who part, and prove
 Affection changes not with place.

A sad farewell is warmly dear,
 But something dearer may be found
 To dwell on lips that are sincere ;
 And lurk in bosoms closely bound.

The pressing hand, the steadfast sigh,
 Are both less earnest than the boon
 Which, fervently, the last, fond sigh
 Begg in the hopeful words “Write soon!”

“Write soon!” oh, sweet request of Truth!
 How tenderly its accents come!
 We heard it first in early youth,
 When mothers watched us leaving home.

And still amid the trumpet-joys,
 That weary us with pomp and show;
 We turn from all the brassy noise
 To hear this *minor* cadence flow.

We part, but carry on our way
 Some loved one’s plaintive spirit-tune;
 That, as we wander, seems to say,
 “Affection lives on faith,—Write soon!”



“NO!”

Would ye learn the bravest thing
 That man can ever do?
 Would ye be an uncrowned king;
 Absolute and true?
 Would ye seek to emulate
 All we learn in story,
 Of the noble, just, and great;
 Rich in real glory?
 Would ye lose much bitter care
 In your lot below?
 Bravely speak out when and where
 ’Tis right to utter “No.”

Learn to speak this little word
 In its proper place—
 Let no timid doubt be heard,
 Clothed with sceptic grace;
 Let thy lips, without disguise,
 Boldly pour it out;
 Though a thousand dulcet lies
 Keep hovering about.
 For be sure our lives would lose
 Future years of woe;
 If our courage could refuse
 The present hour with “No.”

When Temptation's form would lead
 To some pleasant wrong—
 When she tunes her hollow reed
 To the syren's song—
 When she offers bribe, and smile,
 And our conscience feels
 There is nought but shining guile
 In the gifts she deals ;
 Then, oh ! then, let courage rise
 To its strongest flow ;
 Show that ye are brave as wise,
 And firmly answer " No."

Hearts that are too often given,
 Like street merchandize—
 Hearts that like bought slaves are driven
 In fair Freedom's guise ;
 Ye that poison soul and mind
 With perjury's foul stains ;
 Ye who let the cold world bind,
 In joyless marriage chains ;
 Be ye true unto yourselves ;
 Let rank and fortune go ;
 If Love light not the altar spot,
 Let Feeling answer " No."

Men with goodly spirits blest,
 Willing to do right ;
 Yet who stand with wavering breast
 Beneath Persuasion's might ;
 When companions seek to taunt
 Judgment into sin ;
 When the loud laugh fain would daunt
 Your better voice within ;
 Oh ! be sure ye'll never meet
 More insidious foe ;
 But strike the coward to your feet,
 By Reason's watchword, " No."

Ah, how many thorns we wreathe,
 To twine our brows around ;
 By not knowing when to breathe
 This important sound.
 Many a breast has rued the day
 When it reckoned less
 Of fruits upon the moral " Nay"
 Than flowers upon the " Yes."

Many a sad, repentant thought
 Turns to "long ago;"
 When a luckless fate was wrought
 By want of saying "No."

Few have learnt to speak this word
 When it *should* be spoken;
 Resolution is deferred,
 Vows to virtue broken.
 More of courage is required,
 This one word to say,
 Than to stand where shots are fired
 In the battle fray.
 Use it fitly, and ye'll see
 Many a lot below
 May be schooled, and nobly ruled
 By power to utter "No."



THE TWO WORSHIPPERS.

THE PAST.

HIGH and grand the Abbey wall
 Bears its turrets to the cloud;
 Who would think that foe or fall
 Could come to place so strong and proud?
 There in Superstition's glory
 Dwell the lone, ascetic band;
 Those who write our human story
 In a cramped and tortured hand.
 There the Monk in rigid duty,
 Shut from Nature's holy ties;
 Deaf to Mirth, and blind to Beauty,
 Bends in dark and sackcloth guise.
 There he joins in mournful dirge,
 With shaven scalp and tattered serge;
 There he crouches at the shrine,
 With the symbol and the sign;
 There he creeps with cowl and hood,
 In a penitential mood;
 There he weareth life away,
 Hour by hour, and day by day;
 And not a trace of Hope within

THE TWO WORSHIPPERS.

His lightless eye and wrinkled skin ;
 With a slanting forehead, rifted
 As a rock where sands have drifted ;
 Forehead where consuming Care
 Feedeth on the Bigot's fare.
 Moping in the lonely cells,
 Drearily his beads he tells ;
 Groping through the cloistered nook,
 Cheerlessly he bears his book ;
 There he murmurs, there he trembles ;
 Weariest of weary ones,
 While his hollow voice resembles
 Winter winds in skeletons ;
 Looking as though all things here
 Could but call the mortal tear ;
 And yielding up his incense-cup
 With the hand of haggard fear.
 Arch of gloom above his head,
 Sepulchres beneath his tread ;
 Like a tree, to earth he clings,
 But without the sap of love ;
 Like a bird, to heaven he springs,
 But ye find not in his wings
 The soft, rich feather of the dove.

There the saintly Monk was seen
 In his work of prayer I ween ;
 There the joyless Monk would stand,
 Penance-worn, with cross in hand,
 Full six hundred years ago ;
 When the Abbey in its prime,
 With matin bell and vesper chime,
 Made a grand and priestly show.

THE PRESENT.

Full six hundred years have fled,
 And the Abbey pile is scattered ;
 War and ruin have been spread,
 Blood been spilt and keystones shattered.
 Ivy-stalks are running over
 Cloister wall and oriel top ;
 Bluebell-cups and snowy clover
 Tempt the first, young bees to stop.
 High and wild the grass is growing,
 Where the altar shrine was raised ;
 There the fresh, spring wind is blowing,
 There the wandering kine have grazed.

Look ye now, and see another
 Serving there in pious hope ;
 See another holy brother
 Bending o'er the mossy slope.
 'Tis a Poet one who lingers
 Fondly where the blossoms start ;
 Pearls of dew upon his fingers,
 Gold of knowledge in his heart.
 No rough sackcloth is he wearing,
 No strange missal is he bearing :
 He is smiling as he gazes
 On the spangles at his feet :
 Child-like, he is plucking daisies,
 And the violets so sweet.
 Peacefully he steps about,
 Where blackbirds rest and cowslips glitter ;
 With a love that's too devout
 To crush the flower or stay the twitter.
 By the altar-spot he's leaning,
 With his bunch of incense-bloom ;
 And his spirit hath a meaning,
 That shall chasten and illumine.
 He is thinking of " Our Father,"
 Fashioner of all below ;
 And His mercy, that would rather
 We should dwell in joy than woe.
 He is rapturously doting
 On the yellow, primrose leaf ;
 He is eloquently noting
 April's glances, bright as brief.
 There the priest of song is staying
 Still beside the broken wall ;
 He is praying, he is saying
 " Jubilate" for us all.

Tell me, tell me, which shall be
 God's first, chosen devotee.
 The Monk of old in tattered serge,
 With mumbling gloom and doleful dirge,
 Or the present Poet-one,
 Serving 'mid the flowers and sun ?



LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE SONG OF A NIGHTINGALE.

I AM jealous ! I am jealous ! which I ne'er have been before ;
 And I trust by all I suffer, I shall never be so more ;
 For all the petty pangs of pain ne'er gave me half the smart
 That this young, green-eyed viper does, now nibbling at my heart.

Full many trying moments have I passed through in my life,
 While swallowing the bitter herbs that stir the blood of strife ;
 I've lost my place at spelling-class, to some still younger dunce,
 And seen my cobbled fancy-work outrivalled more than once.

I've heard the dancing-master say the cruellest of things,
 Declaring Miss Rosina was a fairy without wings ;
 While, as for me, he scarcely knew to what he could compare
 My awkward steps in " Lady's chain," excepting to a bear.

I have been doomed to hear the praise of fairer skins than mine :
 And listened while my neighbour's eyes were mentioned as divine—
 While my poor cheeks and orbs were left unnoted in their hue,
 And slighted, since they did not shine in brilliant pink and blue.

I've had a " very, nice young man " keep flitting at my side,
 And talking to me with a deal of eloquence and pride,
 Till really, 'twixt the music and a little, iced champagne,
 The nice, young man appeared to be my most devoted swain ,

But some young lady-friend appeared, with sweet and gracious smile,
 She wooed him with the softness of a tender flirting guile ;
 I stood alone, my beau had gone to join the *balancez*,—
 My lady friend with wicked might, had carried him away.

And yet, amid these trials, I have stood with unmoved breast,
 Not even having lovers pilfered, broke my spirit's rest ;
 And verily I have declared, with honest, upturned brow,
 That never was my nature tinged with jealousy till now.

But only think, for some two hours have I been dreaming here,
 Where summer trees are all full dressed, and summer skies are clear,
 Without one line of carol song outpouring from my lyre,
 Although I've asked, and begged, and prayed Apollo to inspire.

And all at once a Nightingale has perched above my head ;
 And burst into a strain that might almost arouse the dead.
 So loud, so full, so exquisite, so gushing, and so long ;
 O ! can I hear the lay, and not be jealous of the song ?

So free, so pure, so spirit-filled, so tender, and so gay ;
 I do feel jealous ; yes I do ; and really, well I may,
 When I have sought such weary while to breathe a few, choice notes ;
 And find myself so mocked at by the tiniest of throats.

Now listen to that "jug, jug, jug ;" did ever jug pour out
 Such liquid floods of ecstasy, in rapid streams about ?
 And now, that hissing, trembling tone, in one, long earnest shake ;
 Like quenching hosts of fiery stars in some ambrosial lake.

Again, that whistle did you hear ?—that warble, now this trill ?
 See, it has made the ploughman and the gipsy-boy stand still !
 Again, and louder, sweeter too ; just hearken to its pipe ;
 And wonder not that I'm within the green-eyed monster's gripe.

I'm jealous ! yes, indeed, I am ! I'm pale with angry rage !
 I almost wish the merry thing were trammelled in a cage !
 But, stay, I'll have still more revenge, in evil thought, at least ;
 And wish him worse than ever fell to lot of bird or beast.

I'll wish he had to *write* his song beneath a midnight taper ;
 On pittance that would scarcely pay for goose-quill, ink, and paper ;
 And then, to crown his misery, and break his heart in splinters ;
 I'll wish he had to see his proofs, his publishers, and printers.



A CHANT FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

THE scythe of Time is mowing
 Another swath of Life ;
 And the seed that we've been sowing—
 Grain of Peace, or tares of Strife—
 Has been gathered safe and fast
 In the garner of the past,
 To lie for ever !
 Have we done the best we could
 With the ways and means we hold ?
 Have we wrought the things we should
 With our judgment or our gold ?
 Have we played our mortal part ;
 By our hand, or brain, or heart,
 With fair endeavour ?

The steeple pulses beating
 With rapid strokes of mirth,
 Loudly tell our days are fleeting,
 Like molten snow, from earth ;

A CHANT FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

And the fitful carol strain
 Is a warning once again
 To the soul!
 Have we dozed among the sleepers?
 Have we stirred among the quick?
 Have we comforted the weepers?
 Have we watched beside the sick?
 Have we dwelt in open kindness,
 Or groped in selfish blindness
 Like the mole?

Come, let us ask our bosoms
 If we earnestly have sought
 To nurture all the blossoms
 In our pathway as we ought?
 Let us ask if we are giving
 As much love to all the living
 As we can.
 'Tis a fitting hour to reckon
 Not only yellow store:
 For passing old years beckon
 Where no wealth can win the shore.
 'Tis a day for Age and Youth
 To sum up their debts of Truth
 To God and Man!

The glossy branches twining
 In beauty o'er our head;
 They are but garlands shining
 In a pomp that greets the dead.
 And a trace of holy gloom
 Makes a temple of the room
 Where they are seen.
 Let the feasting and the drinking
 Be as goodly as it may;
 Yet the wise ones will be thinking—
 As they hail the festal day—
 Time is hushing us to rest
 As he rocks us on his breast
 Of Christmas green!

Year after year is going,
 So work while there is light;
 Let us keep the rust from growing,
 Let us wear our spirit bright.
 And 'tis only honest labour,
 And the love of friend and neighbour,
 Can do this.

OH! LET US BE HAPPY.

Oh! many a throbbing breast will yearn
 To Household wall, or old, green lane;
 And many a farewell glance will turn,
 Half-dimmed, to peep just once again

At some familiar, noteless thing,
 Which we have dwelt with, till it seems
 A feather in the gentle wing
 That nestles all our happiest dreams.

Oh! Love, thou hast a noble throne
 In bosoms where thy life-light falls,
 So warm and wide, that they have sighed,
 At leaving even Household walls.



OH! LET US BE HAPPY.

Oh! let us be happy when friends gather round us,
 However the world may have shadowed our lot;
 When the rose-braided links of Affection have bound us,
 Let the cold chains of Earth be despised and forgot.
 And say not that Friendship is only ideal;
 That Truth and Devotion are blessings unknown:
 For he who believes every heart is unreal,
 Has something unsound at the core of his own.
 Oh! let us be happy when moments of Pleasure
 Have brought to our presence the dearest and best;
 For the pulse ever beats to most heavenly measure
 When Love and Goodwill sweep the strings of the breast.

Oh! let us be happy when moments of meeting
 Bring those to our side who illumine our eyes;
 And though Folly, perchance, shake a bell at the greeting,
 He is dullest of fools who for ever is wise.
 Let the laughter of Joy echo over our bosoms,
 As the hum of the bee o'er the Midsummer flowers;
 For the honey of Happiness comes from Love's blossoms,
 And is found in the hive of these exquisite hours.
 Then let us be happy when moments of pleasure
 Have brought to our presence the dearest and best;
 For the pulse ever beats to most heavenly measure
 When Love and Goodwill sweep the strings of the breast.

Let us plead not a spirit too sad and too weary
 To yield the kind word, and the mirth-lighted smile ;
 The heart, like the tree, must be fearfully dreary
 Where the robin of Hope will not warble awhile.
 Let us say not in pride that we care not for others,
 And live in our Wealth like the ox in his stall ;
 'Tis the commerce of Love with our sisters and brothers
 Helps to pay our great debt to the Father of All.
 Then let us be happy when moments of pleasure
 Have brought to our presence the dearest and best ;
 For the pulse ever beats with more heavenly measure
 When Love and Goodwill sweep the strings of our breast.

 THE CHURCHYARD STILE.

I LEFT thee young and gay, Mary,
 When last the thorn was white ;
 I went upon my way, Mary,
 And all the world seemed bright ;
 For though my love had ne'er been told,
 Yet, yet, I saw thy form
 Beside me, in the midnight watch ;
 Above me, in the storm.
 And many a blissful dream I had,
 That brought thy gentle smile,
 Just as it came when last we leaned
 Upon the Churchyard Stile.

I'm here to seek thee now, Mary,
 As all I love the best ;
 To fondly tell thee how, Mary,
 I've hid thee in my breast.
 I came to yield thee up my heart,
 With hope, and truth, and joy,
 And crown with Manhood's honest faith
 The feelings of the Boy.
 I breathed thy name, but every pulse
 Grew still and cold the while ;
 For I was told thou wert asleep,
 Just by the Churchyard Stile.

My messmates deemed me brave, Mary,
 Upon the sinking ship ;
 But flowers o'er thy grave, Mary,
 Have power to blanch my lip.

SONG OF THE RED MAN.

I felt no throb of quailing fear
 Amid the wrecking surf;
 But pale and weak I tremble here,
 Upon the osiered turf.
 I came to meet thy happy face,
 And woo thy gleesome smile;
 And only find thy resting-place
 Close by the Churchyard Stile.

Oh! years may pass away, Mary,
 And sorrow lose its sting;
 For Time is kind, they say, Mary,
 And flies with healing wing;
 The world may make me old and wise,
 And Hope may have new birth;
 And other joys and other ties
 May link me to the earth;
 But Memory, living to the last,
 Shall treasure up thy smile,
 That called me back to find thy grave
 Close to the Churchyard Stile.

SONG OF THE RED MAN.

I SAW thee, a stranger, when low thou wert lying—
 Thou mightst have been sleeping, thou mightst have been dying;
 The pallor of anguish was over thy cheek;
 I found thou wert lonely, and wounded, and weak:
 This right hand in charity bound up thy breast,—
 My home in the mountains gave shelter and rest;
 And my well of sweet waters, my flask of rich wine;
 My bread and my goat's flesh, unasked for, were thine.

You saw me, a stranger, content with a home
 Where the wandering, white man but rarely has come;
 You saw me content with my rifle and hounds;
 With my date-shadowed roof, and my maize-covered grounds;
 You saw me possessed of one, exquisite thing,—
 A pure daughter as bright as the prairie in spring,
 You saw me kneel down when the lightnings were wild,
 And ask the Great Father for nought but my child.

Three moons have run out since we met by the river;
 Your life has been spared by the bountiful Giver;
 You have Health in your limbs, with its strength and its grace;
 With its flash in your eye, and its tinge on your face.

You can bound like a deer up the rugged hill-side ;
You can swim where the stream is as rapid as wide ;
There is nerve in your grasp, there is pride on your brow ;
I can help you no longer,—oh ! go from me now.

To my milk and my fruit, to my corn and my meat,
You are welcome as light,—you may drink, you may eat ;
But I saw you last night, where the linden-trees grow ;
With my child, in the leafy savannah below :
I saw you bend gracefully over her hand
As you told her the south was a lovelier land ;
You made vows of deep love with a smile and a sigh,
And with treachery lured my young nestling to fly

Oh, white man ! the blood may well redden your skin,
For the theft you design is the meanest of sin :
You have shared all I have till you need it no more ;
Yet would take from me that which no hand can restore.
I've been robbed by the panther ; he comes to my fold
In his desperate fierceness, defying and bold ;
I have seen him go forth with fresh blood on his tongue ;
But *he* left me my honour,—*he* took not my young.

The gaunt wolf crouches low to spring out on the lamb ;
And if hunger be on him, he spares not the dam ;
The fell puma has fed on the colt and the steer ;
And the wild dogs at noontide will harass my deer.
There's the snake in the jungle, the hawk in the sky ;
Let them strike what they may, it is doomed, and must die :
But the boa and vulture declare what they seek ;
And conceal not with flowers the coils or the beak.

Go, leave me, false man, while my child is secure ;
Away ! for I chafe, and my rifle is sure.
There's the whip-snake and jaguar few leagues to the east,
Herd with them, for thou'lt match with the reptile and beast.
Should a lily-skinned daughter e'er cling to thy neck ;
Then remember the father whose peace thou wouldst wreck ;
Away, then, base coward ! there's guilt in thine eye,
And there's lead in my barrel,—away ! or thou'lt die !

MUSICAL MURMURS FROM A
SHATTERED STRING.

LONE, enduring, still and thinking,
Gazing out upon the main ;
Now the Bygone cometh, linking
Bliss intense with speechless pain.

Far, far off my Fancy wanders
To my first, fresh Eden bowers ;
And my doting Memory squanders
Spirit-dew on withered flowers.

Now the Real, then the Seeming ;
Come before my earnest gaze :
And I yet can mark the dreaming
By its halo 'mid the haze.

Fools we are while fondly holding
Parley with a phantom guest,—
Fools we are while closely folding
Poisoned mantles to our breast.

It is hard to see our glasses
Shiver ere they touch our lip ;
But the Dream-draught oft surpasses
All the Actual gives to sip.

True it is, my whole existence
Will be mixed with rainbow thread ;
And that I shall track the distance
By the leaves Romance has shed.

Yet my soul oft-times is sighing
Over-much it seeks to learn ;
When stern Wisdom, in replying,
Makes me shiver while I burn.

I have bought and sold while dwelling
In the world's wide market-place ;
But I care not to be telling
All the items I can trace.

Somehow, when we stand and beckon
Shadows from our bygone days,
More of skeletons we reckon
Than of dancing spirit-fays.

Self-control and quickened Feeling,
Truth and Knowledge, are my gain :
But I've bartered, in the dealing,
All my best of heart and brain.

I have gathered some few bay-leaves,
That entwine my thoughtful brow ;
But my violets and May-leaves
Blow not as they used to blow.

Once upon a time they covered
All Life's grassy, hedgerow slope ;
While around the wild bee hovered
In the shape of busy Hope.

I can look on record treasures
Of Experience and Years ;
But I see my rarest pleasures
Bear an after-blot of tears.

Time's broad tide of unplumbed waters
Rolls upon my mortal strand ;
With its tribe of mermaid daughters
Singing on their hidden sand :

But that tide full oft is bringing
Broken spar and shattered mast ;
And the fairest waves are flinging
Shipwrecks of a fairy Past.

Be it so,—but still I gather
Pearls no shipwreck can destroy ;
And, though sighing, I would rather
Bear the woe than lose the joy.

Still the day dons golden glory,
Still the night wears silver studs ;
Still the skylark sings his story,
Still the myrtle puts forth buds.

And, forsooth, the world can never
Hold delight for bird and tree ;
Yet in gloom shut out for ever
All its rays of love from me.

No, ah ! no ; bright hours are coming,
Health and Life will rise again ;
With an echo of the humming
That once formed Hope's wild-bee strain.

Yet, let Fate be stern or smiling,
 I can brook the grave or glad ;
 And, though charmed by the beguiling,
 Still I can defy the sad :

For I've stemmed the darkest billow
 That can meet the human breast ;—
 I have found the hardest pillow
 That Despair has ever pressed ;

And I know that mortal trouble,
 Offer all it can or may,
 Will but seem a surface bubble
 After what has choked my way.

"God is great!" He only knoweth
 What I've borne, and still must bear ;
 "God is great!" my spirit boweth ;
 But there's pain too deep for prayer.

If I kneel not—if I feel not
 All that holy pastors preach ;
 Wait till ye have wounds that heal not,
 Ere ye breathe condemning speech.

Hush, proud heart ! my brow is sinking,
 "God is great!" my eyes are dim ;
 Cynic priest ! beware hard thinking,—
 Leave the judgment-seat to HIM.



"A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOR EVER."

KEATS.

SWEET breathing ! echoed from the minstrel-string
 Whose constant cadence lives in household rote ;
 Thy tones, just whispered, seem to bid me sing
 Responsive from a lyre that would devote
 Its richest thrill to any lovely thing
 In Art or Nature that aroused the note :
 Yet, strangely, at this moment some light words
 Of mocking mirth would fain escape the chords.

But just as fresh and pure the cascade wells,
 Though the fast-leaping streams may dip and dance ;
 Hanging their jewels on the lotus bells ;
 And flinging spangles in the noontide glance ;

While clear, eternal still, the Fountain dwells
In its deep home, despite all change and chance.
And Poet-Thoughts, like torrents, often run
To play at making rainbows with the sun.

And in that fancy-fit of toilsome pleasure
I seem inclined to wrestle with my text;
Yet well aware it forms a sacred treasure,
And that the rapt enthusiast will be vexed
To find me taking license with such measure;
Crying in angry wonderment: "What next?"
But wait awhile—grant me a little grace,
And I may settle in my proper place.

We all are apt at times to jest and spar
With what we really hold as Heaven's best sending.
We charge a "daft" mood to some ruling star,
Or twit the full moon to her face with lending
Madmen, at intervals, her gilded car;
But who, in honest words, would think of blending
The chastening rays that lead to praise and prayer
With idiot glow'ring or with frenzied glare?

We tilt at "Avon's Swan" with lance Burlesque;
And patch coarse Motley on his Classic vest.
We place the Fool's cap—jingling and grotesque—
Upon his Lover's brow and Warrior's Crest.
We chuckle to see *Faust* done—arabesque—
And *Marguerite* turn "Columbine"—full drest.
But who, in thinking truth, would not proclaim
A Shakspeare's glory, or a Goethe's fame?

"A thing of Beauty is a Joy for ever."
Oh! pleasant music-words; and often sung:
But some pert brains, more cynical than clever,
Like mine, just now, may tax with idle tongue
The laurelled speech which seems to say that never
Can aught be beautiful but what is young,
And fair, and charming—yet a question may
Arise on what our very Miltons say.

Perpetual Happiness, which we suppose
Is meant by Joy, seems an erratic notion:
And they who have outlived Youth's budding rose
Would just as soon expect "perpetual motion."
Our fairy castles turn to puppet shows;
Our crystal rivers reach the Dead Sea ocean;
Our sylvan bowers and Arcadian vales
Collapse and "double up"—like peacocks' tails.

A woman's rosy mouth is good to see;
 With its soft, sculptured lines cut cleanly out.
 A "thing of Beauty" it must surely be;
 But for the rest, there may exist a doubt.
 To hear it scold, through breakfast, lunch, and tea,
 Is apt to put the best digestion out.
 No "Joy for ever" is the ruby mouth
 That blows much oftener from "nor-east" than south.

A fine, tall, stately "lord of the creation,"
 Broad shouldered, lithely limbed, and hairy cheeked;
 Seems, in the days of courtship and flirtation,
 A "thing of Beauty;" but his cosmetiqued
 And dyed moustache in marriage days' probation
 Is not a "Joy for ever" when 'tis streaked
 With Cuba ash, and turns to "Clara dear,"
 With, "No more dresses can you have this year."

A "thing of Beauty" is the darling heir;
 Blue orbed and golden haired, radiant as noon;
 But only watch the cherub rave and tear,
 Screaming with fury for some household moon,
 Till human ear can scarcely brook and bear.
 Alas! for Poet speech! and all too soon
 This "Joy for ever" mars still more the line,
 By taking to a latch-key, cards, and wine.

A "thing of Beauty" is the winding river,
 When we sing o'er it in a sun-warmed boat,
 Without a breath of wind to make us shiver,
 Or touch of fog to spoil our alto note.
 We love the Thames, the Rhine, or Guadalquiver,
 While July gilds the silver as we float:
 But with November and a drizzling rain,
 Their "Joy for ever" may be preached in vain.

Our cottage *ornée* in the summer seems,
 And *is*, "a thing of Beauty" charming all;
 When sunset lingers with its toying beams
 To kiss a farewell to the trellised wall;
 And most delicious are the Zephyr streams
 Through casements when clematis feathers fall;
 But when the Winter comes with draughts and smoke,
 Its "Joy for ever" is a cruel joke.

Yon bunch of hyacinths was lately greeted
 With all the compliments to "Beauty" due:
 Fair faces stooped to it, and glad lips meted
 Spontaneous eulogy to scent and hue:

But now the fading bloom is rudely treated ;
For Time, that touches Kings, has touched that too ;
And 'tis no "Joy for ever" when it throws
An odour that *retrousses* every nose.

There's "Beauty" endless in its tone and telling ;
When Beethoven comes gliding on our ears ;
Or Haydn and Mozart steal, softly swelling
Our hearts to tenderness, our eyes to tears ;
But if Miss Laura bangs them out, rebelling
Against all time and tune of all the spheres ;
More "Joy for ever" marks the Indian drum,
Fraught with the harmony of "tum-tum-tum."

But come, my Muse! let's be a little serious ;
Or those who know me best may have a thought
About my being a degree delirious :
Yet Psyche's butterfly is sometimes caught,
And then we can't be gloomy nor mysterious ;
However, let us treat Keats as we ought,
And not be flinging *bon-bons* at a brow
That lights the world with its "Endymion" glow.

A "Thing of Beauty" is a "Joy for ever,"
In its love-shedding, spiritual sense :
And vain will be the Stoic one's endeavour
To cast the lustrous gems of Beauty hence :
Vain the barbaric mocker's aim to sever
Our spark of heaven—latent and intense—
From the most kindred ray that it can find,
Until all hearts are stone, and all eyes blind.

Let us have "Things of Beauty" in our "homes ;"
Bring noble memories to cheer and grace ;
Set Hampden up within our portal domes ;
And let us scan old Homer's sightless face.
Give us our own, undying Bard, who comes
Like summer sunshine into every place ;
Let "Joys for ever" thickly cluster round ;
The dead still living, and the lost yet found.

Let the swarth carving—quaintly dim and rich—
Be fitly crowned with Dante's pensive bust.
Let dear "Old Goldy" fill some fireside niche ;
He whose sweet flute—not lyre—insured his crust :
And twine some greenwood leaves—no matter which—
To keep his forehead, like his fame, from dust.
Bring Washington by Luther's side to stand ;
Such Patriot should give such Priest his hand.

Say, who among us likes not to behold
 The fireside choicely decked with "Hounds at Play;"
 "The Unbroken Courser," bridleless and bold;
 The "Couchant Lion," or "the Stag at Bay?"
 We do not question if the graceful mould
 Be formed of rich bronze, or ignoble clay;
 We reckon not what may be the model stuff;
 The lines of sculptured "Beauty" are enough.

Look on our cottage walls, and there we meet
 The ballad fastened, and the portrait hung:
 Rude scroll—rude print—but yet we like to greet
 The living verse some buried bard has sung;
 We like the hero of some blazoned feat
 To fill the corner where our gaze is flung:
 Showing, though mean and poor, the peasant churl
 Has the same instinct as the belted earl.

Stroll through our princely palaces, and there
 The gorgeous canvas and the marbles dwell;
 The speaking colours and the statues fair
 Chain us before them with enchanting spell;
 There the young child will dumbly pause and stare;
 Enrapt with what he feels, but cannot tell.
 Where Art without, arouses Soul within;
 Affording Idol worship—free from sin.

Let "Things of Beauty" on our board be spread:
 Pleasing the vision while they serve the need;
 Our draught of water and our daily bread
 Will be the sweeter, if we drink and feed
 From cup and trencher where soft grace is shed
 In shape and tint that untaught eye will heed:
 Though wrought from worthless dust, the form may still
 Remind us of Cellini's plastic skill.

Uncouth surroundings fashion uncouth thinking
 And uncouth manners in our common life.
 Nice eyes and ears retire with painful shrinking
 Where hardness and vulgarity are rife.
 A high bred nature frets with hopeless sinking
 In the rough household with the sloven wife;
 While Taste and Order in the workman's cot,
 Shed Joy and Beauty on the humblest lot.

Oh! give us Pictures, for who does not bend
 And own the Pencil's magic, sceptre sway?
 Bring us our "Wilkie;" he whose touch could lend
 The homely rushlight scene a solar ray.

Give us our "Collins;" he whose power could blend
Wisdom and Mirth; teaching us in child's play
That bubble dreamers, childlike, seek and fail,
To catch a bird by "salt upon the tail."

Let us see something of the master-power
Which made "Da Vinci's" limning half divine;
Let the thick shadows of "Salvator" lower,
And the ripe flashings of a "Lorraine" shine;
Bring "Rubens," lustrous as a southern flower,
And "Rembrandt," sombre as a northern pine.
Let us behold the works which toiling hands
Have left behind—the soul-stars of their lands.

Let us have Music; though perchance it be
Mere careless ballad strains from unskilled voice.
Strains that may rouse low sighs or laughing glee;
Though the loved themes be neither great nor choice.
The brooklet's gurgle—gentle, fresh, and free—
May bid our bosoms tremble or rejoice
As truly as the booming thunders flung
By the vast Ocean with its giant tongue.

Let Music murmur through the sacred piles
In which Man builds his waymarks unto Heaven.
Let anthem praises fill the solemn aisles,
To mark and sanctify one day in seven.
Let Music mingle with the mother's smiles,
Singing her babe to sleep with songs at even:
Songs that will be remembered in the day
When the babe's flaxen locks are turned to grey.

Let Music come to aid our revelry
When the child's birthday stealeth round again:
Let the old chorus words of jubilee—
"Happy returns"—speak out in eager strain.
Let harp and viol—simple though they be—
Start the young limbs with fire in every vein;
Like mountain chamois, leaping, bounding, prancing;
Till bosoms like the feet are wildly dancing.

Let us have Flowers on our window sills;
In gardens,—vases, bring them everywhere;—
Give us the trailing musk-vine that distils
Its soothing perfume in the twilight air;
Nourish the aged, woodbine stem that fills
The rustic porch with star-drops, sweet and fair;
Bring buds and blossoms nigh, for Flowers are things
Of "Beauty" that might deck the angels' wings.

Oh! "beautiful for ever" is the sheen
 Of April's Sun, that with a Bridegroom's smile
 Nestles in Nature's breast of balmy green;
 With larks to sing a marriage song, the while
 The "bridal of the earth and sky" is seen
 Before the Priest that bars all greed and guile.
 With blissful promise there shall soon be born
 Fair offspring in red grapes and yellow corn.

What "Joy," unmeasured, dwelleth on the earth
 When May's quick life-blood, with its vital gush,
 Fills bee and butterfly with restless mirth,
 And oozes through the bursting, whitethorn bush;
 When the gay rainbow seems to change its birth,
 And shed, below, its broad and dazzling flush:
 Oh! who can hear woods, winds, and waters play;
 Without the soul thus joins to sing and pray?—

"There's a flash on the brooklet—a gleam on the grass,
 And the foam and the zephyr-breath laugh as they pass.
 None can fetter the ripple, nor chain up the ray;
 None can silence the wind on its bloom-kissing way.
 On, on, let them go, with their tune and their flow;
 Where the merry child shouts, and the white daisies blow:
 Let the saddest of thoughts for a moment take wing,
 And grow bright for awhile in the sunshine of Spring.

"Look out on the uplands and valleys of green,
 Where the loom is at work for the rich, Harvest Queen.
 Where the fresh blades enfold the thick tissue of gold
 That the Prince and the Peasant will stay to behold.
 Look into the forest and see the brave tree
 Flinging out its new branches, strong, fragrant, and free.
 Look forth where the vine-tendrils clamber and cling,
 And grow hopeful awhile on the promise of Spring.

"God gives, and God takes; as he ever has done;
 And His creatures unnumbered must bow to the 'ONE.'
 But the darkness He sheds in the black, winter pines,
 Is well balanced by light in the May wreath He twines.
 Let us kneel in devotion, with praise and with trust,
 As we see the Young Year call our bread from the dust:
 Let us rove with the child to pluck daisies, and sing
 A Thanksgiving for Flowers, for Sunshine, and Spring."

Oh, Flowers! how blest ye are when young eyes look
On twining leaves in garlanded array;
Mallows from hedge-row—lotus from the brook;
Red poppies, purple cornflower; with the spray
Of luscious jasmine from the arbour nook,
And bramble-rose that trips us on our way.
Oh! who in after years can count such hours
As those which Childhood crowns with woodland Flowers.

Do we not hear the speechless, aimless creature
Cooing with wondrous murmurs of delight;
—Deep, earnest rapture kindling every feature,—
Over his missal page of gold and white,
Which holds the text that needs no priestly teacher
To read its Hebrew mystery aright?
Does not the baby bigot chant a Psalter
Of instinct homage at his Daisy Altar?

Oh, Flowers! sweet Flowers! ye preserve a breath
Untainted by communion here below.
What chalice'd fragrance fills the ruby heath
And dewy bluebell—just about to blow;
While the soft zephyr from the orange-wreath
Conjures up Hope, Youth, Love, and Bridal glow.
Oh! Flowers, come always round us in your bloom,
—The daintiest weaving in God's marvellous loom!

And 'mid the Flowers and Music of glad times
Let us have "Old companions" flocking round;
Those who have grown with us since schoolboy rhymes
And "breaking-up" huzzas made hallowed ground
Of any play-place. When the New Year's chimes
Ring out let "auld acquaintance" still be found
Gathered together—deeming years gone by
Mere cloud-steps, leading us from earth to sky.

Let our blood flow and widen like the Nile,
Lest the broad lands around grow stark and dry,
God meant the human face to spread its smile
Like those blest waters, and not let Love die
In arid solitude and weedy guile,
For want of aid which all can give who try—
And when the cheerful flood is at its height,
Pour some such strain as this to mark the night.



"A look of kind Truth and a word of Good Will
Are the magical helps on Life's road;
With a mountain to travel, they shorten the hill,
With a burden, they lighten the load.

So Stranger and Neighbour, though Sorrow and Labour
 On each of our pathways may fall ;
 While Love carols aloud like a lark in the cloud,
 There is Beauty and Joy for us all.

" Wind and thunder have rolled, yet the wheat-ears of gold,
 And the red grapes shine glowing together ;
 So should spirits unite in the heart's harvest light,
 And forget all the past of rough weather.
 Let us balance the glad with the sombre and sad ;
 Let the voice of good fellowship call ;
 For while Love sings aloud, like a lark in the cloud,
 There is Beauty and Joy for us all."

Let us have " Old companions," free and jolly—
 Or new ones, if they are of genial sort.
 Those who are not above a burst of folly
 Over " Hot Cockles," or " Snap-dragon" sport ;
 Romping " Sir Roger,"—kissing 'neath the holly,
 Or tossing flip—who do not think, in short,
 That social mathematics, straight and rigid,
 Should make us like North Poles, reserved and frigid.

Knowledge may *rule* the mind—but surely knowledge
 Need not *imprison* it with gaoler's key ;
 I have no faith in the conventual college,
 Where Mother Prudence grants the " first degree."
 Some of the flags we waved in ball and doll age,
 Flaunt out in after scenes right pleasantly.
 Give us companions void of glumpy dudgeon,
 Which qualifies the title—" wise curmudgeon."

I always shrink with an instinctive terror
 From those who scorn to play the fool like others ;
 Who pride themselves on being free from error,
 And spurn the antics of their motley brothers.
 I long to bring them to a faithful mirror,
 And publish all their " silent system" smothers.
 Most worthy, proper, cautious folks are they ;
 But, oh ! no " Joy for ever" in our way.

Oh ! give us " Things of Beauty," in the shape
 Of human Hands, whose frank and ready grasp
 Give no smooth simulation of the ape ;
 In which mere, Jesuit " seeming" prompts the clasp
 That native honesty would fain escape ;
 But give us hands that close as though a hasp
 Of Cordial Impulse shut without control,
 When once the fingers meet a kindred soul.

No matter if the palm be somewhat hard,
Or rather browner than high blood should show.

"Kalydor," or rare "Amandine Pomade,"
May not have helped to give the hue of snow
Or velvet texture for our eyes' regard ;

And polished, pinky filberts may not glow :
But, dark or fair, some fingers send a gleam
Of speaking flame, like the electric stream.

Dear Hands ! what "things of Beauty" they appear,
Placed on our forehead with a mother's blessing,
Or held with rapture—doting and sincere—

When young Affection pours its first caressing ;
Or when we wring them with a silent tear,
In the "Good-bye" we dare not risk expressing.
Sweet, precious Hands ! that let us clasp and kiss them ;
Frank, warm, and true ; oh ! may we never miss them.

And Auld "John Anderson's" lank, furrowed wrist
Seems to his dame a "Thing of Beauty" still ;

As strong and smooth as when he kept his tryst
In gloamin' shadows on the birk-clad hill ;
When its quick pulse-fire felt no mountain mist,
But flushed his broad palm with a hectic thrill,
That leaves e'en yet a tinge of beauteous dye,
And "Joy for ever" in the auld wife's eye.

And Books, close-garnered Books, whose pages teem
With all that gifted eloquence can teach,

What "Things of Beauty" do ye ever seem :
Still sending the Apostle Paul to preach ;
Pale Petrarch to reveal his idol-dream,
And Cicero to pour his mighty speech ;
Welding together all of human kind
By the impenetrable God-link—Mind.

Oh ! wondrous archives of the "chosen few,"

What halo rays illumine the tattered skin
That keeps a "Faery Queen" from tripping through,
Or shuts a Plato's store of Truth within ;
Truth that impels us on to dare and do,

And shout "Excelsior" 'mid this mortal din.
Oh ! blest companions, who can moan and mope
With gay "Montaigne" and philosophic "Pope" ?

See "Ossian" stand, unfettered, weird, and wild,
With "Hesiod," "Virgil," "Tasso"—side by side ;
See great "De Foe," whose "Crusoe" charms the child,
While his stern world-lore is the wise man's guide ;

See grand old "Johnson," "Cowper" quaint and mild,
 And "Chatterton," rich waif on Sorrow's tide;
 See "Plutarch," "Horace," "Livy," "Sophocles,"
 In one, bright swarm—Fame's deathless, honey bees.

Books! ye are "Things of Beauty," fair indeed;
 Ye gild with waneless lustre homely shelves.
 Ye have brought unction balm in many a need,
 Deftly and softly as Titania's elves.
 Ye have healed those sharp wounds that wince and bleed
 With anguish—reckoned only by ourselves.
 Ye have done much to ease long suffering thrall
 When lips have drunk too much of the world's gall.

Some heavy thought has often lost its weight
 When "Robie Burns" has come to share the hour,
 Crooning his rhymes till my soul grew elate
 With deep responses to his minstrel power;
 When "Campbell" wrapt me in sweet "Gertrude's" fate,
 Or roused my blood to think I shared the dower
 Of Freedom's heirs, whose Red Cross crests the seas,
 And, dauntless, "braves the battle and the breeze."

Oft have I turned from stern and gloomy men,
 To talk with "Bloomfield" in his simple tongue:
 To hear his "Farmer's Boy" go down the glen
 With rustic troll—half whistled and half sung;
 To shout with brave and generous "Abner," when
 His bridle on old "Bayard's" neck was flung;
 To go with "Kate and Richard" to the fair;
 And learn what feats "A Broken Crutch" could dare.

Have I not laid unseemly follies down
 Beneath the word of Athens' martyr-sage,
 Who took his poison as kings take a crown,
 And left his "crime" to fill a glory-page,
 To guide and strengthen spirits like my own,
 And feed Truth's beacon-fire from age to age?
 Have I not struggled to be humbly just,
 And like the glowworm, gild my path of dust?

Have I not sought with strong, impassioned zeal
 To leave a few, enduring thoughts behind,
 That unborn ones may read; and, reading, *feel*
 To be the life-sparks of an earnest mind;—
 A mind whose craving hope met nought but steel
 In those whose sympathy it yearned to find?
 No "kin" could understand my soul's endeavour:
 And so I turned to "books"—those "Joys for ever."

I often chide and check my headlong steed—
Hot Impulse—with a vein of prosy banter.
And strive to slacken the Pegasian speed
From a mad gallop to a steady canter;
But, once away, 'twill neither halt nor heed,
And on it goes, like "Meg" with "Tam O'Shanter;"
Only, instead of demons on its quarters,
Romance sends after it her rosiest daughters.

How is it that I still look out on earth,
And chiefly note the kind, the good, the great?
Why does my bosom own the self-same mirth
That welcomed Life at Morning's golden gate?
Whence comes my "Ariel" of enchanted birth,
Defying all the "Calibans" of Hate?
Is it that "Things of Beauty" fill my heart
With trusting faith that will not all depart?

And yet I have encountered pain and trial,
Griefs, disappointments, anguish, doubts and fears.
Fate has poured out on me her chastening vial,
Melting my choicest pearls in acrid tears.
My warmest prayer has met with stern denial;
My rarest chaplets have been flung on biers;
But there's a saving anchor for the one
Who learns to say, "*Thy* will, not mine, be done."

I have been stricken by the varied blows
Of hard Reality, and forced to yield.
Fancy could not defeat the pressing foes
That offer battle on this mortal field;
But Faith and calm Endurance can oppose
The sharpest conflict with a steady shield;
And let our Fate reveal whate'er it will,
Courage does much to baffle every ill.

Sorrow leaves slighter scars when bravely borne,
And Time has been most gentle in his dealing
With me. He has not harshly snatched and torn
My May-day bloom; or, if he has been stealing
A rose or two, he has not left the thorn
Severely prominent in its revealing,
But flung some leaves of genial Autumn flush
To take the place of Hebe's vermeil blush.

The gaunt, Scythe-bearing mower has been whetting
His tool upon my locks, and mixed the gold
With threads of silver; yet, while he was setting
His tempered blade, he was not rudely bold,

But touched his forelock civilly, regretting
 That Poets, unlike him, should e'er grow old;
 And whispering, in tones of laughing tinkle,
 "I can't yet find a place to cut a wrinkle!"

Somehow, the ancient gentleman and I
 Have never had a quarrel over things
 Which seem to worry many folks; though why
 Or wherefore Wisdom never brings
 To Reason's verdict—for the envious sigh
 And greedy grasp that clog our sprouting wings
 Seem self-engendered cancers, having roots
 That at the best can bear but poison-fruits.

I dare not look upon my erring brothers
 As though I were of better stuff than they.
 I have not learned to note foul spots in others,
 Deeming *my* heart all crystal—theirs all clay.
 I cannot nurse cold Caution till it smothers
 The sparkling Hope-streams bursting on our way;
 And quiet Craft and lynx-eyed Calculation
 Are ruined by my "bursts of admiration."

No doubt I have been recklessly unwise,
 And found *my* "Things of Beauty" in the list
 Of names and deeds that never won a prize
 When "Fortune" was the lady to be kissed.
 No yellow wave of Pactolus supplies
 "Old Water Mills;" no Plutus heaps *their* grist;
 And what are "Old Arm Chairs?" what "Loves Elysian?"—
 Lumber and "Cloudland" to a "worldly vision."

Some natures have a latent trick of keeping
 The places, forms, and tunes of "long ago,"
 Where beaming, phantom features *will* come peeping;
 Some "Mill Stream" with its ripple-laugh *will* flow;
 Some welcome step *will* tread with gleesome leaping;
 Some whispered tones *will* breathe—kind, soft, and low.
 We all twine secret wreaths that never fade,
 Kept in Affection's close and silent shade.

We garner up strange relics in the breast,
 Labelled as "Joys for ever" in our lot.
 A crumbling porch-seat where we used to rest
 In twilight mist may be a favoured spot.
 But then, perchance, it held another guest
 Who slyly carved on it "Forget me not."
 Like the poor insect—worthless, dead, and dull,
 Till Memory's amber makes it beautiful.

There may be some green hedgerow, far away,
Where our young, lusty arms clutched nut and sloe ;
Some patch of "common," where we used to play,
No matter what beneath us—grass or snow.
Years have fled since we saw them, but to-day
They come—still "Things of Beauty" all aglow
Before our "mind's eye" with the limning art
That Childhood's painting only can impart.

But I am straying too far from the track
On which I started ; and my dreaming thought
With yearning tenderness keeps looking back
Through the Soul's focus-lens, by which is brought
The scenes and beings which the hazy rack
Of Time obscures, as Time in mercy lay :
So list, kind readers, to my closing lay,
And let my Muse again take holiday.

Forgive me, shade of Keats, for the profanity
Which marks the early lines of this poor song.
It did not spring from thoughtlessness nor vanity ;
And the mood could not hold me fast nor long.
'Twas but the playful pulse of weak humanity
Trying, in sophist jest, to prove right, wrong ;
As we oft greet the being most adored,
With gay indifference, and sportive word.

We are firm friends : thy gentle Spirit knows
—If Spirits *can* know aught of mortals here—
That I bow down to thee as pilgrim bows
At Mecca's shrine, with Adoration's tear
And Rapture's throb, still failing to disclose
How well I love thy text ; how near and dear
Thy name is, as an urn of "Beauty," given
To burn the incense which exhales to heaven.

Accept this rambling strain, which thy key-note
Awoke when it was touched by passing hand.
My variations in their jingling rote
Owe all to *thy* short theme—pure, high, and grand.
Critics may justly find a blurring note
In my poetic eye, when they have scanned
This untaught, music stave—they did in thine—
And if *thy* song were poor, oh ! what is *mine* ?

Let me conjure thy Shadow to look down
With gracious smile upon my "oaten reed."
Let thy benignant influence chase the frown
From brows austere that would too harshly heed

The humble flow'rets which my Muse has strown
 Upon thy hallowed footprints. Let my Creed
 Meet sparing favour; for my idol knee
 Bendeth to Love, to Beauty, and to Thee.

 THE BAY-TREE.

I NURSED a tree in early youth—a beautiful young tree—
 The freshest and the sweetest thing that poet's gaze could see.
 I found it in a Fairy land, but know not how or where;
 I only know it seemed to me the fairest of the fair.
 I planted it one April morn while music filled the sky,
 While golden glow flushed o'er my brow, and danced within my eye;
 I planted it where Love and Hope—twin children—came to play,
 And, joining hands, we leaped about the beautiful, young Bay.

It grew awhile beneath the sun, 'mid dew, and warmth, and light—
 Its fragrant stem held too much sap, its branches were too bright;
 Its leaves burst out like revel guests, a rich and clustering throng,
 But lovely as the green Bay seemed, all saw it was not *strong*.
 What could it be that ailed the tree? No shade, no weed was round,
 The bee and bird were all that stirred about the grassy mound;
 Yet, as the summer rays poured down on valley, glade, and hill,
 All eyes could see the lovely tree was growing weaker still.

But lo! there sprung beside its root a sharp and tangled thorn;
 A little time—a dark night came—a cypress-shoot was born.
 The autumn-wind began to wail, and leaden clouds to loom;
 A little time—and then the tree was wrapped in misty gloom.
 The grass around it wove a cloak of dock and darnel leaf,
 The stem was clasped by emblem arms of Pain, and Death, and Grief;
 But, strange to say, the fair, young Bay, that sickened in the light,
 Grew bravely 'mid the weeds and shade, a thing of health and might.

Sweet Bay-Tree! symbol of the Song that dreaming Poet sings,
 We list the gay heart-lyre of Youth, and love the silvery strings;
 But never will the heart-lyre yield its strongest or its best,
 Till cypress Pain and thorny Truth have struggled in the breast.
 The Bay-Tree is a bonny tree, but never is it known
 To flourish in the richest soil that holds the Bay alone;
 The Bramble and the bitter leaf must fling their shadows nigh,
 And then the Bay-Tree rears its head, and springs toward the sky.



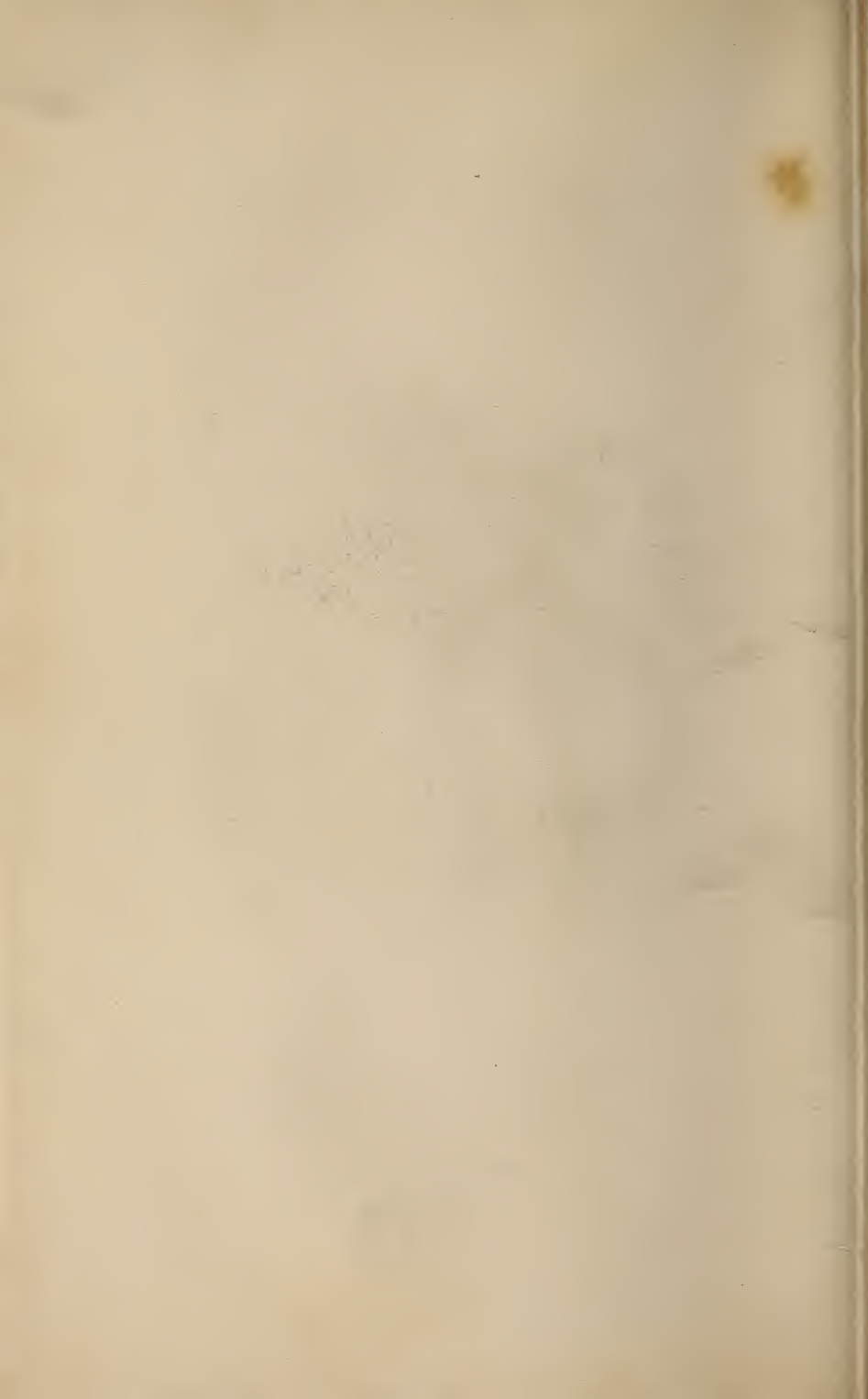
Illustration 20

Illustration 20

When Dobbin was saddled for work making way

And the quackly pulled hollow-trough served for a bed;

THE OLD FARM GATE



DON'T TELL THE WORLD THAT YOU'RE WAITING
FOR ME.

THREE summers have gone since the first time we met, love,
And still 'tis in vain that I ask thee to wed ;
I hear no reply but a gentle " Not yet, love,"
With a smile of your lip, and a shake of your head.
Ah! how oft have I whispered, how oft have I sued thee,
And breathed my soul's question of " When shall it be ?"
You know, dear, how long and how truly I've wooed thee,
So don't tell the world that you're waiting for me.

I have fashioned a home, where the fairies might dwell, love,
I've planted the myrtle, the rose, and the vine ;
But the cottage to me is a mere hermit's cell, love,
And the bloom will be dull till the flowers are thine.
I've a ring of bright gold, which I gaze on when lonely,
And sigh with Hope's eloquence, " When will it be ?"
There needs but thy " Yes," love—one little word only,
So don't tell the world that you're waiting for me.

THE LIFE-BOAT IS A GALLANT BARK.

THE Life-boat is a gallant bark that bears no pennon gay,
To flutter in the southern breeze or grace the festive day ;
No shining colour streaks her hull—no flowing sheets unfurl ;
She bears no freight of spicy bales—no stores of gem or pearl.
But when the waters leap and lash, and towering spars have bowed ;
How bravely does she hold her way 'mid billow, wind, and cloud.
A cheer, then, for the gallant boat that aids the tempest-tost ;
That carries on with steady keel when giant ships are lost.

Oh! as we prove the Life-boat, so we often prove a friend ;
And those who promise least of all, are truest in the end.
No figure-head of gold and red may mark them as they go ;
But how their honest planks will stand when Trouble-tempests blow.
They may not dance around us on the broad and sunlit tide,
But 'twixt the gale and dark lee-shore we find them close beside.
A cheer, then, for the noble breast that fears not Danger's post ;
And, like the Life-boat, proves a friend, when friends are wanted most.

“LOVE ONE ANOTHER.”

WE dream of music heard in heaven ;
 Of Hallelujahs, loud and long ;
 Of golden lyres and seraph choirs,
 And all the bliss of angel-song.
 But the rich strain and raptured flow
 That pour around the Mighty Throne ;
 Spring from the key-note touched below,
 When JESUS said, in gentle tone ;
 “ Love one another.”

We fondly picture future homes
 Where there shall never more be night ;
 With crystal walls and azure domes,
 Bathed in the flood of Glory's light.
 We hope to walk the star-paved ground ;
 And claim “ a mansion high and pure ;”
 But this plain Corner-stone is found
 Fixed *here*, to make *that* mansion *sure* ;
 “ Love one another.”

Short Creed !—but taught by God's, own Son ;
 The Type of Truth and Human Good :
 The Holy, Wise, Child-hearted One,
 Who sealed his Mission with his Blood.
 When Scoffers led *Him* forth to die,
 No hate, no vengeance filled his breath ;
 “ Father, forgive them,” was *His cry* ;
 Still teaching in his hour of death ;
 “ Love one another.”

SWEET, GREEN LEAVES.

TAKE me to the hill-side, take me to the rill-side,
 Where the scarlet pimpernel and starry daisies grow,
 Where the woodbine wreathing, greets the Zephyr's breathing,
 Where the foam-pearls dance upon the ripples as they flow.
 Take me to the valleys where thick, shady alleys
 Will lead me to red clover-fields and plains of yellow sheaves,
 And I'll sing to bees and flowers, I'll tell the woodland bowers
 That the heart brings back its old love to the Sweet, Green leaves.

Take me where the birds fly, take me where the herds lie,
 Where the ringdove nestles, and the browsing heifer lows,
 Where the brake will hide me from the fawn beside me,
 Where the pebbly runnel kisses wild moss, reed, and rose.
 Take me where the sunlight only sheds a dun light,
 Where the arm of Lady Birch with oak and alder weaves,
 And their branches bent with glory shall tell the same old story,
 That Bird and Poet sing the best 'mid Sweet, Green leaves.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

ONLY look at Gaffer Grey
 Creeping slowly on his way
 With a staff to help him stand,
 Leant on with a shaking hand ;
 With a step that fears to meet
 The pebbles of the village street ;
 With a cheek that falleth in,
 And a very peakèd chin ;
 With a forehead made of wrinkles
 Carved in crosses, cranks, and crinkles,
 And a voice so thin and mumbling,
 That his glee might pass for grumbling.
 See his eyes so blear and dim,
 And his beard so grey and grim ;
 See his legs, all lean and lank,
 Dwindled down to skin and shank.
 Poor old Gaffer Grey is labelled
 With the words that tune my rhyme :
 Read him over—you'll discover
 Nought but "Once upon a time."

I wandered to a spot of earth,
 Where Fame had crowned the ruin-crag ;
 Where ravens in their shrieking mirth
 Flapped their wings like conquerors' flags
 Waving o'er a battle-field ;
 Where bat and lizard had allied,
 With mole and owlet by their side,
 And forced the bulwark foe to yield.
 Some phantasy beguiled my sight
 With visions of a gorgeous story,—
 Of jewelled roof, of halls of light,
 Of purple woof, of walls of might,
 Of pillared temples, thrones of state,

Of pomp and palace, grand and great,
 Of people's shouts, of feasting kings,
 And all the myriad dazzling things
 That haunt the place of faded glory.
 —I started, for a frightened thrush
 Flew from a tuft of sedgy rush,
 Then, gazing down, I stepped aside
 To let the toad crawl back and hide;
 A squirrel brood ran up the larch
 That swayed within the oriel arch,
 And then my tread disturbed the rest
 Of a wild rabbit in its nest.
 I trampled through the dank, thick grass,
 To catch the bindweed's trailing flowers,
 That tied themselves in tangled mass
 Across the cracking, turret towers.
 The topmost battlement was lying
 Beside the breaking buttress pile:
 And dolefully the wind was sighing
 Through festive court and priestly aisle.
 Time's robe of green was flung about
 The mammoth skeleton of strength;
 And scattered bones of granite stones
 Told of its giant breadth and length.
 I stood upon a scattered heap
 Of fragments of the watch-tower Keep;
 I wandered on, and strolled across
 The banquet-hall, laid down with moss;
 I climbed some steps shut out from day,
 Till dust and nettles choked my way;
 I saw a mushroom springing up
 Where royal feet had led the dance;
 I saw the foxglove's swinging cup
 Where knights had hung their bannered lance;
 And, as I gazed, I saw a hand—
 A withered hand—stretch forth and write
 A short text fraught with holy thought;
 Easy to read by dullest light.
 'Twas plain and terse, but sacred page
 Gives nought more simple and sublime;
 It softened youth, it solaced age,
 It mocked the hero and the sage
 In these words—"Once upon a time."

It was but yesterday I found
 A score of letters, closely bound:
 Some were torn in treasured pieces,
 Some were worn in careful creases,

Ink had faded, seals had crumbled,
 And my heart felt sad and humbled ;
 For I knew the thoughts, the hopes,
 The earnest wish, the brilliant tropes,
 Those letters hastened to reveal
 Were symbolled by the ink and seal.

I opened one—my pulse grew quicker,
 My eyelid fell, my breath came thicker ;
 I traced its lines, close, firm, and clear,
 Telling how deeply, fondly dear,
 The being was for whose loved sake
 That letter came, with *such* a cake.
 It gave report of "Pincher's" health,
 It told of "Muff's" increase of wealth
 In five young rabbits, all milk-white ;
 That "Gyp" and "Dobbin" were "all right,"
 That Midsummer would quickly come,
 And then for "holidays and home."
 I gave a gasp, half sob, half sigh,
 While Memory's flood-wave filled my eye,
 And folded from my misty gaze
 My mother and my schoolgirl days.

I looked upon another hand,
 Bold, free, and dashing in its form ;
 And then I saw the lee-shore strand,
 And heard the passion of the storm
 That tore the right arm from its hold,
 And flung it nerveless, still, and cold,
 Upon the rocks, no more to send
 Its tidings full of life and joy,
 And cheer his childhood's playmate-friend
 With letters from the sailor boy.

Another and another scroll
 I opened—one by one I read :
 I gazed, as they who may unroll
 A shroud to look upon the dead.
 Love, with its ardent vows, was there ;
 Friendship, that promised to be true ;
 Words that, like summer light and air,
 Filled my young world with gold and blue.
 Where was the lover ? Where the friend ?
 The bond that was to know no end ?
 Where was the promise and the vow ?
 Alas, a yawning gulf of gloom,
 Bridged only by a dark, grey tomb,
 Had opened wide 'twixt *then* and *now*.

THE SMUGGLER KING.

A muffled sound seemed breathing round,
 A mingled tone of merry chime
 And funeral knells, but all the bells
 Gave chorus of the theme which tells
 Old tales of "Once upon a time."

Come, I will write my epitaph
 In letters shadowy and dim ;
 And though the young, strong man may laugh,
 'Twill shortly serve as well for him.
 Just heap the clay where frost and sun
 May help the ivy-leaf to climb ;
 And all I've said, and all I've done,
 And all I've lost, and all I've won,
 The struggling race that I have run
 Shall find full record on the stone
 In these few words of solemn tone,—
 "Once upon a time."



THE SMUGGLER KING.

THERE'S a brave, little bark, stealing out in the dark,
 From her nest in the beetling bay ;
 The fresh breeze meets her dingy sheets,
 And swiftly she darts away.
 She never must run in the eye of the sun,
 But along with the owl take wing ;
 She must keep her flight for the moonless night,
 For she carries the Smuggler King.

And monarch is he, as bold as can be,
 Of a strong and daring band :
 The bullet and blast may go whistling past,
 But he quails not—heart or hand.
 He lives or dies with his fearful prize ;
 Like a hunted wolf he'll spring,
 With dagger and dirk to the deadliest work,
 And fight like a Smuggler King.

Back from the wave to his home in the cave,
 In the sheen of the torches' glare ;
 He reigns the lord of a freebooter's board ;
 And never was costlier fare.

Right firm and true are the hearts of his crew ;
He has faith in the shouts that ring,
As they stave the cask, and drain the flask,
And drink to the Smuggler King.

“WHERE ARE THEY NOW?”

THE sun-rays came with floods of golden gladness,
When Childhood dwelt upon our laughing lips ;
But Time soon dimmed the dancing beams with sadness,
And bade us murmur through the grey eclipse,
“Where are they now ?”

What scented leaves and luscious buds were flinging
Their incense odours round our early day ;
But Manhood gazed while bloom and branch were springing,
And sighed, as one by one they died away,
“Where are they now ?”

What starry hopes illumed our dreaming spirits
When Life and Love were beautiful and new ;
But Age, with all the wisdom it inherits,
Breathes o'er the molten gems of morning dew,
“Where are they now ?”

Oh, pensive words ! how many a blissful treasure
Ye serve to point to, as a long-lost thing !
How many a voice that pours the richest measure ;
Must learn thy plaintive notes, and faintly sing,
“Where are they now ?”

THE RAISING OF THE MAYPOLE.

MY own land ! My own land ! where Freedom finds her throne-land .
Fair thou art, and rare thou art, to every true-born son.
Though no gold ore veins thee, though no grape-juice stains thee,
We've harvest fields, and quartered shields, well kept and nobly won.
And we have pleasant tales to tell,
And spots in many a native dell,
Which we may prize and love as well
As Troubadour his story.

THE RAISING OF THE MAYPOLE.

The lilting troll and roundelay
 Will never, never pass away,
 That welcomed in the herald day
 Of Summer's, rosy glory.
 And goodly sight of mirth and might,
 In blood that gained us Cressy's fight,
 Was hearts and eyes, all warm and bright
 About the high and gay pole ;
 When flower-bedight, 'mid leaves and light,
 Shouts echoed—as it reared upright—
 Of—" Hurrah for merry England, and the raising of the
 Maypole !"
 When the good, old times had carol rhymes,
 With morris games and village chimes ;
 When clown and priest shared cup and feast,
 And the greatest jostled with the least,
 At the " raising of the Maypole."

My brave land ! my brave land ! oh ! may'st thou be my grave-land ;
 For firm and fond will be the bond that ties my breast to thee.
 When Summer's beams are glowing, when Autumn's gusts are blowing,
 When Winter's clouds are snowing, thou art still right dear to me.
 But yet methinks I love thee best
 When bees are nursed on white-thorn breast,
 When Spring-tide pours in—sweet and blest—
 And Mirth and Hope come dancing !
 When music from the feathered throng,
 Breaks forth in merry marriage-song,
 And mountain streamlets dash along,
 Like molten diamonds glancing !
 Oh ! pleasant 'tis to scan the page,
 Rich with the theme of bygone age ;
 When motley fool and learned sage
 Brought garlands for the gay pole ;
 When laugh and shout came ringing out,
 From courtly knight and peasant lout,
 In, " Hurrah for merry England, and the raising of the
 Maypole !"
 When the good, old times had carol rhymes,
 With morris games and village chimes ;
 When clown and priest shared cup and feast,
 And the greatest jostled with the least,
 At the " raising of the Maypole !"

I LEAVE THEE FOR AWHILE.

I LEAVE thee for awhile, my love, I leave thee with a sigh ;
 The fountain spring within my soul is playing in mine eye ;
 I do not blush to own the tear,—let, let it touch my cheek,
 And what my lip has failed to tell, that drop perchance may speak.
 Mavourneen ! when again I seek my green isle in the West,
 Oh, promise thou wilt share my lot, and set this heart at rest.

I leave thee for awhile, my love ; but every hour will be
 Uncheered and lonely till the one that brings me back to thee.
 I go to make my riches more ; but where is man to find
 A vein of gold so rich and pure as that I leave behind ?
 Mavourneen ! though my home might be the fairest earth possessed,
 Till thou wouldst share and make it warm, this heart would know no
 rest.

I leave thee for awhile, my love ; my cheek is cold and white,
 But ah, I see a promise stand within thy glance of light ;
 When next I seek old, Erin's shore, thy step will bless it too,
 And then the grass will seem more green, the sky will have more blue.
 Mavourneen ! first and dearest loved, there's sunshine in my breast,
 For thou wilt share my future lot, and set this heart at rest.



A DOGGREL DITTY.

THE Feeling and Fancy will often indulge
 In very odd whims of selection,
 When giving the title that serves to divulge
 The dumb pet of our household affection.

And my one grain of sense was oft deemed to be lost
 In a bushel of chaff from Bedlam ;
 When the creature came nigh that I used to accost
 With the greeting of, "deardleum Kedlum."

But, somehow, it never came into my head
 To say "Kenneth"—the name he was christened—
 He was always styled "Kenny," or "Keddle," or "Ked,"
 And he seemed to love each, while he listened.—

One called him "Kentucky," another "Kenmuir;"
 So others had *some* touch of Bedlam;
 But the fondest of all that kind voices let fall,
 Was liquid and musical "Kedlum."

When the dinner roast-beef, or the breakfast sardine,
 My visitors freely were sharing;
 With his nose on the table, this guest might be seen,
 Most pensively, patiently staring.

No vulgar entreaty, no whimpering cry,
 His wants or his wishes were stating;
 But a soft importunity dwelt in his eye,
 Saying, "deardleum Kedlum is waiting."

No coaxing could win him to follow the track
 Of the known ones who petted and fed him:
 He'd stand, while they bribed him, with glance that looked back,
 And resist with all might if they led him.

If I walked in the daylight, with restless despair;
 Old "Kedlum" was ever beside me;
 If I sat in the night-gloom, old "Kedlum" was there,
 As if watchful lest ill should betide me.

Mayhap, some strange weaving of Sympathy's chain
 Held our spirits and linked them together;
 Though the woman was born to hunt thoughts in the brain,
 And the hound to chase deer in the heather.

The forms of the Past that filled bonnie Broom Hill,
 Will oft on the Present be stealing;
 The sound of the "Tumbling Bay" follows me still;
 And quaint Teddington church bells are pealing

I see the gay woodbine around the dark pine,
 Like a happy child nursed by sad mother;
 I see the clematis and hop-blossoms twine,
 Tying true-lover's knots with each other.

I see the sweet limes, and the green, sloping mound,
 And the roses, 'mid bay-leaves, reposing;
 And the picture is perfect when Kedlum is found
 In the shade of acacia-trees—dozing.

* * * * *

I have left him—still dozing—still taking his rest,
 With the spring flowers over him peeping;
 And the stranger may tread on his fresh, mossy bed,
 But old Kedlum wont rouse from his sleeping.

HYMN.

LET all be ready,—Watch and Pray,
 For none can tell the hour
 When God may call His own away,
 And use His sovereign power.

Let Childhood lift its hands to heaven,
 And sing its Maker's praise;
 Let Youth remember, Life was given
 To walk in Wisdom's ways.

Let Manhood think that death may come
 When least it seemeth nigh;
 And, though content with this bright home,
 Yet be prepared to die.

Let Pilgrims bend with fervent zeal,
 Whose race is well-nigh run;
 And ask their Father, while they kneel,
 To bless their setting sun.

Let all be ready—Watch and Pray—
 Trust not health, strength, nor gold;
 For none can tell us what a day
 Brings forth for young or old.



CHRISTMAS.

'Twas the eve-tide of Christmas, and Christmas put on
 The most old-fashioned garments that Christmas could don—
 There was snow in the valley, and snow on the hill,
 There was snow on the roof-top, and snow on the sill;
 The voice of the swift-running brooklet was still,
 The frost-keys had locked up the wheels of the mill,
 And the birds were so tame that the wildest ones came
 To peep in at the casement with crumb-seeking bill.
 All was white on the earth—all was blue in the sky,
 The north-wind was muffled too closely to sigh,
 The ice-pearls glanced back to the sun's ruddy eye,
 And the rook thought it better to roost than to fly.
 King Christmas strode on in his slippers of glass,
 With a grasp and a word for each one that might pass;
 His blessing was kind, though his greeting was bold,
 And his plain carol-ditty he lustily trolled:

" Room for me, room for me,
 High or low born though you be,
 I'm very cold and very old,
 But very strong, as ye may see.
 Yonder stand the turrets tall,
 With holly in the banquet-hall,
 Dainty fare is smoking there,
 While the minstrel echoes fall.
 Town and hamlet, foul or fair;
 Christmas looks in everywhere.

" Hark! the flushed and shouting lip
 Laughs to see the red wine drip;
 Warm hands fill up the wassail cup,
 And busy fingers toss the flip.
 Here, the hovel roof is low,
 And the casement lets in snow,
 But the green and red are seen
 Hanging in the wood-fire glow.
 'Mid poor and many—great and rare,
 Christmas looks in everywhere.

" See yon circle—gaily proud—
 Wait more friends to join the crowd;
 More friends still come—and list the hum—
 In my name's welcome—blithe and loud.
 Further on, a woman's sigh
 Breathes through salt of weeping eye,
 Since I came last a cloud has past,
 And she has seen the dearest die.
 'Mid Mirth and Mourning, Pomp and Prayer,
 Christmas looks in everywhere.

" Sacred ceilings, dark and grey,
 Bear the mistletoe and bay;
 And anthem hymn, through cloister dim,
 Peals along the close highway.
 Farmer's boys fetch in Yule logs,
 To pile upon the chimney dogs;
 And laugh to find I'm just behind,
 To trip them up with icy clogs.
 Church and homestead—here and there—
 Christmas looks in everywhere.

" I mix the cake, and broach the beer,
 I tell long tales of fun and fear,
 I bring choice flasks, and tap huge casks;
 And load the board with revel cheer.

I call back wanderers to the hearth,
 Where Home's undying love had birth.
 I fling a gleam of Memory's beam,
 On those far off—'mid Death and Dearth—
 By night-watch flame, and fire-side glare,
 Christmas looks in everywhere.

"Roast the ox, and drain the butt;
 Let no human heart be shut;
 Let 'Goodwill' be reigning still,
 And the Castle help the Hut.
 Room for me! room for me!
 High or low born though ye be,
 On new-born cry, and dying prayer
 Christmas looks in everywhere."



ODD LINES FOR "ODD FELLOWS."

(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF
 ODD FELLOWS.)

THEY tell us a story—perhaps you all know it—
 Of a Father, three sons, and a bundle of sticks;
 But it carries a moral of use to the poet,
 And still of more use to Toms, Harrys, and Dicks.

With your leave, I'll relate it—An old man had weathered
 The last gale of Life, and he wished to bequeath
 His most precious advice to his sons, who had gathered
 To hear what a Father's last whisper would breathe.

"See that fagot of sticks," said the sire, "in yon corner,
 With a withe twined about it to keep it together;
 Now, each of you take it, and see who can break it,
 But mind that not one of you take off the tether."

The boys, in their turn, tried their hardest and strongest,
 But no, not a twig of the fagot would crack;
 And at last, when the stoutest had bent it the longest,
 They gave up the trial, and carried it back.

"Stay, stay," cried the Father, "now take off the binding,
 And see if your might be expended in vain:"
 They tried, and the Father spoke louder on finding
 The sticks, one by one, were all broken in twain.

“Now remember, my boys, be this lesson implanted
 In each of your hearts when I've passed from your sight,
 'Tis firm, Moral Unity chiefly is wanted
 To bring Human Peace, and preserve Human Right.”

Now methinks this old story has Gospel-like meaning,
 That we in “Oddfellowship” honestly speak;
 For with Unity's band we may laugh at the hand
 That would break us in bits, as the single and weak.

'Tis a great, 'tis a good, 'tis a glorious thing,
 When sweet Charity, Heaven's prime minister, comes,
 And with eloquent voice and soft, cherishing wing,
 Takes that beldam, Old Poverty, out of our homes.

But a greater and better is proud Independence,
 That asks not for bread, with the chance of a stone;
 That can laugh at the hag, and defy her to lag
 Near the door that it locks with a key of its own.

Self-Help is the secret that makes man and woman
 Most worthy of Heaven, most noble on earth;
 And would that this truest of pride were more common;
 And rank were bestowed by our *life*; not our *birth*.

For the thinkers and workers who reason aright,
 Who as children of God would be sister and brother;
 Must be willing to widen Humanity's light,
 And while helping themselves, learn to help one another.

The links of true “Fellowship,” forged of pure metal,
 Are able to stretch out a chain of rare power,
 Hands “united” can root up Necessity's nettle,
 And plant in its place, Comfort's odorous flower.

With your wills, with your brains, then, up, up and be stirring!
 For remember each sister, remember each brother,
 That the Christian's great motto—the blest and unerring—
 Is “We help ourselves most when we help one another.”



A GAY DECEIVER IS HE.

GALLANT and tall, and a soldier withal,
 Sir Harry goes courting the fair;
 He has burnished his curls, and his white hand twirls
 Through the tresses with tender care.

He is whispering low, but don't let your hearts go :
 Maidens, just watch, and you'll see,
 That Sir Harry can smile, and mean nothing the while,
 For a gay deceiver is he.
 Scout him and flout him with pride and scorn,
 For he'll sue you, and woo you, and leave you forlorn.

He holds up his head, and tells of the dead
 And the wounded his Beauty has left,
 Lightly he'll boast of the love-smitten host
 By his charms of their peace bereft.
 Oh! heave not a sigh at the blink of his eye,
 Though melting its beam may be ;
 He seeks to entrance your souls with a glance,
 But a gay deceiver is he.
 Scout him and flout him—he worships a stone—
 For the image he dotes on is only his own.

This gallant and gay Sir Harry, they say,
 Has reckoned his worth in gold ;
 Sir Harry is not to be given away,
 He is only a thing to be sold.
 Maidens, don't fret, though his whiskers of jet
 Right daintily trimmed may be ;
 Oh! give him no part of a woman's warm heart,
 For a gay deceiver is he.
 Scout him and flout him with pride and scorn,
 And leave him and his Beauty to live forlorn.

 PEACE.

PEACE! Peace! the Olive-Wreath is twined,
 The war-horse takes his rest ;
 The corn sheaves rustle in the wind,
 The turtle builds her nest.
 The fawn is sporting on the hills ;
 The orchards yield their stores ;
 We've roses on the cottage sills,
 And laughter at the doors.
 Ah! Peace! how beautiful thou art,
 To all but savage kind ;
 Shout, shout with glee—the land is free ;
 The Olive-Wreath is twined.

No maiden dreams of fearful wounds
 Upon her soldier-love ;
 No banner waves—no trumpet sounds,
 To scare the cooing dove.
 The valleys ring with notes of mirth ;
 The happy swains are blest ;
 There's Plenty on the teeming earth,
 And Joy in every breast.
 Ah, Peace ! how beautiful thou art,
 To all but savage kind ;
 Shout ! shout with glee—the land is free ;
 The Olive-Wreath is twin

LINES APPENDED TO A BUNCH OF DRIED
 GRASSES.

SAY, were ye among the first, mighty designing,
 That built up Creation in atoms and masses ?
 Or were ye enrolled in the perfect combining
 That, after the "prentice han," fashioned the "lasses?"
 Be either, be neither,—yet nought from earth springing,
 In exquisite finish, thy beauty surpasses ;
 And Man will do well, in his span of earth-clinging,
 If his Life is like what 'tis compared to—the Grasses.

CHARITY.

THEY who, bearing heavy burdens over Life's most hilly road,
 Strive to cheer a weaker brother, bowed beneath another load ;
 Who, with young ones round about them, where full Plenty never
 smiled,
 Yet can stretch their heart and table to let in an orphan child ;
 They who, half-fed, feed the breadless, in the travail of distress ;
 They who, taking from a little, give to those who have still less ;
 They, who needy, yet can pity when they look on greater need ;
 These are Charity's disciples—these are Mercy's sons indeed.

They who will not join the onslaught made upon a noble name,
 When sharp words, like coward's arrows, may be launched with covert
 aim ;
 They who will not crush a jewel that perchance may bear a speck ;
 They who will not help to fasten stones about a drowning neck ;

They who, having breathed in anger, scarcely let the breath exhale,
 Ere returning kindness stirreth, like a rosebud in a gale;
 They whose piety condemns not Brahmim fasts nor Jewish feasts;
 These are spirits, blessed and blessing—these are Charity's High
 Priests!

They who firmly raise their voices, they who warmly give their thought,
 In the cause of fellow-beings, lowly, friendless, and untaught;
 They who boldly pour out Knowledge as the only ray to light
 Creatures from their maze of darkness into open paths of Right;
 They who seek to build up presses, and destroy the gibbet-rope;
 These are God's own, earnest servants, spreading Charity and Hope!

They whose lips, with gentle instinct, ever watchfully restrain
 Random jest or keen allusion that may give another pain;
 They who yield their own, fond wishes, even for a stranger's sake,
 Well content, by self-resigning, others' happiness to make;
 They whose conscience bids them scruple o'er some deed they fain
 would do,

Asking if the work of Pleasure be a work of Duty too;
 They who in broad, honest dealing do as they would be done by;
 These are Charity's soft ring-doves, soaring nearest to the sky!
 They who bravely scorn to torture aught that has not power to turn;
 They who look upon the mute things—seeing much to love and learn;
 They who think that holy Mercy is for ALL that live and feel;
 These shall grace the angel's record, stamped with the Almighty seal!

Charity! first-born of Heaven! let thy truest worth be told—
 Worth that is not shown in atoms flung from mountain-piles of gold.
 Pomp and Riches will not miss it, though they give a tithe away;
 They will have enough to-morrow, though they feed a host to-day.
 'Tis the poor man's mite—unnoted; 'tis small heart-coins, ne'er
 summed up;
 'Tis the constant balm that Kindness sheds into the social cup;
 'Tis the lip that will not utter bitter words to blight and sear;
 'Tis the eye that loses lustre when it sees another's tear;
 'Tis the hand of Need that giveth when it findeth greater need;
 These are Charity's TRUE workings—blest and bountiful indeed!

THE PIPER'S DAUGHTER.

“GANG awa,” was Donald's cry,
 “Let's hae nae mair parley,”
 As the Piper, standing by,
 Struck up “Rigs o' Barley.”

THE BANNER OF UNION.

Donald was a wealthy lad,
 But music was not in him ;
 Bagpipes always drove him mad,—
 The Piper could not win him.

But, alack ! one summer day
 He crossed Loch Leven's water ;
 And he met upon his way,
 The Piper and his daughter.

Donald looked, and Donald saw
 Bonnie, grey eyes glancing,
 And his heart was beating time
 While those eyes were dancing.

Donald gazed, with soul amazed,
 While he stood before 'em ;
 And never stirred, although he heard
 That horrid " Tullochgorum."

The old man played, yet Donald stayed,
 Each moment seeming shorter ;
 The Piper's drone had changed its tone
 Beside the Piper's daughter.

Alack ! alas ! it came to pass
 Young Donald crossed Loch Leven
 As often, and as willingly,
 As though it led to Heaven

A wondrous change came o'er his mind,
 He thought the bagpipes pleasant ;
 But then, the Piper he was blind,
 And those grey eyes were present.

Young Donald loved the old man's child,
 With golden ring he sought her ;
 And took the pipes and Piper home,
 As well as Piper's daughter.



THE BANNER OF UNION.

BRING the Harp of the West, and the Pipes of the North,
 When our Trumpet note calls to the field ;
 Let the men of old Scotia and Erin come forth,
 And our foemen shall see who must yield.

Side by side in the battle, like granite we'll stand,
 With a will and a might none shall sever;
 For Glory or Death, we will twine in one wreath
 Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle for ever.

Our Banner of Union shall float in the wind
 Over hearts that have never yet quailed;
 The sword shall be drawn, and that Banner be borne,
 By hands that have never yet failed.
 Sons of the heather! your fame in the fight
 Is as old as your glens and your valleys,
 Men of Hibernia! let Right ask for Might;
 And where is the spirit but rallies.
 Side by side in the battle, &c.



SONG OF THE VILLAGE CHURCH BELL.

Up with the rooks where none can reach,
 A goodly Priest am I;
 And the world may hear my loud voice preach,
 As the busy winds go by.
 Over the bride with her orange-flowers,
 Over the dead man's form,
 Now I make merry the bridal hours,
 Then I arouse the worm.
 Ding, dong! I ring or I toll
 For the young child's life or the old man's soul.

Up where nothing but moss can grow,
 And the arms of the ivy trail,
 I chime with the mourner's sob below,
 And the new-born infant's wail.
 The banner has waved o'er my belfry home,
 While I've pealed with a nation's pride,
 But e'er that day had passed away,
 I proclaimed that a king had died.
 Ding, dong! I ring or I toll
 For the young child's life, or the old man's soul.

Up with the rooks where none can reach,
 A goodly Priest am I;
 And the world may hear my loud voice preach,
 As the busy winds go by.

Oh! many shall wake and many shall sleep
 'Neath the varied tales I tell,
 And many a one shall dance and weep
 To the tune of the Old Church Bell.
 Ding, dong! I ring or I toll
 For the young child's life or the old man's soul.



THE MOTHER TO HER DEAF AND DUMB CHILD.

THOU art not beautiful, my voiceless child,—
 Thou canst not fill thy mother's breast with pride;
 Thou dost not heed the words that have beguiled
 My other, noisy, young ones to my side.

Thou canst not chatter music in my way,
 Nor call me by a sweet and holy name;
 Thou dost not ask thy sisters if they'll play,
 Nor scold thy brothers with a sportive blame.

But thou art precious in my household love;
 Thy form is closest watched, my poor, dumb boy:
 I stroke thy fair hair, and I hang above
 Thy quiet features with a solemn joy.

I hear thy father praise the quick replies
 Of his bright, eldest one,—I often see
 His face light up, when his two girls surprise
 The twilight circle with their saucy glee:

He tells them long and wonder-waking themes
 Of Sindbad, Crusoe, and the Fairy Queen;
 He leads their games, he joins their laughing screams,
 With many a fond and glad embrace between.

But there's a something deeper in his smile
 When his poor, dull one leans upon his knee,
 And something gentler fills his heart the while
 His fingers make a paper boat for thee.

The other young, gay spirits talk and shout,
 And dance around with steps like mountain herds;
 Or, pressed by childish grief, they wail and pout,
 And pour their anguish forth in sobbing words.

I seldom see thy grey eye give a tear
When their red cheeks shine through the pearly gem ;
Yet I believe, my child, that thou canst hear
The secret, deep, soul-whisper, lost to them.

When they surround me with engrossing clutch,
And some loud tale of anger or alarm,
I turn not as I do to thy soft touch,
That falls like ringdove's wing upon my arm.

My silent boy ! I hold thee to my breast,
Just as I did when thou wert newly born ;
It may be sinful, but I love thee best,
And kiss thy lips the longest, night and morn.

I never listen to the coming feet
That chance to slip and stumble in the hall,
But my heart leaps with quick and sudden beat,
Lest thou, my speechless, be the one to fall.

I never gaze into a story-book,
And hear the joyous hum thy brothers make,
But leaf by leaf I turn with hopeful look,
And wish it held some pictures, for thy sake.

I never stand among ye to divide
The birthday apples, or select the toy ;
But I assign the fruit with rosiest side,
And daintiest plaything, to my wordless boy.

Oh ! thou art dear to me beyond all others ;
And when I breathe my trust and bend my knee
For blessings on thy sisters and thy brothers,
God seems the nighest when I pray for thee.

I would not they should know it ; but if Fate
Did its worst work, and snatched away my young ;
I feel my soul would bear a deadlier weight
To miss thy silent gaze, than their fond tongue.

Oh ! thou art very beautiful to me,
My own, dumb boy ! my gentle, voiceless one !
And while it throbs, thy mother's heart will be
Thy best and first interpreter, my Son !



STANZAS TO MY STARVING KIN IN THE NORTH.*

SAD are the sounds that are breaking forth
 From the women and men of the brave old North !
 Sad are the sights for human eyes,
 In fireless homes 'neath wintry skies ;
 Where wrinkles gather on Childhood's skin,
 And Youth's "clemmed" cheek is pallid and thin ;
 Where the good, the honest,—unclothed, unfed—
 Child, mother, and father, are craving for bread !
 But faint not, fear not—still have trust ;
 Your voices are heard, and your claims are just.
 England to England's self is true,
 And "God and the People" will help you through.

Brothers and sisters ! full well ye have stood,
 While the grip of gaunt Famine has curdled your blood !
 No murmur, no threat on your lips have place,
 Though ye look on the Hunger-fiend, face to face ;
 But, haggard and worn, ye silently bear,
 Dragging your Death-chains with patience and prayer ;
 With your spirit as loyal, your deeds as right ;
 As when Plenty and Sleep blest your day and your night.
 Brothers and sisters ! oh ! do not believe
 It is Charity's GOLD ALONE ye receive,
 Ah, no ! It is Sympathy, Feeling, and Hope,
 That pull out in the Life-boat to fling ye a rope.
 Fondly I've lauded your wealth-winning hands,
 Planting Commerce and Fame throughout measureless lands ;
 And my patriot-love and my patriot-song
 To the children of Labour will ever belong.
 Women and men of this brave old soil !
 I weep that starvation should guerdon your toil ;
 But I glory to see ye—proudly mute—
 Showing *souls* like the *hero*, not *fangs* like the brute.
 Oh ! keep courage within ; be the Britons ye are ;
 HE, who driveth the storm hath His hand on the star !
 England to England's sons shall be true,
 And "God and the People" will carry ye through !

* The above poem was written in aid of the *Fund for the Relief of the Distressed Operatives in the Cotton Districts*, January 3, 1863.

OVER THE DOWNS!

OVER the Downs we'll blithely tread,
 When the sun first kisses the dew ;
 When the pearl-clouds melt in a ruby red,
 And the golden flame burns through.
 Over the Downs! and we'll carry away
 A light in our eyes from the eastern ray,
 That shall dance and live in them all the day,
 And can only be caught by those who stray
 Over the Downs!

Over the Downs, when the wind is up,
 We'll hurry with panting breath ;
 Quaffing new wine from a perfumed cup,
 Distilled from the purple heath.
 Over the Downs! and our cheeks shall bear
 A flush that would make the wild-rose stare,
 At a tint with which it could not compare—
 A tint which the cheek can only wear
 Over the Downs!

Over the Downs, when the twilight frowns,
 Pensive and still we'll rove ;
 When the daisy sleeps and the glowworm creeps,
 With her star-lamp to beacon her love.
 Over the Downs! and our bosoms shall sigh
 As we see the woods and the waters lie
 In a misty veil over earth and sky :
 And dreams shall come, though we know not why,
 Over the Downs!

Over the Downs! when the fair moon sits
 On her broad and fleecy throne ;
 When the whirring wing of the dark bat flits,
 With close and sudden tone.
 Over the Downs! and a prayer shall steal
 To our lips with the holy joy we feel,
 And God shall list to our Souls' appeal
 That is poured in truth, while our warm hearts kneel,
 Over the Downs!



THE ENGLISH GIRL.

SHE laughs and runs—a cherub thing—
 And proud is the doting sire
 To see her pull the flowers of spring,
 Or play by the winter-fire.
 Her nut-brown hair falls thick and fair
 In many a glossy curl;
 And freshly sleek is the ruddy cheek
 Of the infant English Girl.

The years steal on, and day by day
 Her native charms expand;
 Her round face meets the summer ray,
 Like the rose of her own, blest land.
 There's music in her laughing tone,
 A gold-gleam through her curl;
 And Beauty makes her chosen throne
 On the brow of the English Girl.

She is standing now, a happy bride,
 By the holy, altar-rail;
 While the sacred blush of maiden pride
 Gives a tinge to the snowy veil.
 Her eye of light, is the diamond bright;
 Her innocence, the pearl;
 And these are the richest, bridal gems
 That are worn by the English Girl.

 WE'LL STAND TO OUR GUNS.

NEVER trust the soft breathing that preaches of Peace;
 With an oath-giving lip, and a smile-lighted eye;
 Hear it all with good-will, but be provident still;
 With men that are earnest, and powder that's dry.
 Here's our hand in fair fellowship, open and free;
 Here's a health to the brave, be their land where it may—
 But however frank-hearted, Old England may be;
 While we join in the feast, we'll prepare for the fray.
 Let us cherish our bull-dog, while petting our dove;
 And be ready for storms 'neath the brightest of suns:
 With a cheer for our white cliffs, our homes and our love;
 And a spirit determined to "Stand to our Guns."

Though we launch no defiance, and offer no wrong ;
 Red coats and blue jackets shall be at their posts ;
 And the light of bold hearts—steady, vivid, and strong,
 Shall keep Liberty's watch-fire alive on our coasts.
 Let the Rulers that dwell in the East or the South,
 Come with friendly saluting, and kindly we'll meet ;
 But we'll show that Britannia has teeth in her mouth ;
 In our death-scorning " Guards," and our staunch " Channel Fleet."
 Let " Ready, aye Ready," be traced on our shores ;
 Be it read on all bosoms where British blood runs ;
 We may drink at the chalice whence Olive wine pours,
 But we'll look to our powder and " Stand to our Guns."

ON SEEING SOME AGRICULTURAL EMIGRANTS
 EMBARK.

God speed the keel of the trusty ship
 That bears ye from our shore ;
 There is little chance that ye'll ever glance
 On our chalky sea-beach more.
 You are right to seek a far-off earth,—
 You are right to boldly strive
 Where Labour does not pine in Dearth,
 And the honest poor may thrive.
 God speed ye all ! ye hopeful band,
 O'er your boundless path of blue ;
 But you'll never forget your own, Old land,
 Though wealth may gladden the New.

You'll often think of the blackthorn leaves,
 And the dog-rose peeping through ;
 And you'll never forget the harvest sheaves,
 Though the wheat was not for you.
 You'll often think of the busy ploughs,
 And the merry-beating flail ;
 You'll sometimes dream of the dappled cows
 And the chink of the milking-pail.
 God speed ye all ! ye hopeful band,
 With hearts still high and true ;
 But you'll never forget your own, Old land,
 Though wealth may gladden the New.

You'll call to mind, good, neighbour Hind,
 And the widow down the lane ;
 And you'll wonder if the old man's dead,
 Or the widow wed again.

BUILDING ON THE SAND.

You'll often think of the village spire,
 And the churchyard, green and fair ;
 And perchance you'll sigh, with drooping eye,
 If you've left a loved one there.
 God speed ye all ! ye hopeful band,
 With hearts still high and true ;
 But you'll never forget your own, Old land,
 Though wealth may gladden the New.

Perhaps ye leave a white-haired sire,
 A sister, or a brother ;
 Perhaps your heart has dared to part
 For ever from a mother ;—
 If so, then many a time and oft
 Your better thoughts will roam,
 And Memory's pinions, strong and soft,
 Will fly to your English home.
 God speed ye all ! ye hopeful band,
 O'er your boundless path of blue ;
 But you'll never forget your own, Old land,
 Though wealth may gladden the New.

 BUILDING ON THE SAND.

'Tis well to woo, 'tis good to wed,
 For so the world has done
 Since myrtles grew, and roses blew,
 And morning brought the sun ;

But have a care, ye young and fair,—
 Be sure ye pledge with truth ;
 Be certain that your love will wear
 Beyond the days of youth ;—

For if ye give not heart for heart,
 As well as hand for hand ;
 You'll find you've played the "unwise" part,
 And "built upon the sand."

'Tis well to save, 'tis well to have
 A goodly store of gold ;
 And hold enough of shining stuff ;
 For Charity is cold ;

But place not all your hope and trust
 In what the deep mine brings ;
 We cannot live on yellow dust
 Unmixed with purer things.

And he who piles up wealth alone,
 Will often have to stand
 Beside his coffer-chest, and own
 'Tis “built upon the sand.”

'Tis good to speak in kindly guise,
 And soothe where'er we can ;
 Fair speech should bind the human mind,
 And Love, link man to man.

But stay not at the gentle words,
 Let deeds with language dwell ;
 The one who pities starving birds,
 Should scatter crumbs as well.

The Mercy that is warm and true,
 Must lend a helping hand ;
 For those who talk, yet fail to *do*,
 But “build upon the sand.”



“MUST I LEAVE THEE, PARADISE?”

FAREWELL to the hedgerow, the brooklet, and sedge-row,
 Farewell to the nightingale, cuckoo, and thrush ;
 Farewell to the daisies and dark, woodland mazes,
 Farewell to the roses beginning to blush.

'Tis true 'tis a pity to hie to the city,
 When Nature has put on her ball-dress of flowers ;
 When sap-veins have quickened, and branches have thickened,
 Till south winds can hardly creep into their bowers.

Oh, sweet is the clover, and gay is the rover,
 That feasts on its red lip, in golden-trimmed robe ;
 And that whirr of the pheasant ! ah, nothing so pleasant
 Will sound in the Charing-cross part of the globe.

I shall not hear yon runnel gush through its moss tunnel,
 With the old bridge above and loose pebbles below ;
 I must mix with Eve's daughters, by Regent's Park waters,
 Where swans pick up biscuit and bun as they go.

I shall not watch the “sundown” while ruby sands run down,
 Just touching with flame-light the low cottage roofs :
 I must leave the red poppy, and take to black “copy,”
 And sigh in the twilight o'er bundles of “proofs.”

It will grieve me, believe me, to see Flora weave me
 Her richest of garlands about the porch door;
 Just when trunks will be packing in canvas and sacking,
 To go with me up to a London first-floor.

Oh, that beautiful screen-bloom of myrtle and bean-bloom,
 Which shuts out the wicket that leads to the pond;
 I shall mourn for your clusters, 'mid housemaids and dusters,
 And windows that look on black railings beyond.

Oh! I love to sit gazing, and see the kine grazing!
 I love to pet "Dapple" with apples and bread;
 But a cab-horse with nose-bag—that breath-stopping, close bag—
 Is not half so happy a thing to see fed.

The thick, garden-laurel, the red meadow-sorrel,
 The pines in the lane, and the ferns in the copse;
 The ivy arms trailing across the grey paling,
 The distant, green hills, and the home-field of hops—

The babbling and bleating of sheep and lambs meeting;
 The baying of beagles—the music of birds;
 The peasant child trying to mock the owl's crying—
 The whistle of Giles as he foddors the herds—

The dew on the May leaves, the scent of the bay leaves;
 The upland, the lowland, the valley, the dell;
 Ah! I love you all dearly, and Feeling sincerely
 Weeps under a laugh as I bid ye farewell.

But stern Fate is unrolling, beyond my controlling,
 The scroll of Life's destiny—chequered and sad;
 I must *seem* what I *should* be, ah! would that I *could* be,
 The creature of joyousness—healthfully glad.

I must leave all this beauty for trace-chains of Duty;
 I must go; but my spirit unwillingly yields;
 Talk of Oxford-street shopping—I'd rather be stopping
 To see the young wheat turning brown in the fields.

I must leave off my rambling, and "mooning," and "scrambling,"
 Propriety's rules in the City must reign;
 But I can't write a sonnet in gloves, cloak, and bonnet;
 They seem to encumber and shackle my brain.

I shall often be craving to hear the boughs waving,
 To lie on the green grass, and stare at the sky;
 To watch the clouds going, like angels' skirts flowing,
 And mock the young rooks as they chatter and fly.

“You *must* go” is told me—yet Nature will hold me,
 In yearning and faith to her own, honest breast ;
 And the love of my childhood for hill-top and wildwood,
 Will live on for ever, and leave me unblest.

 SONG OF THE SAILOR BOY.

CHEER up, cheer up, my mother dear !
 Ah! why do you sit and weep ?
 Do you think that He who guards me here,
 Forsakes me on the deep ?
 Let Hope and Faith light up your glance,
 When you see our ship set sail ;
 Look, look at her now, and see her dance ;
 Oh! why do you turn so pale ?
 There's an English flag, and an English crew :
 So, mother, be proud of your boy in blue.

Ah! wonder not that, next to thee,
 I love the galloping wave ;
 'Tis the first of coursers, bold and free,—
 And fit to carry the brave.
 It may bear me on to a dark lee-shore,
 To sink with a gallant band ;
 But early or late—here's a heart for my fate,
 Let it come on the sea or the land.
 The storm and the battle shall find me true,
 So, mother, be proud of your boy in blue.

And if the breakers kill our ship,
 And your boy goes down in the foam,
 Be sure the last breath on his lip
 Was a prayer for those at home.
 But come, cheer up! methinks I heard
 A voice in the anchor chain,
 That whispered, like a fairy bird,
 “The Ship will come again.”
 God bless thee, mother, adieu, adieu !
 But never weep for your boy in blue.

SORROWFUL, SUMMER STANZAS.

It *should* be the prime of Summer time,
 The Earth should be holding its regal dower ;
 The grass should breathe, and the dog-rose wreathe,
 To perfume and illumine the noontide hour.
 The corn should be brown, and the clover down ;
 The beetle should bask on its ash-leaf bed ;
 The blue moth should play in the sun-set ray ;
 And the Night scarce know that the Day was dead.
 Garland and grain should cover the plain,
 And the hot steeds pant in the harvest wain.

But mist and chill come over the hill ;
 The crops on the upland are green and stark ;
 The newts are about, and the rain puts out
 The tender light of the glowworm's spark.
 The moss is dank on the hedgerow bank ;
 The foxglove is falling—drenched and weak—
 And a wailing tone steals like a moan
 Through the wheat that should sing with a rustling creak.
 Earth's glory has bowed to the wind and the cloud ;
 Lying low and grand, like a Queen in her shroud.

I know a Soul whose golden bowl
 Is filled, like the Year, with Life's, rich dower ;
 But Suffering weaves her shadowing leaves,
 And blights the prime of its fruit and flower.
 Its hope is sear 'neath the blinding tear,
 Its strength is sapped by the choking sigh ;
 And its bloom that should be full, fair, and free,
 Struggles on through the gloom, though it fain would die.
 Like the Spirit of Earth, its flourishing birth
 Has but led to a Summer of cheerless dearth.

 TO "BRAN."

BRAN! my hound, you are watching my pen,
 As you would the stag in Highland glen ;
 And as I've no "Memoir" nor "Sonnet" to do,
 I'll just tell in few words what I think of you.

I know you could give a blazoned descent,
 With which even a Spaniard would be content;
 From the breed of the Gordons and old Glengary,
 The noblest of hunters—the fleet and the wary:
 But like many with pedigree rare, and brave,
 You've a taint of something base—
 You've been stealing the bacon—you know you have,
 Dog of an Ancient race.

You have strength of muscle, and length of limb,—
 Your jaws are deep, and your beard is grim;
 Your fangs are strong, and ivory-white—
 Your mouth is as black as a cloudy night:
 No doubt the fangs and the mouth could drag
 Down low to the earth, the wild, red stag.
 They could grapple and hold on the trembling haunch,
 With a wound that the death-chill alone could staunch.
 'Tis pleasant to hear the wise ones utter
 The worth of your power and pace;
 But why did you swallow that pound of butter,
 Dog of an Ancient race?

Your snake-like tail might fitly serve
 As a model of art, with its pendulous curve;
 Your body is fine in every line,
 With its broad, deep chest, and length of spine:
 Your skin is the truest of colours, they say;
 Neither black, nor blue, nor white, nor grey;
 But a mingling of all, which presents to the eye
 A grizzle of most unpaintable dye.
 You can lay your paws, with their ebony claws,
 On my shoulders, with elegant grace;
 But you help yourself from the pantry shelf,
 Dog of an Ancient race.

Your eyes are as clear, and as brown, and as bright,
 As ever kept antlered buck in sight;
 They gleam like flames from Vulcan's forge,
 As you follow the game through the forest gorge:
 They welcome me ever with look of love;
 Blending the gaze of the eagle and dove;
 They beam and dilate, and sparkle, and stare,
 Till Laughter itself seems dwelling there:
 They are beautiful eyes when they look askance,
 From your favourite hearth-rug place,
 But at dinner they have a sad "stealing glance,"
 Dog of an Ancient race.

WHEN THOU WERT NIGH.

Your bay is a musical sound, I own ;
 'Twixt the howl of the wolf, and the bugle's tone ;
 But you shouldn't " give tongue " with such ready zeal,
 When I leave you alone with a cutlet of veal.
 Could you speak, you would tell me that breathings of fame
 Laud many who do precisely the same ;
 And so I suppose while " high blood " is in vogue,
 We must patiently wink at a well-bred rogue.
 No doubt, Sir Bran, that such homely truth
 Might be told to many a face ;
 And ask, " Who stole the bacon, forsooth,
 Man of an Ancient race ? "

WHEN THOU WERT NIGH.

WHEN thou wert nigh, I did not heed
 What voices blamed—what lot befel,
 For where I found a charmless weed,
 There always sprung a flower as well.
 The shades of Life might come and go,
 I thought not how—I cared not when—
 The darkest cloud the world could show
 Was ne'er without its rainbow then.

But now thou'rt gone, the morning ray
 Seems dim and dull as evening's close,
 I see the cypress on my way,
 But cannot find the rich, red rose.
 The cloud now comes with gloom alone,
 The weed now springs with baneful power,
 With secret tears my heart must own
Thou wert the rainbow and the flower.

WE'LL BE TRUE TO EACH OTHER.

(A LOVE LYRIC.)

WE'LL be true to each other, though Fate has now parted
 Two spirits that yearn with devotion and love ;
 We will show the hard world that we both are strong-hearted,
 And the wings of the eagle shall nestle our dove.

They say thou art young, and that I may be fickle,
 That Time will cut down all our youth-tinted flowers;
 Let us prove that 'tis only old Death with his sickle
 Can dare to destroy such pure blossoms as ours.
 Perhaps it is well that our faith and affection
 Are tried by a cold and a lingering test;
 But if thou art mine by the soul's free election,
 We'll be true to each other, and hope for the rest.

Let us chafe not unwisely, by rudely defying
 The doubts and denials that echo in vain;
 Like the ship in the stream, on her anchor relying,
 We'll live on our truth till the tide turns again.
 I'll pray for thy welfare, right firm in believing
 That knowledge and years will but help thee to see,
 That my spirit, too proud for a selfish deceiving,
 Is honest and ardent in cherishing thee.
 We are parted, but, trust me, it is not for ever,—
 We love, and be certain our love will be blest;
 For we'll work, and we'll wait, with Love's earnest endeavour,
 Be true to each other, and hope for the rest.

NOT AS I USED TO DO.

I LOOK on the chestnut blossom
 As it points to the cloudless sky,
 On the daisy's golden bosom,
 And the hyacinth's deep blue eye.
 I see the lime-tree flinging
 Its delicate green arms out,
 The fragrant jasmine clinging,
 And the woodbine running about;
 The lilac hiding the paling
 With clusters of purple and white,
 And the graceful laburnum trailing
 Its tresses of radiant light.
 But for me the garlanded bowers
 Have lost their dazzling hue:
 I look on the fields and flowers,
 But not as I used to do.

I hear the bird boy's rattle
 Chime in with the cawing rook;
 I hear the low of the cattle,
 And the plash of the rippling brook;

I hear the shepherd singing,
 And the bleat of the sportive lamb ;
 I hear the loud flail swinging,
 And the barn-door's creaking slam ;
 I hear the swallows darting,
 Like arrows, in chase of the fly,
 And the tawny leveret starting
 At play in the copse just by ;
 I hear the broad flags quiver
 Where the wind and tide rush through ;
 I listen to mill-wheel and river,
 But not as I used to do.

I hear the blackbird telling
 His love tale to his mate,
 And the merry skylark swelling
 The choir at "heaven's gate."
 The cuckoo away in the thicket
 Is giving his two, old notes,
 And the pet-doves hung by the wicket
 Are talking with ruffled throats ;
 The honey-bee hums as he lingers
 Where shadows on clover heads fall,
 And the wind with leaf-tipped fingers,
 Is playing in concert with all.
 I know the music that gushes
 Is melody sweet and true,
 And I listen to zephyrs and thrushes,
 But not as I used to do.

No more can my footsteps wander
 Through woodlands loved and dear ;
 I gaze on the hill-tops yonder,
 Through the mist of a hopeless tear.
 My spirit is worn and weary,
 With waiting for health and rest ;
 My long, long night is dreary,
 And my summer day unblest :
 My suffering darkens the noonlight,
 My anguish embitters the balm,
 My loneliness weeps in the moonlight,
 And sighs in the evening calm.
 Oh, Suffering's mournful story
 Must be wofully long and true,
 When it finds me noting God's glory,
 But not as I used to do.



BE KIND WHEN YOU CAN.

BE kind when you can, though the kindness be little,
 'Tis small letters make up philosophers' scrolls ;
 The crystal of Happiness, vivid and brittle,
 Can seldom be cut into very large bowls.

'Tis atoms that dwell in the measureless mountain,
 'Tis moments that sum up the century's flight ;
 'Tis but drops that unite in Niagara's fountain,
 'Tis rays, single rays, form the harvest-sun light.

Stone by stone builds the temple that rises in glory,
 Inch by inch grows the child till maturity's prime ;
 The jewels so famous in bright, Eastern story
 Have been nursed, tint by tint, in the bosom of Time.

'Tis grains make the desert-sheet, trackless and spreading ;
 'Tis but petals that deck every blossom-twined spray ;
 There are leaves—only leaves—where the forest is shedding
 Its gloom till the density shuts out the day.

A word or a glance which we give "without thinking,"
 May shadow or lighten some sensitive breast ;
 And the draught from the well-spring is wine in the drinking,
 If quaffed from the brim that Affection has blest.

Then be kind when you can in the smallest of duties,
 Don't wait for the larger expressions of Love ;
 For the heart depends less for its joys and its beauties
 On the flight of the Eagle than coo of the Dove.



THE GAME OF LIFE.

WITH eager hand Hope deftly weaves
 The mantles that our pride would don,
 While busy-fingered Care unreaves
 The garments as we put them on.
 We rear our palaces of joy,
 And tread them with exulting shout,
 Till, crumbling round, 'tis plainly found
 Some corner-stones have been left out.

THE GAME OF LIFE.

And thus we play the game of Life,
 Shadow and substance ever blending ;
 'Mid flowers of Peace and tares of Strife
 Gaily beginning, sadly ending.

The maiden greets her swain to-day,
 They jar to-morrow, and she flouts him ;
 Now she believes whate'er he'll say,
 A month has gone,—alas ! she doubts him ;
 The lover hangs upon a glance,
 With glowing trust and earnest suing ;
 Next year he rouses from his trance,
 And scorns the one he late was wooing.
 And thus we play the game of Life,
 Our dreams dispelled, our plans defeated ;
 And when we've lost with pain and cost,
 Still stand, as ready to be cheated.

The cooing infant's rosy mouth
 Aptly receives the sweetened potion ;
 When waves are calm, and winds are south,
 None see the death-rocks in the ocean.
 The rich man toils to "gather up ;"
 Meaning to bask in Fortune's clover ;
 And while he pours into his cup,
 Perceives not it is running over.
 And thus we play the game of Life,
 Now simply snared, now wisely brooding,
 Now bribed by smiles, now spreading wiles,
 Living deluded and deluding.

The Poet prattles to the stars ;
 Philosophers dissect the thunder ;
 But both are stopped by crystal bars,
 And stand outside to watch and wonder.
 We moralize on battle-plains,
 Where blood has poured, and fame was won ;
 We turn and see the baby's glee
 Over his mimic sword and gun.
 And thus we play the game of Life,
 'Twixt holy Thought and fearful Deed.
 Some only stay to work and pray ;
 And some but live for Crime and Greed.

Our feet of clay trip up each other ;
 Our wings of ether seek the sky ;
 We breathe—we are—child follows mother,
 Yet none can tell us "How ?" or "Why ?"

Our hearts, like clocks, keep ticking fast,
 We climb and laugh, we fall and weep,
 Till, tired of guessing, at the last
 We solve the riddle in a sleep.
 And thus we play the game of Life,
 In motley garbs of Grief and Pleasure,
 Till we are drest in that green vest
 For which the Sexton takes our measure.



HYMN.

LET Hope and Trust for ever dwell
 Within the human heart ;
 Believe in Him who worketh well
 His wisdom to impart.

He may not give all things we ask,
 Nor grant each strong desire ;
 But though He sets a heavy task,
 The Christian will not tire.

The breath that mourns a cherished friend,
 Must own God's will is right ;
 The tears we shed may often lend
 A future rainbow-light.

"Look up ! look up !" should be the cry,
 'Mid darkness, doubt, and woe.
 We see a Life-star in the sky
 That does not shine below.

Remember He who died for men,
 The kind, the wise, the pure—
 Remember "Jesus wept," and then,
 Be patient, and endure.



THE RED CROSS OF ENGLAND—THE FLAG OF
 THE BRAVE.

OLD England ! thy name shall yet warrant thy fame,
 If the brow of the foeman should scowl ;
 Let the Lion be stirred by too daring a word,
 And beware of his echoing growl.

SONG OF THE REJECTED ONE.

We have still the same breed of the man and the steed
 That wore nobly our Waterloo wreath ;
 We have more of the blood that formed Inkermann's flood,
 When it poured in the whirlpool of Death ;
 And the foeman will find neither coward nor slave
 'Neath the Red Cross of England—the Flag of the Brave.

We have jackets of blue, still as dauntless and true
 As the tars that our Nelson led on ;
 Give them room on the main, and they'll show us again
 How the Nile and Trafalgar were won.
 Let a ball show its teeth, let a blade leave its sheath,
 To defy the proud strength of our might,
 We have iron-mouthed guns, we have steel-hearted sons,
 That will prove how the Britons can fight.
 Our ships and our sailors are kings of the wave,
 'Neath the Red Cross of England—the Flag of the Brave.

Though a tear might arise in our women's bright eyes,
 And a sob choke the fearful " Good-bye,"
 Yet those women would send lover, brother, or friend,
 To the war-field, to conquer or die !
 Let the challenge be flung from the braggart's bold tongue,
 And that challenge will fiercely be met ;
 And our banner unfurled shall proclaim to the world
 That " there's life in the old dog yet."
 Hurrah ! for our men on the land or the wave,
 'Neath the Red Cross of England—the Flag of the Brave !

 SONG OF THE REJECTED ONE.

AND so, fair, high-born girl, you felt ashamed
 Of the young, dotard-slave who dared so much ;
 Yet, Mabel Lee, you might as well have blamed
 The lute for giving music at your touch.

For you had gazed on me with tenderness,
 When my devoted eyes made yours their shrine,
 And you had spoken words to thrill and bless
 A spirit far less rapt in dreams than mine.

Oh ! you should not have wondered that my soul
 Grew sentient with a wild and gushing tone ;
 You roused an echo I could not control ;
 But, ah ! my breast was no cold, Memnon stone.

It throbbed and burned with the undying flame
Which God has sent as Nature's beacon light;
I read no human language but your name;
I knew no life but when within your sight.

I plied my pencil but to win your praise;
I sang my Rhine-songs only for your ear;
My footsteps ever followed on your ways;
Seeking you when afar—trembling when near.

Like the rich hop-vine did you grow o'er me;
Most beautiful to my enchanted view;
While I, poor fool! dreamt not that you could be
Like that fair-seeming vine, as bitter, too.

I went on loving with an idiot's zeal,
Strong as a martyr, fervent as a saint.
The morning and the evening saw me kneel
With prayers for you—prayers neither few nor faint.

At last, beneath your favourite cedar-tree,
Where summer moons had often found us both;
I stammered forth that love—just as the sea
May pour its might and depth in broken froth.

You laughed—Oh God! you laughed in scornful glee,
Called me "vain boy," and bade a light farewell;
That laugh, like earthquake rumble,—could it be?
It came again—and my heart's city fell.

'Tis over—and you shall not hear me sigh,
Nor see a shadow steal upon my face;
The "vain boy" will not bow his head and die;
Hope has departed—Pride must take its place.

Yet, Mabel Lee, I feel that you will cling
About my future with a blighting power;
And, lady, it will be a fearful thing
To bear my poison drop from such a flower.

Wide seas will be between us; years will pass;
But years will fail in what they often do;
Time's misty breath will never dim the glass
Where Passion, Truth, and Joy have mirrored *you*.

You've changed the "vain boy" to a grey, old man,
The sapling has become a stricken tree;
Yet my Life's dream will end as it began,
And find its first, last thought, with Mabel Lee.

THE FAREWELL OF MAY.

'Tis the last sweet day of beautiful May,
 And the face of Nature is beaming
 With light and love from the blue above,
 With the tint of flowers where wild bees rove,
 And the gems of the brooklet, streaming.

The rook on his way greets beautiful May
 With a farewell note of pleasure;
 The lark is loud in the one, white cloud,
 And the cuckoo chants as though he were proud
 Of his quaint, unchanging measure.

The beetles at play thank beautiful May
 For the velvet floor where they gambol;
 The dun deer slink with a yawn and a wink
 'Neath the hawthorn's shade, or hurry to drink
 At the pool, with a lazy amble.

The meek herds stray in beautiful May
 Where the richest grass is growing;
 Or drowsily stand on the rifted sand,
 Where the ripples just wash the osiered land,
 Too happy for feeding or lowing.

Thou art passing away, most beautiful May,
 As still as a babe in its sleeping:
 May the lids of thine eyes, like the child's, arise
 To a Hope in the Future all kind and wise,
 To a season when God the harvest supplies,
 And gives to his creatures the reaping.

 "GOD BLESS YOU."

GIVE me Affection's mood when tender truth
 Prompts us to greet the dear one at our side
 With love that makes no note of Age or Youth;
 Too pure for Passion and too warm for Pride.
 When soft Emotion with its holy light
 Shows the Great Sculptor's name upon our clay;
 When the full heart is bound by its own might,
 And lips that kiss their shrine can only say
 "God bless you."

Solemn is that last parting when the eye
 Dwells on our face with fixed and dreamy gaze;
 When the dread moment stifles tear and sigh,
 And our reft bosom, while despairing, prays.
 When the familiar fingers clasp our hand,
 —The chosen hand from all that gather round,—
 And the Soul's password to the Spirit-land
 Leaves but the dead beside us in the sound,
 "God bless you."

Few, simple words!—amid the blurs and blots
 Of erring language, ye have goodly birth;
 Ye form the consecration of the spots
 Which Memory kneels upon as hallowed earth.
 Feeling—too deep to sport on gossip air;
 Pity—too eloquent to blame or teach;
 The Joy we tremble at, the Grief we share,
 The Angel tones that live in Human speech
 Breathe in "God bless you."

FREEDOM AND THE RIGHT.

ON, on, brave hearts! ye will not lag when Glory's to be won;
 Up with our "Cross," and where's the flag can better face the sun?
 On! on! to fight the noble fight, to teach the creed of Ruth,
 For honest laws and human cause, for Liberty and Truth.
 Let British valour help the wronged to conquer and defy;
 Strike, strike the blow! let tyrants know that kings may reach too high.
 When despot knave would fain enslave by foul and crushing Might,
 Let England raise the battle-cry of "Freedom and the Right."
 The Olive branch is ever blest, and fair and good to see;
 We know its worth, and will not let Oppression fell the tree.
 The fierce marauder who would mar its rich and holy fruit,
 Will find the barrel and the blade prepared to guard its root.
 On, on, brave band, by sea and land! and show the Despot host,
 That English courage never yields when Honour gives the post.
 Up with our Standard, wide and high, when Glory leads the fight,
 And let the nations fear our cry of "Freedom and the Right."

THE "OLD, OLD STORY."

SUMMER moonbeams, softly playing,
 Light the woods of Castle Keep ;
 And there I see a maiden straying,
 Where the darkest shadows creep.
 She is listening—meekly—purely,
 To the wooer at her side ;
 'Tis the "old, old story," surely,
 Running on like time and tide.
 Maiden fair, oh have a care !
 Vows are many—Truth is rare.

He is courtly, she is simple ;
 Lordly doublet speaks his lot :
 She is wearing hood and wimple ;
 His the castle—hers the cot.
 Sweeter far she deems his whisper
 Than the night-bird's dulcet trill ;
 She is smiling—he beguiling,
 'Tis the "old, old story" still.
 Maiden fair, oh have a care !
 Vows are many—Truth is rare.

The Autumn sun is quickly going
 Behind the woods of Castle Keep ;
 The air is chill, the night wind blowing ;
 And there I see a maiden weep ;
 Her cheeks are white, her brow is aching,
 The "old, old story"—sad and brief—
 Of heart betrayed and left nigh breaking,
 In mute despair and lonely grief.
 Maidens fair, oh have a care !
 Vows are many—Truth is rare.

 A WELCOME.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE OPENING OF THE BATH PENNY
 READINGS, ON THE EVENING OF OCTOBER 2, 1863.]

ONCE more we come with heart and hand,
 In warm and earnest greeting :
 Once more we form in goodly band,
 A free and cordial meeting.

A meeting that has no design
 To threaten, coax, or wheedle ;
 To hail with glee a new " M.P. "
 Or choose a parish beadle !

A meeting where no fierce debate
 Engenders " Chartist Riot ; "
 But leaves Queen, Parliament, and State,
 In true and loyal quiet.

A meeting where we only find
 Firm wills and sound endeavour,
 To cherish Reason, Soul, and Mind,
 With food that lasts for ever.

And quite as grand a scene is ours,
 As that where jewelled brows
 In olden-days met ball-room flowers,
 And spruce " Beau Nash's " bows.

Well may our heads toss slightly up,
 To look around and see
 That from a tiny acorn-cup
 Has sprung so vast a tree.

Who would have dared, short time ago,
 —Amid much wise derision—
 To say that solid gold would grow
 Out of our " Penny " vision ?

And not alone the shining ore,
 That's grasped in worldly dealing ;
 But rarer stuff and richer store,
 In Wisdom, Wit, and Feeling.

How many a brain now gathered here,
 That only lacked a teacher,
 Has learnt the truths that bless and cheer,
 From some sweet Poet-preacher.

Some Poet whose God-given rhymes
 Shut out no creed, no brother ;
 But to all hearts—all lands—all times—
 Proclaim—" Love one another."

How many a ringing laugh has gushed
 When mirthful Humour poured,—
 How many a sighing breath has hushed
 When Pathos trailed the chord.

How many a quickened pulse has felt
 Heroic passion start,—
 That never knew such courage dwelt
 Within its sleeping heart.

How much of new-born Hope has shed
 Its joy on shadowed life—
 What fairy-spirit-rings have spread
 'Mid Ignorance and Strife.

'Tis good to see strong men agree,
 Held fast by silken link ;
 With lips that seek to wisely speak,
 And brain that dares to think !

Who will not say that closing day
 Is doubly sweet and blest ;
 When voices of the " sacred Nine"
 Receive each honoured guest ?

Is it not gladdening to behold
 A listening crowd around,
 To hear what wondrous themes unfold,
 When minstrel echoes sound ?

Doubtless some critics will appear,
 With savage law to judge us ;
 Trying to crush, with smile or sneer,
 The little fame they grudge us.

And thoughtless scholars—college-taught
 In eloquence and grammar,—
 May gaily jeer if they should hear
 A Son of Labour stammer.

But the great sage of ancient time,
 Cried,—to inspire the humble,—
 " Honour and Praise to all who *climb*,
 No matter how they stumble !"

Think of our modest fee, and then
 Relax your critic clutch :
 " Only a *penny*, gentlemen,
 So, don't expect too much."

If Jones should not heed every " stop,"
 Remember they come thickly ;—
 If Brown should let *some* " aitches" drop,
 Don't " take them up" too quickly.

If Simpson has a dreadful cold,
Which makes his voice unpleasing;
Reflect that we, next week may be,
Brought to the bar for "Sneezing."

Let Kindness, Unity, and Love,
Mark all we do and say;
Let's change the thorn for oil and corn,
To cheer our earthly way.

Let our warm thanks and blessings breathe
On all who give us aid;
Think—while ye bid the fruit-vines wreath,—
Sin's Upas branch *must* fade.

Perchance a word of poet-truth
May fling a quenchless spark,—
A beacon-star, which Age or Youth
May trust to in the dark.

A thought may bid *some* soul despise
Its foolish guile of yore,
And aims of just Ambition rise
That never lived before.

None know, when Knowledge lights her torch,
How far the beams are thrown:
And she may build a widening porch
On "Penny" Corner-stone.

Work on—Hope on! and be ye sure
Self-help is noble schooling,—
Let's do *our* best,—and leave the rest
To GOD'S own, mighty ruling.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

WRITTEN TO THE MELODY OF "EVER OF THREE," COMPOSED BY
FOLEY HALL.

WHERE are they now?—the visions that held us
Hallowed with bliss in the sunrise of Youth;
The Thought that entranced—the Hope that impelled us,
The strong Faith in Friendship—the impulse of Truth,

THE INFINITE.

Rainbows of light that illumed all our weeping,
 Rose leaves of rapture that hid every thorn,—
 Oh! where are those visions that came without sleeping,
 Where are those Life-gems—the dew-drops of morn?
 With Care in our bosom, and shade on our brow,
 Who will not sigh and ask, “Where are they now?”

Where are they now? the rich rays of glory,
 Gilding the dull world with beams of Romance?
 Where are the lips that beguiled with Love’s story,
 Where are the hands that we pressed in the dance?
 Forms that were near, all buoyant and bounding,
 Fresh as the field flowers snatched in our way,
 Oh! where are their glad tones, like stream-ripples sounding,
 Shouting aloud, “We have no month but May.”
 With care in our bosom, and shade on our brow,
 Who will not sigh and ask, “Where are they now?”

 THE INFINITE.

WE wonder at Life’s secret flame,
 But cannot trace the spark
 Which lighted up our soul and frame,
 From Chaos—dead and dark :

We gaze upon the dewy blade
 That glitters at our feet;
 But know not how the leaf was made
 So perfect and complete.

We see the noontide’s flashing ray
 Filled close with atom-things;
 But who can light the orb of Day,
 Or weave the tiny wings?

The bird that builds its simple nest,
 Shows Skill that none can reach;
 The bee that keeps its treasured heaps,
 Has Instinct none can teach.

We see the acorn rise, and fling
 Its shadow o’er the field;
 We ask, “How grew the leaf-crowned king?”
 But Nature’s lips are sealed.

We hear the billows roll and rave ;
 We see worlds—high and far—
 But Art could not attune the wave ;
 Nor Science fix the star.

We cannot find the germ of " Mind ;"
 We cannot change the Law
 That governs every step we tread,
 And every breath we draw.

Our deepest thought—our broadest view ;—
 Seek as they may, must own,
 That Finite Knowledge leads but to
 The Infinite Unknown.

And yet, with bold, presuming brain,
 —Blind to the mystic " Whence ?"—
 We dare to question and arraign
 The ways of Providence.

Shall we dispute the Right Supreme,
 Of Wisdom, Power, and Grace,
 That rules the great, Eternal Scheme :
 And fills Unbounded Space ?

Is it not better we should take
 Our " crosses" through the dust,
 Schooling our hearts to bear—not break—
 Upheld by Hope and Trust ?

Till Man can tell where Life shall end ;
 And how that Life began ;
 Let us obey ; and humbly bend
 To Him who *fashioned* Man.



HURRAH! FOR OUR RIFLEMEN!

HURRAH for our Riflemen !—Men of the Land !
 Who have sprung with a brave-hearted yearning ;
 Not willing nor eager to kindle War's brand,
 But to guard what that brand might set burning.
 They have limbs for a march ; they have fronts for a blow,
 Show them laurels and see how they'll win them ;
 They have hands for a trigger and eyes for a foe ;
 That will prove the true Briton is in them.

IMPROMPTU SONNET.

Then here's to the Grey, and the Green, and the Blue,
 Never heed in what colour you find them,
 But be sure they'll be dyed a blood-red, through and through,
 Ere the chain of a Despot shall bind them.

Let them come from the plough, from the loom, and the forge,
 Let their bugles ring louder and louder,
 Let the dark, city street, and the deep, forest gorge,
 Prove that Labour makes Valour the prouder.
 Let them dwell in sweet Peace, till a moment may come
 When the shot of an enemy rattle,
 And the spirits that clung the most fondly to home
 Will be first to rush forth in the battle.

Then here's to the Grey, and the Green, and the Blue,
 Never heed in what colour you find them,
 But be sure they'll be dyed a blood-red, through and through,
 Ere the chain of a Despot shall bind them.

 IMPROMPTU SONNET

ON SEEING "WYLD'S GREAT GLOBE."

OFT have I dared to question far-off stars,
 While dreaming of Eternity and Space.
 Yet, here, in silent thinking, face to face
 With my own strong and mortal prison bars
 I stand—a mighty, though a shrinking thing;
 Finding the distance strangely less—yet greater
 Than it e'er seemed between the One Creator
 And the Untold Created.—My Soul's wing
 Seemeth to wear a plume of Spirit-birth,
 That wafts me high to the Immortal Power;
 Yet my own sphere—studded with shell and flower,
 Blinds with the dazzling mystery of—"Earth."
 What art thou? Nature tells with voice sublime,
 "One of God's Pyramids upon the Sands of Time."

 THE FAIRY WISH.

As I wandered beside the blue, measureless tide,
 While the winds and the waves were at play,
 A woman, forlorn, pale, weary, and worn,
 Arose, like a ghost, in my way.

Her famine-wrung sigh, and her grief-filled eye,
Were heavy with moan and tear,
As I placed in her palm a drop of the balm
Which the world holds so preciously dear.
And this blessing she gave as she turned to the wave,
And looked up to the azure dome,
"May your happiness be as deep as the sea,
And your heart as light as the foam."
Few words they were, but they seemed to bear
A magic to cheer and to save;
A beauty was flung by that sorrowful tongue,
Like a spring flower raised on a grave.
And Time who estranges, by chequers and changes,
Kind thoughts that have wished us good will,
Has left deeply impressed on my brain and my breast
The words of that pale woman still.
They held music and feeling, whose echo-tones stealing,
Yet whisper, where'er I may roam ;
"May your happiness be as deep as the sea,
And your heart as light as the foam."



"I WISH THOU WERT NOT GOING."

(ADDRESSED TO AN OLD FRIEND.)

'Tis what I have said to the summer,
When the last, sweet buds were blowing ;
And the bee was a wearied hummer ;

"I wish thou wert not going."

'Tis what I have said to the tide,
When it ebbed in its musical flowing ;
Leaving pebble and weed by its side—

"I wish thou wert not going."

'Tis what I have said to my vision,
When the scythe of Truth was mowing
The poppies of Fancy's Elysian—

"I wish thou wert not going."

'Tis what I have said to the sun,
When the shadows of night were growing,
And the sands of mirth had run ;

"I wish thou wert not going."

'Tis what I have said to the bird,
When its gush of song was flowing
In strains to be soon unheard—

"I wish thou wert not going."

A CHEER FOR THE HELPING HAND.

And when thou hast turned away,
 And thy form is dimly showing,
 Then, then, will my spirit say,
 "I wish thou wert not going."



A CHEER FOR THE HELPING HAND.

(SONG WRITTEN FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE DISTRESSED
 LANCASHIRE OPERATIVES, 1862.)

COME priest and layman, liege and serf ;
 Come all—from Princes down.
 Shed Mercy's light from the widow's mite,
 And the yeoman's silver crown.
 Let "talents" pour from every store,
 Give cloth and duffel grey ;
 Bring meal and meat, and milk and wheat,
 To keep King Death away.
 Awake the song and roll along
 One chorus through the land,
 With a kind "God-speed" for the sons of Need,
 And a cheer for the helping hand.

Sweet Charity with earnest prayer
 Holds out her tear-wet palm :
 Come all who have a coin to spare
 And drop the precious balm.
 Help, help who can, and be ye sure
 There's truth in the holy word ;
 That he who giveth to the poor
 Is lending to the Lord.
 Then raise the song and roll along
 One chorus through the land ;
 With a kind "God-speed" for the sons of Need,
 And a cheer for the helping hand.



TYPE OF THE POET-ONE

RIVER, sweet River ! how gentle thy might,
 With thy pulse-ripples beating in freshness and light ;
 Taking thy course through the promising land,
 Like a blue vein that runs through a bountiful hand.

Rising and ebbing with musical tides ;
 Giving life to the green arms embracing thy sides.
 Type of the Poet-One ! so let him be,
 Singing and serving, sweet River, like thee.

River, sweet River ! the weary ones drink,
 Blessing thy name as they bend o'er the brink.
 Children gaze on thee with frolicsome grace,
 At the reflex of Heaven that dwells in thy face.
 All that come nigh thee behold and rejoice,
 Noting thy beauty, and loving thy voice.
 Type of the Poet-One ! so let him be,
 Singing in joy, gentle River, like thee.

River, sweet River ! serene in thy flow,
 Whether winter winds ruffle, or summer suns glow ;
 Clear, peaceful, and free, softly pouring along,
 Child, Bird, Bee, and Zephyr, come swelling thy song.
 How great and how varied thy purpose and power,
 Now driving the mill-wheel, now laving the flower.
 Type of the Poet-One ! so let him be,
 Pure, simple, and strong, gentle River, like thee.



IMPROMPTU STANZAS.

(TO THE MEMORY OF AN OLD FRIEND.)

I DID not deem my breast had kept
 Such record of the Past ;
 I thought thy name, which long had slept,
 Would sleep on to the last.
 We have not met for many a year,
 We have not changed a word ;
 Time had extinguished Hope and Fear ;
 And not a feather stirred
 Of that gay wing, which long ago
 Fluttered o'er all with fairy glow.

But now I hear the minute knell
 Proclaim thou'rt "passed away ;"
 And think, that once I deemed that bell
 Might mark our bridal day.
 Oh ! roots of young, forgotten love,
 All sapless, dry, and cold,

Will oft resume their tender bloom,
 When wrapt in churchyard mould,
 And holy perfume still will flow,
 From flowers we gathered long ago.



THE MEMORY OF THE LOVED AND LOST.

It is the strain I used to hear
 When Childhood's Love lit up my brow;
 Before I dreamt that sigh or tear
 Would fling the shade which dims it now.
 A mother sang that plaintive air,
 To charm and lull me to my rest;
 It mingled with my evening prayer
 In gentle murmurs—sweet and blest.
 But now that strain brings mournful pain;
 Its echoes chill, like autumn frost;
 So, Minstrel, do not wake again
 The Memory of the loved and lost.

That soft, low strain was sung for me,
 And always sung for me alone;
 When spirit-bound, I knew no sound
 So holy as a mother's tone.
 I loved that mother as the spring
 Loves the full orb of warmth and light;
 And loved her most when she would sing
 That tuneful lullaby at night.
 But now that strain brings saddening pain;
 Its echoes chill, like autumn frost,
 So, Minstrel, do not wake again
 The Memory of the loved and lost.



TO O. A. A.

ON HIS SAYING I WAS NOT SUFFICIENTLY GRATEFUL FOR
 THE POETIC GIFT BESTOWED ON ME.

DEEM me not thankless for the fragrant Bay,
 Which God saw fit to scatter in my way:
 I know full well the raptures that belong
 To Earth's most holy tone—the "Voice of Song."

My simple Harp outweighs a mine of gold ;
 I prize it as the richest boon I hold.
 I've dreamed the glory-visions o'er its strings
 Which lift our mortal form on angel-wings ;
 And felt that while that simple harp was mine,
 My human thoughts were linked with hopes divine.

I've knelt in prayer upon the mountain-top ;
 I've watched the dew-gems—blessing every drop—
 The rolling main below, the stars above
 Have held my breast, and brain, in musing love ;
 I've made a Faith-shrine of the sunset cloud,
 I've plucked a daisy, and my soul has bowed ;
 Owning, with joy, the " Gift," which shed for me
 The light, so warm and wide, which few can see.

But moments *have* been, when a rude world's touch
 Has wrung my spirit till it felt *too* much ;
 When my still lip suppressed the anguish-sigh,
 And choking Pride concealed the tearful eye ;
 When bitter Wrong has chafed my burning breast,
 —Robbing my days of Peace—my nights of Rest.
 Then would that struggling spirit turn and say,
 " Give me a Shield, and take my Harp away."
 I've known long hours of sorrow—drear and deep,
 When others had forgotten how to weep ;
 I've nursed the Grief-thorn with its probing power,
 When others had resumed the Pleasure-flower ;
 The gall-cup has been held for me to sip
 When others laughed with gay and honied lip ;
 Then would I cry, " Oh ! take my Poet Song,
 " And give a heart that will not throb so long."

But " God is good ;" and when the pangs were o'er,
 He seemed to bid me love that Harp the more ;
 Though vain regret might sometimes breathe a word
 Of earthly murmur, it was kindly heard ;
He knew that strings so rife with bliss and pain,
 When roughly swept *must* yield a piercing strain.
 He knew, though bitter groans escaped control,
 That Torture—not Rebellion, filled my soul.
 He knew that while my Harp could pour its lays
 HIS name would live on it with grateful praise ;
 That unto HIM its latest Song will be,
 " Father, I've sinned ; let me be judged by Thee."



ON HEARING A WOUNDED BIRD SINGING IN
A TREE.

It seemeth strange that Bird or Bard
Should sit in the sunshine and merrily sing;
While the Poet-One bears deep, anguish-cares,
And the Mavis flutters with broken wing.

But we often hear notes, rich and clear,
While the tear may flow, and the warm blood gush;
And few will wait to soothe the fate
Of the sorrowing Minstrel, or wounded Thrush.

Sing on, sweet Bird, let your whistle be heard,
You've a beautiful perch 'mid the breeze and the light;
Though a red drop start with each pulse of your heart,
Your plumage will staunch it, and keep it from sight.

And come, brave Minstrel! rise and take
Your silvery harp, and tune it again;
Your spirit may ache, till it well nigh break;
But your sigh will be lost in the dulcet strain.

* * * * *

The Bird falls, mute, on the grass below;
The Poet has played to the last—and died;—
And none shall know the piteous woe
That the Feathers and Strings have served to hide.

SHAKSPEARE.

(WRITTEN ON HEARING OF THE TERCENTENARY MOVEMENT,
1864.)

If Man *can* be immortal here,
If Soul *can* stay when Life is done;
If Dust *can* brave the levelling spear,
Thou, Shakspeare, art that mighty one.

Born 'neath the flag that never yields,
Sprung from a people proudly free;
Whose Arms have won unnumbered fields;
Whose Commerce spreads from Sea to Sea,

Son of the first and highest State,
 With noblest Rights that earth can hold,
 Boasting the "City of the Great,"
 Whose million highways teem with gold.

Truth-teller! whose illumined page
 Has never yet been laid aside;
 Chief Prompter on Creation's stage,
 Our endless joy—our matchless pride.

At length, rich England deigns to give
 Thy Genius a Memorial shrine;
 And let her Shakspeare's image live,
 Recorded as the "Soul divine!"

How many a pulse would throb and glow
 To see the marble pile uprear,
 Which grants the Bard his late reward,
 A "local habitation" here!

And 'mid the warmest, mine will be
 To laud the workers of the deed,
 Which honours thee who shaped for me
 My simple Muse, and trusting creed.

For less of fire had marked my lyre,
 And less of pleasing praise been mine;
 Less earnest pains had marked *my* strains,
 If I had never worshipped *thine*!

In early youth I prized the Word,
 That gently leads with Gospel rule;
 Then, charmed by thee, I thought I heard
 A teacher in the self-same school.

And now, when stricken Conscience calls
 For contrite heart and bended knee;
 My meek and chastened spirit falls
 First to its God, and then to thee!

Kind Heaven has bounteously attuned
 A few, sweet strings within my breast,
 And such blest things are those few strings,
 Their echo softens all the rest.

My song is weak—*my* chords are few,
 But faintest echoes only prove
 That *all* bow down to hail and crown,
 Our Poet-Priest with changeless love!

GERMS OF GREATNESS.

How many a mighty mind is shut
 Within a fameless germ;
 The huge oak lies in the acorn nut,
 And the richest, regal robes are cut
 From the web of a dusky worm.

The river rolls with its fleet of ships
 On its full and swelling tide,
 But its far-off fountain creeps and drips
 From a chinklet's dank and mossy lips
 That a pebble and dock-leaf hide.

The thoughtless word from a jesting breath
 May fall on a list'ning ear,
 And draw the soul from its rusty sheath
 To work and win the rarest wreath
 That mortal brow can wear.

Yon tiny bud is holding fast
 Gay Flora's fairest gem,
 Let the sunlight stay and the shower go past,
 And the wee, green bud shall blaze at last;
 —The pride of her diadem.

The sower casts in the early year
 The grains of barley corn,
 And barns and barrels of goodly cheer
 Of winter's bread and nut-brown beer
 From the infant seed are born.

The Poet-chant may be a thing
 Of lightsome tone and word;
 But a living sound may dwell in the string,
 That shall waken and rouse as its echoes fling,
 Till myriad breasts are stirred.

Look well, look close, look deep, look long,
 On the changes ruling earth,
 And ye'll find God's rarest, holiest throng
 Of mortal wonders—strange and strong—
 Arise from noteless birth.

Fate drives a poor and slender peg,
 But a crown may hang thereby;
 We may kill an eagle when crushing an egg,
 And the shilling a starving boy may beg
 May be stamped with Fortune's die.

'Tis well to train our searching eyes
 To marvel, not to mock ;
 For the nameless steed may win the prize,
 The "wee" child grow to giant size,
 And the atom found a rock.

 EVA'S FAREWELL.

THE white man's darling child looked out
 Upon the Western sky,
 Where radiant glory lurked about,
 To see the red sun die.
 Sweet Eva—innocent and young—
 Watched every cloudlet glide,
 While soft and holy strains were sung
 By slave lips at her side.
 "Look, Uncle Tom," the white child cried,
 "You see that land so fair,
 With shining light and spirits bright,
 And I am going there.
 I'm going, Uncle Tom, ere long,
 Where angels join our evening song.
 "You'll not forget me when I'm gone,
 I know you'll nurse my flowers ;
 I know you'll often sit alone
 And think of these blest hours.
 You'll read within the sacred page
 Now resting on your knee,
 Of Him who preached the truth and said,
 "Bring little ones to me."
 You must not weep, dear Tom, but pray
 With fond and trusting heart ;
 For though my form may pass away,
 Our spirits cannot part.
 You'll come to me, dear Tom, ere long,
 And join the angels' evening song."

 "POOR UNCLE TOM."

THE gold of the wealthy ones bought him and sold him,
 The voice of the godly proclaimed him a slave ;
 The dogs of the white man might hunt him and hold him,
 The Christian might take from him all that God gave.

LITTLE TOPSY'S SONG.

But here 'neath the linden tree, peacefully sleeping,
 He heeds not the blood-hound, he feels not the whip ;
 • While many a dark eye comes gazing and weeping,
 And many a prayer falls from many a lip
 For the soul of poor Tom.

For poor Tom was as brave as the young lion-mother,
 And kind as the dove on the orange-tree spray ;
 Poor Tom was a man whom a king might call brother ;
 Though his skin was like night, yet his soul was like day.
 The white sons of Liberty tortured his spirit,
 Till all he could do was to lie down and die ;
 But the moment may come when they fain would inherit
 The measure of Joy that he hoped for on high,
 For the soul of poor Tom.

 LITTLE TOPSY'S SONG.

“Topsy never was born, never had a moder,
 Spects I growed a nigger brat, just like any oder.
 Whip me till the blood comes—ole missus used to do it ;
 She said she'd cut my heart out, but never could get to it.
 Got no heart, I don't believe,—niggers do widout 'em—
 Never heard of God or love, so can't tell much about 'em.”
 This is Topsy's savage song—Topsy cute and clever—
 Hurrah then for the White Man's right, “Slavery for ever !”

“I spect I'se very wicked, that's just what I am ;
 Only you just give me chance ; wont I rouse 'Ole Sam.'
 'Taint no use in being good—Cos I'se black you see ;
 I never cared for nothin yet, and nothin cares for me.
 Ha, ha, ha ! Miss Feely's hand dun know how to grip me ;
 I never likes to do no work, and wont without they whip me.”
 This is Topsy's savage song—Topsy cute and clever,—
 Hurrah then for the White Man's right, “Slavery for ever !”

“Don't you die, Miss Evy dear, else I go dead too.
 I knows I'm wicked, but I'll try and be all good to you.
 You have taught me better things, though I'se nigger-skin,
 You have found poor Topsy's heart, spite of all its sin.
 Don't you die, Miss Evy dear, else I go dead too.
 Tho' I'se black I'se sure that God will let me go wid you.”
 This is Topsy's *human* song, under Love's endeavour,
 Blessings on the White Child's work, “Humanity for ever !”

THE MOTHER'S LEAP.

"KEEP close, my child, they shall not wrest
 Thy mother's arm from thee;
 The grasp that rends thee from this breast,
 Shall first tear life from me.
 See, see! yon ice-rock where the flood
 Pours rapidly and deep,
 They will not dare to follow there—
 God give me strength to leap.
 Keep close, my child, we can but die,
 I'll kill thee or I'll save;
 The human bloodhounds track us nigh—
 Now, let them catch the slave."

A moment! and the Mother springs
 Like wild deer from the heath:
 Each nerve is strained—the crag is gained—
 The fierce tide left beneath.
 She hugs her boy—she screams with joy—
 While rock and snag are scaled.
 "Now, now," she cries, "come on who will,
 Our path is bravely trailed;
 I've left my tears upon the grass,
 My crimson footsteps here.
 But see!—no woman-hunters pass
 Where woman knew no fear."

She springs again like mountain cat,
 Her child is all she sees.
 A moment more—she nears the shore—
 She climbs with trembling knees.
 A man with mercy in his breast
 Holds out a friendly hand,
 He helps her on with hope and rest,
 Toward the Freeman's land;
 And wandering ones oft seek the spot
 To mark the fearful deep,
 While memory keeps it unforgot,
 Known as "The Mother's Leap."

ON HEARING AN ÆOLIAN HARP.

A BREATH of summer wind is playing,
 So softly, none can trace its wings,
 And lone and fitful in its straying,
 It falls upon the silver strings.
 They pour an answering sound that never
 Could be awoke by minstrel skill ;
 The rarest melody that ever
 Breathed o'er the world to charm and thrill.
 So rich, so full, so pure, so deep ;
 The air in dreamy sweetness floats ;
 But only spirit-hands can sweep
 Such music from the Harp's wild notes.

So many a breast where music lives,
 May yield a gush of wondrous tone ;
 But while that breast its music gives
 The magic source remains unknown.
 The throb of strange and holy feeling—
 The dearest joy—the saddest sigh,—
 May swell with notes of high revealing,
 But like the Harp-strain they must die.
 None can record the matchless theme
 That with the mystic wind-kiss floats ;
 And none can learn the Poet's dream
 That singeth in his Heart's wild notes.

 "POOR HOOD."

(WRITTEN AT KENSAL-GREEN CEMETERY.)

WHAT gorgeous cenotaphs arise,
 Of Parian shrine and granite vault ;
 With blazoned claims on purer skies
 That shut out earthly flaw and fault !

Who lies below yon splendid tomb
 That stretches out so broad and tall ?
 The worms will surely ne'er exhume
 A sleeper locked within such wall.

And see, that other stately pile
Of chiselled glory—staring out;
Come, Sexton, leave your work awhile,
And tell us what we ask about.

So! one belongs to him who held
A score of trained and tortured steeds;
Great Circus Hero—unexcelled,
On what strange stuff Ambition feeds!

The other guards the last repose
Of one who shone by juggling craft.
Methinks when such a Temple rose
How Esculapius must have laughed.

And see that tomb beneath yon tree!—
But, Sexton, tell us where to find
The grave of him we came to see;—
Is it not here, or are we blind?

We mean Poor Hood’s—the man who made
That Song about the “Bridge of Sighs;”
—You know the Song, well, leave your spade,
And please to show us where *he* lies.

What! there! without a single mark—
Without a stone—without a line—
Does watchfire Genius leave no spark
To note its ashes as divine?

Must strangers come to woo his shade,
Scanning rare beauties as they pass;
And when they pause where *he* is laid,
Stop at a trodden mound of grass?

And is it thus? Well, we suppose,
England is far too poor to spare
A slab of white where Truth might write
The title of her Poet Heir.

Let us adorn our city walks
With senate form and soldier-chief—
Carve toga-folds and laurel stalks,—
Let marble shine in robe and leaf.

But Hood; “poor Hood!”—the Poet fool
Who sung of Women’s woes and wrongs,
Who taught his Master’s Golden Rule—
Give *him* no statue for his *songs*!

THE GREEN LEAVES ARE DEAD.

Give him the dust beneath his head,
 Give him a grave—a grave alone—
 In Life he dearly won his bread;—
 In Death he was not worth a stone.

Perhaps we rightly think that he
 Who flung God's light round lowly things,
 Can soar above in Memory's love,
 Supported by his own, strong wings.

Our Shakspeare can be only met
 Within a narrow Playhouse Porch;
 So, Hood, thy spirit need not fret;
 But hold its own immortal torch.

"Poor Hood!" for whom a people wreathes
 The heart-born flowers that never die.
 "Poor Hood!" for whom a requiem breathes
 In every human Toil-wrung sigh.

Let the Horse-tamer's bed be known
 By the rich mausoleum-shrine;
 Give the bold Quack his charnel throne—
 Their works were worthier far than thine.

And let thy Soul serenely sleep
 While pilgrims stand as I have stood;
 To worship at a nameless heap,
 And fondly, sadly say, "Poor Hood!"



THE GREEN LEAVES ARE DEAD.

WE decked the gay Hall with the fresh-gathered arms
 From the dew-spangled laurel and bard-crowning bay.
 The red rose was there with the lilybell fair,
 And bravely they shone on the festival day.
 But the rich, gleaming wreathings,—Oh! where are they now?
 The bloom is departed—the beauty is shed;
 All scentless the flower, all sapless the bough—
 Oh! the glad night is past, and the green leaves are dead.

So showeth the beautiful mirth-lighted eye,
 As fresh and as rich in its beamings of love,
 When the round, laughing cheek is as ruddy and sleek
 As the tint of the ruby—the down of the dove.

But we afterwards look on the spirit-lit face,
 And the thin lips are smileless—the dimple is fled,
 The grey hair and wrinkle are all that we trace ;
 Gay Youth has gone by, and the green leaves are dead.

So gloweth the breast in the noontide of Life,
 With the throbbings of Hope and the flushings of Joy,
 When the heartstrings are bound to the dear ones around,
 With a link which we fancy Time cannot destroy.
 But Sorrow and Age come with withering hands,
 The sun has gone down and the night-gloom is spread ;
 The blossoms have dropped from the roseate bands,
 The heart's bloom is over—the green leaves are dead.



I'LL THINK OF THEE.

WHEN the clear, round moon is climbing up,
 And stars peep out from the misty blue,
 When fairies sip from the acorn cup
 Their trysting draught of nectar dew—
 I'll think of thee.

When the sun is shedding his diamond ray
 On the green hill-top and the bosky dell,
 When the wild bee comes to carry away
 The rose's wealth to his own, sweet cell—
 I'll think of thee.

When Beauty comes with its forehead of snow,
 Its orb of fire—its form of grace ;
 My glance may dwell, but I sigh for the brow
 Where Affection flings a spirit-trace—
 And think of thee.

My first, fond wish, my latest prayer,
 Are shrined in a dear, unspoken name ;
 Whatever of sorrow this breast may bear,
 Whatever of joy—'tis all the same—
 I'll think of thee.

I love—and whether thou'rt mine or not—
 That love will live like a quenchless light
 Thou wilt be my memory's one, green spot,
 And till memory sleeps in the grave's, long night—
 I'll think of thee.

REMORSE.

My hasty speech and thoughtless deed
 Once stung a warm and honest breast ;
 I made a gentle bosom bleed,
 I galled its pride, and broke its rest.
 I know the bitter word I spoke
 Carried a torture in its tone ;
 I struck a heart, but soon that stroke
 Rebounded keenly on my own.

A moment—and my reckless ire
 Had spent its fierce and lightning play ;
 But left a record of its fire,
 Too deeply scathed to pass away.
 One gentle bosom loved me well,
 And I had dared to wrong that one ;
 The speech had past, to live and last,
 The deed could never be undone.

Shame's burning, soul-confusing blush
 Quick mantled with its crimson glow ;
 I felt degraded by the flush,
 And longed to hide my conscious brow.
 I sought my pillow, but the deep
 And sweet oblivion came not there ;
 My eyes found not their quiet sleep,
 My lips forgot their evening prayer.

My quickened pulse and restless form,
 My fevered cheek that stayed the course
 Of heavy tears, proclaimed the worm
 That fed within me was " Remorse."
 I knew the spirit I had riven
 Would nurse the barb and keenly feel,
 And loathed myself to think I'd given
 A wound I knew not how to heal.

Oh! ye who bear a hidden crime,
 And carry vain " Remorse" within ;
 The load ye drag through Life and Time
 Must amply chasten any sin.
 I bore but little, yet I had
 Enough of self-upbraiding pain
 To make my bosom anguish-sad,
 And dread to risk such scourge again.

“Take heed, my Soul!” I ever cry;
For one short hour may fix a blot
Of such a deep and lasting dye,
Death only can erase the spot.

SONG OF THE EAGLE.

My home is made in the mountain land,
Where the chasms yawn and the torrents leap;
Where no coward race can hold a place,
But forms are as free as the winds that sweep.
Mine are the limbs no trammels can bind;
Mine is the course no foot can track;
There's no rein on my neck to chafe and check,
I bear no rider to gall my back.
Wide is my range, and lonely my flight;
The vulture may gaze, but he will not dare
To ruffle my feathers, or challenge my right,
For the Eagle, the Eagle is King of the Air.

Let the dazzling sun rise clear and high
In the warmth and blaze of a southern day,
But the light that dwells in an Eagle's eye,
Can flash back again with as fierce a ray.
When the storm comes on with its thunder loud,
As the Bird of Jove I keep my fame;
My broad wings flap through the blackest cloud,
And my talons cleave through the bluest flame.
My speed is as fast as the hurricane's blast,
And curbless and wild as the ocean tide.
To the north or the west, no hand can arrest;
I am free in my will, and supreme in my pride.

Whene'er I take my place below,
No green or bloom-wreathed perch is mine;
For I rest on the pathless peak of snow,
Or swing on the dark and giant pine.
The shot or the barb may bid me die,
But I know the stroke and aim must be
From the mighty arm and steady eye,
That can only be found 'mid the bold and free.
I live with glory—I fall with the same;—
And though earth may have creatures strong and fair,
Though the fearless and brave fill the wood and the wave,
None can shadow the Eagle—the King of the Air.

SIMPLE STANZAS, WRITTEN IN YOUNG SORROW.

My forehead is smooth, not a wrinkle is yet
 To be seen, as the tell-tale of Life's busy years;
 Not a hair has turned grey, not a record is set
 That proclaims a long sojourn through trials and tears.
 Mine still is the season when spirit and thought
 Should know little of earth, but its sunshine and flowers;
 With Joy to look back on—Joy still to be sought—
 And Mirth, with its laughing eye, lighting the hours.
 But though short be the tenor I've held from above,
 Enough of dark sands in that tenor have run,
 To bid my soul cry o'er the wreck of its love:
 "Time, Time! what hast thou done?"

Changes have come that I sigh to behold,
 Over those that were dear to my childhood and youth;
 Kindly hearts are estranged—friendly hands have grown cold,
 And the lips I believed in are warped from the truth;
 My affection that glowed like the God-serving flame
 On the purest of altars that Faith could illumine,
 Lives on; but now worships a form and a name,
 That is wrapped in the shroud-robe and carved on a tomb.
 Oh! the world has too soon dropped its fairy-tinged mask,
 For the dearest of ties have been torn—one by one—
 Till my heart and my memory tremble to ask:
 "Time! Time! what hast thou done?"

 "CASTLE LEA."

RESPECTFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO * *.

EVERY golden ray was hiding
 In November's sombre cloak;
 Grey and misty scud was riding
 O'er the almost leafless oak.
 Scarce a blossom decked earth's bosom,
 Scarce a wild bird tried to sing;
 Sad winds sighing—stray rooks flying—
 Heralded the Winter King.
 But the power of Sun and Flower
 Were no needful joys for me,
 As I stood,—a welcomed comer,—
 On the steps of "Castle Lea."

There were gracious words to greet me
 As I trod the threshold stone,
 And the hand that stretched to meet me,
 Was a fair, and courteous one.
 Soon my shrinking fear dispelling,
 By such bidding at the gate;
 Made me sure that I was dwelling
 Where true Kindness shut out State.
 Voices round me gave reliance
 On the welcome, warm and free;
 Beaming faces—genial graces—
 Made a home of “Castle Lea.”

Soon I saw that Gold was ample;
 But not Gold that's given in vain;
 Gold whose sowing—Gold whose growing—
 Scatters bloom for soul and brain.
 “Things of Beauty, Joys for ever,”
 Met my gaze on every side;
 Pictured story, bannered glory,
 Roused Ambition's purest pride,
 Richly blending, softly tending
 To make Man all Man *should* be.
 Curious stores of choicest honey
 Filled the hives of “Castle Lea.”

Music's messengers of pleasure,
 —Wooing every finger's touch—
 Open pages—Poets—Sages—
 Idols, none can love too much.
 Here, the marble bust, exacting
 Envy of the Sculptor's bays;
 There, the graven sheet, attracting
 Admiration's earnest gaze.
 Lowest wall to topmost turret
 Giving dullest eye to see
 Mind, Taste, Feeling; all revealing
 Rightful heirs hold “Castle Lea.”

Poor my strain, but let me bring it;
 Deign to scan my honest lay;
 For my ready heart can sing it
 Better than my lips can say.
 Should that heart be proudly glowing
 'Neath thy portal never more;
 Still I hold from thy bestowing,
 Precious thoughts to keep in store;

"CASTLE LEA."

For I gathered fruitful treasure,
 Hiding it where none can see ;
 Adding to my spirit's pleasure,
 From the wealth of " Castle Lea."

" Castle Lea !" my memory carries
 All thy scenes of peace around,
 Still thy mossy dingle tarries—
 Still I see the upland mound.
 There the belt of gloomy larches—
 Here the valley, deep and green—
 Leading to the emerald arches,
 Where the June sun ne'er is seen.
 Joyous creatures, furred and feathered,
 Feed and play in fearless glee,
 And I see them tamely gathered
 Round the walls of " Castle Lea."

I can see the Lady Birches
 Trail and droop in languid length,
 While the huge elm sways and lurches
 Near them with protecting strength.
 I can trace the Gothic twining
 Of the stones that break the grove,
 Record of the Past—combining
 Scenic Beauty, sacred Love.
 Here, the wood-shade for the dreamer—
 There, the thyme-bank for the bee—
 While above, the ivy-streamer
 Flutters down from " Castle Lea."

I can hear the white owls trying
 To beguile my sleepless hours,
 As I watched the moonbeams lying
 On the grey, embattled towers.
 I can hear myself half sighing,
 In a vision of Romance ;
 As their lonely lullabying
 Bound me in a poet-trance.
 I can hear the old clock chiming
 In the tones—" Remember me,"
 While my harp, in chorus rhyming,
 Gave a song to " Castle Lea."

Far, far off, in murky city,
 Here I breathe my loving strain,
 And if ye but like my ditty,
 It will not be sung in vain.

Never can your kind hearts reckon
 The elixir-drops ye poured
 When ye roused a hand to beckon
 Me, a stranger, to your board.
 Let me thank ye, let me rank ye,
 'Mid the kindest ones to me ;
 For ye gave me what I prayed for—
 Sympathy—in "Castle Lea."

 GARIBALDI THE TRUE.

HERE's a health to the Hero who stands in the world
 As the first and the noblest in Fight,
 'Neath a banner of glory by Freedom unfurled,
 With a sword that flashed out for the "Right."
 He is dear to our land, to our homes, to our hearts,
 With a Fame that will never grow dim ;
 And Old England ne'er gave such a cheer for the brave,
 As her trumpet-tongue echoes for him.
 Up, up, with the cup ! let us pledge him in love,
 Let his deeds ever waken our shout ;
 For the soldier whose blow has laid Tyranny low,
 Let our Spirit-song ever ring out.

Say where is the victor whose triumphs outshine
 The rich halo that circles his crest ?
 Rare fields has he won, and great work has he done,
 But no star do we see on his breast.
 And no star does he need, for his soul is a gem
 That proclaims him the high-born and rare ;
 Let him live with the few "GARIBALDI THE TRUE !"
 'Tis the title *such* soldier should wear.
 Bring the wine, and fill up ! let his name bless the cup,
 Let his deeds ever waken our shout ;
 For the soldier whose blow has laid Tyranny low,
 Let our Spirit-song ever ring out.

He has proved what a welcome the Britons can give,
 He has heard what a sound we can raise ;
 While our Maidens have shed crowning bloom on his head,
 And our Mothers poured blessings and praise.
 Our children have prattled and laughed in his arms ;
 Our Old Men gone forth in the crowd :

Our Young Manhood, in pride, has kept guard by his side
 Our great, War Kings have seen him, and bowed.
 Then up, up with the cup! let us pledge him in love,
 Let his deeds ever waken our shout;
 For the soldier whose blow has laid Tyranny low,
 Let our Spirit-song ever ring out.



TERCENTENARY ODE:

Written for the Working Men's Shakspeare Celebration,

APRIL 23RD, 1864.

SPOKEN BY MR. HENRY MARSTON.

"A day in April never came so sweet."

Joyous, yet solemn, is our purpose here;
 Claiming, alike, glad smile and tender tear.
 The smile—to know our Jubilee is given
 To him who left on earth some rays from Heaven.
 The tear—to think that he who spread such flame
 Passed from his place too soon to learn his fame.
 Yet smile and tear are hallowed as we breathe
 The name of Shakspeare o'er the bays we wreathe;
 While glowing spirits in that name unite,
 Blending Love's festal with Devotion's rite.

The world is wide—yet all the world will own
 That England's Shakspeare fills its noblest throne;
 That Wisdom, Wit, Mirth, Feeling, Mind, and Soul
 Rule 'neath his sceptre-touch from pole to pole.

Sweet Nature tuned his harp of myriad strings,
 To rouse an echo in all human things.
 Possessor of the strange, magician power;
 Heir to Creation's vast and mystic Dower,
 He held no honours from our Schools below;
 God gave him more than Monarch can bestow;
 For Genius—simple, mighty, and sublime—
 Stamped him—the Priest and Poet for "All Time."

Here do we gather—sacredly to raise
 Our shouts of triumph and our songs of praise.
 Here have we met, in warm and earnest bands,
 To twine his Glory-crown with toil-worn hands.

Here do we help to stud his diadem
 With Labour's sweat-drop—England's richest gem.
 Here do the people write with blazing pen,
 "Shakspeare was born of 'England's Working Men.'"

Well may our foreheads flush—our hearts rejoice—
 While the loud boast is heard from every voice:
 For all the tides of all the Cæsars' blood
 Fade by the side of Avon's rippling flood:
 The heroes of Rome, Persia, Greece, and Troy
 Must yield the palm to Stratford's peasant boy;
 And England's Princes bend with high regard
 To swell the homage paid to England's Bard.

Three hundred years—long years—have rolled away
 Since first he saw the world he came to sway;
 And unborn millions—proud as we are now—
 In untold ages still will crown his brow.
 Time's "Curfew Bell" will ne'er ring out *his* fire;
 For truth—Eternal Truth—illumes *his* lyre.
 And while Truth dwells in Man's responsive breast
 Shakspeare shall live—the matchless and the blest!



GREY-EYED MABEL.

I GAZED on orbs of flashing black;
 I met the glow of hazel light;
 I marked the hue of laughing blue,
 That sparkled in the festive night.
 But none could fling a lasting spell
 To hold me with unchanging power—
 The chains they cast were never fast
 Beyond the gay and fleeting hour—
 Till Grey-eyed Mabel's gentle glance,
 With blushing sense and beauty rife,
 Bade my soul cry with burning sigh,
 "I'm thine, and *only thine*, for life."
 Black, blue, and hazel stars have set,
 But Mabel's grey eyes lead me yet.

What was it in sweet Mabel's eyes
 That told me what no others told,
 That roused the dull, that pleased the wise,
 That charmed the young and cheered the old?

A HILL-SIDE HOME.

What was it held my world-worn breast
 In holy thrall—unknown before ?
 What was it those grey eyes expressed
 That made me worship and adore ?
 It was the pure and tender ray
 That filled those eyes in joy or woe ;
 It was the beam that could not play
 Without the fountain stream below ;
 It was the beam of simple truth,
 Of Woman's faith and trusting Youth.

Those soft, grey eyes were watched by mine
 With earnest, deep, and secret prayer ;
 I knew, I felt, my earthly shrine
 Was found and fixed for ever—there.
 I poured my heart one moonlit night
 Into sweet Mabel's listening ear ;
 Our mutual vow, from then till now,
 Bound each to each—fond, firm, and dear.
 Our boys and girls are growing round,
 And all give promise, brave and fair,
 But one, young cherub form is found
 First in my love, my hope, my care.
 And why ?—ah ! why ? My soul replies,
 "She has dear Mabel's soft, grey eyes."

A HILL-SIDE HOME.

Oh, joy ! to think that vernal Spring
 With double bliss to me will come ;
 For she has twined a daisy ring
 To wed me to a Hill-side Home.

Oh, joy ! to think that I shall be
 'Mid all I've loved so long and well ;
 Where I can see the bird and tree,
 The distant mount, the woodland dell ;

Where I may watch the sun go down
 In radiant hues of lingering light,
 Without a city's walls to frown,
 And choke fair eve with sullen night.

To know some brooklet wave will still
 Go running with as sweet a tune
 As that which turned the dear "Old Mill"
 In Life's gay months of May and June.

To know the lily-cup will give
 The same clear perfumed drops of dew ;
 To know the flag and harebell live,
 Clothed in the same rich robes of blue.

Though Pain may still o'er-shade my hours,
 I'd rather bear my thorny crown
 Among the blossoms and the flowers,
 Than 'mid the hot and murky town.

I have not "put my old love off;"
 I cannot "put a new love on."
 My "Old Straw Hat" I cannot doff,
 The courtly Madam's gear to don.

Oh, joy! to think that I shall dwell
 Where coming Age will softly pass,
 And find me yet beneath the spell
 Of sapphire sky and emerald grass.

Oh, joy! to think Time's mystic lapse
 Will not have touched one early vow,
 To have no doubt which says, "Perhaps
 The woodbine will not clasp me now."

True it may be, this simple lay
 Cannot pour forth the raptured zest
 Which filled my lyre in Girlhood's day
 With measures long, long gone to rest.

Yet, joy! to think that I shall be
 Where balmy winds and skylarks come ;
 Where tangled fern and leafy tree
 Bid welcome to a Hill-side Home.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

I WILL not say how long it is
 Since this fair hand received
 A perfect shower of blazoned pages,
 Filled with the "vows" that "last for ages ;"
 All read, and all believed.

When the decided, sharp "rat-tat"
 Vibrated through my frame :
 When each sealed missive roused emotion
 Absorbing in a "deep devotion"
 Until—the next one came.

When the plain postman was not seen ;
 For every folded sheet
 Seemed flung by Cupids—gay and rosy—
 Or handed on a myrtle posy,
 Fresh, beautiful, and sweet.

How my pulse throbbed as I beheld
 The pretty, emblem doves ;
 How my cheek flushed as I perused
 The rhymes, so cruelly abused,
 Of " hearts," " darts," " groves," and " loves."

The village church—the orange-wreath—
 The ring of magic power !
 The dazzling glare of Hymen's torch—
 The trellised, sunlit cottage-porch—
 And amaranthine flower.

Delightful strains that sang a song
 Of faith, to know no end ;
 All, all appeared before my eyes,
 In brilliant scene that none but wise
 St. Valentine could send.

Ah ! mighty Saint ! what priest e'er hears
 Confessions at his shrine
 Like those which poured by glowing Youth
 In Life's first, earnest, simple truth,
 Are ever breathed at thine ?

Despatches, sped from Waterloo,
 Rife with a nation's fate ;
 Were traced with less of anxious fear,
 Than those addressed to " Fanny, dear,"
 And charming " blue-eyed Kate."

There's not a day in all the year
 That tells such tales as this ;
 When hearts and brains tie golden knots,
 And build their homes in fairy spots,
 'Neath azure skies of bliss.

Tell me, ye great ones of the earth—
 Sage, Poet, or Divine ;
 Has treatise, epic, or oration,
 Been wrought with that dread perturbation
 Which marked your " Valentine ?"

Say, ye grand ladies, with your names
 Arrayed in courtly line,
 Do Royal invitations seem
 To warm you with such glittering beam
 As your first "Valentine?"

Hark? there's the postman's knock! good sooth!
 What can the missive be?
 Can I still hope that some fond swain
 Has told his passion and his pain
 On "best gilt edge" to me.

Alas, alas! I'll write no more,
 No tender scroll is mine:
 It brings no fluttering "loves" and "doves,"
 It is but Simpson's bill for gloves,—
 Adieu, St. Valentine!

Yet let me say, with closing lay,
 That I would fain resign
 The rarest, oldest, festal day,
 That calls on us to praise and pray,
 Before "St. Valentine."



AN AUTUMN SKETCH.

HERE is Autumn again! Here is Autumn again!
 With her crown of grapes, and her rustling train.
 She is lifting her tawny finger up
 Over linden leaf and acorn cup;
 Over the fern and over the bine;
 Over climbing jasmine and sprawling vine;
 Over the crimson clover top,
 The russet apple, and saffron hop;
 Over the heather's purple tinge;
 Over the brooklet's mallowy fringe.
 She touches the butterfly's downy wing,
 And the wild thyme's bloom in the "fairy ring."
 She walks like a white ghost over the hill,
 Wrapt up in her fog-robe—dank and chill;
 Dimming hedgerow green and river-wave light
 With the frost at morn and the mist at night.

Here is Autumn again! Here is Autumn again!
 She has flourished her sickle and garnered her grain.
 She is bringing her team and her plough in the field,
 While the sun gets up like a blood-red shield.

The rooks sail off in a chattering crowd ;
 The lark has forsaken the noontide cloud ;
 The redstart, the cuckoo, and woodwren are gone ;
 And the robin is whistling—all alone,
 With a mellow tune, which seems to say,
 "I am watching the bright things passing away ;
 I am seeing the rose and the hly die :
 But yet it is better to sing than sigh."

Here is Autumn again ! Here is Autumn again !
 Pouring her tender and varied strain ;
 Mingling her notes—half joy, half wail—
 As the fruit boughs creak, or the willow arms trail.
 Blithely she chants as the Muscatels drip
 Their luscious juice on the Earth's dry lip.
 Gaily she laughs as the broad wains rock
 'Neath the pitch and pile of the last brown " shock ;"
 And loudly she chimes when lips ring out
 To " John Barleycorn's" health in the Harvest Home shout.

Here is Autumn again ! Here is Autumn again !
 With gloom for the city and shade for the plain.
 She has driven the swallows from cottagers' eaves ;
 She is shedding the nuts and chasing the leaves ;
 She has sown the wide fallows and harrowed the crops ;
 She has set the young saplings and thinned the close copse.
 She is laying the moss on the old well stones ;
 She is swaying the pine stems and dropping the cones.
 She cuts peat on the heath-hill and turf in the bogs ;
 She is gathering fagots and stacking the logs.
 She is wondrously drest in her fluttering vest,
 With berries of red on her motley breast.

Here is Autumn again ! and the herdsman calls
 For the lantern, before he can litter the stalls.
 The glowworm is showing her azure spark,
 To challenge the first star that heralds the dark ;
 And the haze on the common spreads heavy and grey,
 As the last " good-night" ends the ploughboy's play.
 Here is Autumn again ! Here is Autumn again !
 With the hunter, the horn, and the hound in her train !

Here is Autumn again ! and she whispers to me,
 Saying—" Child of Dust, I am coming to thee !"
 Here is Autumn again ! and her voice is now rife
 With a calm farewell to the summer of Life.
 Joy's day goes down with a shortening sun ;
 The visions of Hope fade—one by one ;

The pearls of Mirth—pure, rich, and fair,
 Have dissolved in the tears of Pain and Care.
 Wrinkles are stealing where dimples have been ;
 In locks that were golden the silver is seen.
 Autumn is coming! Ay! so it *must* be ;
 She will whisper to all as she whispers to me ;
 But like the brave Robin our spirits should try,
 To be pouring a Song to our God—not a Sigh.

 MY LADYE LOVE.

SEE, my longing eyes behold her ;
 She has come, and I am blest ;
 Nearer, nearer still I fold her
 To my faithful, doting breast.

Never yet was maiden truer
 At the olden, trysting shrine ;
 Never maiden met a wooer
 With a love surpassing mine.

What a winsome, dainty creature
 Is my charming, darling one ;
 See, she dresses her fair tresses
 With the gold braids of the sun.

See how gaily she is wreathing
 Green, with white and purple bloom ;
 Till my veins beat high with breathing
 Such a sweet and fresh perfume.

Hark ! she speaks—soft winds are coming—
 Rich and varied music floats
 Now below in brooklets humming ;
 Then above in woodlark's notes.

Look upon her dimpled fingers
 Gemmed with apple-blossom ring ;
 Wonder not my fond kiss lingers
 On the hawthorn pearls that cling

Round her neck with tender lustre,
 Adding fairness to the fair ;
 While the young bees swarm and cluster ;
 Feasting on the beauty there.

POOR LITTLE BIRDIE.

Hand in hand we gaily ramble ;
 She may lead me where she will ;
 Tripping now o'er pink-eyed bramble ;
 Resting then on turf-clad hill.

Beautiful she seems when sitting
 With her face, one happy flush ;
 Till her gauzy cloud-veil fitting,
 Softly shadows down the blush.

Wistfully I watch her treading,
 Where beneath each step she takes
 Deeper tints of green are spreading,
 And a brighter earth-star wakes.

See, her lovely eyes are beaming
 Where the woodland runnel plays ;
 And the ripples now are gleaming
 In a flash of sparkling rays.

On she wanders—all who meet her
 Pouring welcomes in her ear ;
 Every bud becoming sweeter,
 As it feels her presence near.

Worshipped One ! I bend before thee
 With a homage saints might own ;
 Blest and blessing, I adore thee,—
 Messenger from God's High Throne.

I am yet thy constant wooer,
 Bending with a fervent zeal ;
 Never wilt thou have a truer
 Devotee to serve and kneel.

Never will my Soul's affianced
 To a fairer Idol cling ;
 Never own more pure alliance ;
 For my "Ladye Love" is "*Spring*."



POOR LITTLE BIRDIE.

(FOUNDED ON FACT.)

DEDICATED TO MY DEAR YOUNG NIECES JENNIE AND ANNIE.

DEAR little Birdie ! a rough hand had taken him,
 Happy and warm, from his snug, feathered nest ;
 Never again would the love-chirp awaken him,
 Under the fold of a mother's soft breast.

Panting with terror, his callow wings quivering,
 Helpless he lay with fright, hunger, and cold ;
 Now wildly resisting, all struggling and shivering,
 While the strong, cruel hand tightened its hold.

Poor little Birdie! full soon would have ended
 His short span of life, had not two, gentle hearts,
 In young Jennie and Annie, come nigh and befriended
 His cause with the earnestness Mercy imparts.

“Poor little Birdie! Mamma, let us buy him,”
 Exclaimed the young voices in eager appeals.
 “But, my children,” Mamma said, “you cannot supply him
 With warmth for his sleeping, or food for his meals.”

“Remember, my darlings, if even you rear him,
 You’ll find him no nightingale, linnet, or dove ;
 He is only a finch!” “But, Mamma, we shall hear him
 Just twitter, and then, he’ll be something to love.”

Full soon he was placed in a nice, cozy basket ;
 A bed of dear Jennie’s white swandown was made ;
 And snugly and close, as a pearl in a casket,
 Poor, little Birdie was tenderly laid.

Home he was carried, and Annie soon found him
 A cage which was hung by the bright, parlour fire ;
 They fed him with care, and put dry moss around him,
 Till his tiny head peeped up still higher and higher.

“Look, Mamma! he *will* live; see how pert he is growing,”
 Cried Annie and Jennie; and really the glee
 In the happy girls’ faces, all rosy and glowing,
 Told their hearts were happy as young hearts can be.

Each month, as it passed, found him still more endearing ;
 His plumage was thick, and his eyes were quite bright ;
 His “cheep, cheep,” had something that sounded quite cheering ;
 His wings fluttered out in a shake of delight.

He was growing “a beauty,” in form and in feather ;
 The pet of the household, he lived and he throve ;
 In gloom and in sunshine—all seasons, all weather,
 The “dear, little Birdie” was “something to love.”

But oh!—I must tell it—just mark how he’s puffing,
 And then you will own to the truth, I declare ;
 He has taken of late, to such gorging and stuffing,
 That really we blush at his long “bill of fare.”

Of course, he must have his boiled egg in the morning,
 With morsel of toast, and an atom of ham ;
 And, at lunch—why I only can give you fair warning—
 He will not submit to put up with “ a sham.”

He *must* have his ration of something “ delicious ;”
 A shred of the game pie, or taste of the chop ;
 And, though we all know it is wrong and pernicious,
 If oyster sauce tempts—why he *must* have a *drop*.

At dinner, dear Birdie must always be present,
 When Jennie presents him with some of her beef ;
 When Annie selects for him some of her pheasant,
 Though wise heads declare she will “ bring him to grief.”

Then pudding and custard—it really is shocking
 To see the amount the “ wee Birdie” can take ;
 At dessert you would think the small creature was stocking
 A pastrycook’s shop with tart, jelly, and cake.

And then, too, remember he always is furnished
 With freshest of water, and finest of seed ;
 And his delicate beak with white sugar is burnished,
 And groundsel and plantain are found for his need.

No wonder his first name of “ Birdie” is often
 Replaced by “ Fat Alderman,” “ Falstaff,” and “ Podge ;”
 Till, through eating and drinking, and nodding and winking,
 At last he is solemnly christened as “ Stodge !”

He must needs have his bath, too ; and oh ! what a splashing,
 And dashing, and plashing, does Master Stodge cause ;
 How he stamps, how he tramps, how he splutters and flutters,
 When scissors come gleaming to trim his long claws.

When he goes to his slumber, then down comes a curtain
 That shades him with pretty, green folds from above ;
 And, by day or by night, all can see it is certain
 That dear little “ Stodgy” is “ something to love.”

Even “ Tybald,” the old, tabby cat, never hurts him,
 When left with him, lone and unguarded, for hours ;
 Though she never asks pardon for crimes in the garden,
 Where sparrows, unnumbered, she kills and devours.

Poor little “ Stodgy !” he never goes feasting
 On fruit in the orchard, and corn by the mill ;
 He has never been seen in the dingles of green ;
 He has never once washed in the rush-bordered rill.

Poor little "Stodgy!" he knows not the pleasure
 Of flying at will over mountain and glade;
 His breast has ne'er worn the clear dew-gems of morn;
 He has never reposed in the sweet, hawthorn shade.

Yet, dear, little "Stodgy" looks blithesome and bonnie,
 Though shut from the forest, the fields, and the grove;
 And with glossy throat swelling, his "cheep, cheep," keeps telling—
 "I'm happy and proud, for I'm something you love."



THE ONLY DAUGHTER.

WRITTEN ON A PICTURE BY SIR DAVID WILKIE.

AND this *should* be the bridal day;
 When Hope, Joy, Love, and Health
 Should crown Life's fairy month of May
 With all their dazzling wealth.

This morning should the bridegroom come
 To claim with rapture wild,
 The "only daughter" of the home,
 The one, rare, matchless child.

This hour that lovely form should stand,
 To breathe the sacred vow;
 The golden ring upon her hand,
 The pearl-wreath on her brow—

But no! ah, no! Earth's darkest cloud
 Has cast its rayless gloom;
 Her wedding robe will be—the shroud;
 Her marriage couch—the tomb.

Go! hide away the snowy veil
 That should have hid Love's flush:
 Her cheek will keep unchanged and pale;
 Death's kiss will bring no blush.

Despair is in the father's tear,
 Deep anguish in his sigh;
 The dreaded words have met his ear,
 His "only one" must "die."

Oh! what is now his worldly power,
 His riches, rank, or fame?
 Vain! vain alike his princely dower,
 High place, and lordly name.

"SWEET HOME."

She has been all on earth to him ;
 She filled his widowed breast ;
 His star of light—pure, fair, and bright—
 His beautiful, his blest.

She was the altar where he poured
 Devotion's deepest tide ;
 His "only daughter" was adored—
 His joy, his boast, his pride.

But now he leaves his Bible-page
 To learn the hopeless fate ;
 No skill can save—no art assuage—
 He can but "watch and wait."

He hears her linnet—curtained o'er—
 Chirp low in dull distress ;
 He sees her petted dog implore
 To meet her fond caress.

Another hour—her eyes grow dim—
 The father's head must bow ;
 Her last, fond look is fixed on him—
 He has no daughter now.

"God's will be done," he faintly cries ;
 "My doting heart may break ;
 I deemed her *mine* ; but she was *Thine*,
 And *He* who gives can take."

"SWEET HOME."

"SWEET Home!" Oh! blissful, holy place,
 When perfect love and peace are found
 Within it, shedding joy and grace
 To make the threshold "hallowed ground."

When heart to heart and hand to hand
 Are closely linked by silken chains ;
 Where each one shares the fears, the cares,
 The hopes, the pleasures, and the pains.

Where open deeds and guileless speech
 Dissolve all clouds of mean Deceit ;
 Where honest eyes without disguise
 Look straight into the eyes they meet.

Where Manhood, Infancy, and Age,
 With simple faith and earnest trust,
 In lowly reverence hear the page
 In which 'tis written “Be ye just.”

Where words that preach “Good will to all,”
 And widely herald “peace on earth,”
 Are heard in gentle tones to fall
 Like music of seraphic birth;

Where the rich flower of Conduct blows
 From the pure bud of Christian Thought
 And living practice daily throws
 Truth's halo round the precept taught;

Where merry song and harmless jest
 At festal tide are heard to blend;
 Where “welcome” greets the stranger-guest,
 And “loud rejoicing” hails the friend.

“Sweet Home!” Oh! blissful, holy place,
 Where “Home” is all that “Home” *should be*;
 And Man, despite his fallen race,
 Some trace of Eden still can see.



“COUNTRY WORDS.”

WRITTEN AS AN INTRODUCTORY POEM TO A NORTHERN PERIODICAL
 OF THAT TITLE.

METHINKS there's not a kindly eye that will not grow more bright
 When first our simple title breaks upon its critic sight.
 For who that loves a grassy hill or flowery vale would choose
 To pass our perfumed name, and seek the smoke-stained “City News?”
 Green hedgerows, ruby, clover fields, dark forests, tangled dells,
 Soft, purling brooklets, ringdove's nest, close rick-yards, mossy wells,
 Thatched cottages, brown, harvest barns, warm homesteads, browsing
 herds;
 The bright, the blest, the pure, the best, are breathed in “COUNTRY
 WORDS!”

Just hearken to “John Anderson:” “Why, dear old Bess,” he cries,
 “'Tis fifty years since we were wed! God bless me! How Time flies!
 Don't you remember that sweet spring when you were taken down
 To spend a month at father's farm, and left poor me in town?”

I followed fast ; and when we strolled through shady Fernwood Grove,
The bursting thorns and sporting lambs aroused my silent love.
I saw blue violets like your eyes ; your voice seemed like the birds' ;
And then my passion told its tale—evoked by 'COUNTRY WORDS.'"

See how the toddlin baby-things grow reckless, bold, and strong,
When golden stars and crimson buds keep tempting them along.
See how they grasp with doting clasp, and show with joyous cry,
The cowslip, daisy, buttercup, bluebell, and pheasant-eye.
What raving glee proclaims the prize, with headlong, dancing, bound—
When lilies of the valley and wild strawberries are found.
Oh ! tell me when the studied prayer more earnest thanks affords
Than Childhood's shout that ringeth out God's praise in "COUNTRY
WORDS."

Go, mark the man whose lengthened span can count threescore and ten ;
He sighs above his figured sheet : he's weary o'er the pen ;
He longs to breathe a freer air—to leave the traffic mart—
And feel the May-dew fall once more upon his brow and heart.
Far off he goes : he sows his wheat, plants saplings, gathers hay ;
He twines this rose branch, prunes that vine, trims holly, fir, and bay ;
He finds his richest profits now in flowers, fields, and birds,
And seems to read Life's holiest creed in simple "COUNTRY WORDS."

Thus, thus, it is ! The busy world will ever make its claim,
And hold awhile its shackled slaves to Fortune, Rank, or Fame.
But all that we may win or wear will leave our bosoms still
With something of an aching void that Nature can but fill.
E'en Senate state and Regal pomp will fling their trappings down,
Craving to breathe God's balmy air, untainted by the town :
And gazing wide, from sky to sod, Earth's wisest, richest lords
Go forth again to Childhood's joys, poured forth in "COUNTRY WORDS."

At last we see the bony hand that beckons us away,
And turn our thoughts towards the last, low couch of kindred clay.
We rarely ask cathedral crypts, or gorgeous, marble walls,
Escutcheoned domes, or storied vaults, where sunlight never falls :
But there's a well-remembered spot—a churchyard on a hill—
Where flowers and perfume bless the turf ; where all is calm and still :
There would we take, 'neath winter's winds, and songs of summer birds,
The sleep that knows no waking, where we first breathed "COUNTRY
WORDS."



CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

Look up!—poor weary child of dust;
 However sad thy lot may be,
 There is an anchor all may trust,
 A beacon-light that all may see.
 Remember Him who came to teach
 The words of Peace and Truth to all;
 And how his gentle, holy speech
 Met bands of thorn, and drops of gall.
 Think of the torture-pangs He bore;
 Think how the Perfect One was tried;
 And then bow down before His crown
 And emulate Christ Crucified.

He came to bless, he came to save;
 And show Mankind the righteous way;
 To bid us triumph o'er the grave,
 And fear not at the Judgment Day.
 He dried our tears with tender love,
 He raised the sinful and the weak,
 He led us to the gates above;
 Still free to all who "Knock and seek."
 Oh, let us think on what He bore,
 Think how the Perfect One was tried;
 And then bow down before His crown
 And emulate Christ Crucified.

 "THREE HUNDRED POUNDS A YEAR."

My Angel sweet! my dove of doves!
 Oh! who shall ever tell
 How much your Charles Adolphus loves
 His Florence Isabel?
 As for my heart! oh! do believe
 That I, this very minute,
 Would carry it upon my sleeve,
 While you stuck hair-pins in it.
 Thou art the dearest of the dear;
 My fate! my soul! my life!
 But on "three hundred pounds a year"
 How can you be my "wife?"

Love, now, is an expensive thing
 When once we lodge and board it;
 And though I long to buy the ring;
 I really can't afford it.

Sweet girl! you know three hundred pounds
 Would prove a slender axis
 For household wheels to run their rounds
 In yearly rent and taxes.
 You see, dear, that our home *must* be
 Out West, about the squares,
 With good reception rooms—full three—
 And servants' flight of stairs.
 You *must* have "soirées" now and then,
 (Though *I* can't see *their* use);
 And *I must* often have some men
 To dinner—"à la Russe."
 I've asked my uncle for his aid;
 Of course, he wont accord it;
 And so our bliss must be delayed,
 For means, love, wont afford it.

A housemaid, cook, and liveried boy
 We must, at once engage;
 One of the two we must employ—
 A footman, or a page.
 I cannot well resign at "Lord's,"
 And you, dear Flo, of course,
 Must go to balls and make your "calls"
 With decent brougham and horse.
 I must keep up my name at "White's,"
 Despite all uncle says;
 You still must have your opera nights
 And show on Chiswick days.
 Now, if I had three thousand, dear,
 You know I would not hoard it;
 But on three *hundred* pounds a year!
 I really can't afford it.

My tailor's bills are long, but yet,
 They cannot well be less;
 And Madame Folie Mantolette,
 You know, can charge for dress.
 Your gloves and trinkets take some cash,
 And then, sweet Isabel,
 My "weeds," which uncle reckons "trash,"
 Cost more than I dare tell.
 I wish my heart were made of rock,
 To bear this heavy woe—

Just ring, love, for a glass of Hock ;
I really feel quite low.
To think with love so warm and dear
That marriage can't reward it ;
But on " three hundred pounds a year,"
How can a man afford it ?



"GIRLS AND BOYS COME OUT TO PLAY."

A SPRING CAROL.

" Girls and boys come out to play,"
And play as long as ye can ;
For the Lad and the Lass see greener grass
Than grows for the Woman and Man.
The tuffets of golden palm are born ;
The spice-wreath crowns the knotted thorn ;
The lark and the leveret trample the corn ;
And the month is merrie, young May.
The moth is full drest, and the bee is about ;
The lambs chase each other with scampering rout ;
All Nature is crying " Come out ! come out !
Come out in the sun to play !"

" Girls and boys," come out in your glee,
And leap in the glorious light ;
Come, dance in the bloom-kissing wind, and be
As fresh, and as free, and as bright.
The daisies have speckled the upland plain ;
The rooks in the dark elms are cawing again ;
The bluebell and cowslip are scenting the lane ;
The swallows are flying this way.
The brook ripples faster—all earth tells its joys
In one loud-swelling echo of jubilant noise,
Breathing forth the old chorus of " Girls and Boys
Come out in the sun to play !"

" Girls and boys, come out to play ;"
And come with a right, good will ;
Away to the thickening woods—away ;
Go, race on the breezy hill.
The blackbird is piping—go, rival his throat ;
The cuckoo is talking—go, mimic his note ;
There's the field for your bat, and the stream for your boat,
'Neath the flash of the spring-tide ray.

ON THE DEATH OF RICHARD COBDEN.

The primrose is mingling its odorous breath
 With the luscious, young violet, hiding beneath;
 And the song of the mountain, the valley, and heath
 Is "Come out in the sun to play."

Sweet season of promise, of Mirth, and Love!
 Oh! shed on our Wisdom and Age,
 A glimpse of the time when we carolled this rhyme,
 And the world was a fairy-tale page.
 For blessed it is when the heart can bring
 The memories back of Childhood's Spring;
 When our Spirit went forth on butterfly wing.
 And Life was one merrie, young May.
 Oh! dear is the vision of Music and Flowers
 That carries our Thoughts to the bygone hours,
 And whispers again in Fancy's bowers,
 "Come out in the sun to play!"



ON THE DEATH OF RICHARD COBDEN.

COBDEN! proud, English, yeoman name!
 I offer unto thee
 The earnest meed that all should claim
 Who toiled 'mid Slander, Doubt, and Blame,
 To make the free more free.

Thy voice has been among the few
 That plead for Human Right;
 It asked for Justice; and it grew
 Still louder when the fair and true
 Were trampled down by Might.

Thy heart was bold; thy brain was clear;
 Thy wisdom prompt in thought;
 Thy manly spirit knew not fear,
 But held its country's good most dear—
 Unwarped, unbribed, unbought.

An open foe—a changeless friend!
 Thy gauntlet pen was flung,
 More ready in thy zeal to lend
 A shield to others than defend
 Thyself from traitor's tongue.

A home-bred Cæsar thou hast been ;
 Whose staunch and bright career
 Leaves on thy brow the wreath of green,
 On which no crimson drop is seen,
 No widow's bitter tear.

The simply great—the softly loud—
 Thy eloquence has schooled
 Our selfish praters till they bowed
 Before the fact thy lips avowed,
 “Rulers oft wrong the Ruled.”

Defiant in the bloodless fight
 For Liberty's blest creed,
 No faithless speech, no coward flight
 E'er left a trace of blot or blight
 Upon thy word or deed.

Thy hand has scattered harvest grain
 Sown broadcast—far and wide ;
 The reaping of the golden plain
 Will be Old England's future gain,
 In Plenty, Peace, and Pride.

Strong, honest, firm, consistent, brave !
 Thy patriot race has proved
 That humble birth can win a grave
 Which prince or emperor might crave,
 Mourned, honoured, and beloved.

Thy work is o'er ; the Senate Hall
 Will miss thy breathing spell,
 And now the foes whose venom'd gall
 Maligned thee, own above thy pall
 That few have worked so well.

Cobden ! thy sun of Life is set
 In rays, pure, strong, and grand,
 Leaving a twilight of regret
 In hearts that never will forget
 Thy Labour for thy Land.

FOR A PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUM.

Just as the summer bee will stray
 Where rich bloom fills the woodland dells,
 Bearing the luscious drops away
 That help to store its golden cells ;

"DECEIVED."

So do we gather in this book
 The great, the good, the kind, the dear ;
 And bless the pages while we look
 On Memory's honey gathered here.

 "DECEIVED."

My bonds are fast : and Time has done
 What Time can ne'er undo ;
 But though the chain may torture one,
 It shall not fetter two.

I've loved thee long—I love thee yet ;
 And, blindly fond, believed
 My earnest homage gladly met
 And tenderly received.

I thought thy smile's most joyous beam
 Was kept for me alone :
 And dared to let my spirit dream
 Of calling thee its own.

Thou wert the first to hail and greet
 My presence with glad words,
 That came as blithely and as sweet
 As songs of morning birds.

But now 'tis past—the cup of bliss
 Has fallen from my lip ;
 The soft dew of thy honeyed kiss
 Some happier one will sip.

Thine eye now turns away from mine
 To meet another's glance ;
 I see another's arms entwine
 About thee in the dance.

My flowers are lightly thrown aside—
 Another's rose is worn,
 My proffered vow now shades thy brow
 With frown of silent scorn.

I breathe farewell with aching breast—
 My " Good night " still deferred ;
 But while thy hand by mine is pressed
 No kindred pulse is stirred.

My soul still pours its incense fire
 Upon thy cherished name,
 But findeth not the altar-spot
 Give back one ray of flame.

I would not breathe into thine ear
 A murmur to reprove ;
 But why didst thou once call me " dear " ?
 Why didst thou *seem* to love ?

Why didst thou fling upon my way
 Hope's rosebuds of Life's morn,
 With rich perfume : then crush the bloom,
 And leave but cloud and thorn ?

It may be sport to thee, fair girl ;
 But promise, ere we part,
 Thou'lt ne'er again weld such a chain,
 Then spurn the captive heart.



LINES WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF MR. ALFRED
 FORESTER (ALFRED CROWQUILL).

YOUNG Folly some few years ago,
 (The time and place few care to know ;)
 Grew jealous of Old Wisdom's might,
 And whimpered till he cried outright.

His eyes were very red with rubbing,
 His nose was rather flat with snubbing ;
 And in this ugly state of things
 He clapped the steam upon his wings,
 Travelled express to realms above,
 And poured his feelings out to Jove.
 He sobbed his spite, and told his grudge,
 And then besought the thundering Judge
 To lend him some Olympian wand,
 To keep down Wisdom's upper hand ;
 He begged and prayed for some odd, loose quill,
 To cross with that old lady's goose quill.

Jove heard,—too politic to scout him—
 (He knew he could not do without him)
 And turned toward some corner-cupboards ;
 —Much better stored than Mother Hubbard's,—

TO THE LATE WILLIAM JERDAN.

And rummaged here and ransacked there,
 As none but Jove himself would dare;
 Till on a shelf with treasures fraught,
 He found the very thing he sought.

“Here, Boy! take this,” the Thunderer cried,
 “Apollo dropped it at my side
 One day when Pallas came and found him
 Larking, with all the court around him.
 Use it; and mind what you’re about,
 And Wisdom must keep sharp look out;
 Take it; you’ll find it match her slow quill,”
 And then he gave the imp “A Crowquill.”

The Boy, rejoiced, flew back to earth,
 Exulting with a chuckling mirth;
 And used the precious quill so well
 That Wisdom soon agreed to dwell
 With Folly—that young, rattling scamp—
 Both writing by the self-same lamp;
 And ’tis a fact well known to Truth
 That Wisdom really pets the Youth;
 While some suspect that now and then
 She sily writes with Folly’s pen.



TO THE LATE WILLIAM JERDAN.

If my poor Harp has ever poured
 A tone that Truth alone can give;
 Thou wert the one who helped that tone
 To win the echo that shall live.

For thou didst bid me shun the theme
 Of morbid grief, or feigned delight;
 Thou bad’st me *think* and *feel*; not dream;
 And “look into my heart and write.”

And looking in that heart just now;
 ’Mid all the memories there concealed;
 I find thy name still dearly claim
 The thanks in these few lines revealed.



Rhymes for Young Readers.

THE MOUSE AND THE CAKE.

A mouse found a beautiful piece of plum-cake,
The richest and sweetest that mortal could make ;
'Twas heavy with citron and fragrant with spice,
And covered with sugar all sparkling as ice.

"My stars !" cried the mouse, while his eye beamed with glee,
"Here's a treasure I've found ; what a feast it will be :
But, hark ! there's a noise, 'tis my brothers at play ;
So I'll hide with the cake, lest they wander this way.

"Not a bit shall they have, for I know I can eat
Every morsel myself, and I'll have such a treat ;"
So off went the mouse, as he held the cake fast ;
While his hungry, young brothers went scampering past.

He nibbled, and nibbled, and panted, but still
He kept gulping it down till he made himself ill ;
Yet he swallowed it all, and 'tis easy to guess,
He was soon so unwell that he groaned with distress.

His family heard him, and as he grew worse,
They sent for the doctor, who made him rehearse
How he'd eaten the cake to the very last crumb ;
Without giving his playmates and relatives some.

"Ah me !" cried the doctor, "advice is too late,
You must die before long, so prepare for your fate ;
If you had but divided the cake with your brothers,
'Twould have done you no harm, and been good for the others.

"Had you shared it, the treat had been wholesome enough ;
But eaten by *one*, it was dangerous stuff ;
So prepare for the worst ;" and the word had scarce fled,
When the doctor turned round, and the patient was dead.

Now all little people the lesson may take,
And *some* large ones may learn from the mouse and the cake ;
Not to be over-selfish with what we may gain ;
Or the best of our pleasures may turn into pain.

AN EVENING SONG.

FATHER above! I pray to thee,
 Before I take my rest;
 I seek thee on my bended knee,
 With warm and grateful breast.

First let me thank thee for my
 share
 Of sweet and blessed health;
 It is a boon I would not spare,
 For worlds of shining wealth.

And next I thank thy bounteous
 hand,
 That gives my "daily bread;"
 That flings the corn upon the land,
 And keeps our table spread.

I thank thee for each peaceful
 night,
 That brings me soft repose;
 I thank thee for the morning's
 light,
 That bids my eyes unclose.

I own thy mercy when I move
 With limbs all sound and free;
 That gaily bear me when I rove
 Beside the moth and bee.

I thank thee for my many friends,
 So loving and so kind;
 Who tell me all that knowledge
 lends,
 To aid my heart and mind.

Ah! let me value as I ought
 The lessons good men teach;
 To bear no malice in my thought,
 No anger in my speech.

Father above! oh! hear my prayer,
 And let me ever be
 Worthy my earthly parents' care,
 And true in serving Thee.

 TRY AGAIN.

KING BRUCE of Scotland flung himself down
 In a lonely mood to think;
 'Tis true he was monarch, and wore a crown,
 But his heart was beginning to sink.

For he had been trying to do a great deed,
 To make his people glad;
 He had tried and tried, but couldn't succeed;
 And so he became quite sad.

He flung himself down in low despair,
 As grieved as man could be;
 And after a while as he pondered there,
 "I'll give it all up," said he.

Now just at the moment, a spider dropped,
 With its silken, filmy clue;
 And the King, in the midst of his thinking, stopped
 To see what the spider would do.

'Twas a long way up to the ceiling dome
 And it hung by a rope so fine ;
 That how it would get to its cobweb home,
 King Bruce could not divine.

It soon began to cling and crawl
 Straight up with strong endeavour ;
 But down it came with a slippery sprawl,
 As near to the ground as ever.

Up, up it ran, not a second to stay,
 To utter the least complaint ;
 Till it fell still lower, and there it lay,
 A little dizzy and faint.

Its head grew steady—again it went,
 And travelled a half yard higher ;
 'Twas a delicate thread it had to tread,
 And a road where its feet would tire.

Again it fell and swung below,
 But again it quickly mounted ;
 Till up and down, now fast, now slow,
 Nine brave attempts were counted.

“ Sure,” cried the King, “ that foolish thing
 Will strive no more to climb ;
 When it toils so hard to reach and cling,
 And tumbles every time.”

But up the insect went once more,
 Ah me ! 'tis an anxious minute ;
 He's only a foot from his cobweb door,
 Oh, say will he lose or win it ?

Steadily, steadily, inch by inch,
 Higher and higher he got ;
 And a bold, little run at the very last pinch
 Put him into his native cot.

“ Bravo, bravo !” the King cried out,
 “ All honour to those who *try* ;
 The spider up there, defied despair ;
 He conquered, and why shouldn't I ?”

And Bruce of Scotland braced his mind,
 And gossips tell the tale,
 That he tried once more as he tried before,
 And that time did not fail.

Pay goodly heed, all ye who read,
 And beware of saying "I can't;"
 'Tis a cowardly word, and apt to lead
 To Idleness, Folly, and Want.

Whenever you find your heart despair
 Of doing some goodly thing;
 Con over this strain, try bravely again,
 And remember the Spider and King!

 ANGER.

Oh! anger is an evil thing,
 And spoils the fairest face;
 It cometh like a rainy cloud
 Upon a sunny place.

One angry moment often does
 What we repent for years;
 It works the wrong we ne'er make
 right
 By sorrow or by tears.

It speaks the rude and cruel word
 That wounds a feeling breast;
 It strikes the reckless, sudden
 blow,—
 It breaks the household rest.

We dread the dog that turns in
 play,
 All snapping, fierce and quick;
 We shun the steed whose temper
 shows
 In strong and savage kick:

But how much more we find to
 blame,
 When Passion wildly swells
 In hearts where kindness has been
 taught,
 And brains where reason dwells.

The hand of Peace is frank and
 warm,
 And soft as ringdove's wing;
 And he who quells an angry
 thought
 Is greater than a king.

Shame to the lips that ever seek
 To stir up jarring strife;
 When gentleness would shed so
 much
 Of Christian joy through life.

Ever remember in thy youth,
 That he who firmly tries
 To conquer and to rule himself,
 Is noble, brave, and wise.

 HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

HOME for the Holidays, here we go;
 Bless me, the train is exceedingly slow!
 Pray, Mr. Engineer, get up your steam,
 And let us be off, with a puff and a scream!
 We have two long hours to travel, you say;
 Come, Mr. Engineer, gallop away!

Two hours more ! why, the sun will be down,
 Before we reach dear, old London town !
 And then, what a number of fathers and mothers,
 And uncles and aunts, and sisters and brothers,
 Will be there to meet us—oh ! do make haste,
 For I'm sure, Mr. Guard, we have no time to waste :
 Thank goodness we shan't have to study and stammer
 Over Latin and sums, and that nasty, French Grammar ;
 Lectures, and classes, and lessons are done,
 And now we'll have nothing but frolic and fun.
 Home for the Holidays, here we go ;
 But this Fast train is really exceedingly slow !

We shall have sport when Christmas comes,
 When "snap-dragon" burns our fingers and thumbs :
 We'll hang mistletoe over our dear, little cousins,
 And pull them beneath it and kiss them by dozens :
 We shall have games at "Blind-man's Buff,"
 And noise and laughter, and romping enough :
 We'll crown the plum-pudding with bunches of bay,
 And roast all the chestnuts that come in our way ;
 And when Twelfth-night falls, we'll have such a cake
 That as we stand round it the table shall quake.
 We'll draw "King and Queen," and be happy together,
 And dance old "Sir Roger" with hearts like a feather.
 Home for the Holidays, here we go !
 But this Fast train is really exceedingly slow.

And we'll go and see Harlequin's wonderful feats,
 Changing by magic whatever he meets ;
 And Columbine, too, with her beautiful tripping ;
 And Clown, with his tumbling, and jumping, and slipping ;
 Cramming all things in his pocket so big,
 And letting off crackers in Pantaloon's wig.

The horses that danced, too, last year in the ring ;
 We remember the tune, it was sweet "Tink a Ting ;"
 And their tails and their manes, and their sleek coats so bright ;
 Some cream and some piebald, some black and some white ;
 And how Mr. Merryman made us all shout,
 When he fell from the horse, and went rolling about
 We'll be sure to go there—'tis such capital fun,
 And we wont stir an inch till 'tis every bit done !

Mr. Punch, we'll have him too, our famous, old friend ;
 One might see him for ever and laugh till the end :
 With his little dog Toby, so clever and wise,
 And poor Mrs. Judy with tears in her eyes ;

With the Constable taking him off to the bar,
 And the gentleman, talking his "Shalla-balla;"
 With the flourishing stick that knocks all of them down;
 For Punch's delight is in breaking a crown.

Home for the Holidays! here we go!
 But really this train is exceedingly slow;
 Yet stay! I declare here is London at last;
 The Park is right over the tunnel just past.
 Huzza! huzza! I can see my papa!
 I can see George's uncle, and Edward's mamma!
 And Fred, there's your brother! look! look! there he stands;
 They see us, they see us, they're waving their hands;
 Why don't the train stop, what *are* they about?
 Now, now it is steady,—oh! pray let us out;
 A cheer for old London, a kiss for mamma,
 We're home for the Holidays. Now, Huzza!



THE SAILOR BOY'S GOSSIP.

You say, dear mamma, it is good to be talking
 With those who will kindly endeavour to teach;
 And I think I have learnt something while I was
 Along with the Sailor boy down on the beach.

He told me of lands where he soon will be going,
 Where humming-birds scarcely are bigger than bees;
 Where the mace and the nutmeg together are growing,
 And cinnamon formeth the bark of the trees.

He told me that islands far out in the ocean
 Are mountains of coral that insects have made;
 And I freely confess I had hardly a notion
 That insects could work in the way that he said.

He spoke of wild deserts where sand-clouds are flying,
 No shade for the brow and no grass for the feet;
 Where camels and travellers often lie dying,
 Gasping for water and scorching with heat.

He told me of places away in the East,
 Where topaz, and ruby, and sapphire are found;
 Where you never are safe from the snake and the beast,
 For the serpent, the tiger, and jackal abound.

He declared he had gazed on a very high mountain,
 Spurting out volumes of sulphur and smoke ;
 That burns day and night like a fiery fountain,
 Pouring forth ashes that blacken and choke.

I thought our own Thames was a very great stream,
 With its water so fresh, and its current so strong ;
 But how tiny our largest of rivers must seem
 To those he has sailed on, three thousand miles long !

He spoke, dear mamma, of so many strange places,
 With people who neither have cities nor kings ;
 Who wear skins on their shoulders, and paint on their faces,
 And live on the spoils which their hunting-field brings.

He told me of waters, whose wonderful falling
 Sends clouds of white foam and a thundering sound ;
 With a voice that for ever is loud and appalling,
 And roars like a lion for many leagues round.

Oh ! I long, dear mamma, to learn more of these stories
 From books that are written to please and to teach ;
 And I wish I could see half the curious glories
 The Sailor boy told me of down on the beach.



HOW GLAD I SHALL BE WHEN THE CUCKOO IS SINGING.

How glad I shall be when the cuckoo is singing,
 When springtime is here, and the sunshine is warm ;
 For 'tis pleasant to tread where the bluebell is springing,
 And lily-cups grow in their fairy-like form.
 Then we shall see the loud twittering swallow,
 Building his home 'neath the cottager's eaves ;
 The brown-headed nightingale quickly will follow,
 And the orchard be grand with its blossoms and leaves.
 The branches so gay will be dancing away,
 Decked out in their dresses so white and so pink ;
 And then we'll go straying,
 And playing
 And Maying
 By valleys, and hills, and the rivulet's brink.

How glad I shall be when the bright, little daisies
 Are peeping all over the meadows again ;
 How merry 'twill sound when the skylark upraises
 His carolling voice o'er the flower-strewn plain.

Then the corn will be up, and the lambs will be leaping,
 The palm with its buds of rich gold will be bent;
 The hedges of hawthorn will burst from their sleeping,
 All fresh and delicious with beauty and scent.
 'Twill be joyous to see the young wandering bee,
 When the lilacs are out, and laburnum boughs swell;
 And then we'll go straying,
 And playing
 And Maying
 By upland and lowland, by dingle and dell.

How glad I shall be when the furze-bush and clover
 Stand up in their garments of yellow and red;
 When the butterfly comes like a holiday rover,
 And grasshoppers cheerily jump as we tread.
 All the sweet, wild flowers then will be shining,
 All the high trees will be covered with green;
 We'll gather the rarest of blossoms for twining,
 And garland the brow of some bonnie, May Queen.
 Like the branches so gay, we'll go dancing away,
 With our cheeks in the sunlight, and voices of mirth;
 And then we'll go straying,
 And playing
 And Maying,
 And praise all the loveliness showered on earth.

THE BLIND BOY'S BEEN AT PLAY, MOTHER.

THE blind boy's been at play, mother,
 And merry games we had;
 We led him on our way, mother,
 And every step was glad.
 But when we found a starry flower,
 And praised its varied hue;
 A tear came trembling down his cheek,
 Just like a drop of dew.

We took him to the mill, mother,
 Where falling waters made
 A rainbow o'er the rill, mother,
 As golden sun-rays played;
 But when we shouted at the scene,
 And hailed the clear, blue sky;
 He stood quite still upon the bank,
 And breathed a long, long sigh.

We asked him why he wept, mother,
 Whene'er we found the spots
 Where periwinkle crept, mother,
 O'er wild forget-me-nots :
 " Ah, me ! " he said, while tears ran down,
 As fast as summer showers ;
 " It is because I cannot see
 The sunshine and the flowers."

Oh, that poor, sightless boy, mother,
 Has taught me I am blest !
 For I can look with joy, mother,
 On all I love the best ;
 And when I see the dancing stream,
 And daisies red and white ;
 I kneel upon the meadow grass,
 And thank my God for sight.



THE DEATH OF MASTER TOMMY ROOK.

A PAIR of steady Rooks
 Chose the safest of all nooks,
 In the hollow of a tree to build their home ;
 And while they kept within,
 They did not care a pin
 For any roving sportsman who might come.

Their family of five
 Were all happy and alive ;
 And Mrs. Rook was careful as could be,
 To never let them out,
 Till she looked all round about ;
 And saw that they might wander far and free.

She had talked to every one
 Of the dangers of a gun,
 And fondly begged that none of them would stir
 To take a distant flight,
 At morning, noon, or night ;
 Before they prudently asked leave of her.

But one fine, sunny day,
 Toward the end of May,
 Young Tommy Rook began to scorn her power,
 And said that he would fly
 Into the field close by,
 And walk among the daisies for an hour.

"Stop, stop!" she cried, alarmed,
 "I see a man that's armed,
 And he will shoot you, sure as you are seen;
 Wait till he goes, and then,
 Secure from guns and men,
 We all will have a ramble on the green."

But Master Tommy Rook,
 With a very saucy look,
 Perched on a twig, and plumed his jetty breast;
 Still talking all the while,
 In a very pompous style,
 Of doing just what he might like the best.

"I don't care one bit," said he,
 "For any gun you see;
 I am tired of the cautions you bestow:
 I mean to have my way,
 Whatever you may say;
 And shall not ask when I may stay or go."

"But my son," the mother cried,
 "I only wish to guide
 Till you are wise, and fit to go alone;
 I have seen much more of life,
 Of danger, woe, and strife,
 Than you, my child, can possibly have known.

"Just wait ten minutes here,
 Let that man disappear;
 I am sure he means to do some evil thing;
 I fear you may be shot,
 If you leave this sheltered spot,
 So, pray, come back, and keep beside my wing."

But Master Tommy Rook
 Gave another saucy look,
 And chattered out, "Don't care! don't care! don't care!"
 And off he flew with glee,
 From his brothers in the tree,
 And lighted on the field so green and fair.

He hopped about and found
 All pleasant things around;
 He strutted through the daisies,—but, alas!
 A loud shot—Bang! was heard,
 And the wounded, silly bird
 Rolled over, faint and dying, on the grass.

"There, there, I told you so,"
 Cried his mother in her woe,

“ I warned you, with a parent’s thoughtful truth ;
 And you see that I was right,
 When I tried to stop your flight,
 And said you needed me to guide your youth.”

Poor Master Tommy Rook
 Gave a melancholy look,
 And cried, just as he drew his latest breath :
 “ Forgive me, mother dear,
 And let my brothers hear,
 That disobedience caused my cruel death.”

Now when his lot was told,
 The Rooks both young and old,
 All said he should have done as he was bid ;
 That he well deserved his fate ;
 And I, who now relate
 His hapless story, really think he did.

THE VIOLET-BOY.

’Twas on a day in early spring,
 Before the butterfly took wing ;
 Before the bee was seen about,
 Or sleepy dormouse ventured out.
 Grey clouds shut in the sky of blue ;
 The sunshine tried to struggle through ;
 The wind was angry in its gust,
 Bearing a load of blinding dust ;
 April was growing somewhat old ;
 But yet ’twas cold ; oh, very cold !

A tiny boy, with pallid face,
 Stood in the city’s thickest place ;
 His limbs were lank as limbs could be,
 His tattered garments sad to see ;
 A basket on his arm he bore,
 Which gave to sight a little store
 Of violets in bunches spread ;
 Fresh gathered from their native bed.
 Their perfume scarcely lived at all,
 Their purple heads were very small,
 Their leaves were pinched and shrivelled in,
 Their stalks were turning dry and thin :
 ’Twas very, very cold spring weather,
 And Boy and Flowers seemed starved together.

For many an hour his tired feet
 Paced up and down the crowded street,

And many a time his moistened eye
 Looked at the wealthy passers-by,
 Without one fellow-creature staying
 To list the sad words he was saying.
 At last, a gentle lady stopped,
 For she had seen a tear that dropped;
 She gazed upon his cheek so pale,
 And heard him tell this simple tale.

“ Oh, lady, buy my violets, pray !
 For I have walked a weary way ;
 Long miles I trod before I found
 The primrose bank and violet mound.
 I'm hungry, penniless, and cold ;
 My flowers will fade before they're sold:
 I've not touched food since yesterday ;
 Oh, lady, buy my violets, pray !”

The child was telling mournful truth,
 He had no friends to guard his youth ;
 And there he stood, with roofless head
 And whitened lips that prayed for bread.
 The gentle lady gave him pence,
 And kindly bade him hasten hence
 And purchase food.—The hungry boy
 Looked up with gratitude and joy ;
 And fast and eagerly he went,
 And honestly the mite was spent.

It chanced, the lady strolling back
 Upon the very self-same track ;
 Espied him sitting low and lone
 Upon a seat of humble stone.
 Devouring with an earnest zeal
 The simple loaf that formed his meal ;
 And as he ate his relished fare,
 'Twas plain he'd not a bit to spare.

A dog—a lean and famished brute,
 Most sadly eloquent,—though mute,
 Just at that moment dared to come
 And watch for any falling crumb.
 His ribs stood plainly through his hide,
 And fearfully he crouched beside
 The violet-boy, as though in dread
 Of getting blows instead of bread.
 The boy looked down upon the beast,
 And for an instant stayed his feast ;
 But soon he spoke in coaxing tones,
 Patting the creature's staring bones.

Then lured him close, and gave him part
Of what had cheered his own young heart.
He gave the poor dog many a bit,
Without one thought of grudging it ;
Though he himself was hungry still,
And had not eaten half his fill.
And so—not knowing who had seen them—
The bread of life was shared between them.

The lady, who had marked the deed,
Now walked toward the child of need ;
And asked him why he gave away
His bread, that might have served the day ?

“ An hour ago,” the boy replied,
“ You gave me money when I cried ;
And had compassion when I sought
The food your kindly mercy brought.
This poor dog came to ask of me,
As I before had craved of thee ;
I’d suffered long the bitter woe
The cold and starving only know,
And lady, say, what could I do ?
For he was cold and starving too !”

The lady smiled and rightly guessed
There must be good in such a breast ;
That ’mid all sorrow Want could bring
Still helped a dumb and friendless thing.
She questioned him,—and all he told
Did but the mournful truth unfold :
His father in the churchyard lying,
His mother on her straw bed, dying ;
His only brother gone to sea,
And none on earth who cared to be
Acquainted with a wretched tale,
That only breathed in doleful wail.

She sought him out—she had him taught
To live as honest people ought ;
To gladly work—to wisely read,
To spend and save with prudent heed ;
She found a good man to employ
The little, pallid, starving boy ;
And amply did his work repay
Her charity, that cold, Spring day.

That boy may now be often seen
In comely garments, neat and clean,
With rosy cheeks, and bounding feet
Pacing that very city street :

PUSS AND DASH.

And sometimes, in his leisure hours,
 He goes among the fields and flowers;
 And then an old dog trots along,
 With ribs well covered, sleek and strong,
 And licks his hand, and seems to know
 It saved him starving, long ago.

Perchance that boy may some time be
 A merchant of a high degree;
 Perchance, he may not gather wealth,—
 Content with Happiness and Health;
 But this is sure, that come what may
 Of Peace or Fortune in his way,
 His happiness or rank will spring
 Through mercy to a poor, dumb thing.

 PUSS AND DASH.

SIR DASH had long held sole possession
 Of parlour place by day and night,
 And seemed to think it great oppression
 For any to dispute his right.

He slept upon the sofa-seat,
 He mounted on the stools and chairs :
 He lived upon the daintiest meat,
 And gave himself conceited airs.
 In truth, he was a handsome fellow,
 With silky coat of white and yellow;
 With ears that almost touched his toes,
 And jet-black eyes that matched his nose ;
 While admiration oft, and loud,
 Made Dash impertinent and proud.

At length his master's heart was smitten
 With love towards a tabby kitten ;
 Whose tiger stripe along the back,
 With shining rings of grey and black,
 Made her a very pretty creature,
 Perfect in cat-like shape and feature ;
 And home she came in wicker basket ;
 Snug as a jewel in a casket.

Sir Dash no sooner saw her form,
 Than he began to bark and storm ;
 And Puss no sooner saw Sir Dash,
 Than eyes and teeth began to flash.

He raved with passion, snarled and snapped,—
 She showed her talons, screamed, and slapped;
 His back stood up with warlike bristle,
 Her tail was rough as any thistle;
 He kept on bouncing, fuming, tearing;
 She most profanely took to swearing:
 In short, the parlour, once so quiet,
 Became the scene of vulgar riot.

The master thought a day or two
 Would soften down this fierce "to-do;"
 He fancied when the breeze was past,
 They would be right good friends at last;
 He hoped that they would live in peace,
 And all their feud and fury cease.
 Alas! they both behaved so badly,
 That those around could not endure it;
 Bad temper reigned so very sadly,
 The master knew not how to cure it.

A dish of milk was on the floor,
 Puss wanted some, and so did Dash;
 'Twas big enough for many more
 To lap out of without a splash.
 But she was rude, and he was ruder;
 Neither would let the other taste it;
 Each thought the other an intruder,
 And did the most to spill and waste it.
 If Dash one moment ventured nigh;
 Puss would that moment spit and fly;
 If Puss the dish next minute sought,
 Dash the next minute raged and fought:
 At length, with sorrow be it spoken,
 Between them both the dish was broken.

The garden was in lovely order,
 Neatness in every walk and border;
 And pinks and lilies flourished there,
 Tended with diligence and care.
 But scarce a single week had fled,
 When Mr. Dash and Puss were found
 Both fighting in the tulip-bed,
 Trampling and spoiling all around;
 Uprooted flowers and damaged laurels
 Were scattered by their foolish quarrels,
 And meet on any spot they might,
 The scene was one continual fight.
 Their master, long as he was able,
 Bore the confusion round his table,

And even gave his generous pardon
 For all the mischief in his garden ;
 Hoping their battles soon would end,
 And each to each become a friend :
 But no ! they still kept up the strife,
 And led a most ungracious life ;
 And so one very noisy day,
 Their master sent them both away.
 They soon discovered to their cost,
 What a good home they thus had lost.
 Dash was obliged to wear a chain,
 Which galled his neck, and gave him pain ;
 A dirty kennel was his bed,
 And often he was poorly fed ;
 And miserably discontented,
 Most fervently, poor Dash repented.
 Puss lost her cushion, fine and soft,
 And lived within a dreary loft,
 Where no sweet milk and meat were set,
 But mice were all that she could get ;
 And there she pined in melancholy,
 Regretting all her upstart folly.

Had they been somewhat more inclined
 To friendship—sociable and kind ;
 Had they put jealousy aside,
 And both laid down their selfish pride ;
 Both had escaped such dire disgrace,
 And both had kept their favoured place.

Thus, far too often, do we see
 Brothers and sisters disagree :
 Too often do we hear loud blaming,
 With ill-bred speech, and rude exclaiming ;
 And sometimes, while we stand amazed,
 We even see fierce hands upraised ;
 Yet very little mutual bending
 Would save a world of harsh contending.

If Puss and Dash had thought of this,
 They would have lived in perfect bliss ;
 And long have shared the parlour rug,
 In every comfort, warm and snug.

Brothers and sisters, all take warning,
 The lesson must not meet your scorning :
 Never let selfish trifles lead
 To loud dispute and spiteful deed ;
 Yield to each other, and be sure
 Your happiness is more secure.

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