

TUBAL CAIN....*Charles Mackay....Poems*

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might,
In the days when the earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and the spear.
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the spear and the sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be king and lord."
To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade
As the crown of his desire:
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.
And they sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,
And hurrah for the metal true!"
But a sudden change came o'er his heart,
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done;
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind,
That the land was red with the blood they shed,
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said: "Alas! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man!"
And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smoldered low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high.
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!"
And the red sparks lit the air;
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel
made"—
And he fashioned the first plowshare.
And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the
wall,
And plowed the willing lands;
And sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Our staunch good friend is he;

And for the plowshare and the plow
To him our praise shall be.
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord.
Though we may thank him for the plow,
We'll not forget the sword!"

HUMOR IN EPITAPH: CHURCHYARD CURIOSITIES.

In the churchyard of St. John, Worcester, is an epitaph which, if brevity is the soul of wit, has high claim on that character.

Honest John
's dead and gone.

Here are some miscellaneous grotesques:

Here lies me and my three daughters,
Brought here by using Cheltenham Waters.
If we had stuck to Epsom salts
We wouldn't be in these here vaults.

FROM A NEW HAMPSHIRE CHURCHYARD.

To all my friends I bid adieu,
A more sudden death you never knew.
As I was leading the old mare to drink,
She kicked, and killed me quicker'n a wink.

ON AN EAST TENNESSEE LADY.

She lived a life of virtue, and died of
cholera morbus, caused by eating green
fruit, in hope of a blessed immortality, at
the early age of 21 years, 7 months, and
16 days. Reader, "Go thou aud do
likewise."

The following was composed by three
Scotch friends, to whom the person com-
memorated had left a legacy, with the
hope expressed that they would honor him
by some record of their regrets. The first
friend composed the line which naturally
opened the epitaph:

Provost Peter Paterson, was Provost of Dundee,

The second added:

Provost Peter Paterson, here lies he.

The third could suggest no other con-
clusion than:

Hallelujah! Hallelujee!

The following must be taken as a fling
at a noble profession:

Here lies the corps of Dr. Chard,
Who filled the half of this churchyard,

This is as bad as the unkind hint
conveyed in the following, churchyard
near Newmarket:

Here lies the body of Sarah Sexton,
Who never did aught to vex one.
Not like the women under the next stone.