

LINKS · FROM  
BROKEN  
CHAINS



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LINKS FROM BROKEN CHAINS









©WAY HE FLEW MIB AFTER MIB  
UNITING HEARTS IN LOVE.

LINKS  
FROM BROKEN CHAINS

BY  
DONIZETTI MULLER



CAMBRIDGE  
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By DONIZETTI MULLER.

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THIS VOLUME  
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED  
TO MY SONS

# THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF

OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON

Printed by J. Sturges, in the Strand

1724



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## LINKS FROM BROKEN CHAINS.

THE ORIGIN OF WILL O' THE WISP.



HE god of love, long years ago  
When Time himself was young,  
Set out with quiver, darts and bow  
Across his shoulders slung.

'T was morn ; Aurora's blandest smile  
Beamed on him from above ;  
Away he flew, mile after mile,  
Uniting hearts in love.

Birds warbled softest melodies ;  
Sweet flowers decked the ground,  
Exhaling odors on the breeze  
To soothe love's burning wound.

For love pervaded all the air  
As gleamed this hunter's flame ;  
His aim was true ; his silken snare  
O'erflowed with joyous game.

2 *The Origin of Will o' the Wisp*

How oft success in young or old  
Engenders blind conceit !  
And gods, like mortals, when too bold  
Must sometimes know defeat.

Before the archer's eyes of blue  
An angel seemed to glide : —  
He twanged his bow, an arrow flew,  
It glanced and turned aside.

Amazement chained the hunter-boy ;  
For ne'er in earthly guise  
Had vision sweet, — so bright, so coy, —  
Dazed this young rover's eyes !

Her orbs the midnight stars eclipse ;  
Her teeth outrival snow ;  
Her mocking, coral, dewy lips  
Are arched like Cupid's bow.

The locks through which her shoulders  
gleam  
Wave there like golden floss ;  
Her voice is soft as sylvan stream  
Impelled o'er tufts of moss.

With charming grace and visage blest,  
Lithe form unmatched by art, —

Alas! that such a lovely breast  
Contains an icy heart!

The lamp which gives the purest light  
Decoys the moth to death;  
That dainty flower<sup>1</sup> of purest white  
Allures with poison breath.

She pertly says: "Thy power I scout,  
Thou prankish imp of mirth;  
I challenge thee! for much I doubt  
Thy boasted heavenly birth.

"Sweet little fool! Go chant love's strain  
To softer hearts than mine!  
I'll wear no chain of love-sick swain,  
Nor in his arms recline.

"For me, thou ne'er shalt choose a mate;  
I scorn love's soft appeal!  
Thy shaft can never penetrate  
My armor strong as steel.

"For others keep thy silly darts  
Who sigh to fall thy prey!  
Learn, tiny god, men's loving hearts  
Are toys with which I play!"

<sup>1</sup> The *Andromeda Mariana*, — stagger bush.

4 *The Origin of Will o' the Wisp*

Abashed, the baffled, pouting child  
Departs in scornful woe,  
And seeks repose within the wild,  
Where limpid streamlets flow.

He finds a rill 'neath lindens tall, —  
Fit place for gods to rest ;  
Refulgent beams across it fall  
From out the gorgeous west.

He throws his bow and darts aside ;  
His wings he deftly trims ;  
Then plunges in the purling tide  
To cool his dimpled limbs.

Unknown to him, the saucy lass  
Discovers his retreat, —  
Purloins his weapons off the grass,  
And flees with nimble feet.

Ah, fugitive ! as you in grace  
Trip blithely o'er the strand,  
You little reck your feet but trace  
Your doom upon the sand.

A butterfly, with splendid wings,  
Flies swiftly down the glade, —

*The Origin of Will o' the Wisp* 5

Ideal of all lovely things  
Imploring Cupid's aid.

“ Yes, little one, I grant thy plea,  
Thou shalt not vainly sue ;  
The nectar-cup that blooms for thee  
Distills enough for two.”

How gleefully he cleaves the tide !  
His pretty cheeks aglow,  
Then flings the pearly drops aside,  
And springs to grasp his bow.

He looks around in wild despair —  
Lo ! bow and darts have fled !  
His voice in anger rends the air  
As if to rouse the dead.

His outcries waken deep defiles ;  
His clan springs through the green ;  
Meanwhile, the witching damsel smiles  
Behind her leafy screen.

Thus, many laugh when they should weep,  
They love where they should hate,  
And rest in dreams of blissful sleep  
Beneath the sword of fate.

6 *The Origin of Will o' the Wisp*

“Ho ! comrades all ! heed my commands !  
Find where our thief has fled !  
My arrows hurled by other hands  
Will consternation spread !

“The queenly rose, how would it grow  
If anchored in the lake ?  
Forget-me-nots, how would they blow  
Engrafted on the brake ?

“Away ! and hunt with main and might !  
List ye to every sound !  
And search for steps however light  
Upon the yielding ground !”

They scan each leaf and mottled tint  
Where shine and shadows meet,  
And quickly see each tiny dint  
Where flew this coquette's feet.

They follow where those imprints wind  
Along the curving shore ;  
The fleeing pilferer they find, —  
The hot pursuit is o'er.

In scathing tones, the god : “Strange  
foe !  
Think'st thou with me to jest ?



HO! COMRADES ALL! HEED MY COMMANDS!  
FIND WHERE OUR THIEF HAS FLED!





*The Origin of Will o' the Wisp* 7

Ne'er more for thee shall passion glow  
In any manly breast !

“ For thy fell crime, inhuman sprite,  
Hear thou my stern decree :  
Go roam the earth a fickle light  
Through all eternity !

“ When stilly night, lone, dread, profound,  
Unfurls her sable pall,  
Through grave-yards flit, from mound to  
mound,  
Condemned and shunned by all !

“ O'er lonely marshes doomed to glide  
Till night is merged in day,  
Thy lovely face then shalt thou hide  
In tombs with mortal clay !

“ O'er dreary moorlands thou shalt dart,  
Past wildernesses skirt ;  
Go seek, go find, a loyal heart !  
Away ! thou wretched flirt ! ”

“ Relent ! relent ! ” she pleads in woe,  
“ Behold mine eyes with tears o'erflow !  
Have mercy ! I implore !

8 *The Origin of Will o' the Wisp*

Release me from this endless fate !  
Give me some task, however great,  
I 'll serve thee evermore.

“While sporting with thine arms, by  
chance

I pierced me with thy cruel lance, —  
Ah, heal this mad'ning sting !”

“No ! thou shalt bear through endless  
time

This pain ! The curse of thy deep crime  
To thee must ever cling !

“The greatest crime of all on earth  
Is scorning love in heartless mirth ;  
For this thou art convicted.

I will not grant thy wild appeal ;  
I will not cause a wound to heal  
That has been self-inflicted.”

“If I can never know the charms  
Of being clasped in loving arms,  
And pillowed on Love's breast ;  
If in love-smiles I may not bask,  
Then let me die ! 't is all I ask, —  
To die and be at rest.”



FOR THY FELL CRIME INHUMAN SPRITE  
HEAR THOU MY STERN DEBREE!



*The Origin of Will o' the Wisp* 9

“Know, pleading maid, thy charming  
face

Effects no change in thy disgrace ;

Thy beauty I defy !

For when mine arms were filched by thee

That theft meant immortality,

And thou shalt never die !”

“ Let me not ever wander o'er

Dark, dreary grave-yards, marsh, and moor,

Unloved, alone each night,

Nor through each sweet delightful day,

When all the world with joy is gay,

Be shut from human sight.

“ Relent ! and I will chant thy praise,

Through moon-lit nights and sunny days,

With every thankful breath !

Unhappy fate ! alas, to be

A light from which all lovers flee !

'T is worse than living death.

“ For love my tortured bosom yearns, —

For love my breast with passion burns

Which I cannot control !

Immortal pangs of wild desire

Consume my heart with quenchless fire !

Relieve my longing soul !

10 *The Origin of Will o' the Wisp*

“ For thee I ’ll find the fairest bowers,  
To thee will bring the sweetest flowers,  
And sing thee to repose ;  
I ’ll be thy slave for aye, through all ;  
Forgive ! forgive me and recall  
Thy curse of endless woes !

“ Oh, I ’ll disperse the clouds, the storm,  
Bring gems to deck thy lovely form  
From heaven’s galaxy ;  
For thee, deep caves will I explore,  
Through azure depths for thee will soar,  
If thou wilt set me free ! ”

“ Enough ! ” the archer-boy replies,  
With anger in his voice and eyes,  
“ Behold how gods can jest !  
I take thy vow, glib boaster fair ;  
Do these slight tasks, I ’ll grant thy prayer ;  
Lo, this is my behest : —

“ Paint a song upon the rainbow ;  
Mend a broken bubble ;  
Make the desert overflow ;  
Quell the ocean’s trouble.

“ Count the countless stars in motion ;  
Hush the wind’s deep sighing ;

Count the countless pearls of ocean ;  
Stop the clouds from flying.

“ Chain the lightning ere it flashes ;  
Still the pealing thunder ;  
Stop the avalanche that dashes  
Mounts of ice asunder.

“ Cage a cyclone ; make an earthquake ;  
Shorten years to hours ;  
Out of fire forge a snowflake ;  
Wreathe the moon with flowers.

“ Seize the glory of the morning,  
With it bind thy tresses ;  
Dim the sky the sun 's adorning  
With his last caresses.

“ Hapless outcast ! jilt of earth !  
Doubting my celestial birth !  
When these mandates are obeyed  
I 'll forgive thee, pleading maid.”

Will o' the Wisp ! of thee we sing,  
On earth, in heaven above,  
Thou art, of all, the only thing  
That findeth naught to love.

12 *The Origin of Will o' the Wisp*

The oceans, founts, and streams would dry  
If Love's sweet spell were o'er ;  
The sun, the stars, the earth would die,  
And chaos reign once more.

The heavens paint upon the seas  
Their ev'ry changing hue,  
And sweeter sighs the fragrant breeze  
When falls the evening dew.

Huge mounts peel forth a deep refrain  
To clouds contending low ;  
Glad offspring of the sun and rain !  
Love causes thee to glow.

Love binds us all with rosy bands,  
Love conquers hearts perverse !  
Love guides us with his dimpled hands,  
Love rules the Universe !





WHEN STILLY NIGHT, DONE, DREAD, PROFOUND  
UNPURUS HEIR SABLE PALL



MARRY FOR LOVE!



ED not for pomp nor gain,  
But love, true love, that gift  
from realms above!

No power on earth can rend the chain  
Whose links are clasped with love.

Deceit will hide the smart,  
Stifle the sigh, keep burning tears sup-  
pressed,  
And smiling, pillowed on thy trusting  
heart,  
Dream 't is another's breast.

Beauty is prone to stray,  
It pines when caged, and petulance as-  
sumes ;  
Cherish thy bird, or it may soar away  
Where vice will soil its plumes.

False pride conceals the shoal  
That lurks to wreck with gold's alluring  
snare ;  
The jeweled bonds which fether brain and  
soul  
'T will gall the slave to wear.

When Youth and Age unite,  
 December frost congeals the heart of  
 May ;  
 A sunbeam frozen on the breast of Night  
 Will prove a fickle ray !

Wed not for pomp nor gain,  
 But love, true love, that gift from realms  
 above !  
 No power on earth can rend the chain  
 Whose links are clasped with love.



## MY SHIP.



HAVE the trimmest jaunty craft  
 That cleaves the curling foam,  
 Sweet Fancy's airy pinions waft  
 It, where I wish to roam.

Her dainty sails are moonlight soft,  
 Her flag, dawn's rosy beams,  
 And for a pennant up aloft,  
 A rainbow gayly streams.

My friends all bear me company,  
 Love nestles in each berth ;

Bright visions freight my argosy,  
We ballast her with mirth.

Our wealth is more than Cræsus' hoard,  
From out their treasure-keep  
Tritons and mermaids toss on board  
Rich jewels of the deep.

Her silken ropes by zephyrs fanned  
Enchant us to repose ;  
We ever float, a joyous band,  
Where youth immortal glows !



TO A FAITHLESS ONE.

“ Mirth is madness, and but smiles to slay ;  
And Hope is nothing but a false delay ! ”

BYRON.



SAW thee at the ball last night,  
Gems decked thy snowy breast,  
Whose lustre gives old age the  
right  
His head thereon to rest.

One moment, as we stood alone,  
I heard thy stifled sigh,

Regretful tears of anguish shone  
In thine averted eye.

Regrets are vain ; thou shouldst rejoice  
Since thou art Fortune's bride,  
But sadness undertones thy voice  
Dissembling cannot hide.

Thy faithless heart will oft repine  
At Pride's deceitful vow ;  
Thy bitter tears will oft outshine  
The jewels on thy brow.



WEDDED TO GOLD.



LOVE is a passion from above  
Which knows nor guile nor mal-  
ice ;

The lowly cot illumed by love  
Outvies the regal palace.

Ah ! gold is but a worthless prize  
With which thy heart to garnish ;  
The gems that dazzle now thine eyes  
Thy tears will quickly tarnish !

*Then melted Thy Cold Heart* 17

Dissembling, thou mayst thrill the breast  
Upon thine own reclining,  
But naught can quell thy wild unrest  
Nor keep thee from repining !



THEN MELTED THY COLD HEART.



S fierce volcanic fire leaps from the  
quivering mount,  
My love gushed forth to thee in  
one o'erwhelming fount.  
Then melted thy cold heart 'neath love's  
impassioned gleams,  
As snow dissolves beneath the sun's bright,  
warming beams.  
But burning lava-tide thrown o'er a frozen  
sea  
Makes icebergs float away ; thus thou  
did'st drift from me.



## DREAMS.



CLASPED thee in my dreams ;  
 so deep was thy repose  
 Methought thee dead ! I rained  
 hot tears on thy dear face,  
 And strained thee to my heart in one  
 long, wild embrace ;  
 I kissed thy glowing lips, and made thine  
 eyes unclose.

Oh, had my dreams been true, e'en had  
 thy spirit fled,  
 I would have thrilled thy clay with all the  
 love of years,  
 Besought thee in such woe, baptized thee  
 with such tears,  
 That my endearing terms had roused thee  
 from the dead.



## OH, MY ADORED!



H, my adored ! I have no thoughts  
 which are not thine ;  
 Thy darling name I hear low-  
 breathed in pearly shells,



And when bright dewdrops roll into  
sweet flower-cells,  
In all earth's loveliness, thy soul communes  
with mine.

Oh, could I die for thee! Away, false  
dream, depart!

Why do I tremble so? Do I adore thee  
still?

No, no, O love! I bind thee with an  
iron will,  
And though it wring my soul, I tear thee  
from my heart!

Now thou mayst sigh to reillumine love's  
torch in vain!

This heart, once thine, now holds but  
ashes of despair,

More cold than if no fire had ever spar-  
kled there;

Thou hast no power, false one, to kindle  
it again.

## FATE.



HE angel of my dreams thou art,  
O love divinely fair !  
I wake to press thee to my heart,  
And clasp but empty air.


A jewel gleamed upon the strand ;  
I stooped to grasp the ray,  
A curling wave swept 'neath my hand,  
And snatched the prize away.

Whene'er I list a wild bird's strain,  
The lovely songster flees ;  
The roses that I strive to gain  
Are scattered by the breeze.

Like poor wrecked mortal on the deep  
I see a beacon light,  
When storm-clouds o'er the heavens sweep  
And hide the blessed sight.



## DIVORCED.

HE dim, unsteady light  
Throws phantom shadows round  
a tiny bed,  
Where lies a hapless child. An early  
blight  
Dyes his wan cheeks ; pain racks his infant  
head.

His father, bowed with grief,  
The image of despair, walks to and fro ;  
Remorse can ne'er bring tortured breast  
relief,  
Nor vain regrets release the heart from  
woe.

He hears his sick boy moan  
(While from his pleading eyes the hot  
tears pour) :  
“ Oh ! why have Ma and Sister from us  
gone ?  
Where are they now ? and will they come  
no more ?

“ How nice it used to be !  
You romped with us, and fairy tales re-  
hearsed ;

Or if away, then Sister played with me ;  
When you returned, each flew to greet you  
first.

“ Ma always stroked my hair  
And kissed me when I fell, or if I wept ;  
At night she heard me say my little  
prayer,  
Then told me of bright angels, till I slept.

“ Oh, send for Mamma now,  
And Sister too, I want them home again ;  
If they could lay their cool hands on my  
brow  
And kiss my eyes, I know 't would ease  
the pain.”

· · · · ·  
Three hundred leagues away : —  
“ Wherefore these tears, what ails my little  
pet ?  
You have new toys.” “ Oh, Ma ! I can-  
not play,  
My heart is sad, and — your eyes, too, are  
wet.

“ Again last night I dreamed  
Of Brother dear ; his brow was bathed  
with dew,

His lips were parched, his eyes with  
fever gleamed,  
He looked so ill, and he was calling you.

“ I saw his thin hand grope  
For yours, as if he thought you must be  
near,  
And Papa moaned as though bereft of  
hope ;  
Let us go home ; Brother will die, I fear.”

“ Dreams come not true, sweet one,  
Else had my life been one bright round  
of bliss ;  
Dear little Will ! my darling, darling  
son —  
Perhaps — he has forgotten us ere this.”

“ Brother forget us ? no !  
He pines for us, and wonders where we  
are ;  
This very day, dear Ma, shall we not go ?  
Oh, do say yes ! I long to kiss Papa ! ”

“ Hush ! hush ! you have appealed  
With all the love and strength at your  
command ;

Our hearts may break ! I am too proud  
to yield ;  
Forgive me, child ! — you cannot under-  
stand.”

. . . . .

Parents, in Heaven's sweet name,  
Why rend young hearts whose lives sprang  
from one source ?  
Why make God's law a byword, farce,  
and shame ?  
Think of your little ones, and shun di-  
vorce !



THE DISCARDED WIFE.



LAS ! that homes, in sordid marts,  
By pride are wrecked forever ;  
Alas ! that gold can sunder  
hearts  
Which God has bound together.

I little recked it tolled my knell,  
And heeded not its warning,  
When sweetly pealed the marriage bell  
Upon our bridal morning.

I never thought of cruel wrong,  
Nor how deceit can palter ;  
I did not see the ghostly throng,  
That hovered o'er the altar —

As proudly kneeling by his side,  
While holy words were spoken.  
A thousand deaths my soul has died  
Since he those vows has broken.

The love then pledged to me for life  
Is lavished on another ;  
My husband calls her now his wife !  
My children call her mother !



## RETROSPECT.



THE veil which screens long weary  
years

In dreams I throw aside,  
When lo ! a lovely girl appears  
In all her virgin pride.

As then, her soulful, timid eyes  
Are gazing into mine ;

The while I list her counsel wise,  
Mine arms around her twine.

Again the selfsame books we con,  
With lessons all too brief ;  
Again we write love-mottoes on  
The margin of some leaf.

We wander forth on star-lit nights  
To hear the whip-poor-wills,  
And see the glow-worms' tiny lights  
Flash o'er the pensive hills.

Oh, rosy youth ! when two hearts rhyme,  
The music of the spheres  
Sends through each soul a thrill divine,  
That charms in after-years.

Dear girl, how lovely all things seemed !  
Why, every month was June !  
In those sweet times we never dreamed  
That hearts sang out of tune.

The frost of age now crowns my head,  
My brow is furrowed o'er,  
Wild vines have wreathed thy lowly bed  
These three decades — and more.



Oh, loved and lost, for thee I yearn,  
While thou dost wait for me ;  
Though other eyes watch my return,  
My heart still pines for thee.

Time doth not mar youth's first sweet  
dream  
The while life's currents flow ;  
The twilight tinge upon the stream  
Is but an after-glow.



THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.



T morn I give thee violets ; each  
spray  
Is gemmed with dew.  
Dost know they say to thee, " Love me all  
day,  
All day be true ? "

When twilight falls, I give to thee a rose  
Lovely and bright,  
Which says, within its heart that crimson  
glows,  
" Love me all night ! "

## I WONDER WHY?



MYSTIC light is burning  
 In thy dark eye,  
 Which starts my heart to yearning,  
 I wonder why?

When you my shy hand captured  
 In passing by,  
 My soul was thrilled, — enraptured!  
 I wonder why?

Thy smiles to all are pleasing, —  
 Could I but die  
 My heart is burning, — freezing, —  
 I wonder why?



## THE SALT-CELLAR.



TWO friends have I, who dwell in  
 realms of bliss,  
 One a lawyer, and one a banker's  
 daughter,  
 “My darling sweet!” precedes a lingering  
 kiss:  
 Time — honeymoon's first quarter.

Her form is exquisite, orbs dark and  
bright,  
A winsome face where love and joy are  
blended,  
Her lips are ravishing, teeth pearly white,  
Her raven hair is splendid.

In his blue eyes fierce burns the fire of  
youth,  
His locks are blonde, his voice is deep  
and mellow ;  
In stature manly, tall and strong, in truth  
An earthly-born Apollo.

Words cannot paint the rapture of these  
two ;  
Their hearts are one, transfixed by love's  
firm rivet.  
By hours they tell their love, and bill and  
coo ;  
Their souls turn on one pivot.

They from each other's eyes translate  
sweet lore,  
Their every look their fondness but con-  
fesses,

But vigorous youth requires something  
more  
Substantial than caresses.

“Dinner am served!” The butler wheels  
in haste,  
A large-sized smile distorts his visage  
sable.  
Their right hands clasped, his left arm  
round her waist,  
They saunter towards the table.

“Will wifey try the soup? it smells right  
nice!”  
“Yes, love.” To squeeze her hand, he  
drops the cover;  
Oh, woeful accident! in half a trice  
It knocks the salt-dish over.

“Oh, hubby dear! look, look, you’ve  
spilt the salt!  
How could you, love? now, we are sure  
to wrangle!”  
“Wrangle! well, sweet, it shall not be my  
fault;  
Your riddle pray untangle!”

“ I ’ve often heard my darling mother say  
That he who spills the salt will rue the  
blunder, —  
Be angry with some friend ere close of  
day, —  
Can aught our fond hearts sunder ? ”

“ That you could heed such trash, I never  
dreamed !  
Your mother — lord ! she ’s childish, old,  
and silly. ”

“ My mother silly, sir ! ” the young wife  
screamed  
In accents sharp and chilly.

“ Good heavens ! come, don’t be a little  
fool ! ”

“ Call me a fool ? insult a dear old lady ?  
How dare you, sir ? ” “ I meant no harm,  
keep cool !  
Why, both your minds are shady ! ”

“ I ’ll hear no more ! ” Her chair falls with  
a bang ;  
Pride, hate, and scorn within her dark  
orbs mingle ;

She flounces out, the door shuts with a  
clang  
That makes the dishes jingle.

“By Jove! the truth is piercing my thick  
skull!

My wife is right, and so is her wise  
mother.

“I’ll go to her! how could I be so dull?”  
Now each forgives the other.

Kisses dissolve the clouds, Love reigns  
once more;

A heavenly smile illumines the drops of  
sorrow;

The storm is past; their souls enraptured  
soar

Where I forbear to follow.

. . . . .

A careless word the sweetest joys will mar;

When friends have faith in things you  
feel like scouting,

Think what you please, but it is better far  
To give no signs of doubting.

Dear ones, if you would shun domestic  
strife,  
And have the honeymoon of long dura-  
tion,  
This mandate heed : when home-brewed  
gales are rife,  
Slur not your mate's relation !

Perchance some bitter drug may fill thy  
cup ;  
Dash it away ! to quaff it would be fool-  
ish ;  
Each say, "Forgive me, love !" kiss, and  
make up,  
And always blame the salt-dish.



## MAUD AND PAUL.



HE sleepy birds within the dell  
Were whispering "Good-night,"  
When on the sward a footstep  
fell,  
As soft as beam of light.

'T was Maud, a girl of seventeen,  
As graceful as the fawn,  
And lovely as the blush between  
The fickle clouds at dawn.

Mirth-dimpling cheeks of roseate hue,  
Gray orbs with jetty fringe,  
Arch lips as fresh as early dew,  
And locks of purple tinge.

In virgin white was she arrayed ;  
Her hair was unconfined,  
Save where the moonlight wove a braid,  
Or with the coils entwined.

Young Paul awaits the maiden there,  
With heart on love intent ;  
Their mingled breath unto the air  
A sweeter fragrance lent.

The youth has soul-lit eyes of blue,  
A pure and lofty mind,  
A matchless form, heart brave and true ;  
His lips the gods designed.

Oh, joyous youth, take not thy flight,  
And love's sweet dreams erase,



Ah, grief should ne'er their fond hearts  
    blight,  
Nor age their brows deface.

Fair moon, hast found that in thy rounds  
    For which the spirit yearns ?  
Tell me, bright stars, if in your bounds  
    True love immortal burns ?

Oh, Helios ! thy steeds turn back !  
    Search out some hidden clime,  
Where fadeless flowers shall drift the track,  
    And stop the car of Time.

Unversed in guile, Paul feels the joy  
    Of love's first ecstasy ;  
Arch, witching, dainty, sweet, and coy,  
    Maud lists his tender plea : —

“ Oh, Maud ! the skylark never sang  
    So joyously before ;  
I never saw the roses hang  
    So thickly round our door ;

“ A fleet of lilies guards our lake,  
    Full swells each snowy sail ;  
The violets are all awake ;  
    The lilacs scent the gale ;

“ A garland decks the jessamine ;  
Daisies adorn the heath ;  
Dearest, be mine ! and I will twine  
For thee a bridal wreath. ”

“ No chains for me ! adieu, we part.  
The eagle 's not so free !  
The hunter's dart may find its heart,  
But none can pinion me ! ”

She gives her curls a saucy toss,  
She pouts her coral lips,  
And hardly dints the velvet moss,  
So fairy-like she trips.

When thus the pine's coquettish tress  
Recedes in mock disdain,  
The zephyr's faintest love-caress  
Recalls the sprite again.

But Paul, alas ! with haughty brow  
Calls not. Contempt, surprise,  
And hate succeed love's recent vow,  
Scorn flashes from his eyes.

Oh, fickle youth ! thy pathway gleams  
O'er shoals by quicksands fluted, —

A whim dispels thy golden dreams,  
And dims the torch of Cupid.

As lightly fades the name when traced  
Where wanton billows play,  
Or airy castles are erased,  
Fond hearts are flung away.

. . . . .

Ten years have winged their noiseless  
flight,  
Fair Maud 's a pensive maid,  
Her eyes have lost their roguish light,  
Her hair its purple shade.

. . . . .

How varied o'er our spirits steals  
The tuneful village bell !  
For Paul, it chimes sweet marriage-peals,  
For Maud, it tolls a knell.

## BEWARE !



BEWARE of Love, the archer boy ;  
 Let caution be thine armor ;  
 Beware ! he brings not always joy,  
 He's but a fickle charmer.

When Cupid wounds a tender heart  
 His captive is delighted,  
 If he lets fly a poisoned dart  
 The victim's life is blighted.

A promise is a brittle link,  
 Desire, a wanton rover ;  
 The falls are smoothest on the brink  
 Of plunging madly over !

Manhood, unsullied, woos the things  
 That Virtue shuns in terror ;  
 A blemish to a woman clings, —  
 All magnify the error !

The heart that sacrifices all  
 To Love's delightful pleading,  
 Like withered wreaths from festive hall,  
 He flings away unheeding.

Though harmless seems the gleeful spray  
That sunshine floods with glory,  
That surging spray will wear away  
The frowning promontory.

The bee its treasure brings no more <sup>1</sup>  
To where its sweets were rifled ;  
The soul will ne'er enraptured soar  
With which deceit has trifled.

The hare-bell torn from woodland rill  
Will perish with the florist ;  
The fettered bird will never trill  
The music of the forest.

Though brightly gleams the stranded shell  
O'erswept by wild commotion,  
Within its cell for aye shall dwell  
The dirges of the ocean.

<sup>1</sup> Bumble-bees deposit their honey in rock-heaps, tufts of dry grass, and the like ; when robbed, they never return.



## LAMENT OF A RUNAWAY DOG.

**B**Y waving fields and limpid streams  
Was my dear home; how oft it  
gleams

Across my brain in fitful dreams!  
Now starved and cold I roam,  
One foot is lame,  
Alas! I have no home,  
No friends, no name.

With blanket tied with ribbons gay,  
A swell town-dog once came my way;  
Ah! woe is me, I rue that day;  
“I would not chase the cow,  
Nor chickens tend,”  
Said this stuck-up bow-wow,  
My new-made friend.

With foolish praise he made me proud;  
I swallowed all the oaths he vowed,  
And sought with him the city's crowd;  
Oh! if I dared return  
To master now;  
For home and friends I yearn;  
Bow! wow! b-o-w — w-o-w —

## STORM-TOSSED.



H me ! the sullen breakers' roar  
Strikes with a boding thrill,  
While fiercely from some frozen  
shore

There comes an icy chill.

Low down the gray horizon's rim  
A gloomy cloud appears ;  
The frowning sky is leaden-dim,  
And shedding bitter tears.

With masts all rent, lo ! in the dark  
I drift, the whirlwind's prey ;  
My anchor 's gone ; my tossing bark  
Flies on her aimless way.

Oh, Pilot ! you 're perverse to me ;  
Could I but take command,  
I 'd steer towards some pearly sea  
Or rosy morning land.

How fast she skims the fickle main !  
I near the dismal West ;  
Back ! Pilot, to the East again ! —  
He heeds not my behest !

## TO AN AMERICAN SOLDIER.



WHEN devastating clouds rolled  
black,  
Thy sword the valiant guided ;  
Aye, thine undaunted will gave back  
Our Country undivided.

If prayers availed, or human art,  
In pain thou wouldst not languish ;  
At thy distress the Nation's heart  
Is bowed in tearful anguish.

Relentless fate life's thread may break,  
And earthly ties dissever ;  
Time's tuneful lyre thy praise shall wake,  
The Hero lives forever.

Thy mighty deeds, thy matchless fame,  
Gleam forth a starry cluster ;  
And ages hence, thy cherished name  
Will glow with brightest lustre.

NEW YORK, *June 25, 1885.*



TO JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.



THY words lead our thoughts  
higher,  
Making humanity our constant  
guest ;  
Once gently touched, thy soulful, tender  
lyre  
Vibrates in every breast.

When slaves were forced to clank  
Their galling chains in terror, pain, and  
woe,  
Each burning link within thy bosom sank,  
Thy heart felt every throe.

Tears of remorse will start,  
When vengeful mem'ry draws the veil  
aside,  
Revealing to the sad, regretful heart  
Thy lay of love and pride.

When Autumn paints the woods,  
Sears all the hills, scatters her garnered  
leaves,  
Thy fancy from Death's crumbling, russet  
goods  
A fadeless garland weaves.

44     *To John Greenleaf Whittier*

Thine Idyl born of gales —

How many souls its holy ties have felt!  
Though sunbeams glow till old Atlantic  
    fails,  
Thy snow-wreaths ne'er will melt.

Enchanted by thy Muse,

    Tribes yet unborn will love New Eng-  
        land's strands,  
And o'er her waves see dart frail bark ca-  
        noes,  
Propelled by dusky hands.

New England's sons may roam,

    There is no clime to which they do not  
        throng;  
But more than fame or wealth they love  
    the home  
    Portrayed by thee in song.

New England's granite hills

    Will echo back for aye thy plaintive  
        lays;  
New England's surge-lashed shores and  
    sparkling rills  
    Will ever sound thy praise.

THE TOMB OF MRS. HEMANS.



HIS silent tomb for thee ! where  
no faint ray  
Of sunlight lingers round thy sa-  
cred clay ?

O thou, who loved the woods, the daisied  
sod,  
The brooks, the birds, all things which  
breathed of God,

Thy grave should be where summer breezes  
toy  
With violets ; where cowslips bloom, and  
coy  
Forget-me-nots unclosetheir pensive eyes,  
To catch the light of England's azure  
skies.

TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN HOWARD  
PAYNE.

John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," was born at East Hampton, Long Island, on June 9, 1792, and died at Tunis, April 9, 1852. Mr. W. W. Corcoran, a friend of the author since youth, had his remains brought to his native land; they arrived on March 21, 1883, and were finally laid to rest at Oak Hill Cemetery, Washington, D. C., on June 9. The services were conducted by Bishop Pinckney.



REST ! thou hast reached the goal ;  
Kind friends strew flowers above  
thy mould'ring brow ;  
The praise that would have thrilled thy  
longing soul,  
The world accords thee now.

Thy cup o'erflowed with woe,  
The rude winds tossed thy bark in heed-  
less play ;  
Now through all climes regretfully and low  
Echoes thy mournful lay.

" Sweet Home ! " oh, sacred spell !  
The prodigal hath melted at thy strain,  
And hardened wretch within his prison-cell,  
When prayers have been in vain.

Upon the couch of death,  
Where fading hope to fond remembrance  
    clings,  
Thy plaintive melody, with failing breath,  
The lonely exile sings.

When Valor might despair,  
In thrilling tones it nerves the warrior's  
    breast ;  
The mother softly breathes thy soothing  
    air  
To lull her babe to rest.

Along the smiling shore,  
Through dim, lone woods, far o'er the  
    rolling plain,  
In harvest field, by lowly cottage door,  
Is heard thy sweet refrain.

O trusting heart betrayed,  
Bereft of friends, and all save taunts of  
    scorn,  
"Sweet Home!" bright angels chant ;  
    Hope heaven-arrayed  
Cheers thy dark soul forlorn.

Where sounds God's holy praise,  
O'er boundless seas, through high and  
    craggy fells,  
In stately halls, where regal jewels blaze,  
    Thy tender anthem swells.

Thy song will never cease,  
Thy words divine cause every heart to  
    thrill ;  
While ages roll, while centuries increase,  
    Thy lyre will vibrate still.

Oh ! tardy recompense ;  
Alas ! how oft is genius linked with fate,  
And brave hearts crushed 'neath agonies  
    intense,  
While homage comes too late.

Rest ! thou hast reached the goal ;  
Kind friends strew flowers above thy  
    mould'ring brow ;  
The praise that would have thrilled thy  
    longing soul,  
The world accords thee now.

THE OLD MAN'S SOLILOQUY.



THE summer days are not so long,  
The sky is not so blue,  
The robin sings a sadder song  
Than when my life was new.

The cataract above the mill —  
How loud it used to roar !  
But now, it falls so soft and still  
I hardly hear it pour.

The blast that rocked the northern pine,  
I hailed with glowing breath ;  
The breeze that sways the jessamine,  
Now feels as cold as death.

The rainbow is no longer bright,  
The flowers no longer sweet,  
My raven locks have turned to white,  
And Time has chained my feet.

O Time, how noiseless thou dost glide !  
And yet how swift thy stream !  
I drift upon the ebbing tide,  
Near where my treasures gleam.

SOLILOQUY OF THE HOUSELESS.

“’T is dark : the iced gusts rave and beat !” — KEATS.



ARK to the revel  
Convulsing the clouds !  
’T is the loom of the devil  
Weaving shrouds.

How the winds wrangle  
With sign-board and tree !  
How the storm-furies strangle,  
Torture me !

Dreary, dark, endless,  
These bitter nights stretch  
To a poor, old, sick, friendless,  
Houseless wretch.

God ! I shall perish  
Out here in the snow !  
Is there no one to cherish  
Me ? No — no —

Little it matters  
To the proud ones near  
That I writhe in my tatters,  
Starving here.



THE YELLOW BOYS.



WITH a wrinkled face death-white,  
In a cheerless room and cold,  
A miser counts by a feeble light  
His treasures of hoarded gold ;  
And he croons as the eagles clink :  
    “ I stow the shiners away !  
What others squander on food and drink  
    I keep for a rainy day.

“ The people are mad or fools !  
On the fat of the land they thrive,  
Eating and drinking the richest things, —  
Why, a crust keeps me alive !  
Of this faded cloak so old  
I care not what they think,  
    For every fold  
    Is stuffed with gold, —  
Ah, how my eagles clink ! ”  
And he chuckles as he sings :  
    “ I stow the shiners away !  
    My only joys  
    Are my Yellow Boys,  
The chums with which I play. ”

His soul he pawned in a sordid mart,  
Never to be redeemed ;  
His poor wife died of a broken heart,  
While for gold he starved and schemed.  
Still he sings in devilish glee :  
    “ My wife is dead,  
    My son has fled,  
And I am alone and free !  
    Oh, it takes much less  
    To feed but one  
Than to feed a hungry wife and son,  
    Ha ! ha ! it takes much less  
    To feed but one  
Than it did to feed all three ! ”

One morn they found the miser dead,  
His throat was cruelly gashed ;  
A gaping wound was in his head  
Where his brains had been outdashed ;  
    The Yellow Boys  
    He would not lend,  
But hugged to his stingy heart  
    The golden toys  
    He would not spend,  
At last, they had to part. —

In a pauper's grave his bones were cast,  
With never a prayer or knell,  
When a laugh croaked up from the depths  
so vast

Like a fiend's from the caves of hell :

“ Ho ! I am so lean,

So shriveled and lean,

I will treat the poor worms to a fast !

Ho ! I am so lean,

So skinny, I ween,

I have cheated the worms at last ! ”

In a splendid street,

Where thousands of feet

Are rushing to and fro,

As the tide and life of the city beat

In an endless ebb and flow ;

In a gorgeous, gilded hall of fate,

Where the smiling tempter lurks in wait

As fortunes sink and soar,

Where many a song

From that eager throng

With curses and laughter blends,

His Yellow Boys, on *rouge et noir*,

Are making other friends.



## SMILING MISERY.

LINES ON SEEING AN OLD BLIND BEGGAR SMILE  
IN HIS SLEEP.



PON the sward o'er which the  
graceful willow streams,  
The old blind mendicant lies  
wrapped in happy dreams,  
While long, slanting sunbeams with golden  
lances trace  
Angelic smiles upon his pinched, time-  
wrinkled face.

Thou smilest in thy dreams ;  
Art happy now ?  
Are youth's bright limpid streams  
Laving thy brow ?

How strange seem the smiles round thy  
lips at play !  
Art thou culling flowers which adorn the  
way ?  
Does the fragrant breeze waft a sweet re-  
frain,  
From the dark, green woods, of the wild  
bird's stain ?

Oh, gentle, sweet repose,  
Soft, mystic charm,  
Healer of earthly woes,  
Bless thy dear balm.

See'st the morning sun o'er the mountains  
shine,  
And the clouds in the west at the day's  
decline?  
Does the dash of waves, and the vintage  
song,  
In thy bright dreams waver and float  
along?

Perchance a mother's hand  
Is guiding thee  
To some far peaceful land  
Where all may see.

Dost thou in thy youth roam the fields once  
more?  
Does thy shallop bound to the dipping  
oar?  
Or do merry voices, in childish glee,  
Chase thy woes away with their revelry?

Does thy loved sister's song  
Fall on thine ear?

Does an angelic throng  
To thee appear ?

Ah ! the happy smiles are now giving  
place  
To a troubled look which o'erclouds thy  
face ;  
And thy sightless orbs are tearfully raised,  
For thy waking dreams leave thy soul  
amazed.

Ye lengthening shadows, pause !  
Time, cease your flight !  
Nature, revoke thy laws,  
Give blind eyes light !

Like the heart betrayed, like an orphaned  
child,  
Like a voyager wrecked on the ocean wild,  
Like an exile poor, in a foreign land,  
Thou grop'st in the dark with thy palsied  
hand.

Oh, couldst thou ne'er awake  
'T were well for thee !  
Oh, could thy dark chains break  
And set thee free !

## COME HOME!



WE know not where thou art ;  
But still we look for thee if steps  
draw nigh ;  
When gentle winds the sleepy branches  
start,  
We hear thy voice in every leaf's low sigh.

Strangers come and go ;  
We heed them not, for none can fill thy  
place ;  
Dark locks have turned to white, and  
joy to woe ;  
But all in vain we yearn for thy dear face.

We gather round the board ;  
Thy place is kept, but vacant stands thy  
chair ;  
Oh, bitter tears for thee have oft been  
poured,  
Distilled from aching hearts in mute de-  
spair.

When waning stars grow dim,  
Throughout the day, when twilight gilds  
the sea,

When sinks the moon beneath the sky's  
 low rim,  
 When darkness reigns, dearest, we think  
 of thee.

We love the wayward breeze, —  
 It may have kissed thy cheek, thy brow  
 have fanned ;  
 We love the birds that flit among the  
 trees, —  
 They may have flown near thee in some  
 far land.

Hast thou found brighter skies,  
 And fairer scenes, beyond the dark sea's  
 foam ?  
 Here are true hearts, and anxious, lov-  
 ing eyes  
 Watching for thee ; lone wanderer, come  
 home !



LITTLE BUNDLE OF RAGS.



LITTLE hungry mouth,  
 A tiny shaking form ;  
 Two little naked feet  
 Out in the bitter storm ;



A tattered bundle of rags and stains,  
A beggar from door to door,  
A freezing bundle of aches and pains,  
A starving child of the poor.

Two pleading, tearful eyes  
That none will ever miss ;  
Two little sunken cheeks  
That never knew a kiss ;  
A tattered bundle of rags and stains,  
That whines for a crust to eat ;  
A freezing bundle of aches and pains,  
A homeless child of the street.

Two tiny purple hands,  
A shock of tangled hair,  
A little weary head  
Asleep on the pavement bare ;  
A tattered bundle of rags unblest,  
Whose strife is forever o'er ;  
A wretched bundle of woes at rest,  
A frozen child of the poor.



## LITTLE SUNBEAM.



CHILD in dainty white,  
 With dimpled cheeks aglow,  
 Claps hands in wild delight  
 Over the whirling snow,  
 A merry, dancing sunbeam,  
 That flits from room to room,  
 A lovely, joyous sunbeam,  
 Whose smile dispels the gloom.

Two roguish eyes of blue,  
 Lips rosy, arch, and sweet,  
 Soft hair of golden hue,  
 Two tiny, twinkling feet ;  
 A merry, dancing sunbeam,  
 Enchanting little fay ;  
 A lovely, joyous sunbeam,  
 Who steals our hearts away.

Two little folded hands  
 Over a bosom fair ;  
 A little sleepy head  
 Bowed low in simple prayer ;  
 A nodding little sunbeam  
 Endowed with all that charms ;  
 A happy little sunbeam  
 Clasped tight in loving arms.

NEVER STRIKE A CHILD.



H! couldst thou but recall  
The hasty word or blow,  
When deep 'neath sable pall  
Thy little one lies low.

Oh! for the clinging hands,  
Repulsed in days of yore ;  
Couldst feel again those bands  
Thine eyes would not brim o'er.

Lavish the hoard of years  
Upon that silent clay !  
It will not quench thy tears,  
Nor drive remorse away.

TO A CAGED LION.



TROSS thy mane, proud lion !  
And thy strong teeth gnash !  
Break those bars of iron  
With one bold dash  
Of thy huge paw !

Stern thy keen eyes wander  
 O'er the gaping throng ;  
 Fierce thy hoarse roars thunder  
 Untamed along  
 From thy deep maw.

Sad thy fate to languish  
 In this narrow sphere,  
 Fret and chafe in anguish  
 From year to year  
 Till grim death fall.

. . . . .

How many pine in shackles,  
 With spirits all unchained !  
 Many a bosom rankles,  
 By Fate restrained, —  
 God pity all !

TO THE OBELISK.



ONE alien from the morning  
 land, why art thou here  
 Beneath our cold, ungenial,  
 northern sky ?

Does Egypt, then, begrudge thee space  
enough to rear  
Thy record of her grandeurs long gone  
by?

What changes thou hast seen! Wide  
realms dissolve like dreams,  
Old men discard the gods they praised  
in youth ;  
The pinnacle of science reached, all known  
it seems  
Except some way to dull Time's evil  
tooth.

Mysterious sentinel, guarder of ancient  
fane,  
Thou pride of mighty kings who ruled  
the East,  
Twice twenty centuries have battered thee  
in vain,  
How many more shall that sum be in-  
creased ?

Survivor of dethroned gods and long-lost  
rites,  
Rude chronicler of laws extinct, grim  
sage,

Defying Time himself and all his many  
    blights,  
    How could they banish thee in thine old  
    age?

Relic of olden times, of dynasties o'er-  
    thrown,  
    Of mighty cities leveled with the dust,  
Succeeding generations may have wiser  
    grown,  
    To thee, they were more ruthless and  
    unjust.

Antique memorial, exiled to Egypt's  
    shame,  
    Forlorn Struldbrug!<sup>1</sup> why should we  
    covet thee?  
In veneration of thine age, and ancient  
    fame,  
    Thou shouldst be throned by thine own  
    tideless sea.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Forlorn Struldbrug, — an imaginary inhabitant of Luggnagg. See *Gulliver's Travels*.

<sup>2</sup> Tideless sea, — the Mediterranean.

TO THE SUNSET GUN.



HY doleful knell booms o'er the  
wrinkled bay  
With hollow roar ; it makes old  
Gotham quiver ;  
Far echoes leap responsive to thy sway  
Inland and up the river.

Thou belchest forth thy deep malignant  
knell,  
Relentlessly time's epitaph inditing,  
Boding triumphantly of all things fell,  
Daily the grieved heart smiting.

The wary gulls scud past like squally gust ;  
Lo ! startled herds break from their  
heedless keepers ;  
With thine exulting blast thou shak'st the  
dust  
Of Greenwood's dreamless sleepers.

The loosened rock rolls down the quaking  
strand ;  
Spontaneous dread thy solemn boom  
engenders ;

The fortress jars, and at thy stern com-  
mand  
The bay its dead surrenders.

Now shrinks the guilty wretch condemned  
to die ;  
What phantoms throng his brain from  
crimes committed !  
He counts the fleeting hours with startled  
eye,  
For death, alas ! unfitted.

. . . . .

The day-god leaves in regal pomp and  
blaze ;  
Upon the sky in gorgeous hues portray-  
ing  
Pictures divine, floating in golden haze,  
Of death no hint betraying.

Old Trinity receives the sun's last smile,  
A smile benign, leaving the sweet con-  
viction  
That he rests on that massive, lofty pile  
In kindly benediction.



And yet, O Sunset Gun! thy dismal thud  
Rolls anguish on the human heart o'er-  
wearied,

Roaring in savage joy, through twilight  
scud :

“The Day is dead, and buried.”



VESPER BELLS.

“ Those evening bells! those evening bells!  
How many a tale their music tells!”

THOMAS MOORE.



W<sup>H</sup>EN down the west the regal  
sun doth glide,  
And on the sky his good-night  
kiss is printing,

We love to see it like a joyous bride  
Suffused with rosy tinting.

E'en then, vehement Time, thy reckless  
car

Bruiseth the fainting heart; thou rash de-  
spoiler!

But chiming vesper balms erase the scar,  
And soothe the weary toiler.

How thrills the homesick heart when ves-  
per chimes  
Flood all the soul with early recollections !  
Transporting us afar to other climes,  
Where linger our affections.

Oh, blessed hope, engendered by the bells ;  
Oh, blessed trust, to waiting hearts long  
slighted ;  
Oh, blessed faith, within that music  
wells :  
“ Again — we ’ll be united. ”



THE ALIEN.

“ O'er the blue deep I fled, the chainless deep! —  
Strange heart of man ! that even midst woe swells high.”

MRS. HEMANS.



AWAY ! away ! Sea, thou art dire ;  
Yet are thy moods engaging ;  
Oh ! could thy billows quench the  
fire  
Within my bosom raging.

Henceforth, I tarry many leagues  
Beyond where dupes may languish,

Or plotting knaves hatch vile intrigues  
To torture me with anguish.

On ! on ! fleet bark, my pathway lies  
Beyond these billows lonely,  
On ! on ! fleet bark, till alien skies  
Shall bend forever o'er me.



THE JEANNETTE'S DEAD.

A party of brave men commanded by Lieutenant George W. De Long, U. S. N., were sent out on an Arctic exploration by the generous and enterprising Editor of the "New York Herald." De Long and many of his gallant comrades perished of starvation at Matveh, Northern Siberia. Their remains arrived in New York, February 14, 1884.



YE, bear them o'er the main !  
They who went forth to fall  
where duty led,  
With solemn pomp, with tears, with martial strain,  
Return, — Columbia's dead !

Heroic hearts are strong,  
But they would melt, even though made of steel,

To see the frozen hand of brave De Long  
Stretched forth in mute appeal.

Though kindred hearts may break,  
Brave Science leads with banners all unfurled ;  
The searcher's dauntless soul no terrors  
shake,  
He seeks a frozen world.

Long may that spirit live !  
Let Enterprise still roll her mighty car, —  
Wrest from the North her crystal gem, and  
give  
Our flag the Polar Star.

Ambition falters not ;  
Although the way be strewn with human  
bones,  
And every step with threatful dangers  
fraught,  
One purpose still it owns.

To reach ambition's goal,  
Where clashing icebergs mock the tem-  
pest's roar,  
And boreal streamers light the icy pole,  
Their spirits still may soar.

Yet all do not return ;  
Are their dear forms locked fast in death's  
    embrace ?  
Those ice-bound, mystic depths none may  
    discern,  
Our wand'ers none may trace.

For them we hope and wait ;  
Perchance they sleep beneath eternal  
    snows,  
While midnight stars watch over them ;  
    their fate  
The Unknown only knows.

Alas, vain sacrifice !  
Where are the lost ? beneath the Arctic  
    crests ?  
Do they still live ? or do huge mounts of  
    ice  
Weigh down their frozen breasts ?

Oh, blessed are they who snatch  
Their loved ones from the bleak North's  
    dread immense ;  
Woe ! for the waiting hearts, no grief can  
    match  
The torture of suspense.

If deep 'neath restless wave,  
 Their native sod, or Matveh's frigid pall,  
 The same blue sky bends o'er each hero's  
     grave, —  
 Kind nature folds them all.

On Lena's dismal strands,  
 No, not in vain, have ceased their hopes  
     and fears,  
 Above their sacred dust Nations clasp  
     hands,  
 And mingle friendly tears.

NEW YORK, *February 8, 1884.*



#### THE RESERVOIR.

The disaster here described occurred in May, 1873.



THREE villages nestled in lovely  
     repose  
 Above where the winding Con-  
     necticut flows ;  
 From grove, dell, and orchard reëchoed  
     the lay  
 Of wild birds outpouring their welcome to  
     day ;

All nature enamored of Spring's glowing  
smile  
Was teeming enraptured, unconscious of  
guile ;  
In many a light, whirling, fantastic wreath,  
Smoke - clouds from the hamlets curled  
skyward beneath ;  
And merrily flew all the wheels in the mill,  
Whirled by the reservoir perched on the  
hill.

All were mute with astonishment, frozen  
with fear,  
As the shout of a horseman fell on the ear :  
"To the hills ! to the hills ! a deluge is  
here !  
To the hills ! to the hills ! grim Death is  
elate  
At his harvest of all who tremble and  
wait !"  
His loud, frightened voice the stoutest  
heart thrills,  
As it rings out over the doomed clanging  
mills ;  
He leaves not the track, till his wild char-  
ger feels  
The black, rushing flood at his clattering  
heels,

For the water had burst the basin, and  
    rolled  
Into the valley uncontrolled !  
As quick as the shuttle can click in the  
    loom,  
Lo ! village and hamlet were hurled to  
    their doom,  
The mansion, that lately resounded with  
    joy,  
Was tossed on the waves like a discarded  
    toy.  
Of the homes so happy that morning in  
    May,  
No vestige was left at the close of the day ;  
And the loved ones who dwelt there, oh,  
    where are they ?  
Their wild shrieks were lost in the horrible  
    roar,  
As parents and children were swept from  
    the shore ;  
With faces all pallid, and hair streaming  
    free,  
The ruthless waves clutched them, and  
    rolled to the sea.





## OBSCURITY.



COOL fountains gush as pure and  
free  
In grotts that day-beams shun,  
As they which in bright witchery  
Weave rainbows in the sun.

Deep in the forest lone and drear,  
Where rugged nature reigns,  
Float melodies, — no human ear  
Drinks such enchanting strains.

Ah, yet unfound there gleaming lies  
Some purer, brighter gem  
Than ever dazzled beauty's eyes,  
Or blazed in diadem.

The nights which bend o'er Arctic seas  
Display more gorgeous dyes  
Than all the flowers that scent the breeze,  
Or birds 'neath tropic skies.

How many times hath genius wrought  
Some lofty, heartfelt strain, —  
Bright, matchless gem of burning thought  
Which arrogance hath slain.

Oft science opes her wondrous store  
 To the inventive mind ;  
 For want of friends, the precious lore  
 To darkness is consigned.

Columbia reared two noble sons,  
 Heroes of equal worth ;  
 The world extolled those mighty ones,  
 Fame challenged each at birth.

About one's tomb the Nation keeps  
 Guard o'er her cherished brave ;  
 While one, alas ! forgotten sleeps  
 In his neglected grave.



OUR DESTINIES DIVERGE.

Minds, like mountain-rills, seek channels suited to  
 their bent ; bar not their way, lest their beauty and vigor  
 be lost ere they find some other course.



NE loves to tread the rocking  
 deck  
 When Neptune, in his might,  
 Hurls toppling mountains high aloft  
 With ragged sides all white.

When every wave leaps from a grave  
To run a phantom race,  
The heavens scowl, the mad winds howl  
And join the deathly chase.

Aye, when the hail thumps on the planks  
Like shot beneath the sieve,  
A joy then thrills his dauntless soul  
The green hills cannot give.

When lightnings flash, when thunders  
crash,  
And driving torrents pour,  
What scornful pity then he feels  
For dwellers on the shore.

Another chooses solitude  
Within the far-off West ;  
The sombre shadows of the woods  
Alone can make him blest.

He loves to feel the forest shake  
When tempests are at strife ;  
The very dangers round him thrown  
Give zest to his wild life.

He lightly slumbers on the ground,  
Trees sing his lullaby,

His pillow is a tuft of leaves,  
His canopy the sky.

The distant snarl of prowling wolf  
Falls harmless on his ear ;  
His music is the rifle's crack  
That ends the stag's career.

The hot breath leaping from the throats  
Of cannons hides the sun,  
And darker looks the slimy turf  
Where crimson streamlets run.

At morn, where smiled the level plain,  
Now little hillocks rise ;  
Behold, they writhe! they're steeds and  
men  
In death's last agonies.

The ranks grow thin, yet falter not ;  
On! on! the fort gives way ;  
Thousands are dead, and thousands more  
Are worse than lifeless clay.

The soldier's heart with rapture thrills  
Where war-flags are unfurled,  
A foothold wrested from the foe  
To him is all the world.

Was there not with the hero's dream  
Some secret whisper blent,  
To guide him o'er dark, unknown seas  
And find a continent ?

Unheeded are the warning gales  
From Arctic regions borne,  
To stay new victims from those seas  
Where ice-locked wrecks are torn.

That mighty River which defies  
The world its source to trace,  
Has more allurements in its rills  
Than country, kin, or race.

The searcher thou hast baffled long,  
Thy mandate he disdains,  
Thy hidden fount shall be revealed !  
Ambition wears no chains !

High o'er the earth, above the clouds,  
Behold, yon speck afar !  
Aloft undazed the Genius soars  
In his aerial car.

One loves to till the teeming soil ;  
One delves within the mine ;

One quaffs from nature's bubbling fount,  
Another sparkling wine.


Some woo the Muses, some the Fates ;  
While others play the clown ;  
Some love to dance in spangled tights ;  
Some pray in holy gown.

And all are right, and some are true,  
A few are great and wise ;  
But glasses which bestride one's nose  
Would blind another's eyes.



#### DESTINY.

The lives of people are like streams which flow from  
snow-capped mountain peaks.

NE is bright as the flower which  
opes for a day ;  
And short-lived as the iris o'er-  
arching its spray ;  
One falls through some crevice, predes-  
tined at birth  
To creep on in darkness deep under the  
earth ;

While a third, a born ruler, leaps forth to  
the fray  
With a sky-full of sunshine to show it the  
way ;  
The fourth is all music, all dimples and  
glee,  
It sings to each bramble, each insect and  
tree ;  
The alder-bush leaning, to lave in its tide,  
Smiles at its reflection decked out like a  
bride ;  
From the elms, and the willows that wave  
o'er its breast,  
Young fledglings are swinging in soft  
downy nest ;  
Here sweet, rosy children, released from  
the school,  
Lag to wade and to paddle in eddying  
pool ;  
What splendid flotillas they launch on its  
tide !  
With joy for their cargo, and hope for their  
guide :  
Some return from that far Aidenn  
After long and weary years :  
Few with happiness are laden,  
Many more are swamped with tears.

## THE WHEELMAN.



WITH merry heart away he spins,  
 While sleepy stars are paling,  
 Far from the city routs and dins  
 The breath of morn inhaling.

Past waving fields, by daisies starred,  
 Some joyous song repeating,  
 He smiles to hear the farmhouse guard  
 Bow-wow a surly greeting.

Flash on ! bright, graceful, silent steed !  
 Thou fleet, health-giving treasure ;  
 May thy gay rider safely speed  
 O'er many leagues of pleasure !



## THE MASQUERADE BALL.



COME all, and join our merry train !  
 Let care give way to leisure !  
 To-night Prince Carnival will  
 reign  
 Within the halls of pleasure.



Come where gay banners are unfurled !  
Let every soul be jolly !  
For once, forsake the sordid world,  
To greet the Prince of Folly.

The while he jests, he gayly sings  
Of hot and freezing weather ;  
He waves his wand, and lo ! he brings  
The Seasons all together.

See Love o'er cloudy billows leap  
Where rosy morning towers ;  
He rouses Flora from her sleep,  
With all her train of flowers.

Drink to our Prince ! bright flow the tide !  
Fill high the foaming chalice !  
Drink to the fairies as they glide  
Within his splendid palace !

Bejeweled Queens with Beggars dance,  
A Bishop leads the revel ;  
And wild with laughter past us glance  
An Angel and the Devil !

Let all now whirl a merry rout,  
Why stand we here reviewing ?

Come! let us wheel old Time about!  
 Again sweet youth renewing.

Fear not! although your heads grow light,  
 Your pockets will be lighter;  
 No matter if you do get tight,  
 Your friends will all be tighter.

Sing, dance, and laugh, be fancy-free!  
 Nor care, nor trouble borrow;  
 Forget that all your hats will be  
 'Too small for you to-morrow.



WINE.

“Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach’s sake and thine often infirmities.” — 1 Timothy, v. 23.



WITHIN my dainty, fragile crystal  
 cup  
 Thousands of tiny sparks are  
 flashing up,  
 Diamonds of purest light are dull and poor  
 Compared with these bright gems which  
 bubble o'er.

E'en lovely Cleopatra's famous pearl  
Was crude to these which in my goblet  
whirl.

Enchanting draught! what new delights  
are mine  
As thee I sip, rose-amber nectarine!  
The breath of flowers o'er fragrant vine-  
clad hills,  
The lark's blithe lay, the melody of rills,  
Gay children's mirth, the maiden's sunny  
smile,  
The peasant's laugh, true love untinged by  
guile,  
The vintage song, in my glad fantasy,  
Sweet, sparkling wine, are all infused in  
thee!

Delicious wine! it soothes the weary soul,  
Makes foes clasp hands around the foam-  
ing bowl,  
Blots out old feuds; it elevates mankind,  
Gives us more cheer than all things else  
combined;  
It makes the rich do good with hoarded  
pelf,  
And man to love his neighbor as himself.

## CHAMPAGNE SONG.



WE sing thy praise, sweet, foaming  
 wine,  
 Thou vanquisher of woe ;  
 Sad hearts grow light, and dull eyes shine,  
 Wherever thou dost flow.

All hail the land where they distill  
 Bright sunshine as it gleams ;  
 Our spirits thrill, we sip at will  
 That light in liquid beams.

The gods in one o'erwhelming crew, —  
 The whole celestial staff, —  
 Would storm the world if they but knew  
 What nectar mortals quaff.

Clink ! glasses, clink ! let joy increase ;  
 Let song and laughter reign ;  
 For life imbibes a double lease  
 In sparkling, cold Champagne.

THE DRUNKARD.



WAKE at night,  
And quake with fright  
And dread ;  
Without a sound,  
Ghosts flit around  
My bed.

There gleams the knife  
With which his life  
I took ;  
Gory streams glide  
On every side  
I look.

Demons who grin  
At my fell sin  
Appear ;  
His dying groan,  
His orphan's moan,  
I hear.

Ah, writhing there,  
With serpent hair,  
I see

His blazing eyes  
Glare in surprise  
At me.

He rises now,  
With clotted brow —  
Vain, vain !  
I hear him fall ;  
I live it all  
Again.

O God ! the blood !  
The crimson flood  
I spilt ;  
Can justice trace,  
In my scared face,  
My guilt ?

I 'll flee ! but where ?  
His gold, I dare  
Not touch ;  
The law will deal  
With me — I feel  
Its clutch.

Ah ! crimson snakes  
With golden flakes  
Unwind ;

With coiling bands  
My arms and hands  
They bind.

Wide yawns deep hell ;  
I hear my knell  
Toll ! toll !  
They tie the noose,  
I know I 'll lose  
My soul —



THE BROOK'S MELODIES.



H, joyous brook ! thy varied lay  
Reveals an undertone  
That breathes of music far away,  
Where sadness is unknown.

The carol of the free, wild bird,  
Whispers from wood and glen,  
Harmonious reeds by zephyrs stirred  
Beyond the haunts of men.

The cricket's song from mossy thatch,  
The beetle's drowsy whirr,

Rustle of twigs and vines that catch  
A tap from cone or burr.

The reckless mirth of mountain rills,  
The fall of silvery spray,  
Sweet, lulling sounds from breezy hills  
Where leafy shadows play.

The fairies' rout from sylvan dells,  
Echoes from grotts and caves,  
And tinkling chime of foxglove-bells, —  
All mingle in thy waves.



TO THE CHARLES RIVER.



RIGHT, limpid, winding river !

Thou hast a plaintive tone,  
Faint as the reed's low quiver  
When summer winds have blown.

Deep shadows on thy borders lie,  
Fair Cynthia smiles above ;  
It is an hour when widows sigh,  
And maidens dream of love.



The sun has left a mellow glow  
On sky, on earth, and main ;  
The night-bird's lay floats soft and low  
From o'er the drowsy plain.

The galaxy its pennon flings  
Across the azure dome ;  
The cloudlets look like fairy wings  
Composed from tufts of foam.

Afar and near, the glow-worms keep  
Their vigil by thy side,  
To guard the lilies while they sleep  
Upon thy pearly tide.

Thy loveliness no blemish mars,  
No discord wakes thy strand,  
And heaven has lent thee all its stars  
To stud thy gleaming band.

Upon thy banks in other days,  
The beacon flaunted high ;  
The warrior knew by that red blaze  
That death was lurking nigh.

Yes, here the freeman met the foe,  
Within this very dell ;

Where rest their bones no friend may know,  
And none their names can tell.

Those heroes still are guarding thee,  
A bright angelic throng ;  
If I but close mine eyes, I see  
Their spirits flit along.

These elms, which rise the clouds to meet,  
For centuries have swayed ;  
A thousand times the Indian fleet  
Hath bounded 'neath their shade.

When autumn frowns, their kingly crowns  
They toss upon thy shore  
As softly as the light skiff bounds  
When lovers dip the oar.

The mighty, scornful, northern blast  
May fell the lofty tree ;  
Like man, the elm shall die at last,  
But what is that to thee ?

Let winter wail, with cheeks all pale,  
And tangled locks of snow,  
For thou wilt don thy crystal mail  
To guard thy peaceful flow.

To thee, poor wearied souls have flown  
O'erwhelmed with earthly woes ;  
Thou hast thy mantle o'er them thrown,  
And soothed them in repose.

Ah, well ! to gaze upon thy breast  
As calm as infant's sleep,  
I, too, could wish eternal rest  
Where eyes may never weep.

Flow on ; my soul drinks thy soft lay ;  
A sweeter song is thine  
Than gentle, whisp'ring zephyrs play  
Upon the tasseled pine.

I love thy ev'ry trill and tone,  
O ever restless stream !  
I love to muse by thee alone  
When others sleep and dream.

I love thee when the dawn's first ray  
Illumes thee with its light ;  
I love thee when the god of day  
Is kissing thee good-night.



## LAKE OF THE WOODS.



HOW beautiful thou art, calm inland sea!

For love, the west wind folds its wings o'er thee,  
 And the new-born lilies like infants blest  
 Are rocked to sleep on throbbing breast.

Thou dost return the bright moon's serene glance

Without a wrinkle on thy fair expanse,  
 Save where the pines fling a needle in,  
 Or darting trout show a mottled fin.

These bordering trees tower from the sod  
 Like some vast temple reared to worship God;

Their vespers low, when the branches start,  
 Diffuse no balm o'er my aching heart.

I loved a maiden once, and thought her true;

Tawny her braids, her eyes the larkspur's  
hue,  
Silvery her voice, sunny her brow ;  
Lone I muse by thee, where is she now ?



## IDYL OF LAKE GEORGE.



USH ! have a care,  
No further dare ;  
We tread enchanted ground  
Where sylvan nymphs abound  
With golden hair.

Wild heart, be calm,  
Break not the charm,  
My soul is steeped in bliss ;  
See how the sunbeams kiss  
That perfect arm.

Far o'er the lake  
The ripples wake,  
And low, sweet rhymes repeat,  
Plashing those dainty feet  
For love's dear sake.

Birds on the wing,  
High circling,  
Swift in their happy flight  
Over this vision bright,  
Hover and sing.

Let others still  
Enraptured thrill  
Before this sylvan shrine ;  
But it is wholly mine  
Ever at will.

For on my heart,  
By Cupid's dart,  
Is stamped each lovely face,  
Each soft, exquisite grace,  
Ne'er to depart.



THE SPRAY AND BOW RIVERS.



FT in my waking dreams,  
I hear, or so it seems,  
An echo of the lay  
Sung by the Bow and Spray.

The Rockies crowned with snow ;  
An eagle high in air ;  
The shores with flowers aglow,  
And you were with me there. —

We learned from Nature's page  
Lore ne'er yet gained of sage,  
Truths that we joyed to know,  
Taught by the Spray and Bow.

We saw those rivers race,  
Beheld their glad embrace ;  
Our souls blent like those streams  
Their mingled songs in dreams.

We viewed the steaming tide  
That stained the mountain-side,  
From caldrons miles beneath  
The vapor's curling wreath.

Then, high above the hills,  
We caught the glance of rills,  
Where glacier-cascades flow  
To join the Spray and Bow.

I see, or seem to see,  
Those bright streams gushing free,

'Twixt green banks far away,  
As then, — oh, happy day!

To me, the place most sweet  
Is where those rivers meet,  
That dear, loved nook, where flow  
And wed the Spray and Bow.



THE SEASONS.



LOVELY maid is budding spring,  
Who sends our spirits flying  
Where mating birds love-ditties  
sing,  
And zephyrs sweet are sighing.

Summer, the flirt! — to her we doff  
Our wits to woo the charmer;  
But Cupid's darts glance harmless off  
The siren's jeweled armor.

Autumn's a lavish dame whose vest  
In gorgeous hues is tinted,  
Yet, lovely as a mother's breast  
By baby-fingers dinted.



Winter revels in song and mirth  
Where hearts united mingle :  
The old, around the blazing hearth,  
The young, where sleigh-bells jingle.



## JUNE.



HE honeysuckles toss their leaves  
Upon the fragrant air ;  
The nimble spider deftly weaves  
Its gossamery snare.

From tiny nests that sway aloft  
The sweetest warblings flow ;  
Forget-me-nots are whisp'ring soft,  
And blue-bells chiming low.

The lily spreads her snowy sail  
Upon the dimpled lake,  
Her gondola outrides the gale  
That wrecks the graceful brake.

Within the forest's green arcade  
Where sunbeams never glance,  
The glow-worm lights the sylvan glade  
While fairies gayly dance,

With columbines and buttercups  
 The fields are all aglow ;  
 Alighting oft, the wild bee sups  
 From clover white as snow.

The joyous birds in dell and grove  
 Fling out their wildest notes ;  
 The butterflies which past me rove  
 Have on their brightest coats.

The tall grass breathes a plaintive sigh  
 O'er daisies list'ning mute ;  
 Anon, chimes in the locust's cry,  
 Or cricket's merry lute.

Enchanting June ! with odors sweet,  
 And birds that wing the air,  
 What raptures new the senses greet !  
 While Love reigns everywhere !



AUTUMN.



**N** sombre wood and pensive dale,  
 The dead leaves tell a mournful  
 tale  
 Of summer lying cold and pale,  
 While chilly winds are sighing ;

The lofty tree has doffed its crown ;  
The river wears a sullen frown ;  
The hills are draped in robes of brown ;  
    The birds are southward flying.

Where lilies held their cups of pearl,  
There 's nothing but a shriveled burl ;  
Of vines, but one poor brittle curl  
    Adorns the fretted wicker ;  
The rose-tree stands like goblin grim,  
Beating the air with naked limb ;  
The glow-worm's lamp, nor bright nor dim,  
    Not one is left to flicker.

Gray scud obscures the upper land,  
Where bright youth romped, a joyous band,  
With smiling lip and dimpled hand,  
    Stained by the hill-side berry ;  
Where clangs yon gate, an idle thing,  
Our children's children used to swing ;  
God send them with the birds in spring,  
    To make the old farm merry !



## STORM PICTURES.



BEHOLD! the clouds whirl past  
as if they would  
Some dread pursuer thus elude.  
But mark  
With what rapidity each thunder-bolt  
Unrolls the magic scene! Heaven's deep  
vault  
Seems turned to one vast pandemonium!  
Up from the dwarfed horizon flap the  
broad,  
Extended wings of an unwieldy roc,  
Within its long hooked claws it clutches  
fast  
A dragon's ponderous form.

Right overhead,  
Gigantic Titans pile huge mountains up;  
Then hurl them down again. Lo! routed  
hosts,  
With tattered flags and steeds all rider-  
less,  
Rush frantically towards the sullen west.  
Dark, rocking forests spring from sunlit  
vales;  
O'er lakes of gold enchanted cities drift;

Temples and fanes spin giddily around ;  
Weird spectres glide o'er frowning battlements ;  
Now, all are tossed in wild confusion up  
By hands invisible ; then melt away  
Like mist-shrouds o'er the boundless gulf  
of Time.

In bold relief a promontory now  
Rears its bald head above a raging sea ;  
On bounds a fated ship with every stitch  
Of canvas far outstretched to catch the  
gale,  
Which to destruction hurls the battered  
wreck !  
It strikes the rock, rebounds upon the tall,  
White crest of an o'erhanging wave, where  
now  
It staggers like a wounded mastodon !  
The straining lurid sails are chased with  
shafts  
Of fire, but her vast hull is blacker than  
The cinders of deep hell.

Down thumps the rain,  
As if the furious gods were beating now  
The long-roll for lost souls ; while mighty  
Jove's

Artillery all belches forth at once !  
 The hills resound ! the earth trembles  
     amain !  
 While lofty trees waver like wanton reeds.



VISIONS OF THE WOODS.



DAY-dreams I weave, of which the  
     warp and woof,  
 In rainbow-tinted hues, disclose  
     to my  
 Enraptured gaze the spicy laden woods,  
 Beneath whose arching boughs my child-  
     hood's years  
 Flashed like a wayward brook.

Dear, grand, old friendly woods ! how  
     many times  
 Your emerald mantle has turned red and  
     gold,  
 Since last in quick response you echoed  
     back  
 My song ! The seasons in their hurried  
     rounds  
 Have all encircled you with loving arms ;

You are unchanged, save where some sentinel,  
Who, from his dizzy outlook, has withstood  
The brunts and buffets of untold decades,  
At last lies prone 'neath mossy coverlet.

Once more I thread your mazy, tangled paths!  
Again I climb some lofty, graceful shaft  
To watch, through golden gates of heaven,  
the sun's  
Departing radiance, that softly rests  
In benediction on your verdant crowns.

A pensive sigh sweeps through the pine's  
long fringe ;  
It is the pliant wind, beneath whose sway  
The leaves all thrill with low, sweet melody,  
Awak'ning memories more tender than  
A youthful mother's timid lullaby.  
Anon, the sturdy boughs and pendant  
vines  
Catch up the surging strain, till far and  
near,  
Through aisle and nave, a mighty chorus  
swells

In one triumphant chord ! then dies away  
 Like holy vespers o'er a tranquil sea ;  
 And all is hushed, save that from far-off  
     dells,  
 Come dreamy murmurs from the woodland  
     rill,  
 Or plaintive notes of some lone whippoor-  
     will,  
 Who calls in pleading tones its tardy mate.



A SONG TO CALIFORNIA.



HERE the blue Pacific Ocean  
 Beats thy mighty, rock-ribbed  
     strands,

Where it with caressing motion  
     Throbs upon thy golden sands,

Where "Old Baldy" sends his fountains  
     Dancing down in limpid mirth,  
 Framed and fringed by countless moun-  
     tains,  
 Smiles the paradise of earth !

Lo ! unnumbered herds are grazing  
     Over teeming slope and plain ;



How one thrills with rapture, gazing  
O'er thy boundless fields of grain !

Palms and rose-trees in confusion  
Sway their banners in thy breeze ;  
Rip'ning fruits in rich profusion  
Like big jewels load thy trees.

Clustered vines in beauty trailing  
Wreathe and festoon hill and glade ;  
Birds and bees are ever sailing  
Where thy blossoms never fade.

Oh ! to revel in bright day-dreams  
Where thy honeysuckles twine ;  
Oh ! to sip imprisoned sunbeams  
In the nectar of thy vine.

Where " Old Baldy " sends his fountains  
Dancing down in limpid mirth,  
Framed and fringed by countless moun-  
tains,  
Smiles the paradise of earth !

## ALASKA.



OME of mighty frozen rivers,  
Land where midnight sunshine  
quivers

O'er thine icy shrouds ;  
Mountains grasping leagues of glaciers,  
Glaciers clasping mounts of treasures,  
High above the clouds.

Water smooth as polished brass,  
Blue as midnight, clear as glass,  
Silent, without motion ;  
Bays by rushing rivers dyed,  
Channels racing with the tide,  
Wild as storm-tossed ocean.

Saint Elias, lofty, grand,  
Monarch of this wonderland,  
Thy white mantle blown to shreds,  
Streams aloft like raveled threads,  
Miles on miles abounding ;  
In the avalanche's wrath,  
In the landslide's awful swath,  
Miles of snow-slips cleave the air,  
Sweeping mountains smooth and bare,

Miles of forests heave and shake,  
Down they thunder, roar and quake  
Far and wide resounding.

World of islands, game and flowers ;  
Land where luscious strawberries grow ;  
Home of lovely, rosy bowers ;  
Hills where salmon berries glow ;  
Book of uncut pages !  
Gleaming, curving, serpentine,  
Where a million rills combine : —  
How the Yukon rages !  
Ice ten thousand centuries old,  
Guarding tons of virgin gold,  
Waiting future ages.

Echoes hurling back the thunder  
Of ice-mountains rent asunder, —  
Of ice-giants plunging under  
In triumphant mirth !  
Echoes mock the roaring, groaning  
Of ice-titans wailing, moaning  
In the throes of birth : —  
High the surges upward leap,  
Far the billows shoreward sweep,  
Hear the canyons deeply voicing  
All the ocean's wild rejoicing

O'er each iceberg downward hurled, —  
 Huge constructors of the world :  
 On their gleaming, frozen shoulders  
 Bearing gravel, sand and boulders,  
 Building up the earth.



## MORNING IN THE COUNTRY.



RISE! come forth! Aurora's  
 blush  
 Tints all the world a rosy flush ;  
 Unclasp dear arms that would detain  
 The clinging form in love's domain ;  
 Rise from the couch of wedded joy,  
 Let not excessive pleasures cloy !  
 Gaze on the world where beauty thrills  
 With every pulse as Nature wills.

Between the elms, in sweet repose,  
 The weather-beaten farm-house glows ;  
 The ponderous chimney's sooty throat  
 Sends azure wreaths of smoke afloat,  
 Which rest upon the humid air,  
 Like guarding angels floating there ;  
 The ancient roof, well thatched with moss,

Lights up like starry tufts of floss ;  
The tiny window-panes shine out  
Through blooming creepers twined about ;  
The well-curb flashes back each ray,  
White, orange, crimson, silver-gray ;  
The bucket glows with gems as bright  
As those which dazed Margaret's <sup>1</sup> sight ;  
Poised on its crutch, the creaky sweep,  
Like burnished gold, swings o'er its keep,  
And ever points invitingly  
Where nectar bubbles pure and free.

From noisy barn, upon the ear  
Resounds the call of Chanticleer ;  
Along the lane, towards the lea,  
The glossy herd winds leisurely,  
Or turns aside with frequent stop,  
The tender wayside grass to crop ;  
With tossing manes and flying heels,  
The rakish colts spin round the fields ;  
A flock of ravens undismayed  
Light in the scarecrow's grotesque shade.

These acres bring their owner wealth,  
His brawny arm bespeaks his health ;

<sup>1</sup> "Margaret," the heroine in the drama of Faust, by Goethe.

There's grandeur in his manly stride,  
His genial smile no tan can hide ;  
Content is she who wears his name,  
She does not wish a prouder fame.

Love is abroad with flying darts,  
Joy reigns supreme in youthful hearts ;  
The old again sweet youth renew,  
In buoyant step and strong sinew ;  
Dim eyes again flash youthful fire,  
The old again feel youth's desire ;  
Ah, what care they how years increase,  
Since balmy air gives life new lease ?  
The ill, new hopes in life confess,  
And children brim with happiness !

Fitful as melody in dreams,  
Gush tender chords from wayward streams ;  
Blue as ribbon from the skies,  
Bright as midnight's starry band,  
Blithe as beamy, laughing eyes,  
Dimpled as an infant's hand,  
The winding brook murmurs along,  
As softly as a cradle-song ;  
It flashes out among the reeds,  
Under the rustic bridge it speeds,

Across the field, adown the steep  
With joyous shout it plunges ;  
From crag to crag with reckless leap  
Through cleft and grot it lunges.

Now o'er the rocks in foam it curls,  
Aloft bright rainbows flinging,  
Then dashing on in giddy whirls  
Its mirth the echoes ringing.

Down twilight glens, where pale bluebells  
A fairy measure tinkle,  
And fire-flies throughout the dells  
Their tiny lanterns twinkle,

Through dreamy woods it glides so calm  
Its mirror is unbroken,  
Save where the maples mar the charm  
By tossing it some token.

In every curve and mimic bay  
Are fleets at anchor riding,  
Where lucky-bugs are wild at play,  
Between the shallops hiding.

One tiny bark obeys its helm  
And darts away elated,

To seek some undiscovered realm  
With dancing sunbeams freighted.

With nodding flowers its banks are dressed,  
Their beauty it confesses,  
They lean upon its throbbing breast  
And thrill in its caresses.

O dazzling sight! big drops of dew  
Reflect the sky's resplendent hue,  
Each tree upholds a crystal mass,  
They tremble on each blade of grass,  
On rails where worms have tunnels bored,  
They roll a realm's imperial hoard ;  
They flash from rock, stump, twig, and  
brush,  
They gem the mullein's Quaker plush ;  
The spider's slight cable is hung  
With dainty globules deftly strung ;  
From post to post, held by a thread,  
Their beaded hammocks sway o'erhead ;  
Traced o'er with pearls, in easy reach,  
Their gossamer is spread to bleach ;  
The pansies sleep 'neath broidered quilt,  
The iris boasts a jeweled hilt,  
Quaint caterpillars fold on fold  
Impel their armor o'er the mould ;



Their bristling zones of vivid rust  
Gleam as though tipped with diamond  
dust.

There's vigor in the spicy gale,  
There's beauty in the pensive dale ;  
Like flecks of rainbow on the air  
The butterfly sports here and there ;  
The colors on its wings eclipse  
The brightest cup from which it sips ;

A world of flowers, like winsome sprites,  
Allure us on to new delights ;  
Unfolding buds adorn the trees,  
Sweet odors load the wand'ring breeze ;  
From every apple-tree's pink crown  
A cloud of flakes is sifting down ;  
The ground is white, and canopied  
Fit for an houri's bridal-bed.

A carnival of revelry  
Proclaims the wildbird's ecstasy ;  
The lark, the thrush, from tuneful throats  
Pour forth their tender, pleading notes ;  
Housed in the tangled wayside hedge,  
The catbird feeds its tiny pledge ;

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A robin from an alder spray  
Now pipes his morning roundelay ;  
The bobolinks for roods around  
Make all the woods and hills resound ;  
Up mounts the redstart high and higher,  
Cleaving the sky, with wings of fire ;  
Enchanting Morn ! the welkin rings  
With melody that Nature sings !

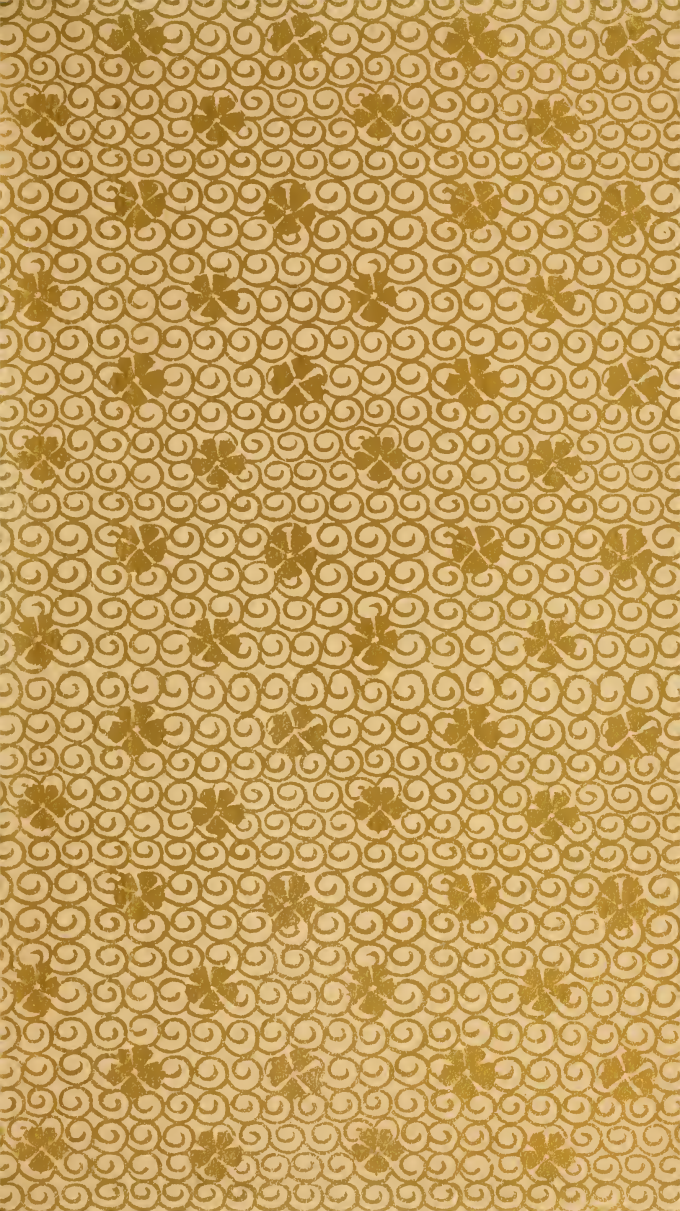












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