

His rougher neighbors came to like the man,
 And, unintentional, recognized his caste,
 Nay! would have sent him to the parliament,
 But, if ambitious, his not lust of place;
 The quality of envy was not in him,
 (Without which none can be a partisan,)
 And so he took small part in party strife,
 But gave his vote to him he thought the best
 Nor asked if Grit or not:—for he had read
 Of how, not seldom, the unthinking crowd,
 With oyster shells, had changed the ministry,
 Till power grew centralized, and then, too late,
 They found the strong hand was the hand to rule.

More local duties fell within his sphere:
 He wrote himself a Justice of the Peace,
 And gave decisions upon cattle strayed,
 Or timber claims, or trespass; or, mayhap,
 In those offences, rarer and more grave,
 When Darby had made rather free with Joan,
 Would lay the law down in such bookish words
 The neighbors, gathered in the justice room,
 Would say, admiring: "If the squire but had
 The money that his education cost,
 It would go far to buy a thrashing-mill."
 Or at the muster in militia time,
 As colonel of his regiment, with his sons,—
 Tall, stalwart striplings, taller than their sire,
 (For not believing much in Malthus' views,
 He had increased the census seven or so,)
 No volunteer, with fifty cents a day,
 Could feel more martial than the colonel
 On his old charger "Trooper,"—good steed once,
 But who, like to his rider, as he aged
 Grew somewhat Tory in proclivities.

And now the squire, with his good lady-wife
 And troop of gallant sons and daughters fair,
 Gave welcome to their guests. The boys,—so called
 Though they were mostly men, fair samples all
 Of the stout yeomen whom our country grows,—
 The daughters buxom, smooth-skinned, healthy maids,
 Well bred and ladylike, the very girls
 Poor gentlemen would seek, to make them wives.

So out of wraps and plaids and cloaks of fur
 Came comfortable matrons, with their broods
 Of blooming maidens, lily-skinned or brown,
 Of French and British nationalities,
 All with their pleasant faces ruddy pink,
 Like Provence roses,—such dear pets were they
 As Shakespeare's charming girls, or Walter Scott's,—
 Attended by their men-kind, loud and blythe
 With "hail good fellow!" and much shaking hands.

First came the rights of hospitality,—
 For ne'er forgotten in this realm of ours
 The ceremonial is of eating salt,
 That makes each squatter's log hut in the bush
 As hospitable as an Arab's tent.
 High on the home-made linen white as snow
 And bearing a faint scent of lavender,