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PREFACE.

THE probation of long and inexpressible suffering has rendered me a comparative stranger to my esteemed and genial readers ; but I have a firm conviction that I am not entirely forgotten by them, and that their welcome will be readily given to an old friend with a new face.

I have long had an earnest desire to present my writings to the public in a form and at a price that would place them within the reach of "the many," and on the prompting of this desire I have foregone propositions for an expensive work ; feeling that I shall derive much greater pleasure from seeing my poems widely circulated, than from any increase of pecuniary benefit.

I am hoping that a gradual restoration to a better state of health will enable me to resume my minstrel vocation, and that I may still find willing ears to listen to my song—that the cheerful strain of my noontide dream and the minor plaint of my twilight musing may again win for me the responsive echoes which excited my young spirit, and crowned my young ambition. With this hope uppermost in my heart, I cordially offer to "auld acquaintance" my warm "How do ye do?" without any painful anticipation of *their* cool "Good-bye."



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Poems by Eliza Cook.

MELANIA.

'Twas in the age when Arts and Peace
Revived once more in mighty Greece;—
When Fame forsook the camp and blade,
And turn'd 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 rivall'd 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 fix'd 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
Appear'd, in venerable guise;
Whose weight of years had dimm'd his eyes,
And meekly lower'd his "haught crest."
His garb was of a shape and sort
That plainly augur'd 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 silver'd head,
 Stricken with patriarchal age ;
 Gave ample sign that he had read
 Life's volume to its closing page.

Melonian rose—the Stranger bow'd :

“ Artist,” cried he, “ I've come to scan
 Thy blazon'd works,—is it allow'd ?
 Though great, perhaps thou'rt not too proud
 To please an old and curious man.
 The restless wings of Rumour waft
 Fair tidings of thy works and craft :
 Crowds speak of thee with lauding joy ;
 I 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 exclaim'd,
 “ My charge may startle, when 'tis named.
 Excuse me, Stranger, if I say
 I deem 'tis more than thou canst pay.
 Two thousand bizantines I ask
 For simplest form or briefest task.”

“ Two thousand ! 'tis indeed fair store
 Of gold, but *he* deserved much more.
 Have what thou wilt, 'tis ne'er too much ;
 Double the sum, it shall be thine ;
 But will thy chisel deign to touch
 A form nor human nor divine ?
 I see thou hast a goodly band
 Of gods and heroes scatter'd 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 link'd so firm and tenderly.
 Of all the boons that men possess
 To aid, to cheer, instruct, and bless,
 The dog—bold, fond, and beauteous beast—
 Is far from either last or least.
 His love lives on through change of lot;
 His faith will chain him on our grave
 To howl and starve; but thou mayst not
 Have proved such love and faith: *I have.*

"Thy guerdon's sure: look on this ring;
 A precious, though a bauble thing:
 The meanest jewel would suffice
 To render safe thy utmost price.
 But do my bidding, and the stone
 Of richest lustre is thine own;
 Behold, and judge."—The Sculptor gazed
 Upon the slender hand upraised,
 And saw a finger thin and white,
 Encircled with a hoop of gold,
 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 stirr'd within my breast
 A quick and sudden interest,
 Wrapt in thy pilgrimage and fate.
 The warmth you've kindled doth defy
 The rules of gentle courtesy ;
 And prompts, perchance, to ruder word
 And freer tone than should be heard.
 Your pardon, if I give offence ;
 But, trust me, mine's no wily soul—
 This fervour, bursting all control,
 Is not the bearing of pretence."

The Stranger spoke not for awhile,
 But strove to check a rising sigh ;
 And fix'd his calm and searching eye
 Upon the Sculptor's brow. The smile
 Which erst illumed his mouth had fled,
 And with it every trace of red
 From cheek and lips ; a change had spread
 O'er his fair mien, as though some deep,
 Keen pangs had woke from Memory's sleep

Where is the one who hath not had
 Some anguish trial, long gone by,
 Steal, spectre-like, all dark and sad
 On busy thought, till the full eye
 And aching breast, betray'd 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 conceal'd
 Right cautiously from other ears ;
 My tongue has never yet revealed
 The state that mark'd 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 drain’d, 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 chequer’d 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;
 Heaven gives no stamp; Misfortune's tide
 Brings 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 might be a king,
 And hold dominion o'er the earth.
 Yet such he was, and such was I.
 Nay, start not!—'Tis but empty sound;
 Strip off the robes of purple dye,
 Throw all the peacock trappings by,
 And nothing more than Man is found;
 And often *less*—some scorpion worm
 That crawls and stings in human form;
 Some upright brute, whose ruthless might,
 In covert of a regal den,
 Lays waste all Mercy, Sense, and Right;
 Defies a God, and tramples men.
 But who expects the sapling tree
 To flourish, 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 seal'd with care;
 He must not, dare not, cannot look.
 Lull'd by the songs that courtiers sing,
 No harsher music suffer'd near;
 If Truth should whisper, she would ring
 A strange alarm 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 caress'd 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 fear'd and homaged one ;
 Perch'd 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 brook'd 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 risk'd 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 solinter'd bone and scatter'd brain ;

Though I have seen the streaming blood
 Drench the green earth and tinge the flood ;
 Still, when the raging hour had sped,

I sigh'd to think such things had been ;
 And though I help'd to strew the dead,
 I sicken'd 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 moan'd with anguish as his head
 Fell weltering in his own life-stream.

I ask'd who own'd 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 mark'd 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 turn'd to give
 Command that I would have him live.
 It was enough ; he found repose ;
 Secure from further wounds and foes.

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

" *He* did not serve me for my throne,
 Yet was he grateful, fond, and brave ;
He loved me for myself alone.
 He was that good and gracious thing,
 That rare appendage to a king ;
 A friend that never play'd 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 worshipp'd 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 woo'd, but with an honest love ;
 I spread no snares to catch the dove ;
 The bar of rank was trampled down,
 I stoop'd, 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
 Swim like the dew on violet's leaf ;
 I've watch'd their pleasure-kindled ray,
 Flash out like summer lightning's play ;

And thought, had old Prometheus caught
 The gleaming spark from eyes like those;
 He would have found the fire he sought,
 On earth—nor made the gods his foes.

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

“ 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 radiance, pure and long;
 However else the soul may err.
 I loved her with a zeal intense,
 That thrall’d each colder, wiser sense;
 I drank the nectar from her lip,
 As bees the honied poison sip;
 I trusted her, my tongue reveal’d
 All—much that should have been conceal’d:
 She labour’d 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 plann’d,

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 shatter’d string
 Had been by now, a tuneless thing;
 But touch it lightly as I will,
 It gives a mournful echo still.
 Oh! when the heart has once been riven,
 The wound will firmly close no more;
 Let Memory’s searching probe be driven,
 It bleeds and quivers, freshly sore.

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

“She leagued with traitors; ’Twas no dream!
 I’d proof of all the hellish scheme;
 I’d noticed much of late to make
 The drowsiest suspicion wake.
 Strange glances interchanged by those
 I guess’d were less of friends than foes;
 And more than once I plainly heard
 A whisper’d, treasonable word.
 But these I brook’d, 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 recoil'd, 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 betray'd, ay e'en to life ;
 Sedition round, and death in view :
 And they who see the assassin's knife
 Must aptly think and promptly do.
 My love was wreck'd ; 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 laugh'd, and rent the silken vest,
 That only mock'd my abject state ;
 I dash'd 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 fix'd—I'd meanly die.

" 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 keep the track ;
 And would not scruple in the dark
 To sheathe their dagger in my back.

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

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

" I fled ; but soon the deep-toned bay
 Of bloodhound, follow'd 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, doom'd 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 appear'd to be
 In that dark hour of flight and fear.

" I check'd 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 stoop'd 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 linger'd ; 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 falter'd 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 flagg'd ;
 His fire was spent, he faintly lagg'd ;
 His dripping flanks and reeking neck,
 Were white with rifts of foaming fleck :
 His labour'd breath was quick and short ;
 His nostrils heaved with gasping snort ;
 He totter'd on,—his will was good,—
 I is work had not belied his blood.

“ Another mile ; and then he fell,
 His part was o'er ; he'd play'd 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 crisp'd and crack'd 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,
 Appear'd the climax of my lot.
 Death hover'd there in such gaunt shape.
 That Hope scarce whisper'd 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,
 Flash'd sudden o'er me, and beguiled
 To flattering hope. I vaguely guess'd
 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, burning length.
 It might; yet, oh! 'twas fearful risk,
 To toil between the blazing disc
 Of eastern sun and shining sand,
 With lips unmoisten'd, cheek unfann'd.
 '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, famish'd, and forlorn,
 I flung me on the dewless ground
 And fast and bitter tears I wept,
 Till, pillow'd on my faithful hound;
 Like a tired child, I sobb'd and slept.
 Slumber like mine wrought little good:
 I started as the sun uprose;
 And fancied that my boiling blood
 Had gather'd 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,
 Unnumber'd 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 hush'd above, beneath, around—
 No stirring form, no whisper'd 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 drag'd along the scorching plain,
 Till the consuming orb of day
 Shot down the close meridian ray.

" Exhausted nature now had done
 Its utmost 'neath a desert sun ;
 And moments of delirium came ;
 A staggering weakness seized my frame •

My feet refused their task—when lo !
 My gaze met
 Many a minaret :
 A city rose ; 'twas nigh ; but oh !
 The beacon star now shone in vain ;
 Though short the space, I ne'er could gain
 That other league. My limbs, my heart,
 All fail'd ; 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 look'd 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 flash'd back to the brazen beam,
 But taunted with its brilliancy.

“ My strange distemper'd 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 laugh'd, and then my shrunken lip
 Oozed thicken'd gore ; with upraised hand,
 I sunk upon the shining sand.

A Maker's mercy to implore.

I fervently invoked a name,
Which, I confess, with much of shame,
I'd rarely call'd 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 shatter'd 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 chasten'd sorely, but they brought
My spirit to its Maker's feet.

" My glance was for a moment thrown
Toward the heaven I address'd;
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 look'd 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 lessen'd to my view—
'Twas o'er; he vanish'd from my sight;
I breathed his name, and groan'd 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 snatch'd my breath
 Like those who meet a drowning death;
 One cry of hopeless agony
 Escaped my lips, while earth and sky
 Grew dark, and reel'd 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 shriek'd, 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 famish'd 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 fresh and wet ;
 No nectar half so sweet or fresh ;
 Oh it was rare delicious fare !
 I never quaff'd such luscious draught,
 Nor tasted viand like that flesh.
 It soothed my pulse, it cool'd my eye,
 It quench'd 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 absorb'd 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 snatch'd from death ; and thus—
 I leave thee to suppose the rest.

" Again I took my onward way,
 Once more I track'd 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 reach'd the city ; many a year
 Has roll'd 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 embitter'd tale to tell.

"I walk'd the world, unmark'd, 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 press'd by time he droop'd, 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 moulder'd, 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 wreck'd 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 gather'd rust ;
 Her picture scrolls had fed the brand :

TRACY DE VORE AND HUBERT GREY.

When, 'mid the relics scatter'd 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 pass'd it by,
But mark'd with brighter, closer eye.
They linger'd 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 ROMANT.



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 polish'd skin,
 Like Parian marble fair ;
Know ye him not ? 'Tis Tracy de Vore,
 The Baron's beautiful heir.

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

The waving plume in his velvet cap
 Is bound with a golden band :
 His rich and embroider'd suit exhales
 The breath of Arabia's land.

His light and fragile form is graced
 With a girdle of silver'd 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 sweetness of sound in his talking tones,
 Betraying the gentle spirit he owns.

And scarcely an accent meets his ear
 But the voices of praise and love :
 Caress'd 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 rear'd '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 glauce ;
 And now he tracks the wheeling bird ;
 And now he scans the distant herd ;
 And low 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 drench'd and dripping hair.

He can tread through the forest, or over the rocks,
 In the darkest and dreariest night,
 With as sure a step, and as gay a song,
 As he can in the 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 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, at the waterfall, side by side,
 Stand the Herdsman's son and the Baron's pride.
 The summer beams are falling there
 On the mountain boy and the noble heir.

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

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

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

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

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

Pallid and weak, he is slowly led,
 Like an infant, from his downy bed ;
 He turns his dimm'd 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's dying fast—he murmurs forth
 The name of Hubert Grey—
 " Where ? where is he I love so well ?
 Why comes he not to-day ?
 " Oh ! bring him to me ere I die"—
 Enough—away ; away !
 With eager speed, dash man and steed,
 To summon Hubert Grey.

And where is he ? the herdsman's son,
 The bold, the bright, the dauntless one ?
 The dew is off the shad'est 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 ?
 The darling heir is dying fast ;
 This day, this hour, may be his last ;—
 Come, haste thee, quick, I say ! "

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

" He talk'd of gathering for the heir
 A bunch of wild flowers, sweet and rare—
 He talk'd 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,
 Transfix'd 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 bright, 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 gash'd forehead, red and bare.
 Look on his cheek—his dauntless brow—
 There's blood, warm blood, upon them now !

His hand is clench'd with stiffen'd clasp;
The wild flowers still within its grasp;

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

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

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

And Tracy de Vore, the Baron's heir,
The meek; the cherub-like; the fair:
He is sinking to eternal rest;
Soft pillow'd 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 touch'd 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 softly on his brow:
He seem'd but sleeping when it came,
He seems but sleeping now.

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

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

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

And Sorrow 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 laments with a maniac's grief ;
 Her sobbing is bitterly loud :
 Her eye is fix'd on her mangled boy ;
 As he lies in his winding shroud.

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

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

The doleful tidings speed swiftly on
 Of the promising spirits 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 rear'd '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 bedew'd it with tears, and embalm'd it with sighs.
 'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
 Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
 Would ye learn the spell?—a mother sat there;
 And a sacred thing is that old Arm-chair.

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

I sat and watch'd her many a day,
 When her eye grew dim, and her locks were grey:
 And I almost worshipp'd her when she smiled,
 And turn'd from her Bible, to bless her child.

Years roll'd on ; but the last one sped—
 My idol was shatter'd ; my earth-star fled :
 I learnt how much the heart can bear,
 When I saw her die in that old Arm-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 possess'd
 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.
 There's many a change on Folly's belts
 Quite equals mud and oyster-shells.

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

That shed a stream of golden joy,
 Without one atom of alloy :
 Oh ! ne'er in mercy strive to chase
 Such dazzling phantoms from their place ;
 However trifling, mean, or wild,
 The deeds may seem of youth or child ;
 While they still leave untarnish'd 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 suffer'd 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-curtain'd room,
 Where a stillness reigns that breathes of the tomb—

Where the breaking heart, and heavy eye,
 Are waiting to see a loved one die—
 Where the doting child with noiseless tread
 Steals warily to the mother's bed;
 To mark if the faint and struggling breath
 Is fluttering still in the grasp of death.

The panting has ceased; the cheek is chill;
 And the ear of the child bends closer still.
 It rests on the lips, but listens in vain;
 For those lips have done with life and pain.—
 I am wildly snatch'd, and held above
 The precious wreck of hope and love:
 The work is seal'd, 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 groan'd and burst.

I am the light that's doom'd 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 footstep may roam;
 Be that land where it may, at the Line or the Pole;
 It still holds the magnet that draws back the soul.
 'Tis loved by the freeman, 'tis loved by the slave,
 'Tis dear to the coward, more dear to the brave!
 Ask of any the spot they like best on the earth,
 And they'll answer with pride, "'Tis the land of my birth."

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

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

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

THE MOTHER WHO HAS A CHILD AT SEA

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

There's a cheek that is getting ashy white,
 As the tokens of storm come on with the night ;
 There's a form that's fix'd 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-clasp'd 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 splinter'd mast ;
 Is plunging hard and foundering fast.
 She sees her boy, with lank, drench'd hair,
 Clinging on to the wreck with a cry of despair.
 Oh ! the vision is maddening. No grief can be
 Like a mother's who hath a child at sea.

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

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 sound of the mermaid—the chords of the shell.

We have jewels. Oh! what is your casket of gems
 To the pearls hanging thick on the red coral stems?
 Are there homes of more light than the one where we are;
 For it nestles the dolphin and mirrors the star?
 We may creep, we may send, 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 mark'd 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-kiss'd 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 widest 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 preach'd in the ears of youth.
 The young must be curb'd in their spendthrift haste ;
 Lest meagre Want should follow on Waste :
 But to see the hand that is wither'd and old
 So eagerly clutch at the shining gold—
 Oh ! can it be good that man should crave
 The dross of the world—so nigh his grave ?

Sad is the lot of those who pine
 In the gloomy depths of the precious mine ;
 But they toil not so hard in gaining the ore,
 As the miser in guarding the glittering store.
 He counts the coin with a feasting eye ;
 And trembles the while if a step come nigh :
 He adds more wealth ; and a 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 wilder'd, laggard 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 free 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 streaming nostrils and flying mane.
 The clouds are stirr'd 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 form'd 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 spurn'd 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 turn'd 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 roll'd
 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 laugh'd at by all ;
 We fill'd 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 christen'd him Dobbin, and call'd 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 appear'd 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 return'd 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 venture'd her eggs on his back :
'Twas him, and him only, she'd trust with the pack.
The team-horses jolted, the roadster play'd 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 kiss'd his brown muzzle, and hugg'd his thick neck :
Oh ! we prized him like life, and a heart-breaking sob
Ever burst when they threaten'd to sell our dear Dob.

He stood to the collar, and tugg'd 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 top 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 deck'd 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 mourn'd 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 demon power,
 To drink my breath, and scorch my brain.

And oh ! what earnest words were given !
 What wild imploring prayers arose !
 How eagerly I ask'd 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 :
 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 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
 Brai'd up to the branching spars.

The wind just breathing to unroll
 A flag that bears no strain.
 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 hallow'd light of the still midnight;
 As I do a dancing bark!

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

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

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

WATER.

WINE, wine, thy power and praise
 Have ever been echo'd 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 loath 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 parch'd earth,
 And then ye may reckon what Water is worth.

Famine is laying her hand of bone
 On the ship becalm'd 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 crown'd, or joy delay'd--
 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 crown'd :
 '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-smother'd, beneath the well-aim'd 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 question'd 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 ! men ; hurrah ! for the drifting snow !

THE GALLANT ENGLISH TAR.

THERE'S one whose fearless courage yet has never fail'd 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 tith 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 chequer'd 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 chorussing 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 lavish'd 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 mark'd my brow
 With care and thought, I love them now.
 Smile, if ye will, but some heart-strings
 Are closest link'd 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-warp'd bar.
 Here are fashion and form of a modernized date,
 But I'd rather have look'd 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-comb'd 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 canvass'd and weigh'd 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 pull'd willow-branch served for a whip,
 Spite of lugging and tugging, he'd stand for his freight ;
 While I climb'd 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 slamm'd behind—
 I've listen'd to music, but none that could speak
 In such tones to my heart as the tooth-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 long'd 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 link'd 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 fail'd to wash away the tear
 From the eye of thy youngest one.
 The heart so closely knit to thine,
 That held thee as its all ;
 Adored too fondly, to resign
 Its love with the coffin and pall.

Thou art lost to these arms, my mother dear,
 But they crave to enfold thee still ;
 And thy spirit may find those arms entwined
 Round 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 that wring,
 For my eye still asks for thee.

Oh ! I worship thee yet, my mother dear,
 Though my idol is buried in gloom :
 I cannot pour my love in thine ear,
 But I breathe it o'er thy tomb.
 Death came to prove if that love would hold,
 When the sharpest ordeal tried ;
 But it pass'd 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 famish'd 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 blemish'd part
 Had better be the head than heart.
Thou wilt be the fool to scorn
 The teaching of the Idiot-born.

THE STAR OF GLENGARY.

'THE red moon is up, o'er the moss-cover'd mountain ;
 The hour is at hand when I promised to rove
 With the turf-cutter's daughter, by Logan's bright water ;
 And tell her how truly her Donald can love.
 I ken, there's the miller, wi' plenty o' siller,
 Would fain win a glance from her beautiful 'ee ;
 But my ain bonnie Mary, the star 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-lash'd shore, the black rocks, crown'd
 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 roll'd, to pace the rugged
 strand ;

I'd proudly fling the proffer'd bribe and gilded toy away,
 To gather up the salt sea weeds, or dabble in the spray !
 I shouted to the distant crew, or launch'd my mimic bark ;
 I met the morning's freshness there, and linger'd till the dark ;
 When dark, I climb'd, 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 long'd 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 hallow'd 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 spurn'd 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 fashion'd thing?
Have I yet learn'd to sing the joys that pleasure's minions sing?
Is there a smile upon my brow, when mix'd with folly's crowd?
Is the false whisper dearer than the storm-wail, shrill and loud?
No! no! my soul is as it was, and as it e'er will be—
Loving, and wild as 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 mark'd by all for their glory and light,
But their colour and rays shed a richer beam
As they shine to illumine the Poet's dream.

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

The earth may have its buried stores
Of lustrous jewels, and coveted ores;
Ye may gather hence the marble stone
To house a monarch or wall a throne;
Its gold may fill the grasping hand,
Its gems may flash in the sceptre wand;

But purer treasures, and dearer things
 Than the coins of misers, or trappings of kings—
 Gifts and hoards of a choicer kind,
 Are garner'd 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 dimm'd, all spirits bow'd;
 Sighs will break from the careworn breast,
 Till death is ask'd 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, pass'd away,
 Have worshippers still o'er their soulless clay;
 But the dust of the Bard is most hallow'd and dear,
 'Tis moisten'd 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 pour'd 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 beneath the hill?
 Ah, no! 'tis but the waving fern;
 The heath is lonely still.
 Dear Wallace, day-star of my soul,
 Thy Marion weeps for thee;
 She fears lest evil should betide
 The guard of Ellerslie.

Not yet, not yet! I heard a sound,
 A distant crashing din;
 'Tis but the night-breeze bearing on
 The roar of Corie Lin.
 The grey-hair'd 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 start 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 common skill about the outward part,
 But showers beauty, grace, and light, upon the brain and heart ;
 She may not use ancestral fame his pathway to illum—
 The sun that sheds 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 design'd,
 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 jewell'd 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 honey'd
 tongue;

He's social with the grey-hair'd 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 hallow'd 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, unwarp'd by pelf or pride,
 Great in the calm, but greater still when dashed by adverse
 tide,—

They hold the rank no king can give, no station can disgrace:
 Nature puts forth *her* Gentleman, and monarchs must give
 place.

NORAH M'SHANE.

I've left Ballymornach a long way behind me;
 To better my fortune I've cross'd 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 toss'd in the light the thirteen I'd been earning,
 And whistled the anthem of "Erin-go-bragh."
 In truth, I believe that I'm half broken-hearted;
 To my country and love I must get back again;
 For I've never been happy at all since I parted
 From sweet Ballymornach and Norah M'Shane.

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

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 glist'ning 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 impassion'd 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 gather'd 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 watch'd the mien that bore
A look to be fear'd and pitied more—
Have ye seen the crimson torrent steal
O'er the one who has err'd, and yet can *feel*—
When the stammering speech and downcast eye
Quail'd from the mean detected lie ?
Have ye mark'd 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 fever'd 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 blazon'd of all ;
Mine is the goodliest trade ;
Never was banner so wide as the pall,
Nor sceptre so fear'd 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 link'd with death.
 The children at play, should he cross their way
 Will pause, with fluttering breath.

They herd together, a frighten'd 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," cry they, "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.

GALLA BRAE.

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 fear'd 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' tipp'd 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 whimplin tune,
The win's asleep, nae leaflet stirs :
O gie me Galla 'neath the moon,
Its siller birk, and gowden furræ.
There's monie anither leesome glen,
But let 'em talk o' whilk they may,
O' a' the rigs an' shaws I ken,
There's 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 morning air, an' gloaming shade
Its gowans were the first I pu'd,
An' still my leal heart loves it sae,
That when I dee, nae grave would be
Sic hallow'd 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 ærial 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 look'd on the realms of air,
 With wondering soul, and bursting prayer!
 Oh! where is the spirit that hath not bow'd
 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 stirr'd not—was he dead,
 Or did he only sleep?

His brow was calm, no change was there,
 No sigh had fill'd 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."

"The tune e'er held his soul in thrall;
 It ever breathed in vain;
 He'n 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 summon'd 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 vow'd to perform the deed full soon:
 Vainly they search'd in the crowd and the sun,
 But at last they found a high-soul'd one,
 Alone with his harp and the moon.

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

Venus came next, and she whisper'd rare things,
 And praised him for scorning the bauble and pelf;
 She promised him Peris in all but the wings;
 But he laugh'd, 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 hugg'd the harp to his breast.

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

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

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

He hasten'd to earth ; by the minstrel he knelt ;
 And fashion'd the beams round his brow in a wreath :
 He ordain'd 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.

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,
 Betray'd us to a headlong tumble,
 And made me feel a little humble;
 But on we went, though well bespatter'd;
Thy knees uncut, *my* bones unshatter'd.

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 gallop'd on right helter-skelter,
 With goblins in her rear to pelt her;
 And, closely press'd by evil kind,
 Left her unhappy tail behiud.
 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 whowould 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 cherish'd, 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 pour'd.
 Nor its brim-kissing sparkles of light:

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—
 The squire's abode, I plainly see,
 Has equal charms for you and me.
 'Tis there thou art allow'd 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 chesnut, 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 look'd from out a hempen tether.

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 wrong'd 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 hush'd 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 gather'd in the hive,
The evening flowers their perfumes give.
On, on, my gentle Gyp ! but stay ;
Say, whither shall we bend our way ?

As the flowers live on in their fragrance and bloom,
 The long summer-day to adorn ;
 Yet fail with their beauty to charm and illume,
 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,
 Thumb'd 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.

Teasing things of toil and trouble,
 Fount of many a rolling bubble ;
 How I strived with pouting pain,
 To get thee quarter'd 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 fill'd 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 wilt 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 honey'd tongue,
 Thou'lt never find a breast more true.

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-wing'd 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 rock'd 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 watch'd 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 flutter'd 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 perch'd on the clammy brow ;
 And a dainty treat was that fresh meat
 To the greedy Carrion Crow.

I have follow'd 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 hover'd 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 rock'd 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 spurn'd 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 borrow'd 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 enter'd on the busy world, a sturdy shipwright he;
 And mighty project fill'd our heads—we sat in council sage,
 With earnest speech and gravity beseeming riper age:
 We dared to think, we dared to say, that *he* could frame a boat,
 And many others said the same, but question'd—“would it *float*?”
 Yet lines were drawn and timbers bought; all well and wisely
 plann'd;

And steadily he set to work to try his “prentice hand.”

He soon gave proof of godly skill, and built a tiny craft;
 While grey-hair'd sailors shook their heads and beardless lands-
 men laugh'd.

“’Tis a sweet cockleshell,” cried they, “well form'd 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 look'd a little stanch.

All trim and neat, rigg'd out complete, we hail'd 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 blessèd was the breezy hour, and happy wights were we,
 When first we gave her wings the wind, and saw her take the sea,
 She clear'd 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 show'd us, that it fail'd to frighten her.

We reef'd—she slack'd; “Helm down!”—she tack'd: she
 scudded—went about:
 All nobly done, our hopes were won—what triumph fill'd 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 toss'd the billows to the cloud.

The Nereids might scream their glee, bluff Boreas howl and
 rave;
 But still the little *Petrel* was as saucy as the wave.
 By day or night, in shade or light, a fitting mate was she
 To ramble with her sponsor-bird, and live on any sea.
 She tempted with a witching spell, she lured us to forget
 A sister's fear, a mother's tear, a father's chiding threat:
 Away we'd dash through foam and flash, and take the main as
 soon
 Amid the scowling tempest as beneath the summer moon.

Some thirty years of toil and moil have done their work since
then ;

And changed us three young mariners to staid and thoughtful
men :

But when by lucky chance we meet, we ne'er forget to note
The perils that we dared with such a "wee thing" of a boat.
Oh ! were it so that time could give some chosen moments back,
Full well we know the sunniest that ever lit life's track ;
We'd ask the days beside the coast, of freedom, health, and joy—
The ocean for our play-place, and the *Petrel* for our toy.

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 hallow'd calm is shed:
 No footstep breaks, no whisper wakes—
 'Tis the silence of the dead.

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

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

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

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

Hail to thy sceptre, Ethiop queen !
 Fair mercy marks thy reign ;
 For the 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 enthral'd 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 remain'd ;
 Till goaded with insult, his spirit arose,
 Like a long-baited lion unchain'd.

He struck with firm courage the blow of the brave,
 But sigh'd 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 pray'd for the moment when Freedom and Life
 Would no longer be press'd 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
 Along Britons have nobly confess'd
 That his was the glory and ours was the blood
 Of the deeply-stain'd field of the West.

THE LOVED ONE WAS NOT THERE.

WE gather'd round the festive board,
 The crackling fagot blazed ;
 But few would taste the wine that pour'd,
 Or join the song we raised :
 For there was now a glass unfill'd—
 A favour'd place to spare ;
 All eyes were dull, all hearts were chill'd—
 The loved one was not there.

No happy laugh was heard to ring,
 No form would lead the dance ;
 A smother'd sorrow seem'd to fling
 A gloom in every glance.
 The grave had closed upon a brow,
 The honest, bright, and fair ;
 We miss'd our mate, we mourn'd 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 laud,
 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-stain'd kings,
 Nor fear to have thy serfdom known;
 Thy knee will bend for bauble things,
 Yet fail to seek its Maker's throne.

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

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

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

AWAY FROM THE REVEL.

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

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

The 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-rimm'd 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 turn'd at bay ;
 Whate'er may try, she'll stand the test ; the brave, the staunch,
 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,—bold 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 pass'd me under scudding-sails, and friends were friends no
 more :

But when the storm-fiend did its worst, and blanch'd the firmest
 crew,

No timber yawn'd, 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 anchor'd 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 call'd 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 watch'd 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 deck'd 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 turn'd weak—
 Hot tears were seen on the brownest cheek—
 And a quiver play'd on the lips of pride,
 As we lower'd him down the ship's dark side.
 A plunge—a splash—and our task was o'er ;
 The billows roll'd as they roll'd before ;
 But many a rude prayer hallow'd 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 impress'd 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 play'd, 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 pillow'd 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 play'd by thy side,
 When Time had scarce wrinkled thy brow,
 Where I carefully led thee with worshipping pride,
 When thy glossy locks gather'd 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 chain'd to the world I then trod ;
 My affections, my thoughts, were all earth-bound ; but now
 They have follow'd 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 bask'd in, enjoy'd, 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 dimm'd with its grief-drop awhile,
 And the whiten'd 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, oppress'd,
 O'er its own shatter'd 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 flash'd 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 play'd
 On branches grey and hoar:

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

I have watch'd 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 garner'd 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 glow'd, the rapt, the blest;
 Flush'd with the fervent zeal
 That may gush from the eyes and burn in the breast;
 But the weak lips ne'er reveal.

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

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

ENGLAND.

My heart is pledged in wedded faith to England's "merry isle;
 I love each low and straggling cot, each famed ancestral pile;
 I'm happy when my steps are free upon the sunny glade;
 I'm glad and proud amid the crowd that throng its mart of trade.
 I gaze upon our open port, where Commerce mounts her throne,
 Where every flag that comes, ere now has lower'd to our own.
 Look round the globe, and tell me, can ye find more blazon'd
 names,
 Among its cities and its streams, than London and the Thames?

My soul is link'd, 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 splash 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 flower'd;
I ne'er could see too many of the wonders that are shower'd;
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 transcendant stars of Fame would rise within my breast;

I'd point to hundreds who have done the most e'er done by man;

And cry, "There's England's glory scroll—show brighter if ye can!"

"THY KINGDOM COME."

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

When some deep sorrow, surely slow,
Despoils the cheek, and eats the heart.
Laying our busy projects low,
And bidding all earth's dreams depart—

Do we not smile, and calmly turn
 From the wide world's tumultuous hum,
 And feel the immortal essence yearn,
 Rich with the thought, "Thy kingdom come!"

The waves of Care may darkly bound
 And buffet, till, our strength outworn,
 We stagger as they gather round;
 All snatter'd, 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 wo prize,
 "My kingdom come!—Yo'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 unrivall'd 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, uncover'd brow;
 The arrow 'neath his eye,
 Drawn to the head—let fly—
Fix'd 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-crown'd pine,
 That spring on the quiet land?

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

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

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

The hazel twig in the stripling's hand
 Hath magic power to please;
 And the trusty staff and slender wand
 Are pluck'd 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 panell'd 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-pillar'd gates of the north,
 And away on his hurricane wings he rush'd forth;
 He exulted, all free, in his might and his speed;
 He mock'd at the lion, and taunted the steed.
 He whistled along, through each cranny and creek;
 He whirl'd 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 laugh'd, as they crumbled, with maniac yell;
 The broad oak of the wood dared to wrestle again,
 Till, wild in his fury, he snapp'd it in twain.

THE HORSE.

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 career'd o'er the waters with death and despair;
He wreck'd the proud ship, and his triumph was there;
The cheeks that had blanch'd not at foeman or blade,
At the sound of his breathing turn'd pale and afraid.
He rock'd the stanch lighthouse, he shiver'd the mast;
He howl'd—the strong life-boat in fragments was cast;
And he roar'd in his glory, “Where, where wilt 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.

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 utter'd 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 seem'd so bright as the breathless heir.
 " My hopes are crush'd," 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, exclaim'd 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 rest one turn'd 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 deferr'd;
 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 pluck'd 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 worshipp'd 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 mark'd 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!" shriek'd the father, "in mercy depart!"

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

His hand the hand of that stranger press'd ;
 He praised his song, he echo'd 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 smother'd 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 linger'd there, and paused awhile ;
 But she beckon'd him on with a welcoming smile.
 " There's a solace," cried she, " for all others to find,
 But a mother leaves no equal behind."
 And the kindest blow Death ever gave
 Laid the mourning child in the parent's grave.

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 remember'd still ;
 Crown'd with fair grass and a bonnie 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 utter'd there,
 Though the robed priest has not hallow'd the sod ;
 Yet would I dare to ask any in saintly mask,
 "Where is the spot that's unwatch'd by a God !"

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

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

There would I lie alone, mark'd by no sculptur'd 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 remember'd still ;
 Where my young footsteps climb'd, 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,
 Pluck'd 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 form'd 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 drown'd
 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 bless'd 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 frolick'd, a youngling, wild, rosy, and fat;
 When Pincher was brought in the butcher-boy's hat;
 And the long-promised puppy was hail'd with a joy,
 That ne'er was inspired by a gold-purchased toy.

"What a darling!" cried I; while my sire, with a frown,
 Exclaim'd, "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-fashion'd 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, belong'd 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 brand'd the deepest ; all doings reviled,
 Were sure to be wrought by "that dog and that child."

Unkennell'd 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 demolish'd my ball,
 The transgression was mark'd 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 long'd 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 coax'd or I cuff'd,—
 I drove or I led him, I sooth'd or I huff'd :
 He had beatings in anger, and huggings in love,
 But which were most cruel, 'twere a puzzle to prove.

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

Did a mother appear, the loud quarrel to learn ;
 If 'twere only with him, it gave little concern :

No ill-usage could rouse him, no insult could chafe ;
While Pinch was the playmate, her darling was safe.

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

Had the pantry been rifled of remnant of beef,
Shrewd suspicions were form'd of receiver and thief ;
For I paused not at crime, and I blush'd not at fibs,
That assist'd to nurture his well-cover'd ribs.

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

The linen, half-bleach'd, must be rinsed o'er again ;
And our footsteps in mud were "remarkably" plain.
The tulips were crush'd, 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 weather'd 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 fix'd 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 unsuppress'd.

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 miss'd the fond brute that had snoozed at our feet :
All his virtues were praised, all his mischief forgot,
We lauded his merits, and sigh'd o'er his lot.

Poodle, spaniel, and greyhound, were brought for my care,
 Of beauty and breed reckon'd preciously rare;
 But the playmate of infancy, friend of my youth,
 Was link'd with a lasting affection and truth.

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

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

The smile of a parent, the dearest, the best,
 The joys of my forest home spring to my breast;
 And those days 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 brown'd 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
 Sway'd legions of the brave,
 Died in a prison, "barr'd and bann'd,"
 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 hoid
 Sword, poison, axe, and block?

Many have cursed the crown they've worn
 When hurl'd 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, untouch'd 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 ;
 Watch'd, 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 sever'd from its parent tree !

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

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

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

I'm strangely warp'd from what I was,
 For some few years, in Life's fresh morn ;
 When Thought, scarce link'd 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 dimm'd, 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 cherish'd, soon must be
 A beacon quench'd ; a treasure wreck'd—
 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 chast'ning hand of One above
 Falls heavy; but I'll kiss the rod;
 He gives the wound, and I must trust
 Its healing to the self-same God.

THE FIRST VOYAGE.

HE stood upon the sandy beach,
 And watch'd 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 trowsers, wide and white.

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

And many a time the sturdy boy
 Long'd 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 trimm'd her sails:
 She stems the open sea.

The boy again is on the beach :
 A mother's arms have press'd him,
 A sister's hand is link'd in his,
 A father's lip hath bless'd 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,
 Lull'd 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.

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 embower'd 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 undamask'd, 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, loll'd on a sack,
And chorus'd 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 turn'd, and the desolate edge
Is now mournfully cover'd 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 pass'd away !

This play-place of childhood was grav'd 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 innocencē
 Unsullied and unbent ;
 Though living in a world of sin,
 They knew not what sin meant.

“Come on,” they cried, “we’ve deck’d your seat
 With fresh-pull’d oaken boughs ;
 We’ve gather’d flowers, and you must weave
 Them round about our brows !

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

“We’ve run to meet you at the gate,
 And watch’d 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 bless’d 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 fear’d no treachery ’neath *their smiles*,
 No falsehood in *their* praise.

I help’d to weave their daisy chains,
 I wreath’d their waving hair ;
 And, pleased as they, ’twere hard to tell,
 Which heart was happiest there.

I bless’d 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 journey'd through the town,
 One dark and wintry night;
 And, as he pass'd the ivy'd church,
 He mark'd a flitting light.

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

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

He look'd around; all else was dark,
 Not e'en a star was left;
 The townsmen slumber'd, 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 fever'd 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 wrapp'd around,
And many a stain the vestment bore
Of the clay from the charnel ground.

A rent appear'd, where his wither'd hands
Fell out on the sacred board ;
And between those hands a goblet stood,
In which bright wine was pour'd.

Oh ! he was not like the other three,
But ghastly, foul, and cold ;
He was seated there, a stiffen'd 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-tarnish'd 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, unblest'd,
 Unwept, unmourn'd by all;
 And scarce a footstep ever bent
 To his grave by the old church wall.

The other three had met that night,
 And revell'd in drunken glee;
 And talk'd of him who a month ago
 Form'd one of their company.

They quaff'd another brimming glass,
 And a noisy oath they swore,
 That he who had join'd 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 dragg'd 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 hallow'd 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 deepen'd flush,¹
 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
 Drown'd 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 pass'd ;
 And banish'd 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 deem'd 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 parch'd !
 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 fix'd 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 shunn'd by all : the son, the sire,
 The heedless and the gay ;
 Their old associates leave their side,
 And turn another way.

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

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

And gossips, in their native town,
 Even now are heard to tell
 Of the sacrilegious crew that turned
 The old church to a hell.

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 deep 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 pass'd,—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 listen'd to his son,
 The son hath fondly sued ;
The laird hath given the boy his will
 To wed the one he's woo'd,
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 hallow'd 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 bless'd 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 'mid fields and flowers,
 But it is not so broad or so free as ours.
 Ye are content with the groves and the hills,
 Ye feed in the valleys and drink at the rills ;
 But what are the joys of the forest and plain
 'To those we find on the fresh, wide main ?

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

Birds of the land, ye shrink and hide
 As the tempest-cloud spreads black and wide ;
 Your songs are hush'd 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 wreck'd 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 pett'd 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.

 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 dotting 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 cherish'd dreams that darkly fled;!
 Should passion, purity, and truth,
 Live on, despairing o'er the dead:

Should we have heard some sweet voice hush'd,
 Breathing our name in latest vow;
 Should our fast, heavy tears have gush'd
 Above a cold, yet worshipp'd brow:

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

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

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

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

W I N T E R.

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

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

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

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

They have blood in their veins, 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 blink’d forth again,
 When the gowans’ gay hues and the simmer-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 lisp'ing tongue—

'Tis *this* we love—our Native Song!

The one who bears the felon's brand,

With moody brow and darken'd 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 waken'd 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 watch'd its cascades, wild and bright,
 Leap proudly on, in rainbow light:
 Its waves have charm'd my dazzl'd eye,
 Like molten silver dashing by:
 Still, still, I could not love the Rhine;
 The land it water'd was not mine:
 I sigh'd to see the moon's mild beam
 Fall on Loch Leven's gentle stream!

I've wander'd by the placid Rhone,
 When night was on her starry throne;
 I've look'd upon the Tiber's tide,
 And pluck'd 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 turn'd, 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 caroll'd 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 cover'd 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 doff'd 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 ;
 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 feather'd race :
 And cunning snares, warm hearts, like warblers, take ;
 The one to sing for sport, the other, break.

 STANZAS.

THE wild bee and the butterfly
 Are bright and happy things to see ;
 Living beneath a summer sky,
 And nestling in an orange tree.

The eagle, monarch of the rocks,
 Soars nobly in his lonely flight,
 'Mid lightning streams and thunder shocks ;
 The bird of freedom, strength, and might.

The graceful chamois, bounding, leaps
 Where other steps would pause and shrink ;
 He spans the gulf, he climbs the steeps,
 And sports upon the topmost brink.

Blest things of earth, the bright, the brave,
 In lands of serfdom still the free !
 Yet not one privilege ye have
 Is sought or coveted by me.

But I have heard an eastern tale—
 Of creature patient, mild, and fair ;
 Whose faith is never known to fail
 Till man gives more than brute should bear.

Then, meekly proud, its head is bowed,
 With wrong and suffering oppressed ;
 To breathe its gentle life away,
 And sink at once in death and rest.

This is the privilege I'd ask—
 When throbbing pulse and aching brow
 Betray how sadly dark the task
 The soul may have to learn below.

Oh, I have lived through many an hour
 That bade my writhing spirit cry—
 "Give me the Lama's fabled power :
 Break, break, my heart, and let me die !"

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 skins 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 hush'd ; 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 fray'd 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 crush'd 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 watch'd 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 ;



THROUGH THE WATERS.

Yet I ever loved to dwell
 Where I heard its gushing swell;
 And never skimm'd its breast,
 But I warmly praised and blest
 The Thames! the mighty Thames!

Can ye find in all the world
 A braver flag unfurl'd
 Than that which floats above
 The stream I sing and love?
 Oh! what a burning glow
 Has thrill'd 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
 Ere 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 smother'd 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 wide and limitless to rider and to steed :
 No purling streamlet murmurs there, no chequer'd 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 spurn'd the flood
 beneath.
 Through the Waters, through the Waters, can ye tell me what
 below
 Is freer than the wind-lash'd 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, steer'd 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 seem'd 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 fill'd my eye,
 And the heaving sob wildly disturb'd 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 quench'd 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 guerdon'd 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 snapp'd 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 wild lyre clings
 As though its chords were his own heart-strings,
 No dearer boon will the Reveller ask
 Than the draught that deepens the purple flask;
 But the firmest love-link that can be
 Chains the Mariners bold to the pathless sea.

Choose, ye who will, earth's dazzling bowers,
 But the great and glorious sea be ours ;
 Give us, give us the dolphin's home,
 With the speeding keel, and splashing foam :
 Right merry are we as the sound bark springs
 On her lonely track like a creature of wings.
 Oh ! the Mariner's life is 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 roll'd, the uncontroll'd,
 It cannot be warp'd to fashion or mould.
 Now quiet and fair as a sleeping child ;
 Now rousing in tempests madly wild ;
 And who shall wean the mighty flood
 From its placid dream or passionate mood ?

We are not so apt to forget our God
 As those who dwell on the dry safe sod
 For we know each leaping wave we meet
 May be a crystal winding-sheet ;
 We know each blustering gale that blows
 May requiem to a last repose ;
 And the chafing tide, as it roars and swells,
 Hath as solemn a tone as the calling bells.

The land has its beauty, its sapphire, and rose :
 But look on the colours the bright main shows,
 While each billow flings from its pearly fringe
 The lucid jewels of rainbow tinge.
 Go, mark the waters at sunny noon,
 Go, float beneath the full clear moon ;
 And cold is the spirit that wakes not there
 With wondering praise, and worshipping prayer.

'Tis true, we may sink 'mid deluge and blast,
 But we cope with the strong, we are quell'd by the vast,
 And a noble urn is the founder'd wreck,
 Though no incense may burn, and no flower may deck.
 We need no stately funeral car ;
 But, tangled with salt-weeds, and lash'd 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 confess'd
 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 wild desire;
 There's many a one would drive the sun,
 Only to set the world on fire.

Slight not the one of honest worth,
 Because no star adorns his breast :
The lark soars highest from the earth,
 Yet ever leaves the lowest nest.

Heed but the bearing of a tree,
 And if it yield a wholesome fruit ;
A shallow envious fool is he,
 Who spurns it for its forest root.

Let fair humanity be thine,
 To fellow-man and meanest brute :
 'Tis nobly taught—the code's divine—
 Mercy is God's chief attribute.

The coward wretch whose hand and heart
 Can bear to torture aught below,
Is ever first to quail and start
 From slightest pain or equal foe.

Be not too ready to condemn
 The wrong thy brothers may have done ;
Ere ye too harshly censure them
 For human faults, ask—"Have I none?"

Live that thy young 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 tidings,
 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 tidings,
 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 awaken'd, will never depart :
 Turn, turn to that breast like the dove to its nest,
 And you'll find there's no home like a home in the heart.

Oh ! link but one spirit that's warmly sincere,
 That will heighten your pleasure and solace your care
 Find a soul you may trust as the kind and the just
 And be sure the wide world holds no treasure so rare.
 Then the frowns of Misfortune may shadow our lot,
 The cheek-searing tear-drops of Sorrow may start,
 But a star never dim, sheds a halo for him
 Who can turn for repose to a home in the heart.

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 hallow'd 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 roll'd 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 pour'd
 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 osier'd 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 wreck'd 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 batter'd 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-stain'd 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 watch'd 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 fill'd with a princely band,
 Rulers of men and lords of the land.
 Loudly they raved, and gaily they laugh'd,
 O'er the golden chalice and sparkling draught;
 And the glittering board and gem-studded plume
 Proclaim'd 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 gather'd 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 mock'd by decay ;
 And a voice from the desolate halls of kings
 Cries, " Put not your trust in corrupted things ! "

S T A N Z A S.

THEY tell us that the deep sea hath
 More dangers than the shore ;
 They whisper tales of ocean wrath,
 And breakers' deadly roar.
 How oft the ruddy cheek will pale
 To leave the earth behind !
 How oft the glowing heart will quail
 Before the tempest-wind !
 We fear the billows' dash, but why ?
 There's One to guard and save ;
 There's One whose wide and watchful eye
 Sleeps not above the wave.

Why should the soul withdraw its trust
 Upon the foamy track ?
 HE who gave life, all wise and just,
 Knows when to ask it back.
 Though death were nigh, I would not shrink ;
 My faith, my hope, should rest
 Upon a Maker's will, and think
 Whate'er HE will'd 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 unfurl'd 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 wrong'd 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 haliards—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 look'd 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 !

 P R A Y E R .

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 confess'd
 More rapt and burning homage there,
 And served the Maker it address'd
 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 stay'd 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 bless'd decree,
 That Grace can e'er be found when sought,
 And naught shut out the soul from Thee.
 The cell may cramp, the fetters gail,
 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.

STANZAS.

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 consign'd 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?

'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 soul-less 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 gall'd 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 pass'd 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 n ay wake, but she will take whatever wind may come .
 Fit car to bear the ocean-god upon his crystal home.

She cleaves the tide with might and pride, like war-horse freed
from rein ;

She treats the wave like abject slave—the empress of the main :
All, all shall mark the gallant bark, their hearts upon their lips ;
And cry, “ Old England, who shall match thy Sailors and thy
Ships ? ”

Stout forms, strong arms, and dauntless spirits dwell upon the
deck ;

True to their cause in calm or storm, in battle or in wreck.

No foe will meet a coward hand, faint heart or quailing eye :

'They only know to fall or stand, to live the brave, or die.

The flag that carries round the world a Nelson's victor name

Must never shield a dastard knave or strike in craven shame.

Let triumph scan her blazing page, no record shall eclipse

The glory of Old England's Cross, her Sailors and her Ships.

The tempest breath sweeps o'er the sea with howlings of despair,

Death walks upon the waters, but the tar must face and bear :

The bullets hiss, the broadside pours, 'mid sulphur, blood, and
smoke,

And prove a British crew and craft alike are hearts of oak.

Oh ! ye who live 'mid fruit and flowers—the peaceful, safe, and
free—

Yield up a prayer for those who dare the perils of the sea.

“ God and our Right ! ” these are the words e'er first upon our
lips ;

But next shall be, “ Old England's flag, our Sailors and our
Ships ! ”

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.

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
 Remember'd there w^ere 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 resign'd;
 The anguish of the bleeding wound
 Taught me to feel for all mankind.

Even as from the wounded tree
 The goodly, precious balm will pour;
 So in the rived heart there'll be
 Mercy that never flow'd before.

'Tis well to learn that sunny hours
 May quickly change to mournful shade;
 'Tis well to prize life's scatter'd flowers,
 Yet be prepared to see them fade.

I thank Thee, GOD! for weal and woe;
 And, whatsoever 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;

For we crept away to the rocky bay,
 Where the cave and craft of a fierce band lay;
 We gave the signal cry, " Ahoy !"
 And found a mate in the Smuggler Boy.

His laugh was deep, his speech was bold,
 And we loved the fearful tales he told,
 Of the perils he met in his father's bark;
 Of the chase by day and the storm by dark.
 We got him to take the light boat out,
 And gaily and freshly we dash'd 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 whisper'd the midnight work they did,
 And show'd us where the kegs were hid:
 All secrets were ours—a word might destroy—
 But we never betray'd 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 toss'd on his dauntless brow;
 And the world hath given no greater joy
 Than the moonlight sail with the Smuggler Boy.

STANZAS.—THE TOMB.

Few years ago I shunn'd the tomb,
 And turn'd me from a tablet-stone;
 I shiver'd in the churchyard gloom,
 And sicken'd at a bleaching bone.

Then all were round my warm young heart—
 The kindred tie—the cherish'd 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, rapt 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 hallow'd beds, and long to be
 Where all most prized have gone before.

Now I can calmly gaze around
 On osier'd 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 fetter'd 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 chasten'd down
 By the hated or the dear;
 The gentle smile or tyrant frown
 Will hold ye in love or fear.

How much there is self-will would do,
 Were it not for the dire dismay
 That bids ye shrink, as ye suddenly think
 Of "What will my neighbour say?"

Then pity me not; for mark mankind,
 Of every rank and age;
 Look close to the heart, and ye'll ever find,
 That each is a bird in a cage.

THE WILLOW-TREE.

TREE of the gloom, o'erhanging the tomb,
 Thou seem'st to love the churchyard sod;
 Thou ever art found on the charnel ground,
 Where the laughing and happy have rarely trod
 When thy branches trail to the wintry gale,
 Thy wailing is sad to the hearts of men;
 When the world is bright in a summer's light,
 'Tis only the wretched that love thee then.
 The golden moth and the shining bee
 Will seldom rest on the Willow-tree.

The weeping maid comes under thy shade,
 Mourning her faithful lover dead;
 She sings of his grave in the crystal wave,
 Of his sea-weed shroud and coral bed.
 A chaplet she weaves of thy downy leaves,
 And twines it round her pallid brow;
 Sleep falls on her eyes while she softly sighs,
 "My love, my dearest, I come to thee now!"
 She sits and dreams of the moaning sea,
 While the night wind creeps through the Willow-tree.

The dying one will turn from the sun,
 The dazzling flowers, and luscious fruit;
 To set his mark in thy sombre bark,
 And find a couch at thy moss-clad root.

He is fading away like the twilight ray,
 His cheek is pale and his glance is dim ;
 But thy drooping arms, with their pensive charms,
 Can yield a joy till the last for him ;
 And the latest words on his lips shall be,
 "Oh, lay me under the Willow-tree !"

STANZAS.

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 possess'd one brilliant thread
 Of rainbow colours, all my own.

They talked of trials, sighs, and grief,
 And call'd 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 heap'd 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 crush'd, 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 beam'd 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 temper'd blaze?
 Who can sit beneath his hearth
 Dead to feeling, stern to mirth?
 Who can watch the crackling pile,
 And keep his breast all cold the 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 ruin'd soul, and blacken'd fame.

STANZAS.

I'VE track'd the paths of the dark wild wood,
 No footfall there but my own ;
 I've linger'd 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 deem'd 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 pour'd to greet my 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 worshipp'd 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,
 Untarnish'd, above them all.
 So the pure warm heart for awhile may appear,
 In probations of sorrow and sin,
 To be dimm'd and obscured, but trial or tear
 Cannot darken the spirit within.

Let the breast keep its truth, and Life's shadows may roll,
 But they quench not, they reach not the Sun nor the Soul.

A SUMMER SKETCH.

'Tis June, 'tis merry, smiling June,
 'Tis blushing Summer now ;
 The rose is red—the bloom is dead—
 The fruit is on the bough.

Flora, with Ceres, hand in hand,
 Bring all their smiling train ;
 The yellow corn is waving high,
 To gild the earth again.

The bird-cage hangs upon the wall,
 Amid the clustering vine ;
 The rustic seat is in the porch,
 Where honeysuckles twine.

The rosy, ragged urchins play
 Beneath the glowing sky ;
 They scoop the sand, or gaily chase
 The bee that buzzes by.

The household spaniel flings his length
 Along the stone-paved hall ;
 The panting sheep-dog seeks the spot
 Where leafy shadows fall.

The petted kitten frisks among
 The bean-flowers' fragrant maze ;
 Or, basking, throws her dappled form
 To court the warmest rays.

The open'd 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 polish'd 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 fagots' blazing light :
 Grandsires tell the goblin tale,
 Urchins listen,—mute and pale ;
 Mistletoe is hung on high ;
 Christmas tide is drawing nigh ;—
 Stay, merry Cricket, stay, and be
 Partner in our jollity.

Holly branches deck the walls
 Of peasants' cots and barons' halls ;
 Scarlet berries peep be'tween,
 Twined with laurel, daz'ly green,
 Close commingled, rudely bound ;
 Sacredly they wreath around.—
 Polished tankards grace the board ;
 Racks and cellars yield their hoard ;

Flowing ale, with cheering zest,
 Animates the song and jest ;
 Wine, rich sparkling, greets the lip,
 Such as Bacchus' self might sip ;
 Such that Horace might have sung
 Praises of with honest tongue ;
 Giving to the world its name,
 Sharing the Falernian fame.—
 Laughing voices, bounding feet,
 In many a happy circle meet ;
 Sports and feasting make the hours
 Light as those in summer bowers ;—
 Stay, then, merry Cricket, stay,
 Tarry with the glad and gay.

Spring about the oaken floor,
 Dread not pussy's murderous paw ;
 Dainty crumbs and fragments rare
 Shall be scatter'd 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 pilfer'd 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 burning wings.

Wine! Wine! Wine!
 Thou purple stream of bliss;
 Thy Lethe powers drown bygone hours,
 And make a heaven of this.

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 burnish'd 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.

“THY WILL BE DONE.”

LET the scholar and divine
 Tell us how to pray aright;
 Let the truths of Gospel shine
 With their precious hallow'd light;
 But the prayer a mother taught
 Is to me a matchless one;
 Eloquent and spirit-fraught
 Are the words—“Thy will be done.”

Though not fairly understood,
 Still those words, at evening hour,
 Implied some Being, great and good,
 Of mercy, majesty, and power.
 Bending low 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 whiten'd 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 blush'd to hear
 What they told o'er to me without shame or fear.

Their loud and tuneless laugh would tell
 Of a hot and reeling brain;
 Their right arms trembled, and red wine fell
 Like blood on a battle-plain.
 The youth would play the chattering ape,
 And the gray-hair'd 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.

The drunkard has fill'd 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 help'd the creature of mighty thought,
 And quicken'd 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 betray'd
 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 fann'd 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 roll'd
 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.”

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 turn'd 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 crushed 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 will be 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 eagerly ready 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 fear'd 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 gash'd by the keen edge, and probed by the point.
It has reek'd 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 round ;
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* hallow'd spot ;
The One who form'd 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 ?

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 unnumber'd 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 has left me awhile
 To find my joy in the world's false smile ;
 Thou hast left me to prove that world to be
 A dull sad desert, uncheered by thee.
 Oh ! my heart has been a shivering thing ;
 Like a young bird missing its mother's wing :
 It has ached in secret and pined away
 Through the festive night and the weary day.

Spirit of Song, when thou art fled,
 No light is left on my earthly track ;
 We must not part till I sleep with the dead—
 Spirit of Song, I'll woo thee back !

And yet I know 'tis kind and best
 That thou for awhile shouldst leave my breast ;
 Strings tuned so highly must soon be snapt,
 Though the tone may be rich and the minstrel rapt ;
 The heart that kindles a flame so strong
 Can never feed that flame for long ;
 It would burn as a sacred incense pyre,
 And be consumed by its own wild fire.
 Spirit of Song thou hast wrung the tear ;
 Thou hast tortured with joy and madden'd 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.
 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 !

STANZAS.

“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 hallow'd, 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 ripen'd 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 uncheck'd noise!
 While "cricket," with its light-heel'd 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 rushing 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 gossip'd 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 woodman's colt—the widow's cows,
 Unwatch'd—untether'd—there may browse;
 And, though the pasturage be scant,
 It saves from keen and starving want.

"God speed the plough!" let fields be till'd,
 Let ricks be heap'd and garners fill'd;
 '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 "hallow'd" 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 water'd 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 repair'd 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 discover'd the birch-shadow'd place
 That nurtured the trout and the silver-backed dace ;
 Where the coming of night found me blest and content,
 With my patience unworn, and my fishing-rod bent.

How fresh were the flags on the stone-studded ridge,
That rudely supported the narrow oak bridge :
And that bridge, oh ! how boldly and safely I ran
On the thin plank that now I should timidly scan.

I traversed it often at fall of the night,
When the clouds of December shut out the moon's light ;
A mother might tremble, but I never did ;
For my footing was sure, though the pale stars were hid.

When the breath of stern winter had fetter'd 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-roughen'd curls,
But we laugh'd 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 flow'd
On their serpentine way o'er the pebble-strew'd 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 vex'd, 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 echo'd by all.

When tired of childhood's rude, boisterous pranks,
We pull'd 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, pull'd her anchor arip;
Till mischievous hands, working hard at the craft,
'Turn'd 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 will 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 play'd 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 mark'd thee awaken'd deep pain;
Desolation had reign'd, 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 waken 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, unfetter'd limb;
 For why should the white man wrong the one
 Who never did harm to him?

We know there's a hand that has fix'd 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 panther's 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-deck'd 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 stirr'd by
 meanest things,
 The music that the heart yields then, will never leave its strings.

'Tis sweet to love in after years t'he 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 ripen'd 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 lov'd 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 naught
 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 form'd at first, and who at last shall judge.
 They did avow their faith with steady zeal,
 Nor let their breast be warp'd 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 gain'd? 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 uncloak'd 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 blazon'd hand of Charity:
 Publish the flaws and blots that "flesh is heir to;"
 Speak out—*appear* the chequer'd 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.

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 flourish'd in glory; oh! are ye not mine?
 Go look for famed Carthage, and I shall be found
 In the desolate ruin and weed-cover'd 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 earthworm 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.

W E A L T H.

WHAT is Wealth? ye worldly knaves,
 Mammon's crew of fetter'd slaves—
 Ye who seem to know so well
 What is Wealth—I bid ye tell!
 Spendthrift young, and miser gray;
 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 worshipp'd "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 "fly" nor gather rust."

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 perch'd 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 dress'd 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 thickly and gorgeously stored
 With your Titian, Murillo, Salvator, and Claude ;
 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 look'd at, but meant to be read ;
 All defaced and bethumb'd, 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 ou- f 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 favour'd old dog takes his place on the rug,
 Curl'd 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 have wander'd 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 look'd 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 pass'd 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 pour'd
 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 quaff'd ;
 Let Genius claim it—gift divine—
 And all shall drain the hallow'd 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
 Will forego the fond word and the whispering tone ;
 Did we know that the eager and warm-pressing hand
 Will be joyfully forward in " casting the stone : "

Did we know the affection engrossing our soul
 Will end, as it oft does, in Sadness and pain ;
 That the passionate breast will but hazard its rest,
 And be wreck'd 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 quench'd 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 on the loom that may weave us a shroud.

It was good, it was kind, in the Wise One above,
 To fling Destiny's veil o'er the face of our years ;
 That we dread not the blow that shall strike at our love,
 And expect not the beams that shall dry up our tears.

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 guess'd
 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 wand'ring sight ;
 But darken'd 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 fashion'd 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 threaten'd 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, oppress'd,
 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 ruin grey ;
 'Tis all the same, in sun or shade,
 For nought can spoil my Murray plaid.

When Pleasure rules the festive night,
 Crown'd 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 delay'd
 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 betray'd,
 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 endear'd, 'tis hard to part.
 Let ladies sneer, and dandies scoff,
 I cannot, will not fling thee off ;
 And wonder not, if I'm array'd
 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 stain.

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 crown'd
 With sheaves of burnish'd 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 pour'd
 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 crown'd 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 ;
 U've seen the lovegift kiss'd 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 call'd the tempest band,
 And soon the hull was on the rock, the spars were on the strand :

I snatch'd the glossy ringlet from the struggling sea-boy's breast,
 And dropp'd 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 help'd 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 enter'd there,
 Where rich aroma greeted me of luscious banquet-fare :
 I travell'd on by silken walls, and loiter'd round the board ;
 Where forest deer was smoking high, and bubbling flasks were
 pour'd.
 Choked with the mingled odours nigh, and sicken'd with the
 fume
 Of hot and tainted revel breath, I left the palace-room :
 I hasten'd to the harvest-fields, I scatter'd 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 linger'd round the spot, I saw him turn and creep
 Beneath a spreading chesnut-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 fann'd the burning brow
 That many an hour had fed the loom, or faced the furnace glow ;
 Lips never dimpled with a smile, all tintless, parch'd, and thin,
 Parted as I went wafting by and gladly drank me in.

I play'd about the shrivell'd hand, whose hard and fever'd 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 wander'd on till suddenly I heard a fervent prayer,
That gasp'd the last of mortal need in "Give, oh, give me air!"
I rush'd 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 blue-bells hung;
And soon there came the grasshoppers, the ladybirds, and bees;
And never was a purer host of willing devotees.
I bow'd the bulrush to the stream, I sway'd the willow-bough,
And push'd a mimic boat along till ripples wash'd the prow.
I gallop'd 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 clank'd the rusted fetter-links with white ribs hard and dry,
Till I had scared the owls away, and then away went I.

From East to West, from North to South, a roving life is mine;
Now howling round the snow-topp'd 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.

STANZAS.

A GENTLE Heart went forth one day—
As many another heart has done—
To take a strange and friendless way,
And walk the mazy world alone.

It had no shield, no help, no guide,
 And soon that Heart began to find
 Rude foes come jostling side by side—
 Darkness before, despair behind.

The beggar's rags that wrapp'd it round
 Met but the glance of bitter scorn;
 And all the earth seem'd desert ground,
 Where nothing flourish'd but the thorn.

It journey'd on its pilgrim road,
 'Twixt barren waste and gloomy sky:
 And sank beneath Oppression's goad,
 To bleed unseen—to break and die.

The haggard Ghosts—Want, Pain, and Care—
 More fiercely laugh'd, more closely press'd;
 And all the wild fiends gather'd there
 That seek to hunt down life and rest.

It chanced young Love came by just then—
 Love wanders at all times and seasons:
 He travels how he will and when,
 He asks no leave, he gives no reasons.

He saw the Heart, and bent above
 The cheerless thing with whisper'd word;
 And whatsoever 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 rear'd—
 Such fingers work with magic charm;
 And soon a brilliant flame appear'd—
 'Twas Love's own watchfire, strong and warm.

The Heart grew bold beneath the rays;
 Its pulse beat high, it bled no more—
 It had fresh hope, and dared to gaze
 On all from 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 pack'd 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 gemm'd thy drooping eyelids' fringe ;
 Such tears of late have wash'd 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 fill'd thy farewell tone that whisper'd 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 mark'd 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 whiten'd hairs seem'd mock'd 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 thank'd 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 cherish'd 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.

STANZAS.

TRUTH! Truth! where is the sound
 Of thy calm, unflattering voice to be found?
 We may go to the Senate, where Wisdom rules,
 And find but deceived or deceiving fools:
 Who dare trust the sages of old;
 When one shall unsay what another has told?
 And even the lips of childhood and youth
 But rarely echo the tones of Truth.

We hear the 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 gather'd there
 Muttering forth the lengthy prayer;
 But few of the throng shall come or depart
 With the peaceful truth of a lowly heart.

Truth! Truth! thy echoes are mute
 In the tyrant's oath and the courtier's salute,
 The Bacchanal screams in his maniac laugh,
 The hermit groans o'er his pilgrim-staff;
 But hollow and wild is the maniac's glee,
 The penance is false as penance can be;
 And Love itself has learn'd 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-see's hum;
 In the dabbling stream, whose ripples gem
 The lily-cup's brim and bulrush-stem.

There is Truth in the south wind stealing by,
 'Neath the clear blue span of a sunlit sky;
 When it hardly deigns in its perfumed way
 To rustle the leaves on the topmost spray:
 There is Truth in the grasshopper's twittering song;
 In the 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 shrivell'd 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 shatter'd spar.

There is nothing that saint or sage may tell
 Can school the bosom half so well
 As the chink of the sexton's polish'd spade,
 Digging a grave 'neath the yew-tree's shade.
 Truth ! Truth is there ! You may hear her tones
 In the rattling heap of gather'd bones ;
 "Live but to die" is her lesson to man,
 —And learn a wiser if ye can.

 RORY O'MORE.

Jove had gather'd his band,—and to every one
 Gave peremptory notice of what he wish'd 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 exclaim'd, "'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 throng'd 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 fetter'd ears eagerly drinking the sound.

There was Boreas, hoarse Borcas, attempting to sing,
 And Mars chiming in with his rude tink-a-ting;
 For, instead of careering on red battle-field,
 He had turn'd 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 seem'd inclin'd for a jig.

Bacchus lean'd on a barrel with tankard in hand,
 'Twas nseless his trying to sit or to stand;
 And he saw not the nectar-juice running about,
 That the tap was unturn'd and the spigot was out.

There was Cupid, forgetting loves, doves, hearts, and smarts,
 Had bundled together his bow and his darts;
 And press'd through the gods with a push and a bob,
 Just as other young urchins will do in a mob.

There was Venus, who seem'd half-ashamed to be seen,
 For a blush mark'd 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 motners on earth often steal to a crowd
 Where the puppets are droll and the music is loud;
 They 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 stopp'd ere the tune was play'd out,
 And the listeners look'd, half in fear, half in doubt.

Jove stared with astonishment, "How's this?" he cried;
 "My commands disobey'd—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 threaten'd them all, and he terrified each
With his light-flashing glance and his thundering speech
Till Hebe stepp'd forth,—the rogue didn't forget
That Jupiter often had call'd her his pet.

She raised her fair hand ere she ventured to speak,
And threw back the curls from her down-cover'd cheek;
She look'd 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 pick'd 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 chain'd to the spot.

"Just allow him to play it?" Apollo's best skill
Was that moment exerted to charm and to thrill:
Jove laugh'd 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 Coverly style;
Till Juno appear'd in all possible state,
And look'd 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 listen'd a moment, then ran to her place,
As the music went on, with a smile on her face.

"Bless me!" and "How wonderful!" whisper'd 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 bow'd 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 sobb'd 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 kiss'd 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 unmark'd, with their throbbing heads bowed,
 Under the moon.

Lips that are flush'd 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 sound of its echoing cadences fall,
Under the moon.

We may breathe a farewell in a sigh-deepen'd tone,
 Yet devotion shall live though the idol be gone ;
 The heart shall still pant for the well-cherish'd 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 bow'd and thy forehead is plough'd ;
 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 mark'd and all thou hast met
 In wide Creation's curious host ;
 Come, tell me, I say, through thy pilgrim way,
 What is it hath call'd up thy wonder most ?

" I'll tell you full soon," quoth the gray old man,
 " Though, methinks, you might be as wise as I ;
 It is not the moon," quoth the gray 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 gray old man,
“And can guess what its limits in space may be ;
I have found how far,” quoth the gray 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 watch'd 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.

"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 gray old man,
 "My sands are few—I shall soon depart;
 But, while I stay," quoth the gray 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,
 Deck'd 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 won't 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 frown'd of late,
 And of some joys bereft us,
 Still, let us "gang a g'eesome gait,"
 And prize the blessings left us.

Wisdom's helmet strapp'd 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 pray'd to have my lids unseal'd, but 'twas not to behold
 The pearly dawn of misty morn, or evening cloud of gold.
 No, no, my Mary, I would turn from flower, star, and sun;
 For well I know thou'rt fairer still, my own, my gentle one.

I hear the music others deem most eloquent and sweet,
 The merry lark above my head—the cricket at my feet;
 The laughing tones of childhood's glee that gladden while they
 ring,
 The robin in the winter time—the cuckoo in the spring;
 But never do I think those tones so beautiful as thine,
 When kind words from a kinder heart confirm that heart is
 mine.
 There is no melody of sound that bids my soul rejoice
 As when I hear my simple name breathed by thy happy voice;
 And, Mary, I will ne'er believe that flower, star, or sun,
 Can ever be so bright as thee, my true, my gentle one

THE BOAT-CLOAK.

HE is ready to sail, and he gazes with pride
 On the bright-button'd 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 link'd 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-tann'd boat-cloak encircles his breast.
 The rocks are before, and the sands are behind,
 The wind mocks the thunder, the thunder the wind:
 'The noble ship founders—he leaps from the deck,
 And his boat-cloak is all that he saves from the wreck.

Age comes, and he tells of his perils gone by,
 Till the veteran lays him down calmly to die:
 And soft is the pillow that bears his gray head,
 And warm is the clothing that's heap'd 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.

S U N S H I N E.

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 call'd them out to
 play,
 And scatter'd 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;
 Unnumber'd 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 waken'd 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-warm'd
 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 doom'd one marks the lengthen'd 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 call'd 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 osier'd 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 famish'd 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 call'd 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 hallow'd 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 unnumber'd 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 whisky-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!"

S T A N Z A S.

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 gather'd 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, snatch'd and gather'd, crush'd and dead;
 Is valued for its odour shed.

And so this lyre, whose native sound
 Scarce wins the ear of those around,
 May wear a richer wreath of bay,
 When still in death the hand shall lay
 That wakes its strain.

SILENCE—A FRAGMENT.

POVERTY has a sharp and goading power
 To wring the torture-cry, and fill the breath
 With frantic curses or despairing sighs ;
 But her cold, withering grasp is deepest felt
 By the proud Thinker that endures in Silence,
 And trembles lest his shallow purse be sounded
 By the sleek friends about him—him who dreads
 'The taunting mockery that ever waits
 On sensibility unwarranted
 By wealth. Distress, with heavy mildew blight,
 Blackens each flower that else would cheer his path ;
 It steals health's steady lustre from his glance,
 Draws his pale lip into a stronger curve—
 Pinches his lank cheek—whitens his thin hand,
 And saps the very roots of joy and hope :
 But none may dream of the consuming fire
 That spends his oil of life. He does not show
 'The vagrant's rags, and tell the whining tale
 Of doleful falsehood. He has never learnt
 To shape his language in beseeching tone,
 And stand a mendicant beneath the roof
 Of some rich kin—who gives such good advice
 'To qualify the charitable gold,
 'That proud and honourable palms shrink back,
 And rather grapple with the spectre hand
 Of *Famine*, than accept the boon so granted.
 He is not one of the contented poor
 Who, if they have their simple meals insured,
 Care not, though thousands mark the trencher'd scrap,
 And spurn it ! He is not a mindless brute,
 To meet misfortune in a ruffian garb,
 And leap the low-pitch'd barrier that parts
 Mean, shivering *Want*, from bold and well-fed *Crime*.

Mix'd with the wealthy crowd he walks erect,
 And screens his beggar's fester from the world,
 As closely as the Spartan boy of old
 Hid the fierce talons tearing out his heart.

Love hath its utterance of magic sound,
 When soft confession calls the ruddy flush
 Into the maiden's cheek, and gentle vows
 Breathe whisper'd 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 hallow'd tone
 Of pure Affection's richest, sweetest string,
 Affords no echo of its thrilling note
 In measured syllables. When sever'd 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 doting glances are reflected back
 In silent bliss.

The debt of Gratitude
 Is not the best remember'd 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 cloister'd 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 burning 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 travell'd 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?

B I R D S.

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-deck'd land,
 Ye dance where the foam sweeps the desolate strand ;
 Beautiful Birds, ye come thickly around,
 When the bud's on the branch and the snow's on the ground ;
 Ye come when the richest of roses flush out,
 And ye come when the yellow leaf eddies about !

Gray-hair'd pilgrim, thou hast been
 Round the chequer'd world, I ween :
 Thou hast lived in happy lands,
 Where the thriving city stands ;
 Thou hast travell'd far to see
 Where the city used to be ;
 Chance and change are everywhere,
 Riches here and ruins there ;
 Pilgrim, thou hast gazed on all ;
 On rising pile and fading wall—
 Tell us, saw ye not brave Birds,
 In the crumbled halls of old,
 Where Monarchs smiled and rulers' words
 Breathed above the chalice gold ?
 Say, who is it now that waits
 At the "hundred brazen gates" ?
 Who is now the great High Priest,
 Bending o'er the carrion feast ?
 Who is now the reigning one
 O'er the dust of Babylon ?—
 It is the Owl with doleful scream,
 Waking the Jackal from his dream ;
 It is the Raven black and sleek,
 With shining claw and sharpen'd 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 march'd
 O'er the desert dry and parch'd,
 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 show'd
 A ready pathway to the Alp?
 Who was it cross'd your lonely road
 From the valley to the scalp?
 Tired and timid friends had fail'd,
 Resting in the hut below;
 But your bold heart still was hail'd
 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
 Pour'd in feather'd 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 whisper'd sound.
 They would have no peering eye
 While they tell the secret tale,
 Not a spy may venture nigh,
 Save the gentle Nightingale.
 Perch'd upon the tree close by,
 He may note each trembling sigh ;
 Swinging on the nearest bough,
 He may witness every vow.
 Favour'd bird, oh ! thou hast heard
 Many a soft and mystic word,
 While the night-wind scarcely stirr'd,
 And the stars were in the sky.

Up in the morning, while the dew
 Is splashing in crystals o'er him ;
 The ploughman hies to the upland rise,
 But the Lark is there before him :
 He sings while the team is yoked to the share ;
 He sings when the mist is going ;
 He sings when the noon-tide south is fair ;
 He sings when the west is glowing :
 Now his pinions are spread o'er the peasant's head,
 Now he drops in the furrow behind him ;
 Oh ! the Lark is a merry and constant mate,
 Without favour or fear to bind him.

Beautiful Birds ! how the schoolboy remembers
 The warblers that chorus'd his holiday tune ;
 The Robin that chirp'd in the frosty Decembers,
 The Blackbird that whistled through flower-crown'd June.
 That schoolboy remembers his holiday ramble,
 When he pull'd every blossom of palm he could see ;
 When his finger was raised, as he stopp'd 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 Linnets, 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 allow'd,
 With fair words from the poor, and contempt from the proud.
 The boy has his satchel—the pedler 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 parch'd 'neath a shadowless sky,
 We've no grain in 'he 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 relish'd 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 wild rags, would be fitly array'd.

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
 'Neath 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 gray bones,
 Is as hallow'd as all your rich epitaph stones.

 STANZAS.

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 wither'd 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 boneless 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 rainbow 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,
 Gather'd 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, press'd by starving dearth,
 Will groan, unfed.
 Man may plant the root
 In some fair spot;

But where will be the spring-time shoot,
 And who shall pluck the autumn fruit,
 If ye come not ?
 How the red grapes flush,
 Till the rich streams burst !
 But your crystal gush
 Must have trickled first.
 The ancient forest lord
 Had ne'er look'd proudly up,
 Had ye not glitter'd 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 riling 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 Obéron is on his throne
 In the fairy hall of light ;
 And a merry set of sprites have met
 To dance away the night.

What do they quaff in that revelling hour?
 'Tis the Waters caught from the spicy flower;
 And reeling away go the elfin crew,
 Drunk with the balmy nectar Dew.

Waters, broad Waters, how nobly ye swell
 Round the huge coral reef and the nautilus shell!
 Glory is shed on your Ocean breast,
 Heaving in fury or placid in rest.
 Ye live far down in the sparry cave,
 Where the sea-boy lies in his amber grave;
 Ye braid the dank weed in his hair,
 And deck him with jewels pure and rare;
 Ye keep the record of where and when
 The brave ship sunk with her braver men;
 Ye have treasures and secrets, and guard them well—
 For no stores will ye give, and no word will ye tell.
 Ye spread your waves on the rifted strand;
 Where the white foam spangles the golden sand;
 And ebb away with the deep perfume
 Of the citron branch and orange bloom.
 Ye dash where the gloomy pine-tree grows,
 Where the northern tempest beats and blows;
 The thunder may burst and the wolf-dog bay,
 But ye will be louder and bolder than they.
 Ages ago ye wash'd the feet
 Of cities that sent ye a galley fleet;
 Cities, and galleys, and people, are gone,
 But the great Waters still roll on:
 Kingdoms and empires flourish no more,
 But ye still dwell by the desolate shore—
 As fresh in your brightness, as strong in your flood,
 As when the IMMORTAL One "saw ye were good."

Waters, ye are fair
 In the winding River,
 Running here, and twining there,
 While the waking, twilight air
 Stirs the spreading sails ye bear,
 To a flapping shiver.
 "Outward bound," the stripling one
 Sighs to see the setting sun;

And shadows lengthen on his heart,
 As the rays that meet his gaze,
 One by one depart.
 "Outward bound" for many a year,—
 A dream comes o'er his brain;
 He looks into the lucid wave,
 Where he was wont to plunge and lave
 In waters cool and clear;
 And wonders if the chance of time
 Will bring him to his native clime
 And native stream again.
 He leans against the vessel's side,
 And the big burning tear
 He cannot check, but fain would hide,
 Has mingled with the River's tide.
 Waters, ye are beautiful,
 Take what form ye will;
 Leaping in the yeasty billow,
 Toying with the pensive willow,
 Bearing the mast before the blast,
 Or straws upon the rill!
 Waters, ye are beautiful,
 Howsoe'er ye come,
 In sheets that pour with falling roar—
 Or moisture on the purple plum.
 Ye are free as aught can be,
 Singing strains of liberty
 In bubbling Spring and booming Sea!
 Waters, living Waters,
 Strew your pearls upon the sod,
 And man needs no other beads
 To count in memory of GOD.

A THANKSGIVING.

**ALMIGHTY Spirit! Father, Lord! Thou worshipp'd! 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 cloister'd 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 mark'd 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 flapp'd his wing, and the owlet might screech,
 Secure in the gable-ends, far out of reach.

For many a year had the harvest-home wain
 Creak'd up to its door with the last load of grain ;
 And 'twas evident Time had been playing his pranks
 With the moss-garnish'd 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 pray'd, 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 roar'd along—
 The watch-dog howl'd back to the rude tempest song ;
 And we trembled, and fear'd 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-spat'er'd 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 shrugg'd 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 greasc—there was raising of dust ;
 But Terpsichore publish'd 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 “Greck joins with Greck ;”
 But war held as wild and as deadly a reign
 When the terriers met the destroyers of grain.

The smith left his bellows—the miller his sack—
 —’Twas 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 stick and his voice to the fray ;
 He, of course, only “chanced to be riding that way ;”
 And the master—the ploughman—the rich and the poor,
 Stood Equality's jostling about the barn door.

There was bustling old Pincher, all fierceness and bark ;
 And even fat Dido, as gay as a lark ;
 Snap, Vixen, and Bob, and another full score,
 For though rats might be many—the dogs were oft more.

It was sport, I dare say, but such works were torn down,
 That the sapient “master” look'd 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 toil'd 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 strengthen'd to bursting Vulgarity's tone,
 When, instead of on wheat-ears, it fell on his own.

Ever luckless in daring, 'twas he who slipp'd down,
 With a broken-out tooth and a broken-in crown—
 When he clamber'd up high on the crossbeams, to feed
 The unhappy stray cat and her tortoiseshell breed.

'Twas he who, in petulance, sulk'd with his home,
 And pack'd 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 turn'd 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, sever'd, and fray'd ;
 Not a word did we breathe of the swings we had made.

“ Hide and Seek ” was the game that delighted us most,
 When we stealthily crept behind pillar and post ;
 When the law was enforced that “ Home ” should not be won
 'Till we'd encircled the barn in our scampering run.

I'd a merry heart then,—but I scarcely know why
 I should look into Memory's page with a sigh ;
 'Tis ungrateful to turn to the past with regret,
 When we hold a fair portion of happiness yet.

My laugh in that day was a spirited shout,
 But still it is heard to ring joyously out;
 My friends were the warmest that childhood could find,
 But those round me still are endearingly kind.

“Long ago” has too often awaken’d my soul,
 Till my brow gather’d 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 shrivell’d, angled bones,
 Crazy and warp’d 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 toward the cypress-tree,—
 “Ashes to ashes” form the prayer,
 And yellow skulls are crumbling there,
 Where *thou shalt* be.

STANZAS.

THE ship was at rest in the tranquil bay,
 Unmoved by a ripple—undimm'd 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 dash'd 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 look'd 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.

She has loved, but “not wisely,”—she walks to the grave;
 Unwept and unmark'd 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 ;

'Twas as tough as the bow of Ulysses, I ween ;
Its polish was high, and its fibre was good.

'Twas the grandfather's stick—it was his stick alone—
Of its forty years' service how proudly he'd tell ;

'Twas all very just—he might *call* it his own ;
But every one else seem'd to claim it as well.

'Twas 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.

'Twas his when they coax'd him for wickets or bat,
Now pleading with tears, and now trusting a laugh ;
'Twas 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 ask'd 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.

'Twas not a whit safer for all the close-hiding,
For corners were peep'd 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 wail'd ;
His eye lost its light, and his red lips turn'd white,
While 'twas easy to see that his rude spirit quail'd.

He thought of the murder'd ghost haunting that spot ;
Of the gibbet's loose beams—and the boy's heart turn'd 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 join’d in the pilfering trick;
 “This, this will just reach all the ripest!” they cried,
 As they scamper’d 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 bask’d in the rays of the warm harvest days
 Till their faces were tinged with the glow of the South.

Luscious berries and nuts form’d 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 seem’d 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, on 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 stepp’d 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 open’d and treasures must fall;
 No selfish heart watch’d o’er his “passing away,”
 Yet that stick was the coveted relic by all.

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 roll'd 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 turn'd 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 err'd,
 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 unroll'd,
 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 laugh'd 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 won't 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 unnumber'd, and crimes untold,
 That are warp'd 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, hush'd 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 of soul and sense,
 But wonders at the brute-embodied spirit
 That often mocks the claim of baser man,
 And shames him in his high supremacy.
 Philosophy and Science, stand ye forth,—
 Array your crucibles of magic flame,
 Unroll your parchments of long-gather'd 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 trapest 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 chequer'd 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 grays ;
 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
 Crown'd 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 peasant 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 donn'd in red ;
 No matter what they have to do,
 They all must see the mail go through.

The inn is reach'd: host, men, and boys,
 Gather around with bustling noise.
 Few moments serve—the harness bands
 Are flung off as by magic hands;
 The loosen'd 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 spurn'd 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 wetted 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 won’t 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 unwither'd by Poverty, Age, or Pain ;
 So take for once the advice of a boy,
 And never go wasting your labour again."

Time turn'd 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 illume,
 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 corse ;
 He needs no food—he seeks no home ;
 But, stretch'd upon the dreamless bed,
 With doleful howl calls back the dead.

The passing gaze may coldly dwell
 On all that polish'd marbles tell ;
 For temples built on churchyard earth,
 Are claim'd by riches more than worth.

But who would mark with undimm'd 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 look'd upon the earth and skies,
 And "saw all good" that He had done,
 From glow-worm's spark to rolling sun;
 When every tribe, and every race,
 Seem'd well contented with their place;
 One little voice alone was heard
 To utter a complaining word.

Creation's Spirit, ever just,
 Turn'd 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 topp'd the emerald blade,
 Came with a sad and plaintive tone,
 And thus address'd 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 cornflower 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 favour'd 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.
 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 “ colour'd up ”
 Till rosy redness fringed its cup ;
 And never has it lost the flush
 Of pride and joy that call'd 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 wreath;
 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 dropp'd and the winds have blown
 Man shall carefully gather me up;
 His hand shall rule and my form shall change;
 Not as a mate for the purple of state,
 Nor into aught that is "rich and strange."
 But I will come forth all woven and spun,
 With my fine threads curl'd in serpent length;
 And the fire-wrought chain and the lion's thick mane
 Shall be rivall'd 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 unfurl'd;
 I am link'd to childhood's darling toy.
 Then scatter me wide, and hackle me well;
 For a varied tale can the Hempseed tell.

Bravely I swing in the anchor ring,
 Where the foot of the proud man cometh not ;
 Where the dolphin leaps and the sea-weed creeps
 O'er the rifted sand and 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 wreathe 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 stretch'd 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 stemm'd 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 trellis'd 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 clogg'd 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 open'd, the stack shall be piled;
 Ye shall see the ripe grain shining out from the wain,
 And the berry-stain'd 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 furrow'd field or jolting road.
 Oh! the Hempseed hath a fair place to fill,
 With the harvest band on the corn-crown'd 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 miss'd.
 In the whirling swing,—in the peg-top string:
 There am I, a worshipp'd 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 unfurl'd,
 And am link'd 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-cover'd 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 witness'd by thee.

They say my first breathings of infant delight
 Were bestow'd 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 watch'd a safe moment and mounted the chair,
 Intent to discover the why and the where.

I revell'd in ruin 'mid wheels, weights, and springs ;
 What sport for the fingers, what glorious things !
 No doubt I gain'd 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 banish'd 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 chorus'd 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 deck'd the rough wall;
 Where we mock'd at thy voice till the herald of day
 Peep'd 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 recoil'd and my heart has turn'd sick.
 I have sigh'd back to thee as I noiselessly crept
 To the close-curtain'd bed where a dying one slept;
 When thy echoing stroke and a mother's faint breath
 Seem'd the sepulchre tidings that whisper'd 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 look'd 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 mark'd 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 unnumber'd have praised the dove,
 For its gentle faith and eye of love.

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 the 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 leash'd 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 nightly train and courteous fair.

The wished-for heir to the titled line
 Is worshipp'd and deck'd 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 coffin'd—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 mock'd by his loud caw-caw.
 What careth he for the bloom-robbed 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-hair'd 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 lopp'd 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 unmourn'd, 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 sear'd 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 pull'd me from the peasant's frugal hoard
 To feed the altar, where the stream of human incense pour'd,
 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 crown'd 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 stain'd with tyranny's foul blot,
 I was the signal to brave hearts from every mountain height—
 I was the star that usher'd 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.

STANZAS.

THE ruthless hand of savage strife
 Lays waste the fair and smiling bowers;
 The ruby flood of streaming blood
 Darkens the earth and chokes the flowers.
 But let the fearful day be past—
 The dust forgets the sanguine stain;
 The crush'd 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 heal'd, 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 suffer'd 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 mock'd 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 travell'd 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 levell'd, 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 dash'd through the stream and she climb'd 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 stagger'd and dropp'd;
 But her limbs only fail'd when her heart pulse had stopp'd.

Her dare-devil rider lived on for a while,
 And told of her work with a triumphing smile:
 And the fame of Dick Turpin had been something less
 If he'd ne'er rode to York on his bonnie Black Bess.

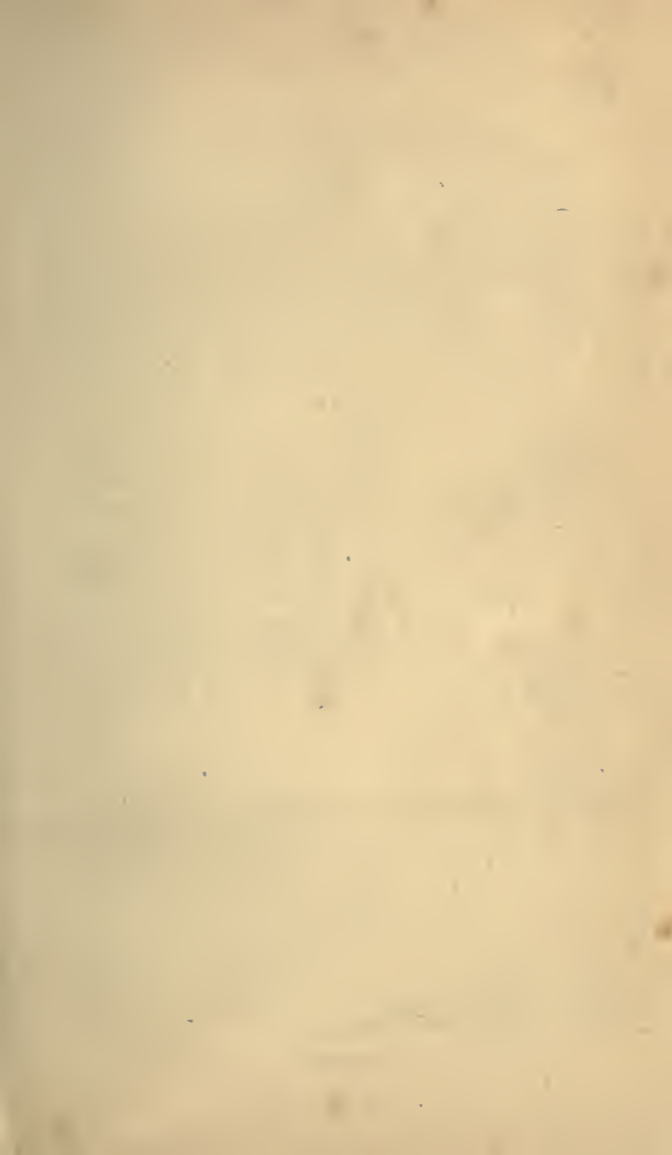
Here's a health to her memory! shirk it who dare—
 If you love what is noble, pledge Turpin's brave mare;
 And the draught will be welcome, the wine will be good;
 If it have half the spirit and strength of her blood.
 May the steed that comes nigh her in courage and fire
 Carry rider more worthy to 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 unrivall'd, 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 christen'd, 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 others' pain;
 The breath that soothes a brother's care
 Is never spent in vain.





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-cover'd 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-chequer'd pane,
And whisper'd, "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 follow'd the deed.

They wonder'd 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 mountain streams gladden'd 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 pluck'd 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 S K E T C H.

THE summer sun is stealing fast away,
 And merry children join in noisy mirth;
 Laughing and leaping in the golden ray,
 The wildest and the gayest things of earth.

Fair forms are bounding rapidly about,
 Light as the fairy imps in sylvan rings;
 Drowning the blackbird's song with their wild shout;
 And chasing down the moth with azure wings.

But there is one, in quiet lonely mood,
 Taking a shadowy path apart from all;
 Choosing the mossy margin, where the flood
 Leads to the loud and dashing waterfall.

Slow, lingering—now to gaze upon the tide,
 And watch the swelling ripples gliding by;
 Now bending o'er the brooklet's shelving side,
 With stiller breathing and a closer eye.

He muses with a long and earnest glance,
 Noting the things his playmates never heed;
 Pausing to see the water-lilies dance
 To the soft music of the wave-splash'd reed.

He wonders none beside himself can find
 Something to wonder at in woods and streams;
 And knows not that his fresh, untutor'd 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 darken'd 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 owlet's nest.

Yet does he lean against the straggling tree,
 When Summer flings her blossoms at his feet;
 And still he thinks the whirring of the bee
 And distant tinkling sheep-bell, music sweet.

Yet does he wander on a starry night;
 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 'neath the household roof from heart to heart;
 And heralds forth his glory and his name,
 In notes whose echoes never shall depart.

What is he? Ask it of his own proud breast,
 That glows amid cold Poverty and Wrong:
 His lyre shall tell thee—he is bright and blest,
 The worshipp'd and the poor—a Child of Song.

TOM TIDLER'S GROUND.

THE sports of Childhood's roseate dawn
 Have pass'd 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 still keep up,
 When we've drunk much deeper from Life's mix'd cup:
 Youth may have vanish'd and Manhood come round,
 Yet how busy we are on "Tom Tidler's ground
 Looking for gold and silver."

Such costly boons may have the power
 To win our thanks and wake our pride ;
 But dearer is the wither'd 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 dimm'd the glance and chill'd 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 trellis'd 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 scatter'd and squibs whirl high,
 While they build the grotto or burn the guy :
 The flagstones ring with the revel joys
 Of two wild girls and three rude 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 whitewash'd wall ;
 And beauty and health illumine each face,
 Though their playground be but a narrow place.

Time's dial, number'd with hopes and fears,
 Has told the flight of a score of years ;
 And few of the golden figures are found
 That once fill'd 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 pass'd 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 scoop'd, and treasures spread
 In buttons of brass and dumps of lead.
 He stands in fix'd 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 toil'd 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 climb'd the slippery edge ;
 The brother, boldest of the three, '
 The frank, the kind—and where is he ?

That one of the five has pass'd 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 pass'd 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 warp'd each breast
 That so purely glow'd in the parent nest :
 The links that form'd 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 pass'd 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-stain'd, 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 fever'd 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-wrapp'd 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 mock'd by Death's unchanging smile.

The only watchword that can tell
 Of peace and freedom won by all,
 Is echo'd by the tolling bell,
 And traced upon the sable pall.

BALLAD STANZAS.

'Twas long, long ago, nigh the streams of Killarney,
 Young Kathleen, sweet flower, I woo'd for my bride;
 But she said that an Irishman's love was soft blarney,
 Like a rainbow it lived, like a rainbow it died.
 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 mock'd 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 wild sons of 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 quench'd 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 hallow'd worth
 Mark'd 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 remember'd 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 follow'd as close as a deer by the hounds;
 False-hearted fellows! I know what they're doing,
 They're courting my pennies, now turn'd 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 help'd 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-moisten'd prints of my feet?
 Oh! will I forget his sad praying and weeping
 When the sickness of fever was wasting my cheek;
 When he turn'd from his bread, and watch'd 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 won't 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.
 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 curl'd 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 scatter'd 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 discover'd one sweet dimpled face
 Gave all the soft light on that desolate place;
 One sweet voice said, "Terence, boy, how do you do?"
 And made the loud night-blast seem musical too.
 I took courage and ask'd for the darling one's love,
 When she crouch'd to my heart like a fluttering dove:
 I woo'd 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 form'd 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 weigh'd 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 meddling 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 unroll'd—
 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 fatten'd 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 wish'd-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 jasmynes 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 fail'd 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 seem'd 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.

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 flush'd 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 chorussing 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."

D U S T.

DUST! Dust! thou art old in fame,
For man gain'd 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 coil'd 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;
Scatter'd over Creation thy atoms we find;
Thou ridest on sunbeams and mountest the wind.
Thou art watch'd for and fear'd 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 gray 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 scorn'd his peasant grade ;
 She toss'd her head, and mock'd his pain,
 And laugh'd 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 offer'd her a gentle bird,
 Whose plumage, it was true,
 Gave forth no sheen of glossy green,
 No scarlet, gold, or blue :
 She look'd upon it with an eye
 That flash'd with kindling pride ;
 With head uplift, she scorn'd 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 bewail'd 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 scatter'd seed and laden wain,
 Of furrow'd glebe and rustling sheaves.

They speak of Nature fresh and free,
 Gladding the dullest eyes that look;
 Bards sing its glory,—but to me
 It is a seal'd and hidden book.

The radiant summer beams may fall,
 But fail to light 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, oppress'd 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 play'd, 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-cover'd 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 gay 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-cover'd 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-cover'd peaches are found on the board,
 There's no sparkling Bucellas to sip;
 But stain'd fingers proclaim that the walnuts are stored,
 And red wine is deep'ning the lip.

Winter is here—all the flowers are dead,
 No posy is gracing the room;
 But coral and pearls of rare lustre are spread
 In the holly and mistletoe bloom.

The herds are brought in from the verdureless hills
 To their coverts, for shelter and food ;
 The trout nestle deep in the rush-border'd 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 turn'd 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 play'd.

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,
 When 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-HAIR'D 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-cover'd hut,
 Storing the hedges with berry and nut :
 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-hair'd 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-hair'd December,
 With his, &c.

The moonlight of summer is fair on the flower,
 'n the leaf-shadow'd thicket—the blossom-wreathed bower ;
 'allow'd 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-feather'd branch and the crystal-lock'd fountain ;
 Oh ! the fairest of rays are the gleamings that fall
 On the frost-chequer'd panes of the log-lighted hall.
 Here's a health, then, a health to old grey-hair'd December, &c.

SONG OF THE SPIRIT OF POVERTY.

A SONG, a song, for the beldame Queen,
 A Queen that the world knows well ;
 Whose portal of state is the workhouse gate ;
 And throne, the prison cell.

I have been crown'd in every land
 With nightshade steep'd in tears ;
 I've a dog-gnawn bone for my sceptre wand ;
 Which the proudest mortal fears.

No gem I wear in my tangled hair,
 No golden vest I own ;
 No radiant glow, tints cheek or brow ;
 Yet say, who dares my frown ?

Oh ! I am Queen of a ghastly court,
 And tyrant sway I hold ;
 Baiting human hearts for my royal sport
 With the bloodhounds of Hunger and Cold.

My power can change the purest clay
 From its first and beautiful mould ;
 Till it hideth from the face of day,
 Too hideous to behold.

Mark ye the wretch who has cloven and cleft
 The skull of the lonely one ;
 And quail'd not at purpling his blade to the hilt
 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 seem'd fair to his view.

I shriek with delight to see him bedight
In fetters that chink and gleam ;
"He is mine !" I shout, as they lead him out
From the dungeon to the beam.

See the lean boy clutch his rough-hewn crutch,
With limbs all warp'd and worn ;
While he hurries along through a noisy throng,
The theme of their gibing scorn.

Wealth and Care would have rear'd him straight
As the towering mountain pine ;
But I nursed him into that halting gait,
And wither'd his marrowless spine.

Pain may be heard on the downy bed,
Heaving the groan of despair ;
For Suffering shuns not the diadem'd head,
And abideth everywhere.

But the shorten'd breath and parching lip
Are watch'd 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 blazon'd 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 soul-less beast would shrink,
 In the deep, damp caverns below.

Daughters of beauty, they, like ye,
 Are of gentle womankind,—
 And wonder not if little there be
 Of angel form and mind :

If I'd held your cheeks by as close a pinch,
 Would that flourishing rose be found ?
 If I'd doled you a crust out, inch by inch,
 Would your arms have been so round ?

Oh, I am Queen with a despot rule,
 That crushes to the dust ;
 The laws I deal bear no appeal,
 Though ruthless and unjust.

I deaden the bosom and darken the brain,
 With the might of the demon's skill;
 The heart may struggle, but struggle in vain,
 As I grapple it harder still.

Oh, come with me, and ye shall see
 How well I begin the day;
 For I'll hie to the hungriest slave I have,
 And snatch his loaf away.

Oh, come with me, and ye shall see
 How my skeleton victims fall;
 How I order the graves without a stone,
 And the coffins without a pall.

Then a song, a song for the beldame Queen—
 A Queen that ye fear right well;
 For my portal of state is the workhouse gate,
 And my throne, the prison cell.

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 hellow 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-lipp'd guile,
 Where the heart, though it bleed, must dissemble the wound
 With the fair-spoken word and the meaningless smile.
 Not with the million whose happier fate
 Is to 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,
 Blest 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-shadow'd 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 alter'd since some fifty years ago!
 When boots and shoes would really serve to keep out rain and
 snow;
 But double soles and broad cloth—oh, dear me, how very low,
 To talk of such old-fashion'd 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 chaunt 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.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

THERE'S a love that only lives
 While the cheek is fresh and red ;
There's a love that only thrives
 Where the pleasure-feast is spread.
It burneth sweet and strong,
 And it sings a merry theme,
But the incense and the song
 Pass like flies upon the stream.
It cometh with the ray,
 And it goeth with the cloud,
And quite forgets to-day
 What yesterday it vow'd.
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 gray ;
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 linger'd 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 chatter'd to me through the night.

The dreaming poet laid his soft harp in my shade,
 And sung my beauty, choruss'd 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 pour'd, as they trod the chequer'd
 sward ;
 Told the green tree was a worshipp'd 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 hail'd 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 gray cloud dimm'd
 the sky ;
 My latest leaf has left my inmost bough ;
 I creak in grating tones, like the skeleton's bleach'd 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 turn'd 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 throng'd 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-deck'd boots or perfum'd pumps,
 As mine did when I strutted out
 To show my fine red shoes about.
 Most truly then my tiny toes
 Walk'd in a path “ couleur de rose,”
 As, marching forth, I sought the street,
 My head fill'd, 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 zig-zag 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 join'd their strings to deck !
 Your dear old apoplectic neck.
 Sock and buskin—out upon them !
 Let the crook-back 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 dubb'd me "stupid child,
 Idle, careless, rude, and wild ;
 As they labour'd 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 pester'd,
 But nothing left the gall or bruise ;
 The thorn might wound, but never fester'd,
 When I wore red shoes.

The Roman in his sandall'd 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 thump'd " on head and leg,
 I fear'd no " Miss Amelia Skeggs ;"
 But scream'd and shouted, clutch'd and claw'd,
 Uncheck'd, 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 form'd a rainbow, after all,
 Dissolving round red shoes.

Red shoes, red shoes, ye bore me well
 Through ferny copse and greenwood dell ;
 When I career'd 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 scatter'd filberts out ;
 And now beneath broad boughs ye stopp'd,
 To see if plums or pears had dropp'd.
 Anon, ye scamper'd hard and fast
 After the blue moth flitting past ;
 Keeping the chase with restless might,
 Till quickset barrier check'd 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 turn'd 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 stretch'd 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.
 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, Mother, I will 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 chequer'd the air with the banners of strife ;
 Fresh are the tombstones I've scatter'd abroad,
 Bright are the young eyes I've open'd 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 crush'd in the sun.
 If I've added gray threads to the world'y-wise heads,
 I have deepen'd the chesnut of Infancy's curl ;
 If I've cherish'd the germ of the shipwrecking worm,
 I've quicken'd the growth of the crown-studding pearl ;
 If I've lengthen'd the yew till it brushes the pall,
 I have bid the sweet shoots of the orange-bloom swell ;
 If I've thicken'd the moss on the ruin's dank wall,
 I have strengthen'd 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-deck'd bier,
 And bury me under the Green Holly-tree.

Ye have murmur'd of late at my gloom-laden hours,
 And look on my pale wrinkled face with a frown ;
 But ye laugh'd 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 fann'd your warm cheek in the soft summer night,
 And just toy'd 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 LAUGH'D 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 demon form ;
 But fierce with delight, I laugh'd outright ;
 Ha ! ha ! how I laugh'd 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 upturn'd eye rejoiced that the sky
 Was lost in the dark eclipse.

The groaning blast that level'd 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 strove '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-hail'd birthday shall fall :
 But among the warm greetings there's one that we miss,
 And that one was the 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 an increase and might that we knew not the light
 Of our smouldering feeling possess'd ;
 And that flame will bē 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 waken'd 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-ring'd fingers unfold.
 None like thee can I meet, for all others will cheat
 With a portion of bitter disguised in the sweet.

The earth, the wide earth, will be beautiful soon,
 With the cherry-bloom wreath and the nightingale's tune ;
 And the dreams without sleep with strange magic will come,
 While the wood-pigeons coo, and the heavy bees hum.
 Oh ! Nature, kind Mother, 'tis only thy breast
 That can nurse my deep feeling and lull it to rest ;
 For my soul is too proud to be telling aloud,
 What to thee it can utter, all weeping and bow'd.

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.
 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 impear'd,
 There are all of your jewels in one ;
 You'll find every wealth-purchased gem in the world,
 In the dewdrop that's kiss'd by the sun.

Apollo's own circlet is matchless, they say ;
 Juno envies its sparkles and light ;
 For 'tis form'd of drops lit by its own burning ray ;
 And Olympus shows nothing so bright.

OLD SONGS.

OLD Songs, Old Songs,—how well I sung
 Your varied airs with lispings tongue ;
 When breath and spirit, free and light,
 Caroll'd away from morn till night !
 When this beginning and that end,
 Were mystically made to blend,
 And the sweet "Lass of Richmond Hill"
 Gave place to her of "Patie's Mill !"

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 Scot's 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 proudly toss'd 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 tax'd ye all—I stole from each ;
 I spurn'd 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 sweeping waters roll.
 'Twas done—the volume was unseal'd—
 The hallow'd mission was reveal'd.
 Old Songs call'd up a kindred tone ;
 An echo started—'twas my own.
 Joy, pride, and riches swell'd my breast,
 The "lyre" was mine, and I was blest.

Old Songs, Old Songs,—my brain hath lost
 Much that it gain'd 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 pass'd 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 humm'd the air and lisp'd the rhyme,
 Till, curl'd up 'neath its potent charms,
 The kitten slumber'd 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 warn'd 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 darken'd 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.”

CAMIBELL.

I AM glad thou art gone when the leaves are yellow,
And the hill-tops turning sere ;

I had miss'd the 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 beckon'd 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 fix'd many an eye
 That coldly pass'd my dull face by.
 Thou hast been a watcher beside my bed,
 When suffering bow'd my heavy head ;
 Thou hast often cheer'd the silent gloom
 Of a lonely hour and lonely room :
 Thou hast follow'd 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 watch'd 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 cherish'd 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 sling 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 look’d somewhat grave and grim,
 To hear his hoards call’d “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 resign’d;
 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 mutter'd 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 pencill'd on a banker's draft.

They did not heed his missing bow,
 They ask'd not for his absent birds ;
 He offer'd riches—whisper'd low,
 And they believed his cheating words.

Full soon they murmur'd, sigh'd, and sorrow'd ;
 The rogue had gone, and bliss had flown ;
 True, he had left them all he'd borrow'd,
 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 mourn'd 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 play'd 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 fill'd will 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
 Crooked-back'd 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 golden 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 pass'd 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 fix'd 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-hair'd veteran, young with wine,
 Would head the dance once more ;
 He looks for a hand, but passes mine,
 As all have pass'd before.
 The pale, scarr'd 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 whisper'd with laughing grin ;
 As though I had fashion'd my own dull orbs,
 And chosen my own sear'd 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 pass'd 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 ask'd 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,
 Gemm'd with the ruby grapes;
I dip my spear in the poison here,
 And he is strong that escapes.
Crowds dance round with Satyr bound,
 Till my dart is hurl'd 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 tendrill'd 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 shatter'd 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 gold may fill the miser's chest ;
I ask not these—but when I see
The sun shine out on bird and tree,
When summer light 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 deck'd 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 wild vine up,
And wreath it with the blue-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 labour'd breath
Have darken'd life and sweeten'd death ;
The quicken'd 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 light and bloom are pour'd.
 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-colour'd threads in Memory's warp, of which Death holds the ends.
 Who can forget ye ! who can spurn the ministers of joy
 That waited on the lisping girl and petticoated boy ?
 I know that ye could win *my* heart when every bribe or threat
 Fail'd to allay my stamping rage, or break my sullen pet.
 A "promised story" was enough—I turn'd, with eager smile,
 To learn about the naughty "pig that would not mount the stile."

There was 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 "stor; books," upon a string, appear'd in brilliant row.

What should I have? The peppermint was incense in my nose;
 But I had heard of "hero Jack," who slew his giant foes:
 My lonely coin was balanced long before the tempting stall,
 'Twixt book and bull's-eye—but, forsooth! "Jack" got it
 after all.

Talk of your "vellum, gold emboss'd," "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 perform'd 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 show'd
 his head;

I shudder'd when, in innocence, she meekly peep'd beneath,
 And made remarks about "great eyes," and wonder'd 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 crack'd and plaster'd 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 hug'd his brother in her arms with tenderness and care.
 I linger'd spell-bound o'er the page, though eventide wore late;
 And left my supper all untouch'd, 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-spurr'd
 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.

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 wildly snatching hold ;
 Who is he that dares to touch me,
 With a gripe 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-wrapp'd 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 gray 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 richer 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 pass'd away !

Now I have taken my course to the shore,
 Where yellow sand covers the crystal and amber ;
 Serenely I dwell with the rosy-mouth'd 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 roll'd 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 Seaweed.

Now I am met in my wide career
 By the ice-pile driving fast ;
 A broad and sail-less 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 writhing 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 the 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 roof'd with spar.

Gems of all hues for a king to choose,
With coins and coffers 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 its murmur a dreaded ban.

I revel and rove 'mid jewel'd 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 open'd 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 muscle.

The tide recedes—the wave comes not
 To bear me from this barren spot.
 Here I lie for many a day,
 Crisp'd and shrivell'd 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 ;
 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 scatter'd abroad ;
 And carefully strewn on the mountain glebe,
 To add to the harvest hoard.
 The land must be till'd, the tiller must feed ;
 And the corn must be help'd 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 till'd, 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, scorch'd 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,
 Thust 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.
 Toss'd 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 chesnut 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 jewell'd 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 roil;
 And be all silent, grave, and grim,
 Beneath the shelter of thy brim.
 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,
 And 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 pluck'd, 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 crown'd with the chaplet of glory ;
 The hand shall be honour'd that rests on the sword.
 But there's one whose good deeds are scarce noted by any ;
 The field of his valour, the ice-cover'd 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 " pluck'd '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 unmark'd 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 gain'd a good renown,
We all have lauded "gingerbread" and "parliament" done
brown;

But when did luscious "Banburies," or even "Sally Lunns,"
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 swarm'd to the chinking key,
 As the wee things did when they gather'd in glee
 To his eloquent cry—"Young lambs to sell!"

Ah, well-a-day! it hath pass'd away,
 With my holiday pence and my holiday play—
 I wonder if I could listen again,
 As I listen'd 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 yawn'd in the midst of a cradle hymn—
 When the watchman's echo lull'd 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 proclaim'd a "stormy night."

OLD CRIES.

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 pass'd away,
But I sadly miss the cry
That told in the night when the stars were bright,
Or the rain-cloud veil'd 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 play'd in a fountain—
Ah, would that it sparkled so still!

It conjures back shadowless hours,
When we threaded the wild forest ways;
When our own hand went seeking the flowers,
And our own lips were shouting their praise.

The perfume and tint of the blossom
 Are as fresh in vale, dingle, and glen ;
 But say, is the pulse of our bosom
 As warm and as bounding as then ?

“ Three bunches a penny, primroses ! ”
 “ Three bunches a penny,—com^e, 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 crush'd and scatter'd;
 And when this heart's wild tone is o'er,
 'Twill be all cold and shatter'd.

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 cherish'd 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 link'd 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 unforgot.

They are remember'd 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 scatter'd and o'ercast—
 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 yearn'd as warmly nigh
 As nestling to a parent dove.

Pale Thought will sit upon our brow,
 In busy fancy deeply wrapp'd ;
 We start, and ask, " Where are they now ?"
 And then the fairy chain is snapp'd.

Perchance we nurse some hapless deed
 Of Folly's wild 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 quicken'd 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-vanish'd 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 climbs, 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 moor'd, but his young hands cope
 Right well with the twisted cable rope ;
 He frees the craft, she kisses the tide ;
 The boy has climb'd her beaten side :
 She drifts—she floats—he shouts with glee ;
 His soul hath claim'd 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-lash'd 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 freshen'd 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 shock'd" 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 screen'd the moss;
 And the willow's thick tresses fell sweeping across.

The cottagers' homes, on the sunniest side,
 Had hedges of woodbine that trail'd in the tide;
 And the deep-bosom'd river roll'd merrily by,
 While its banks with their green beauty gladden'd the eye.

But Time took his way on those green banks at last,
 And pull'd up the flowers and trees as he pass'd;
 He stretch'd his cold hand—the white cottage was down,
 And the springy moss wither'd beneath his stern frown.

He trampled the woodbine, and blotted all trace
 Of the willow so loved for its wave-kissing grace;
 But he touch'd not the River—that still might be found
 Just the same as when beautiful green banks were round.

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 shadow 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 lessen'd its ripple or darken'd its source.

And the Heart that is beating with Nature and Truth
 May outlive some dear images mirror'd 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 gray
 But the Stream and the Spirit shall gleam on their way ·
 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 pass'd 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 geen 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 ruin spot, but beautiful to see,
 It yearneth still the closer to the old gray 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 gray 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 an' shrill,
 Is matchless to his ear;
 What joy for him like bounding free
 To hunt the fleet dun deer?
 Nae wonder he sae proudly scorns
 A safer, kinder lot;
 He kens his earth gave Wallace birth;
 That brave and bonnie Scot.

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.
 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 tatter'd 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,¹
 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 crush'd 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 wither'd 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, snatch'd 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 wild 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-panc,
 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-fashion'd feelings may be wrong,
 But prejudice is very strong,
 And dear old Christmas, woo'd 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 grand-dame 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 seem'd 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-jewell'd 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 gray lacing bedight;
 How I linger'd 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
 Stirr'd 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 liveth,
 May yield a store of measured tone ;
 Full many a burning lay it giveth,
 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 worm 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 yell'd 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-skinn'd 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 s'leep;
 Scarce knowing Winter's cold from Summer's heat:
 Strange contrast with the lank, pinch'd forms that creep,
 With roofless heads, and bleeding, hearthless feet.
 While sated Wealth reclines to cull and sip
 Where the full feast is deck'd 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:
 Proud, 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 kil 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 is 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 gush out in merry tune,
 A flag is o'er the turret gray,
 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 hallow'd 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 !



THE VILLAGE CHURCH.



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 ;
Then a health to the Cedar—the Evergreen King,
Like that Evergreen so shall our Friendship be.

The perfume it carries is deeply conceal'd,
Not a breath of rich scent will its branches impart ;
But how lasting and pure is the odour reveal'd
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 shall our Friendship be !

It remaineth unsear'd 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 crown'd.
And so shall all changes that Fortune can bring,
Find our spirits unalter'd and stanch as the tree :
Then a health to the Cedar—the Evergreen King—
Like that Evergreen so shall 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 remember'd, many a human lot
 Would find more blessings in our home below ;
 The chequer'd 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 tarnish'd dross and parchment fold ;
 Chain'd 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 gather'd 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 snatch'd away?

Who has not stood beneath Life's tree,
 Rapt by some song-bird, perching nigh;
 And when the music seem'd to be
 The sweetest, seen the warbler fly?

Who has not planted 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 deem'd 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 heart 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 coffin'd 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 unfurl'd
 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 famish'd wild dove, fluttering far to seek
 For water, falls with stiff, unmoisten'd beak;
 And vernal bloom that fain would deck the bank,
 Crush'd 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 blacken'd 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.

The bird, whose soft notes hail Affection's nest,
 Comes nigh to drink and lave its downy breast ;
 The flowers 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 unchain'd 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, warm 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 do we list the teachings that impart
 Strength to the brain, and Beauty 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-tipp'd 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 mourn'd, 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 open'd the well-spring that cannot dry up;
He pour'd 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."

Who shall discover thy snow-curtain'd 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 fail'd—
 'Tis the Dog that has come where the man would have quail'd.

The lisping child snatches the blossom and brake
 That spring by the side of the blue-bosom'd 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 soul-less, the mute
 And GOD's beautiful image is saved by the brute.

There's one that is keeping the wide-scatter'd flock;
 Now pacing the moorland, now perch'd on the rock;
 Now quietly watching the lambs at their play;
 Now arresting the steps that would wander away.

He rules, as all shou'd 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-blazon'd cup.

His master may conjure some love-whisper'd dream;
 He may rove in the shade—he may rest by the stream—
 He may pillow his head on the heath-cover'd 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, wood, and glen,
 “Hard forward!”—on, on, with a cheer, and a bound;
 But man, mighty creature, must trust to the *hound*.

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?

Weary and lonely the beggar goes by,
 No warm heart 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 miss'd in his place,
 May return with strange shadows of time on his face;
 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 troll'd
 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 charm'd circle about us again.
 We return to the spot where our infancy gamboll'd;
 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-worshipp'd 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 power—
 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 warmth 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 gather'd 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 yearn'd, like other hearts,
 With all the fervour Youth imparts ;
 And all the warmth that Feeling lends
 Has freely cherish'd "troops of friends."
 A change has pass'd 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 follow'd where mine led,
 Now on the far-off desert tread ;
 The world has warp'd some souls away,
 That once were honest as the day ;
 Some dead—some wandering—some untrue—
 Oh ! old companions are but few.

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 clasp'd with dotting hand
 The balmy wild flowers of the land;
 For still ye live in friendship sure,
 My old companions, bright and pure.

Though strong may be the ties we make,
 The strongest mortal tie may break;
 Though warm the lips that love 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 gray;
 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 has 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,
 Bitter lines upon thy brow.
 Death and want, with goading might,
 Have bow'd 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 pass'd away

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 wild rose blow,
 Than be counting the colours of autumn leaves!

Look high, look high, there's the lace-wing'd fly,
 Thinking he's king of a fairy realm;
 As he swings with delight on the gossamer tie,
 That is link'd 'mid the boughs of the sun-tipp'd elm!
 Alas! poor thing, the first rustle will bring
 The pillars to dust, wher your pleasure-clue weaver;
 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 memory 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 loosen'd 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 the human heart, 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 bright and beaming on our way;
 But clouds that gather, dark and thunder-riven,
 Bid us regret that e'er we ask'd 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 gather'd 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 flavour'd 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 wild light
 Marks not Truth's sure beacon-height,
 Pride may vow and offer up
 The soul-pledge in a poison'd 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,
 Cushion'd 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 chequer'd 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 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 prowl!

Many a heart we may have seen
 Prove bitter, faithless, cold, and mean ;
 But earth yields 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, hallow'd "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 sever'd 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 wither'd flower.
The sailor's lay, in peaceful bay,
 With gladsome mirth rings out ;
But when the heavy anchor's weigh'd,
 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 bright head where it beameth
 Rolls o'er the daisied earth,
 With a heart-fill'd 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 dimm'd 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,
 Lener-bearded.

'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-soak'd 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 fork'd 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 bright scrolls,
 As the artist will of a GOD controls ;
 It beateth and bindeth the lighthouse-top ;
 It formeth a perch where the loud gulls drop.
 Over the coral leaf, leaping and light,
 It dances in robes of bridal white ;
 As fair teeth show in a red-lipp'd 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, unshadow'd 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 gray paling.
 Low it dangles, high it soars,
 Where all can pluck and none can snatch ;
 Hanging round white cottage doors,
 And trellissing 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 houseleek, 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 gray and hoary;
 And walls that stood the siege and sacking,
 Stand like flitting ghosts of Glory.
 The port-mouth'd parapet is shatter'd;
 The giant column fallen low;
 The buttress—firm when cannon-batter'd—
 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 arm'd with icy spear,
 Green when deck'd 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 blazon'd 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 ?
 Who would be panting in the race,
 That endeth in such lowly place ?
 The Past, the Past—we blend the name
 With fever'd 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,
 Wimplin as ye glide ;
But sweetest where the willow fling
 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,
 Play'd 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 wilds 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 learn'd, say would the martyr bleed,
 Or such dense shadows fall on “ hallow'd 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 uncloak'

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 polish'd blades ye fling,
 As though ye held diploma for the probes :
 But if the charlatan and knave were dropp'd,
 Some spreading trees would be most closely lopp'd.

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 worms could ye well 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 whisper'd speech ;
 Methinks I've seen the poison-fang within,
 Betray the viper rather than the leech.
 I've mark'd the frailties of some gifted one,
 Blazon'd 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 heap'd no coals upon the erring head ;

Fix'd no despair upon the sinner's way ;
 And dropp'd no gall upon the sinner's bread :
 He heard Man's cry for Vengeance, but he flung
 Man's Conscience at the yell ; and hush'd the tongue.

Great teaching from a greater teacher—fit
 To breathe alike to Infancy and Age :
 No garbled mystery o'ershadows 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 cherish'd 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.

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 gray 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 warmly 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 pass'd 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 hearts 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 portray'd
 The youth Verona brag'd 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 rapt Boy's devotion and despair ;
 I knew thou wert a pilgrim at the shrine
 Where GOD's high ministers alone repair

No rote-learn'd sighing fill'd thy doting moans;
 Thy grief was heavy as thy joy was light;
 Passion and Poesy were in thy tones,
 And MIND flash'd 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 own'd 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-wing'd 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 cluster'd 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.

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 piping and now drumming—
 Now howling and now humming,
As it roves.

Oh! are not human bosoms
 Like these things of leaves and blossoms,
Where hallow'd whispers come to cheer and rouse?
 Is there no mystic stirring
 In our hearts, 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 blazon'd work on Freedom's battle-field ;
 And show how men can step and crush a Crown,
 When puppet Kings ask more than men should yield.

Her almost bloodless victory shall 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 poison'd arrow from the bended bow.

GOD keep the form of Liberty array'd
 In her bright 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, tecming 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 fairy 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 ever makes me fonder
 Of grassy bank and azure tide—
 Of all Earth's beauties, far and wide;
 And cheers 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 rainbow 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.

LOVE.

LOVE, beautiful and boundless Love—oh! who shall hymn thy
 praise?

Who shall exalt thy hallow'd name with fitting anthem-lays?
 When shall thy workings all be seen—thy power all reveal'd?
 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 quicken'd many a gentle pulse that heard its measures play ;
The stagnant pool that taints and kills the mallow and the rush,
Has filter'd through the silver clouds and cool'd the rainbow's
flush.

There's not a dark, dull coffin-board but what has 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 gray
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 elfe 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 heart of Man;
 And there it broadly rolleth on in deep unfathom'd 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 watch'd the Spring light as it came
 With wider ray on his window frame.
 He look'd right on to the eastern sky,
 But his breath grew long in a trembling sigh;
 And those who heard it wonder'd 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 fann'd by the honey-bee's wings:
 It bore no film of delicate pride,
 No dew of Emotion gather'd 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 work'd and wedded, and murmur'd and blamed,
 And paid to the fraction what Honesty claim'd;
 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 sigh'd 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 spot where my path has laid;
 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 coo'd and smiled,
 And your bosom cradled its own sweet 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 dispell'd ?
 Or was it when you still had more,
 And found you could boast a goodly store ;
 With Labour finish'd and Plenty spread ? "
 —The Old Man quietly shook his head.

" Ah, no ! ah, no ! it was longer ago,"
 The Old Man mutter'd—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 toss'd 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 joy was about ;
 And something seem'd to warm 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 cover'd the upland knoll ;
 And I never could tell why the thought should be,
 But I fancied the flowers talk'd to me.

" Well I remember climbing to reach
 A squirrel brood rock'd on the top of a beech ;
 Well I remember the blue-bells so sweet
 That I toil'd 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 deem'd 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 heart, 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 fades 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
 gray.
 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 S O N G

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
 Fain would waken Tumult's din;
 Let a nobler voice be swelling
 In the battle ye must 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 gather'd wealth to count :
 Little had the Christian Master
 For his "Sermon on the Mount !"

Say the Prelates—cramm'd 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 nourish'd 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 pull'd 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,
 Brush'd by a hasty Zephyr's wing,
 Fell, in its joyless garb of black,
 Beside my one dear jewell'd ring.

I snatch'd 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.

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 heart 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 design'd
 To warrant Man's first Eden birth?

Oh! many a fair and priceless gem
 Is fashion'd 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 where'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 link'd divinely with "all time,"
 The other stamp'd 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 glory lights this eye ;
 A demon's poison fills that breath ;
 Yet undistinguish'd they shall lie,
 Pass'd through the crucible of Death.

What is the inspiration held ?
 Where is the essence that refines ?
 How is the carbon gloom dispell'd ?
 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 snapp'd 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 laugh'd 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 "'twas n'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 joyous folly,
And prick'd 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 begg'd 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 gray ;
 '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.

(For Music.)

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, fill'd 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 turn'd 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 shelter'd 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 pinch'd 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 troll'd;
 And when Yule feasts are smoking, and Yule logs are stirr'd,
 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 sharp as a poniard-thrust.

Thicker and wider the gloom stretch'd out,
 With a flush of angry red ;
 Till the hissing lightning blazed about,
 And the forest bent its head.

A maiden look'd from a lattice-pane
 Toward where the ocean lay ;
 And her gaze was fix'd with earnest strain
 On the beacon, leagues away.

She knew that he who had won her soul
 Was getting close to land ;
 And she clutch'd at every thunder roll
 With a hard convulsive hand.

He had promised he would sail no more
 To far and fearful climes ;
 He had talk'd 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 reckon'd the days—his ship must be near—
 He was coming to claim his bride.

An old crone pass'd 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 stirr'd
 Her gaze from the beacon lamp ;
 Her heart alone felt a sepulchre-stone
 Roll up to it, heavy and damp.

A gray-hair'd mariner look'd around,—
 "Here's a wind," cried he:
 "May GOD preserve the homeward bound;
 'Tis a wild night at sea!"

The maiden heard, yet never stirr'd
 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 stirr'd,
 Nor eye, nor lip, nor brow;
 But moss had grown on the sepulchre-stone,
 And it cover'd 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 seal'd 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 wither'd 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 bless'd 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.

For a moment his tiny hand was lost
 'Mid rushes that fringed the stream ;
 Then it came forth, and white lilies were toss'd
 After the golden perch, that cross'd
 In the flash of the noontide beam.

He loiter'd along in the dusky shade,
 Where spicy cones were spread !
 He gather'd 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 sight
 When he saw he had lost them both.

He found himself in a dazzling place,
 Where Flora had been crown'd ;
 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,
 Mid heaps of jewels beneath her hands,
 Uncertain which to wear,

He went through the burnish'd rainbow maze,
 For some trophy to carry away ;
 To the tulip-bed, and acacia-sprays,
 To the luscious breath and the scarlet 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-streak'd 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 form'd the richest dower
 That he could inherit from Earth.

Over the green hill he slowly crept,
 Guarding the rose from ill ;
 He loll'd on the bank of a meadow and slept,
 Then he hunted a squirrel, but jealously kept
 The rose and the ribbon-leaf still.

He stroll'd to the sea-beach, bleak and bare ;
 And climb'd 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 roll'd over the sky,
 Like a vast triumphal car !
 The Child look'd up as it thicken'd on high,
 And watch'd 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 bow'd ;
 As he murmur'd, 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 bow'd!
 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?

(For Music.)

- * 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 loath 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 crush'd 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 gray;
 And yet can feel that heart on heart is leaning
 As fondly as when first they yearn'd 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 with Plenty vied ;
I have seen all Fortune brings,
That men so fondly hold ;
Yet never sigh'd 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 had 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 form'd 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.
 I like the wind and its noisy mirth
 In the dark woods, far on the shore;
 But 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 long'd to dance where the moonbeams glance,
 With the sprites in a fairy ring ;
 But with wilder glow I have panted to know
 The secrets the mermaids sing.
 I have heard that I turn'd in my lisp'ing time
 From the harp and the lily's white bell ;
 To the black, salt weed, and the murmuring chime
 That dwelt in the red-lipp'd 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 cheer'd and bless'd,
 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 crown'd 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 bright and best.

But well thou knowest 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 tinge
 Harsh music to my penny wainstie.

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," aye ! 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 lets 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 fount 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
 pour'd.
 But there must be some hallow'd 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;
 Warm 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 wild 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 murmur'd 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 temper'd 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 worshipp'd thee,
 Ere my young breath knew what it was to sigh;
 Ere I had proved one cherish'd 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.



STANZAS BY THE SEA-SIDE.

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 trail'd upon my way,
 Leaving the darkest shadow Death can fling ;
 My lips have quiver'd while they strove to pray ;
 Draining the deepest cup that Grief can bring.

I have conn'd o'er the lessons hard to learn—
 I have pluck'd Autumn leaves in fair Spring-time :
 I have seen loved ones go and ne'er return ;
 And rear'd 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 warm glory lights my breast and brow,
 Spreading unbidden—gleaming uncontroll'd.

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 ;
 Fix'd 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 scatter'd in thy mirth.

Creation's first and greatest—though we part—
 Though with thy worshipp'd 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 snow-drops 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 undimm'd, 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.
 The ray of promise shineth there,
 To tell of better lands afar ;
 GOD sends his image, pure and fair,
 To keep undimm'd, Faith's guiding star.

We find a glory in the zeal
 Of dotting breast and toiling brain ;
 Affection's martyrs still will kneel,
 And Song, though famish'd, pour its strain.
 They lure us by a quenchless light,
 And point where joy is holier far
 They shed GOD's spirit, warm and bright,
 And keep undimm'd, 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
 Unnumber'd rays to lead afar ;
 They beam the brightest o'er the dead ;
 And keep undimm'd, 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 bestow'd 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 turn'd 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 stretch'd for heaven :
 Onward he soar'd, and well nigh reach'd the gate
 Where Angel-sentries ever watch and wait :
 But there he flutter'd ; 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 stemm'd Life's tide ;
 And breathed and thought—the trying and the tried—
 Still was he honest—still he loved the best
 The ones who claim'd 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 turn'd to heed
 'The stranger's sorrow and the stranger's need.
 With right good-will he ever sought to dry
 The tear that dimm'd the lonely orphan's eye ;
 He gave his Pity and bestow'd 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 fail'd to reach before ;
 And, trembling there, he fear'd 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 obey'd
 The Angel's words. A tone of music play'd
 In melting murmurs round the fields of blue,
 And Cherubs came to lead the Spirit through.
 The crystal portal open'd at the strain—
 The Spirit pass'd—the Angel watch'd again—
 Still crying to the short-wing'd 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 loop-hole 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-darken'd 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 smiles 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 sigh'd not;
A red brow was all that betoken'd 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 form'd by the Maker,
 A favour'd 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 gather'd rust ;
 If they met with no finger,
 A'bout them to linger ;
 To tune the rich soul-chords, and sweep off the dust.

" The loud chafing action
 Of Gold, Toil, and Faction,
Had drown'd 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-gather'd 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 intrusted
 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 look'd 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 banner'd 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,
 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 curtain'd 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 stall'd 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, ungarnish'd, 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.

TEN YEARS AGO.

The poor man's girl shall only care
To hug her tatter'd 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 wither'd 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 chequer'd, 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 miss'd some two or three, that ne'er could come again,
 No wonder that my bosom felt a gentle throb of pain.
 The twilight deepen'd murkily ;—I wept, but lo ! there came
 A branch of holly falling from an ancient picture-frame.
 And as it shimmer'd at my feet, all fresh, and green, and bright,
 It seem'd 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 pour'd out ballad lines of joy above the shining bough,
 While pleasure quicken'd every pulse, and danced upon my
 brow.

I gave that song unto the world, with secret hope and fear,—
 I long'd 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 hail'd me in my "Murray Plaid," and listen'd 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 chorus'd 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" flourish'd, 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 help'd 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 tatter'd 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 rear'd my "Christmas Holly," ten years ago.

STANZAS.

No, not for worlds would I resign
 This full and fever'd 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 flitting by,
 And lets me look upon the book
 Of Life's strange fairy tale, unseal'd.

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 worshipp'd 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,
 And that I'm 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 strengthen'd in your sight, and shall it be con-
 fess'd,
 'That he who clasp'd with Childhood's hand betray'd with Man-
 hood's breast ?

I kept my good old mother till she gently droop'd 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 open'd wide for all the world to see!

But ah! perhaps some other one has gain'd your woman's love,—
 You've changed your roving sea-gull for a quiet cottage-dove:
 You think a fair-cheek'd 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 watch'd you from the door and join'd you on the
 hill;

And twice before I've seen him lurk beside you on the road,
 And when you fetch'd 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 conduct 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 ordain'd 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 spurn'd 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 gray 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 bright 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 pass'd;
 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.

FOR MUSIC.

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 murmur'd, 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.

 STANZAS.

WE are apt to grow a-weary 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 wipe 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 soul,
 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 climb'd 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 unkiss'd, 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.

FRUITS.

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-trellis'd 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 surroundir.g,
 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-colour'd 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 honour'd as well.

BESSIE GRAY.

ANOTHER of my childhood's friends has pass'd 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 vanish'd 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 seem'd 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 deem'd 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 clubb'd 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 seem'd
 to tire;
 How we stirr'd up the blaze to see where Jacob's ladder stood,
 Where Abraham offer'd up his son, and Noah stemm'd 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-thumb'd pages, and its title, "Shakspeare's Plays;"
 And how we talk'd 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 essay'd 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 leap'd the dyke of weeds and
 water?

Oh, Bessie Gray ! we used to play, like two unbroken hounds,
 Strong health was thine, warm thoughts were mine, life had no
 thorny bounds ;
 And somehow as I've travell'd since, no young face seem'd 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 turn'd 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 fairy spot ;
 But favour'd 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 pass'd away,

Will think of me, as I do now of thee, poor 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 bless'd;
 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.

We till the Earth in Labour's health,
 We plant the acorn cup;
 The fields are crown'd 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 cooes upon the spray,
 The larks full anthems pour;
 The bees start with a jocund lay,
 The waves sing on the shore;
 Hosannahs fill the wood and wild,
 Where human step ne'er trod;
 And Nature, like an unwean'd 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 conquer'd 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 furrow'd fields;
 It stamps a crest upon the heart
 Worth more than all your quarter'd 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 gain'd 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.

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
 Scatter'd 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 crown'd 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!

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 without 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 beldame Queen of Want comes in,
 And Hope and Honesty quickly flee,
 While the lone heart groans in i's 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 burricane 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-reef'd 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."

There is one that I cherish'd 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 watch'd the wind, I have watch'd the stars,
 And shrunk from the tempest sound;
 For my heart-strings are wreath'd 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."

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 splash'd 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 cheer'd 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 jewell'd 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!"

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 shelter'd 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 touch'd 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 banner'd 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 whisper'd 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 woo'd 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
 Pour'd 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 worshipp'd altar-place;
 The pearls upon thy brow are as thick and gleaming now,
 As when they dash'd 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-cover'd 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 proud 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, pass'd 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 beauty, great and grand,
That riches could bestow ;
And people came from every land
To see the raree show.

The golden 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 skipp'd in listless sport,
And the old man, bald and bow'd.

The player, the poet, the layman and priest,
Were among the motley band ;
And fair young girls, with glossy curls,
And the toiler with work-stain'd 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 follow'd the child
To the oriel window pane ;
And they spake with joy, like the noisy boy,
Of the sight on the grassy plain.

The batter'd rim of regal pride
Was left by every one,
For the sake of the hill-turf, free and wide,
And the wild deer, fleet and dun.

They were usher'd to gaze on a hero's sword,
 That was great in soldier story ;
 But the old man smiled, and the restless child
 Proclaim'd a fresher glory.

"Look, look !" cried he, "come here and see
 How the boughs are waving about !"
 And they turn'd from the rusted blood within,
 To the dancing leaves without.

The layman, the priest, and all in the throng,
 Turn'd off from the warrior's blade,
 And stood at the window, wistful and long,
 To watch how the oak-tree sway'd.

They stood again in the banqueting-hall,
 Where pictures, coldly dim,
 Of dukes and princes, hung on the wall,
 Like goblins, dark and grim.

They gazed for a time on faces so dread,
 That the living began to shiver ;
 When the poet cried, as he turn'd his head,
 "Oh, look on the beautiful river !"

And they stood again at an open pane,
 And every form kept there,
 To look at 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 own'd, in a little while,
 He was growing rather weary.

And down the marble steps they pass'd,
 And through the portal span,
 To where the river, bright and fast,
 Like molten diamonds ran.

And there the child, with mirth half wild,
Hugg'd lilies to his breast;
And shouted out with dancing glee,
"I like this place the best!"

The player and the poet laid
Upon the bank for hours;
And laugh'd like babies, while they made
A wreath of forest flowers.

The old man and the maiden roved,
And woo'd and vow'd sincerely;
For Youth and Age declared they loved
The Summer sunshine dearly.

The toiler wander'd for a while,
Then, leaning on the sward,
Thought the green blade of the peaceful shade
More blest than the blood-dyed sword.

All linger'd there till the sun was lost,
Then took their homeward way;
Talking of all that had charm'd them most
On that bright holiday.

And the regal crown with its batter'd rim,
The tatter'd 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 gain'd 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 ;
 Keep a heart, 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
 Our fairy 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 heart, while possessing its coveted blessing,
 Would bitterly bleed, if Affection could see
 That thy young love had vanish'd, and feelings were banish'd,
 That gladden'd 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-cherish'd 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 curtain'd out the
 sky ;
 The lady-birch might lose her charms, so woo'd in summer's
 prime,
 And every giant arm be stripp'd 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 preach'd 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 unforget;
 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 trail'd and the moss had grown,
 And he conn'd 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 stoop'd 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 stopp'd 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."

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 famish'd pilgrim linger'd 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 honour'd 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 fill'd 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.

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 golden 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 lives of money,
 Own'd by Luxury and Ease,
 Is it just to grasp the honey
 While Oppression chokes the bees ?

POEMS BY ELIZA COOK.

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 parch'd lips from drinking
Where refreshing waters flow?

Shall we strive to shut out Reason,
Knowledge, Liberty, and Health?
Shall all Spirit-light be treason
To the despot 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 bow'd?
Shall our Maidens sew fine clothing,
Dreaming of their own white shroud?

No! for Right is up and asking
Loudly for a fairer 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.

THE OLD GREEN LANE.

'Twas the very merry summer time
 That garlands hills and dells,
 And the south wind rang a fairy 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 track'd 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 swining through,
 With the broad trees meeting everywhere,
 And the grass 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 seem'd to be
 Another wood-side flower;
 For though the trees be still as fair,
 And the wild 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 fill'd by Wisdom's Christian band.

No blood-stain'd spear—no orphan's tear
Is blending with our simple glory ;
If laurels grace this favour'd 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 fill'd by Wisdom's Christian band.

 ELECCAMPANE.

SONNETS and Odes have been echo'd in praise
Of many grand doings on many grand days ;
Days when a victory-scroll was unfurl'd—
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 " eleccampane."

Famed honey of Hybla, oh ! what's thy renown
 To the almond-stuff'd 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 awaken'd 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 extinguish'd the halo of "elecampane ?"

How we cramm'd and devour'd 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 turn'd nervously faint
 O'er the dregs of molasses and streaks of red paint ?
 Whoever discover'd 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 averr'd,
 That the man whom the breath of soft music ne'er stirr'd,
 Who hears nothing divine in Æolian reeds,
 Is fit for naught 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 untouch'd by sweet "elecampane."

THE WORLD IS A FAIRY RING.

OH! say not the world is lonely,
 Sigh not to pass above,
 The Earth is a desert only
 To hearts unfill'd 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?
 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 a 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 fear'd 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 cool 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 bread 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 most fearful 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, brimfull of glee,
Seemed running o'er with joy, to be
In a spot without a cloud.

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-sowl was round ;
The chilling rain poured cold and fast,
And the old tree bent in the sudden blast,
With a dull and moaning sound.

The flowers fell in their deluged bed,
Their glory stained with clay ;
The corn laid 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 lour;
 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.

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 ulcer'd hearts,
 If hands but keep their health ;
 Ye, whose young eyes have never watch'd
 June's roses come and go,
 Whose hard-worn fingers ne'er have snatch'd
 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 fetter'd 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
 O'er Poverty's cold tomb ;
 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 broider'd kirtle; here she is—the Lady
June,

Singing, like a ballad minstrel, many a gay and laughing tune.
Let us see what she is dress'd in—let us learn the “mode” she
brings—

For maiden never look'd so lovely, though she wear but simple
things.

See, her robe is richly woven of the greenest forest leaves,
With full bows of honeysuckle looping up the flowing sleeves.
See, the fragrant marsh-flag plaited forms her yellow tassell'd
sash,

With the diamond studs upon it, flung there by the river-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 snatch'd of new-mown hay.
See, her garments have been fashion'd by a free and simple hand,
But tell me, have you seen a lady look more beautiful and grand?

You 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 broider'd 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 beckon'd ye in to the altar blaze;
 He hung up his mistletoe over the fire,
 And press'd 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 osier'd 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;
 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 mércy 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 soft hour of twilight shade,
 And I ask thee, in thy might,
 To be "watchman of my night."

Let me thank me, 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 heart before thee,
 And with holy trust implore thee
 To forgive its human blot,
 Gather'd 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 wild sorrow,
 That shall dread to meet the morrow;
 Let me ask thee to abide
 At the fainting sick one's side,
 Where the plaints of anguish rise
 In smother'd groans 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 fever’d 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.

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,
 Pour'd 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,
 “Lessen'd drink brings doubled 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 fever'd 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 long'd for snow-storms, hail, and mantled skies,
 And sang their praises in as gay a troll
 As Troubadours have pour'd to Beauty's eyes.

I deem'd the hard black frost a pleasant thing,
 For logs blazed high, and horses' hoofs rung out :
 And wild birds came with tame and gentle wing,
 To eat the bread my young hand flung about.

But I have walk'd 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 cumber 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 pinch'd Childhood—half forgets
The starving 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 lull'd 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 fair 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 pass'd the whole day long in dancing to the song,
 Which gurgling ripples murmur'd as they went.
 Though rush and weed were there, the place was fresh and fair,
 And wavelets kiss'd the Lily's tender leaf ;
 The Lily woo'd 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 sigh'd for the streamlet's gushing tide,
 And droop'd 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 train'd 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 fruits
 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 learn'd 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-seal'd,
 The volume ever unreveal'd ;
 And see if we have said or thought
 No evil thing that shall have brought
 Blots on our crest.

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 golden 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 help'd my spirit's
 birth ;
 For how my busy brain would dream, and how my heart 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 tower'd above myself,
 And many a fragrant brake I pull'd 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 burrow'd sand with root-bound arch form'd 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 kiss'd my cheek so hard as when it own'd 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 unquestion'd at my will ;
Oh, wretched 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 turn'd life's waters into wine ;
But nearly all who shared those days have pass'd away from earth,
Pass'd 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, fill'd with gems, is open'd 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 open'd, 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 canker'd 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 sorrows 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 bow'd ;
 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 snatch'd 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 I am to hear thee 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 panthers 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 watch'd the alders bend, as peacefully and light
As though an angel's wing had pass'd and touch'd 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 rove there before;
But somehow on this August day we worshipp'd it the more;
And every crag of old grey rock, and every wave-wash'd stone,
Seem'd touch'd 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 play'd;
And how it dash'd 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 brimfull of love,
And saw the great Creator gliding onward with the "Dove."

Oh, do not let the mighty 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 hugg'd 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 straying there, GOD grant 'twas not in
vain,

It ask'd the boons of Life and Health to seek that place again,
It ask'd that those around me then might share the future joy,—
The hope was earnest, strong, and pure; 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 confess'd
Affection for our daisied fields, green lanes, and babbling 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 answer'd 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 pour'd 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 hush'd 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 thee;
 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 pass'd 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 seem'd 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 lengthen'd 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 fill'd a cup—I drank it up,
Though Torture mix'd the potion;
The storm is past, and now at last
I see a sun-bright ocean.

So up, my heart, thy minstrel part
Greets 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 weigh'd 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 dress'd him all in black, and stuff'd 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 bless'd 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 wish'd him to relate,
 That she scarcely knew her own unvarnish'd 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 might and a meaning for many sad hearts.
 That boy sat him down, and look'd 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 turn'd 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 linger'd there ; and coveted the Beauty that I scann'd :
 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 fix'd 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 coax'd my guide to take me to the spot
 Where old Blind Arthur's fiddle pour'd the tunes yet unforget ;
 The "College Hornpipe" stirred my feet, "Auld Robin Gray"
 n. j 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 heart 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 watch'd no rose's birth ;
 But I could walk abroad and see the daffodils so gay,
 With violets mix'd, 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-furrow'd 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 stirr'd 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.
 Betrapp'd and bedeck'd 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 slipp'd;
 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 g'orious need
 For the riders of Time—that old Galloping Steed.

THE HEART'S CHARITY.

A RICH man walk 'd abroad one day,
 And a Poor man walk 'd 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 look'd 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.
 Get work, get work ! I know full well
 The whining lies that beggars can tell."
 And he fasten'd his pocket, and on he went,
 With his soul untouch'd, 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, lavish'd fame
 On his Christian gift and godly name.

The Poor man pass'd,—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 stirr'd.
 'Twas a tiny seed his Charity shed,
 But the white lips got a taste of bread ;
 And the beggar's blessing hallow'd 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 weigh'd 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 dropp'd 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 beckon'd 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.

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 reck'd not then what Fame or Gold
 The world might have to give ;
 While balls were flung, and hoops were troll'd,
 '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 to soon.

MY NAME.

THERE was a tree—a flourishing tree—
 Stood by a gentle 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 talk'd to it many a time ;
 And wish'd 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 fair tree,
 With deep and earnest mark :
 And something of a triumph-glee
 Came over my youthful heart 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.

MY NAME.

Fond child of Hope ! I went again
When a lengthen'd span had pass'd ;
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 cherish'd 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 blurr'd 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 array'd
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 cherish'd 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 bean, 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 crush'd, 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 form'd 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 growl,
 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, fever'd 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 ask'd for " something more," with deep and earnest
 sighs ;
 How well I know that Childhood's glow flush'd 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 fairy land !
 I long'd to grasp the wild flowers, that I read of, in my hand ;
 I long'd 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 stirr'd my tiny feet ;
 But I wish'd 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 king's 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 pull'd, and bright fields 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 passion 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 festoon'd 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 turn'd 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 climb'd the open slope, and still I watch'd 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 worshipp'd 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, emblazon'd gifts of place, let those who will divide;
 I long for some white cottage by a Green Hill-side.

It is no fever'd 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 gold 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 dotting 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 broad geranium, in its pride,
 Looks out to kiss the scanty gleam;
 And rosebud nurslings, by its side,
 Are gently brought to share the beam

Hauds, with their daily bread to gain,
 May oft be seen, at twilight hour,
 Decking their dingy garret pane
 With wreathing leaf or sickly flower.

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,
 Rear'd 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 trol 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 toil'd,
 But blackest bread may hold some leaven ;
 And all earth's trials never spoil'd
 A spirit that had faith in Heaven.
 Crush'd 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 cheer'd our way,
 And lighted up the path of Duty :
 Some blessings have been scatter'd round ;
 Some drops of mercy have been shower'd ;
 Some heavy chains have been unbound ;
 Some clouds have pass'd that darkly lower'd.
 So let us raise the notes 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."

On ! let us pray with earnest wil^d
 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 intrusted ;
 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
 Begs 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 watch’d 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 uncrown’d 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 hearts would rise
 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 naught 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 merchandise—
 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;
 Learn to be 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 reckon'd 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 deferr'd,
 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 school'd 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 cramp'd 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 tatter'd ergo;
 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
 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 cloister'd 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 trembling 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 scatter'd
 War and ruin have been spread,
 Blood been spilt and keystones shatter'd.

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 tatter'd serge,
 With mumbling gloom and doleful dirge,
 Or the present Poet-one,
 Serving 'mid the flowers and sun ?

 L I N E S

SUGGESTED BY 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 pass'd 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 dunces,
 And seen my cobbled fancy-work outrivall'd 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 doom'd to hear the praise of fairer skins than mine ;
 And listen'd while my neighbour's eyes were mention'd 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 appear'd to be my most devoted swain ;

But some young lady-friend appear'd, with sweet and gracious
 smile,

She woo'd 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 pilfer'd, broke my spirit's rest ;
 And verily I have declared, with honest, upturn'd 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 dress'd, and summer skies are
 clear,

Without one line of carol song outpouring from my lyre,
 Although I've ask'd, and begg'd, and pray'd Apollo to inspire.

And all at once a Nightingale has perch'd above my head ;
 And burst into a strain that might almost enchant 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-fill'd, 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 mock'd 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 trammell'd 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'd 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 gather'd 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 play'd 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 ;
 And the fitful carol strain
 Is a warning once again
 To the soul !
 Have we dozed among the sleepers ?
 Have we stirr'd among the quick ?
 Have we comforted the weepers ?
 Have we watch'd 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.
 So, while Old Time is mowing
 Another swath of Life,
 Let us pledge the cup that's flowing
 To the heart that shuts out strife:
 For, amid all selfish blindness,
 It is only Peace and Kindness
 Make our bliss.

HOUSEHOLD WALLS.

WE talk of "old familiar faces,"
 And love them warmly and sincerely ;
 But there are old familiar places,
 That cling to us almost as dearly.

Say, who among us, with a heart
 Where Feeling's holy sunshine falls,
 Can bear, untouch'd to turn and part
 From long-remember'd household walls ?

Walls, that have echo'd to our pleasure ;
 Walls, that have hidden us in grief ;
 Been shaken by our dancing measure,
 And garnish'd by our Christmas leaf.

The chairs, that we have drawn around
 The twilight fire, with friends beside us ;
 When in that tiny world we found
 The peace the larger world denied us.

The table, where our arm has lean'd,
 And held our brow in pensive thinking ;
 The cosy curtain that has screen'd,
 When winter winds have found us shrinking.

Oh ! are there not some hearts, that ever
 A tint of love from these can borrow ;
 And when they say " Good-bye," can never
 Take the last look without deep sorrow ?

And how the spirit learns to talk
 To some old tree, or whitethorn hedge ;
 Or worship some poor garden walk,
 As though 'twere bound by sacred pledge.

Oh ! many a throbbing heart will yearn
 To household wall, or old green lane ;
 And many a farewell glance will turn,
 Half-dimm'd, 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 sigh'd,
 At leaving even household walls.

OH! LET US BE HAPPY.

(For Music.)

OH! let us be happy when friends gather round us,
 However the world may have shadow'd 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.

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 seem'd 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 lean'd
 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 mes-mates deem'd me brave, Mary,
 Upon the sinking ship ;
But flowers o'er thy grave, Mary,
 Have power to blanch my lip.
I felt no throb of quailing fear
 Amid the wrecking surf ;
But pale and weak I tremble here.
 Upon the osier'd 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 call'd 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, unask'd 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-shadow'd roof, and my maize-cover'd grounds ;
 You saw me possess'd 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 tread 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 robb'd 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 doom'd, 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-skinn'd 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 so wanders
 Spirit-dew on wither'd 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
 Poison'd 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 mix'd 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 quicken'd Feeling,
 Truth and Knowledge, are my gain ;
 But I've barter'd, in the dealing,
 All my best of heart and brain.

I have gather'd 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 cover'd
 All Life's grassy hedgerow slope ;
 While around the wild bee hover'd
 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 unplumb'd 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 shatter'd 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 form'd Hope's wild-bee strain.

Yet let Fate be stern or smiling,
 I can brook the grave or glad ,
 And, though charm'd by the beguiling,
 Still I can defy the sad :

For I've stemm'd the darkest billow
 That can meet the human breast;—
I have found the hardest pillow
 That Despair has ever press'd;

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**.

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 cover'd with sugar all sparkling as ice.

“**My stars!**” cried the mouse, while his eye beam'd 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 his self ill;
 Yet he swallow'd it all, and 'tis easy to guess,
 He was soon so unwell that he groan'd 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 turn'd 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 parent's 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 ponder'd there,
"I'll give it all up," said he.

Now just at the moment a spider dropp'd,
With its silken cobweb clue;
And the king in the midst of his thinking stopp'd
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 it stay'd,
 To utter the least complaint;
 Till it fell still lower, and there it laid,
 A little dizzy and faint.

Its head grew steady—again it went,
 And travell'd 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!

A N G E R.

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 sha'n'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 won't 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 pass'd.
 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 walking
 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 Spring-time is here and the sunshine is warm;
 For 'tis pleasant to tread where the blue-bell is springing,
 And lily-cups grow in their fairy-like form.
 Then we shall see the loud-tweeting swallow,
 Building his home 'neath the cottager's eaves;
 The brown-headed nightingale quickly will follow,
 And the orchard be glad 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 shower'd 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 play'd;
 But when we shouted at the scene,
 And hail'd the clear blue sky;
 He stood quite still upon the bank,
 And breathed a long, long sigh.

We ask'd 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'll 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 look'd all round about;
 And saw that they might wander far and free.

She had talk'd to every one
 Of the dangers of a gun,
 And fondly begg'd that none of them would stir
 To take a distant flight,
 At morning, noon, or night;
 Before they prudently ask'd 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, alarm'd,
 "I see a man that's arm'd,
 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,
 Perch'd 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 shelter'd spot,
 So, pray, come back, and keep beside my wing.”

But Master Tommy Rook
 Gave another saucy look,
 And chatter'd 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 hopp'd 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
 Roll'd over, faint and dying, on the grass.

"There, there, I told you so,"
 Cried his mother in her woe,
 "I warn'd 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 tatter'd garments sad to see ;
 A basket on his arm he bore,
 Which gave to sight a little store
 Of violets in bunches spread ;
 Fresh gather'd from their native bed.

Their perfume scarcely lived at all,
 Their purple heads were very small,
 Their leaves were pinch'd and shrivell'd in,
 Their stalks were turning dry and thin :
 'Twas very, very cold spring weather,
 And boy and flowers seem'd starved together.

For many an hour his tired feet
 Paced up and down the crowded street,
 And many a time his moisten'd eye
 Look'd at the wealthy passers-by,
 Without one fellow-creature staying
 To list the sad words he was saying.
 At last, a gentle lady stopp'd,
 For she had seen a tear that dropp'd ;
 She gazed upon his cheek so pale,
 And heard him tell this simple tale.

“ Oh, lady, buy my violets, pray !
 For I have walk'd 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 touch'd 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 whiten'd lips that pray'd for bread.
 The gentle lady gave him pence,
 And kindly bade him hasten hence
 And purchase food.—The hungry boy
 Look'd 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 famish'd 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 crouch'd 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 stay'd his feast ;
 But soon he spoke in coaxing tones,
 Patting the creatures staring bones.
 Then lured him close, and gave him part
 Of what had cheer'd 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 mark'd the deed,
 Now walk'd toward the child of need ;
 And ask'd 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 suffer'd 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 guess'd
There must be good in such a breast;
That 'mid all sorrow Want could bring
Still help'd a dull and friendless thing.
She question'd 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:
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 seem'd 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 touch'd his toes,
 And jet black eyes that match'd 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 gray 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, snarl'd, and snapp'd,—
 She show'd her talons, scream'd, and slapp'd;
 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 a 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 flourish'd 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 scatter'd 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 discover'd, to their cost,
 What a good home they thus had lost.

Dash was obliged to wear a chain,
Which gall'd 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 favour'd 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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