

AFTER DINNER
POETRY AND
SENTIMENT.



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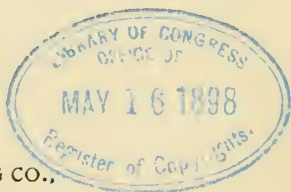


AFTER-DINNER POETRY AND SENTIMENT

A COLLECTION OF SHORT ENGLISH VERSE
APPROPRIATE FOR
AFTER-DINNER READING AND SPEAKING;
AND AGREEABLE, ALWAYS.

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY
AVERY WEBB.

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PREFACE.

This collection of short English poems represents a part of the random reading of an over-worked lawyer, who, for several years, has had little time for more ambitious reading. Many evenings, after dinner, have these light-hearted, whole-souled bards added a glow of warmth to a disposition chilled by the secular work of the day; and their beautiful words, tender sentiments, patriotic impulses, humor, passion, pathos and hilarity, have helped to drive away dull care and smooth furrowed frowns into soft smiles.

ST. LOUIS, MARCH 1ST, 1898.

W.

To Honorable

ROBERT L. TAYLOR,

Governor of Tennessee,

whose eloquence, music and mirth have charmed countless thousands, and whose genius as a statesman placed him in the Congress of the United States at the age of but twenty-eight years, and subsequently made him twice Presidential Elector at Large, and thrice Governor of Tennessee—the generous patron of “Happiness” and the beloved idol of the people—this book is cordially inscribed by

THE EDITOR.

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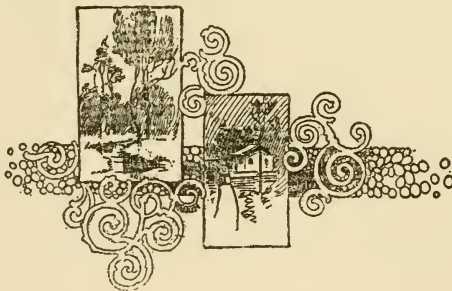
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PART I.

Love and Passion,



TOGETHER.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

The winter wind is wailing sad and low,
Across the lake and through the rustling sedge;
The splendor of the golden after-glow
Gleams through the blackness of the great yew hedge;
And this I read on earth and in the sky:
"We ought to be together, you and I."

Rapt through its rosy changes into dark,
Fades all the west; and through the shadowy trees,
And in the silent uplands of the park,
Creeps the soft sighing of the rising breeze;
It does but echo to my weary sigh:
"We ought to be together, you and I."

My hand is lonely for your clasping, dear,
My ear is tired, waiting for your call;
I want your strength to help, your laugh to cheer;
Heart, soul and senses need you, one and all.
I droop without your full, frank sympathy—
We ought to be together, you and I.

We want each other so to comprehend
The dream, the hope, things planned or seen or wrought;
Companion, comforter, and guide and friend,
As much as love asks love, does thought need thought.
Life is so short, so fast the lone hours fly—
We ought to be together, you and I.

THE RESOLVE.

ALEXANDER BROME.

Tell me not of a face that's fair,
 Nor lip and cheek that's red,
 Nor of the tresses of her hair,
 Nor curls in order laid;
 Nor of a rare seraphic voice,
 That like an angel sings;
 Though, if I were to take my choice,
 I would have all these things.
 But if that thou wilt have me love,
 And it must be a she;
 The only argument can move
 Is, that she will love me.

The glories of your ladies be
 But metaphors of things,
 And but resemble what we see
 Each common object brings.
 Roses outred their lips and cheeks,
 Lilies their whiteness stain:
 What fool is he that shadow seeks,
 And may the substance gain?
 Then, if thou'lt have me love a lass,
 Let it be one that's kind,
 Else I'm a servant to the glass
 That's with canary lined.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Do you know that you have asked for the costliest thing
 Ever made by the Hand above—
 A woman's heart a woman's life,
 And a woman's wonderful love.

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing
As a child might ask for a toy?
Demanding what others have died to win,
With the reckless dash of a boy?

You have written my lesson of duty out,
Man-like you have questioned me—
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul,
Until I shall question thee.

You require your mutton shall always be hot,
Your socks and your shirts always be whole
I require your heart to be true as God's stars,
And pure as heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef;
I require a far better thing;
A seamstress you're wanting for stockings and shirts—
I look for a man and a king.

A king for a beautiful realm called home,
And a man that the maker, God,
Shall look upon as He did the first,
And say, "It is very good."

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade
From my soft, young cheek one day—
Will you love me then, 'mid the falling leaves
As you did 'mid the bloom of May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds heaven or hell
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true,
All things that a man should be;
If you give this all, I would stake my life
To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot do this—a laundress and cook
You can hire, with little to pay;
But a woman's heart and a woman's life
Are not to be won that way.

A MAN'S REQUIREMENTS.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Love me, sweet, with all thou art,
Feeling, thinking, seeing;
Love me in the lightest part,
Love me in full being.

Love me with thine open youth
In its frank surrender,
With the vowing of thy mouth,
With its silence tender.

Love me with thine azure eyes,
Made for earnest granting;
Taking color from the skies,
Can heaven's truth be wanting?

Love me with their lids, that fall
Snow-like at first meeting;
Love me with thine heart, that all
Neighbors then see beating.

Love me with thine hand stretched out
Freely, open minded;
Love me with thy loitering foot,
Hearing one behind it.

Love me with thy voice, that turns
Sudden faint above me;
Love me with thy blush, that burns
When I murmur, Love me!

Love me with thy thinking soul,
Break it to love—sighing;
Love me with thy thoughts that roll
On through living—dying.

Love me in thy gorgeous airs,
When the world has crowned thee;
Love me, kneeling at thy prayers,
With the angels round thee.

Love me pure, as musers do,
 Up the woodlands shady,
 Love me gayly, fast, and true,
 As a winsome lady.

Through all hopes that keep us brave,
 Farther off or nigher;
 Love me for the house and grave—
 And for something higher.

Thus if thou will prove me, dear,
 Woman's love no fable
 I will love thee—half a year—
 As a man is able.

THE LADY'S YES.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

"Yes," I answered you last night;
 "No," this morning, sir, I say:
 Colors seen by candle-light
 Will not look the same by day.
Love me sounded like a jest,
 Fit for *yes* or fit for *no*.

Call me false, or call me free,
 Vow, whatever light may shine,
 No man on your face shall see
 Any grief for change on mine.

Yet the sin is on us both;
 Time to dance is not to woo:
 Wooing light makes fickle troth,
 Scorn of *me* recoils on *you*.

Learn to win a lady's faith
 Nobly, as the thing is high,
 Bravely, as for life and death,
 With a loyal gravity.

Lead her from the festive boards,
 Point her to the starry skies;
 Guard her by your truthful words
 Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true,
 Ever true, as wives of yore;
 And her *yes* once said to you
Shall be yes forevermore.

HIGHLAND MARY.

ROBERT BURNS.

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
 The castle o' Montgomery,
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
 Your waters never drumlie!
 There simmer first unfauld her robes,
 And there the langest tarry;
 For there I took the last fareweel
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
 As underneath their fragrant shade
 I clasp'd her to my bosom!
 The golden hours, on angel wings,
 Flew o'er me and my dearie;
 For dear to me, as light and life,
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow, and lock'd embrace,
 Our parting was fu' tender;
 And, pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore oursels asunder;
 But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
 That nipt my flower sae early!
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
 That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
 I aft hae kissed sae fondly!
 And closed for ay the sparkling glance,
 That dwelt on me sae kindly!
 And mould'ring now in silent dust,
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
 But still within my bosom's core
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

PRAYER FOR MARY.

ROBERT BURNS.

Powers celestial, whose protection
 Ever guards the virtuous fair,
 While in distant climes I wander,
 Let my Mary be your care:
 Let her form sae fair and faultless,
 Fair and faultless as your own;
 Let my Mary's kindred spirit
 Draw your choicest influence down.

Make the gales you waft around her
 Soft and peaceful as her breast;
 Breathing in the breeze that fans her,
 Soothe her bosom into rest:
 Guardian angels, O protect her,
 When in distant lands I roam;
 To realms unknown while fate exiles me
 Make her bosom still my home.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

LORD BYRON.

She walks in beauty like the night
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies;

And all that's best of dark and bright
 Meet in her aspect and her eyes;
 Thus mellow'd to that tender light
 Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
 Had half impair'd the nameless grace
 When the violets played their best,
 Lamps above, and laughs below,
 Which waves in every raven tress,
 Or softly lightens o'er her face;
 Where thoughts serenely sweet express
 How pure—how dear the dwelling place.

And on that cheek and o'er that brow
 So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
 The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
 But tell of days in goodness spent,
 A mind at peace with all below,
 A heart whose love is innocent!

ALL FOR LOVE.

LORD BYRON.

O talk not to me of a name great in story;
 The days of our youth are the days of our glory;
 And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty
 Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is wrinkled?
 'Tis but as a dead flower with May-dew besprinkled:
 Then away with all such from the head that is hoary—
 What care I for the wreath that can only give glory?

O, Fame!—I e'er took delight in thy praises,
 'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases
 Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover
 She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

There chiefly I sought thee, there only I found thee;
 Her glance was the best of the rays that surround thee;
 When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my story,
 I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.

HE THAT LOVES A ROSY CHEEK.

THOMAS CAREW.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
 Or a coral lip admires,
 Or from star-like eyes doth seek
 Fuel to maintain its fires;
 As old Time makes these decay,
 So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
 Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
 Hearts with equal love combined,
 Kindle never-dying fires;
 Where these are not, I despise
 Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

TO DELIA.

SAMUEL DANYELL.

Unto the boundless ocean of thy beauty,
 Runs this poor river, charged with streams of zeal,
 Returning thee the tribute of my duty,
 Which here my love, my youth, my plaints reveal.
 Here I unclasp the book of my charged soul,
 Where I have cast th' accounts of all my care;
 Here have I summed my sighs; here I enrol
 How they were spent for thee; look what they are.

Look on the dear expenses of my youth,
 And see how just I reckon with thine eyes:
 Examine well thy beauty with my truth;
 And cross my cares, ere greater cares arise.
 Read it, sweet maid, though it be done but slightly;
 Who can show all his love, doth love but lightly.

WEDDED LOVE.

ANNIE P. DENNIES.

Come, rouse thee, dearest!—'tis not well
 To let the spirit brood
 Thus darkly o'er the cares that swell
 Life's current to a flood.
 As brooks, and torrents, rivers, all
 Increase the gulf in which they fall,
 Such thoughts, by gathering up the rills
 Of lesser griefs, spread real ills,
 And with their gloomy shades conceal
 The landmarks Hope would else reveal.

Come, rouse thee, now—I know thy mind,
 And would its strength awaken;
 Proud, gifted, noble, ardent, kind,—
 Strange thou shouldst be thus shaken!
 But rouse afresh each energy,
 And be what Heaven intended thee;
 Throw from thy thoughts this wearying weight,
 And prove thy spirit firmly great:
 I would not see thee bend below
 The angry storms of earthly woe.

Full well I know the generous soul
 Which warms thee into life,
 Each spring which can its powers control,
 Familiar to thy wife,—
 For deem'st thou she had stooped to bind
 Her fate unto a *common mind*?

The eagle-like ambition, nursed
 From childhood in her heart, had first
 Consumed, with its Promethean flame,
 The shrine—then sunk her soul to shame.

Then rouse thee, dearest, from the dream
 That fetters now thy powers:
 Shake off this gloom—Hope sheds a beam
 To gild each cloud which lowers;
 And though at present seems so far
 The wished—for goal—a guiding star,
 With peaceful ray, would light thee on,
 Until its utmost bounds be won:
 That quenchless ray thou'lt ever prove
 In fond, undying *Wedded Love*.

AH! HOW SWEET!

JOHN DRYDEN.

Ah! how sweet it is to love!
 Ah! how gay is young desire;
 And what pleasing pains we prove,
 When we first approach love's fire:—
 Pains of love are sweeter far
 Than all other pleasures are.

Sighs which are from lovers blown
 Do but gently heave the heart:
 E'en the tears they shed alone,
 Cure, like trickling balm, their smart.
 Lovers, when they lose their breath,
 Bleed away in easy death.

Love and Time with reverence use,
 Treat them like a parting friend;
 Nor the golden gifts refuse
 Which in youth sincere they send:
 For each year their price is more,
 And they less simple than before.

Love, like spring-tides full and high,
 Swells in every youthful vein;
 But each tide does less supply
 Till they quite shrink in again.
 If a flow in age appear,
 'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.

YOU KISSED ME.

JOSEPHINE S. HUNT.

You kissed me! My head
 Dropped low on your breast
 With a feeling of shelter
 And infinite rest,
 While the holy emotions
 My tongue dared not speak
 Flashed up in a flame
 From my heart to my cheek.
 Your arms held me fast;
 O, your arms were so bold;
 Heart beat against heart
 In their passionate fold.
 Your glances seemed drawing
 My soul through my eyes,
 As the sun draws the mist
 From the seas to the skies.
 Your lips clung to mine
 Till I prayed in my bliss
 They might never unclasp
 From this rapturous kiss.

You kissed me! My heart,
 And my breath, and my will
 In delirious joy
 For a moment stood still.

Life had for me then
No temptations, no charms—
No visions of happiness
Outside of your arms.
And were I this instant
An angel possessed
Of the peace and the joy
That are given the blest,
I would fling my white robes
Unrepiningly down,
I would tear from my forehead
Its beautiful crown,
To nestle once more
In that haven of rest—
Your lips upon mine,
My head on your breast.

You kissed me! My soul,
In a bliss so divine.
Reeled and swooned like a drunken man
Foolish with wine,
And I thought 'twere delicious
To die there if death
Would but come while my lips
Were yet moist with your breath;
'Twere delicious to die
If I might grow cold
While your arms clasped me round
In their passionate fold.
And these are the questions
I ask day and night:
Must my lips taste no more
Such exquisite delight?
Would you care if your breast
Were my shelter as then.
And if you were here
Would you kiss me again?

MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.

 JOHN LAPRAIK.

When I upon thy bosom lean,
 And fondly clasp thee a' my ain,
 I glory in the sacred ties
 That made us ane wha ance were twain.
 A mutual flame inspires us baith,
 The tender look, the meltin' kiss;
 Even years shall ne'er destroy our love,
 But only gie us change of bliss.

Hae I a wish? it's a' for thee!
 I ken thy wish is me to please;
 Our moments pass sae smooth away,
 That numbers on us look and gaze;
 Weel pleased they see our happy days,
 Nor envy's sel' finds aught to blame;
 And aye when weary cares arise,
 Thy bosom still shall be my hame.

I'll lay me there and tak' my rest;
 And if that aught disturb my dear,
 I'll bid her laugh her cares away,
 And beg her not to drop a tear.
 Hae I a joy? it's a' her ain!
 United still her heart and mine;
 They're like the woodbine round the tree,
 That's twined till death shall them disjoin.

 LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

 E. BULWER-LYTTON.

Into my heart a silent look
 Flashed from thy careless eyes,

And what before was shadow, took
 The light of summer skies.
 The first-born love was in that look;
 And Venus rose from out the deep
 Of those inspiring eyes.

My life, like some lone solemn spot
 A spirit passes o'er,
 Grew instinct with a glory not
 In earth or heaven before.
 Sweet trouble stirred the haunted spot,
 And shook the leaves of every thought
 Thy presence wandered o'er!

My being yearned, and crept to thine,
 As if in times of yore
 Thy soul has been a part of mine,
 Which claimed it back once more.
 Thy very self no longer thine,
 But merged in that delicious life,
 Which made us *one* of yore!

There bloomed beside thee forms as fair,
 There murmured tones as sweet,
 But round thee breathed the enchanted air
 'Twas life and death to meet.
 And henceforth thou alone wert fair,
 And thou the stars has sung for joy,
 Thy whisper only sweet!

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

C. MARLOWE.

Come live with me and be my Love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove
 That hills and valleys, dale and field,
 And all the craggy mountains yield.

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

There will I make thee beds of roses
 And a thousand fragrant posies,
 A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
 Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

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

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

Thy silver dishes for thy meat
 As precious as the gods do eat,
 Shall on an ivory table be
 Prepared each day for thee and me.

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

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

THOMAS MOORE.

The time I've lost in wooing,
 In watching and pursuing
 The light that lies
 In Woman's eyes,
 Has been my heart's undoing.

Though Wisdom oft has sought me,
 I scorn'd the lore she brought me,
 My only books
 Were Woman's looks,
 And folly's all they've taught me.

Her smile when Beauty granted,
 I hung with gaze enchanted,
 Like him, the Sprite,
 Whom maids by night
 Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
 Like him, too, Beauty won me
 But while her eyes were on me—
 If once their ray
 Was turn'd away.
 Oh! winds could not out run me.

And are those follies going?
 And is my proud heart growing
 Too cold and wise
 For brilliant eyes
 Again to set it glowing?
 No—vain, alas! the endeavor
 From bonds so sweet to sever;—
 Poor Wisdom's chance
 Against a glance
 Is now as weak as ever!

LYING.

THOMAS MOORE.

I do confess, in many a sigh,
 My lips have breath'd you many a lie,
 And who, with such delights in view,
 Would lose them for a lie or two?
 Nay—look not thus, with brow reproving:
 Lies are, my dear, the soul of loving!

If half we tell the girls were true,
If half we swear to think and do,
Were aught but lying's bright illusion,
The world would be in strange confusion!

If ladies' eyes were, every one,
As lovers swear, a radiant sun,
Astronomy should leave the skies,
To learn her lore in ladies' eyes!
Oh, no!—believe me, lovely girl,
When nature turns your teeth to pearl,
Your neck to snow, your eyes to fire,
Your yellow locks to golden wire,
Then, only then, can heaven decree,
That you should live for only me,
Or I for you, as night and morn,
We've swearing kiss'd, and kissing sworn.

And now, my gentle hints to clear,
For once, I'll tell you truth, my dear!
Whenever you may chance to meet
A loving youth, whose love is sweet,
Long as you're false and he believes you,
Long as you trust and he deceives you,
So long the blissful bond endures;
And while he lies, his heart is yours:
But, oh! you've wholly lost the youth
The instant that he tells you truth!

THE SWEETEST FLOWER THAT BLOWS.

FREDERICK PETERSON.

The sweetest flower that blows
I give you as we part;
For you it is a rose;
For me it is my heart.

The fragrance it exhales
 (Ah, if you only knew!)
Which but in dying fails,
 It is my love of you.

The sweetest flower that grows
 I give you as we part;
You think it but a rose;
 Ah, me; it is my heart.

TAKE, OH, TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Take, oh, take those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworn!
And those eyes, the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again,
 Seals of love, but sealed in vain.

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow;
 Which thy frozen bosom bears!
On those tops the pinks that grow
 Are of those that April wears;
But first set my poor heart free,
 Bound in those icy chains by thee.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

RICHARD B. SHERIDAN.

Still the question I must parry
 Still a wayward truant prove:
Where I love, I must not marry;
 Where I marry, cannot love.

Were she fairest of creation,
 With the least presuming mind:
 Learned without affectation;
 Not deceitful, yet refined;

Wise enough, but never rigid;
 Gay, but not too lightly free;
 Chaste as snow, and yet not frigid;
 Warm, yet satisfied with me;

Were she all this ten times over,
 All that Heaven to earth allows,
 I should be too much her lover
 Ever to become her spouse.

A WALTZ QUADRILLE.*

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

The band was playing a waltz-quadrille,
 I felt as light as a wind-blown feather,
 As we floated away, at the caller's will,
 Through the intricate, mazy dance together.
 Like mimic armies our lines were meeting,
 Slowly advancing, and then retreating,
 All decked in their bright array;
 And back and forth to the music's rhyme
 We moved together, and all the time
 I knew you were going away.

The fold of your strong arm sent a thrill
 From heart to brain as we gently glided
 Like leaves on the wave of that waltz-quadrille;
 Parted, met, and again divided—
 You drifted one way, and I another,
 Then suddenly turning and facing each other,
 Then off in the blithe chasse,

*W. B. Conkey & Company, Chicago, Publishers.

Then airily back to our places swaying,
 While every beat of the music seemed saying
 That you were going away.

I said to my heart, "Let us take our fill
 Of mirth, and music, and love, and laughter;
 For it all must end with this waltz-quadrille,
 And life will be never the same life after.
 Oh, that the caller might go on calling,
 Oh, that the music might go on falling
 Like a shower of silver spray,
 While we whirled on to the vast Forever,
 Where no hearts break, and no ties sever,
 And no one goes away."

A clamor, a crash, and the band was still,
 'Twas the end of the dream, and the end of the measure:
 The last low notes of that waltz-quadrille
 Seemed like a dirge o'er the death of Pleasure.
 You said good-night, and the spell was over—
 Too warm for a friend, and too cold for a lover—
 There was nothing else to say;
 But the lights looked dim, and the dancers weary,
 And the music was sad and the ball was dreary,
 After you went away.

MY DARK-HAIR'D GIRL.

ANONYMOUS.

My dark-hair'd girl, thy ringlets deck,
 In silken curl thy graceful neck;
 Thy neck is like the swan, and fair as the pearl,
 And light as air the steps of my dark-hair'd girl.

My dark-hair'd girl, upon thy lip
 The dainty bee might wish to sip;
 For thy lip is like the rose, and thy teeth they are pearl,
 And diamond is the eye of my dark-hair'd girl.

My dark-hair'd girl, I've promised thee,
 And thou thy faith hast given me;
 And oh, I would not change for the crown of an earl,
 The pride of being loved by my dark-hair'd girl.

LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG.

ANONYMOUS.

Love me little, love me long!
 Is the burden of my song:
 Love that is too hot and strong
 Burneth soon to waste.
 Still I would not have thee cold—
 Not too backward, nor too bold;
 Love that lasteth till 'tis old
 Fadeth not in haste.
 Love me little, love me long!
 Is the burden of my song.

If thou lovest me too much,
 'Twill not prove as true a touch;
 Love me little more than such,—
 For I fear the end.

I'm with little well content,
 And a little from thee sent
 Is enough, with true intent
 To be steadfast, friend.

Say thou lovest me, while thou live
 I to thee my love will give,
 Never dreaming to deceive
 While that life endures:
 May, and after death, in sooth,
 I to thee will keep my truth,
 As now when in my May of youth:
 This my love assures.

Constant love is moderate ever,
 And it will through life persevere;
 Give me that with true endeavor,—

I will it restore.

A suit of durance let it be,
 For all weathers,—that for me,—
 For the land or for the sea:

Lasting evermore.

Winter's cold or Summer's heat,
 Autumn's tempests on it beat;
 It can never know defeat,

Never can rebel;

Such the love that I would gain,
 Such the love, I tell thee plain,
 Thou must give, or woo in vain:

So to thee—farewell!

THE LOVELINESS OF LOVE.

ANONYMOUS.

It is not Beauty I demand,
 A crystal brow, the moon's despair,
 Nor the snow's daughter, a white hand,
 Nor mermaid's yellow pride of hair.

Tell me not of your starry eyes,
 Your lips that seems on roses fed,
 Your breasts, where Cupid tumbling lies,
 Nor sleeps for kissing of his bed:—

A bloomy pair of vermeil cheeks
 Like Hebe's in her ruddiest hours,
 A breath that softer music speaks
 Than summer winds a-wooing flowers,

These are but gauds: nay what are lips?
Coral beneath the ocean-stream,
Whose brink when your adventure slips
Full oft he perisheth on them.

And what are cheeks, but ensigns oft
That wave hot youth to fields of blood?
Did Helen's breast, though ne'er so soft,
Do Greece or Ilium any good!

Eyes can with baleful ardour burn
Poison can breath, that erst perfumed;
There's many a white hand holds an urn
With lover's hearts to dust consumed.

For crystal brows there's naught within:
They are but empty cells for pride;
He who the Syren's hair would win
Is mostly strangled in the tide.

Give me, instead of Beauty's bust,
A tender heart, a loyal mind
Which with temptation I would trust,
Yet never link'd with error find,—

One in whose gentle bosom I
Could pour my secret heart of woes,
Like the case-burthen'd honey-fly
That hides his murmurs in the rose,—

My earthly Comforter! whose love
So indefeasible might be
That, when my spirit wann'd above,
Her's could not stay, for sympathy.



PART II.

Flowers.



FLOWERS.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

There is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower;
In every herb on which you tread,
Are written words, which rightly read,
Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod,
To hope, and holiness, and God.

TO A DAISY.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

There is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And wreaths every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field,
In gay but quick succession shine;
Race after race their honors yield,
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses run,
Enwreaths the circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
 To sultry August spreads its charm,
 Lights pale October on his way,
 And twines December's arm.

The purple heath and golden broom,
 On moony mountains catch the gale;
 O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
 The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
 Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
 Plays on the margin of the rill,
 Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round
 It shares the sweet carnation's bed;
 And blooms on consecrated ground
 In honor of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem;
 The wild bee murmurs on its breast;
 The blue-fly bends its pensile stem,
 Light o'er the skylark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page—in every place,
 In every season, fresh and fair;
 It opens with perennial grace,
 And blossoms every where.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
 Its humble buds unheeded rise;
 The rose has but a summer reign;
 The Daisy never dies!

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

J. G. PERCIVAL.

In Eastern lands they talk in flowers,
 And they tell in a garland their loves and cares;

Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers
On its leaves a mystic language bears.

The rose is the sign of joy and love,
Young blushing love in its earliest dawn;
And the mildness that suits the gentle dove,
From the myrtle's snowy flower is drawn.

Innocence shines in the lily's bell,
Pure as a heart in its native heaven;
Fame's bright star and glory's swell,
By the glossy leaf of the bay are given.

The silent, soft, and humble heart,
In the violet's hidden sweetness breathes;
And the tender soul that cannot part,
A twine of evergreen fondly wreathes.

The cypress that darkly shades the grave,
Is sorrow that mourns its bitter lot;
And faith that a thousand ills can brave,
Speaks in thy blue leaves, Forget-me-not.

Then gather a wreath from thy garden bowers,
And tell the wish of thy heart in flowers.

TO A LADY

WITH FLOWERS FROM A ROMAN WALL.

WALTER SCOTT.

Take these flowers which, purple waving;
On the ruin'd rampart grew,
Where, the sons of freedom braving,
Rome's imperial standards flew.
Warriors from the breach of danger
Pluck no longer laurels there;
They but yield the passing stranger
Wild-flowers wreathes for Beauty's hair.

THE VIOLET.

WILLIAM W. STORY.

O! faint, delicious, spring-time violet,
 Thine odor, like a key,
 Turns noiselessly in memory's ward to let
 A thought of sorrow free.

The breath of distant fields upon thy brow
 Blows through that open door
 The sound of wind-bourne bells, more sweet and low,
 And sadder than of yore.

It comes afar, from that beloved place,
 And that beloved hour,
 When life hung ripening in love's golden grace,
 Like grapes above a bower.

A spring goes singing through its reedy grass;
 The lark sings o'er my head,
 Drowned in the sky—O pass, ye visions, pass!
 I would that I were dead!—

Why has thou opened that forbidden door
 From which I ever flee?
 O vanished Joy! O Love, that are no more,
 Let my vexed spirit be!

O violet! thy odor through my brain
 Hath searched, and stung to grief
 This sunny day, as if a curse did stain
 Thy velvet leaf.

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

ROSE TERRY.

Darlings of the forest!
 Blossoming, alone,

When Earth's grief is sorest
 For her jewels gone—
 Ere the last snow-drift melts your tender buds have blown.

Tinged with color faintly,
 Like the morning sky,
 Or, more pale and saintly,
 Wrapped in leaves ye lie—
 Even as children sleep in faith's simplicity.

There the wild wood-robin,
 Hymns your solitude;
 And the rain comes sobbing
 Through the budding wood,
 While the low south wind sighs, but dares not be more rude.

Were your pure lips fashioned
 Out of air and dew—
 Starlight unimpassioned,
 Dawn's most tender hue,
 And scented by the woods that gathered sweets for you?

Fairest and most lovely,
 From the world apart;
 Made for beauty only,
 Veiled from Nature's heart
 With such unconscious grace as makes the dream of Art.

Were not mortal sorrow
 An immortal shade.
 Then would I to-morrow
 Such a flower be made,
 And live in the dear woods where my lost childhood played.

THE ROSE.

EDMUND WALLER.

Go, lovely rose!
 Tell her that wastes her time and me

That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

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

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

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

TO THE SMALL CELANDINE.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Pansies, liliés, kingcups, daisies,
 Let them live upon their praises;
 Long as there's a sun that sets,
 Primroses will have their glory;
 Long as there are violets,
 They will have a place in story:
 There's a flower that shall be mine,
 'Tis the little Celandine.

Prophet of delight and mirth,
 Ill-requitted upon earth;
 Herald of a mighty band,
 Of a joyous train ensuing,

Serving at my heart's command,
Tasks that are no tasks renewing,
I will sing, as doth behove,
Hymns in praise of what I love!

FLOWERS.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

God made the flowers to beautify
The earth, and cheer man's careful mood,
And he is happiest who hath power
To gather wisdom from a flower,
And wake his heart in every hour
To pleasant gratitude.





PART III.

Imagination and Reflection,



THE BRIDE OF THE CHEVALIER.

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

A lucky man is the Chevalier,
The Chevalier Louis D'Or;
He won my beautiful love from me;
He was rich—I very poor:
So very poor that the prudent maid,
When we were weighed in the scales together,
Found the one side heavy as lead,
My own as light as a feather!

What then were the loves of boy and girl
Who had played for years 'neath the oak-tree tall,
And plighted their troth a thousand times,
—When the Chevalier came to the hall?
He came in a chariot gay and fine,
I, through the dust of the common way;
'Twas a silly thought that a woman's heart
Could say the rich man nay.

He made his elegant bow, and smiled;
He came again and the day was won:
When a month had passed he was there no more,
And the light from the hall was gone:
The light and life of the house and lawn
Had disappeared with the form so dear;
My pride and joy, my hope, my all,
Was the bride of the Chevalier!

And now, good friend, do you ask again,
Why *woman* with me is a word of scorn?
I loved this girl with a doting love,
And she made my life forlorn!

She sold her maiden body and soul
For silks and jewels, and plate and gold:
Faith, and truth, and honor, and heart
—Sold, sold, sold!

The false and feeble heart gave way;
She made me the man you see me now—
With the silver in my youthful hair
And the furrows here on my brow:
She taught me then, in my early youth,
That women were false, and weak, and mean:
If she had clung to her troth—who knows—
My life—what it might have been?

For Spring was then in the bud with me;
My father left me a noble name—
With love to shine on the rugged path,
I looked to the heights of fame:
And now—I ponder, and mope and dream
Through a weary life that I hate, my friend,
And but for the fear of the coward's hiss
At a coward's act, would end!

Do you think I envy the Chevalier
His beautiful bride with the sunny curls—
The woman I loved with a foolish love—
Adored as the pearl of pearls?
The Chevalier is prince of the Town,
But I am king of the world of Thought—
He is welcome, for me, as the flowers in May,
To the bride whom his money bought!

And she, with a soul that loved alone
The red-gold's sheen, and the back low bent
To the gilded coach—is welcome too;
She may reign to her heart's content;
She loved me once, if she does not now,
When a freezing stare would greet my claim.
To an old acquaintance, years ago,
With the splendid city dame!

These words I said with a bitter heart,
And thought with scorn of the laughing queen,
As I walked with a scowl, through the smiling woods,
And over the meadows green;—
But when I met, at a ball last night,
The beautiful bride of the Chevalier,
You may laugh, but I swear, at sight of me,
Her eye was dim with a tear!

Does she think—I said—in the dance's whirl,
As she sees me here, of the hours long gone—
The hours we spent in the dear old hall,
And under the oaks on the lawn?
I turned away, for the dance was done,
I turned away with a bitter heart—
But a slender finger touched my arm—
We walked from the crowd apart.

Shall I write the words of the voice that shook,
As the blue eyes filled with a sudden tear?
The words would scarcely bring a smile
To the lips of the Chevalier!
“Alas! for the days,” were the murmured words,
“We passed in the hall, by the sunny stream,
The old, old days come back to me,
Like a happy, smiling dream!

“And you—you have never married, sir—
You do not love me—I see that well:
You pity me, or perhaps despise
The married ball-room belle!
But oh! if you knew why the blaze and din
Of balls is all that I live for now—
You would know that the pearls that loop my hair
Droop over a burning brow!

“I have pined, long years, for the present hour—
I have tried, with a trembling hand, to write;
But the time has come; we are face to face,
You shall know the truth to-night!”
And the truth, the terrible, awful truth,
I heard from the lips that were yet so dear:

She had loved me still, with her heart of hearts,
When the bride of the Chevalier!

A guardian's threat, and a feeble will,
Had made her yield to the awful shame—
She told me all with a writhing lip
And a cheek that burned like flame.
She told me all, as I shuddered there;
She begged like a child for a word of grace—
From me who longed to draw her close
In a passionate, wild embrace!

But the madness passed, and I said no more
Than the simple words I write down here,—
"I love you, my darling, and pardon all,"
Then I bowed to the Chevalier:
She took his arm with a smothered sigh
And a look so sad as they passed away,
That the blue eyes wet with tears will haunt
My heart to its dying day.

And so, I have told, good friend of mine,
The story the world has got by heart.
I do not mutter against my fate,
For each must play his part:
For me, I have worn the "inky cloak"
While you may have danced in ribbons gay;
But the dress is naught so the heart is right,
And we watch, and praise, and pray!

THE GAMBOLS OF CHILDREN.

GEORGE DARLEY.

Down the dimpled green-sward dancing,
Bursts a flaxen-headed bevy—
Bud-lipt boys and girls advancing,
Love's irregular little levy.

Rows of liquid eyes in laughter,
How they glimmer, how they quiver!
Sparkling one another after,
Like bright ripples on a river.

Tipsy band of rubious faces,
Flushed with Joy's ethereal spirit,
Make your mocks and sly grimaces
At Love's self, and do not fear it.

AN OLD WEDDING RING.

W. D. ELLWANGER.

What a symbol of love is that circle of gold,
By the token of which our devotion was told;
How our youthful affection shines out, as it seems,
In the light of the romance around it that gleams:
And it knows no beginning or ending, or why
Its continuing course should not run till we die.

And a sigh and a seal of our reverence, too,
Had a part in our creed, when that old ring was new,
When a slender, light hand was upraised to our lips
And our kisses were pressed on its slim finger tips.
For that circle of gold seemed a hallowing pledge
Of a homage profounder than words dare allege.

But the metal that's purest wears quickest away,
And that old wedding ring has grown thinner to-day;
Yet the hand which it graced graces it in its turn
With a magic the alchemist vainly would learn.
For sweet charity's touch has so filled it with gold
That that hand never lacked to the hungry and cold.

And the summers may come and the summers may go,
And the winters may whiten the hair with their snow;
Still the hand which a lover delighted to kiss
Wears the signet of half a century's bliss,
And no earnest of joy in the Heavens above
Is more sure than that ring and its cycle of love.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

DAVID GRAY.

O Love, whose patient pilgrim feet
 Life's longest path have trod,
 Whose ministry hath symbolled sweet
 The dearer love of God,—
 The sacred myrtle wreathes again
 Thine altar, as of old;
 And what was green with summer then,
 Is mellowed now to gold.

Not now, as then, the Future's face
 Is flushed with fancy's light;
 But Memory, with a milder grace,
 Shall rule the feast to-night.
 Blest was the sun of joy that shone,
 Nor less the blinding shower—
 The bud of fifty years ago
 Is Love's perfected flower.

O Memory, ope thy mystic door!
 O dream of youth, return!
 And let the lights that gleamed of yore
 Beside this altar burn!
 The past is plain; 'twas Love designed
 E'en Sorrow's iron chain,
 And Mercy's shining thread has twined
 With the dark warp of Pain.

So be it still, O thou who hast
 That younger bridal blest,
 Till the May-morn of love has passed
 To evening's golden west,
 Come to this later Cana, Lord,
 And, at thy touch divine,
 The water of that earlier board
 To-night shall turn to wine.

THE BACHELOR'S DREAM.

 THOMAS HOOD.

My pipe is lit, my grog is mixed,
 My curtain's drawn and all is snug;
 Old Puss is in her elbow chair,
 And Tray is sitting on the rug.
 Last night I had a curious dream,
 Miss Susan Bates was Mistress Mogg—
 What d'ye think of that, my cat?
 What d'ye think of that, my dog?

She look'd so fair, she sang so well,
 I could but woo and she was won;
 Myself in blue, the bride in white,
 The ring was placed, the deed was done!
 Away we went in chaise and four,
 As fast as grinning boys could flog—
 What d'ye think of that, my cat?
 What d'ye think of that, my dog?

What loving *tête-à-têtes* to come!
 What *tête-à-têtes* must still defer!
 When Susan came to live with me,
 Her mother came to live with her!
 With sister Belle she couldn't part,
 But all my ties had leave to jog—
 What d'ye think of that, my cat?
 What d'ye think of that, my dog?

The mother brought a pretty Poll—
 A monkey, too, what work he made!
 The sister introduced a beau—
 My Susan brought a favorite maid.
 She had a tabby of her own,—
 A snappish mongrel christened Gog,—
 What d'ye think of that, my cat?
 What d'ye think of that, my dog?

The monkey bit—the parrot screamed,
 All day the sister strummed and sung;
 The petted maid was such a scold!
 My Susan learns to use her tongue;
 Her mother had such wretched health,
 She sat and croaked, like any frog—
 What d'ye think of that, my cat?
 What d'ye think of that, my dog?

No longer Deary, Duck and Love,
 I soon came down to simple "M"!
 The very servants crossed my wish,
 My Susan let me down to them.
 The poker hardly seemed my own,
 I might as well have been a log—
 What d'ye think of that, my cat?
 What d'ye think of that, my dog?

My clothes they were the queerest shape!
 Such coats and hats she never met!
 My ways they were the oddest ways!
 My friends were such a vulgar set!
 Poor Tompkinson was snubbed and huffed,
 She could not bear that Mister Blogg—
 What d'ye think of that, my cat?
 What d'ye think of that, my dog?

At times we had a spar, and then
 Mamma must mingle in the song—
 The sister took a sister's part—
 The maid declared her master wrong—
 The parrot learned to call me "Fool"!
 My life was like a London fog—
 What d'ye think of that, my cat?
 What d'ye think of that, my dog?

My Susan's taste was superfine,
 As proved by bills that had no end;
 I never had a decent coat—
 I never had a coin to spend!

She forced me to resign my club,
 Lay down my pipe, retrench my grog—
 What d'ye think of that, my cat?
 What d'ye think of that, my dog?

Each Sunday night we gave a rout
 To fops and flirts, a pretty list;
 And when I tried to steal away
 I found my study full of whist!
 Then, first to come, and last to go,
 There always was a Captain Hogg—
 What d'ye think of that, my cat?
 What d'ye think of that, my dog?

Now was not that an awful dream
 For one who single is and snug—
 With Pussy in the elbow chair,
 And Tray reposing on the rug?—
 If I must totter down the hill
 'Tis safest done without a clog—
 What d'ye think of that, my cat?
 What d'ye think of that, my dog?

AT PARIS.

E. BULWER-LYTTON.

At Paris it was, at the opera there,
 And she looked like a queen in a book that night,
 With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair,
 And the brooch on her breast so bright.

Of all the operas Verdi wrote
 The best to me is the Trovatore,
 And Mario could charm with his tenor note
 The souls in Purgatory.

The moon on the tower slept soft a snow;
 And who was not thrilled in the strangest way,

As we heard him sing, while the gas burned low,
"Non ti scordar di me?"

There, in our front-row box, we sat
Together, my bride-betrothed and I—
My gaze was fixed on my opera-hat,
And hers on the stage hard by.

Meanwhile I was thinking of my first love,
As I had not been thinking of aught for years,
Till over my eyes there began to move
Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress that she wore last time,
When we stood 'neath the cypress-trees together,
In that lost land, in that soft clime,
In the crimson evening weather.

I thought of our little quarrels and strife,
And the letter that brought me back my ring;
And it all seemed then, in the waste of life,
Such a very little thing.

And I think, in the lives of most women and men,
There's a moment when all would go smooth and even,
If only the dead could find out when
To come back and be forgiven.

AN OLD VALENTINE.

OLIVER ORR.

Out of the heart of the long ago,
Faded and yellow, by time, you know,
But cherished still in shadow and shine
Cometh to me her valentine:

The rose is red,
The violets blue—

And I dream in the gloaming soft and low
Of the lass who penned it long years ago.

A little maid with the bluest eyes,
 That ever danced 'neath winter skies;
 A roguish miss whose love was told
 To the sound of a kiss in a moonlit wold,
 But here is the rest of her rhyming tune,

Love is sweet

And so are you.

And a boy's cheeks flushed at the final line
 Of a rustic sweetheart's valentine.

Deep in the past, but dimly hid,
 Behind a soft eye's drooping lid,
 Quivers the arrow that Cupid keen,
 Shot at the castle of might-have-been.
 And plainer still grows the couplet true,

The rose is red,

The violet's blue—

And laughter low, which is half divine,
 Riples across her valentine.

With a cherished thought for the love it told.
 I tenderly open each yellow fold,
 And my heart beats fast as it beat one day,
 In a past that is hallowed and far away.

I can see the eyes that deep and blue,

Love is sweet

And so are you.

So thought the lass as she penned each line,
 And sealed with a kiss her valentine.

TO MY PIPE.

ROBERT R. RINEHART.

Here's to you! my pretty, precious pet,
 Your slender, graceful figure, don't forget

Is lovelier by far to me, you bet,
Than maiden eyes, blonde or brunette.

Your tender lips meet mine, and ah!
Sweet inspiration then I draw,
And lovely languid smoke you know,
Which carries my tired soul out far

Beyond this rotten realm of life—
Beyond this horrid, dreadful strife
For breath to breath. You are my wife;
Therefore I'm not with trouble rife.

I breathe your breath into my soul,
I let your smoke-waves through me roll:
You have of me the sole control,
Whether I sit, run, ride or stroll.

The world condemns you, pretty pet;
And says that we are both "well met;"
But, perfumed darling, pray don't fret,
Nor cherish one poor weak regret.

I am your friend—we'll die together,
We are strung as with a string of leather;
We'll take no note of men or weather,
But burn, and smoke and drop together.

THE SOUL'S DEFIANCE.

LAVINIA STODDARD.

I said to sorrow's awful storm,
That beat against my breast,
Rage on!—thou may'st destroy this form,
And lay it low at rest;
But still the spirit that now brooks
Thy tempest, raging high,

Undaunted on its fury looks,
With steadfast eye.

I said to penny's meager train,
Come on! your threats I brave;
My last poor life-drop you may drain,
And crush me to the grave;
Yet still the spirit that endures
Shall mock your force the while,
And meet each cold, cold grasp of yours
With bitter smile.

I said to cold neglect and scorn,
Pass on! I heed you not;
Ye may pursue me till my form
And being are forgot;
Yet still the spirit which you see
Undaunted by your wiles,
Draws from its own nobility
Its high-born smiles.

I said to friendship's menaced blow,
Strike deep! my heart shall bear;
Thou canst but add one bitter woe
To those already there;
Yet still the spirit that sustains
This last severe distress,
Shall smile upon its keenest pains,
And scorn redress.

I said to death's uplifted dart,
Aim sure! oh, why delay?
Thou wilt not find a fearful heart—
A weak, reluctant prey;
For still the spirit, firm and free,
Unruffled by this last dismay,
Wrapt in its own eternity,
Shall pass away.

MUSIC.

 WILLIAM STRODE.

Oh, lull me, lull, me, charming air!
 My senses rock with wonder sweet!
 Like snow on wood thy fallings are;
 Soft, life a spirit's, are thy feet.
 Grief who need fear
 That hath an ear?
 Down let him lie,
 And slumbering die,
 And change his soul for harmony.

GAUDEAMUS IGITUR.

 JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

Let us live then and be glad
 While young life's before us!
 After youthful pastime had,
 After old age hard and sad,
 Earth will slumber o'er us.

Where are they who in this world,
 Ere we kept, were keeping?
 Go ye to the gods above;
 Go to hell; inquire thereof:
 They are not; they're sleeping.

Brief is life, and brevity
 Briefly shall be ended:
 Death comes like a whirlwind strong,
 Bears us with his blast along;
 None shall be defended.

Live this university,
 Men that learning nourish;

Live each member of the same,
 Long live all that bear its name;
 Let them ever flourish!

Live the commonwealth also,
 And the men that guide it!
 Live our town in strength and health,
 Founders, patrons, by whose wealth
 We are here provided!

Live all girls! A health to you,
 Melting maids and beauteous!
 Live the wives and women too,
 Gentle, loving, tender, true,
 Good, industrious, duteous!

Perish cares that pule and pine!
 Perish envious blamers!
 Die the Devil, thine and mine!
 Die the starch-necked Philistine!
 Scoffers and defamers!

AN OLD FAN.*

(TO KITTY HER REVERIE.)

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

It is soiled and quite passé,
 Broken too and out of fashion,
 But it stirs my heart some way,
 As I told it here to-day,
 With a dead year's grace and passion.
 Oh, my pretty fan!

Precious dream and thrilling strain,
 Rise up from that vanished season;

*W. B. Conkey & Company, Chicago, Publishers.

Back to heart and nerve and brain
Sweeps the joy as keen as pain,
Joy that asks no cause or reason.
Oh, my dainty fan!

Hopes that perished in a night
Gaze at me like spectral faces;
Grim despair and lost delight
Sorrow long since gone from sight—
All are hiding in these laces.
Oh, my broken fan.

Let us lay the thing away—
I am sadder now, and older;
Fled the ball-room and the play—
You have had your foolish day,
And the night and life are colder.
Exit—little fan!





PART IV.

Patriotism,



A STAR IN THE WEST.

ELIZABETH DRAKE COBB.

Here's to Missouri,
Bright Gem of the West!
With her sons gay and gallant,
The bravest and best;
With her wide-spreading prairies
And deep forest dells,
Her bright, rolling rivers,
And clear, springing wells.

We love thee, Missouri!
Though some may despise
Thy warm-hearted spirits
And bright-loving eyes.
We love thee, Missouri!
Thy sweet, rustic grace,
Thy plain, home-spun manners,
And broad, honest face.

Thy mountains, Missouri,
Look fair as the morn;
Thy hills and thy valleys
Are covered with corn.
Thy cattle are grazing
On a thousand green hills—
The tall trees are waving
Above thy cool rills.

Blithe the birds thy green forests
Are singing among;
They make thy homes vocal
With music and song.

The rainbow hath fallen
From its home in the showers,
And it lies on thy praises
A carpet of showers.

Thy fields, O, Missouri,
Are waving with grain,
Thy orchards are teeming
Near every green lane.
Thy proud, rising cities
Dot over the land;
Thy school-houses and churches,
How proudly they stand.

"While the star-spangled banner,
In triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free
And the home of the brave,"
'Twill shelter no prouder,
No nobler than thee,
Missouri! Missouri!
Bright home of the free.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

When freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with the gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And stripped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!

Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven—
Child of the sun! to thee 't is given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blending shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on;
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreathes the battle-shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor-glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,

Each dying wanderer of the sea
 Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
 And smile to see thy splendors fly
 In triumph o'er his closing eye.
 Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
 By angels' hands to valor given;
 Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
 And all thy hues were born in heaven.
 For ever float that standard sheet!
 Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
 With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
 And freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

OLD TENNESSEE.

A. J. HOLT.

The land of pure and balmy air;
 Of streams so clear and skies so fair,
 Of mountains grand and fountains free,
 The lovely land of Tennessee.

The fairest of the fair we see,
 The bravest of the brave have we,
 The freest of the noble free
 In battle-scarred old Tennessee.

The rarest fruits and fairest flowers,
 And happiest homes on earth are ours
 If heaven below could only be,
 'Twould surely shine in Tennessee.

Awake my heart with tuneful string
 And of thy lovely country sing,
 From east to west the chorus be
 God bless our dear old Tennessee.

O Tennessee! Fair Tennessee!
 The land of all the earth for me,
 I stand upon thy mountains high
 And hold communion with the sky,
 And view the glowing landscape o'er
 Old Tennessee forevermore.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

What constitutes a state?
 Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
 Thick wall or moated gate;
 Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
 Not bays and broad-armed ports,
 Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
 Not starred and spangled courts,
 Where low-browed basness wafts perfume to pride.
 No:—men, high-minded men,
 With powers as far above dull brutes endued
 In forest, brake, or den,
 As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude,—
 Men who their duties know,
 But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,
 Prevent the long-aimed blow,
 And crush the tyrant while they send the chain;
 These constitute a state;
 And sovereign law, that state's collected will,
 O'er thrones and globes elate
 Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.
 Smit by her sacred frown,
 The fiend, Dissension, like a vapor sinks;
 And e'en the all-dazzling crown
 Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks;
 Such was this heaven-loved isle,

Than Lesbos fairer and the Creton shore!
 No more shall freedom smile?
 Shall Britons languish, and be men no more?
 Since all must life resign,
 Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave
 'Tis folly to decline,
 And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

THEODORE O'HARA.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Full many a mother's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain—
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above the mouldering slain.

The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone awakes each sullen height
That frowned o'er that bloody fray.

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

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

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
Dear as the blood ye gave;
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

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

ASHES OF GLORY.

AUGUSTUS JULIAN REQUIER.

Fold up the gorgeous silken sun,
By bleeding martyrs blest,
And heap the laurels it has won
Above its place of rest.

No trumpet note need harshly blare,—
No drum funereal roll—
No trailing sables drape the bier
That frees a dauntless soul.

It lived with Lee, and decked his brow
With fate's empyreal palm;
It sleeps the sleep of Jackson now,—
As spotless and as calm.

It was outnumbered—not outdone;
And they shall shuddering tell,
Who struck the blow, its latest gun
Flashed ruin as it fell.

Sleep, shrouded ensign! Not the breeze
That smote the victor tar
With death across the heaving seas
Of fiery Trafalgar.

Not Arthur's Knights amid the gloom
Their knightly deeds have starred;
Nor Gallic Henry's matchless plume,
Nor peerless-born Bayard.

Not all that antique fables feign,
And orient dreams disgorge;
Nor yet the silver cross of Spain,
And Lion of St. George,

Can bid thee pale! Proud emblem, still
Thy crimson glory shines
Beyond the lengthened shades that fill
Their proudest kingly lines.

Sleep! in thine own historic night—
 And be thy blazoned scroll;
*Thy warrior's banner takes its flight
 To meet the warrior's soul.*

ERIN'S FLAG.

FATHER RYAN.

Unroll Erin's flag! fling its folds to the breeze!
 Let it float o'er the land, let it flash o'er the seas;
 Lift it out of the dust—let it wave as of yore,
 When its chiefs with their clans stood around it and swore
 That never! no! never, while God gave them life,
 And they had an arm and a sword for the strife,
 That never! no! never, that Banner should yield
 As long as the heart of a Celt was its shield;
 While the hand of a Celt had a weapon to wield,
 And his last drop of blood was unshed on the field.

Lift it up! wave it high!—'tis as bright as of old!
 Not a stain on its Green, not a blot on its gold,
 Tho' the woes and the wrongs of three hundred long years
 Have drenched Erin's Sunburst with blood and with tears!
 Though the clouds of oppression enshroud it in gloom,
 And around it the thunders of Tyranny boom.
 Look aloft! look aloft! lo! the clouds drifting by,
 There's a gleam through the gloom, there's a light in the sky.
 'Tis Sunburst resplendent—far, flashing on high!
 Erin's dark night is waning; her dawn is nigh!

Lift it up! life it up; the old Banner of Green!
 The blood of its sons has but brightened its sheen;
 What!—though the Tyrant has trampled it down,
 Are its folds not emblazoned with deeds of renown?

What!—though for ages it droops in the dust,
 Shall it droop thus forever?—no! no! God is just!
 Take it up! take it up! from the tyrant's foul tread,
 Let him tear the Green Flag—we will snatch its last shred;
 And beneath it we'll bleed as our forefathers bled,
 And we'll vow by the dust in the graves of our dead.

And we'll swear by the blood which the Briton has shed—
 And we'll vow by the wrecks which through Erin he spread—
 And we'll swear by the thousands who, famished, unfed,
 Died down in the ditches—wild-howling for bread.
 And we'll vow by our heroes, whose spirits have fled;
 And we'll swear by the bones in each coffinless bed,
 That we'll battle the Britton through danger and dread;
 That we'll cling to the cause which we glory to wed,
 'Till the gleam of our steel and the shock of our lead
 Shall prove to our foe that we meant what we said—
 That we'll lift up the Green, and we'll tear down the Red.

Lift up the Green Flag! oh! it wants to go home;
 Full long has its lot been to wander and roam;
 It has followed the fate of its sons o'er the world,
 But its folds, like their hopes, are not faded nor furled;
 Like a weary-winged bird, to the East and the West,
 It has flitted and fled—but it never shall rest,
 'Till, pluming its pinions, it sweeps o'er the main,
 And speeds to the shores of its old home again,
 Where its fetterless folds, o'er each mountain and plain,
 Shall wave with a glory that never shall wane.

Take it up! take it up! bear it back from afar—
 That Banner must blaze 'mid the lightnings of war;
 Lay your hands on its folds; lift your gaze to the sky,
 And swear that you'll bear it triumphant or die,
 And shout to the clans scattered far o'er the earth,
 To join in the march to the land of their birth;
 And wherever the exiles, 'neath heaven's broad dome,
 Have been fated to suffer, to sorrow and roam,
 They'll bound on the sea, and away o'er the foam,
 They'll sail to the music of "Home, Sweet Home"!

OUR STATE.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The south-land boasts its teeming cane,
The prairied west its heavy grain,
And sunset's radiant gates unfold
On rising marts and sands of gold!

Rough, bleak and hard, our little state
Is scant of soil, of limits strait;
Her yellow sands are sands alone,
Her only mines are ice and stone!

From autumn frost to April rain,
Too long her winter woods complain;
From budding flower to falling leaf,
Her summer time is all too brief.

Yet, on her rocks, and on her sands,
And wintry hills, the school-house stands;
And what her rugged soil denies
The harvest of the mind supplies.

The riches of the commonwealth
Are free, strong minds, and hearts of health;
And more to her than gold or grain
The cunning hand and cultured brain.

For well she keeps her ancient stock,
The stubborn strength of Pilgrim Rock;
And still maintains, with milder laws,
And clearer light, the good old cause!

Nor heeds the sceptic's puny hands,
While near her school the church-spire stands;
Nor fears the blinded bigot's rule,
While near her church-spire stands the school.



PART V.

Vers de Société,



THE DEAREST OF ALL.

THE BENEDICT.

Her flattery is the sweetest
Woman wit has e'er devised,
And her compliments the neatest
And most cunningly disguised;
She makes you think you're clever,
Though you're sure your brain is slow,
And no flirt can equal ever
The sweet girl who wants to know.

She asks for your opinion
On a thousand different things,
And you mark not her dominion
Till she's fairly dipped your wings;
She makes you air your knowledge,
Till you feel that you can show
More learning than a college,
Does the girl who wants to know.

She draws you out on fiction,
Music, poetry and art;
On the charms of Browning's diction,
On religion, on Delsarte;
And shows your teachings suit her
Till away to church you go
To become the lifelong tutor
Of the girl who wants to know.

LOVE'S LOGIC.

CHAMBERS JOURNAL.

HER RESPECTABLE PAPA'S.

"My dear, be sensible! Upon my word
 This—for a woman even—is absurd;
 His income's not a hundred pounds, I know.
 He's not worth loving."—"But I love him so."

HER MOTHER'S.

"You silly child, he is well made and tall;
 But looks are far from being all in all.
 His social standing's low, his family's low.
 He's not worth loving."—"And I love him so."

HER ETERNAL FRIEND'S.

"Is that he picking up the fallen fan?
 My dear! he's such an awkward, ugly man!
 You must be certain, pet, to answer 'No.'
 He's not worth loving."—"And I love him so."

HER BROTHER'S.

"By Jove! were I girl—through horrid hap—
 I wouldn't have a milk-and-water chap.
 The man has not a single spark of 'go.'
 He's not worth loving."—"Yet I love him so."

HER OWN.

"And were he everything to which I've listened:
 Though he were ugly, awkward (and he isn't),
 Poor, low-born, and destitute of 'go,'
 He is worth loving, for I love him so."

THE YOUNG MAN WAITED.

J. EDMUND V. COOKE.

In the room below the young man sat,
With an anxious face and a white cravat,
With a throbbing heart and a silken hat,
And various other things like that,
Which he had accumulated.

And the maid of his heart was up above,
Surrounded by hat and gown and glove
And some thousand things that women love
But no man knows the names thereof.
And the young man sat and waited.

You will scarce believe the things I tell,
But the truth thereof I know full well,
Though how may not be stated,
But I swear to you that the maiden took
A sort of a half-bred, thin stove hook
And heated it well in the gaslight there
And thrust it into her head of hair.
Then she took a something off the bed
And hooked it into her hair, or head
Then she piled it high and piled it higher
And drove it home with staples of wire.
And the young man anxiously—waited.

Then she took a thing she called a puff,
And some very peculiar, whitish stuff,
And, using about a half a peck,
She spread it over her face and neck.
(Deceit was a thing she hated.)
She looked as fair as the purest flower,
Or a pound of lard, or a sack of flour,
And the young man wearily—waited.

Then she took a garment of awful shape,
And it wasn't a waist, nor yet a cape,
But it seemed like a piece of ancient mail,
Or an instrument from a Russian jail;
And then with a fearful groan and gasp,
She squeezed herself in its deadly clasp.

So fair and yet so fated.

And then with a move like I don't know what,
She tied it on with a double knot.

And the young man woefully—waited.

Then she put on a dozen different things,
A mixture of buttons and hooks and strings,
Till she strongly resembled a notion store;
Then taking some seventeen pins or more,
She thrust them into her ruby lips,
Then stuck them around from neck to hips,
And never once hesitated.

And the maiden didn't know perhaps
That the man below had had seven naps,
And that now he sleepily—waited.

And then before she could take her leave,
She had to pump up her monstrous sleeve;
Then a little dab here, and a wee pat there,
And a touch or two to her hindmost hair;
Then around the room with the utmost care
She thoughtfully circulated.

Then she seized her gloves and a chamois skin,
Some breath perfume and a long stick-pin,
A bonbon box and a cloak and some
Eau de cologne and chewing gum,
Her opera-glass and a sealskin muff,
A fan and a heap of other stuff;
Then she hurried down, but ere she spoke,
Something about the maiden broke,
So she scurried back to the winding stair,
And the young man looked in wild despair;
And then he—evaporated.

“Love you?” said I, then I sighed, and then gazed I upon her
sweetly,
For I think I do this sort of thing particularly neatly.

“Send me to the Arctic regions, or illimitable azure,
On a scientific goose-chase, with my Coxwell or my Glaisher!

“Tell me I may hie me, tell me, dear one, that I may know.
Is it up the highest Andes? down a terrible volcano?”

But she said, “It isn’t polar bears, or hot volcanic grottoes;
Only find out who it is that writes those lovely cracker mottoes.”

PART II.

“Tell me, Henry Wadsworth, Alfred, Poet Close, or Mister
Tupper,
Do you write the bonbon mottoes my Elvira pulls at supper?”

But Henry Wadsworth smiled, and said he had not had that
honour;
And Alfred, too, disclaimed the words that told so much upon
her.

“Mister Martin Tupper, Poet Close, I beg you to inform us;”
But my question seemed to throw them both into a rage
enormous.

Mister Close expressed a wish that he could only get anight
to me.

And Mister Martin Tupper sent the following reply to me:—

“A fool is bent upon a twig, but a wise man dread a bandit.”
Which, of course, was very clever; but I did not understand it.

Seven weary years I wandered, Patagonia, China, Norway,
Till at last I sank exhausted at a pastry-cook his doorway.

There were fuchsias and geraniums, and daffodils and myrtle,
So I entered, and I ordered half a basin of mock-turtle.

He was plump and he was chubby, he was smooth and he was
rosy,

And his little wife was pretty and particularly cozy.

And he chirped and sang, and skipped about, and laughed with
laughter hearty—

He was wonderfully active for so very stout a party.

And I said, "O gentle pieman, why so very, very merry?
Is it purity of conscience, or you one-and-seven sherry?"

But he answered, "I'm the happiest young person of my era—
If I am not humming 'Tra! la! la!' I'm singing 'Tira! lira!'"

"First I go and make the patties, and the puddings, and the
jellies;

Then I make a sugar bird cage, which upon a table swell is;

"Then I polish all the silver, which a supper-table lacquers;
Then I write the pretty mottoes which you find inside the
crackers—"

"Found at last!" I madly shouted. "Gentle pieman, you astound
me!"

Then I waved the turtle soup enthusiastically round me.

And I shouted and I danced until he'd quite a crowd around
him—

And I rushed away exclaiming, "I have found him! I have found
him!"

And I heard the gentle pieman in the road behind me telling,
"'Tira! lira!' stop him! stop him! 'Tra! la! la!' the soup's a
shilling!"

But until I reached Elvira's home, I never, never waited
And Elvira to her Ferdinand's irrevocably mated!

THE LITTLE WIDOW.

'FRISCO TOWN TALK.

She is cunning, sometimes witty;
Free and easy, but not bold;
Like an apple, ripe and mellow—
Not too young and not too old;

Half inviting, half repellant;
 Now advancing and now shy;
 There is mischief in her laughter,
 There is danger in her eye.

She has studied human nature;
 She is schooled in every art;
 She has taken her diploma
 As the mistress of the heart!
 She can tell the very moment
 When to sigh and when to smile,
 Oh, a maid is sometimes charming
 But a widow all the while.

Ah, "old fossils," nearly fifty,
 Who are plotting, deep and wise;
 Ye "Adonises," of twenty
 With the love-light in your eyes!
 You may practice all the lessons
 Taught by Cupid since the fall,
 But I know a little widow
 Who can win and fool you all.

TO A SOCIETY WOMAN.

JAMES GARDNER.

You call yourself queen of the fashion,
 Your kingdom is Vanity Fair;
 Your court is the gay crowded ball-room,
 Your throne is the *tête-à-tête* chair.

The mirror is your sagest adviser;
 Your subjects are puppets of style;
 Your laws are your whims and caprices,
 Your creed, the religion of guile.

The squadrons composing your army
 Weren't fashioned to fight and to kill;

Their battlefields only a parlor,
 Their tactics the waltz and quadrille.
 To love in your kingdom is treason,
 A crime, lo! the darkest in hue;
 And sentiment dies on the scaffold,
 If once he but dares to be true.
 To feel is a sin without pardon,
 To blush is a habit unknown;
 And poverty's punished with exile,
 'Tis a fault you never condone.
 And such are your manners and customs,
 No emigrant ever so bold
 Would venture to enter your regions
 Unarmed with a passport of gold.

THE CONTEMPORARY SUITOR.

HARPER'S.

Time was that Strephon, when he found
 A Chloe to his mind,
 Sought not how Dun reported her,
 Nor lagged while Time distorted her,
 But rushed right in and courted her,
 As nature had designed.

It's different now; my Lucy, there,
 How gladly would I woo!
 But shapes of such monstrosity
 Confront with such ferocity
 My impecuniosity,
 What is a man to do?

Strephon and Chloe had a hut,
 And, though, about the door,
 The wolf might raise his serenade,
 No latter-day menagerie bayed
 Its warning grim to man and maid:
 "Wed not if ye are poor!"

But I, what monsters must I face
 When I for Lucy sue!
 What landlords roaring for their rent!
 What troops of duns by grocers sent!
 And shapes of want and discontent
 Calamitous to view!

Stay, Lucy, stay! I'm bold and stout,
 I'll rout the grisly crew.
 Be constant, love! and hope and wait,
 And by the time you're thirty-eight
 I may, perhaps, have conquered Fate,
 And when I've won the right to mate,
 If you're not too much out of date,
 I'll surely mate with you!

BARGAINS IN HEARTS.

MAUD HOSFORD, IN LIFE.

For sale: A very fine line of hearts
 At prices far below cost,
 A circumstance which affords you a chance
 To replace the one you have lost.

Hearts that are tender; hearts that are brave;
 One that's been worn on a sleeve
 Is marked down so low it surely must go,
 Though it is somewhat soiled, you perceive.

Broken hearts, too, that have been "restored;"
 One that has only a crack;
 And hearts that are set on a coronet,
 For lovers of bric-a-brac.

Sad hearts, glad hearts, hearts of gold,
 Hearts that gold only can buy;
 And a heart so true, it will just suit you
 If you'll only take it to try.

HER CHOICE.

LIFE.

Her face was like a missaled saint's
 Against the gold and sunset red;
 And aureole seemed her shining hair
 And eve's first star gleamed o'er her head.

On that far height we stood alone,
 And as her pure eyes heavenward dreamed,
 Between a woman and a man
 How measureless the distance seemed!

What message was she sending to
 The heavenly host that soars and sings?
 I spoke the thought that pierced my heart,
 "What would you do if you had wings?"

Ah, vain my anxious doubts and fears—
 No angel, but a woman true!
 "If I had wings," she softly said,
 "I'd fold them close and stay with you."

LEX TALIONIS.

LIFE.

He offered me his heart and hand
 Whereat I laughed and said him nay;
 But found too late that when he went,
 He took my happiness away.

And so I wrote a little note;
 "Dear Jack," it asked, with sweet design,
 "In love is't fair to change one's mind?"
 Said he, "It is, and I've changed mine."

THE NEW CUPID.

LONDON WORLD.

He gazed at me without surprise,
Quite calmly and collectedly,
I scarcely could believe my eyes,
We met so unexpectedly.
Yet he was beyond a doubt,
A visible reality,
For little wings were sprouting out
Not granted to mortality.

But where the arrows, where the bow,
Employed with such dexterity?
The quiver, too?—I did not know,
And asked in all sincerity.
A frown appeared upon his brow,
He answered me with chilliness,
“They’re antequated weapons now,
To use them would be silliness.

“For mortals grow, from year to year,
More mighty intellectual:
I have some little missiles here
That always prove effectual.
I sling them forth—they’re sterling gold;
A few may miss conceivably,
But any heart that’s hard or cold
They damage irretrievably.”

“By force of gold! Oh, Cupid, think
The foul debasing force it is!
Is this your boast?” He gave a wink,
And answered, “Why of course it is;
I saw my chance when Cupid died,
And seized it with avidity.”
“Then who on earth are you?” I cried,
He smiled and said “Cupidity.”

CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

 JOHN LYLIE.

Cupid and my Campaspe played
 At cards for kisses; Cupid paid:
 He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,
 His mother's dove, and team of sparrows;
 Loses them, too; then down he throws
 The coral of his lip, the rose
 Growing on's cheek (but none knows how);
 With these, the crystal of his brow,
 And then the dimple on his chin;
 All these did my Campaspe win:
 At last he set her both his eyes—
 She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
 O Love! has she done this to thee?
 What shall, alas! become of me?

REASON, FOLLY AND BEAUTY.

 THOMAS MOORE.

Reason, and Folly, and Beauty, they say,
 Went on a party of pleasure one day:
 Folly play'd
 Around the maid,
 The bells of his cap rang merrily out;
 While Reason took
 To his sermon-book—
 O! which was the pleasanter no one need doubt,
 Which was the pleasanter no one need doubt.

Beauty, who likes to be thought very sage,
 Turn'd for a moment to Reason's dull page,
 Till Folly said,
 Look here sweet maid!"—

The sight of his cap brought her back to herself,
 While Reason read
 His leaves of lead,

With no one to mind him, poor sensible elf!
 No,—no one to mind him, poor sensible elf!

Then Reason grew jealous of Folly's gay cap;
 Had he that on, he her heart might entrap—

“There it is,”

Quoth Folly, “old quiz!”

(Folly was always good-natured, 'tis said,)

“Under the sun

There's no such fun,

As Reason with my cap and bells on his head,
 Reason with my cap and bells on his head!”

But Reason the head-dress so awkwardly wore,
 That Beauty now liked him still less than before:

While Folly took

Old Reason's book,

And twisted the leaves in a cap of such *ton*,

That Beauty vow'd

(Tho' not aloud)

She liked him still better in that than his own,
 Yes,—liked him still better in that than his own.

THE BELLE OF THE BALL.

W. MACKWORTH PRAED.

Years—years ago—ere yet my dreams

Had been of being wise and witty;

Ere I done with writing themes,

Or yawn'd o'er this infernal Chitty;

Years, years ago, while all my joys

Were in my fowling-piece and filly:

In short, while I was yet a boy,

I fell in love with Laura Lilly.

I saw her at a country ball;
 There when the sound of lute and fiddle
 Gave signal sweet in that old hall,
 Of hands across and down the middle,
 Hers was the subtlest spell by far
 Of all that sets young hearts romancing:
 She was our queen, our rose, our star;
 And when she danced—oh, heaven, her dancing!

Dark was her hair, her hand was white;
 Her voice was exquisitely tender,
 Her eyes were full of liquid light;
 I never saw a waist so slender
 Her every look, her every smile,
 Shot right and left a score of arrows;
 I thought 'twas Venus from her isle,
 I wondered where she'd left her sparrows.

She talk'd of politics and prayers;
 Of Southey's prose, or Wordsworth's sonnets;
 Of daggers or of dancing bears,
 Of battles or the last new bonnets;
 By candle-light, at twelve o'clock,
 To me it mattered not a title,
 If those bright lips had quoted Locke,
 I might have thought they murmured Little.

Through sunny May, through sultry June,
 I loved her with a love eternal;
 I spoke her praises to the moon,
 I wrote them for the Sunday Journal.
 My mother laughed; I soon found out
 That ancient ladies have no feeling;
 My father frown'd; but how should gout
 Find any happiness in kneeling?

She was the daughter of a dean,
 Rich, fat, and rather apoplectic;
 She had one brother just thirteen,
 Whose color was extremely hectic;

Her grandmother, for many a year,
Had fed the parish with her bounty;
Her second cousin was a peer,
The lord-lieutenant of the county.

But titles and the three per cents,
And mortgages, and great relations,
And India bonds, and tithes and rents,
Oh! what are they to love's sensations?
Black eyes, fair forehead, clustering locks,
Such wealth, such honors, Cupid chooses;
He cares as little for the stocks,
As Baron Rothschild for the muses.

She sketch'd; the vale, the wood, the beach,
Grew lovelier from her pencil's shading;
She botanized; I envied each
Young blossom in her boudoir fading;
She warbled Handel; it was grand—
She made the Catalina jealous;
She touch'd the organ; I could stand
For hours and hours and blow the bellows.

She kept an album, too, at home,
Well fill'd with all an album's glories;
Paintings of butterflies and Rome,
Patterns for trimming, Persian stories;
Soft songs to Julia's cockatoo,
Fierce odes to famine, and to slaughter;
And autographs of Prince Laboo,
And recipes of elder water.

And she was flatter'd, worship'd, bored,
Her steps were watch'd, her dress was noted,
Her poodle dog was quite adored,
Her sayings were extremely quoted.
She laugh'd, and every heart was glad,
As if the taxes were abolish'd;
She frown'd, and every look was sad,
As if the opera were demolish'd.

She smil'd on many just for fun—
 I knew that there was nothing in it;
 I was the first the only one
 Her heart thought of for a minute;
 I knew it, for she told me so,
 In phrase which was divinely molded;
 She wrote a charming hand, and oh!
 How sweetly all her notes were folded!

Our love was like most other loves—
 A little glow, a little shiver;
 A rosebud and a pair of gloves,
 And "Fly Not Yet," upon the river;
 Some jealousy of some one's heir,
 Some hopes of dying broken-hearted,
 A miniature, a lock of hair,
 The usual vows—and then we parted.

We parted—months and years rolled by;
 We met again four summers after;
 Our parting was all sob and sigh—
 Our meeting was all mirth and laughter;
 For in my heart's most secret cell,
 There had been many other lodgers;
 And she was not the ball-room belle,
 But only Mrs.—Something—Rogers.

AT THE DANCE.

ROBERT R. RINEHART.

A winding stair,
 A dreamy air,
 A girl whose voice is mellow;
 A murmured sigh,
 A low reply—
 A blush—so far all's well, oh!

A foolish jest,
 A soft caress,
 A promise and a flower;
 A captured fan,
 A prisoned hand—
 Thus man asserts his power.

The music starts,
 The couple parts,
 So ends a passing pleasure;
 By man repeated,
 By maiden greeted,
 As part of every measure.

Again the stair,
 Once more the air,
 Same girl whose voice is mellow;
 But if you took
 Another look
 You'd see a different fellow.

TAKE YOUR TIME.

HARRY ROMAINE.

A rule for kissing, in easy rhyme,
 Is "Not to hurry, but take your time,"
 For many a kiss has gone to waste,
 Spoiled by too impetuous haste.

When you find her lips, then kiss her there;
 Not on the edge of her golden hair.
 A kiss of artistic merit should
 Be placed to effect the greatest good.

The nervous tyro contrives to miss
 The charm of the well directed kiss;
 But constant practice will serve your turn,
 So keep on kissing until you learn.

MY FAMILIAR.*

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

Again I hear that creaking step!
He's rapping at the door!
Too well I know the boding sound
That ushers in a bore.
I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes,
But Heaven defend me from the friend
Who comes—but never goes!

He drops into my easy chair,
And asks about the news;
He peers into my manuscript,
And gives his candid views;
He tells me where he likes the line,
And where he's forced to grieve;
He takes the strangest liberties,
But never takes his leave!

He reads my daily paper through
Before I've seen a word;
He scans the lyric (that I wrote),
And thinks it quite absurd;
He calmly smokes my last cigar,
And coolly asks for more;
He opens everything he sees,
Except the entry door!

He talks about his fragile health,
And tells me of the pains
He suffers from a score of ills,
Of which he ne'er complains;
And how he struggled once with death
To keep the fiend at bay;
On themes like these away he goes—
But never goes away.

*Copyright, John Godfrey Saxe; Publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

He tells me of the carping words
 Some shallow critic wrote;
 And every precious paragraph
 Familiarly can quote;
 He thinks the writer did me wrong;
 He'd like to run him through!
 He says a thousand pleasant things—
 But never says. "Adieu!"

Whene'er he comes—that dreadful man—
 Disguise it as I may,
 I know that like a summer rain,
 He'll last throughout the day.
 In vain I speak of urgent tasks;
 In vain I scowl and pout;
 A frown is no extinguisher—
 It does not put him out!

I mean to take the knocker off,
 Put crape upon the door,
 Or hint to John that I am gone
 To stay a month or more.
 I do not tremble when I meet
 The stoutest of my foes,
 But Heaven defend me from the friend
 Who never, never goes!

BLASÉ.*

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

The world has outlived all its passion,
 Its men are inane and blasé,
 Its women mere puppets of fashion;
 Life now is a comedy play.
 Our Abelard sighs for a season,
 Then yields with decorum to fate.

*W. B. Conkey & Company, Chicago, Publishers.

Our Héloïse listens to reason,
And seeks a new mate.

Our Romeo's flippant emotion
Grows pale as the summer grows old;
Our Juliet proves her devotion
By clasping—a cup filled with gold.
Vain Anthony boasts of his favors
From fair Cleopatra the frail,
And the death of the sorceress savors
Less of asps than of ale.

With the march of bold civilization,
Great loves and great faiths are down-trod,
They belonged to an era and nation
All fresh with the imprint of God.
High culture emasculates feeling,
The over-taught brains robs the heart,
And the shrine now where mortals are kneeling
Is a commonplace mart.

Our effeminate fathers and brothers
Keep carefully out of life's storm,
From the ladylike minds of our mothers
We are taught that to feel is "bad form."
Our worshippers now and our lovers
Are calmly devout with their brains,
And we laugh at the man who discovers
Warm blood in his veins.

But you, O twin souls, passion-mated,
Who love as the gods loved of old,
What blundering destiny fated
Your lives to be cast in this mold?
Like a lurid volcanic upheaval,
In pastures prosaic and gray,
You seem with your fervors primeval,
Among us to-day.

You dropped from some planet of splendor,
Perhaps as it circled afar,

And your constancy, swerveless and tender,
 You learned from the course of that star.
 Fly back to its bosom, I warn you—
 As back to the ark flew the dove—
 The minions of earth will but scorn you,
 Because you can love.

LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

N. P. WILLIS.

They may talk of love in a cottage,
 And bowers of trellised vine—
 Of nature bewitching simple,
 And milkmaids half divine;
 They may talk of the pleasure of sleeping
 In the shade of a spreading tree,
 And a walk in the fields at morning,
 By the side of a footstep free!

But give me a sly flirtation
 By the light of a chandelier—
 With music to play in the pauses,
 And nobody very near:
 Or a seat on a silken sofa,
 With a glass of pure old wine,
 And mamma too blind to discover
 The small white hand in mine.

Your love in a cottage is hungry,
 Your vine is a nest for flies—
 Your milkmaid shocks the Graces,
 And simplicity talks of pies!
 You lie down in your shady slumber
 And wake with a bug in your ear,
 And your damsel that walks in the morning
 Is shod like a mountaineer.

True love is at home on a carpet,
 And mightily likes his ease—
 And true love has an eye for a dinner,
 And starves beneath shady trees.
 His wing is the fan of a lady,
 His foot's an invisable thing,
 And his arrow is tipp'd with a jewel,
 And shot from a silver string.

WHERE HEAVEN IS.

JOSEPH WHELESS.

In this proud age, when Science wings
 Its flight where Star to Star e'er sings,
 Yet know not e'en the most profound
 Where is Heaven found?

While vainly thus intent the Wise,
 Pursue th' eternal light's mysterious ray,
 I that know nought know more than they,
 Heaven's in thy eyes!

INDECISION.

Do I love her?
 Dimpling red lips at me pouting,
 Dimpling shoulders at me flouting;
 No, I dont!

Do I love her?
 Prisoned in those crystal eyes
 Purity forever lies;
 Yes, I do!

Do I love her?
Little wild and wilful fiction,
Teasing, torturing contradiction;
No, I don't!

Do I love her?
With kind acts and sweet words she
Aids and comforts poverty;
Yes, I do!

Do I love her?
Quick she puts her cuirass on,
Stabs with laughter, stings with scorn;
No, I don't!

Do I love her?
No! Then to my arms she flies,
Filling me with glad surprise;
Ah, yes, I do!





PART VI.

Comedy and Humor.



OUR AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

ARGONAUT.

We did our best to make the cast
Resplendent with fair faces;
The tenor's blonde moustache stuck fast
And black beards choked the lasses;
The actresses were pretty maids,
Quite partial to caresses,
The programmes blazed with varied shades,
The audience with dresses.

The prompter played the leading part
And pounded the piano;
'Twas he who won the Prince's heart
Instead of the Soprano!
Duke Harold somehow lost his head
And flirted with his mother,
Then stabbed the servant maid instead
Of murdering her brother.

The bridal feast was laid in skies,
The alto ordered chowder!
The stage directors burned the flies,
With blue and yellow powder.
The audience escaped dismayed,
Exceedingly distressful—
But afterward, the critics said
'Twas wonderously successful!

WHY DON'T THE MEN PROPOSE?

 THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY.

Why don't the men propose, mamma,
 Why don't the men propose?
 Each seems just coming to the point,
 And then away he goes!
 It is no fault of yours, mamma,
 That ev'rybody knows;
 You *fête* the finest men in town,
 Yet, oh, they won't propose!

 I'm sure I've done my best, mamma,
 To make a proper match,
 For coronets and eldest sons
 I'm ever on the watch,
 I've hopes when some *distingué* beau
 A glance upon me throws;
 But though he'll dance, and smile and flirt,
 Alas, he won't propose.

 And what is to be done, mamma?
 Oh, what is to be done?
 I really have no time to lose,
 For I am thirty-one.
 At balls I am too often left
 Where spinsters sit in rows;
 Why won't the men propose, mamma?
 Why won't the men propose?

PLAINT OF THE PESSIMIST.

 BEN KING.

Nothing to do but work,
 Nothing to eat but food,
 Nothing to wear but clothes,
 To keep one from being nude.

Nothing to breathe but air,
Quick as a flash it is gone,
Nowhere to fall but off,
Nowhere to stand but on.

Nothing to comb but hair,
No where to sleep but bed,
Nothing to weep but tears,
No one to bury but dead.

Nothing to sing but songs,
Ah! Well! Alas and alack!
No where to go but out,
No where to come but back.

Nothing to see but sights,
Nothing to quench but thirst,
Nothing to have but what we have got;
Thus through life we're cursed.

Nothing to read but words,
Nothing to cast but votes,
Nothing to hear but sounds,
Nothing to sail but boats.

Nothing to strike but a gait,
Everything moves that goes,
Nothing at all but common sense,
Can ever withstand these woes.

THE RETORT.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Old Nick, who taught the village school,
Wedded a maid of homespun habit;
He was stubborn as a mule,
She was playful as a rabbit.

Poor Jane had scarce became a wife,
 Before her husband sought to make her
 The pink of country-polished life,
 And prim and formal as a Quaker.

One day the tutor went abroad,
 And simple Jenny sadly missed him;
 When he returned, behind her lord
 She slyly stole, and fondly kissed him!

The husband's anger rose!—and red
 And white his face alternate grew!
 "Less freedom, ma'am!"—Jane sighed and said,
 "Oh, dear! I didn't know 'twas you!"

THE EDITOR'S WOOING.

ROBERT H. NEWELL.

We love thee, Ann Maria Smith,
 And in thy condescension
 We see a future full of joys
 Too numerous to mention.

There's Cupid's arrow in thy glance,
 That by thy love's coercion
 Has reached our melting heart of hearts,
 And asked for one insertion.

With joy we feel the blissful smart;
 And e'er our passion ranges,
 We freely place thy love upon
 The list of our exchanges.

There's music in thy lowest tone,
 And silver in thy laughter:
 And truth—but we will give the full
 Particulars hereafter.

Oh, we could tell thee of our plans
 All obstacles to scatter;
 But we are full just now, and have
 A press of other matter.

Then let us marry, Queen of Smiths,
 Without more hesitation:
 The very thought doth give our blood
 A larger circulation.

A POLKA LYRIC.

BARCLAY PHILIPS.

Qui nunc dancere vult modo,
 Wants to dance in the fashion, oh!
 Discere debet—ought to know,
 Kickere floor cum heel and toe,
 One, two, three,
 Hop with me
 Whirlgig, twirlgig, rapide.

Polkam jungere, Virgo, vis,
 Will you join the polka, miss?
 Liberius—most willingly,
 Sic agimus—then let us try:
 Nunc vide,
 Skip with me,
 Whirlabout, roundabout, celere.

Tum laeva cito, tum dextra,
 First to the left and then t'other way;
 Aspice retro in vultu,
 You look at her and she looks at you.
 Das Palmam
 Change hands, ma'am;
 Celere—run away, just in sham.

LINES TO BESSY.

PUNCH.

My head is like a title-deed,
Or abstract of the same:
Wherein, my Bessy, thou may'st read
Thine own long-cherish'd name.

Against thee I my suit have brought,
I am thy plaintiff lover,
And for the heart that thou hast caught,
An action lies—of trover.

Alas, upon me every day
The heaviest costs you levy:
Oh, give me back my heart—but nay!
I feel I can't replevy.

I love thee with my latest breath,
Alas, I cannot you shun,
Till the hard hand of sheriff death
Takes me in execution.

Say, Bessy dearest, if you will
Accept me as a lover?
Must true affection file a bill
The secret to discover?

Is it my income's small amount
That leads to hesitation?
Refer the question of account
To Cupid's arbitration.

THE SATED ONE.

It may not be—go, maidens, go
Nor tempt me to the mistletoe;

I once could dance beneath its bow,
 But must not, will not, can not, now!

A weight—a load within I bear;
 It is not madness or despair;
 But I require to be at rest,
 So that my burden may—digest!

THE CHEMIST TO HIS LOVE.

PUNCH.

I love thee, Mary, and thou lovest me—
 Our mutual flame is like th' affinity
 That doth exist between two simple bodies:
 I am Potassium to thine Oxygen.
 'Tis little that the holy marriage vow
 Shall shortly make us one. That unity
 Is, after all, but metaphysical.
 O, would that I, my Mary, were an acid,
 A living acid; thou an alkali
 Endow'd with human sense, that, brought together,
 We both might coalesce into one salt,
 One homogeneous crystal. Oh! that thou
 Were Carbon, and myself were Hydrogen;
 We would unite to form an olefiant gas,
 Or common coal, or naphtha—would to heaven
 That I were Phosphorus, and thou were Lime!
 And we of Lime composed a Phosphuret.
 I'd be content to be Sulphuric Acid,
 So that thou might be Soda. In that case
 We should be Glauber's Salt. Were thou Magnesia
 Instead we'd form that's named from Epsom.
 Could'st thou Potassa be, I Aqua-fortis,
 Our happy union should that compound form
 Nitrate of Potash—otherwise Saltpeter.

And thus our several natures sweetly blent,
 We'd live and love together, until death
 Should decompose the fleshy *tertium quid*,
 Leaving our souls to all eternity
 Amalgamated. Sweet, thy name is Briggs
 And mine is Johnson. Wherefore should not we
 Agree to form a Johnsonate of Briggs?
 We will. The day, the happy day, is nigh,
 When Johnson shall with beauteous Briggs combine.

COURTSHIP AND MATRIMONY.

PUNCH.

COURTSHIP.

Fairest of Earth! if thou wilt hear my vow,
 Lo! at thy feet I swear to love the ever;
 And by this kiss upon thy radiant brow,
 Promise affection which no time shall sever;
 And love which e'er shall burn as bright as now,
 To be extinguished—never, dearest, never!
 Wilt thou that naughty, fluttering heart resign?
 Catherine! my own sweet Kate! will thou be mine?

Thou shalt have pearls to deck thy raven hair—
 Thou shalt have all this world of ours can bring;
 And we will live in solitude, nor care
 For aught save for each other. We will fling
 Away all sorrow—Eden shall be there!
 And thou shalt be my queen, and I thy king!
 Still coy, and still reluctant? Sweetheart say,
 When shall we monarchs be? and which the day?

MATRIMONY.

Now Mrs. Pringle, once for all, I say
 I will not such extravagance allow!
 Bills upon bills, and larger every day,
 Enough to drive a man to drink, I vow!

Bonnets, gloves, frippery and trash—nay, nay,
 Tears, Mrs. Pringle, will not gull me now—
 I say I won't allow ten pounds a week;
 I can't afford it; madam, do not speak!

In wedding you I thought I had a treasure;
 I find myself most miserably mistaken!
 You rise at ten, then spend the day in pleasure:
 In fact, my confidence is slightly shaken.
 Ha! what's that uproar? This, ma'am, is my leisure;
 Sufficient noise the slumbering dead to waken!
 I seek retirement, and I find—a riot;
 Confound those children, but I'll make them quiet!

COMIC MISERIES.*

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

My dear young friend, whose shining wit,
 Sets all the room a-blaze,
 Don't think yourself "a happy dog,"
 For all your merry ways;
 But learn to wear a sober phiz;
 Be stupid if you can;
 It's such a very serious thing
 To be a funny man!

You're at an evening party, with
 A group of pleasant folk—
 You venture quietly to crack
 The least of little jokes—
 A lady doesn't catch the point,
 And begs you to explain—
 Alas for one that drops a jest
 And takes it up again!

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You're talking deep philosophy
With very special force,
To edify a clergyman
With suitable discourse—
You think you've got him—when he calls
A friend across the way,
And begs you'll say that funny thing
You said the other day!

You drop a pretty *jeu-de-mot*
Into a neighbor's ears,
Who likes to give you credit for
The clever thing he hears;
And so he hawks your jest about,
The old, authentic one,
Just breaking off the point of it,
And leaving out the pun!

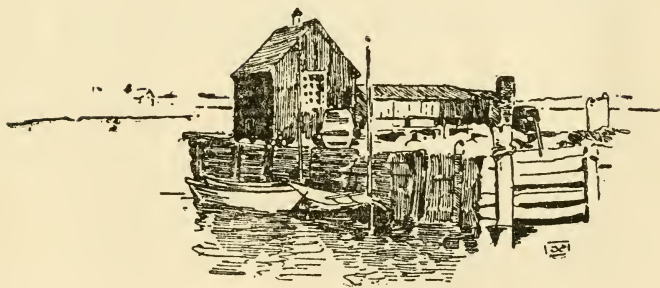
By sudden change in politics,
Or sadder change in Polly,
You lose your love or loaves, and fall
A prey to melancholy;
While everybody marvels why
Your mirth is under ban—
They think your very grief "a joke"—
You're such a funny man!

You follow up a stylish card
That bids you come and dine,
And bring along your freshest wit
(To pay for musty wine);
You're looking very dismal, when
My lady bounces in,
And wonders what you're thinking of,
And why you don't begin!

You're telling to a knot of friends
A fancy tale of woes
That cloud your matrimonial sky,
And banish all repose—

A solemn lady overhears
The story of your strife,
And tells the town the pleasant news:—
You quarrel with your wife.

My dear young friend, whose shining wit
Sets all the room a-blaze,
Don't think yourself "a happy dog,"
For all your merry ways;
But learn to wear a sober phiz,
Be stupid of you can;
It's such a very serious thing
To be a funny man!





PART VII.

Toasts and Convivial Songs,



BRING THE FLASK, THE MUSIC BRING.

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

Come, now, all ye social powers,
Shed your influence o'er us;
Crown with joy the present hours,
Enliven those before us.
Bring the flask, the music bring,
Joy shall quickly find us;
Drink and dance, and laugh and sing,
And cast dull Care behind us.

Love, thy godhead we adore,
Source of generous passion;
But will ne'er bow down before
Those idols, wealth and fashion.
Bring the flask, the music bring,
Joy shall quickly find us;
Drink and dance, and laugh and sing,
And cast dull Care behind us.

Friendship, with thy smile divine,
Brighten all our features,
What but friendship, love and wine,
Can make us happy creatures?
Bring the flask, the music bring,
Joy shall quickly find us;
Drink and dance, and laugh and sing,
And cast dull Care behind us.

Why the deuce should we be sad,
 While on earth we moulder,
 Grave or gay, or wise or mad,
 We every day grow older.
 Bring the flask, the music bring,
 Joy shall quickly find us;
 Drink and dance, and laugh and sing,
 And cast dull Care behind us.

Then, since time will steal away,
 Spite of all our sorrow,
 Heighten every joy to-day,
 Never mind to-morrow.
 Bring the flask, the music bring—
 Joy shall quickly find us;
 Drink and dance, and laugh and sing,
 And cast dull Care behind us.

TWO MEN I KNOW.

I know a duke; well, let him pass—
 I may not call his grace an ass;
 Though if I did I'd do no wrong,
 Save to the asses and my song.

This duke is neither wise nor good;
 He gambles, drinks, scorns womanhood,
 And at the age of twenty-four
 Was worn and battered as threescore.

I knew a waiter in Pall Mall
 Who works, and waits, and reasons well;
 Is gentle, courteous, and refined,
 And has a magnet in his mind.

What is it makes his graceless grace
 So like a jockey out of place?
 What makes the waiter—tell who can—
 So very like a gentleman?

Perhaps their mothers—God is great!—
 Perhaps 'tis accident, or fate!
 Perhaps because—hold not my pen—
 We can breed horses but not men.

SONG.

ALEXANDER BROME.

I have been in love, and in debt, and in drink,
 This many and many year;
 And these three are plagues, enough one would think,
 For one poor mortal to bear.
 'Twas drink made me fall into love,
 And love made me fall into debt;
 And though I have struggled and stroved and strove,
 I cannot get out of them yet.

There's nothing but money can cure me,
 And rid me of all my pain;
 'Twill pay all my debts,
 And remove all my lets;
 And my mistress that cannot endure me,
 Will love me, and love me again.

TO HIS FRIEND THAT HAD VOWED SMALL-BEER.

ALEXANDER BROME.

Leave off, fond hermit, leave thy vow,
 And fall again to drinking;
 That beauty that won't sack allow,
 Is hardly worth thy thinking.
 Dry love or small can never hold,
 And, without Bacchus, Venus soon grows cold.

Dost think by turning anchorite,
 Or a dull small-beer sinner,
 Thy cold embraces can invite,
 Or sprightless courtship win her?
 No, 'tis Canary that inspires,
 'Tis sack, like oil, gives flame to am'rous fires.

This makes thee chant thy mistress' name,
 And to the Heavens to raise her;
 And range this universal frame
 For epithets to praise her.
 Low liquors render brains unwitty,
 And ne'er provoke to love, but move to pity.

HERE'S TO THY HEALTH, MY BONNIE LASS.

ROBERT BURNS.

Here's to thy health, my bonnie lass,
 Gude night, and joy be wi' thee;
 I'll come nae mair to thy bower door,
 To tell thee that I lo'e thee.
 O dinna think, my pretty pink,
 That I can live without thee:
 I vow and swear I dinna care
 How lang ye look about ye.

Thou'rt ay sae free informing me
 Thou hast nae mind to marry;
 I'll be as free informing thee
 Nae time hae I to tarry.
 I ken thy friends try ilka means,
 Frae wedlock to delay thee;
 Depending on some higher chance—
 But fortune may betray thee.

I ken they scorn my low estate,
 But that does never grieve me;
 But I'm as free as any he,
 Sma' siller will relieve me.
 I count my health my greatest wealth,
 Sae lang as I'll enjoy it:
 I'll fear nae scant, I'll bode nae want,
 As lang's I get employment.

But far off fowls hae feathers fair,
 And ay until ye try them:
 Tho' they seem fair, still have a care,
 They may prove waur than I am.
 But at twal at night, when the moon shines bright,
 My dear, I'll come and see thee;
 For the man that lo'es his mistress weel
 Nae travel makes him weary.

TO A LADY.

WITH A PRESENT OF A PAIR OF DRINKING GLASSES.

ROBERT BURNS.

Fair Empress of the Poet's soul
 And Queen of Poetesses;
 Clarinda, take this little boon,
 This humble pair of glasses.
 And fill them high with generous juice,
 As generous as your mind;
 And pledge me in the generous toast—
 "The whole of human kind!"
 "To those who love us!"—second fill;
 But not to those whom we love;
 Lest we love those who love not us!
 A third—"to thee and me, Love!"

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

ROBERT BURNS.

There was three Kings into the east,
Three Kings both great and high,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,
Put clods upon his head,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerfu' Spring came kindly on,
And show'rs began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surprised them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,
And he grew thick and strong,
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober Autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

His colour sickened more and more,
He faded into age;
And then his enemies began
To shew their deadly rage.

They've ta'en a weapon, long and sharp
And cut him by the knee;
Then tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They filled up a darksome pit
 With water to the brim,
 They heaved in John Barleycorn,
 There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
 To work him farther woe,
 And still, as signs of life appear'd,
 They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
 The marrow of his bones;
 But a miller us'd him worst of all,
 For he crushed him between two stones.

And they hae t'en his very heart's blood,
 And drank it round and round;
 And still the more and more they drank,
 Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
 Of noble enterprise,
 For if you do but taste his blood,
 'Twill make your courage rise;

'Twill make a man forget his woe;
 'Twill heighten all his joy:
 'Twill make the widow's heart to sing
 Tho' the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
 Each man a glass in hand;
 And may his great posterity
 Ne'er fail in old Scotland!

A TOAST.

ROBERT BURNS.

Instead of a Song, boys, I'll give you a Toast,—
 Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost:

That we lost, did I say? nay, by heav'n, that we found,
 For their fame it shall last while the world goes round.
 The next in succession, I'll give you the King,
 Whoe'er would betray him, on high may he swing!
 And here's the grand fabric, our free Constitution,
 As built on the base of the great Revolution,
 And longer with Politics, not to be cramm'd,
 Be Anarchy curs'd, and Tyranny damn'd;
 And who would to Liberty e'er prove disloyal,
 May his son be a hangman, and he his first trial!

A BOTTLE AND FRIEND.

ROBERT BURNS.

Here's a bottle and an honest friend!
 What wad ye wish for ma'er, man?
 Wha kens, before his life may end,
 What his share may be o' care, man?
 Then catch the moments as they fly,
 And use them as ye ought, man:—
 Believe me, happiness is shy,
 And comes not ay when sought, man.

THE TOAST.

ROBERT BURNS.

Fill me with the rosy wine,
 Call a toast, a toast divine;
 Give the Poet's darling flame,
 Lovely Jessy be the name;
 Then thou mayest freely boast,
 Thou hast given a peerless toast.

LINES TO MR. MOORE.

 LORD BYRON.

My boat is on the shore,
 And my bark is on the sea;
 But, before I go, *Tom Moore*,
 Here's a double health to thee.

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
 And a smile to those who hate:
 And, whatever sky's above me,
 Here's a heart for every fate.

Though the ocean sour around me,
 Yet it still shall bear me on;
 Though a desert should surround me,
 It hath springs that may be won.

Wer't the last drop in the well,
 And I grasping on the brink,
 Ere my fainting spirit fell,
 'Tis to thee that I would drink.

In that water, as this wine,
 The libution I would pour
 Should be—Peace to thine and mine,
 And a health to thee, *Tom Moore!*

 SONG.

LORD BYRON.

Fill the goblet, again, for I never before,
 Felt the glow which now gladdens my heart to its core;
 Let us drink!—who would not?—since, through life's varied
 round,
 In the goblet alone no deception is found.

I have tried in its turn all that life can supply;
I have basked in the beam of a dark-rolling eye;
I have loved!—who has not?—but what heart can declare
That pleasure existed while passion was there?

In the days of my youth, when the heart's in its spring,
And dreams that affection can never take wing,
I had friends!—who has not?—but what tongue will avow?
That friends, rosy wine! are so faithful as thou?

The heart of a mistress some boy may estrange,
Friendship shifts with the sunbeams—thou never canst change:
Thou grow'st old—who does not?—but on earth what appears,
Whose virtues, like thine, still increase with its years?

Yet if blest to the utmost that love can bestow,
Should a rival bow down to our idol below,
We are jealous!—who is not?—thou hast no such alloy,
For the more that enjoy thee, the more we enjoy.

Then the season of youth and its vanities past,
For refuge we fly to the goblet at last;
There we find—do we not?—in the flow of the soul,
That truth, as of yore, is confined to the bowl.

When the box of Pandora was opened on earth,
And Misery's triumph commenced over Mirth,
Hope was left, was she not? but the goblet we kiss,
And care not for hope, who are certain of bliss.

Long life to the grape! for when Summer is flown,
The age of our nectar shall gladden our own:
We must die—who shall not? May our sins be forgiven,
And Hebe shall never be idle in heaven.

THE ISLAND.

LORD BYRON.

But now the dance is o'er—yet stay awhile;
Ah, pause! nor yet put out the social smile.
To-morrow for the Moon we depart,
But not to-night—to-night is for the heart.

DEFIANCE.

 LORD BYRON.

Forbear the banquet; Not for all the plotters
 That ever shook a kingdom! Let them come,
 And do their worst: I shall not blench for them;
 Nor rise the sooner; nor forbear the goblet;
 Nor crown me with a single rose the less;
 Nor lose one joyous hour.—I fear them not.

GERMAN DRINKING SONG.

 THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Sweet Iser! where thy sunny realms,
 And flowery fountains mine;
 Thy waters I would shade with elm,
 To prop the tender vine.
 My golden flagons I would fill
 With rosy draughts from every hill;
 And under each green spreading bower,
 My gay companions should prolong
 The feast, the revel and the song,
 To many a sportive hour.

Like rivers crimsoned by the beam
 Of yonder planet bright,
 Our nectar cups should ever stream
 Profusion of delight!
 No care should touch the mellow heart,
 And sad or sober none depart,
 (For wine can triumph over woe;)

And Love and Bacchus, brother powers,
 Should build in Iser's sunny bowers
 A Paradise below!

SONG.

 THOMAS CAMPEELL.

Drink ye to her that each loves best,
 And if you nurse a flame
 That's told but to her mutual breast,
 We will not ask her name.

Enough, while memory tranced and glad
 Paints silently the fair,
 That each should dream of joys he's had,
 Or yet may hope a share.

Yet far, far hence be jest or boast
 From hallowed thoughts so dear;
 But drink to her that each loves most,
 As she would love to hear.

SONG OF SACK.

 JOHN CLEVELAND.

Come let's drink away the time,
 When wine runs high, wit's in the prime
 Drink and stout drinkers are true joys;
 Odd sonnets and such little toys
 Are exercise fit for boys.

The whining lover that doth place
 His fancy on a painted face,
 And wastes his substance in the chase,
 Would ne'er in melancholy pine
 Had he affections so divine
 As once to fall in love with wine.

Then to our liquor let us sit;
 Wine makes the soul for actions fit.
 Who drinks most wine hath most wit:

The gods themselves do revels keep,
 And in pure nectar tipple deep
 When slothful mortals are asleep.

The gods then let us imitate,
 Secure from carping care and fate;
 Wine, wit and courage both create.
 In wine Apollo always chose,
 His darkest oracles to disclose,
 'Twas wine gave him his ruby nose.

Who dares not drink's a wretched wight,
 Nor do I think that man dares fight
 All day, that dares not drink at night;
 Come fill my cup until it swim,
 With foam that overlooks the brim.
 Who drinks the deepest? Here's to him.

COME, LET'S MIND OUR DRINKING.

CHARLES COTTON.

Come, let's mind our drinking,
 Away with this thinking;
 It ne'er that I heard of did any one good;
 Prevents not disaster,
 But brings it the faster,
 Mischance is by mirth and by courage withstood.

He ne'er can recover
 The day that is over,
 The present is with us, and does threaten no ill.
 He's a fool that will sorrow
 For the thing call'd to-morrow,
 But the hour we've in hand we may wield as we will.

A night of good drinking
 Is worth a year's thinking,
 There's nothing that kills us so surely as sorrow;

Then to drown our cares, boys,
 Let's drink up the stairs, boys,
 Each face of the gang will a sun be to-morrow.

FILL THE BOWL.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

Fill the bowl with rosy wine,
 Around our temple roses twine,
 And let us cheerfully awhile,
 Like the wine and roses, smile.
 Crowned with roses, we contemn
 Gyges' wealthy diadem.
 To-day is ours; what do we fear?
 To-day is ours; we have it here!
 Let's treat it kindly, that it may
 Wish, at least, with us to stay.
 Let's banish business, banish sorrow,
 To the gods belongs to-morrow.

BUMPERS, SQUIRE JONES.

ARTHUR DAWSON.

Ye good fellows all,
 Who love to be told where good claret's in store,
 Attend to the call
 Of one who's ne'er frightened,
 But greatly delighted
 With six bottles more.
 Be sure you don't pass
 The good house, Moneyglass,
 Which the jolly red god so peculiarly owns,
 'Twill well suit your humour—
 For, pray, what would you more,
 Than mirth with good claret, and bumpers, Squire Jones?

Ye lovers who pine
 For lasses that oft prove as cruel as fair,
 Who whimper and whine
 For lillies and roses,
 With eyes, lips and noses,
 Or tip of an ear!
 Come hither, I'll show ye
 How Phillis and Chloe
 No more shall occasion such sighs and such groans;
 For what mortal's so stupid
 As not to quit Cupid,
 When called to good claret, and bumpers, Squire Jones?

Ye poets who write,
 And brag of your drinking famed Helicon's brook,—
 Though all you get by 't
 Is a dinner oftimes,
 In reward for your rhymes,
 With Humphrey the Duke,—
 Learn Bacchus to follow,
 And quit your Apollo,
 Forsake all the Muses, those senseless old crones
 Our gingling of glasses
 Your rhyming surpasses,
 When crowned with good claret, and bumpers, Squire Jones.

Ye soldiers so stout,
 With plenty of oaths, though no plenty of coin,
 Who make such a rout
 Of all your commanders,
 Who served us in Flanders,
 And eke at the Boyne,—
 Come leave off your rattling
 Of siezing and battling,
 And know you'd much better to sleep in whole bones;
 Were you sent to Gibraltar,
 Your notes you'd soon alter,
 And wish for good claret, and bumpers, Squire Jones.

Ye clergy so wise,
 Who mysteries profound can demonstrate so clear,

How worthy to rise!
 You preach once a week,
 But your tithes never seek
 Above once in a year!
 Come here without failing
 And leave off your railing
 'Gainst bishops providing for dull stupid drones;
 Says the text so divine,
 "What is life without wine?"
 Then away with the claret,—a bumper, Squire Jones.

Ye lawyers so just,
 Be the cause what it will you so learnedly plead,
 How worthy of trust!
 You know black from white,
 You prefer wrong to right,
 As you chance to be fee'd:—
 Leave musty reports,
 And forsake the king's courts,
 Where dullness and discord have set up their thrones,
 Burn Salkeld and Ventris,
 And all your damned entries,
 And away with the claret—a bumper, Squire Jones!

Ye physical tribe,
 Whose knowledge consists in hard words and grimace,
 Whene'er you prescribe,
 Have at your devotion
 Pills, bolus, or potion,
 Be what will the case;
 Pray where is the need
 To purge, blister, and bleed?
 When, ailing yourselves, the whole faculty owns
 That the forms of old Galen
 Are not so prevailing
 As mirth with good claret,—and bumpers, Squire Jones.

Ye fox-hunters eke
 That follow the call of the horn and the hound,
 Who your ladies forsake
 Before they're awake

To beat up the brake
 Where the vermin is found:—
 Leave Piper and Blueman,
 Shrill Duchess and Trueman,—
 No music is found in such dissonant tones!
 Would you ravish your ears
 With the songs of the spheres,
 Hark away to the claret,—a bumper, Squire Jones.

GLUGGITY GLUG.

GEORGE COLMAN.

A jolly fat frier loved liquor good store,
 And he drunk stoutly at supper;
 He mounted his horse in the night at the door,
 And sat with his face to the crupper.
 "Some rogue," quoth the friar, "quite dead to remorse,
 Some thief, whom a halter will throttle,
 Some scoundrel has cut off the head of my horse,
 While I was engaged at the bottle,
 Which went gluggity, gluggity-glug-glug-glug."

The tail of the steed pointed south on the dale,
 'Twas the friar's road home, straight and level;
 But, when spurred, a horse follows his nose, not his tail,
 So he scampered due north like a devil.
 "This new mode of docking," the friar then said,
 "I perceive doesn't make a horse trot ill;
 "And 'tis cheap, for he never can eat off his head
 While I am engaged at the bottle,
 Which goes gluggity, gluggity-glug-glug-glug."

The steed made a stop—in a pond he had got,
 He was rather for drinking than grazing;
 Quoth the friar, "'Tis strange headless horses should trot,
 But to drink with their tails is amazing!"

Turning round to see whence this phenomenon rose,
 In the pond fell this son of a pottle;
 Quoth he, "The head's found, for I'm under his nose—
 I wish I were over a bottle,
 Which goes gluggity, gluggity-glug-glug-glug."

REVELRY IN INDIA.

BARTHOLOMEW DOWLING.

We meet 'neath the sounding rafter,
 And the walls round are bare;
 As they echo the peals of laughter
 It seems that the dead are there;
 But stand to your glasses steady,
 We drink to our comrade's eyes,
 Quaff a cup to the dead already—
 And hurrah for the next that dies!

Not here are the goblets flowing,
 Not here is the vintage sweet;
 'Tis cold, as our hearts are growing,
 And dark as the doom we meet.
 But stand to your glasses steady,
 And soon shall our pulses rise;
 A cup to the dead already—
 Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not a sigh for the light that darkles,
 Not a tear for the the friends that sink;
 We'll fall, 'midst the wine-cup's sparkles,
 As mute as the wine we drink.
 So stand to your glasses steady,
 'Tis in this cup that our respite lies;
 One cup to the dead already—
 Hurrah for the next that dies!

Time was when we frowned at others,
 We thought we were wiser then;

Ha! Ha! let those think of their mothers,
 We hope to see them again.
 No! stand to your glasses steady,
 The thoughtless are here the wise;
 A cup to the dead already—
 Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's many a hand that's shaking,
 There's many a cheek that's sunk;
 But soon, though our hearts are breaking,
 They'll burn with the wine we've drunk.
 So stand to your glasses steady,
 'Tis here the revival lies;
 A cup to the dead already—
 Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's a mist on the glass congealing,
 'Tis the hurricane's fiery breath;
 And thus does the warmth of feeling
 Turn ice in the grasp of death.
 Ho! stand to your glasses steady;
 For a moment the vapor flies;
 A cup to the dead already—
 Hurrah for the next that dies!

Who dreads to the dust returning?
 Who shrinks from the sable shore,
 Where the high and haughty yearning
 Of the soul shall sing no more?
 Ho! stand to your glasses steady;
 This world is a world of lies;
 A cup to the dead already—
 Hurrah for the next that dies!

Cut off from the land that bore us,
 Betrayed by the land we find,
 Where the brightest have gone before us,
 And the dullest remain behind—
 Stand, stand to your glasses steady!
 'Tis all we have left to prize;
 A cup to the dead already—
 And hurrah for the next that dies!

THE NEW KING ARTHUR.*

 EDGAR FAWCETT.

THE REVELLERS.

With feast and sport
 We now consort,
 The merry dames of Arthur's court;
 While joys abound
 We here are found,
 The Knights of Arthur's Table Round.

With nimble feet
 We form and fleet,
 In many a measure soft and sweet;
 With shining eyes,
 With happy sighs,
 We dance till dawn shall scale the skies!

Oh, dance and sing
 While pages bring
 The cups where golden dragons cling;
 Oh, dance and drink,
 With cups that clink,
 And loitering hands that interlink!

Oh, "all is well"
 The sentinel
 To Camelot's town will shortly tell,
 When proudly, soon
 At night's mid-noon,
 The towers of Camelot meet the moon!

But we who quaff,
 In mirth's behalf
 The wine where lustres leap and laugh,
 We dance the more
 While many a score
 Of sleepy burghers toss and snore.

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In pomp and pride
 The galleries glide,
 By mantling banners glorified,
 Or glittering tiers
 Of chandeliers
 On helms of glittering halberdiers.

At times we seem
 Like shapes of dream
 That out from shadowy legends gleam;
 At times we throng
 As they who long
 Were ghosts of story and of song!

At times we hear,
 Or faint or clear,
 A phantom voice amid our cheer;
 A wandering air
 The words will bear,
 "Ye are not and ye never were!"

Oh, dance with glee,
 For what know we
 Of things that are and things to be?
 Oh, pour anew
 The wine, for who
 Hath power to part the false from true?

Oh, Merlin sage,
 All gray with age,
 Dost thou know more than prince or page?
 Go, teach thy spells,
 Where wisdom dwells,
 To Dagonet, with this cap-and-bells!

Thy learning school,
 By rote and rule,
 With good King Arthur's gaudy fool!
 For Dagonet now
 Can guess, we vow,
 The riddle of life as well as thou!

We all are here,
 In festal year,
 Gawain, Geraint and Bedivere;
 We all are met,
 Elaine, Lynette,
 And hosts of lovelier ladies yet!

 With jest and wile,
 With quip and smile,
 The hours of banquet we bequile—
 With cups that clink,
 And blushes pink,
 And loitering hands that interlink!

 Oh, speed the rout,
 And round about,
 For life's a dream and death's a doubt!
 Oh, pour the wine,
 For who shall sign
 The bounds of human and divine?

 Oh, circle well
 For who can tell
 The day that brings the funeral-bell?
 Oh, fill the bowls,
 And when it tolls,
 May Saints have mercy on our souls!

 With wines that wink
 And cups that clink,
 And loitering hands that interlink,
 In feast and sport
 We now consort,
 The knights and dames of Arthur's court!

WHEN I DRAIN THE ROSY BOWL.

FRANCIS FAWKES.

When I drain the rosy bowl,
 Joy exhilarates my soul;

To the Nine I raise my song,
 Ever fair and ever young;
 When full cups my cares expel,
 Sober counsels, then, farewell:
 Let the winds that murmur, sweep
 All my sorrows to the deep.

When I drink dull time away,
 Jolly Bacchus, ever gay,
 Lead me to delightful bowers,
 Full of fragrance—full of flowers;
 When I quaff the sparkling wine,
 And my locks with roses twine,
 Then I praise life's rural scene,
 Sweet, sequestered and serene.

When I drink the bowl profound,
 Richest fragrance flowing round,
 And some lovely nymph detain,
 Venus then inspires the strain,
 When from goblets, deep and wide,
 I exhaust the generous tide,
 All my soul unbends;—I play
 Gamesome with the young and gay.

WINE, WOMEN AND SONG.*

EUGENE FIELD.

O Varus mine,
 Plant thou the vine,
 Within this kindly soil of Tibur;
 Nor temporal woes,
 Nor spiritual, knows
 The man who's a discreet imbiber.
 For who doth croak
 Of being broke,
 Or who of warfare, after drinking?
 With bowl atween us,

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Of smiling Venus
 And Bacchus shall we sing, I'm thinking.
 Of symptoms fell
 Which brawls impel,
 Historic data give us warning;
 The wretch who fights
 When full, of nights,
 Is bound to have a head next morning.
 I do not scorn
 A friendly horn,
 But noisy toots, I cant' abide 'em!
 Your howling bat
 Is stale and flat
 To one who knows, because he's tried 'em!
 The secrets of
 The life I love
 (Companionship with girls and toddy)
 I would not drag
 With drunken brag
 Into the ken of everybody;
 But in the shade
 Let some coy maid
 With smilax wreathe my flagon's nozzle,
 Then all day long,
 With mirth and song,
 Shall I enjoy a quiet sozzle!

TO A JAR OF WINE.*

EUGENE FIELD.

O gracious jar,—my friend, my twin,
 Born at the time when I was born,—
 Whether tomfoolery you inspire
 Or animate with love's desire,
 Or flame the soul with bitter scorn,
 Or lull to sleep, O jar of mine!

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Come from your place this festal day;
 Corvinus hither wends his way,
 And there's demand for wine!

Corvinus is the sort of man
 Who dotes on tedious argument.
 An advocate, his ponderous pate
 Is full of Blackstone and of Kent;
 Yet not insensible is he,
 O genial Massic flood! to thee.
 Why, even Cato used to take
 A modest, surreptitious nip
 At meal-times for his stomach's sake,
 Or to forefend la grippe.

How dost thou melt the stoniest hearts,
 And bare the ernel knave's design;
 How through thy fascinating arts
 We discount Hope, O gracious wine!
 And passing rich the poor man feels
 As through his veins the affluence steals.

• Now, prithee, make us frisk and sing,
 And plot full many a naughty plot
 With damsels fair—nor shall we care
 Whether school keeps or not!
 And whilst thy charms hold out to burn
 We shall not deign to go to bed,
 But we shall paint creation red;
 So, fill, sweet wine, this friend of mine,—
 My lawyer friend, as aforesaid.

A DRINKING SONG.*

EUGENE FIELD.

Come, brothers, share the fellowship
 We celebrate to-night;
 There's grace of song on every lip
 And every heart is light!

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But first, before our mentor chimes
 The hour of jubilee,
 Let's drink a health to good old times,
 And good times yet to be!
 Clink, clink, clink!
 Merrily let us drink!
 There's a store of wealth
 And more of health
 In every glass, we think.
 Clink, clink, clink!
 To fellowship we drink!
 And from the bowl
 No genial soul
 In such an hour can shrink.

And you, oh, friends from west and east
 And other foreign parts,
 Come share the rapture of our feast,
 The love of loyal hearts;
 And in the wassail that suspends
 All matters burthensome,
 We'll drink a health to good old friends
 And good friends yet to come.
 Clink, clink, clink!
 To fellowship we drink!
 And from the bowl
 No genial soul
 In such an hour will shrink.
 Clink, clink, clink!
 Merrily let us drink!
 There's fellowship
 In every sip
 Of friendship's brew, we think.

A RHINE-LAND DRINKING SONG.*

EUGENE FIELD.

If our own life is the life of a flower
 (And that's what some sages are thinking),

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We should moisten the bud with a health giving flood
 And 't will bloom all the sweeter—
 Yes, life's the completer
 For drinking,
 and drinking,
 and drinking.

If it be that our life is a journey
 (As many wise folk are opining),
 We should sprinkle the way with the rain while we
 may;
 Though dusty and dreary,
 'Tis made cool and cheery
 With wining,
 and wining,
 and wining.

If this life that we live be a dreaming
 (As pessimist people are thinking),
 To induce pleasant dreams there is nothing meseems,
 Like this sweet prescription
 That baffles description—
 This drinking,
 and drinking,
 and drinking.

WINE.

JOHN GAY.

*Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina possunt,
 Quae scribuntur aquae potoribus.*—HOR.

Of happiness terrestrial, and the source
 Whence human pleasures flow, sing, heavenly Muse!
 Of sparkling juices, of the enlivening grape,
 Whose quickening taste adds vigor to the soul,
 Whose sovereign power revives decaying nature,
 And thaws the frozen blood of hoary Age,
 And kindly warmth diffusing;—youthful fires

Gild his dim eyes, and paint with ruddy hue
His wrinkled visage, ghastly wan before:
Cordial restorative to mortal man,
With copious hand by bounteous gods bestow'd!
Bacchus divine! aid my adventurous song,
"That with no middle flight intends to soar:"
Inspir'd sublime, on Pegasean wing,
By thee upborne, I draw Miltonic air.
When fummy vapours clog our loaded brows
With furrow'd frowns, when stupid downcast eyes,
The external symptoms of remorse within,
Express our grief, or when in sullen dumps,
With head incumbent on expanded palm,
Moping we sit, in silent sorrow drown'd;
Whether inveigling Hymen has trepann'd
The unwary youth, and tied the gordian knot
Of jangling wedlock not to be dissolv'd;
Worried all day by loud Xantippe's din,
Who fails not to exalt him to the stars,
And fix him there among the branched crew,
(Taurus, and Aries, and Capricorn,
The greatest monsters of the Zodiac)
Or for the loss of anxious worldly peif,
Or Celia's scornful slights, and cold disdain,
Which check'd his amorous flame with coy repulse,
The worst events that mortals can befall;
By cares depress'd, in pensive hippish mood,
With slowest pace the tedious minutes roll,
Thy charming sight, but much more charming gust,
New life incites, and warms our chilly blood.
Straight with pert looks we raise our drooping fronts,
And pour in crystal pure they purer juice:
With cheerful countenance and steady hand
Raise it lip-high, then fix the spacious rim
To the expecting mouth:—with graceful taste
The ebbing wine glides swiftly o'er the tongue;
The circling blood with quicker motion flies;
Such is thy powerful influence, thou straight
Dispell'st those clouds that, lowering dark eclips'd.
The whilom glories of the gladsome face;—

While dimpled cheeks, and sparkling rolling eyes,
Thy cheering virtues, and thy worth proclaim.
So mists and exhaltations that arise
From "hills or steamy lake, dusky or gray,"
Prevail, till Phoebus sheds Titanian rays,
And paints their fleecy skirts with shining gold
Unable to resist, the foggy damps,
That veil'd the surface of the verdant fields,
At the god's penetrating beams disperse!
The earth again in former beauty smiles,
In gaudiest livery drest, all gay and clear.
When disappointed Strephon meets repulse,
Scoff'd at, despis'd, in melancholic mood
Joyless he wastes in sighs the lazy hours,
Till reinforc'd by thy most potent aid
He storms the breach, and wins the beauteous fort,
To pay thee homage, and receive thy blessing,
The British seaman quits his native shore.
And ventures through the trackless, deep abyss,
Ploughing the ocean, while the upheav'd oak,
"With beaked prow, rides tilting o'er the waves;"
Shock'd by tempestuous jarring winds, she rolls
In dangers imminent, till she arrives
At those blest climes thou favour'st with thy presence.
Whether at Lusitania's sultry coast,
Or lofty Teneriffe, Palma, Ferro,
Provence, or at the Celtiberian shores,
With gazing pleasure and astonishment,
At Paradise (seat of our ancient sire)
He thinks himself arrived: the purple grapes,
In largest clusters pendent, grace the vines
Innumerable: in fields grotesque and wild,
They with implicit curls the oak entwine,
And load with fruit divine his spreading boughs
Sight most delicious! not an irksome thought,
Or of left native isle, or absent friends,
Or dearest wife, or tender sucking babe,
His kindly treacherous memory now presents;
The jovial god has left no room for cares.
Celestial Liquor! thou that did'st inspire

Maro and Flaccus, and the Grecian bard,
 With lofty numbers, and heroic stains
 Unparallel'd with eloquence profound,
 And arguments convictive, did'st enforce
 Famed Tully, and Demosthenes renown'd:
 Ennius, first fam'd in Latin song, in vain
 Drew Heliconian streams, ungrateful whet
 To jaded Muse, and oft with vain attempt,
 Heroic acts, in flagging numbers dull,
 With pains essay'd; but, abject still and low,
 His unrecruited Muse could never reach
 The mighty theme, till, from the purple fount
 Of bright Lenaeon sire, her barron drought
 He quench'd, and with inspiring nectarous juice
 Her drooping spirits cheered:—aloft she towers,
 Borne on stiff pennons, and of wars alarms,
 And trophies won, in loftiest numbers sings,
 'Tis thou the hero's breast to martial acts,
 And resolution bold, and ardour brave,
 Excit'st: thou check'st inglorious lolling ease,
 And sluggish minds with generous fires inflam'st.
 O thou! that first my quickened soul did'st warm,
 Still with thy aid assist me, that thy praise,
 Thy universal sway o'er all the world,
 In everlasting numbers, like the theme,
 I may record, and sing thy matchless worth.
 Had the Oxonian bard thy praise rehears'd,
 His Muse had yet retain'd her wonted height;
 Such as of late o'er Blenheim's field she soar'd
 Aerial; now in Ariconian bogs
 She lies inglorious, floundering, like her theme,
 Languid and faint, and on damp wing, immerg'd
 In acid juice, in vain attempts to rise.
 With what sublimest joy from noisy town,
 At rural seat, Lucretius retir'd:
 Flaccus, untainted by perplexing cares,
 Where the white poplar and the lofty pine
 Join neighboring boughs, sweet hospitable shade,
 Creating from Phoebian rays secure,
 A cool retreat, with few well chosen friends,

On flowery mead recumbent, spent the hours
In mirth innocuous, and alternate verse!
With roses interwoven, poplar wreaths,
Their temples bind, dress of sylvestrian gods.
Choicest nectarean juice crown'd largest bowls,
And overlook'd the brim, alluring sight,
Of fragrant scent, attractive, taste divine!
Whither from Formian grape depressed, Falern,
Or Setin, Massic, Gauran, or Sabine,
Lesbian, or Coecuban, the cheering bowl
Mov'd briskly round, and spurr'd their heightened wit
To sing Mecaena's praise, their patron kind.
But we not as our pristine sires repair
To umbrageous grot or vale; but when the sun
Faintly from western skies his rays oblique
Darts sloping, and to Thetis wat'ry lap
Hastens in prone career, with friends select
Swiftly we hie to Devil, young or old,
Jocund and boon; where at the entrance stands
A stripling, who with serapes and humil cringe
Greets us in winning speech, and accent bland;
With lightest bound, and safe unerring step,
He skips before, and nimbly climbs the stairs.
Melampus thus, panting with lolling tongue,
And wagging tail, gambols and frisks before
His sequent lord, from pensive walk return'd,
Whether in shady wood or pasture green,
And waits his coming at the well-known gate.
Nigh to the stairs' ascent, in regal port,
Sits a majestic dame, whose looks denounce
Command and sovereignty: with haughty air,
And studied mien, in semicircular throne
Enclos'd, she deals around her dread commands:
Behind her (dazzling sight!) in order rang'd,
Pile above pile, crystalline vessels shine:
Attendant slaves with eager strides advance,
And, after homage paid, bawl out aloud
Words unintelligible, noise confused:
She knows the jargon sounds, and straight describes,
In characters mysterious, words obscure:

More legible are algebraic signs,
 Or mystic figures by magicians drawn,
 When they invoke the infernal spirit's aid.
 Drive hence the rude and barbarous dissonance
 Of savage Thracians and Croatian boors;
 The loud Centaurian broils with Lapithae
 Sound harsh, and grating to Lenaeon god,
 Chase brutal feuds of Belgian skippers hence,
 (Amid their cups whose innate temper's shown)
 In clumsy fist wielding scymetrian knife,
 Who slacks each other's eyes, and blubber'd face,
 Profaning Bacchanalian solemn rites:
 Music's harmonious numbers better suit
 His festivals, from instruments or voice,
 Or Gasperini's hand the trembling string
 Should touch; or from the dulcet Tuscan dames,
 Or warbling Toft's far more melodious tongue,
 Sweet symphonies should flow: the Delian god
 For airy Bacchus is associate meet.
 The stair's ascent now gained, our guide unbars
 The door of spacious room, and creaking chairs
 (To ear offensive) round the table sets.
 We sit; when thus his florid speech begins:
 Name, Sirs! the wine that most invites your taste;
 Champaign, or Bergundy, or Florence pure,
 Or Hock antique, or Lisbon new or old,
 Bordeaux, or neat French white, or Alicant.
 For Bordeaux we with voice unanimous
 Declare, (such sympathy's in boon compeers.)
 He quits the room alert, but soon returns;
 One hand capacious glistening vessels bears
 Resplendent, the other, with a grasp secure,
 A bottle (mighty charge!) upstaid, full fraught
 With goodly wine. He, with extended hand
 Rais'd high, pours forth the sanguine frothy juice,
 O'erspread with bubbles, dissipated soon:
 We straight to arms repair, experienc'd chiefs:
 Now glasses clash with glasses (charming sound!)
 And glorious Anna's health, the first, the best,
 Crowns the full glass; at her inspiring name

The sprightly wine results, and seems to smile:
With hearty zeal and wish unanimous,
Her health we drink, and in her health our own.
A pause ensues: and now with grateful chat
We improve the interval, and joyous mirth
Engages our rais'd souls; pat repartee,
Or witty joke, our airy senses moves
To pleasant laughter; straight the echoing room
With universal peals and shouts resounds.
The royal Dane, blest consort of the Queen,
Next crowns the ruby'd nectar, all whose bliss
In Anna's plac'd: with sympathetic flame,
And mutual endearments, all her joys,
Like the kind turtle's pure untainted love,
Centre in him, who shares the grateful hearts
Of loyal subjects, with his sovereign queen;
For by his prudent care united shores
Were sav'd from hostile fleets' invasion dire
The hero Marlborough next, whose vast exploits
Fame's clarion sounds; fresh laurels, triumphs new
We wish, like those he won at Hockstet's field.
Next Devonshire illustrious, who from race
Of noblest patriots sprang, whose worthy soul
Is with each fair and virtuous gift adorn'd
That shone in his most worthy ancestors;
For then distinct in separate breasts were seen
Virtues distinct, but all in him unite.
Prudent Godolphin, of the nation's weal
Frugal, but free and generous of his own,
Next crowns the bowl; with faithful Sunderland,
And Halifax, the Muses' darling son,
In whom conspicuous, with full lustre, shine
The surest judgment and the brightest wit,
Himself Mecaenas and a Flaccus too:
And all the worthies of the British realm,
In order rang'd succeed; such healths as tinge
The dulcet wine with a more charming gust.
Now each his mistress toasts, by whose bright eye
He's fir'd; *Cosmelia* fair, or *Dulcibell*,
Or *Sylvia*, comely black, with jetty eyes

Piercing, or airy Celia, sprightly maid!—
 Insensibly thus flow unnumber'd hours;
 Glass succeeds glass, till the Dircean god
 Shines in our eyes, and with his fulgent rays
 Enlightens our glad looks with lovely dye,
 All blythe and jolly, that like Arthur's knights
 Of Rotund Table, fam'd in old records,
 Now most we seem'd—Such is the power of Wine!
 Thus we the winged hours in harmless mirth
 And joys unsullied pass, till humid Night
 Has half her race perform'd; now all abroad
 Is hush'd and silent, nor the rumbling noise
 Of coach, or cart, or smoky link-boys' call,
 Is heard—but universal silence reigns;
 When we in merry plight, airy and gay,
 Surpris'd to find the hours so swiftly fly,
 With hasty knock, or twang of pendant cord,
 Alarm the drowsy youth from slumbering nod;
 Startled he flies, and stumbles o'er the stairs
 Erroneous, and with busy knuckles plies
 His yet clung eyelids, and with staggering reel
 Enters confus'd, and muttering asks our will;
 When we with liberal hand the score discharge,
 And homeward each his course with steady step
 Unerring steers, of cares and coin bereft.

GIVE ME BUT THE FOAM OF THE LIGHT WINE.

EMANUEL GIEBEL.

Give me but the foam of the light wine,
 But the beady foam alone;
 Give me but the dream of love divine
 For this life, which soon is flown.

Full draught let another drink, not me,
 Who dwells in his home at rest;
 But I, like a wanderer, must flee,
 Not sit like a bird in nest,—

Must wander and roam the world around,
 'Long a thousand winding ways,
 Both over the land and seas profound,
 Where the light of spring delays.

Wherever a pleading voice I hear,
 That would bid me cease to fare,
 And with those who love take good cheer,
 I sing him the same old air.

Give me but the foam of the light wine,
 But the beady foam alone;
 Give me but the dream of love divine
 For this life, which soon is flown.

THE SOCIAL CUP.

CHARLES GRAY.

Blythe, blythe, and merry are we,
 Blythe are we, ane and a';
 Aften hae we canties been,
 But sic a nicht we never saw!

The gloamin' saw us a' sit down,
 The meikle mirth has been our fa';
 Then let the sang and toast gae roun'
 Till chanticleer begins to craw!
 Blythe, blythe, and merry are we,
 Pick and wale o' merry men;
 What care we tho' the cock may craw,
 We're masters o' the tappit hen!

The auld kirk bell has chappit twel',
 What cares tho' she had chappit twa!
 We're licht o' heart and winna part,
 Tho' time and tide may rin awa';
 Blythe, blythe, and merry are we,
 Hearts that care can never ding;
 Then let time pass—we'll steal his glass,
 And pu' a feather frae his wing!

Now is the witchin' time o' nicht,
 When ghaists, they say, are to be seen
 And fays dance ta the glow-worm's licht,
 Wi' fairies in their gawns of green.
 Blythe, blythe, and merry are we,
 Ghaists may tak their midnight stroll,
 Witches ride on brooms astride,
 While we sit by the witchin' bowl!

Tut! never speir how wears the morn,
 The moon's still blinkin' i' the sky,
 And, gif like her we fill our horn,
 I dinna doubt we'll drink it dry!
 Blythe, blythe, and merry are we,
 Blythe, out-owre the barley bree;
 And let me tell, the moon hersel'
 Aft dips her toom horn i' the sea.

Then fill us up a social cup,
 And never mind the dapple dawn;
 Just sit awhile, the sun may smile
 And licht us a' across the lawn!
 Blythe, blythe, and merry are we,
 See! the sun is kelkin ben;
 Gie Time his glass—for months may pass
 Ere we hae sic a nicht again!

IT IS TO THEE I DRINK.

JUNIUS L. HEMPSTEAD.

Friend of my soul, this goblet quaff;
 Upon its nectared brink,
 A thousand eyes with rubied laugh,
 To thee a welcome blink.

Friend of my soul, within this wine,
 No sorrow dims its pink,
 'Tis only pleasure's lethean shrine,
 That woos thee but to drink.

Friend of my soul, though years are dead,
 From memory's cup I shrink,
 Though youth has fled, with noiseless tread,
 It is to thee I drink.

Friend of my soul, it is not health
 I'd pledge thee in this wine,
 It is not beauty's storied wealth,
 Nor woman's lips divine.

Friend of my soul, there's naught so true,
 As this vintage with its age,
 And in its depths I drink to you
 Though scoffed by priest and sage.

Friend of my soul, then lightly pass
 Misfortune's dismal frown,
 Fill high, drink deep, for time, alas,
 Will turn our goblets down.

SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

Sparkling and bright in liquid light,
 Does the wine in our goblets gleam in;
 With hue as red as the rosy bed
 Which a bee would choose to dream in.
 Then fill to-night, with hearts as light,
 To loves as gay and fleeting
 As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
 And break on the lips while meeting.

Oh! if Mirth might arrest the flight
 Of Time through Life's dominions,
 We here a while would now beguile
 The graybeard of his pinions,
 To drink to-night, with hearts as light,
 To loves as gay and fleeting
 As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
 And break on the lips while meeting.

But since Delight can't tempt the wight,
 Nor fond Regret delay him,
 Nor Love himself can hold the elf,
 Nor sober Friendship stay him,
 We'll drink to-night, with hearts as light,
 To loves as gay and fleeting
 As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
 And break on the lips while meeting.

ODE FOR A SOCIAL MEETING.*

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Come! fill up a bumper—for why should we go,
 logwood
 While the ~~nectar~~ still reddens our cups as they flow?
 decoction
 Pour out the ~~rich juices~~ still bright with the sun.
 dye stuff
 Till o'er the brimmed crystal the ~~ambrosia~~ shall run.
 half-ripened apples
 The ~~purple-globed clusters~~ their life-dews have bled:
 taste sugar of lead
 How sweet is the ~~breath~~ of the ~~fragrance they shed!~~
 rank poisons wines!!!
 For summer's ~~last roses~~ lie hid in the ~~wines~~,
 stable-boys smoking long nines.
 That were garnered by ~~maidens who laughed thro' the vines,~~
 scowl howl scoff sneer,
 Then a ~~smile~~, and a ~~glass~~, and a ~~toast~~, and a ~~cheer~~,
 strychnine and whiskey, and ratsbane and beer
 For all the good wine, and we've some of it here.
 In cellar, in pantry, in attic, in hall,
 Down, down with the tyrant that masters us all.
~~Long live the gay servant that laughs for us all!~~

*Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Publishers.

DRINK TO ME ONLY.

BEN JOHNSON.

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

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much honouring thee,
 As giving it a hope, that there
 It would not withered be,
 But thou thereon did'st only breathe,
 And sent it back to me;
 Since then, it grows and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself, but thee.

METAMORPHOSED GIPSIES.

BEN JOHNSON.

To the old, long life and treasure;
 To the young, all health and pleasure.

THE REVELLERS.

WALTER MALONE.

Come, my comrades, fill the glasses till they bubble to the brim,
 For the hateful light of morning struggles through the shadows
 dim,

Like a witch's seething caldron on the hilltops of the East,
And I loathe it as it flickers on the ruins of our feast:

And I shudder as it glimmers with its fitting flames of blue,
Through the murky mists and mazes, through the cold and
clammy dew.

Now we see each other's faces after all our fierce carouse,
Throbbing pulses, parching eyelids, flaming cheeks and haggard
brows;

Now Remorse and Grief and Anguish come with stealthy, silent
tread,
And our souls are writhing serpents, and our hearts are lumps
of lead.

So, my comrades, fill the glasses, and our woes shall pass away;
We shall hide the wrecks and ruins scattered in the light of day.

Now I see the glasses bubble with a splendor crystalline,
And I see them bubble, bubble, with a bounding bliss divine.

Now I see them palpitating like the sparkling stars of night,
Like the splendid eyes of seraphs under foamy wings of white;

Here the red wine flames and flushes like the rose's burning
breast,

Here the white wine shines and shimmers, like the lily's creamy
crest:

Here the ruddy goblet glimmers like the glow of morning hours,
And the trembling white wine twinkles like the dew on spotless
flowers.

Now I see the hazy hillsides of a land renowned in story,
Sung by sweetest songs of poets, decked in never-dying glory;

And I see the verdant vineyards in that wondrous kingdom old,
With their grapes of royal purple, and their clustered grapes
of gold;

And I see the peasant maidens plucking from the loaded vines,
And I see their naked bosoms sweeter than delicious wines.

So I fly to lands of fancy, fearing to return to earth,
 Strewn with wrecks and strewn with ruins, desert realms of
 death and dearth.

I have lost my youth forever, lost my honor and my name,
 Trod the wastes of desolation, staggered through the mires of
 shame;

Once a sweet girl made me happy, as her blue eyes gazed in
 mine,
 And her blushes, smiles and kisses filled me with a love divine;

But the demon Dissipation tore the lovers far apart,
 And her sweet face faded from me—left me with a broken heart;

So at last the goblet's poison through my sense and spirit stole,
 Till it owned my very being, and my body and my soul.

It has fettered me forever, and will never set me free;
 It is mother, father, brother, sister, sweetheart unto me.

Comrades, comrades, fill the glasses till the bright beads bubble
 o'er:

Drink to vanished dreams and visions, hopes now fled forever-
 more;

Drink to wrecks of time and talent, happy moments passed away,
 Drink to ruined lives and labors, doomed to perish and decay;

Let the crystal glasses bubble, mocking at the morning light,
 As we drink to desolation, coffin, shroud and endless night.

WOMAN.

JOHN MILTON.

O fairest of creation! last and best
 Of all God's works! creatures in whom excell'd
 Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd
 Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet.

TO LADIES' EYES.

THOMAS MOORE.

To ladies' eyes around, boy,
 We can't refuse, we can't refuse,
 Tho' bright eyes so abound, boy,
 'Tis hard to choose, 'tis hard to choose.
 For thick as stars that lighten
 Yon airy bow'rs, yon airy bow'rs,
 The countless eyes that brighten
 This earth of ours, this earth of ours.
 But fill the cup—where'er boy,
 Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
 We're sure to find love there, boy,
 So drink them all! so drink them all!

Some looks there are so holy,
 They seem but giv'n, they seem but giv'n
 As splendid beacons, solely
 To light to heav'n, to light to heav'n.
 While some—oh! ne'er believe them—
 With tempting ray, with tempting ray,
 Would lead us (God forgive them!)
 The other way, the other way.
 But fill the cup—where'er, boy,
 Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
 We're sure to find love there, boy,
 So drink them all! so drink them all!

In some, as in a mirror,
 Love seems portray'd, love seems portray'd,
 But shun the flattering error,
 'Tis but his shade, 'tis but his shade.
 Himself has fix'd his dwelling
 In eyes we know, in eyes we know,
 And lips—but this is telling—
 So here they go! so here they go!
 Fill up, fill up—where'er, boy,
 Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
 We're sure to find love there, boy,
 So drink them all! so drink them all!

DRINK TO HER.THOMAS MOORE.

Drink to her, who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh;
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.
Oh! woman's heart was made
For minstrel hands alone;
By other fingers play'd,
It yields not half the tone.
Then here's to her, who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy!

At Beauty's door of glass
When Wealth and Wit once stood,
They asked her "which might pass?"
She answered, "he who could."
With golden key Wealth thought
To pass—but 't would not do:
While Wit a diamond brought,
Which cut his way right through!
So here's to her, who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy!

The love that seeks a home,
Where wealth and grandeur shines,
Is like the gloomy gnome
That dwells in dark gold mines.
But oh! the poet's love
Can boast a brighter sphere;
Its native home's above,
Though woman keeps it here!
Then drink to her, who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy!

DRINK OF THIS CUP.

THOMAS MOORE.

Drink of this cup—you'll find there's a spell in
 Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality—
 Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen,
 Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.
 Would you forget the dark world we are in,
 Only taste of the bubble that gleams on the top of it;
 But would you rise above earth, till akin
 To immortals themselves, you must drain every drop of it.
 Send round the cup—for, oh there's a spell in
 Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality—
 Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen,
 Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

Ne'er yet was philter form'd with such power
 To charm and bewilder as this we are quaffing;
 Its magic began when, in Autumn's rich hour,
 As a harvest of gold in the fields it stood laughing.
 There having by Nature's enchantment been fill'd
 With the balm and the bloom of her kindest weather,
 This wonderful juice from its core was distill'd
 To enliven such hearts as are here brought together!
 Then drink of the cup—you'll find there's a spell in
 Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality—
 Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen,
 Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

And though, perhaps—but breathe it to no one—
 Like liquor the witch brews at midnight so awful,
 This philter in secret was first taught to flow on,
 Yet 'tis not less potent for being unlawful.
 And e'en though it taste of the smoke of that flame,
 Which in silence extracted its virtues forbidden—
 Fill up—there's a fire in some hearts I could name,
 Which may work, too, its charm, though as lawless and hidden.
 So drink of the cup—for oh there's a spell in
 Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality—
 Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen,
 Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE.

THOMAS MOORE.

Come, send round the wine, and leave points of belief
 To simpleton sages and reasoning fools;
 This moment's a flower too fair and brief,
 To be wither'd and stained by the dust of the schools;
 Your glass may be purple and mine be blue,
 But while they are fill'd from the same bright bowl,
 The fool, who would quarrel for difference of hue,
 Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul.

Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side
 In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
 Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
 If he kneel not before the same altar with me?
 From the heretic girl of my soul should I fly,
 To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
 No! perish the hearts and the laws that try
 Truth, valour, or love, by a standard like this.

FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

THOMAS MOORE.

Fill the bumper fair!
 Every drop we sprinkle
 O'er the brow of Care
 Soothes away a wrinkle.
 Wit's electric flame
 Ne'er so swiftly passes,
 As when through the frame
 It shoots from brimming glasses.
 Fill the bumper fair!
 Every drop we sprinkle
 O'er the brow of Care
 Smooths away a wrinkle.

Sages can, they say,
 Grasp the lightning's pinions,
 And bring down its ray
 From the starred dominions:—
 So we, sages sit,
 And, mid bumpers bright'ning,
 From the heaven of wit
 Draw down all its lightning!
 Fill the bumper fair!
 Every drop we sprinkle
 O'er the brow of Care
 Smooths away a wrinkle.

Would'st thou know what first
 Made our souls inherit
 This ennobling thirst
 For wine's celestial spirit?
 It chanced upon that day,
 When, as bards inform us,
 Prometheus stole away
 The living fires that warm us.
 Fill the bumper fair!
 Every drop we sprinkle
 O'er the brow of Care
 Smooths away a wrinkle.

The careless Youth, when up
 To Glory's fount aspiring,
 Took nor urn nor cup
 To hide the pilfer'd fire in:—
 But oh his joy! when, round,
 The halls of heaven spying,
 Amongst the stars he found
 A bowl of Bacchus lying.
 Fill the bumper fair!
 Every drop we sprinkle
 O'er the brow of Care
 Smooths away a wrinkle.

Some drops were in that bowl,
 Remains of last night's pleasure,

With which the Sparks of soul
 Mixed their burning treasure!
 Hence the goblet's shower
 Hath such spells to win us—
 Hence its mighty power
 O'er that flame within us.
 Fill the bumper fair!
 Every drop we sprinkle
 O'er the brow of Care
 Smooths away a wrinkle.

SEND THE BOWL ROUND MERRILY.

THOMAS MOORE.

Send the bowl round merrily,
 Laughing, singing, drinking,
 Toast it, toast it cheerily—
 Here's to the devil with thinking!
 Oh! for the round of pleasure,
 With sweetly-smiling lasses—
 Glasses o'erflowing their measure,
 With hearts as full as our glasses.
 Send the bowl round merrily,
 Laughing, singing, drinking,
 Toast it, toast it cheerily—
 Here's to the devil with thinking!

Once I met a funny lass,
 Oh! I loved her dearly!
 Left for her my bonny glass—
 Faith! I died for her—nearly.
 But she proved damn'd uncivil,
 And thought to peck like a hen, sir;
 So I pitched the jade to the devil,
 And took to my glass again, sir.

Then send the bowl round merrily,
 Laughing, singing, drinking,
 Toast it, toast it cheerily—
 Here's to the devil with thinking!

Now I'm turn'd a rover,
 In love with every petticoat;
 No matter whom it may cover,
 Or whether it's Jenny's or Betty's coat;
 And, if the girl can put up
 With any good thing in pieces,
 My heart I'll certainly cut up,
 And share it with all young misses.
 Then send the bowl round merrily,
 Laughing, singing, drinking,
 Toast it, toast it cheerily—
 Here's to the devil with thinking!

A bumper round to the pretty ones!
 Here's to the girl with the blue eyes!
 Here's to her with the jetty ones,
 Where the languishing dew lies!
 Could all such hours as this is
 Be summ'd in one little measure,
 I'd live a short life of blisses,
 And die in a surfeit of pleasure!
 Then send the bowl round merrily,
 Laughing, singing, drinking,
 Toast it, toast it cheerily—
 Here's to the devil with thinking!

'TIS WHEN THE CUP IS SMILING.

THOMAS MOORE.

'Tis when the cup is smiling before us,
 And we pledge round to hearts that are true, boy true,
 That the sky of this life opens o'er us,
 And Heaven gives a glimpse of its blue.

Talk of Adam in Eden reclining,
 We are better, far better off thus, boy thus;
 For him but two bright eyes were shining—
 See what numbers are sparkling for us!

When on one side the grape-juice is dancing,
 And on t' other a blue eye beams, boy, beams,
 'Tis enough, 'twixt the wine and the glancing,
 To disturb even a saint from his dreams.
 Though this life like a river is flowing,
 I care not how fast it goes on, boy, on,
 While the grape on its bank still is growing,
 And such eyes light the waves as they run.

WREATHE THE BOWL.

THOMAS MOORE.

Wreathe the bowl
 With flowers of soul,
 The brightest wit can find us;
 We'll take a flight
 Towards heaven tonight,
 And leave dull earth behind us!
 Should love amid
 The wreaths be hid
 That Joy, the enchanter, brings us
 No danger fear,
 While wine is near,
 We'll drown him if he stings us.
 Then wreathe the bowl
 With flowers of soul,
 The brightest wit can find us;
 We'll take a flight
 Towards heaven tonight,
 And leave dull earth behind us!

'Twas nectar fed
 Of old, 'tis said,
 Their Junos, Joves, Apollos;
 And man may brew
 His nectar, too,
 The rich receipt's as follows:
 Take wine like this,
 Let looks of bliss
 Around it well be blended,
 Then bring wit's beam
 To warm the stream,
 And there's your nectar splendid!
 So, wreath the bowl
 With flowers of soul,
 The brightest wit can find us;
 We'll take a flight
 Towards heaven tonight,
 And leave dull earth behind us!

Say, why did Time
 His glass sublime
 Fill up with sands unsightly
 When wine, he knew,
 Runs brisker through,
 And sparkles far more brightly!
 Oh, lend it us,
 And, smiling thus,
 The glass in two we'd sever,
 Make pleasure glide
 In double tide,
 And fill both ends forever!
 Then wreath the bowl
 With flowers of soul,
 The brightest wit can find us;
 We'll take a flight
 Towards heaven tonight,
 And leave dull earth behind us!

LALLA ROOKH.

 THOMAS MOORE.

* * *

Here sparkles the nectar, that hallow'd by love,
 Could draw down those angels of old from their sphere,
 Who for wine of this earth left the fountain above,
 And forgot heaven's stars for the eyes we have here.
 And, bless'd with the odour our goblets give forth
 What Spirit the sweets of his Eden would miss?
 For oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
 It is this, it is this.

ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

 THOMAS MOORE.

One bumper at parting! though many
 Have circled the board since we met,
 The fullest, the saddest of any
 Remains to be crowned by us yet.
 The sweetness that pleasure has in it
 Is always so slow to come forth,
 That seldom, alas, till the minute
 It dies, do we know half its worth!
 But fill—may our life's happy measure
 Be all of such moments made up;
 They're born on the bosom of pleasure,
 They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

As onward we journey, how pleasant
 To pause and inhabit awhile
 Those few sunny spots, like the present,
 That 'mid the dull wilderness smile!
 But Time, like a pitiless master,
 Cries "Onward!" and spins the gay hours;
 And never does Time travel faster

Than when his way lies among flowers.
 But, come—may our life's happy measure
 Be all of such moments made up;
 They're born on the bosom of pleasure,
 They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

This evening we saw the sun sinking
 In waters his glory made bright—
 Oh! trust me, our farewell of drinking
 Should be like that farewell of light.
 You saw how he finish'd by darting
 His beam o'er a deep billows brim—
 So fill up:—let's shine, at our parting,
 In full liquid glory, like him.
 And oh: may our life's happy measure
 Of moments like this be made up;
 'Twas born on the bosom of pleasure,
 It dies 'mid the tears of the cup!

ANACREON.

THOMAS MOORE.

Within this goblet, rich and deep,
 I cradle all my woes to sleep.
 Why should we breathe the sigh of fear,
 Or pour the unavailing tear?
 For Death will never heed the sigh,
 Nor soften at the tearful eye;
 And eyes that sparkle, eyes that weep,
 Must all alike be seal'd in sleep;
 Then let us never vainly stray,
 In search of thorns, from pleasure's way;
 Oh! let us quaff the rosy wave
 Which Bacchus loves, which Bacchus gave;
 And in the goblet, rich and deep,
 Cradle our crying woes to sleep.

ANACREON.

 THOMAS MOORE.

While our rosy fillets shed
 Blushes o'er each fervid head,
 With many a cup and many a smile
 The festal moments we beguile.
 And while the harp, impassion'd, flings
 Tuneful rapture from the strings,
 Some airy nymph, with fluent limbs,
 Through the dance luxurious swims,
 Waving, in her snowy hand,
 The leafy Bacchanalian wand
 Which, as the tripping wanton flies,
 Shakes its tresses to her sighs!
 A youth, the while, with loos'nd hair,
 Floating on the listless air,
 Sings, to the wild harp's tender tone,
 A tale of woes, alas! his own;
 And then, what nectar in his sigh,
 As o'er his lips the murmurs die
 Surely never yet has been
 So divine, so blest a scene!
 Has Cupid left the starry sphere,
 To wave his golden tresses here?
 Oh, yes! and Venus, queen of wiles,
 And Bacchus, shedding rosy smiles,
 All, all are here to hail with me
 The Genius of Festivity.

 ANACREONTIC.

 THOMAS MOORE.

I filled to thee, to thee I drank,
 I nothing did but drink and fill;

The bowl by turns was bright and blank,
 'Twas drinking, filling, drinking still!

At length I bid an artist paint
 Thy image in this ample cup,
 That I might see the dimpled saint
 To whom I quaff'd my nectar up.

Behold how bright that purple lip
 Is blushing through the wine at me!
 Every roseate drop I sip
 Is just like kissing wine from thee!

But, oh! I drink the more of this;
 For, ever when the draught I drain,
 Thy lip invites another kiss,
 And in the nectar flows again!

So, here's to thee, my gentle dear!
 And may that eye forever shine
 Beneath as soft and sweet a tear
 As bathes it in this bowl of mine.

THE TOPER'S APOLOGY.

CHARLES MORRIS.

I'm often asked by plodding souls
 And men of crafty tongue,
 What joy I take in draining bowls,
 And tipping all night long.
 Now, though these cautious knaves I scorn,
 For once I'll not disdain
 To tell them why I sit till morn
 And fill my glass again.

'Tis by the glow my bumper gives
 Life's pictures mellow made;
 The fading light then brightly lives,
 And softly sinks the shade;

Some happier tint still rises there
With every drop I drain—
And that I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

My Muse, too, when her wings are dry,
No frolic flight will take;
But round a bowl she'll dip and fly,
Like swallows round a lake.
Then if the nymph will have her share
Before she'll bless her swain—
Why that I think 's a reason fair
To fill my glass again'.

In life I've rung all changes too,—
Run every pleasure down,—
Tried all extremes of fancy through,
And lived with half the town;
For me there's nothing new or rare
Till wine deceives my brain—
And that I think 's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

There's many a lad I knew is dead,
And many a lass grown old;
And as the lesson strikes my head,
My weary heart grows cold.
But wine awhile drives off despair,
Nay, bids a hope remain—
And that I think 's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

Then, hipp'd and vex'd at England's state
In these convulsive days,
I can't endure the ruin'd fate
My sober eye surveys;
But, 'midst the bottle's dazzling glare,
I see the gloom less plain—
And that I think 's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

I find, too, when I stint my glass,
 And sit with sober air,
 I'm prosed by some dull reasoning ass,
 Who treads the path of care;
 Or, harder tax'd, I'm forced to bear
 Some coxcomb's fribbling strain—
 And that I think 's a reason fair
 To fill my glass again.

Nay, don't we see Love's fetters, too,
 With different holds entwine?
 While nought but death can some undo,
 There's some give way to wine.
 With me the lighter head I wear
 The lighter hangs the chain—
 And that I think 's a reason fair
 To fill my glass again.

And now I'll tell, to end my song,
 At what I most repine;
 This cursed war, or right or wrong,
 Is war against all wine;
 Nay, Port, they say, will soon be rare
 As juice of France or Spain—
 And that I think 's a reason fair
 To fill my glass again.

IN PRAISE OF GOOD BEER.

THOMAS NABBES.

Thou, ever youthful God of Wine,
 Whose burnished cheeks with rubies shine,
 Thy brows with ivy chaplets crowned
 We dare thee here to pledge a round!
 Thy wanton grapes we do detest
 Here's richer juice from barley pressed.

Let not the Muses vainly tell
What virtue's in the horse-hoof well,
That scarce one drop of good blood breeds,
But, with mere inspiration feeds;
Oh, let them come, and taste this beer,
And water henceforth they'll forswear.

If that, the Paracelsian crew,
The virtues of this liquor knew,
Their endless toils they would give o'er,
And never use extractions more;
'Tis medicine, meat, for young and old,
Elixir,—blood of tortured gold.

It is sublimed—it's calcinate;
'Tis rectified—precipitate;
It is Androgena—Sol's wife;
It is the mercury of life;
It is the quinessence of malt,
And they that drink it want no salt.

It heals, it hurts; it cures, it kills;
Men's heads with proclamation fills;
It makes some dumb, and others speak,
Strong vessels hold, and cracked ones leak.
It makes some rich, and others poor,
It makes, and yet mars many a score.

A bottle is a very good thing,
 With a good deal of good wine in it;
 A song is good, when a body can sing,
 And to finish we must begin it.
 For a glass is good, and a lass is good,
 And a pipe is good in cold weather;
 The world is good, and the people are good,
 And we're all good fellows together.

A friend is good when you're out of good luck,
 For that is the time to try him;
 For a justice good the haunch of a buck,
 With such a good present you'll buy him;
 A fine old woman is good when she's dead;
 A rogue very good for good hanging;
 A fool is good by the nose to be led,
 And my song deserves a good banging.
 For a lass is good, and a glass is good,
 And a pipe is good in cold weather;
 The world is good, and the people are good,
 And we're all good fellows together.

AIR—"DON CAESAR."

JOHN O'KEEFE.

Flow, thou regal nurn' or
 Tinted

WHISKY.

 JOSEPH O'LEARY.

Whisky, drink divine!
 Why should drivellers bore us
 With the praise of wine,
 Whilst we've thee before us?
 Were it not a shame,
 Whilst we gaily fling thee
 To our lips of flame,
 If we could not sing thee?
 Whisky, drink divine!
 Why should drivellers bore us
 With the praise of wine,
 Whilst we've thee before us?

Greek and Roman sung
 Chian and Falernian—
 Shall no harp be strung
 To thy praise Hibernian?
 Yes! let Erin's sons—
 Generous, brave, and frisky—
 Tell the world at once
 They owe it to their whisky.
 Whisky, drink divine!
 Why should drivellers bore us
 With the praise of wine,
 Whilst we've thee before us?

If Anacreon—who
 Was the grape's best poet—
 Drank our *Mountain-dew*,
 How his verse would show it!
 As the best then known,
 He to wine civil;
 Had he Inishowen,
 He'd pitch wine to the d—l.
 Whisky, drink divine!
 Why should drivellers bore us

With the praise of wine,
 Whilst we've thee before us?

Bright as beauty's eye,
 When no sorrow veils it;
 Sweet as beauty's sigh,
 When young love inhales it;
 Come, then, to my lip—
 Come, thou rich in blisses!
 Every drop I sip
 Seems a shower of kisses.
 Whisky, drink divine!
 Why should drivellers bore us
 With the praise of wine,
 Whilst we've thee before us?

Could my feeble lays
 Half thy virtues number,
 A whole grove of bays
 Should my brows encumber.
 Be his name adored,
 Who summed up thy merits
 In one little word,
 When he called thee spirits.
 Whisky, drink divine!
 Why should drivellers bore us
 With the praise of wine,
 Whilst we've thee before us?

Send it gaily round—
 Life would be no pleasure,
 If we had not found
 This enchanting treasure;
 And when tyrant Death's
 Arrow shall transfix ye,
 Let your latest breaths
 Be, whisky! whisky! whisky!
 Whisky, drink divine!
 Why should drivellers bore us
 With the praise of wine,
 Whilst we've thee before us?

 VENICE PRESERVED.

 THOMAS OTWAY.

* * *

O woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
 To temper man; we had been brutes without you.
 Angels are painted fair to look like you;
 There's in you all that we believe of heaven,
 Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
 Eternal joy, and everlasting love.

 PERVIGILIUM VENERIS.

 PARNELL'S TRANS.

* * *

Let those love now, who never loved before,
 Let those who always loved, now love the more.

 THE GOBLET.

 J. G. PERCIVAL.

Where gay Falernian lifts its sunny brow
 O'er wide Campania's sea of bending corn,
 I rose and shook my tendrils to the gale,
 And glowed with living purple and gold.
 How rich, to see the teeming clusters
 Droop beneath their nectared load,
 To inhale the airs of fragrance.
 As the wanton wind
 Loaded his wings with dewy sweetness, culled
 The choicest perfumes that I shed,
 And whispering o'er the banks

Of blossoms, gave them richer sweets:
 Fluttering zephyrs hovered round me,
 Kissed my purple, frosted coat,
 And tinged their lips with honey. Dews
 Wet my clusters, till themselves
 Imbided my sweets, and then exhaled
 In fragrant mist away.
 Pressed, and refined by time, I stand
 Within the crystal goblet, while a light
 Of purest amber floats around and sheds a mellow beam,
 As if a cloud of clustering roses
 Crossed the sun and crimsoned all the earth.

A HEALTH.

EDWARD COATE PINCKNEY.

I fill this cup to one made up
 Of loveliness alone,
 A woman, of her gentle sex
 The seeming paragon;
 To whom the better elements
 And kindly stars have given
 A form so fair, that, like the air,
 'Tis less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own,
 Like those of morning birds,
 And something more than melody
 Dwells ever in her words;
 The coinage of her heart are they,
 And from her lips each flows
 As one may see the burdened bee
 Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,
 The measure of her hours;
 Her feelings have the fragrancy,
 The freshness of young flowers;

And lovely passions, changing oft,
 So fill her, she appears
 The image of themselves by turns,—
 The idols of past years!

Of her bright face one glance will trace
 A picture on the brain,
 And of her voice in echoing hearts
 A sound must long remain;
 But memory, such as mine of her,
 So very much endears,
 When death is nigh my latest sigh
 Will not be life's, but hers.

I fill this cup to one made up
 Of loveliness alone,
 A woman, of her gentle sex
 The seeming paragon,—
 Her health! and would on earth there stood
 Some more of such a frame,
 That life might be all poetry,
 And weariness a name.

SONG.

BYRON W. PROCTOR.

Here's a health to thee, Mary,
 Here's a health to thee;
 The drinkers are gone,
 And I am alone,
 To think of home and thee, Mary.

There are some who may shine o'er thee, Mary,
 And many as frank and free,
 And a few as fair;
 But the summer air
 Is not more sweet to me, Mary.

I have thought of thy last low sigh, Mary,
 And thy dimmed and gentle eye;
 And I've called on thy name
 When the night-winds came,
 And heard thy heart reply, Mary.

Be thou but true to me, Mary,
 And I'll be true to thee;
 And at set of sun,
 When my task is done,
 Be sure that I'm ever with thee, Mary!

UPON DRINKING IN A BOWL.

EARL OF ROCHESTER.

Vulcan, contrive me such a cup
 As Nestor us'd of old;
 Show all thy skill to trim it up,
 Damask it round with gold.

Make it so large, that, fill'd with sack
 Up to the swelling brim,
 Vast toasts on the delicious lake,
 Like ships at sea, may swim.

Engrave not battle on his cheek,
 With war I've nought to do,
 I'm none of those that took Maestrick,
 Nor Yarmouth leaguer knew.

Let it no name of planets tell,
 Fixed stars, or constellations;
 For I am no Sir Sidrophel,
 Nor none of his relations.

But carve thereon a spreading vine,
 Then add two lovely boys;
 Their limbs in amorous folds entwine,
 The type of future joys.

Cupid and Bacchus my saints are,
 May Drink and love still reign!
 With wine I wash away my care,
 And then to love again.

COFFEE.

FRANCIS S. SALTUS.

Voluptuous berry! where may mortals find
 Nectars divine that can with thee compare,
 When, having dined, we sip thy essence rare,
 And feel towards wit and repartee inclined?

Thou wert of sneering, cynical Voltaire
 The only friend; thy power urged Balzac's mind
 To glorious effort; surely Heaven designed
 Thy devotees superior joys to share.

Whene'er I breathe thy fumes, 'mid Summer stars,
 The Orient's splendid pomps my vision greet.
 Damascus with its myriad minarets gleams!
 I see thee, smoking, in immense bazaars,
 Or yet in dim seraglios, at the feet
 Of blonde Sultana's pale with amorous dreams.

CHOCOLATE.

FRANCIS S. SALTUS.

Liquid delectable, I love thy brown
 Deep-glimmering color like a wood-nymph's tress;
 Potent and swift to urge on Love's excess,
 Thou wert most loved in the fair Aztec town.

Where Cortes, battling for Iberia's crown,
 First found thee, and with rough and soldier guess,
 Pronounced thy virtues of rare worthiness
 And fit by Madrid's dames to gain renown.

When tasting of thy sweets, fond memories
 Of bygone days in Versailles will arise;
 Before the King, reclining at his ease
 I see Dubarry in rich toilet stand,
 A gleam of passion in her lustrous eyes,
 A Sevres cup held in her jeweled hand!

TEA.

FRANCIS S. SALTUS.

From what enchanted Eden came thy leaves
 That hide such subtle spirits of perfume?
 Did eyes pre-adamite first see thee bloom,
 Luscious nepenthe of the soul that grieves?

By thee the tired and torpid mind conceives,
 Fairer than roses brightening life's gloom,
 Thy protean charm can every form assume
 And turn December nights to April eves.

Thy amber-tinted drops bring back to me
 Fantastic shapes of great Mongolian towers,
 Emblazoned banners, and the booming gong;
 I hear the sound of feast and revelry,
 And smell, far sweeter than the sweetest flowers,
 The kiosks of Peking, fragrant of Oolong!

CHAMPAGNE FRAPPE.

FRANCIS S. SALTUS.

Delicious, effervescent, cold Champagne,
 Imprisoned sunshine, glorious and bright,
 How many virtues in thy charm unite?
 Who from thy tempting witchery can abstain?

Sad hearts by *ennui* vexed revive again
 When in the frail, green glass thou foamest light,
 And by thy spell our sophistry takes flight;
 Fair queen of wines, long be thy merry reign.

To me thy sparkling souvenir recalls
 Grand Boulevards, all dazzling with the glare
 Of countless lights; the revel and uproar
 Of midnight Paris and the Opera balls;
 A maze of masks! a challenge flung to Care!
 And charming suppers at the "Maison d'Or!"

PORT.

FRANCIS S. SALTUS.

When unto me they bring, with gentle care,
 Thy nectar, sleeping in the cobwebbed flask,
 There is no boon of fairy gods to ask
 More pain annihilating or more rare.

The gloomy gray of storm-clouds seemeth fair,
 Thou makest light the long day's onerous task,
 Uplifted lies life's tedium and its mask,
 Light, love and laughter enter everywhere.

And then I see old bankers, flushed with pride,
 Converse on politics, and gold, and Pitt;
 But cheerier far, in some dim tavern's nook,
 I see in dreams dear Jerrold by the side
 Of glorious Thackery, listening to the wit,
 And gay, infectious laugh of Theodore Hook!

TOKAI.

FRANCIS S. SALTUS.

A glass of thy reviving gold to me,
 Whether or no my dreamy soul be sad,

Brings souvenirs of lovely Vienna, glad
 In her eternal summer-time to be!

I hear, in joyous trills, resounding free,
 The waltzes that the German fairies bade
 The souls of Strauss and Lanier, music mad,
 Compose, to set the brains of worlds aglee.

And in the Sperl, dreaming away the sweet
 Of pleasant life, and finding it all praise,
 Dead to the past and scorning Death's surprise,
 I see in calm felicity complete
 Some fair Hungarian Jewess on me gaze,
 With the black glory of Hebraic eyes!

BRANDY.

FRANCIS S. SALTUS.

Thy mighty power stirs up the sluggish blood
 To craft and cunning and rejuvenate fire,
 And fills again with raptures of desire
 The failing sense that drowns in amour's flood.

The spirit's song, freed from our carnal mud,
 Then soars supreme, and grandlier doth aspire,
 And with new vigor that can never tire,
 The flowers of fancy burst within the bud.

In nobler ways, even yet, thou prov'st thy might,
 When soldiers, strengthened by thy drops of flame
 Forget their gory wounds in frantic zeal,
 And with high souls all thrilling for the fight,
 Assault dread bastions for their country's fame,
 And lead their flags through labyrinths of steel!

BASS'S ALE.

 FRANCIS S. SALTUS.

When'er thy foaming beads attract my lips,
 A rapid vision passes o'er my mind
 Of strong Cunarders, battling with the wind,
 And cosy cabins, and the roll of ships.

I hear the tempest lash the sails like whips,
 I see the rigid bow its pathway find
 Deep in the night, leaving in sheen behind
 A snaky trail of phosphorescent tips.

Or, when thy vigor to the lees I drain,
 I, from the belfrey of St. Paul's behold
 Gigantic London in gray winter hours,
 Waiting for drowsy dawn to come again,
 While the great sun, veiled in a fog of gold,
 Bursts in red glory on her haughty Towers!

 ANISETTE.

 FRANCIS S. SALTUS.

How swiftly thou canst dissipate all care
 Sweet Circe of *liqueurs* when thou dost steal
 Our fancies from us, and with subtle zeal
 Make life more rosy-tinct and debonair.

There's merry madness hidden in the air,
 Gay as the refrain of a Vaudeville,
 When the sweet sorcery, thou canst ne'er conceal,
 Lures us to gentle laughter everywhere.

Thy very name makes resurrect to me
 The shadowy past of bygone student days;
 The *guignols*, aye, the gay cafés, and lo,
 The blooming fires of youth that used to be,
 And kisses stolen in delicious ways,
 Beneath the ancestral oaks of Fontainebleau!

BEER.

FRANCIS S. SALTUS.

What merry fairy, oh cool, delicious beer,
 Gave thee the power through centuries to maintain
 A charm that soothes dull care, and laughs at pain;
 A power sad hearts to vitalize and cheer?

No blasé palate of thy drops can fear;
 Once quaffed, lips eager, seek thy sweets again,
 Without thee students sing no loud refrain;
 Laughter and mirth depart, be thou not near.

And when I drink thee to my soul's delight,
 A vision of King Gambrinus, fat and gay,
 Haunts me, and I behold bright tankards shine,
 And hear him laugh with many a thirsty wight,
 And merry maidens, drinking night and day,
 In quaint, old, gabled towns along the Rhine.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO KING CHARLES.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Bring the bowl which you boast,
 Fill it up to the brim;
 'Tis to him we love most,
 And to all who love him.
 Brave gallants, stand up,
 And avaunt, ye base carles!
 Were there death in the cup,
 Here's a health to King Charles!

Though he wanders through dangers,
 Unaided, unknown,
 Dependent on strangers,
 Estranged from his own;

Though 'tis under our breath,
 Amidst forfeits and perils,
 Here's to honour and faith,
 And a health to King Charles!

Let such honours abound
 As the time can afford,
 The knee on the ground,
 And the hand on the sword;
 But the time shall come round
 When, 'mid lords, dukes, and earls,
 The loud trumpet shall sound
 Here's a health to King Charles!

SONG.

RICHARD B. SHERIDAN.

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen;
 Here's to the widow of fifty;
 Here's to the flaunting extravagant queen,
 And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.
 Let the toast pass,
 Drink to the lass,
 I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize;
 Now to the maid who has none, sir;
 Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
 And here's to the nymph with but one, sir.
 Let the toast pass,
 Drink to the lass,
 I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow;
 Now to her that's as brown as a berry;
 Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
 And now to the girl that is merry.
 Let the toast pass,
 Drink to the lass,
 I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass

For let 'em be clumsy, or let 'em be slim,
 Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
 So fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim,
 And let us e'en toast them together.
 Let the toast pass,
 Drink to the lass,
 I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass

SONG.

RICHARD B. SHERIDAN.

Oh, the days when I was young,
 When I laugh'd in fortune's spite;
 Talk'd of love the whole day long,
 And with nectar crown'd the night!
 Then it was, old father Care,
 Little reck'd I of thy frown;
 Half thy malice youth could bear,
 And the rest a bumper drown.

Truth, they say, lies in a well,
 Why, I vow I ne'er could see:
 Let the water-drinkers tell,
 There it always lay for me:
 For when sparkling wine went round,
 Never saw I falsehood's mask;
 But still honest truth I found
 At the bottom of each flask.

True, at length my vigour's flown,
 I have years to bring decay;
 Few the locks that now I own,
 And the few I have are grey.
 Yet, old Jerome, thou may'st boast,
 While thy spirits do not tire;
 Still beneath thy age's frost
 Glows a spark of youthful fire.

GLEE AND CHORUS.

 RICHARD B. SHERIDAN.

This bottle's the sun of our table,
 His beams are rosy wine; .
 We, planets, that are not able
 Without his help to shine,
 Let mirth and glee abound!
 You'll soon grow bright
 With borrow'd light,
 And shine as he goes around.

THE SOLDIER.

 WILLIAM SMYTH.

What dreaming drone was ever blest,
 By thinking of the morrow?
 To-day be mine—I leave the rest
 To all the fools of sorrow;
 Give me the mind that mocks at care,
 The heart its own defender;
 The spirits that are light as air,
 And never beats surrender.

On comes the foe—to arms—to arms—
 We meet—'tis death or glory;
 'Tis victory in all her charms,
 Or fame in Britain's story;
 Dear native land! thy fortunes frown,
 And ruffians would enslave thee;
 Thou land of honor and renown,
 Who would not die to save thee?
 'Tis you, 'tis I, that meets the ball;
 And me it better pleases

In battle with the brave to fall,
 Than die of cold diseases;
 Than drivel on an elbow-chair
 With saws and tales unheeded,
 A tottering thing of aches and care,
 Nor longer loved nor needed.

But thou—dark is thy flowing hair,
 Thy eye with fire is streaming,
 And o'er thy cheek, thy looks, thine air,
 Health sits in triumph beaming;
 Then, brother soldier, fill the wine,
 Fill high the wine to beauty;
 Love, friendship, honor, all are thine,
 Thy country and thy duty.

LOVE AND DEBT.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

There's one request I make to Him
 Who sits the clouds above:
 That I were fairly out of debt,
 As I am out of love.

Then for to dance, to drink, and sing,
 I should be very willing;
 I should not owe one lass a kiss,
 Nor any rogue one shilling.

'Tis only being in love, or in debt,
 That robs us of our rest,
 And he that is quite out of both,
 Of all the world is blest.

He sees the golden age, wherein
 All things were free and common:
 He eats, he drinks, he takes his rest—
 And fears nor man nor woman.

GRAINEVERT'S SONG IN "BRENNORALT."

 SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

Come, let the state stay
 And drink away,
 There is no business above it:
 It warms the cold brain,
 Makes us speak in high strain,
 He's a fool that does not approve it.
 The Macedone youth
 Left behind him this truth,
 That nothing is done with much thinking;
 He drank, and he fought,
 Till he had what he sought,
 The world was his own by good drinking.

 WINE AND VENUS.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

Ho, comrades mine!
 What is your pleasure?
 What business fine
 Or mirthful measure?
 Lo, Venus toward our crew advancing,
 A choir of Dryads round her dancing!
 Good fellows you!
 The time is jolly!
 Earth springs anew,
 Bans melancholy;
 Bid long farewell to winter weather!
 Let lads and maids be blythe together.
 Dame Venus spurns
 Her brother Ocean;
 To Bacchus turns;
 No colder potion

Deserves her godhead's approbation;
On sober souls she pours damnation.

Let then this band,
Imbued with learning,
By Venus stand,
Her wages earning!
Laymen we spurn from our alliance,
Like brutes to art deaf, dumb to science.

Two gods alone
We serve and mate with;
One law we own,
Nor hold debate with:
Who lives the goodly student fashion
Must love and win love back with passion!

A SEQUENCE IN PRAISE OF WINE.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

Wine the good and bland, thou blessing
Of the good, the bad's distressing,
Sweet of taste by all confessing,
Hail thou world's felicity!
Hail thy hue, life's gloom dispelling;
Hail thy taste, all tastes excelling;
By thy power, in this thy dwelling
Deign to make us drunk with thee!

Oh, how blest for bounteous uses
Is the birth of pure vine-juices!
Safe's the table which produces
Wine in goodly quality.
Oh, in colour how auspicious!
Oh, in odour how delicious!
In the mouth how sweet, propitious
To the tongue enthralled by thee!

Blest the man who first thee planted,
 Called thee by thy name enchanted!
 He whose cups have ne'er been scanted
 Dreads no danger that may be.
 Blest the belly where thou bidest!
 Blest the tongue where thou residest!
 Blest the mouth through which thou glidest,
 And the lips thrice blest by thee!

Therefore let wine's praise be sounded,
 Healths to toppers all propounded;
 We shall never be confounded,
 Topping for eternity!
 Pray we: here be thou still flowing,
 Plenty on our board bestowing,
 While with jocund voice we're showing
 How we serve thee—Jubilee!

A CAROL OF WINE.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

In dulci júbilo
 Sing we, make merry so!
 Since our heart's pleasure
 Latet in poculo
 Drawn from the cask, good measure,
 Pro hoc convivio,
 Nunc, nunc bibito!

O crater parvule!
 How my soul yearns for thee!
 Make me now merry,
 O potus optime,
 Claret or hock or sherry!
 Et vos concinite:
 Vivant socii!

O vini caritas!
 O Bacchi lenitas!
 We've drained our purses
 Per multa pocula:
 Yet hope we for new mercies,
 Nummorum gaudia:
 Would that we had them, ah!

Ubi sunt gaudia? where,
 If that they be not there?
 There the lads are singing
 Selecta cantica:
 There are glasses ringing
 In villae curia;
 Oh, would that we were there!

THE STUDENT'S WINE-BOUT.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

Ho, all ye jovial brotherhood,
 Quos sitis vexat plurima,
 I know a host whose wits are good,
 Quod vina spectat optima.

His wine he blends not with the juice
 E puteo qui sumitur;
 Each kind its virtue doth produce
 E botris ut exprimitur.

Host, bring us forth good wine and strong,
 In cella quod est optimum!
 We brethren will our sport prolong
 Ad noctis usque terminum.

Whoso to snarl or bite is fain,
 Ut canes decet rabidos,
 Outside our circle may remain,
 Ad porcus eat sordidos.

Hurrah! my lads, we'll merry make!
 Levate sursum pocula!
 God's blessing on all wine we take,
 In sempiterna saecula!

TIME'S A-FLYING.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

Laurel-crowned Horatius,
 True, how true thy saying!
 Swift as wind flies over us
 Time, devouring, slaying.
 Where are, oh! those goblets full
 Of wine honey-laden,
 Strifes and loves and bountiful
 Lips of ruddy maiden?

Grows the young grape tenderly,
 And the maid is growing;
 But the thirsty poet, see,
 Years on him are snowing!
 What's the use on hoary curls
 Of the bays undying,
 If we may not kiss the girls,
 Drink while time's a-flying?

THE GOBLET.*

BAYARD TAYLOR.

When Life his lusty course began,
 And first I felt myself a man,
 And Passion's unforeboded glow—
 The thirst to feel, the will to know—

*Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Publishers.

Gave courage, vigor, fervor, truth,
 The glory of the heart of Youth,
 And each awaking pulse was fleet
 A livelier march of joy to beat,
 Presaging in its budding hour
 The ripening of the human flower,
 There came, on some divine intent,
 One whom the Lord of Life had sent,
 And from his lips of wisdom fell
 This fair and wond'rous oracle:—

Life's arching temple holds for thee
 Solution quick, and radiant key
 To many an early mystery;
 And thou art eager to pursue,
 Through many a dimly-lighted clew,
 The hopes that turn thy blood to fire,
 The phantoms of thy young desire;
 Yet not to reckless haste is poured
 The nectar of the generous lord,
 Nor mirth nor giddy riot jar
 The penetralia, high and far;
 But steady hope, and passion pure,
 And manly truth, the crown secure.

Within that temple's secret heart,
 In mystic silence shrined apart,
 There is a goblet, on whose brim
 All raptures of Creation swim.
 No light that ever beamed in wine
 Can match the glory of its shine,
 Or lure with such a mighty art
 The tidal flow of every heart.
 But in its warm, bewildering blaze,
 An ever-shifting magic plays,
 And few who round the altar throng
 Shall find the sweets for which they long.
 Who, unto brutish life akin,
 Comes to the goblet dark with sin,
 And with a coarse hand grasps, for him
 The splendor of the gold grows dim,

The gems are dirt, the liquor's flame
 A maddening beverage of shame,
 And into caverns shut from day
 The hot inebriate reels away.

For each shall give the draught he drains
 Its nectar pure, or poison stains;
 From out his heart the flavor flows
 That gives him fury, or repose:
 And some shall drink a tasteless wave
 And some increase the thirst they lave;
 And others loathe as soon as taste,
 And others pour the tide to waste;
 And some evoke from out its deeps
 A torturing fiend that never sleeps,—
 For vain all arts to exorcise
 From the seared heart its haunting eyes.

But he who burns with pure desire,
 With chastened love and sacred fire,
 With soul and being all aglow
 Life's holiest mystery to know,
 Shall see the goblet flash and gleam
 As in the glory of a dream;
 And from its starry lip shall drink
 A bliss to lift him on the brink
 Of mighty rapture, joy intense,
 That far outlives its subsidence.
 The draught shall strike Life's narrow goal,
 And make an outlet for his soul,
 That down the ages, broad and far,
 Shall brighten like a rising star.
 In other forms his pulse shall beat,
 His spirit walk in other feet,
 And every generous hope and aim
 That spurred him on to honest fame,
 To other hearts give warmth and grace,
 And keep on earth his honored place,
 Become immortal in his race.

SUMMER'S BACCHANAL.*

BAYARD TAYLOR.

Fill the cup from some secretest fountain,
Under granite ledges, deep and low,
Where the crystal vintage of the mountain,
Runs in foam from dazzling fields of snow.

Some lost stream, that in a woodland hollow
Coils, to sleep its weariness away,
Shut from prying stars, that fain would follow
In the emerald glooms of hemlock spray.

Fill, dear friend, a goblet cool and sparkling
As the sunlight of October morns,—
Not for us the crimson wave, that darkling
Stains the lips of olden drinking-horns!

We will quaff, beneath the noontide glowing,
Draughts of nectar, sweet as faery dew;
Couched on ferny banks, where light airs blowing,
Shake the leaves between us and the blue.

We will pledge in breathless, long libation
All we have been, or have sworn to be,—
Fame, and Joy, and Love's dear adoration,—
Summer's lusty bacchanals are we!

Round the white roots of the fragrant lily,
And the mossy hazles, purple-stained,
Once the music of these waters chilly
Gave return for all the sweetness drained.

How that rare, delicious, woodland flavor
Mocked my palate in the fever hours,
When I pined for springs of coolest savor,
As the burning Earth for thunder-showers!

*Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Publishers.

In the wave, which through my maddened dreaming
 Flowed to cheat me, fill the cups again!
 Drink, dear friend, to life which is not seeming,—
 Fresh as this to manhood's heart and brain!

Fill, fill high! and while our goblets, ringing,
 Shine with vintage of the mountain snow,
 Youth shall bid his Fountain, blythely springing,
 Brim our souls to endless overflow!

I WOULD DRINK—

POST WHEELER.

I would drink, if God please,
 The wine of my life down to the lees;
 Tasting it first, as a connoisseur,
 The vintage of far days that were,
 Sipping it lightly till its grace
 Flooded my senses, flushed my face;
 Then with my bearded lip plunged low
 To deeper and fuller draughts, and so—
 With the cup ringing down at my feet to lie,
 Draw a heaving breath of the leaning sky.

WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN?

ANONYMOUS.

When shall we three meet again?
 When shall we three meet again?
 Oft shall glowing hope expire,
 Oft shall wearied love retire,
 Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
 Ere we three shall meet again.

Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parched beneath a hostile sky;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls.
Still in Fancy's rich domain
Oft shall we three meet again.

When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead;
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, power, and fame are laid;
Where immortal spirits reign,
There shall we three meet again.

A SONG FOR DRINKING.

Would you be a man of fashion?
Would you lead a life divine?
Take a little dram of passion
In a lusty dose of wine.

If the nymph have no compassion,
Vain it is to sigh and groan:
Love was but put in for fashion,
Wine will do the work alone.

A SONG FOR LOVE.

Would you know earth's highest pleasure?
Would you rival gods above?
Drink rich wines, but drink with measure,
But fear no excess in love.

Of if wine you quite give over,
You will nothing lose thereby;
All is rapture to the lover,
So in love he live or die.

SUFFOLK HARVEST-HOME SONG.

Here's a health unto our master,
 The founder of the feast!
 I wish with all my heart and soul
 In heaven he may rest.
 I hope all things may prosper
 That ever he takes in hand;
 For we are all his servants,
 And all at his command.

Drink, boys, drink, and see you do not spill,
 For if you do, you must drink two,—it is our master's will.

Now our harvest is ended,
 And our supper is past;
 Here's our mistress's good health
 In a full flowing glass;
 She is a good woman,
 She prepared us good cheer;
 Come, all my brave boys,
 And drink off your beer.

Drink, my boys, drink, till you come unto me,
 The longer we sit, my boys, the merrier shall we be.

IN PRAISE OF WINE.

Diogenes, surly and proud,
 Who snarled at the Macedon youth,
 Delighted in wine that was good,
 Because in good wine there was truth;
 But, growing as poor as Job,
 Unable to purchase a flask,
 He chose for his mansion a tub,
 And lived by the scent of the cask.

Heraclitus ne'er would deny
 To tipple and cherish his heart,
 And when he was maudlin he'd cry
 Because he had emptied his quart;

Though some are so foolish to think
He wept at men's folly and vice,
'Twas only his fashion to drink
Till the liquor flowed out of his eyes.

Democritus always was glad
Of a bumper to cheer up his soul,
And would laugh like a man that was mad,
When over a good flowing bowl.
As long as his cellar was stored,
The liquor he'd merrily quaff;
And when he was drunk as a lord,
At those who were sober he'd laugh.

Copernicus, too, like the rest,
Believed there was wisdom in wine,
And thought that a cup of the best
Made reason the better to shine.
With wine he'd replenish his veins
And make his philosophy reel;
Then fancied the world, like his brain,
Turned round like a chariot wheel.

Aristotle, that master of arts,
Had been but a dunce without wine;
And what we ascribe to his parts,
Is due to the juice of the vine;
His belly, most writers agree,
Was as big as a watering-trough;
He therefore leaped into the sea,
Because he'd have liquor enough.

Old Plato, the learned divine,
He fondly to wisdom was prone;
But had it not been for good wine,
His merits had never been known.
By wine we are generous made,
It furnishes fancy with wings;
Without it, we ne'er should have had
Philosophers, poets or kings.

HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND?

How stands the glass around?
 For shame! ye take no care, boys.
 How stands the glass around?
 Let mirth and wine abound;
 Let trumpets sound,
 The colours they are flying, boys;
 To fight, kill, or wound,
 May we still be found
 Content with our hard fare, my boys,
 On the cold ground.

Why, soldiers, why
 Should we be melancholy, boys?
 Why, soldiers, why?
 Whose business 'tis to die.
 What, sighing? fie!
 Drink on, and let's be jolly, boys,
 'Tis he, you and I,
 Cold, hot, wet, or dry,
 We're always bound to follow, boys,
 And scorn to fly.

'Tis but in vain,
 (I meant not to upbraid you, boys,)
 'Tis but in vain
 For soldiers to complain;
 Should next campaign
 Send us to Him that made us, boys,
 We're free from pain;
 But should we remain,
 A bottle and kind landlady
 Cures all again.

MILITARY TOAST.

May the man who has lost an eye
 In the service of his country

Never see distress with the other;
 May he who has lost a hand,
 Never feel adversity with the other;
 May he who has lost a foot
 Never have cause to kick with the one remaining.

COFFEY.

Balm of my cares, sweet solace of my toils!
 Hail, juice benignant!
 To the unknown beloved,
 This is my good wishes.

A TOAST.

Here's to the man who loves his own wife,
 Who loves his own wife alone!
 For many a man loves another man's wife,
 When he ought to be loving his own!

Here's to the man who kisses his own sweet-heart,
 Who kisses his own sweet-heart alone!
 For many a man kisses another man's sweet-heart,
 When he thinks he's kissing his own.

A long life and a merry one,
 A quick death and a happy one,
 A sweet girl and a pretty one,
 A cold bottle and another one.

Here's a health to me and mine,
 Not forgetting thee and thine;
 And when thee and thine

Come to see me and mine,
May me and mine make thee and thine
As welcome as thee and thine
Have made me and mine.

If with water you fill up your glasses,
You'll never write anything wise;
For wine is the horse of Parnassus,
Which hurries a bard to the skies.

Here's to the one I love,
May that one be thee;
Here's to the one you love,
May that one be me.

Here's to you all, boys,
Luck, love, and friendship!
Here's to you all, boys,
But all the sorrows skip.

Here's a health to all those that I love,
And here's to all those that love me;
Here's a health to all those that love those that I love,
And here's to all those that love those that love me.





PART VIII.

Epigrams.



WHAT AN EPIGRAM IS.

What an epigram is? A dwarfish whole;
Its body brevity and wit its soul.

—S. T. Coleridge.

An epigram should, like a pin, conjoint
In its small compass show both head and point.

ON LIFE.

Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear—
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time,
Say not Good Night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good Morning.

—Mrs. Barbauld.

The gardener's rule applies to youth and age,
When young sow wild oats, but when old grow sage.

—H. J. Byron.

ON A BAD SINGER.

Swans sing before they die: 'twere no bad thing
Did certain persons die before they sing.

—S. T. Coleridge.

ON GOOD MUSIC AND BAD DANCING.

How ill the motion with the music suits;
So Orpheus play'd, and like them danced the brutes.

—Congreve.

ON AN ALDERMAN.

That he was born it cannot be denied,
He ate, drank, slept, talk'd politics, and died.

—John Cunningham.

ON MARRIAGES IN HEAVEN.

Cries Sylvia to a reverend Dean,
"What reason can be given,
Since marriage is a holy thing,
That there is none in heaven?"

"There are no women," he replies.
She quick returns the jest:—
"Women there are, but I'm afraid
They cannot find a priest."

—Robert Dodsley.

ON A LAME BEGGAR.

"I am unable," yonder beggar cries,
 "To stand or move;" if he says true he lies.

—Dr. Donne.

Fortune, they say, doth give too much to many,
 But yet she never gave enough to any.

—Sir John Harrington.

Treason doth never prosper. What's the reason?
 If it doth prosper: none dare call it treason.

—Sir John Harrington.

One asked me where the roses grew?
 I bade him not go seek;
 But forthwith bade my Julia shew
 A bud in either cheek.

—Herrick.

THE RACE IS NOT TO THE SWIFT.

I make no haste to have my numbers read;
 Seldom comes glory till a man is dead.

—Herrick.

ON MODESTY.

As lamps burn silent with unconscious light,
 So modest ease in beauty shines most bright;
 Unaiming charms with edge resistless fall,
 And she who means no mischief does it all.

—Aaron Hill.

Tender-handed stroke a nettle,
 And it stings you for your pains,
 Grasp it as a man of mettle,
 And it soft as silk remains.
 'Tis the same with common natures,
 Use them kindly, they rebel:
 But be rough as nutmeg-graters,
 And the rogues will use you well.

—Aaron Hill.

TO THE DUKE OF BEDFORD, ON HIS GROUP OF
 THE THREE GRACES, BY CANOVA.

'Tis well in stone to have three Graces,
 With lovely limbs, and lovely faces;
 But better far, and not in stone,
 To have the three combined in One.

—Frederick Howard.

An epigram should be an arrow
 Pointed and narrow;
 Or like a sword,
 A bright sharp word;
 Or— as it was in classic days,
 A spark—a flash—a meteor blaze,
 Enlightening but not burning with its rays.

—Klopstock.

CONVERSATION.

Conversation is but carving:
 Give no more to every guest
 Than he's able to digest;
 Give him always of the prime

And but little at a time:
Carve to all but just enough,
Let them neither starve nor stuff:
And, that you may have your due,
Let your neighbors carve for you.

—Lockhart's Life of Scott.

THE SURPRISE.

Chloris, I swear, by all I ever swore,
That from this hour I shall not love thee more.
"What! love no more? Oh! why this alter'd vow?"
Because I can not love thee more—than now!

—Thomas Moore.

A JOKE VERSIFIED.

"Come, come," said Tom's father, "at your time of life,
There's no longer excuse for thus playing the rake—
It is time you should think, boy, of taking a wife"—
"Why, so it is, father—whose wife shall I take?"

—Thomas Moore.

I loved thee beautiful and kind,
And plighted an eternal vow:—
So altered are thy face and mind,
'Twere perjury to love thee now.

—Lord Nugent.

A GENERAL RULE.

Sir, I admit your general rule
That every poet is a fool;

But you yourself may serve to show it,
That every fool is not a poet.

—Alexander Pope.

BIBO.

When Bibo thought fit from this world to retreat,
As full of champagne as an egg's full of meat,
He turned in the boat, and to Charon he said:
"I will be row'd back, for I am not yet dead."
"Trim the boat and sit quiet," stern Charon replied,
"You may have forgot, you were drunk when you died."

—M. Prior.

ON J. W. WARD, AFTERWARDS EARL OF DUDLEY.

Ward has no heart, they say, but I deny it,
He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it.

—Rogers.

THE HISTORY OF A CASE, SHORTLY REPORTED BY A MASTER IN CHANCERY.

Mr. Leach made a speech,
Angry, neat, and wrong;
Mr. Hart, on the other part,
Was prosy, dull, and long.

Mr. Bell spoke very well,
Though nobody knew what about;
Mr. Trower talked for an hour,
Sat down fatigued and hot.

Mr. Parker made the case darker,
 Which was dark enough without;
 Mr. Cook quoted his book,
 And the Chancellor said, "I doubt."
 —Sir G. Rose.

LOVE AND REASON.

Could I her faults remember,
 Forgetting every charm,
 Soon would impartial reason
 The tyrant love disarm:
 But when enraged I number
 Each failing of her mind,
 Love still suggests each beauty,
 And sees—while reason's blind.
 —R. B. Sheridan.

STOLEN KISSES.

Whilst thus a few kisses I steal,
 Dear Chloris, you gravely complain;
 If resentment you really do feel,
 Pray give me my kisses again.
 —Philip Smyth.

MY LOVE AND I.

My love and I for kisses played;
 She would keep stakes, I was content;
 But when I won she would be paid,
 This made me ask her what she meant;
 Nay, since I see (quoth she) you wrangle in vain,
 Take your own kisses, give me mine again.
 —William Strode.

ON A GENTLEWOMAN WALKING IN THE SNOW.

I saw fair Chloris walk alone
 When feathered rain came softly down,
 And Love descended from his tower
 To court her in a silver shower.
 The wanton snow flew to her breast
 Like little birds into their nest,
 And, overcome with whiteness there
 For grief is thaw'd into a tear;
 Thence falling to her garment's hem,
 To deck her froze into a gem.

—Dr. W. Strode.

ON THE VOWELS.

We are little airy creatures
 All of different voice and features.
 One of us in glass is set,
 One of us you'll find in jet,
 T'other you may see in tin,
 And the fourth a box within.
 If the fifth you should pursue,
 It can never fly from you.

—Swift.

THE PARITY.

A miss is still, perhaps, as good
 As a mile, though it's plain to see
 That misses are not by any means
 As good as they used to be. —Truth.

ON A GIRDLE.

That which her slender waist confined,
 Shall now my joyful temples bind;
 No monarch but would give his crown
 His arms might do what this has done.
 It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
 The pole which held the lovely deer.
 My joy, my grief, my hope, my love
 Did all within this circle move.
 A narrow compass! and yet there
 Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair;
 Give me but what this ribbon bound,
 Take all the rest the sun goes round.

—Edmund Waller.

A LEGAL RHAPSODY.

Fee simple and simple fee,
 And all the fees entail;
 But of all fees, the fee for me,
 Just give me the female!

—Joseph Wheless.

AMY WENTWORTH.

O, rank is good, and gold is fair,
 And high and low mate ill;
 But love has never known a law
 Beyond its own sweet will!

—J. G. Whittier.

A WOMAN'S WILL.

The man's a fool, who thinks by force or skill
To stem the torrent of a woman's will;
For if she will, she will, you may depend on 't,
And if she won't, she won't, and there's an end on 't.

ON LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS TO HIS SON.

Vile Stanhope! Demons blush to tell
In twice two hundred places,
Has shown his son the road to Hell
Escorted by the Graces.
But little did th' ungenerous lad
Concern himself about them;
For, base, degenerate, meanly bad,
He sneaked to Hell without them.

ON A LIAR.

Charles keeps a secret well, or I'm deceived,
For nothing Charles can say will be believed.

ON A DINNER OUT.

Jack boasts he never dines at home,
With reason, too, no doubt;
In truth, Jack never dines at all
Unless invited out.

 ON A CERTAIN MAN'S VERACITY.

He boasts about the truth, I've heard,
 And vows he'd never break it;
 Why, zounds! a man must keep his word
 When nobody will take it.

 ON A LOVING COUPLE.

O'Leary was as poor as Job,
 But love and poverty can please us;
 He saw the Widow Bonna-robe,
 And lov'd—for she was rich as Croesus.

Mutual the love their bosoms own;
 Sincere was he, and none could doubt her.
 She loved him for himself alone,
 And he—he could not live without her.

 ON WOMAN AND HYMEN.

Whether tall men, or short men, are best,
 Or bold men or modest and shy men,
 I can't say, but I this can protest,
 All the fair are in favor of Hy-men.

 ON EVENING DRESS.

When dress'd for the evening, girls, now-a-days,
 Scarce an atom of dress on them leave;
 Nor blame them—for what is an Evening Dress,
 But a dress that is suited for Eve?

WRITTEN ON A LOOKING-GLASS.

"I change, and so do women, too;
But I reflect, which women never do."

ANSWER BY A LADY.

If women reflected, oh scribbler, declare
What man, faithless man, would be bless'd by the fair?

ON DRESS v. DINNER.

What is the reason, can you guess,
When men are poor, and women thinner?
So much do they for dinner dress,
There's nothing left to dress for dinner.

ON A LADY'S WEARING A PATCH.

That little patch upon your face
Would seem a foil to one less fair;
On you it hides a charming grace,
And you, in pity, placed it there.

MY WIFE AND I.

As my wife and I at the window one day,
Stood watching a man with a monkey,
A cart came by, with a "broth of a boy,"
Who was driving a stout little donkey.

To my wife I then spoke, by way of a joke,
 "There's a relation of yours in that carriage."
 To which she replied, as the donkey she spied,
 "Ah, yes, a relation—by marriage!"

AN ESSAY ON THE UNDERSTANDING.

"Harry, I can not think," says Dick,
 "What makes my ankles grow so thick."
 "You do not recollect," says Harry,
 "How great a calf they have to carry."

ON ANOTHER.

Said vain Andrew Scalph, "My initials, I guess,
 Are well known; so I sign all my poems A. S."
 Said Jerrold, "I own you're a reticent youth,
 For that's telling only two-thirds of the truth."

A CHANGE OF TENANT.

The house a lawyer once enjoy'd
 Now to a smith doth pass:
 How naturally the iron age
 Succeeds the age of brass.

ON A LADY WITH A RED-NOSED HUSBAND.

Whence comes it that, in Clara's face,
 The lily only has its place?
 Is it because the absent rose
 Has gone to paint her husband's nose?

Jack eating stale cheese did say,
 "Like Samson I my thousands slay!"
 "I vow," quoth Roger, "so you do,
 And with the self-same weapon, too."

LENT AND BORROWED.

To the church I once went,
 But I grieved and I sorrow'd;
 For the season was Lent,
 And the sermon was borrowed.

THE COURTIER AND THE SCHOLAR.

A haughty courtier, meeting in the streets
 A scholar, him thus insolently greets:
 "Base one to take the wall I ne'er permit;"
 The scholar said "I do," and gave him it.

THE FIRST PUN.

When Adam in bliss,
 Asked Eve for a kiss,
 She sweetly puckered up her coc,
 And said, I don't care A-dam if you do.

THE FRESHMAN'S WOE.

Non paratus dixit Freshie,
 With a sad and troubled look,
Omne rectus, prof. respondit
 And *nihil scripsit* in his book.

 NOVELS REVIEWED IN RHYME.

The "Yellow Aster" has gone to seed,
 "Dodo" is out of sight,
 The "Heavenly Twins" have gone to h—
 On "The Ships that Pass in the Night."

 IN THREE ACTS.

ACT I.

Little dreaming they soon would meet,
 She smiled upon him in the street
 From her cosy window seat.
 Maid one.

ACT II.

At the hop to the music's beat
 Moved in time their hearts and feet.
 Later they found a cool retreat.
 Maid won.

ACT III.

Pealed the organ loud and sweet—
 Bride and groom and their elite—
 All their happiness complete.
 Made one.

 A FALLEN IDOL.

I dashed cold water in her face,
 Because the girl had fainted;
 And found, alas, in woman's case
 She's not as she is painted.

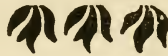
A PRESSED LEAF.

“You are an autumn leaf,” said he,
“My arms are the book, you know,
I place the leaf within the book, you see,
And tenderly press it—so.”

The maiden looked up with glance demure,
And blushes her fair cheeks wore
As she softly whispered, “The leaf, I’m sure,
Needs pressing a little more.”



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In the citation of authorities reference has been made to leading cases only, or to cases which most clearly illustrate or strongly fortify the position taken.

Each case has been carefully selected with regard to its special fitness for this purpose. The style of the book, I believe, to be justified by its purpose and the necessity of impressing by the most direct and forcible language the importance of the points made.

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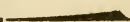
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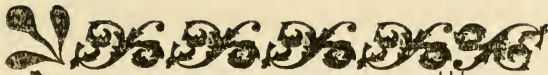
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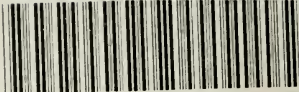
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