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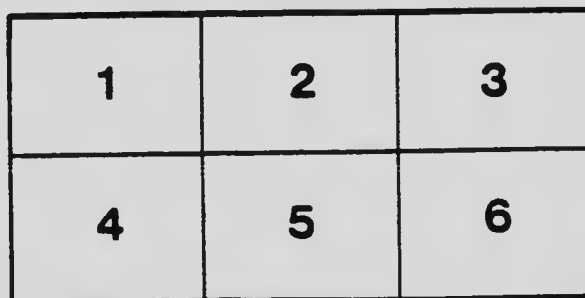
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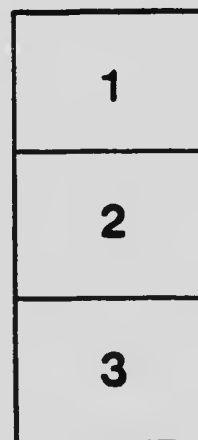
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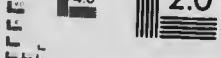
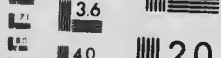
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Rhymes of a Rover



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*Keough*

# RHYMES OF A ROVER

BY

JOHN KEOUGH

BLACKVILLE, N. B.

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THE AUTHOR

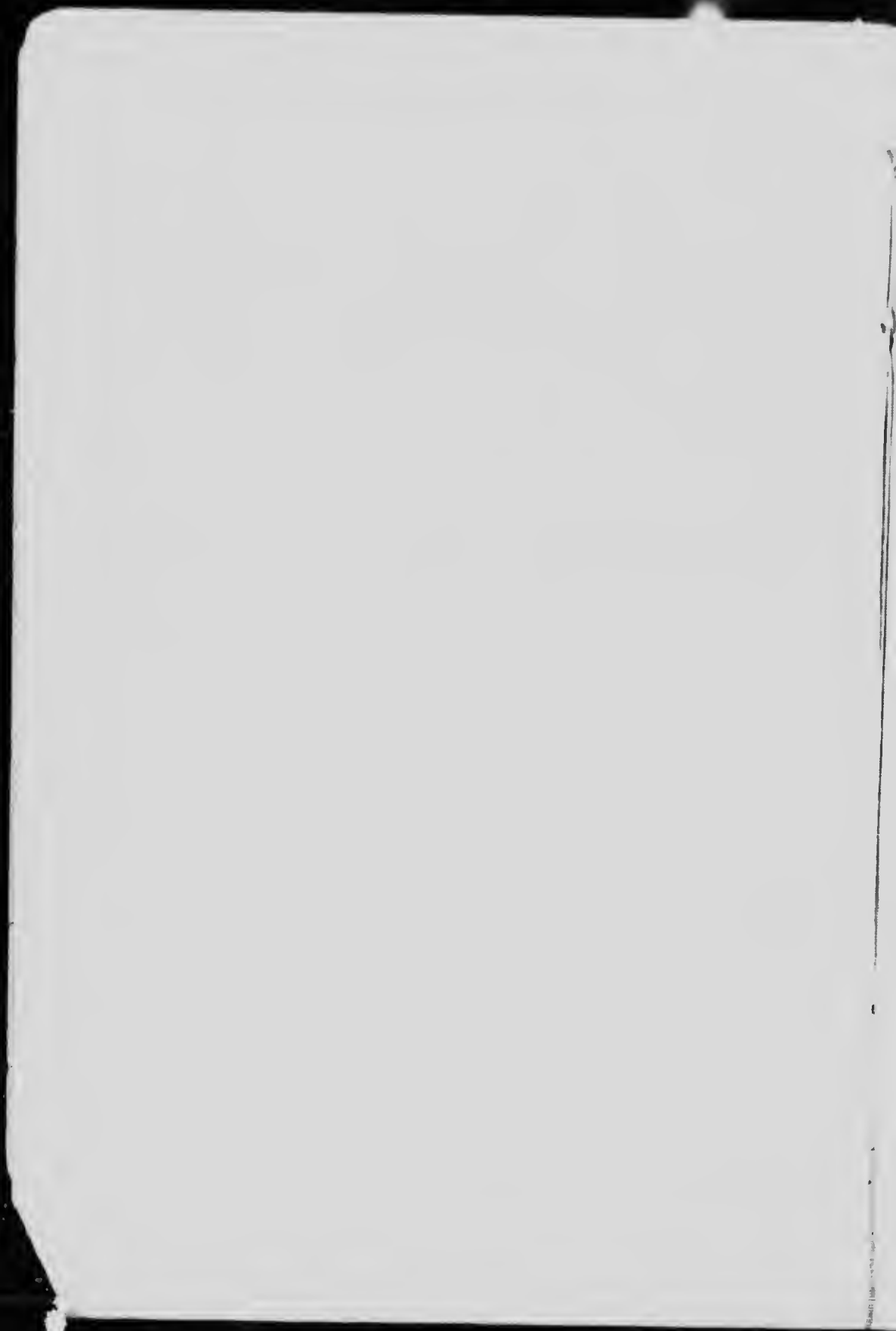
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## PREFACE.

As a book speaks for itself, little need be said in the preface. I have only to remark that if I have referred at times to certain individuals in language that might be called over-drastring, I am ready to admit that such language is unworthy of my pen; but, I have no reason to agree that it had been incorrectly applied. For him who criticises my work justly I have the kindest regards, whether he praise or blame; for the blockhead, or the prejudiced, I have only my contempt to offer—for I recognize fully the value of the one and the emptiness of the other.

THE AUTHOR.





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ECHOS OF ST. F. X.

A SATIRE.

" *You have done this*, says one judge;  
    *done that*, says another;  
*You should have done this*, grumbles  
    one; *that*, says t'other;  
Never mind what he touches, one  
    shrieks out *Taboo!*  
And while he is wondering what  
    he shall do,  
Since each suggests opposite topics  
    for song,  
They all shout together *you're right!*  
    and *you're wrong!*"

-Lowell.

## PREFACE.

I presume that the ex-rector of St. F. X. will consider me reckless for daring to publish this satire in face of the terrific threats he has made. He reminds me of an immense gun that explodes with an earsplitting roar but which is loaded only with powder. He has challenged me, and I answer his challenge with the publication — let him do his worst!

I owe an apology to my readers for permitting their attention to be insulted even for an instant by some of the characters that appear in this work. I should take a higher view of my mission, and pay no heed to the curs that bark only at the heel. To have treated them with silent pity — not contempt — had been higher and nobler, and had approved itself to the conscience as being more charitable. They deserve a castigation, it is true, but possibly the best way would have been to have left them to their own fate — which is bad enough! They are fit instruments to point a moral, but are in no way calculated to adorn a tale.

## ECHOS OF ST. F. X.

### A SATIRE.

When wit is hissed and dulness bears the palm,  
When wisdom sleeps, and fools applaud and damn,  
When ev'ry hour proclaims in accents clear  
The wooden age of brainless block-heads here —  
No marvel, Phoebus, once the lord of day, 5  
To folly's slaves resigns his sovereign sway,  
Shrouds his fair form, heraldic of the night,  
And, with his glittering cortege, sinks from sight —  
No marvel long-eared Gorgons bray and breed,  
And ev'ry coxcomb mounts a wingèd steed! 10

Ye sons of Chaos, glorying in your lot  
And all the bickering madness time has taught,  
I too can ride, a steed that feels the reins  
True offspring of Medusa's bleeding veins,  
Nor shall desist for Xavier's maudlin hoot 15  
Nor all her stubborn Pegasus' to boot.  
I too can scribble when the mind impels  
Or dry the steel-tipped pen when it rebels,  
Or, like some self-crowned heroes of the day,  
Call in the squads and make my own survey. 20

Adieu ye wooded hills and winding streams —  
I've loved ye well!— but now to lesser themes.  
For thorn-girt path and stygian gloom, I yield  
The pleasing light and verdure of the field;  
From warbled words, bright blooms, and starry wings 25  
Turn with disgust to deal with baser things.  
And if throughout these pages, I, at times,  
May tend to airier thoughts and easier rhymes,

'Tis as the pilgrim, who, the while the roves,  
Yearns ever backward for the land he loves. 39

Time-honoured figure, flagrantly misused,  
For once at least thou shalt not be abused!  
What law is quashed: what metaphor is will,  
Where men like Satan change their shapes at will?  
Now waxon-pinioned wid'ning o'er the sky — 35  
Now shorn of wings, like battling pismires lie —  
Now hideous reptiles, drag the lagging breast —  
Now seeming man, caressing and caressed —  
Now this — now that, exceeding pow'r to paint —  
And now, the cloven foot — and now the saint — 40  
Preaching or prating, dunce succeeds to dunce,  
Ignorant of nothing save their ignorance —  
Perfect in imperfection, falsely true,  
The fools that Horace dreamed of but ne'er knew —  
Let figures mix! who mixes most prevails! 45  
And he alone who follows order fails.  
Say, if you will; such mars a writers line,  
Dubs *him* a fool, and blackens his design;  
Horses ne'er fight with horns; or sheep with stings;  
Fish have not feet; nor have the others wings; 50  
Women with well-oiled tongues, not hoofs, assail;  
Nor man is made more perfect by a tail —  
True! yet these last so oft like monsters teem  
'Twere only just to paint them as they seem.

All modern critics be they great or small 55  
In two distinctive sets by nature fall:  
Those, whose sound judgments fit them for their art;  
And, those unfit to judge — the *greater* part.  
And doth not matchless James adorn the last  
By ev'ry legitimate right of princely cast, 60  
With Xavier's upright son, precocious "Slew,"

The greatest half-back that the world e'er knew,  
 A shining statue turned to ev'ry dunce  
 Where each observes his lineaments at once?  
 Behold the mighty multitudinous "we" 65  
 Nominis umbrae, gratia Domini —  
 Novissimae umbrae! so severely just,  
 One thinks that Draco has resigned his trust  
 With one more stern, by Satan given surcease  
 To damn in Scotia as he damned in Greece. 70  
 Change regal "we" for egotistic "I"  
 Ye twice ten-thousand hidden knaves, and die!  
 Who cares for "ego"? When the vale is drawn  
 Mayhap Tom Thumb will greet you with a yawn,  
 Some intellectual pigmy, who aspires 75  
 To snub all authors and to smash all lyres,  
 Whose meagre mind, though venomed, can but balk,  
 And prove the dwarf alone a laughing-stock.  
 Those of the former class, unmarked by spleen,  
 Advance with caution, and are seldom seen, 80  
 Condemn with kindness, honour where 'tis due,  
 And meet the writer with a just review,  
 Something of merit has invoked the task,  
 And betterment 's the only end they ask.  
 A critic's aim, commensurate with his skill, 85  
 Should always be to better not to kill,  
 To cousin him, whose lines, though few, presage  
 The richer harvest of a riper age.  
 Who would condemn the summer-blossomed plain  
 Because some cockle waves amidst the grain; 90  
 Or, fired with rage, the ripened fields deplore  
 Because some chaff is on the threshing-floor?  
 The goodly diamond shines as sparkling bright  
 When set with other gems of lesser light;  
 The beauteous maiden, whom the many woo,  
 Gathers new strength from her less favoured few. 95



So in the measured lines at times are found  
 Some petty faults of diction or of sound,  
 Some thought, mayhap, that, clothed in other dress,  
 More clearly yet the meaning might express — 100  
 For, who has written from all blemish free  
 From the first bard to him who is to be?  
 Words are like stones rough-hewn from nature's breast,  
 And he is first in art who fits them best,  
 And, even he, oftimes, beholds with pain 105  
 The half-raised structure fall to earth again  
 Which one poor word, unfound, had firmly placed,  
 Nor time, nor tide, nor censure had defaced:  
 For this, the first of elogists besought  
 Sev'n weary years and labouring found it not. 110  
 Let him who censures with an equal hand  
 The virtues and the follies of our land,  
 Who holds up Shakespeare only to misquote  
 And makes his own the puns that Porson wrote,—  
 Let him, great champion, elegantly terse, 115  
 Concisely inexact in prose or verse,  
 Look for perfection in some other sphere —  
 We have, alas! but erring mortals here.

A noble art, the critics!— yet to know  
 Requires more heat than Xavier's menials show — 120  
 A noble art, where brains and judgment tell  
 And he alone who studies may excell.  
 Not to be reached by mad spasmodic fits  
 Of slewsid freaks or twentieth-century Xits,  
 But, slowly compassed, through long-labouring hours, 125  
 Till well-earned merit advocates its pow'rs.  
 On him whom nature leaden-browed bestowed  
 The sickly penetration of the toad —  
 What matters cultivation? still he moves  
 All blindly groping in contracted grooves. 130

The most exquisite wording, choicest sense,  
 To half-learned critics oft give most offence,  
 Captious and blind these oftenest they engage,  
 Attack with fury, and condemn with rage,  
 Or, still unbending 'neath the test of rule,  
 Wing the course jest and vagrant ridicule. 135  
 Feeling, as well as rules, must play its part  
 And make the hand subservient to the heart,  
 For, absent, distaste proves the judge untrue  
 And brings the useless pedant into view. 140  
 Nor yet, where feeling shows the genuine soul,  
 For petty imperfections damn the whole,  
 But, weighing wisely, his best praises add  
 And help the bard to better what is bad.  
 To note small faults alone, to mites confined, 145  
 Were far beneath the critic's nobler mind,  
 Errors that all must own and critics scan  
 While imperfection marks the lot of man.  
 Rather on grace than imperfections dwell  
 And seek the hidden beauties that excell, 150  
 These, and these foremost to the world appraise,  
 Gems for its thought and worthy of its gaze,  
 Demanding deeper knowledge, taste, and tone,  
 Then his, who, curtailed, seeks for faults alone.  
 Each little wit, a critic but by half, 155  
 On beauty as on bungling turns the laugh,  
 Each little meddler plays his thankless part  
 And always has the common good at heart,  
 Admired by those, whose judgments, better-starred,  
 Had seen the wit contemptuous not the bard, 160  
 To those of stabler minds, of judgment just,  
 The source of indignation and disgust.

Unchecked, uncurbed indulgence ever tends  
 To lower plains, and so the boor descends,

Till, feeling ourtaged, hopeless stands agast, 165  
 And time brings forth the chronic slave at last;  
 To all opposed, to good and bad alike  
 He bares his weapon, anxious but to strike --  
 An intellectual wasp, whose dastard blow  
 Spares neither wit nor folly, friend or foe. 170

"Genius abridged! Thought shackled! Sense in chains!  
 Freedom a myth!" the stricken bard complains.  
 And yet, he is no tryant who impels  
 To higher levels where pure thought excells;  
 Nor he, the victim: man is never free 175  
 To pass the gilded bounds of liberty.  
 Where Taste and understanding hold the clue  
 True Reason's ever anxious for review,  
 Then, Justice linked with Judgment holds the scale  
 And, weighing wisely, never stoops to rail. 180

But, though there be whose twisted visions scan  
 To miss the couplet and attack the man—  
 Why thus the art condemn? as well inveigh  
 Against all logic when some reasoners stray.  
 Unbounded approbation turns the dart 185  
 But proves the mind unstable, not the art.  
 Its laws are sound, its honoured basis sure,  
 And, all unarbitrary, must endure.  
 'Tis nathless true that much in prose and rhyme,  
 Outraging rules, have stood the test of time, 190  
 Have even lasting reputation gained  
 And to a niche in honour's halls attained—  
 But why applaud? transgression cannot give  
 Immortal fame, or make the brainless live.  
 Merit, alone, the proffered work exalts, 195  
 And wins a cherished place in spite of faults.  
 Not to strained thoughts and phrases seeming-wise

England's immortal Shakespeare owes his rise,  
 Nor dramas mixed proclaims his power to please;  
 Nor cold rejection of the unities, 200  
 These but the unwished offspring of his age,  
 Born for the time, and catering to the stage,  
 Faults, that the blaze of genius whitens o'er  
 That pity weds and almost makes no more;  
 Not these, but living pictures of mankind 205  
 Through pure conceptions prove the mastermind,  
 Sublime portrayals of a vanished past,  
 Touched by a human hand, but that shall last.

Set to the general, hoary rule prevails,  
 But, when exceptions rise, the standard fails. 210  
 New truths defy old measures, and demand  
 The keen invention of a modern hand,  
 These the resplendent comets of the mind  
 That, seeming outlaws, leave all law behind,  
 Till, genius measuring genius, with its test 215  
 Proves them as much in order as the rest.  
 What man, howe'er so favoured to dispute,  
 But here for lack of argument is mute?—  
 Save that, mayhap, he trembles to discard  
 What once was held by ev'ry Grecian bard. 220  
 But Hellas' dramas, scanned, too plainly tell  
 That but as compositions they excel,  
 Athenians noblest tragedies declare  
 The drama to be secondary there, 225  
 Nor human life, man's character, and ways,  
 Depict, as Shakespeare, in his peerless plays—  
 Whether they breathe of love or flash with ire,  
 One hears through all the throbbings of the lyre.  
 And marvel 'twere if laws of those old days  
 To chorus framed should suit our modern plays! 230  
 Had Shakespeare 'gainst those laws refused to sin,

Holding inviolate, where had Hamlet been?  
 Our mightiest dramas never had been staged  
 Were not those sacred unities outraged. 235  
 Far less let rules be revered which have sprung  
 Like blood-dyed spume from a consumptive's lung  
 That to a mind disordered owe their rise,  
 And lack authority to rule the wise—  
 Rules, that absurd unmuzzled carpers frame  
 To blunt the pen, and block the road to fame. 240  
 Countless as fools! scarce one has reached its tomb  
 Ere twenty rises from the mental womb,  
 Low, base abortions, issuing throng on throng,  
 Dragged forth in haste and doomed to last as long.  
 One censures the Aeneid with boist'rous ire, 245  
 And Vergil falls at Dido's fun'ral pyre—  
 For, heroes such as his none e'er abide,  
 Who, howso pressed, forsake a blameless bride;  
 Rhymer condemns Othello to the rack,  
 For tragic heroes never should be black; 250  
 Here syllables redundant too abound  
 Which only in the drama should be found;  
 Oxford to its prize ode a length assigns,  
 Whoe'er competes must write but fifty lines.—  
 And why not on? let ev'ry future play 255  
 Have but three acts, the time a single day,  
 Three scenes to ev'ry act, to ev'ry scene  
 A hundred lines and words to each fifteen!  
 Nor would we err more pointedly or worse  
 Than they who censure Shelley's marvelous verse 260  
 And dub him incorrect, because, forsooth,  
 He quashed their senseless rules and built on truth.

Let him who shakes when such reviewers rave  
 Mould his base bricks and act the willing slave,  
 Pay double value for their spurious wares 265  
 And scorn the golden grain to feed on tares.

Some antique pictures mould'ring where they lie  
 Depict the correctness Student lauds so high,  
 Nor none more well than those that grace the page  
 Of quaint old Bibles soiled and worn with age, 270  
 Where one beholds in cold perspective rare  
 Primeval Eden and its blissfu' pair.  
 Four rivers on four sides are seen to flow  
 Describing a rectangle as they go;  
 Flowers, in square beds; and, closed with brick and rail 275  
 A long canal, whose waters (never fail);  
 The Tree of Knowledge to its place assigned,  
 And round its bole the painted serpent twined;  
 Eve to the left, Adam to right is found;  
 And all the beasts stand in a circle round. 280  
 Nor none would doubt what's open to the view:  
 The squares are quite correct; the circle, true;  
 The man and woman stand correct in line;  
 And haze's spiral is correctly fine.—  
 But who applauds, save Xavier's twisted saint 285  
 And half-grown babies, tickled with the paint?  
 Did gifted Renolds paint that paradise  
 Which others, clouded, sketch with erring eyes,  
 Or Bouguereau, in art no less than he,—  
 What glorious vision 'twould be ours to see! 290  
 Not hopeless etchings, broken and untrue,  
 But such as shades immortal turned to view  
 When Eve by Gihon's banks her vespers sang  
 And the first harp through groves terrestrial rang:  
 The sapphire brook that waked the tangled shade, 295  
 The flow'ry meadows, and the grassy glade;  
 The silent lake where myrtles clustering hung,  
 And bright-winged birds in softest concord sung;  
 Untrodden grottos clad with tend'rest vine  
 And purple grapes slow waxing into wine 300  
 Forests Hesperian bent with fruited l.

And fragrant leafage scarcely dreamed of now;  
 And last, not least, that rose-encircled bow'r —  
 Where slept the lovers through the midnight hour,  
 O'er whose chaste limbs the pendant blossoms shed 205  
 A petaled covering for their nuptial bed —  
 But dimly kenned, as, while Aldebaran gleams,  
 The pictured woodland in the twilight streams,  
 Or, when the dawn first tints the eastern hills,  
 Campestrian groves and cedar-blossomed rills. 310

Who, save of herded connoisseurs the worst,  
 Would dub the last less accurate than the first?  
 Surely 'twould be an image more exact  
 Than senseless diagrams on canvass packed.

To poesy allied, though more confined, 215  
 Painting and sculpture claim a kindred mind:  
 The one with faultless brush translates the skies,  
 And, earth, new-coloured, on the canvas lies;  
 The other with the chisel carves the rock,  
 And Caesar rises from the quarried block. 320  
 But, wide as is the mighty realm of arts,  
 This ne'er from colour, that from form departs.  
 Yet, let who will these lesser arts detract,  
 Their likeness is more vivid, more exact,  
 Confined to outward things, by titles strong 325  
 They take precedence of the art of song.  
 For, he, who deigns to paint the world's broad stage  
 With all its visible objects on the page,  
 Armed but with words, will ne'er behold expand  
 That wond'rous scene that leaves the painter's hand — 330  
 Not, though unrivalled Shakespeare breached again  
 And in his dext'rous fingers held the pen.  
 But brush and chisel to convention set  
 No life may ape, no living form beget —

Ask of the soulless output that remains  
 In Gizel's tombs and Cuzco's ruined fanes,  
 Undying witnesses of what must be  
 When cast is all, and art no longer free.

Nor but the higher arts their hordes comprise  
 Who laud this false correctness to the skies,  
 Small-minded mortals who make means the end  
 And non-essentials with essentials blend,  
 Thus Bourgeois Jourdain rails in open war  
 When Nicole thrusts *in tierce* before *in quarte*;  
 L'Amour Medecin in M. Thomes' decrees  
 Portrays the errors of some choice M. D's;  
 Th' historic page grey veterans has revealed  
 Who damned Napoleon's tactics on the field  
 And swore by all the gods from Zeus to Thor  
 That he had spoiled the glorious art of war.  
 Let such condemn — each art bespeaks its end;  
 Of war to conquer, and of drugs to mend,  
 Of fencing to unfoot — and this the test;  
 Those means are worthiest which accomplish best.

All art is imitation. He who plods  
 Is nature's copyist, as nature God's.  
 But he who by despotic rules is bound,  
 Like a base reptile creeps along the ground,  
 Thwarts his best purpose once and yet again,  
 And, doomed to darkness, never quits the glen.  
 A slave of slaves, he hastens to obey  
 Though Folly leads and Ignorance points the way.

That mild precursor of scholastic school  
 Who first taught Alexander how to rule  
 And whose unerring systems still prevail  
 Though Bacon, Kant, and Hamilton assail,



Declare'd, and ev'ry sage upholds his part,  
 Poesy to be an imitative art.  
 Nor like her sisters sphered but to be seen,  
 In her own realm she moves a peerless queen. 370  
 Her's is the high prerogative to scan  
 That thrice-omnipotent world, the heart of man,  
 To know at will its countless phases well  
 And all its deeply complex movements tell.  
 Here she is mistress, here she stands alone, 375  
 And, first of systems, rears her spotless throne.  
 Fortune's e'er-broken turns her record fills:  
 Fallen man as man, his happiness, his ills,  
 And, where for pleasure, usefulness or gain,  
 His villas dot the valleys and the plain, 380  
 His ever-varying conduct she assigns  
 To fitting measure in her glorious lines.  
 Nor limited to our substantial form, —  
 She spreads her bright-plumed pinions to the morn,  
 Wings her proud way through yon ethereal air, 385  
 And mounts to him whose likeness mortals bear,  
 Nor, twilight settles, ere Italian swains  
 See Dante rise to chronicle her gains.  
 Where are her confines? Let presumptuous man  
 All things potential, all things actual scan, 390  
 The outer and the inner worlds explore  
 And bound imagination with a shore —  
 Not but that God who knows each atom'd part  
 Can sound the depths of this imperial art.  
  
 And, is the noblest thus of end devoid? 395  
 Or has its scope by critics been destroyed?  
 Has it no changeless, no eternal laws,  
 No ultimate end, no origin, no cause,  
 No individual essence? lesser arts  
 Have their peculiar entity and parts. 400

Loved of the muses! scoffers may deride  
 And half-brained envious idiols puff with pride.  
 Thy laws are not like those that hourly tell  
 That others hatched in haste would suit as well.  
 Heralds declaim from each ancestral tree 405  
 And frame despotic rules for blazonry:  
*Argent on or* bedecks the honoured shield,  
 A *bend* denotes a bastard in the *field* —  
 But, if, by chance, the science were reversed,  
 The last would be as valid as the first, 410  
 For, what caprice engenders, all too soon  
 Like fickle offspring changes with the noon.  
 Yea, poesy commands a priceless dow'r,  
 All nations and all climes bespeak her pow'r,  
 Through ev'ry age and o'er her boundless range 415  
 She kept her station in the midst of change.  
 Unkempt barbarians, from the wilds reclaimed,  
 Like Texan mustangs have been caught and tamed;  
 Systems of worship built by monstrous frauds,  
 Rose, flourished, and then fell with all their gods; 420  
 Base dialects from wild confusion sprung  
 Have risen to revolutionize the tongue;  
 Bodies politic, swelled with kingly power,  
 Have seen their greatness withered in an hour;  
 Round the domestic hearth new fashions meet; 425  
 And devise engines throug our modern street.  
 Hoops were erstwhile what pleased the female mind  
 Till new inventions threw the weight behind;  
 A knotted kerchief once adorned the hair,  
 Then caps, and now the Merry-Widow's there; 430  
 These have their day, like petty sovereigns reign,  
 And others follow in an endless chain —  
 Bikes bend to autos, steam to gasolene,  
 And railway coaches to the winged machine.

But thou, thou hast not changed, nor ages bleak 435  
 Have laid one wrinkle on thy fadeless cheek;  
 Nor nature, that vast mirror which displays  
 The great creator's image, phase on phase;  
 Nor man's all-anxious heart; nor Homer's lines,  
 The pristine gems of thy exhaustless mines, 440  
 Thou saw'st ten-thousand fitful fashions fade,  
 Ten-thousand critic's codes in ashes laid,  
 The rise and fall of all the flickering past,  
 Thou saw'st the first, and thou shalt see the last —  
 Time cannot alter thine immortal youth 445  
 Nor those first marvelous miracles of truth.

O glorious freedom of our buried sires  
 That in its honest bluntness still inspires,  
 That points our pens, and bids us spurn control  
 And write the dictates of the kindling soul, 450  
 Lead us to higher levels, fairer ground.  
 Where we may breathe pure air, and look around  
 Uncurbed by laws by potent fools assigned  
 To cool the heart and stultify the mind,  
 Who twist our motives, misconstrue our acts, 455  
 And damn our best effects with senseless tracts!  
 Such numbers of Dodonas hourly rise,  
 Great Zeus, confounded, scarce can trust his eyes,  
 Where lying scribes, unhappily, prevail  
 O'er shivering mortals who might best assail — 460  
 Too often-times, alas! the death of those  
 Whose groundless fears o'ermagnify their foes,  
 Worst'd by that which challenged would retreat,  
 And, where they should have conquered, meet defeat —  
 Or, best, mayhap, had trained the indignant gaze, 465  
 For a fool's jibes are better than his praise,—  
 Like a base bell his jarring notes are spread,  
 The gist of his long tongue and empty head.

Thus be the sure decretals of the skies  
 That he must labour who would fain be wise, 470  
 For knowledge comes not as the glittering hoard  
 That greets the heir of some incumbent lord.  
 Away with titles! he, although a king,  
 If brainless born remains a brainless thing,  
 By nature doomed to build up pictured walls 475  
 And fill a fool's place in his stately halls.  
 M. A's, B. A's, D. D's, and countless shams  
 With just enough of wit to pass exams.,  
 Hockey and foot-ball graduates, go their rounds,  
 Whose sickly brains would scarcely weigh two pounds —480  
 Thy honoured graduates, Thompson! who if reft  
 Of gown and parchment, nothing would be left.  
 To dense to learn, too indolent to think,  
 They *punt up* for their sheep-skin in the rink,  
 Or win out on a *scrimmage* or a *try*, 485  
 And hug their long-eared titles by-and-by.  
 Nor these alone! ev'n nature's boasted prize  
 Whom sophists love, and only fools despise,  
 Whose wid'ning brow bespeaks a spirit bright  
 Dwelling behind those matchless spheres of light. 490  
 Ev'n he, to godless ease a willing slave,  
 Dying, shall fill a mediocre grave,  
 While they, whose sickly birth-stars scarcely shone,  
 May shine resplendent lights when he is gone.

Well be it so, the world's most precious spoil 495  
 Is hardly reached through three-score years of toil,  
 That proud unscrupulous man in his mad course,  
 The treasure by, must earn, not take by force,  
 Else, empty kerns might fill their cobwebbed skulls  
 And pass for gods regardless of their hulls, 500  
 Like her who fell 'neath Mes'potamian skies  
 Led on by hell how easiest to be wise.

Yet, in our midst uncultured muck-worms grow  
 Who hold it half a crime to strive to know,  
 With self o'er-puffed pretension rules the stage 505  
 And ev'ry fool *in face* is half a sage,  
 Nor lacks adorers, gathering mob on mob  
 Each to its fancy rounds its wonted cob,  
 While wide-mouthed Bombast opes its massive jaws,  
 And hats are off, and all the land's applause. 510  
 Each day, each hour, such varied gods arise,  
 One pictures Hellas 'neath Canadian skies:  
 Merit declines: the love of honour dies:  
 And he alone is uppermost who lies. 515  
 In spite of nature and her guiding stars,  
 Pale Vega's lessening light, or fiery Mars,  
 Unthinking mortals claim the right to scan  
 To censure and to judge their fellow-man,  
 Though, nature, in the face of ev'ry school,  
 Declares who shall be wise and who a fool. 520  
 Denied her favour: these, with nocent biles,  
 Malign those few who share her genial smiles,—  
 Like unsuccessful suitors, who pursue  
 And take by force the maids they cannot woo,  
 Carpers would grapple Judgment by the jaws 525  
 And fill a writer and his works with flaws.  
 So, skilled in finesse, would-be authors sit  
 Racking their unresponsive skulls for wit—  
 Loudly they knock, and may be knocking yet  
 For aught I know: the chambers are To Let. 530  
 Hoping 'gainst hope, they pile their shapeless clods  
 And build up tomes would mystify the gods.  
 How boundless is their wrath! all arts and wits  
 Save theirs and them are but base counterfeits,  
 Nor even Virgil's fair unsullied page 535  
 Nor Homer's matchless line escapes their rage.  
 Like leeches parched, so quenchless is their thirst

They needst must pump until their entrails burst,  
 Searching for falsehood, blind to what is true,  
 They drink the bright red blood and deem it blue. 540  
 Hot-pressed octavos shine in crimson rows  
 Whose hides scarce screen the calves which they enclose,  
 Quartos and duodecimos appear—  
 Nor this comes hobbling till the next is near  
 Yet Sham, weak minds hath pow'r to fascinate, 545  
 And, so, each passing oracle has weight—  
 For lo! what panegyrics usher in  
 These wond'rous works of emptiness and skin!  
 Ink flows on ev'ry side and pens are out,  
 And news-boys throg the thoroughfares and shout, 550  
 Admiring favourites laud them in their stalls  
 And hang their heroe's photo on the walls,  
 Mayhap some ermined doctor, void of shame,  
 The eulogy prepared, subscriber his name—  
 And, like Darius, by one voice alone 555  
 The block-head quits the earth and mounts a throne.

Some authors when extolled, boast want of skill,  
 And cudgel their weak wits for writing ill,  
 Make deposition to their lack of parts,  
 And curse their poor perception of the arts, 560  
 Turn traitors to themselves, who, by and by,  
 When censured freely, raise a hue-and-cry,  
 Hurl paper balls with Amazonian fling,  
 And damn all flesh from cottager to king. 565  
 Some list their falling doom with churlish ears  
 And treat with reverence what should meet with sneers  
 As if 'twere heaven hurled its woeful ban  
 And not the sordid sunken sons of man.  
 To others, when all feebler means decay,  
 Busiris ever-kindly points the way; 570  
 Bids them, con- ned by common sense, to rail

And weild the stripes where craft and cunning fail,  
 To bear by crabbed and gnarled effrontery down  
 And terrorize the college and the town,  
 To oust the stranger, index all his verse, 575  
 And, still unconquering, speed from bad to worse.  
 Yet, to succeed, believe there needs a skull  
 With some small holdings and not quite a hull:  
 The humid husk, to act though e'er so free,  
 Lacking the kernel ne'er becomes a tree.— 580  
 Out on the envious hopes of envious men,  
 Merit, though crushed to earth, shall rise again!  
 Nature dictates. Let him who would excel  
 List to her earnest calls and study well,  
 Banish these hordes of self-important fools, 585  
 And lean on truth alone to form his rules.

Singers may err, the harp discordant ring,  
 And well-plied censure prove the underling,  
 But, for each bard who builds up wretched verse,  
 A hundred crippled critics scribble worse— 590  
 On ev'ry side the self-same rule prevails—  
 Launch the slow bark, and trim the lazy sails!  
 Nor look upon the dreaded beast and say  
 He may destroy where others must make way.  
 The savage grizzly ravages the dell, 595  
 But lesser vermin reach their ends as well;  
 These with their hidden fangs, and those with fumes,  
 Wither the earth and fill the land with tombs;  
 And bleak unmeaning carpers, scarcely seen,  
 Like skunks or cobras vent their venom'd spleen, 600  
 As venomous as they, they too would fill  
 The land with graves were there more wits to kill.  
 Oh, ye degenerates of these lesser days,  
 Ready to forge a fault, but slow to praise,  
 O'er your hard breasts the diamond moves in vain, 605

Baffled by flint of yet more sturdy grain!  
 Ye base-voiced ravens, whet your carrion bills,  
 Gather in flocks, and leave the winded hills;  
 575 And you, ye owls, with heaven-distracting song,  
 Rise from the swamp and join the howling throng; 619  
 Nor absent be thy voice, oh bellowing frog,  
 Hoarse with the rank contagion of the bog—  
 580 Such sounds alone are sweet! such accents please!  
 Comfort these fools, and put them at their ease!

And who is this, that, neath a rounded dip, 615  
 Slants his dull eyes, and curls his mighty lip?  
 Mendacious Wallace! I should know his hide  
 585 Though in a tan-house, stinking while it dried.  
 And thinkest thou, clod-poll, with thy vain pretence,  
 To stand pre-eminent on the throne of sense? 629  
 Thou'rt right my man! to such must genius bow,  
 For nonsense is the test of merit now.  
 While through the rifted clouds some kindly spark  
 590 May pierce some pate, be yours forever dark,  
 Void of all light save what it now retains 625  
 The gloomy fox-fire of decaying brains;  
 Still mould your fertile fancy to entrance  
 The leaded mind with war-scarred tales of France,  
 595 With Thompson, Tompkins, Colin, Shay and Wells  
 Act out your part, nor doff the cap and bells, 630  
 And, at your will, still ply your menial games  
 "The immortal lackey of immortal James."  
 600 Post to the "Casket," daily, up and down,  
 And show your mangy frontal to the town.  
 Start not, proud traitor! once I loved you well 635  
 In happier days, ere Brutus-like you fell.  
 With you I roved ere boyhood days were o'er,  
 Knew but one friend, nor, careless, looked for more,  
 605 Plucked the wild flow'rs from many a favourite hill,



Tracked the deep wood, or sat beside the rill, 640  
 Or, when Diana decked her wonted seat,  
 Held with slow steps along the lighted street,  
 Happy to feel in thee I might impose  
 The treasured lore that others soon disclose,  
 To you my inmost secrets were revealed— 645  
 You learned them all!—how many are concealed?  
 By vile deception thus you paved the way  
 And won affection, only to betray.  
 Be still remembrance! most unhappy 's he,  
 Who, bent with pain, recalls past ecstasy. 650

Behold at distance, robed in state attire,  
 The war-bard Wells bend neath his mighty lyre;  
 From ev'ry side the mincing crowd he draws,  
 Thumps the rude strings, and welcomes their applause,  
 Loudly he howls "To win but fickle fame" 655  
 The ears of fools and an inglorious name.  
 Sonnets unnumbered thunderingly meet  
 And tear each other with superfluous feet  
 Till sense, its mail in tatters, yields the ground,  
 And, vanquished, flees, half-deafened by the sound. 660

Next, cankerous James, rails on with reckless pen,  
 The worst of critics and the least of men,  
 A wond'rous work of meagre parts combined  
 Whose shrunken body suits his shrunken mind.  
 Out from his mulcted maw with' auger's flames 665  
 Issue long tracts that lack all else but names,  
 Week after week unheard-of dishes throng,  
 And noble Slewside bears the mess along.  
 Like other dwarfs, this college Xit conspires  
 To light his own and quench all other fires, 670  
 This would-be Sir Narcissus, linked with Slew  
 And other quaint productions of the Zoo.

Close at his heels his blunted band he draws,  
 Scatters his writs, and promulgates his laws,  
 On common-sense eternal war declares, 675  
 And dreams of June-bugs, bugaboos and bears,  
 Reason by declamation 's quite outdone,  
 And insult ends what impudence begun.  
 All hail! illustrious monarch of the west!  
 Wield your cramped pen and hurl your wanton jest! 680  
 Since in old time the first untutored sire  
 Leaped into love, and smote the sounding lyre,  
 Ne'er did the cabbage bind as fair a brow  
 As that which crowns thee prince of dunces now.

Far from the campus of his college days 685  
 McDonald loudly howls his broken lays,  
 Still twists Sir Walter, in his wanton sport,  
 Or guides a chigre to a foreign court.  
 To acknowledge truth his virtue is too strict,  
 His courage too supreme to contradict. 690  
 Effusive Allen! tune thy half-strung harp!  
 The dominant grates! the mediant is too sharp!  
 Appoggiaturas, damned for want of grace,  
 Annoy the treble and confound the base!  
 Although the noxious gamut ev'ry chord 695  
 (If such there be) cries out: "Have mercy lord!"

Marvel of marvels, flickering as they flee!  
 Behold the honoured lights of Márgaree!  
 Progressive ever, each one takes his place,  
 And proud DeLayney mingles in the race; 700  
 Nor, in the rear, but with the foremost thrown,  
 Unequaled Gillis rides upon his roan—  
 Unrivalled Gillis! he, whose mighty pen  
 Might sketch with ease McAskill or a hen.  
 O, envied scribe! philologist most kind! 705

What peerless problems task thy puissant mind!  
 None knows the heights to which thou may'st attain,  
 So lofty is thy flight, so rare thy brain!  
 'Tis thine to soar, 'tis thine to reach the top  
 Where speech "distilled" becomes "one burning drop," 710  
 Where "neath thy feet the dew begins to fall,"  
 And, nature, powerless, crowns thee lord of all.

A shriek! earths' echoes wake! the long bow bends!  
 And, from the hills, the bandit bard descends!  
 "Up hands, weazen knaves!— the king's?" ('tis clear 715  
 King Edward's likeness cuts no figure here)—  
 "Out with the pack!—Polaris greets the day!  
 Nor Alexander's humor brooks delay!—  
 Some sterling nymph shall yet invoke my pen  
 To this wild venture ere day dawns again." 720  
 'Tis done: and clanging hoof and sounding rill  
 Echo the night's exploit to College Hill.  
 Waked from his kenneled sleep the watch-dog howls,  
 And Sugar Loaf lets loose her startled owls;  
 The Oriental, but half slumb'ring, hears, 725  
 Bethinks it some disturbance of the spheres,  
 Some shattered star, mayhap, whose sickly hue  
 Proclaims its fall, and, (in a sense) how true!  
 Silence opprobrious tongues! he was but dust!  
 Nor heap disdain upon his shivered bust. 730  
 The tempter tempted, give the devil his dues,  
 Though, honour lost, there's not much left to lose.  
 Round Scotia's pride a shroud of darkness falls,  
 And Xavier, trembling weeps above the walls,  
 And e'er shall weep! though festal days may come 735  
 Its sorrowed cadence never shall be dumb,  
 Nor all the tongues that quit Meneely's blast  
 Might e'er revoke the dirge or cancel what is past.

Laud him, ye shrimps, nor overlook the time!  
 When Alex. rants, why should not Jenkins rhyme? 740  
 The days are hastening on when naught can save  
 Nor scribe nor scribbler from an equal grave,  
 Though grandma ne'er made fritters half so fast  
 As his Torontian chants and odes are cast  
 Who deep and tedious thought a bore bedeed,  
 And, what his brains refuse, turns out by steam. 745  
 In long-drawn strains his peerless lyrics break,  
 Such matchless notes as love-sick cats awake  
 When gentle Tab to Tom displays her charms  
 And the dull moon lights up the neighboring farms. 750  
 Yea, frame thy luckless lyrics till the spell  
 That first absorded thee heralds thy farewell,  
 Nor haste thine exit—for, by all that's past,  
 Succeeding bards are senseless as the last.

Hot-foot for fame, yet labouring 'neath his load, 755  
 St. Joseph's wonted rhymster takes the road;  
 "Marian Songs and Sonnets" —what a burst!  
 O'Neil's last work, and, till his next, his worst.  
 All praise to honest effort, for the theme  
 Is far beyond a wavering mortal's dream, 760  
 Did genius labour, cold must be the strain  
 Where courts celestial touch their harps in vain.  
 Behold whole stanzas like old houses propped,  
 Long syllables prolonged and vowels lopped;  
 The midnight skies with costliest purple glow, 765  
 And countless Kilima-Njaros hourly grow.  
 Phenomenae unnumbered! such appear,  
 One wonders if the Judgment Day be near—  
 Where will it end? God knows! the next mad lay  
 May tell of toad-stools in the Milky Way. 770  
 Yea, things more wond'rous still they may entail,  
 For fools portray where master-hands must fail.

No marvel proud Parnassus' sides are wan,  
 Her fountains voiceless, and her virgins gone!  
 What age, howe'er so barbarous, quick to please, 775  
 Would ever tolerate such bards as these?  
 Long-suffering Pallas hangs her weeping head,  
 Grieving that all is senseless, soulless, dead—  
 Not for an age a line that merits praise,  
 Or one poor singer worthy of his bays. 780

In other lands and at an earlier day,  
 When critics were more virtuous, one might say:  
 Let him who strikes his country's harp beware  
 Lest wit be absent and but jangle there;  
 Conform to facts; let truth triumphant shine 785  
 Through ev'ry well-cut aphoristic line.  
 Here, Campbell erred! behold his tales expand  
 From vague "Pompeii" down to "Hildebrand."  
 Exiled, yet peerless Gregory, best of men,  
 Was thy name tarnished by a bigot's pen? 790  
 No! for the hand that smote left its own stain,  
 His quill was voiceless, and his efforts vain  
 "Thou land for gods!"—What gods would seek to dwell  
 Where dullness reigns and fools alone excel,  
 Where merit moves an uninvited guest, 795  
 And he, who scribbles worst, is reckoned best?  
 "Thou land of gods!"—yea, gods of blackest breed  
 Howl from the hills, and shake the withered mead;  
 From far Ottawa's source, "from deeps to deep"  
 Bleak-bearded bogles yell from ev'ry steep, 800  
 Lean-visaged gnomes and sleek-mawed ghouls conspire,  
 And Campbell swells the chorus with his lyre.  
 "Brave home of freemen!"—yea, when shackles fall  
 And men have learned to walk who love to crawl;  
 When genuine wit, not pride of place, is sought; 805  
 And man is loved for virtue not for lot;

When fell corruption sees its conquests past  
 And honest efforts crown the land at last,  
 Back to thy desert, wanton! let the hill  
 Thou deem'st divine be thy Parnassus still  
 For little reck's it: such have stood the test:  
 Critics applaud: and chaplets do the rest.

810

On all sides so! behold ambition soar  
 Where broad Oogoodi laves its peaceful shore;  
 Where 'neath tall elms, the mad expectants throng  
 And the celestial city melts in song,  
 The flag is drawn: the black crowd seething turns:  
 And Scotland's patriots hail the form of Burns,  
 Nor Belle's fair fingers scarce have bared the prize,  
 Ere, harps are strung, and bards like mushrooms rise,  
 And, foremost from St. Andrews, Lang appears:  
 Fraser looks vexed: but Crocket lends his ears:  
 The populace applauds (it knows not why),  
 And Crocket shouts to swell the vulgar cry,  
 Eleven hobbling stanzas! 'twere enough  
 To make Apollo take a pinch of snuff—  
 But Hannay lists it with elated brows,  
 Doffs to his own morbidic ode, and bows,  
 Unmeaning wantons follow, yet more dense,  
 Supreme in all things save in common sense,  
 Foresworn to nonsense, each one plays his part  
 And dubs all others troglodytes of art—  
 Forgetful of his own misshapen lays,  
 Fools for applause, and cabbage leaves for bays,  
 Where art thou Whelan? thou who sung'st of yore  
 Of our dear hills and Brunswick's sounding shore?  
 Hast thou no pen? the robin still is here,  
 And song-birds chirp the earliest of the year:  
 The daisies' fragrance scarce hath left the glen—  
 Strike thy wild harp and bid it live again!

815

820

825

830

835

840

Twine its fair leaves with our New Brunswick ferns,  
 And place thy tribute at the feet of Burns—  
 Some genuine lines, wild warblings of the skies,  
 That the great bard himself will not despise.

Beneath the sutures of his echoing pan 845  
 What strenuous thoughts arise to torture man!  
 These e'en Herculean Bobby must admit  
 And take emetics to discharge his wit.  
 Week after week the labouring load descends,  
 Wearying himself and worrying his friends. 850  
 No wonder "Leira" tired of life and fled  
 And Niobe "in shame" held down her head;  
 No wonder all "the Fates" are given to weep,  
 And roll their briny rivers to the deep.  
 "Vox de Profundis"—'tis too deep for me, 855  
 I yield the sounding led to Bantum B.!  
 A mass that lacks correctness, a design  
 That proved the hapless botch in ev'ry line,  
 Where jargon wed with jangle holds the scale,  
 And, Nonsense called to trial, refuses bail. 860  
 Dream on unhappy bard, nor yet in vain,  
 Crazed by the moving-pictures of the brain,  
 And, oft deserted by your shadowy bands,  
 Pilfer the labour of more skilful hands,  
 Forge a long tale of Mozart got by rote, 865  
 And bid renowned Prometheus ride the goat—  
 Such traits as these can approbation gain  
 Where Pope might plead for listeners in vain.  
 Charmed by the cobwebs of the Western Wing,  
 Thy succedaneum, Lizzie, deigns to sing 870  
 A perfect song (I swear), if not misplaced,  
 If Scott were spared, and Milton undefaced.  
 Unnumbered jimmies strew his table round,  
 And Henry Wadsworth lies upon the ground —

O, injured bard! but little Bryden reeks —  
The "Curfew Bell" is swung from St. F. X. . . . . 875

Misguided botches! how they clog the place,  
Each with the mask of genius on his face!  
Nor Hecate with all her potent teas,  
Might, for one moment, banish the disease,  
The nincompoopian fever still would spread  
And pass its sluggish germs from head to head. . . . . 880

"Messiah," Alex's tribute, stanzas seven,  
Thrust from below, up, up (perhaps to heaven),  
But, midway, sidetracked, Sulla, as of yore,  
Hands him the prize and bids him write no more. . . . . 885

Ye men of mightier minds whose power to see  
Surpasses creed, say, what is misery?  
Speak Tompkins, you whose reasons though unsound  
Have others as conclusive — Sir, expound! . . . . . 890  
Clean-shaven sages, answer as ye would  
I say 'tis misplaced man and woman-hood.

And who more heavenly inspiration needs  
Than they who mount Apollo's winged steeds?  
Ask Thompson, kicked until he howls with pains,  
And Bantum Bobby dragging by the reins. . . . . 895

List to the ceaseless promptings of the mind:  
Mortals may err: but nature is not blind.  
Ev'n as the burning sun's far scattered rays  
Verge to the glass and form a single blaze, . . . . . 900  
So, nature's promptings, varied, as we know,  
Tend to one point however mortals go,  
Where so-e'er winds the path she leads the way,  
And they alone are blameless who obey:



This to the sceptre; that to delve the soil; 905  
 Each to his separate lot — but all, to toil.  
 How many, helmless, run to this and this —  
 God only knows the myrmidons who miss!  
 Consider well; bid prejudice depart;  
 And search the hidden chambers of the heart; 910  
 And if, all inclinations wisely weighed,  
 She bids thee grasp the pick-ax or the spade —  
 Be not deceived! there thy best labours tend:  
 Mock not her council, nor despise the end!  
 Thou canst not fail, nor, yet a slave to fear, 915  
 Begin in trembling, for the path is clear.  
 But, if, impelled by motives doubly strong,  
 She bids thee sing thy country's deathless song —  
 String the glad harp! 'twill wake at thy command  
 And yield its treasured sweetness to the land. 920  
 Let those who dote on seeming still pursue  
 Their favourite phantoms, voiceless, and untrue:  
 'Tis thine to sound the hidden depths of art  
 Where others founded ere the shores depart.

How many, led by folly, blindly spurn 925  
 God's sage decrees and shake their own mad urn,  
 From this to that in wild delirium speed,  
 And seek in various callings to succeed!  
 Farmers man pulpits; lawyers delve the mine;  
 Smiths deal in sheep; and doctors raise the vine. 930  
 Nature, outraged, deplores their wand'ring wits  
 And sees a hundred out for one that fits  
 Counsels at first, but, if ungoverned still,  
 Bids the proud outlaw take what course he will.  
 If these in their true work would but infuse 935  
 The toil that misdirected they abuse,  
 And, given to better labours, seek renown  
 By building up instead of tearing down,

905 Then would we have true progress, for, indeed,  
Though some would fail, the many would succeed. 940

He errs as well, to prejudice a prey,  
Where ignorance, whole, or partial, clouds the way;  
Self-maimed, he scans, reads only to despise,

910 Nor feels the tingling thistle gall his eyes,  
Proffers unproved assertions, wild comment, 945

And declamation without argument,  
Unheard of censures, void of ev'ry shame,

915 With moderation nothing but a name —  
Till hatred, last, fell-sprung from bastard ire,

Consigns the half-read pages to the fire 950

Behold him rage, and belch with reckless mien

The ungoverned threats of lordliness and spleen,

920 Cry "Courts of Law" and "libel," nor delay,

With Cameron's aid, to cancel a B. A. .

Thrice mighty threatener, one who boasts the pelf 955

Of wisdom's lore, yet, cannot rule himself,

Whose biased mind sees morals quashed in rhyme

As if, to picture vice half a crime,

925 Who, superficial, dots facial glow,

And scorns the priceless soul that shines below — 960

Methinks scholastic hours too idly hung

That failed to mould the temper and the tongue.

Unthinking man! aim higher! what were this?

930 Take, if you can, the treasures I shall miss!

Deprive me of those joys that please me most, 965

What contemplation gives,— and you may boast!

Both pity and forgiveness were thine

Were I your enemy as you are mine,

935 For, such unequalled baseness would disarm

An honest foe and save the wretch from harm. 970

I grant you still some freedom to abuse

What are you? hypocrite or coward? choose!

Your best friends doubt your leanings little loth  
 To blend the two and credit you with both:  
 To me, your actions quite consistent run,  
 Your conduct and your character *are one*. 975  
 Cast off the wretched mask, the useless skin,  
 That fails to hide the sickly thing within!  
 Speak out to your opponent if you can,  
 With the address and spirit of a man! 980  
 If virtue lack, assume a gentle air,  
 And show, at least, in surface, you are fair!  
 Tell him you were deceived, if it were such,  
 And raise your understanding by so much.  
 Seek through the world, nor will it fail to show 985  
 That all would fain be first, however slow;  
 Yet for the one who unto fame attains,  
 A million bite the dust for lack of brains  
 Numbers, 'tis true, seem set in honour's hall  
 But Time forgets them ere their tomb-stones fall. 990  
 Since Satan first put forth his battle-cry,  
 When did Pride hold her bastard head so high?  
 What time did base presumption make such strides,  
 And lead so many gods in asses hides?  
 Never 'twas hers such mighty realms to sway 995  
 As marks her confines at the present day.  
 God help the wretch whose censures but disclose  
 His lack of meaning wrapped in crippled prose,  
 Whose callused pen but shows to brighter view  
 The would-be judge the denser of the two— 1000  
 Who scans an ode like children, for the sound,  
 And cares but little if the verse be round,  
 Sees petty faults, condemns each flaw of tense,  
 And damns the whole regardless of the sense—  
 A hapless botch, who, quick to cast a stone, 1005  
 Sees others' breaks, yet cannot mend his own.  
 On ev'ry side behold his minions skilled

To mar and shatter what they cannot build;  
 To cheapen worth they ne'er may hope to mould,  
 975 And undo pow'r that far transcends their hold. 1010  
 Degenerate man! the unreasoning beast discerns  
 The path impassable, and timely turns;  
 But you, alone, out-face the tempest's frown,  
 And, in mad recklessness, art stricken down.  
 980 The uncouth ox beholds the eagles fly, 1015  
 Nor longs for wings to cleave the cloudless sky!  
 Why stubbornly persist? Why stoop to wrath  
 When nature bids thee take another path?  
 Far better, thus debauched, to change thy plans  
 985 And earn an honest wage by peddling cans. 1020

Would'st have the blockhead's praise, then court the ghoul,  
 Harp his dull notes and imitate the owl;  
 Rise but a jot beyond the vulgar pace,  
 990 And fifty asses hoofs are in your face;  
 Sing but the humblest note that augurs true, 1025  
 And owls, ghouls, cranes, and crakes are after you.

To praise, where undeserved, were as untrue  
 995 As to unjustly blame where credit's due.  
 Say Canada, when was it thine to boast  
 Two genuine singers in an age at most? 1030  
 Thine uninviting hillsides scarce allow  
 The furrowed onslaught of the stubborn plough,  
 000 Yet, one thing holds, he harvests more or less  
 The laurel crop is ever in excess!  
 Whole troops of rhymsters, packed with verse, contend, 1035  
 And, headless laureates rise up without end;  
 Ten thousand Austens, Austen-like, appear—  
 005 England boasts one, but ours are countless here.  
 So fall'n is taste, it now prepares the crown  
 To pamper influence and keep merit down, 1040

Fondles dull fools, and twines the sacred bough  
 To weave its treasures round a block-head's brow.  
 Out with the sign! What sage would seek to wear  
 The head-dress of a fool, however fair?  
 Bid the sad willow lend its drooping leaf,  
 And weave the chaplet with the badge of grief.

1045

Time was when critics served a noble end  
 And each reviewer was the poet's friend!  
 Time was—but why recall the vanished past?  
 A bright-winged age, too golden-hued to last!  
 When, hearts more generous, wits more truly wise,  
 Taught the legitimate singer how to rise,  
 Ere blear-eyed envy, double-maliced, stole  
 From Hade's depths to shackle ev'ry soul.  
 Then, in that age, exact, nor overnice,  
 Merit was sought, and error giv'n advice.  
 From a strong arm the bolts of censure fell,  
 But, if deserving, they could praise as well,  
 Then Homer through Ionian villas sung,  
 And Sappho warbled in her matchless tongue,  
 Eugammon and Arctinus smote the lyre,  
 And Hesiod's harp rang out the living fire—  
 Ere nature's laws unchangeable made way  
 And superficial fashions ruled the day.  
 O, for the times when trifles did not kill,  
 And carpers jibes were but ephemeral!  
 Scarce the dead offspring dropped from Envy's womb,  
 Ere Justice angered, dragged it to its tomb—  
 But, now, the rank abortion charms the heart,  
 And, toadys nurse it till it falls apart.

1050

1055

1060

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1070

Let's from the mad acephalous change the strain  
 To those who struck the harp, nor smote in vain,  
 Whose deathless songs, in many a matchless lay

Sway the dull heart, nor e'er shall cease to sway,  
 And, foremost, nature's rugged minstrel, see,  
 The massive bard of cold sublimity, 1075  
 Grey-bearded Bryant—him whose page bespeaks  
 The boundless prairies and the cloud-capped steeps,  
 The dim-voiced trackless forest, and the roar  
 Of far-flung waves on ocean's rock-ribbed shore, 1080  
 Go glean from Thanatopsis how to live  
 That death's dread hour no lasting pangs shall give,  
 How through the lapse of time, our woes may part,  
 And sorrow weigh less heavy on the heart;  
 And learn from his inexorable past 1085  
 To make life's dearest treasures yours, at last.

Belov'd Wadsworth! thy soft numbers fall  
 Like benedictions on the hearts of all,  
 Arousing down-fall'n man to curb despair,  
 To rise again, and, rising, doubly dare, 1090  
 To labour and to wait, with hope new-giv'n,  
 And guide the storm-tossed barkentine to heaven.  
 They pleased me when a boy, when as ere yet  
 Time taught me to remember, not forget,  
 Ere scenes, less genial, met my wakened gaze, 1095  
 And I had known the griefs of sterner days,  
 Ere man, God's highest creature, most unkind,  
 Showed me, too late, how much I'd left behind,  
 Ev'n like the Indian hunter, I too, stand  
 With unstrung bow, a stranger in the land, 1100

Gazing on fields delightless, torn with pain  
 To think so much is lost so little doth remain.  
 Bard of the people! many a soul shall rise  
 Ennobled, by thy verse to calmer skies,  
 For life's great want, as all mankind attest, 1105  
 Is someone who will make us do our best,

And, many a chastened spirit stoop to tell,  
O'er Wadsworth's grave, how he had sung so well.

Dear southern warbler, could I pass thee by  
Nor list thy sobbings with a tearless eye! 1110  
The saddest notes that fallen man e'er kenned,  
Thy heart hath felt them, and thy fingers penned.  
'Tis thus their story runneth — who might read  
The bleeding tale, nor inward fail to bleed?  
He wooed to win, he won, alas! to lose, 1115  
Two paths were open: Duty bid him choose:  
The one, with love, and flow'rs and fragrance gay,  
And countless pleasures, lured him to delay;  
The other, filled with crosses, thorns and tears,  
Led on to endless joys through endless years, 1120  
He chose the latter conscious of its woes:  
She, in the dim-lit cloister, sought repose:  
True to their God and to each other true,  
Their pure hearts beat, though crushed with sadness through,  
Nor, marvel not, if through his song appears 1125  
The beauteous form he loved in earlier years!  
Were 't not for Beatrice, who can say  
That Dante e'er had sung his glorious lay,  
Were 't not for this we ne'er had known the strain  
That soothes, yet addens, mingling joy with pain, 1130  
O, Sacrifice, thy fairest blossoms twine  
O'er Merlin and Ullainee — both were thine!

Rarely, Hibernia, was it thine, to lose  
At one fell stroke a patron and a muse.  
Ungodly England sweeps thy lov'ly vales, 1135  
But here, alas! a traiterous son assails,  
Trains with a felon's hand the murderous blow  
And lays the foremost of Canadians low.  
Why weep, down-trodden isle? thine eyes are red

From long-lamenting o'er thy martyred dead, 1110  
 Thy lot is tribulation, though unstained,  
 And Destiny, not England, keeps thee chained.  
 She moulds her fetters, shouts from zone to zone  
 Her vaunted freedom yet enslaves her own  
 Mayhap, like good Aeneas, driving to act 1145  
 That Ireland's virgin faith be kept intact.

Sad is the task to watch the less'ning breath  
 From youthful lips that soon must close in death,  
 To catch the last faint lingering gleams that dwell  
 Within the eyes of one we loved so well, 1150  
 To kiss the pale still form, that naught could save,  
 And place our dear lost treasure in the grave.  
 How sad! they of the many best can say  
 Who saw poor suffering Bransfield pass away,  
 Yet, happy he! to have escaped the jibes, 1155  
 Of Xavier's menials and her band of scribes,  
 Unsatiated wolves, that train the bloody tongue  
 And cruel fangs to mangle their own young,  
 Who, soon, had torn piecemeal his tuneful lyre  
 And damned his boyish out-put to the fire, 1160  
 A youth he was too virtuous and sincere  
 To linger long in this corrupted sphere,  
 Whom, had relentless fate not snatched away,  
 His muse, full-grown, had sung a deathless lay.  
 A few sad notes fell softly from the string 1165  
 Like morning snow-flakes, and his soul took wing—  
 A few sad notes of all we might have known  
 Had pitiless heaven not marked him for her own.

Close by the evening blaze sweet voices sound,  
 And childish laughter makes its cheerful round, 1170  
 Mirth wanders unconfined from face to face  
 In all its mild simplicity of grace.



How sweet the time, ere dull convention reigns,  
 And godless fashion holds the heart in chains!  
 How dear! in many a tender line revealed 1175  
 Go search the works of philanthropic Field!  
 Quit for one hour the restless haunts of men,  
 And live your vanished childhood o'er again:  
 Join in the sports where innocence hath sway,  
 Let fly the ball, and race the flow'ry way: 1180  
 Give up the mad unsatiate search for gold,  
 And, for one day, forget your growing old.

Let him who dotes on riper charms resign  
 Field's tender muse for Scollard's lyric line,  
 Where whisp'ring groves and nectar-breathing flow'r 1185  
 Invite the lover to his mistress' bow'r,  
 Where star-lit skies and crescent moons survey  
 Young charms too tender for the blaze of day.

O, love, thou art indeed the subtlest fire  
 That e'er invoked a muse or strung a lyre! 1190  
 All passions, howso varied, spring from thee,  
 Nor, aught that is, without thee, e'er could be.  
 Here Robert's wond'rous pen imbued its flame,  
 And gained its scribe a chaplet and a name;  
 Here Carmen, too, arranged the scattered leaves, 1195  
 And bound his golden gleanings into sheaves.

One once I knew, well-skilled, though last of men  
 To wield the poets' or the critic's pen,  
 Whom, just discernment, fashioned to revere  
 True excellence wherever it appear, 1200  
 Nor, at his own wit felt delight alone,  
 But recognized some merit not his own.  
 And thou, dear one, who early taught to sing  
 My aspiring muse and pruned its tender wing,

Nor, slow to praise, nor, overquick to blame, 1215  
 Knew honour's worth and virtue more than fame,  
 Who, when the whole world jeered and stood apart,  
 Came with sweet words and soothed my saddened heart,  
 Happy to know thou still might'st share my pain  
 Though bent with thine own sorrows, nor complain 1210  
 Soul of my soul! hadst thou escaped their spleen,  
 The cut-throats still had lied nor answered been.  
 Ronald! the one bright link of that long chain  
 Time could not break nor prove of baser grain —  
 Thy spirit holds me still! nor e'er shall wend 1215  
 While God and truth are one, dear absent friend!  
 Where e'er I roam in fields, or flow'ry glen,  
 Earth calls those dear-loved liniments again.  
 And, oft-times, when the nightly skies unfold  
 Their glittering sparks, and light their orb of gold, 1220  
 And the brown hawk wheels silent o'er the hill—  
 Remembrance speaks, and I am with thee still.  
 All, all, I ken, nor lengthening mile on mile  
 Breaks the bright scene or checks its joys the while.  
 The dim-lit room; the pictured faces tall; 1225  
 And the brown maps that decorate the wall;  
 The well-kept table; books of richest dye,  
 Scholastic codes, and Dante's works near by.  
 Once more I wend through Stygian marshes dank,  
 Climb the dark crags, or near the lurid bank, 1230  
 List to the sad despairing cries of woe  
 From souls half-merged in Acheron's inkly flow.  
 Or, tearful, pause, while some lone suff'rer nears  
 To wail the wasted hours of vanished years.  
 Once more I note the invading Greeks destroy 1235  
 The war-scarred battlements of ancient Troy.  
 Gods clash with gods, till Juno's vengenance falls  
 And drags grim Hector round the flaming walls.  
 Or, from the deep tempestuous, scan the shore

Where Carthage stood and Dido ruled of yore: 1249  
 Note the divining Sibyll's stern commands;  
 Or march with Caesar through barabrian lands;  
 Made yet more vivid that thou lead'st the way  
 And bid'st the dull imagination play—  
 And though, dear one, I oft would wish thee near 1255  
 When hope hangs low and threatening clouds appear,  
 Sweet thought to know, when lingering life seems vain,  
 Smiles follow tears and pleasure springs from pain—  
 Thank God for woe! we ne'er had known the bliss  
 Of beauteous heaven foretasted, but for this. 1260  
 He knew full well the worth of boyhood lays,  
 A carper's censure or a block-head's praise,  
 Full well he taught, rebuked or praised in turn,  
 Anxious to aid whoever sought to learn—  
 Ev'n now, methinks his kindly presence near, 1265  
 Ev'n now the well-tuned accents strike the ear:  
 Be master of thine instrument, nor fail  
 To grasp the silvery notes of ev'ry scale;  
 If elegy absorb thee, breathe of woe  
 Through the sad minor's unharmonious flow; 1270  
 If love, the rippling major pictures best  
 The gentle whisper and the answering breast.  
 Rise, while ere yet the lessening stars are gone  
 From the far hill-tops dappled with the dawn,  
 While yet the flickering fire-fly's twinkling light 1275  
 And the owl's dreary hoot prolongs the night:  
 High Jove invoked, his fostering daughters stand  
 To list thy bidding, and to guide thy hand:  
 Calliope, whom gifted Orpheus knew,  
 Presents a tattered epic to the view; 1280  
 Clio unrolls the dark historic page,  
 Rich with the crowned exploits of ev'ry age;  
 Breathing of joy Euterpe's flute is heard,  
 And Erato's soft lyre and amorous word;

Melpomene with blood-dyed parchment bears 1275  
 With chaste Urania, peerless 'mid her peers;  
 Muse of the midnight revel and the dance,  
 Lightest of foot, Thalia meets the glance;  
 Polymnia's lips o'erflow with sweetest song;  
 And fair Terpsichore bears the drama on. 1280  
 Thus, to the task, with muse and shining quill,  
 Make your best thoughts subservient to your will;  
 Cut out, correct, insert, expand, define,  
 Dread not the inverted style, and interline,  
 And, if, at times, far-sought invention fails, 1285  
 Scratch the dull head and bite the tingling nails.  
 But hold, my loved one! don't let Thompson know!  
 He'll dub you base, obscene, immoral, low,  
 With nine sweet maids you scarcely may escape  
 The regal law-court and the charge of rape,— 1290  
 Dark eyes, light limbs, pure breasts, and shining hair,  
 Are so suggestive, danger may be there!  
 Forwarned, forearmed; avoid his slumb'ring ire  
 And save your reputation from the fire.  
 At last, time flown, the thing ad finem drawn, 1295  
 The last line scribbled, and the virgins gone,  
 Before you publish let it rest a spell,  
 A few months hence it may not read so well,  
 What now to all intents, might rival Will,  
 May fall to Campbell's plain, or, lower still, 1300  
 Some seeming couplet, passing fair for much,  
 May show the crippled foot and wabbling crutch,  
 This, that with genuine wit seemed so profound,  
 May lose its savor, and show naught but sound,  
 And that, inserted but to please the eye, 1305  
 Assert its vagrant rights and be put by.  
 This done: when pruned, and weeded and cut down,  
 It greets your fancy in a brighter gown—  
 Be not in haste! your nicest judgment's due

Others will judge less leniently of you. 1310  
 At last, when sound no longer wars with sense,  
 And ev'ry ambiguous phrase is rooted hence,  
 When, point and dash, well-placed, nor over-wrought,  
 Compels the dissenting mind to grasp the thought,  
 And all seems perfect as Ben Johnson's toast— 1315  
 Convey the pack to Dunivan by post.  
 But, hold a proof; it may not reach his hand,  
 There are so many pilferers in the land!  
 Nor stoop, though modern pedagogues presume,  
 To cloud your product with a *nom-de-plume*: 1320  
 The appellation "Student" failed to save  
 Our lordly Grecian from a dunce's grave.  
 Let craven dastards such base weapons wield  
 Who strike from ambush and despise the field,  
 Their bleak and shadowy armour serve them well 1325  
 To do dark deeds and act the part of hell,  
 Void of true strength, they dare not show their fists,  
 But sneak like Rudolph's rival from the lists.  
 'Tis yours, nor aught can make it more or less  
 Though carpers rail and goodly friends caress, 1330  
 On its intrinsic merit it must stand,  
 To patch old plaster or delight the land,  
 And, like a newly-wedded wife, your verse  
 Will claing for aye, for better or for worse.  
 Prepare for censure! flattery plays no part 1335  
 With him who stands pre-eminent in his art:  
 Be sure when published, philanthropic Slew  
 Will dub it "sissy verse" and "peek-a-boo,"  
 And Tompkins, with forced vigor pipe Kaká—  
 For hens will cackle though they fail to lay. 1340  
 In him, new-formed, the outraged singer sees  
 The pampered son of just Diogenes  
 Whose misanthropic tendencies befit  
 His cramped yet currish pen to war on wit,

10 As elegant and accurate as his sire  
 With all a wit should lack or fool desire. 1345  
 Through the world's varied zones, behold the prey  
 By countless myriads waged from day to day,  
 One fierce perpetual struggle, to prolong  
 15 Life's flickering spark and shield it from the strong: 1350  
 The deep-voiced cougar fells the trembling deer,  
 But, called to forage, never meets his peer:  
 Down from the fastness of the tow'ring rock  
 The eagle falls upon the lesser hawk:  
 20 The broad-finned shark pursues the weaker fry, 1355  
 Passing whole hordes of greater fishes by—  
 But all reverses: midst the rhyming race  
 The truly great are worried by the base.

25 Nor thus confined corruption mounts its throne,  
 But spreads from sun to sun, from zone to zone, 1360  
 In ev'ry land beholds its banners set,  
 And dreams of brighter conquests, vaster yet.  
 Were vices e'er more prevalent than now?  
 30 What time did Avarice bear as bold a brow?  
 Look round you! heed the settings of the times!  
 And read the rich man's itchings through his crimes! 1365  
 On ev'ry side the niggard fingers strain,  
 Crooked to a mad desire of Godless gain.  
 So sordid, some would fence the world about,  
 5 Grasp all within, and kick all mortals out, 1370  
 Careless of aught, so they alone excel,  
 Reckless of death or judgment, heaven or hell.  
 The incestuous wretch, the murderer and the thief  
 Are quick acquitted by a golden brief,  
 10 If rich, the conscious jury's verdict's sure, 1375  
 But prison walls await them if they're poor.  
 Whom God hath joined grey judges separate,  
 And weave with green-backs brighter webs than fate;

And churchmen, labouring 'neath a gilded rod,  
 Preach dollars first and then Almighty God; 1380  
 Slick-visaged politicians hound and dun,  
 And politics and pocketics are one—  
 No passion theirs, to save, but to disburse  
 The hard-earned lucre of the public purse.  
 Let's outrage all the maybe, and suppose 1385  
 A miracle that time may yet disclose—  
 That, willingly disgraced, they may atone  
 And some small sense of their dishonour own,  
 May feel some spark of shame within the breast,  
 And stand o'erwhelmed with ruin, self-confessed, 1390  
 Their faces then would speak the life they led,  
 And all their jabbering menials cheeks turn red.  
 To female virtue or a nation's fame  
 Descent from strict punctilio were the same,  
 An equal danger waits the smallest break, 1395  
 And all, or one, a common risk must take.  
 The maid who in an evil hour permits  
 A single liberty, the fault commits,  
 And having sinned, with virtue in the drop,  
 Still sins the more nor knows not where to stop, 1400  
 Till inclination's to submission bent  
 And ev'ry step but hastens the descent.  
 The clear unblemished nature comprehends  
 Integrity that ne'er to wrong descends,  
 That neither offers injury, nor submits 1405  
 To injury offered, or by fools or wits,  
 And, whether the gift of one alone or all,  
 On this depends a nation's rise or fall.  
 Credit enriches, public mete secures,  
 And, while these last, the country's fame endures. 1410  
 Just as the eagle, flashing from the skies,  
 Borne by his glittering pinions still may rise  
 Till some stray shaft undoes his royal mirth

Cripples his wings and fixes him to earth—  
 Ev'n so the form of government's embossed, 1415  
 Fated to rule till public favour's lost.  
 Appearance oft suspicion justifies,  
 And, where 'tis so, the right of search implies.  
 Let's enter in with candor to the task  
 And moderation grant what she may ask, 1420  
 Though driven to resolution, bind the soul  
 To act with firmness tempered with control,  
 For such, and such alone, support assures  
 And guarantees persistence that endures—  
 The ministerial state may truly claim 1425  
 Its due respect, though all else merit blame.  
 Behold the output of yon hoary halls  
 Where dark-browed Douglas scowls upon the walls;  
 In his bright eye just indignation shines  
 The while Sweet William lays his sunken mines, 1430  
 While young Napoleon leads his veteran ranks,  
 And the Welsh hero bombards all the banks—  
 Seems as if fired with life he would descend,  
 Leap from the living canvas to defend!  
 Railways and by-ways wrecked from shore to shore, 1435  
 Woods, villas, churches,—hell could scarce do more;  
 On every hill the fires of ruin glow,  
 And ruthless desolation reigns below.  
 All men are patient, hopeful of redress,  
 Despair alone will drive them to excess, 1440  
 Then, indignation, hurried into rage,  
 Like a mad lion, leaps its shattered cage,  
 Falls on the mean aggressors with a roar,  
 And shakes the tottering land from shore to shore.  
 Change upon change, till last we so descend 1445  
 To that sad state that scarcely change can mend;  
 Nor circumstances casual e'er concur  
 To lead to that which nothing can deter:



No! those who govern, who misrule the state,  
Alone can make a people desperate!

1450

See France, the land of desecrated hearths,  
By twenty-thousand deaths exceed her births,  
Condemned, by her unnatural crimes to hug,  
A lifeless image or a hideous pug,  
The wage of beastly sins, which, but to name,  
Should fill her hearts and dastard minds with shame:  
Without reserve, commingling dust with dust,  
One grand and glorious universal lust.  
Such is the conflict Socialists would wage  
To curb the turbulent spirit of the age;  
For marriage worse than prostitution give  
And teach mankind like sordid beasts to live;  
To love like Marks, like Aveling to confide,  
And, driven to desperation, suicide.  
Such is the muse that waked le Gallienne's lyre,  
That prompted Trine to sing her "heart's desire,"  
To heroize a Herron, and command  
The hierling praise and lucre of a Rand.  
Nor she alone! beneath our own fair skies  
To countless gods the vilest orgies rise!

1455

1460

1465

1470

Talk not of France, nor turn the sleazy hand  
To her who drives Christ's chosen from the land—  
She owns her idols, carves from flesh and bone  
Her countless gods and worships these alone—  
But we! What are we better, who, in lieu  
Of pagan frost, serve God and Mammon too?  
Reason is God, and God-like deified,  
And what she cannot fathom is denied  
Led by the wand'ring spirit of the age  
Methinks, 'twere not too forward to presage,  
That, drifting still awry, we cannot fail

1475

1480

In ripened time to bow the knee to Baal,  
 To smash our altars, fire the Sacred Tome,  
 And raise once more the gods of pagan Rome.

Dice like grim death bids all distinctions end 1485  
 And paupers rise in wealth and kings descend.  
 Enter the gambling dens, where fools and fakes  
 Sit with beard faces round the glowing stakes:  
 The wild pulse throbs; the eyes with madness shine;  
 And fool-men raise them higher yet with wine. 1490  
 Purses to packets, packs to bundles grow,  
 Homes are at quest, and goodly acres go.  
 The unlucky wretch beholds his fortune lost,  
 Curses his lot, but reckons not the cost,  
 Goes onward still, earns, borrows, begs, or steals. 1495  
 Blind to his folly, deaf to all appeals,  
 Untouched by children's sobs or housewife's tears  
 He sees his castles tumble while he rears,  
 Till last, borne on by ecstasy's dark wave,  
 He sinks into the mad-house or the grave. 1500

Say, when were drunkards so fastidious grown  
 That naught but vodka, quenched their thirst alone?  
 Wine, brandy, whiskey, all the fuddling fry  
 Take small effect—pass on to Russian rye!  
 In jeopardy twice put! What answer? Come! 1505  
 Lordlings are meek, and millionaires are dumb.  
 Egregious block-heads, product of a time  
 When men grown piglike love to roil in slime,  
 Slaves of the bubbling cup, this is your age—  
 Trim up the foot-lights, and adorn the stage! 1510  
 Let ev'ry actor take his wonted place,  
 Fire in the eye, and rouge upon the face—  
 Uncork your bottles! let the play begin!  
 Indictment? pooh! embracery shall win!

- The curtain leaps: the glorious farce is on: 1515  
 Behold the "Scott Act": rum; and honest John;  
 Hotels, saloons, inns, taverns, shops, and stores,  
 Dwellings, and shacks—with wide and widening doors,  
 No cry for license! Pay your fine, and then,  
 Some three months after, pay the same again. 1520  
 Is that a cross? one year, four fifties? right!  
 We'd make two hundred in a single night.—  
 And since 'tis so, what verdict can he claim,  
 Who, through base pilfering, is himself to blame?  
 Juries not only try a fact as true, 1525  
 But test the credit of the witness, too.
- Extremes in all things! Vanity and pride  
 No less than lucre roll their gathering tide.  
 Draw from the mass their hordes of sickly slaves  
 And bear them onward with resistless waves; 1530  
 Plumes, laces, frills, silks, satins play their part,  
 And nature owns the blandishments of art—  
 Or, swept aside, reveal the snowy breast,  
 The long white arms, paints, powders, and the rest,  
 Proving the well-tried aphorism true, 1535  
 And giving Pope, the first of bards, his due.  
 Boast of our civilization, yet, 'tis clear  
 Our educational system's out of gear,  
 Still grating on the jagged cogs it moves,  
 With stifling nature groaning in the grooves, 1540  
 Takes no cognizance of the varying mind  
 And varying tastes, but all are of a kind.  
 Yet, else, not so: the pacer learns to pace;  
 And so the heavy work-horse has his place;  
 The hound is taught how best to scent the prey; 1545  
 The house-dog learns to keep the thieves away—  
 But, when we raise in nature to the child,  
 Vocation's spurned, and everything runs wild.

Reckless of soul, of brain, of temperament,  
 Each, all, are on the self-same mission sent, 1550  
 Though each, some separate calling would pursue  
 And do what disposition bids him do.  
 Well used by man, and limited to state,  
 God's gifts ne'er injure the recipient,  
 But genius, misdirected, always tends 1555  
 To cancel means and nullify the ends.  
 Like a good ship, while wisdom points the way  
 Along the beaten path, she cannot stray,  
 Though storms arise and wind and waters roar,  
 The tempest past, she nears her destined shore,— 1560  
 But if a mad-man steer, the tiller balks,  
 And, with a crash, she strikes upon the rocks.

Would you have fame? then spurn an honest life,  
 Give lust full scope, be ev'ry passion rife,  
 Make love to others' wives, ring in their pelf, 1565  
 And love your neighbour better than yourself,  
 Study vile tact, and learn to lie with ease—  
 Truth is a sham, and honesty disease!  
 Dare to do deeds, for these alone are well,  
 That merit hanging or a convict's sell, 1570  
 If robbery be your turn, stint not your hand,  
 Aim at a railroad or a tract of land!  
 Shoot whom you will, but overlook the deer—  
 Such crimes as that are punishable here.  
 Degenerate days! so fallen, we alone 1575  
 May boast Rome's hoarded baseness and our own,  
 Who build on low-born selfishness and ease,  
 And wreck our God-giv'n temples with disease.  
 Crimes multiply, remorse, in shame departs,  
 And thunders at the doors of pulseless hearts. 1580  
 Unsullied reputation's widely sought,  
 And long-lived virtue comes at last to naught:

The virgin sees her priceless blossoms fade,  
 And, matrons fare no better than the maid;  
 Old faithful guardians of their country's fame 1585  
 Behold their honour stigmatized with shame;  
 And, spotless youth that ever bore him well,  
 Bears the false impress and the print of hell—  
 Oft-times by those whose very nearness taints,  
 Whose piled-up rottenness would corrupt the saints. 1590  
 No myth! no fable! let who will dispute,  
 Demosthenes himself could not refute!  
 Alas, for trampled character and worth,  
 Their broken statues sink into the earth,  
 While ignominious idols daily rise 1595  
 Pointing their lying fingers to the skies.  
 So fallen and so sensuous are the times  
 We spurn the truth, and glory in our crimes,  
 Raise palsied fingers o'er our twisted sight  
 And prove that white is black and black is white. 1600  
 No marvel critics err! no marvel they  
 Turn ass, dog, owl, or idiot, in a day!  
 Progressive age! inventive age! 'tis true!  
 But Vice, exhausted, patents nothing new!

Arise my country, while as yet 1605  
 The demon howls within its caves!  
 Arise ere Freedom's glories set  
 And all are slaves!

Unfurl the banner of our rights  
 From sky to sky, from hill to hill: 1610  
 The spark that lit our fathers' fights  
 Is living still!

Are ye not men? and do ye give  
 No proof of life but vulgar breath?

'T were better far to cease to live  
When life is death. 1615

Our land a charnel-house of crime:  
Our liberty an empty show:  
Hell upon earth before its time:  
And ——— not a blow! 1620

Behold, the Old Year shades its eyes  
To gaze upon a troubled shore;  
Alas! Old Year! when honour dies,  
Why look for more?

Adieu, Old Year! the crimson fades,  
The twilight darkens into night,  
A night tempestuous, and the glades  
Are wrapped from sight; 1625

The owlet whoops, the wild wind moans,  
Old trees are shaken to their boles,  
And graves disclose the withered bones  
That *once* had souls. 1630

No answer? God! so fall'n! so base!  
No voice to bid the thund'rer pause  
No arm to strike for time, and place,  
And broken laws? 1635

For him, who, bent with lawless tax,  
Beholds his wrongs with beaded brow,  
Stern wielder of the iron ax  
And stubborn plough? 1640

For her, whom proud ambition fires  
To glory in an upright son,

To know him honest as his sires,  
And, nobler, none?

Our land invaded! virtue stained! 1645  
Our pockets empty as our grange!  
Our daughters' sacred shrines profaned!  
That hell may range.

Courage! the sun begins to rise;  
The night is past; the dawn is here;  
The hectic flush is on the skies;  
The battle, near. 1650

Courage! the clatt'ring squadrons come,  
Our valiant heroes cannot fail,  
The bugle and the echoing drum 1655  
Tell sweetest tale.

The fight is fought; the day is ours;  
The foe in shattered ranks retreat:  
Bring the green leaves, and purple flow'rs,  
And fragrant wheat; 1660

Bring the bright berries from the bough  
Of last-year's hawthorn, and the vine,  
And let the roddan's clusters now  
In glory shine.

Too bright an ending for dark hopes, I fear, 1665  
The skies, o'er-st so long, may never clear,  
And we, like demons who refused the light,  
Be plunged forever in perpetual night.

But lo, objections! Say, what art thou, fool,  
To cope with all this folly and misrule? 1570

What art thou better than the stubborn pack  
 Whose crimes and imperfections you attack?  
 Nature to thee denied her glorious praise  
 Through noble verse poor fallen man to raise!  
 Why do you murmur? Do you claim the fire  
 That kindled Gifford's reeds, or Dryden's lyre? 1675  
 Hope you, in sooth, successful to assail  
 Where Pope and Byron struggled but to fail?  
 Or bid their clattering thunders boom again,  
 And give a second Dunciad to men? — 1680  
 Away, presumptuous thought! As well to seek  
 To quench the sun or gild the lightning streak,  
 To blacken grace, or legalize a sin —  
 Where these have failed, what bard can hope to win?  
 Nature denied! let be! but, such the times,  
 Cold indignation drives to censorious rhymes — 1685  
 Such rhymes as I, though genius lack, may pour,  
 Compelled by fools, and vice, and nothing more.

To those, who, in the light of envy, choose  
 To lame my pen and crush my budding muse, 1690  
 An easier task, I ween, than to defend  
 Their own unmeaning products or to mend,  
 The soul of spirit shrinks, howe'er arraigned  
 To measure injury by the wrong sustained,  
 Considers motive, what if pride impels 1695  
 The ambitious heart to shine where it excels,  
 Resents the act, and spurns the seeming wit  
 That impudence would force him to admit.  
 Sweet thoughts of boyhood, echoes of the time  
 When verse shows less of reason than of rhyme, 1700  
 Who could presage, in those dear vanished days,  
 Flung to the world, thou'dst kindle such a blaze?  
 Have "airy nothings," then, such vital pow'r  
 To call up tempests, and disturb the hour?



Make Allen sweat for three long weary weeks? 1705  
 Rouse Alexander? and alarm the Greeks?  
 Little I recked, for scribbling was my forte —  
 I published not for honours, but for sport —  
 Published — and had I to publish, little loth  
 To prove them 'twas our babes of larger growth. 1710  
 And, must I pause when Tompkins says forbear  
 And dubs my poor productions "empty air?"  
 Must I be mute while Tompson winds his horn,  
 And Alan's howling echoes from corn?  
 No, mighty chat, for I might scarce be worse, 1715  
 But yours, God knows, is fit in prose nor verse.

Howl on ye waifs! let envy drink her fill!  
 And train your headless shafts that fail to kill!  
 Unschooled recruits, when first to battle called,  
 Aye, by the whistling arrows, half appalled, 1720  
 But,— scaping oft, their low-born fear departs,  
 And courage, new-instated, fills their hearts.  
 So writers, oft-attacked, grow strong apace  
 And learn to look base critics in the face,  
 Critics, who prowl like Indians, in the dark, 1725  
 And, filled with envy, love a shining mark.  
 The world goes on, and those, whom they engage,  
 Seasoned in virtue reap the golden age,  
 While they, compelled to humbleness, at last  
 Reverence the hand their lightnings could not blast, 1730  
 Or, grown more wretched, thrown with envious eye  
 On others' fortune, miserably die.  
 Thus the revenging whip and voiceless rack,  
 New-primed with venom, gall the torturer's back;  
 Thus sland'rous tale, base lie, and brainless knave, 1735  
 Go down to ruin in a common grave.  
 When, sick at body, and morose in mind,  
 He dies, and leaves not but a stink behind.

Mistaken fools! can worthless censure slur  
The pure of soul, the noble character? 1740  
Can injured reputation add one whit  
To him who in injustice sullies it?  
The first 'twere as impossible to mar  
As the bright radiance of the morning star;  
The last but takes from the detractor's worth 1745  
And levels him still closer to the earth.  
Keep on belittling! great men still are great,  
And small men small, howe'er you desecrate.  
Speak out! ten-thousand venom'd lips assist --  
The good are slandered, and the wise are hissed. 1750  
On meanness based, with ignorance alloyed,  
You seek by covering worth to make it void.  
Rail on! your chattering tongues can never give  
Immortal fame, or make the brainless live,  
Nor yet deprive him of the laurel fair 1755  
Which fate decreed for ages he should wear.

THE CHOIR GIRL.

A POEM.

In Three Cantos.

“Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments. Love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove:”  
—Shakespeare.

## PREFACE.

The substance of a paragraph from a well-known author\* is a fitting preface for this production.

If there be one misery in life more calculated than another to wither and consume the heart, to make society odious, man to look like a blot in the creation, and the very providence of God doubtful, it is to feel one's character publicly slandered and misrepresented by the cowardly and malignant, by the skulking scoundrel and the moral assassin — to feel yourself loaded with imputations that are false, calumnious, and cruel. The subject of the following stanzas felt all this bitterly in her heart; so bitterly, indeed, that all relish for life had departed from her. She became spiritless, hopeless, without an aim or object, or anything to sustain her, or to give interest to existence. Philosophy, which too often knows little about actual life, tells us that a consciousness of being innocent of the social slanders that are heaped upon an individual, is a principle that should have supported and consoled her. But the truth is that this very consciousness of innocence was precisely the circumstance which sharpened and poisoned the arrow that pierced her, and gave rancor to the wound.

## THE CHOIR GIRL.

## CANTO FIRST.

## I.

When nature speaks her words are true,  
There is no discord in the sound  
That breaks from her melodious lips  
The whole world round.

## II.

From the dim bournes that measure space,  
Where suns and systems cease to be  
To where our atomed sphere has place,  
Is one unbroken harmony.

## III.

The minor in the earthquake blends  
From seething peaks and yawning voids,  
From pent-up fire, that racks and rends  
Old planets into asteroids.

## IV.

His reason like a tottering hut,  
These seeming breaks the sophist sees  
And terms disorder, which are but  
Apparent incongruities,

## V.

For all is willed, by Him who planned  
And bade the pond'rous suns disperse,  
Within the hollow of whose hand  
Is held the mighty universe,

## VI.

The harp of nature, strung with stars,  
Reverberating, as it rings  
Perpetual hymns through golden bars  
In honour of the King of Kings.

## VII.

Oh, would that I might hear the sound  
Of strings I one day hope to hear,  
The strains that even now abound  
Heard by no mortal-ear.

## VIII.

They know it nearest, who know best  
The changing moods of land and sea,  
Who feel the heart-throbs in the breast  
Moved by their varied minstrelsy:

## IX.

The sighing of the gentle breeze,  
Half heard, o'er fields of peeping grain;  
The howling of the winds, that seize  
And snap the giant oaks in twain;

## X.

The murmur of the mountain stream  
Through many a glade and hazled tract;  
The stillness of the broad lakes gleam;  
The roaring of the cataract;

## XI.

The early matins of the birds  
When eastern skies are touched with grey,  
The music of their warbled words  
When sunset tints the dying day;

## XII.

The rustle of the falling leaves;  
The raindrop's patter on the rills;  
The thunder's crash, that cracks the eaves  
And shakes the trembling hills;

## XIII.

The moaning of the restless surge  
On many a bleak and lonely shore;  
The swash of giant waves, that urge  
Storm-beaten ships the ocean o'er.

## XIV.

Desire, abhorrence, pain, delight,  
Hope, fear, and anger, it portrays  
To him who reads its scores aright  
And apprehends its ways.

## XV.

Go ask the master, him, whose word  
Like love's own message strikes the ear.  
Still loved the more the more 'tis heard,  
Still freshening with the lengthening year —

## XVI.

Ask him, from whence his works excel?  
And he will take you by the hand,  
And tell you, Nature taught him well,  
And you will understand.

## XVII.

As long as Europe boasts an art,  
As long as harmony shall give  
An impulse to the human heart,  
The name of Beethoven shall live.

## XVIII.

His were the true poetic dreams,  
That, genius, with a ray divine,  
Transposes to immortal themes  
That stand the touch of time.

## XIX.

As Shufu's temple, high and vast,  
Looms mightiest on the world's broad stage,  
So he, in rugged truth, surpassed  
The greatest of his age.

## XX.

The harpsicord he loved so well  
Still echoes from its mellow strings  
The message that he had to tell,  
From serfs to crown'd kings.

## XXI.

That plaintive theme shall echo down  
The ringing corridors of time  
Till the last aspirant of renown  
Shall mould his rustic rhyme;

## XXII.

Till the last star in ashes falls  
A burnt-out world beyond the plain;  
And the last human sufferer calls  
For sympathy in vain.

## XXIII.

Immortal sound! the tongue that gave  
Thee utterance, passes with the breath,  
But thou and thine, eternal wave,  
Endureth after death.



## XXIV.

The sounds that woke creation's morn  
From sky to sky, from hill to hill,  
Like echoes of the hunter's horn  
Are ringing still.

## XXV.

We do not hear them: human life  
Is all unconscious of the strain,  
That, 'midst the tumult and the strife,  
Breaks on our ears in vain.

## XXVI.

Each goodly word, each utterance base,  
That cheers or mars, that glads or glooms,  
That lifts or undermines the race,  
Forever saves or dooms.

## XXVII.

I find no hideous fifts expressed  
When Nature speaks, no jarring tone,  
These are the offspring of the breast  
And lying lips of man alone.

## XXVIII

He dares oppose the Godhead's will,  
When he commands, to answer, nay!  
Like Lucifer, rebellious still,  
Though free to do or disobey.

## XXIX.

For this primeval Eden fell,  
For this were mortals left forlorn,  
For this the suffering souls of hell  
And purgatory mourn.

## XXX.

The *will* or *will not* of the lips,  
The *will* or *will not* of the heart—  
They forge the adamantine whips,  
Or bid the threatened pain depart.

## XXXI.

They lead to dungeons dark and drear,  
To glades where fairest flowers grow,  
To precipices hung with fear,  
Or vales where murmuring waters flow.

## XXXII.

Oh *will* or *will not*, thou hast been  
Since fair creation's primal day  
The root and origin of sin;  
The hope, the impulse, and the way;

## XXXIII.

The keynote of a nation's rise,  
The bane of peoples now no more—  
Of monuments that touch the skies—  
Of ruins on the lifeless shore;

## XXXIV.

Of high ideals bravely wrought  
By individual aim and trust—  
Of Folly scorning to be taught,  
And Ignorance grovelling in the dust.

## XXXV.

O *will*, or *will not*, let the hand  
That weighs thee tremble to a hair,  
A microscopic grain of sand,  
A waver of the ambient air;

## XXXVI.

Let Pride her influence withdraw,  
And Prejudice prolong the breath—  
The shadowed shadow of a flaw  
Means life or death.

## XXXVII.

Too oft has Passion heaped the pan  
And watched the heavier scale ascend,  
Till bleak Injustice laid the ban,  
And selfishness obtained its end!

## XXXVIII.

Oh tongue of man so nobly fraught  
To speak the truth or guard it well!—  
Has Satan his base counsels wrought?  
Art thou the instrument of hell?

## XXXIX.

Art thou to thy true purpose nill,  
A dastard, weak, and servile slave,  
To serve a hideous demon's will  
And wag the wisdom of the grave?

## XL.

Too oft to nature's utmost breadth  
Have warring echoes thrilled afar,  
Proclaiming danger, doom, or death,  
From star to star!

## XLI.

Too often must created things  
Like aspens shudder at the wound  
That tell-tale echo madly rings  
From tongues untuned!

## XLII.

Of self-defiling murderous craft,  
 Whose wide-distended jaws are set  
 Like bow-strings to the venomèd shaft,  
 Forever tightening, ever let.

## XLIII.

Forever turning on its source  
 A dirth of suicidal joy,  
 Or, speeding on their wingèd course  
 The darts that injure and destroy.

## XLIV

Oh man, that man-like meet'st thy foes,  
 Though far from heaven thy vagrant trust,  
 There's glory in death-dealing blows  
 If man oppose thee, thrust for thrust!

## XLV.

But when thou stoopest from thy place  
 Upon the gentler sex to prey—  
 What honour then adorns thy grace?  
 What laurels dost thou bear away?

## XLVI.

The boast of weakness overturned!  
 The wreath of cowardice and shame!  
 The curse of ignominy earned,  
 Shall decorate thy name!

## XLVII.

To read of Agrippina's fall,  
 Of Nero's horror and remorse,  
 And dread the wormwood and the gall  
 That thickened round his corse!

## XLVIII.

Of chaste Lucretia's dire abuse,  
That split the Tarquin's kingly dome,  
That let the dogs of discord loose  
And shook the walls of Rome!

## XLIX.

A thousand instances appear—  
But why peruse the blotted page  
Of tyrant's tyrannies, that smear  
The archived tomes of every age?

## L.

Tyrants shall tyrannize as long  
As truth and falsehood are opposed,  
Till right no longer wars with wrong,  
Till Janus is forever closed.

## LI.

Each favoured land, each smiling town,  
Each rustic hamlet, howe'er small,  
Has one who keeps his betters down,  
And lordlike, lords it over all.

## LII.

In Church or State he plies his course,  
Usurps the pulpit or the bar,  
And, trains his misdirected force—  
Ambitious, not to make, but mar.

## LIII.

I question not the purposed goal,  
The cloaked intent we cannot know,  
Unto his Maker's sight, his soul  
May be as pure as drifted snow.

## LIV.

Man judges by the act alone,  
 The outward act of word or deed,  
 Which may and ever can be known—  
 A strong, though circumstantial creed.

## LV.

If things be not the things they seem—  
 If ev'ry sense but gives the lie,—  
 Then, verily, we mortals dream,  
 As skeptics live, as skeptics die.

## LVI.

I credit not deception's sway,  
 That reason sometimes nods, I own,  
 But, evidence, sense-borne away,  
 Is witness of the truth alone

## LVII.

If judgment err not: in its sphere  
 The eye sees truly; and the hand,  
 Though last in dignity, most near  
 In certitude, compels command.

## LVIII.

Reason, alas! too often dense  
 When drunk with pride or sloth congealed,  
 Attributes to unvarying sense  
 Impressions that she ne'er revealed.

## LIX.

From happ'nings late I glean the truth,  
 From clouds that tinge my wonted sky,  
 From old-age reckless wrecking youth—  
 And facts that I would fain deny.

## LX.

There is a name of woman-kind  
 The fairest woman ever bore,  
 That, pleasing-sad, reverts my mind  
 To days and pleasures now no more.

## LXI.

Mary —how soothing to the soul!  
 How gently-pleasing to the ear!  
 In grief, how potent to condole!  
 In death, how opulent to cheer!

## LXII.

How tenderly the echoes wake  
 When lovers breathe that idoled name!  
 How like a sacrilege they break  
 From lips that open to defame!

## LXIII.

My lover thou and I thine own,  
 I love thee more that thou hast borne  
 That appellation, dearer grown  
 That thou art gone and I must mourn.

## LXIV.

I love thee for the cursèd frown  
 That innocence was doomed to bear,  
 The cross they gave Him, and the crown  
 They wove about His sacred hair —

## LXV.

I love thee for thy work well done,  
 For labours built not on the dust  
 Of earthly treasures, where the sun  
 Shines dimly, and the coffers rust —

## LXVI.

For gratitude starved out and dead;  
 For love that dwells with humbler folk;  
 For all the tears that thou didst shed  
 In anguish, till thy poor heart broke;

## LXVII.

For years of toil on yonder hill  
 With all its world-giv'n recompense;  
 The shafts of envy, tipped to kill;  
 Injustice; insult; and offence.

## LXVIII.

Ten times upon her fair eclipse  
 Had terra turned, her wand'ring o'er,  
 Ere died on thy melodious lips  
 The love-song, to be heard no more —

## LXIX.

Ere music, from the chancel wall,  
 Despairing, dropped the sounding reed,  
 Resigned to bungling chaos, all,  
 And fled upon her winged steed.

## LXX.

Ye gods! were human thanks the wage  
 Of labours in this age of brutes —  
 How often would our ledger-page  
 Impel us to compelling suits!

## LXXI.

The creaking prisons scarce would hold  
 The concourse in their chambers set;  
 The rich, the poor, the young, the old,  
 In jeopardy for debt.



## LXXII.

How oft would penury install  
Its leanness in our humble shed,  
And drive us thread-bare from the wall  
Like mendicants, to beg our bread,

## LXXIII.

Or, shivering-charity denied  
Mid mad demoniac jeers and hoots,  
Resign us to the mountain-side  
To feed on roots.

## LXXIV.

Oh tongue, that shivers to the touch  
Of impulse in a heart beguiled,  
One kindly word were yet too much  
To whisper o'er a dying child!

## LXXV.

Oh jarring tongue, so out of tone,  
Thou art of nature's countless strings  
The single outlaw, that alone  
In broken waves discordant rings!

## LXXVI.

Well-tuned, thy mellow notes shall rise  
And with her glorious voices blend,  
But, falsely set, shall rend the skies  
Like hideous demons to the end.

THE CHOIR GIRL.

CANTO SECOND.

I.

Primeval persecutor thou  
Who in the days when Eve was young  
Allured her with thy mottled brow  
And damned her with thy venom'd tongue.

II.

Thou well foresaw'st that fatal day  
The outcome of an hour of sin,  
The souls that yet shall own thy sway,  
And all the evil that has been.

III.

Thine imitators, who may tell?  
Their names by pages are revealed  
Like leaves in the autumnal dell,  
Like blood-drops on the battled field.

IV.

Arch-fiend, to thee too well 'tis known  
How numberless and varied are  
The slaves that claim thee as their own  
And follow thy triumphant car.

V.

They reckon but little that the road  
Leads onward to the dark abyss  
Where torture has its bleak abode,  
And fiery serpents coil and hiss!

## VI.

They reckon but little that the way  
Is ghastly with the wrecks of those  
Who mingled in the loveless fray  
To fall before their stubborn foes!

## VII.

Go search the pages of the past,  
Ye doubters! and the lines will tell  
Why Cain's black breed were overcast,  
Why Sodom and Gomorrah fell:

## VIII.

A word submerged, two cities scared,  
Because they dared the avenging rod—  
Because, blind fools! they had not feared  
To persecute the sons of God.

## IX.

Go read of kingly David's crime,  
Not yet too kingly to carouse,  
Like crown'd monarchs of our time,  
With Bathsheba, Uriah's spouse.

## X.

The outraged Hittite fought and fell  
By Thebez ramparts reared in air—  
But, hoary histories also tell  
Of Abs'lom hanging by the hair:

## XI.

Of him the wisest of his days,  
To Ashtoreth and Milcom turned,  
Binding his pagan brow with bays  
That erst his erring father earned.

## XII.

Have ye not heard of Daniel's lore?  
The mastic and the ilex still  
Are proof, as in the days of yore,  
'Gainst artful elders working ill.

## XIII.

Alas! in these degenerate days  
Full many a fair Sussanah cries  
For witness of her virtuous ways,  
And, hopeless of the verdict, dies.

## XIV.

Behold how drooped those menials base  
O'er whom Asmodeus wrecked his might—  
Sons of a persecuting race,  
Struck dead upon their nuptial night.

## XV.

Old chronicles bear witness to  
The what Holofernes befell,  
How pious Judith overthrew  
The despot thousands could not quell.

## XVI.

Nor yet had persecution ceased  
When Rome no longer dared condemn  
The Christian to the savage beast  
In her blood-dyed collósiúm:

## XVII.

Time cleansed the crimson from the sands  
That in her red arenas flowed,  
But passed the scourge to other hands,  
On other heads her gifts bestowed.

## XVIII.

New tyrants from old ruins rise,  
New engines from the crusted blade  
Make havoc 'neath our modern skies  
And flourish while old fashions fade.

## XIX.

The troops Antiochus reviewed.  
The legions ruthless Nero led.  
Resurrected, reimbued  
In others, live—they are not dead.

## XX.

Though, charging from the distant plains,  
They urge the smoking steed no more,  
Their hands are still upon the reins,  
Their leaders reckless as of yore;

## XXI.

Ambition fires their fury yet,  
But changing custom waves them back,  
And so the hidden snares are set,  
And Vice pursues a different track:

## XXII.

No more the quaking hills are fraught  
With crushing spears and wild halloo—  
No more the martyred dead are sought  
At midnight 'neath the falling dew;

## XXIII.

They fall as falls the hunted deer,  
As pure and blameless, one by one,  
And Nature dries the hopeless tear  
And wipes the blood-drops as they run.

## XXIV.

Ye robbers of the young and fair!  
Ye pillagers of olden due!  
The savage panther in its lair  
Were not more pitiless than you!

## XXV.

The venom'd rattler, coiled to sting,  
Gives timely warning of the blow,  
But you, like anacondas, fling  
Your secret coils about the foe.

## XXVI.

Sometimes I think—unhappy thought!  
The world to paganism tends,  
So cheaply human souls are bought,  
So low the moral man descends;

## XXVII.

Unmindful why he lingers here  
So shortly in this vale of tears,  
Forgetful of the sombre bier  
And of the lessening three-score years.

## XXVIII.

The eye that heavenward should gaze,  
But seldom seeks the starry skies,  
So fixed upon the sluggish ways  
Where mortals vainly hope to rise;

## XXIX.

The hand, o'erheavy with its gold,  
Unheld to others in distress,  
Still tightens as its lord grows old,  
And, leaded-scaled, gives less and less;

## XXX.

The tongue, that harp-string of the soul,  
So oft 's untuned and out of time  
It quite belies its sacred goal,  
And stoops to falsehood for a dime;

## XXXI.

The ear, God's treasure-house of sound,  
To clashing notes alone reverts,  
Deaf to the good earth scatters round  
And anxious only for what hurts;

## XXXII.

The heart — oh heart of man, so hard,  
So calloused grown, it scarce might feel  
The imprint of the diamond shard,  
The impulse of the winged steel!

## XXXIII.

Oh, gizzard heart! more set to crush  
Rude pebbles in a buzzard's breast  
Than entertain high thoughts or hush  
The tempted intellect to rest.

## XXXIV.

So tend the times, I almost lean  
To Darwin's hypothetical plan,  
And, from the trend of ages, glean  
A different ancestry for man.

## XXXV.

But to the theme! that claims my thought,  
That uppermost directs my pen,  
That sorrow, deep as love, has taught,  
And lifts me from the depths again.

## XXXVI.

To him who suffers nor complains,  
 Who, injured, wrongs not in return,  
 He rises purer for his pains,  
 He earns the wages martyrs earn.

## XXXVII.

Adversity embitters time,  
 But, through the sadly falling tears,  
 The bows of heaven form and shine  
 With promises of happier years;

## XXXVIII.

Of joys that end not with the grave,  
 When he, who judgeth all, shall come  
 To claim the spirit that he gave  
 And call the lonely exile home.

## XXXIX.

He knoweth his, and his know Him,  
 He knows the hand that feeds the flocks,  
 The hierling in the thicket dim,  
 The lost sheep wand'ring on the rocks;

## XL.

He sees the snare that ill has set,  
 He knows the venom time has taught,  
 The debtor and the awful debt —  
 He knows them, though He wills them not;

## XLI.

He sees the flames of Sheol blaze  
 Round many a soul that had been good,  
 That well had tread earth's devious ways  
 And joyed forever, if it would.



## XLII.

He saw thee in thy virgin bloom,  
My loved one, compassed round with foes,  
A pail fair creature, wrapped in gloom,  
The prey of thy relentless foes;

## XLIII.

He saw thee, like the hunted deer,  
Far from thy dread tormentors fly,  
No friend, no loved companion near,  
An exile neath a western sky.

## XLIV.

Too late, my love, thy young heart knew  
The convent's deep unmeasured joys,  
The vine-clad hills of old Nauvoo  
And sunlit plains of Illinois!

## XLV.

The persecutor's work was done —  
No potency of clime could save  
The life whose sands were almost run,  
The frail form sinking to the grave.

## XLVI.

Three days we spent on those dear hills,  
Three happy days, that faded fast,  
Untinctured with the thousand ills  
That gloomed the land-scapes of the past.

## XLVII.

I see thee yet as on the night,  
When, parting still, I still would stay,  
The temple's ruins gleaming while,  
The black stars on the reddened way.

## XLVIII.

We sat upon a broken shaft,  
That once had held the pond'rous wall,  
Rude relic of the Mormon's craft  
And silent witness of his fall;

## XLIX.

And there, with tearful eyes, you told  
The story of that crumbling fane:  
Of while-haired sires, who fought of old  
For freedom's rights, but fought in vain;

## L.

The passage of the frozen shore;  
The rifles gleam; the crackling stake —  
The countless woes, till, danger o'er,  
They reached far Utah's briny lake.

## LI.

So sympathetic for *their* lot  
You wholly overlooked your own,  
Old trials were the while forgot —  
You sighed, but sighed for *them* alone;

## LII.

You wept, but all the tears you shed  
Were offerings at another's shrine,  
To memories of the silent dead,  
To hearths whose fires no longer shine.

## LIII.

Delightful moments! how they fly  
When kindred souls in love convene,  
Scarce entered on till they are by,  
And, being, only to have been;

## LIV.

Time, weary from his labour, stands  
A dreamer, leaning on his scythe.  
The blade-haft in his bony hands  
But all unconscious of the tithe.

## LV.

So shall the golden moments meet  
When time and tide shall be no more,  
When lovers, reunited, greet  
Each other on a happier shore.

## LVI.

Thy tender accents hold me still,  
My Mary! I remember well  
How grieved I left that pleasant hill,  
How loath I was to say farewell.

## LVII.

Farewell! a whisper scarcely heard,  
Sky-moulded ere the world began,  
Of all sad words the saddest word  
E'er uttered by the lips of man.

## LVIII.

The dear impression of thy lips  
Still seems to linger on my own  
To lighten pleasure's dark eclipse  
And all the sorrows I have known.

## LIX.

Once more I hold thy gentle hand  
As on the night, when, side by side,  
We lingered in that western land  
By Mississippi's rolling tide;

## LX.

Once more the heaven of thine eyes,  
As deeply blue as seraphs raise  
At noon-day o'er our northern skies,  
As softly bright, invokes my gaze.

## LXI.

Time widens o'er the genial scene,  
Three circling moons have waxed and waned,  
The hill-sides are no longer green,  
The snow lies piled where Autumn reigned;

## LXII.

No longer on the trellised vine  
The purple grape perfumes the air,  
The meloned fields no longer shine,  
The southern cotton-wood is bare;

## LXIII.

The lordly river woos the clasp  
Of summer's flow'ry winds no more,  
Locked in an icy giant's grasp  
And pulseless all from shore to shore —

## LXIV.

Save where the heavy channel wends  
Defiant to the monster's might,  
And, through a narrow rift descends,  
Its cold-blue waters still in sight,

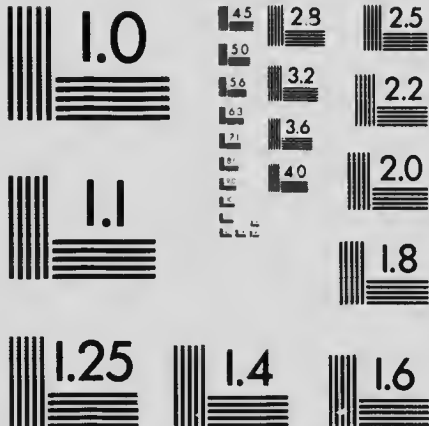
## LXV.

Seen dimly, through a blinding storm,  
That, eastward from the Rockies, blows  
A blast of hurricanic form  
Of driving winds and whirling snows.



# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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## LXVI.

Fast fall the fleeted flakes, and fast  
 The curling drifts obstruct the way —  
 But love will stem the dreariest vast  
 That ever countenanced delay!

## LXVII.

The passage of that broken stream,  
 The dangers of the ice and deep,  
 To me were as to men who dream —  
 Forgotten, ere they cease to sleep.

## LXVIII.

I found her, God, but she was changed!  
 She seemed a being of the air,  
 So pale, as one from earth estranged,  
 Yet lingering in the body there.

## LXIX.

She asked me, tears were in her eyes,  
 To take her home, for, failing fast,  
 She yet would see 'neath those dear skies  
 The few who loved her to the last;

## LXX.

The wrongs she suffered she forgave,  
 The good alone she would recall,  
 She prayed that God, so kind, would save  
 The sinner and forget his fall.

## LXXI.

But little waits: I shall not tell  
 What intervening time bestowed:  
 The countless hardships that befell  
 The sufferer on the iron road;

LXXII.

The long-drawn days and sleepless nights,  
The ceaseless weariness and pain—  
They passed, when those endearing sights  
Of homeland met our gaze again.

LXXIII.

When through the engine's whirling smoke  
The hills of Brunswick we descried,  
And sounds familiar to us woke—  
One heart, at least, was satisfied.



## THE CHOIR GIRL.

## CANTO THIRD.

## I.

Affliction! thou mysterious thing  
That breaks me on the rugged wheel—  
Why bid'st thou not my soul take wing,  
And end the countless throes I feel!

## II.

There is a grief too deep for tears  
That spends itself in secret sighs,  
No broken sob the listener hears,  
Sealed are the channels of the eyes;

## III.

Its eloquence is all its own—  
Its sentiment surpasses thought—  
Imagination, noblest grown,  
With worthiest effort moulds it not.

## IV.

Such pangs the lonely exile feels  
Who sees his native shores grow dim,  
While distance, with its veil, conceals  
The dearest spot on earth to him.

## V.

Such bitter pains with bodings sore  
Perplex the hopeless lover's breast,  
When, standing by some cottage door,  
He parts with her he loves the best.

## VI.

Such pain was mine, my sister dear,  
 When, in a city, far and lone,  
 I knew, by many a token clear,  
 That Death had marked thee as its own.

## VII.

I saw thy youthful bloom decay  
 Like rose-leaves withered by the cold,  
 Thy sweet proportions pass away  
 To what a child with ease might hold.

## VIII.

Such too was mine, when, bent with care  
 And worried by the day's alarms —  
 A broken hyacinth, yet fair,  
 I saw thee dying in my arms.

## IX.

Thou wert of nature too sincere,  
 Of education too refined,  
 To weather long the godless sneer  
 And slings of an ungrateful mind.

## X.

Some kindness still had bade thee live,  
 Some proffered truth delayed the end —  
 But Calumny had not to give,  
 † Virtue was without a friend.

## XI.

O Innocence! belov'd gem!  
 Art thou of Godless hands the prey  
 Who snatch thee from thy diadem  
 And bear thy brightest gifts away?

## XII.

Let Purity go dwell in caves  
 If it would 'scape the hidden snares  
 Of those who lie like levelled graves  
 That men walk over unawares!

## XIII.

Let Truth seek out a genial home  
 Where icy waters lash the poles,  
 Or, where, within the earth's dark dome  
 The subterranean river rolls!

## XIV.

Let Justice hang her golden scales  
 In some fair temple of the stars,  
 And Chivalry display her mails  
 Upon the shining plains of Mars!

## XV.

Old tales still whisper of the times,  
 And snatches of immortal song,  
 How cowards answered for their crimes,  
 And gleaming swords avenged the wrong.

## XVI.

Hadst thou been living in those days  
 The knaves that smote thee ne'er had lied,  
 Fair virtue still had gone her ways  
 And ev'ry slanderer's tongue been tied.

## XVII.

Imposters of a cursèd breed  
 Who laugh above the noble slain!  
 They saw the helpless victim bleed!  
 They did the Godless work of Cain!

## XVIII.

In secret hours and all unseen  
 They shaped the venom'd dagger's blade,  
 They stood behind the cloudy screen  
 And stabbed the unsuspecting maid.

## XIX.

O Gratitude! hadst thou no part  
 With one for whom she laboured long,  
 No chamber in that stony heart,  
 No recompense for right but wrong?

## XX.

O Mercy! even brutes may feel,  
 Or seem to feel thy gentle sway,  
 Though savage, subject to appeal—  
 Are mortals yet more cold than they?

## XXI.

Yea, naught can cloak the vile abuse  
 And deadly double-maliced slurs  
 Of those, who let the lions loose  
 In modern amphitheatres:

## XXII.

Of those whose garb of oil and paint  
 Scarce veils their hypocritic souls:  
 A sickly Pharisaic saint;  
 An idol carved from worm-eat boles.

## XXIII.

Aye, many a time those hands that lie  
 So silent on that pulseless breast  
 Have laboured in the days gone by  
 For one she deemed an honoured guest,

## XXIV.

For one upon whose silver head  
The light of heaven seemed to pour,  
Ere ev'ry star in anguish fled,  
And Phoebus' glory shone no more.

## XXV.

Poor fingers, crossed in death's repose,  
How oft they bore the fragrant tea  
In happy festal days to those  
Who mixed that bitter cup for thee!

## XXVI.

How oft upon the shining keys—  
For thou wert e'er a child of song—  
They called the tend'rest chords, to please  
The reprobates that did thee wrong!

## XXVII.

Poor eyes, that trustingly reposed  
On faces saintly to the sight—  
They little saw what time disclosed  
When villany was at its height—

## XXVIII.

When Calumny with saintly mien  
From God's high altar raised the cry—  
When Falsehood gloried to be seen—  
And even Virtue seemed to lie!

## XXIX.

Poor lips, a smile is on them now  
Of one who conquers in the strife;  
A light is on that snowy brow—  
A light I never saw in life.

## XXX.

If means must justify the end,  
Then, ne'er were evil means so fraught  
With evil's venom, to portend  
And justify the ends they sought.

## XXXI.

Majestic in *his* eyes alone  
Is he who builds on self-esteem,  
His heart is nothing but a stone!  
His vows to heaven, but a dream!

## XXXII.

His little rights are ever first,  
They mark the goal, they set the pace,  
They raise the heat and quench the thirst—  
While duty takes a second place

## XXXIII.

Was't for these he swore to leave  
The mammon of the world behind,  
About his reverend head to weave  
The flickering mammon of the mind?

## XXXIV.

To him the green New Brunswick hills  
Were mountains towering to the skies—  
He never saw the canyoned rills  
O'er which the mighty Rockies rise.

## XXXV.

O human flesh, self-deified,  
To which poor mortals kneel and nod—  
Is justice still to be denied?  
Dost thou forget there is a God?

## XXXVI.

Dost thou forget that nature calls  
 Still burdened with uncanceled debt?  
 A thousand voices from her halls  
 Cry out for restitution yet.

## XXXVII.

Shall she not have it? — hen, beware!  
 There is a judge who rules on high —  
 A judge who one day shall lay bare  
 The blackened crime to ev'ry eye.

## XXXVIII.

I care nor what the mob may say  
 Who clamor on the phantom heights,  
 They are but children led astray  
 Still howling for their baby rights,

## XXXIX.

Their seeming wit is second-hand  
 For reason is to them unknown,  
 They are but ciphers in the land  
 And build upon blind faith alone;

## XL.

The scornful laugh, the cutting word,  
 That hissed around her in the storm,  
 Were but the things that they had heard  
 New-moulded in a vulgar form.

## XLI.

Let him who wields the priestly rod  
 But fashion in a garment fell  
 An angel of Almighty God,  
 And, like an imp, he hails from hell —

## XLII.

Such power he holds for good or ill,  
 The chosen of Melchisadech,  
 To raise the dead to life or kill  
 To save the righteous or to wreck.

## XLIII.

I am not superstition's slave,  
 Nor shall not from my course be swerved  
 Through fear of censure, howe'er grave,  
 Or countless curses undeserved!

## XLIV.

There is a voice beyond the tomb  
 That bids me on, in spite of blame,  
 To raise the rancor and the gloom  
 That time has thrown about her name.

## XLV.

Oh, fatal hour! full well consigned  
 For those who hiddenly attack,  
 When virtue hears herself malign'd,  
 And, shackled, dare not answer back:

## XLVI.

Oh sacred place! where cowards choose  
 In saintly garb to blaze and burn,  
 To hound, to harrow, and abuse,  
 And hear but echoes in return.

## XLVII.

High time to quench the tapers tall,  
 To cast the missal to the floor,  
 To tear the pictures from the wall,  
 And shut the tabernacle door.



## XLVIII.

O spouse of God, immortal maid,  
 The prey of Vandals, Goths, and Huns,  
 Ne'er were thy virgin limbs so flayed  
 As now, by thy rebellious sons;

## XLIX.

They bear the pitch, they heat the shares,  
 They tie thee to the burning stake,  
 They throw thee to the lion's lairs,  
 And cast thy body in the lake:

## L.

From foes without and foes within  
 Thou must long since have passed away  
 In thy insatiate war with sin  
 Wert thou not willed to last for aye.

## LI.

Oh Love, that lend'st a helping hand  
 To her with whom it is not well —  
 Hast thou no temple in the law?  
 No vestal fires? Where dost thou dwell?

## LII.

When she thy favoured child lay dead,  
 The victim of a rash decree,  
 Thy comforter, with reverend head,  
 I looked but looked in vain to see.

## LIII.

When, lying in the darkened room  
 So like a withered flow'r she lay —  
 Where were those lifters of the gloom?  
 Like base assassins, fled away!

## LIV.

The lonely home they came not near,  
A mother's sorrow touched them not,  
They were too cold to shed a tear  
For all the evil they had wrought;

## LV.

Their stony hearts could ill afford  
Some simple message of regret,  
A sigh, a sympathetic word  
So prone is malice to forget.

## LVI.

One only, he a stranger, stood  
When pow'rless were our means to save,  
He was a father, kind, and good,  
And, all he had to give, he gave.

## LVII.

One other, of a sterner creed,  
It touched mine aching heart to see —  
Not as our own, he came in need  
And by that death-bed bent the knee.

## LVIII.

Sweet friends! true comforters of woe!  
Like Him, assuaging earthly ills,  
Who suffered in the long ago  
Upon Judea's rocky hills.

## LIX.

They follow in the Master's eye,  
He leads them gently by the hand,  
Their condemnation does not lie  
In fiery letters on the sand.

## LX.

He does no murder who denies  
The love that's his to glad or gloom —  
But, violated justice, cries  
For restitution from the tomb.

## LXI.

The rights that spring from noble deeds  
Of man or woman, are his own,  
Still tending to the heart that bleeds,  
Still owing when the soul has flown.

## LXII.

To those who plead convictions sway  
When set for utterances base —  
I answer; 'Folly paved the way,  
And bears the lie upon its face.'

## LXIII.

If it be true that virtue erred,  
Was there not time to cancel such,  
To offer some redeeming word  
And ransom reason by so much?

## LXIV.

They took thee from me, gentle maid,  
They lit the spark that fired thy veins,  
Their tongues have led where thou art laid,  
Their souls are red with crimson stains.

## LXV.

I'll miss thee in a thousand ways,  
A thousand memories shall rise  
With fading gleams of other days  
To call the sad tears to the eyes.

## LXVI.

How often when December flings  
 Its sparkling mantle on the rills,  
 We watched Orion's fiery kings  
 Rise glorious o'er the frozen hills;

## LXVII.

Or, turning to the north, beheld  
 The Dragon's silver coils unroll,  
 And Cleopatra's Chair propelled  
 With Ursa Major round the pole.

## LXVIII.

Those shining wonders were to you  
 A happiness they little know  
 Whose wishes, like themselves, untrue,  
 Are fastened to the earth below.

## LXIX.

If chance they lift their listless eyes  
 At eve, they say; "the day is o'er:"  
 The constellations of the skies  
 To them, are stars, and nothing more.

## LXX.

Their spirits are to earth akin;  
 They never soar on fancy's wings;  
 They end their days as they begin —  
 The slaves of base material things.

## LXXI.

Their best ambition is to wend  
 The gilded road of Godless ease,  
 To countless deities to bend  
 The hinges of their niggard knees:

## LXXII.

For this they fill the iron chest  
 By many a lie and many a lure —  
 For this are fortune's slaves oppressed,  
 And burdens laid upon the poor —

## LXXIII.

For this the soul's ideals torn  
 Like offerings of corrupted clay,  
 And Innocence condemned to mourn  
 For reputation ta'en away.

## LXXIV.

Dear old associations! dear  
 In calm or storm, whate'er behoove,  
 Hour after hour, year after year,  
 Yet saddening even while they soothe.

## LXXV.

When-e'er I visit yonder glade  
 That bounds the pastures broad and fair —  
 I'll think of how we two have strayed  
 To pluck earth's earliest offerings there.

## LXXVI.

How, seated on some favorite stone  
 When summer decked the murmuring rill,  
 We culled the berries that had grown  
 And ripened on the neighboring hill.

## LXXVII.

Sweet season! fairest of the year!  
 Thou too shall many a joy recall  
 Of many a ramble, doubly dear,  
 In thickets where the brown leaves fall.

## LXXVIII.

And last, nor least in memory's train,  
When all the fields are whit with snow  
I'll miss thee, in the moonlit lane,  
And on the shining lake below.

## LXXIX.

Ye joys of morn, ye sweets of eve,  
Ye pleasures of the genial day,  
Be with me, even while I grieve,  
For that dear being passed away!

## LXXX.

Through ev'ry change of time and place,  
Where'er we twain have chanced to be,  
Thy graceful form and gentle face  
Shall ever be the same to me.

## LXXXI.

She lies upon a verdant hill  
That woos the morning's earliest ray,  
Where, through the ev'ning calm and still,  
Rest the last fading beams of day;

## LXXXII.

There, many a head-stone gleaming white  
Tells of the silent yet-to-be,  
And many a chiselled text in sight  
Whispers of immortality;

## LXXXIII.

A crystal river winds below,  
So far away, and yet so near,  
The sound of its melodious flow  
Like softest music strikes the ear;

## LXXXIV.

Along the snowy church-yard pales  
Fair clustering maples glad the scene,  
And, whispering o'er the graves' low rails  
Is many a virgin evergreen.

## LXXXV.

Here earth, and woods, and streamf and sky,  
Break forth in kindest requiem  
As mindful of the dear ones nigh,  
Who loved, and were beloved by them.

## LXXXVI.

O, conscious nature, still be true!  
Still sound the oft-vibrating strings,  
Till the last martyr, torn from you,  
In heaven rests its weary wings—

## LXXXVII.

Till the last faithful vestal stands,  
Her cries unheard, her prayers denied,  
The victim of ungodly hands  
Upon the altar-stone of Pride.

## LETTERS ANONYMOUS.

### PREFACE.

While rummaging one day amongst the knick-knacks of an old garret, I accidentally stumbled upon these letters. I have looked far and wide for the author, but, so far, have been unable to locate him. Under the circumstances I have concluded to place these letters with my own efforts in the volume, in the hope, that by so doing, a vagrant copy may perhaps reach him, and he may thus be able to lay claim to that which is his own.



## LETTERS ANONYMOUS.

## I.

Dear ——— ——— ——— I should have written you before  
 And would apologize for being tardy  
 Did I not know that all excuses bore  
 And that you'll quite o'erlook my failings, pardy!  
 You've overlooked so oft 'tis imposition—  
 But then, tis hard to change ———'s disposition.  
 To tell the truth, I have been busy lately  
 With this and that, with little things and great things,  
 For life's a medley of the mean and stately,  
 And high and low must bear alike what fate brings:  
 To-day we trim our vessels for bright regions —  
 To-morrow overwhelms us with its legions.  
 We strive to rise and build upon our blunders,  
 And would be all we should be if we could be,  
 And study, to be overcome with wonders,  
 And turn our lamps still higher as we would see,  
 And dig, and delve,—for man is ne'er contented,  
 And only gives up when he grows demented.  
 Tom Moore and Goldsmith and Sir Walter Scott  
 With many more, too numerous to mention,  
 Ne'er failing sources of our purest thought  
 The bards of song, description and invention,  
 Went howling mad through study, or grew hazy—  
 I shall not end so, for I am too lazy!  
 I don't know how you're built, but if you're wise—  
 Take my advice and systemize your study,  
 By all things do nor plug not make your eyes dim  
 With too persistent toil — your checks are ruddy,  
 At least they used to be, if I remember,—  
 Let them not lose the luster of the ember!

A living ass outvalues a dead doctor  
Who sought and fought but to obtain a title,  
And vanished with his littleness and mock-fur,  
Who, while he lived would drown you with recital,  
Where now are all the mighty gists we listed,  
The world goes on, scarce knowing he existed!  
I trust it won't be so with you and me,  
God knows, for He alone can read the future.  
The best for anyone you'll quite agree  
'S to cultivate what lies beneath his suture —  
But, let us not pursue our course with straining  
Lest we should fail, mayhap, through over-training,  
Nor neither be too slow — for that's a fault!  
The mind grows stagnant and the memory shirks  
Be up, and on, but neither pant nor halt —  
There is a golden mean for him who works,  
And he is wise who learns this truth in time —  
Forgive me —, I know this is bad rhyme.  
I would not thus have written it, but then  
I learned to scribble verse when I was young  
And now the words slip easily from the pen  
Like oily whiperings from a lover's tongue,  
And, since you've sent me some of your productions,  
You'll have to stomach mine with all obstructions.  
"The proper study of mankind is man;"  
The most delightful woman, if she's pretty!  
I much prefer the country girls to scan  
Than those that come high-fluted from the city —  
For they, (the country girls) are less conventional,  
And all you do they reckon as intentional.  
Give me a simple maiden in her teens  
Whose heart is pure: I do not ask for more:  
Her virtue is more dear to me than queens —  
She wears a crown that fashion never wore —  
Nor all the boasted rays of bastard art

Can match those gems that sparkle round her heart.  
 Who would not woo? and wed a girl like this  
 If he should win her? rather than those flirts,  
 Who, when he's absent name him with a hiss,  
 And have two doxen clinging to their skirts —  
 And, if he chance to censure such transactions,  
 Will dub him mean for meddling with their actions.  
 We dress to hide our nakedness, but these  
 If they should shed the little that they wear  
 Like the slimed snake that casts its slough with ease,  
 Would still appear before us but half bare —  
 The first removed, a second garb begins,  
 The oil and paint that cover all their skins.  
 I must admit, however, though with sorrow,  
 The greater number of mankind prefer these.  
 Deluded fools! who never count the morrow!  
 But rest their faith alone on what the eye sees:  
 One night: the sacred veil is lifted: presto!  
 He meets with quite a different manifesto.  
 Men marry for two reasons, or at least  
 They should so marry — women too, of course —  
 If God's first ordination has not ceased —  
 It seems to me most marry for divorce!  
 in spite of all that God has joined together —  
 And own they're wed so long as it's fine weather.  
 Two ends should prompt: the first of these, affection,  
 "It is not good for man to be alone"  
 And, since the day of Adam's first bisection  
 Each one has sought his individual bone:  
 The second's reproduction, blest effu'gence,  
 Which fallen man has wrongly termed indulgence.  
 But now, to change the subject, let me say,  
 Your verses pleased me more than I can tell —  
 Keep on! work harder! labour paves the way,  
 And, if you persevere, you shall excell —

Condense your matter, strive to utter truth,  
And manhood will repay the toils of youth.  
Above all else, look to the matter first,  
Be sure you have an argument, and then  
The words will flow with a poetic burst  
And fall like rain-drops from the ready pen —  
Nor fear to change, cut out, correct, define,  
'Tis polish makes the new-found diamond shine.  
Your forte, as I have gleaned from what you've written,  
Is centred in description — is it not?  
A worthy scope! which if you use your wit in  
And strive to paint your objects as you ought  
Portraying form and color with precision,  
You may, with God's help, some day reach Elysium.  
I am myself of nature an admirer,  
And oft-times when the town grows uncongenial,  
My mood too changes, and I then desire her  
With her blue lakes, and winding streams, and green hill,  
And quit the bleak society, to roam  
'Neath gnarléd trees and calm clear skies, alone.  
If you should meet my much-loved friend —  
Tell him I should delight to have a letter,  
And think he'd not committed such a sin in  
Writing me long since — I too am debtor!  
I must admit it! 'tis a common failing!  
But I will change the subject and stop railing.  
I've changed it now so often, you will wonder  
If ever this is going to have an end,  
It sounds to me like claps of broken thunder,  
To you I know not how the whole will tend,  
But one thing's certain: if you read it all through,  
You'll have good patience and a lot of gall too.  
Forgive the last two words! I simply used them  
Because they slipped into my rhyme with ease,  
I will not say, like some, I have abused them.

For I have learned to use words as I please;  
 Since ——— menials criticised my verses  
 I scarcely know, and do not care, what worse is,  
 And now, dear —, be sure and write again soon  
 And send me too some more of your productions,  
 And tell me all about yourself, and when June  
 At length is here with all her mild seductions  
 And hosts of buzzing June-bugs, I shall write more  
 Providing you live on when this is read o'er.

## II.

Dear ——— 'tis needless true for me to say  
 How pleased I was to get your kindly letter,  
 You should have written sooner, but delay  
 Makes good things when you get them all the better.  
 I fear you'll find these verses far from crystals—  
 But how could ——— write scholarly epistles?  
 With his small stock of scanty information?  
 I think 'twas some such words the "———" used,  
 And "———" whose small hopes of reformation  
 Have vanished quite since ——— was abused,  
 Or should, for now I care not how I write!  
 What more is gleaned by turning up the light?  
 No! let the candle flicker! 'tis the same!  
 Paper, and ink, and symbols, nothing more  
 To him who seeks but emptiness and blame,  
 And prowls along the dark plutonian shore  
 Hungry for victims! but, for you, who kick  
 Only when sense is absent—trim the wick!  
 Not much of note has happened here of late  
 Since sweet-tongued ——— made his wondrous catch,  
 The town goes on at 'bout the usual gait,  
 With ———, downfall'n, sleeping 'neath the hatch,  
 The Tories, sick long since, deplore their pillage,  
 And Silence reigns within a silent village.

But ere the famed election there were things,  
 Occurrences that make old maidens smile,  
 Who know once more the touch of Cupid's wings  
 And feel they are not black-beaned yet awhile—  
 My reference is to ————— nuptial  
 Who carried off quite gallantly his huffed cull,  
 Yes, they were married ———— and her ————  
 And have gone off upon their honeymoon;  
 One chance the less for us to strike a beau  
 And play an old Rugeri out of tune—  
 But, then, what odds! the music might be such  
 That if we heard we'd not enjoy it much!  
 Ties marital are often far from sweet,  
 And folks that wed have wish'd themselves apart,  
 They are more wise than Cupid! more discreet!  
 And wed for gold! and nurse a broken heart!  
 And wonder at their woe! and dub it fate!  
 And call upon their lode-stars, when too late!  
 You know it! 'tis not fiction! thousands blunder  
 Who might escape were they but so disposed,  
 Who well might tear their prison bars asunder  
 And leap the toils that round them darkly close—  
 But they, deluded fools, devoid of fears,  
 Take their own course and run delightless years,  
 "That angel," yes! and fair as Satan, too,  
 Before he knew the infernal shades below,  
 Nor ever soul with brighter pinions flew  
 Or in one thoughtless moment stooped so low,  
 Whose life had been e'en as her cloudless east  
 Had she but wed a man and not a beast—  
 Yes, I have seen her. But one week ago  
 She came one evening with her children twain  
 The offspring of a loveless bed of woe  
 Conceived when blackest moons are on the wane  
 But why waste words? I played her some ———— airs;

Bid her goodnight; and sighed; and went up-stairs,  
 And she sighed; and went home; and went to bed;  
 And slept; and dreamed, perhaps, of what had been;  
 And wished to heaven that she had never wed;  
 And pored o'er all the ravages of sin  
 Of which she was the partial cause directly  
 And, ev'n in slumber, reasoned quite correctly.  
 But now I'll pause, and change a changeless theme,  
 Changeless to me, and shiftless as the sun,  
 Fair as the land-scape of a virgin'd dream  
 Whose few short days of love have but begun  
 And ———, so much of worm-wood it contains,  
 Had I n — soul I'd blow out all my brains. —  
 Another marriage ——— and ———  
 With Wednesday coming as the festal day:  
 Poor ——— ——— alas! in sorrow will be shrunken!  
 Although, in sooth, he might as well be gay —  
 For what do our pert damsels care for virtue  
 Except to flit, and fly about, and hurt you!  
 But then, we all have faults, and, since we're equal,  
 Let's rail at our own failings or be still,  
 Too many, truly, bear around their cheeks full  
 Of stench and poison for another's ill,  
 And canonize themselves, whose souls are blacker  
 Than Pennsylvania coal, or a burnt cracker.  
 And now to old friends: ——— is still thriving  
 And looking hale and hearty as of old;  
 And ——— ——— out at ——— his blades is driving,  
 And cleaving whiskers that he scarce can hold;  
 ——— still tinkers; ——— is mending flues;  
 And ——— ——— is working at the ———'s;  
 ——— is out in business for himself,  
 Bought out ——— ——— to his last pair of braces,  
 And swears he'll put ——— on the shelf  
 Or wind up like old oxen, in the traces,—

For, somehow, ——— with ——— didn't drift,  
 So ——— balked, and ——— got the shift,  
 ——— though his grief seemed so profound  
 When his wife died has coupled once again  
 And with his servant-girl, well I'll be bound!  
 He never loved the first: nor one in ten  
 Who seek the matrimonial state are better!  
 She misses ma—he wishes he'd not met her.  
 Yes, touched by Cupid ——— has wed his  
 His poor heart, broken for his first, has healed!  
 But something's wrong, for now he can't discern her  
 She having gone, and poor ———'s fate is sealed,  
 And now once more in single blessedness  
 He shall go on till she returns, I guess.  
 The "Glory of October on the Hills"  
 I've read with satisfaction—'tis a gem  
 With its bright colouring, skies, and woods, and rills, —  
 But then one fault will nowadays condemn  
 The noblest product, though in all else true,  
 And that one fault I'll now point out to you,  
 Were't Glory of October *from* the Hills  
 I could explain quite easily the *last stanza*  
 But how you get the meadows up there fills  
 My mind with doubt— I scarcely understand y'r!  
 My rhyme is still far worse than your mistakes;  
 But then 'tis good to note each others break,  
 I'd change that ——— — and substitute a better  
 That breathes not of repugnance, though I fear  
 You'll tell me I should change all my rhymed letter  
 And write in prose without rhymed ends—'tis clear,  
 It's scarcely doggerel! but then, why deplore?  
 I am but as God made me—nothing more.  
 A man is what he makes himself! you say,  
 And that with a distinction, I'll defend—  
 If given much to work on, then he may



Outrival princes and with wits contend:  
 But man is no creator, and, if God  
 And nature stints him, he's a hopeless clod.  
 Talk as you may, 'tis but development,  
 For man can have no more than what he's given.  
 And each of us is to his mission sent  
 With much or little of both earth and heaven—  
 On him whom genius smiles his goal is plain!  
 On whom she frowns—he seeks the heights in vain!  
 M. D's must own my proposition fair,  
 Nor least amongst them our great —————  
 Who but this morning lost an only heir  
 Who might have been a greater air than he—  
 He has my sympathies in spite of axes,  
 Of old-time squalls, and meddling with my taxes.  
 But now I'll close, because if I write on  
 You'll surely be asleep if not already,  
 And if you are why read the rest at dawn,  
 Such stuff as this would make a man unsteady!  
 I feel myself as if I'd like a snooze—  
 So write again, and tell me all the news.

## III.

Dear ————— your last from ————— read with pleasure  
 Yet dappled with some touch of sadness too,  
 Some dark'ning lines, that half obscured the treasure,  
 And left me when I'd read them, feeling blue—  
 What did I say that makes you so sarcastic?  
 Aren't you like me, imperfect, though more drastic?  
 I meant it all in kindness, how'er taken,  
 And felt that you'd be pleased at what I cited,  
 But good dreams seldom pan, for now I waken  
 To find myself like Socrates indited,  
 And by my friend, because, forsooth, I pointed  
 Some errors out that he would have annointed.

Let be! I drink the hemlock as dictated,  
And, after my demise, can blame no longer,  
I gladly yet a little while had waited  
Till I myself and others had grown stronger,  
But ——— decrees the black shroud and the casket  
And bids me die long, long before I ask it.  
But, such is life; and such our best endeavours;  
And such our hopes; and such the bitter ending:  
For when the jealous fury madly severs  
Our golden means and ends, she damns the mending,  
And fosters base conclusions, and then leaves us  
But dust and ashes for what she bereaves us.  
You say you care not who lauds or caresses,  
And *who* takes me in too with all the others  
Nor do I care the more who damns or blesses  
My simple verses, so they be not brothers!  
But these with me are privileged, these, the latter,  
Because they don't unduly blame or flatter.  
And you dear ——— are with the happy number  
Or you had never criticised my satire—  
We all or more or less are given to slumber,  
And, snoozing, err—who says not is a fiat liar!  
And I, perchance oft more than all together—  
In fact, I think I should be put on tether.  
And ——— thinks so too, and so does '———'  
And mighty ——— and his parasites.  
And yet, no doubt, had they but been more prudent,  
They first had put their own mad brains to rights,  
But then, they think, of course, they never blunder,  
And so does Bur and Twosaw—do you wonder?  
Enough! I shall be civil in the future  
And rail at my own faults or else be tacit,  
For, if I don't, I know my friends will shoot sure,  
And then there'll be a funeral and "Hic Jacit,"  
And sighs, and lamentations, and much weeping.

And other things that bother one while sleeping.  
 Well ——— I've read the famous "Willy Reilly"  
 Of which a gist you gave me in the summer,  
 And truly I must class it very highly,  
 And drop for Carleton in the box a plumper,  
 I really think it weighs down Scott for fiction  
 And takes the foremost place without a striction.  
 Read also "Fardorougha," and another  
 "Black Baronet" by appellation—smother  
 Me, if it don't put all the rest to rout  
 In characters, in plotting, and in action,  
 And betters "Willy Reilly" by a fraction.  
 The "Pilgrim's Progress" too, I have reviewed,  
 And waded through the "Holy War," by Bunyan,  
 And, though I must admit him sometimes rude,  
 Still, all in all, he is but as the onion,  
 That, poisonous to those mortals who abuse it,  
 Will strengthen those who know well how to use it.  
 I don't condemn an author for his breaks  
 So be they not notorious or ne'er ending—  
 For, where's the man that does not make mistakes  
 No matter what his training or his tending?  
 Was Shakespeare such? Must he not own some errors?  
 But now-a-days the least are holy terrors.  
 Let something be as true as if 'twere seen  
 Within a glass by faultless nature painted,  
 Perfect but for one fault, and this the keen  
 Unkind will search, and dub your product tainted,  
 Though but a flaw of euphony or tense,  
 And damn the whole regardless of the sense,  
 As if a man should cut his good vines down  
 Because a single creeper failed to bear,  
 Or sacrifice his harvest turning brown  
 Because, forsooth, a few stray weeds are there—  
 Would he not be a yecept a silly swain,

Fit for St. John, or softening in the brain,  
Yet that is just what modern carpers do  
With others' toils—fill up the sparkling glasses!  
They are a lazy, mean, fault-finding crew,  
As light as lead, as brilliant as the ass is,  
Too much upon their fosses e'er to thank,  
Their only out-put piles,—fill up and drink!  
But now a wide digression: such an action  
As cow-boys in the west would call side-tracking;  
And wise philosophers would term distraction;  
And bushmen little learned would call bush-whacking,  
And all correct! in short: I've read your letter  
O'er once again, and like it somewhat better.  
And now I'm most ashamed of those first stanzas:  
But read them for the rhymes, if they are readable,  
They're neither El Dorados or Bonanzas,  
And, if you wade quite through them, you're indeed able,  
Although, when through, you'll feel but little paid  
And wish to heaven you'd died or been delayed.  
I like the wording of some lines you've written  
Within your last, I like the sentiment,  
Your use of the alternative fit in  
This rough and burlesque stanza calls comment.  
You always use this happily, 'tis your forte,—  
But I, whene'er I try it, fall quite short.  
In all things whatsoe'er I chance to touch  
Some evil and controlling genius seems  
To work me ill! love, wealth, ambition, such  
As ———— raise the heart and realize its dreams  
Have but corroded mine, and opened wide  
Grief's withering jaws, and ev'ry hope denied.  
Christ's bless'd mother Mary, ever fair,  
How oft I've knelt in sorrows bitter throes  
And begged thee as a suppliant, in prayer,  
To ease this heart of all its bitter woes!

But, vain the asking! tears still rise and fall,  
And times dark mantle settles over all!  
Is there no succor for the heart that's breaking?  
No gentle hand to smoothe the burning brow?  
One time, sweet thought, I dreamed of an awaking,  
When I was younger and less stern, but now  
The partial gleams that comforted erst-while  
Have left me wholly — earth has ceased to smile!  
And since it now is bleak, and cold, and dead,  
And no voice answers from the soulless dust,  
I cry: Give us this day our daily bread —  
And, like yourself, in mightier beings trust —  
For what is she, though wrapped in loveliest shell  
Compared with him whose beauty none may tell.  
Compare! O, God, forgive! there's no comparison!  
For 'twixt the infinite and our dust extends  
And infinite distance, vast, and boundless; sun  
And system lost in their dim circles bend  
To nothingness considered with the endless —  
And so, my lovely queen, I am not friendless!  
She lives a dying life from day to day  
A flow'r, half-withered, clinging to the vine,  
That longs to go, yet ever hopes to stay  
Knowing that I am hers and she is mine —  
But who's to blame? She turned upon herself  
And slew her matchless charms for worthless self;  
To lie down with a reptile, and outrage  
Her tender nature, feed him with her blood,  
And be the peerless wonder of her age,  
Her soul repugnant to that mass of mud  
That soils whate'er it touches: who had thought  
That female conscience were so cheaply bought?  
But now I'll pause, for if I don't, 'tis certain  
I will say something that is awful truly,  
So, au revoir! I'll drop the trembling curtain

And thus prevent myself from being unruly,  
 And, when you feel in humor for the task  
 Write me a short reply — 'tis all I ask.

## IV.

Dear — — I read your letter through with pleasure,  
 Expressive of our own regrets and thine,  
 And though it seems we both have lost a treasure,  
 Yet, still we have not wholly delved the mine —  
 There are some jewels left, or you're mistaken,  
 That shine as bright as those we would have taken.  
 Thanks for the kind advice that you have given!  
 Believe me, dear old fellow, 'tis not lost —  
 I've always found *you* true, however driven  
 To right or left, in calm or tempest-tossed —  
 When the world frowns your face is pleasing fair  
 And rouses hope when almost in despair.  
 My troubles are scarce limited by number,  
 There are ten-thousand things that give me pain,  
 That tear me when I wake and when I slumber  
 And almost make me feel that life is vain:  
 Environment, and wealth, and fame, and travel  
 And other knots too concrete to unravel.  
 I feel if I were better situated  
 And had some place that I could call my own  
 The misery that I feel would be abated,  
 For then I'd be more independent grown  
 And could look round me, conscious of my worth,  
 But now, what do I boast? not one square foot of earth.  
 The raggèd hermit seeks his wonted cave,  
 Recites his *avas*, and retire' to rest,  
 And feels he is at home; the Indian brave  
 Unto his wigwam guides his welcome guest  
 And offers him protection: these may say:  
 'Tis mine to g: keep! depart! or stay!

I am not one to rail upon the rich,  
I am not envious of their glittering hoardes,  
Nor do I sympathize with those who itch  
To sit like sleuthhounds round their glittering boards  
And lick their leavings: of the world's base store,  
I seek but what I need and nothing more.  
Will she accord me this? 'tis my ambition  
As far as lands and filthy lucre goes,  
For I have higher aims! but if transition  
Accord me less than what she thinks she owes  
She will grant little, and 'midst poohs! and damns!  
I might as well go tramp, sir, or sell clams.  
Perhaps you don't see just where I am tending,  
Like one who straying from the path, when lost  
Turns right and left and here and there is wending  
And travelling in a circle to his cost —  
Well, I refer to fame! shall I obtain it?  
Here, fill the glass, and say I shall, and drain it!  
God-given independence! 'tis a grace,  
A glowing gift that I have missed so far,!  
Yet, when I stand and peer away through space  
At the fixed circles of each glorious star —  
I think 'tis best that freedom was not given  
Those mighty orbs to range at will through heaven,  
But that can never satisfy my mind  
Nor gratify the yearnings that are there,  
I am a different being and not blind  
And thirst and hunger for the good and fair,  
More fanciful than others, to my cost.  
Which makes me feel more keenly what I've lost:  
A piece of human flesh and blood; a soul  
Wrapped in a living form, that longs to soar—  
To hear the deep-mouthed church-bell gladly toll  
For one whose long-drawn griefs at last are o'er—  
To feel that it is free—and happ'ly fling

To the blue skies of heaven its gentle wing.  
Oh, ask me not! I cannot be unkind!  
The things we love we never may despise!  
Harsh though the past, it still will leave behind  
Some touch of sweetness, such that never dies—  
And hers was of the brightest, and still clings  
In fondest memories soothing while it stings.  
I blame her not! her tears have payed the debt,  
And even these I now would wish unshed,  
Her outlived wrongs I gladly would forget  
And place a halo round that shining head  
That once I deemed so matchless—but alas!  
The crown drops from my fingers, and I pass.  
She is a saint from heaven, yes far from it,  
I am no saint myself—in this we're equal,  
And being thus, perhaps, is why we sit  
Each pining for the other—that's the sequel.  
Had each been true to duty, and not Mammon  
('Tis Friday) we might both be eating salmon.  
But both were false, and as the thing now lies  
She's an Episcopalian, I a Catholic,  
And he a Nonsectarian doubly wise  
For being ten-times foolish and is sick  
Of her who took him not for love but whim,  
And finds the dear-bought sweets were not for him.  
Vain-glorious fools that know not time nor place  
But rush like Satan headlong into chaos  
He knew not love is infinite as space  
With equal power to gladden or waylay us—  
He lured his trembling victim to his cost,  
And now deplores too late that all is lost.  
He oped the doors that seemed to lead to heaven  
But found instead the flames and fumes of hell,  
For her young heart in better days was given  
To one whom she had loved, alas! too well!



And burns still with its pure unsullied glow,  
Fed by a soul that languishes in woe —  
There was another in the vanished past  
Of sterner features, but of nobler mind,  
Whose love was pure, a love that needst must last,  
A pale frail creature, faithful, good, and kind,  
One who had raised me, yea, unto the skies  
And gained me heaven, perhaps, had I been wise.  
But I was cold and thankless, and I spurned  
Her tender offerings and the tears she shed  
And left her to her wretchedness, and turned  
To that sweet being with a fairer head—  
Thoughtless of duty, truth, religion, life,  
Anxious for but one thing—a pretty wife.  
And pretty wives they make I must allow!  
If some weren't blind I swear it would be better a  
D——m sight to wed a Jersey cow,  
For then they would not be compelled to get ! er a  
Merry Widow, paints, and frills, and letter the  
Home with *Bedlam, House to Let*, etc.—  
So much for women, wives and butterflies,  
And all that love but never come together,  
I'll quit the realms of heart-aches and blue-eyes  
And chat about the town's-folk and the weather,  
For, doubtless, by this time you're in a sweat  
O'er dam-sels who can neither lay nor set.  
The last election went off rather quiet  
And ——'s in, and —— is out,  
They made me clerk, which almost caused a riot,  
For others had their eyes on that no doubt—  
But what the h—— do I care what they hold  
I'm not like chattels to be bought and sold.  
Not much has happened since, there's little noise  
Save now and then a social or a party,  
I've had some invitations, but my toys

Are somewhat rusty, and I'm far from hearty,  
 My time's too precious to be given in jest,  
 And pie not eaten's easier to digest.  
 As to the weather: it has been most fine,  
 Long days of sun, and calm, clear frosty nights  
 With peerless moons and silvery stars, combine  
 To make the winter cheerful—bless'd lights  
 By God's own fingers lit, and set on high  
 To gild the earth and decorate the sky.  
 And now since I am in a calmer mood  
 And move about in more congenial airs,  
 I'll close this what you will lest I grow rude  
 By taking a relapse, and fall down stairs—  
 And hope above all else to see you soon,  
 And wish you ev'ry joy.—Good afternoon!

## V.

Dear ——— you ask me not to be so sad  
 To strive to the ideal, not the real.  
 I tell you boy if that could make me glad  
 I had been long since happy, for I see all  
 My young ambition centred in the past  
 On one bright soul I thought were mine at last.  
 And though the years have vanished one by one  
 Since first to aspiration I was turned  
 Her glorious form still glitters as the sun,  
 And shines as brightly though forever burned,  
 The fairest vision to my waking hours,  
 The sweetest of my dreams when midnight lowers.  
 Dear deathless fancies kindled at the time  
 When youth's young ardor fires the heaving veins  
 That lead to happiness or drive to crime  
 The awakened heart and weld or break its chains.  
 Dear, very dear, too dear for what they cost,  
 That rend or damn us when all else is lost.

Wait till the "seer and yellow" brings its scars!  
Then, I have long to wait! for through the years  
Though Time himself may hobble, and the stars  
Be torn and twisted in their vasty spheres—  
She shall not change! she cannot change! but still  
Be ever what she was ————  
Think you it lessens that the galling chains  
Are at her ankles, and her tender arms  
Are red with bruises and with crimson stains?  
Behind it all I mark her matchless charms!  
And, though her jailor, yet he's not more free,  
Compelled to bind her wrists and turn the key.  
The yielding shell may falter to his will  
For it is helpless and the sluggish blood  
Like Acheron stagnate 'neath the rank distil  
Of ravish poison dark'ning all its flood,  
But over all, the changeless mind surveys  
The base debauchery with indignant gaze.  
The glorious light of that immortal soul  
In undiminished splendour still shall rise,  
More lovely than the nightly stars that roll  
Their constellations through our northern skies,  
To shine forever. Vain were my regret  
Did she not be all that she should be yet!  
'Tis love's ambition coupled with a hope  
Sure as half-opened rose leaves, fair as she  
Whose dark-brown eyes one day in heaven shall ope  
And light my pathway through eternity:  
Companion of my griefs, we yet shall joy  
Where tears ne'er mar and troubles ne'er annoy.  
Now ———— I'll close because the subject's one  
That fills me with a grief I cannot quell,  
Time yet may brighten ere my course be run  
And life's calm sunset breathe a glad farewell,  
For through the tears hope's rainbow often shines

Telling of leaves, and flowers, and whispering pines—  
 Telling of fairy foot-paths where the rose  
 Show'rs down its tender petals on the sand  
 Where through the summer hours the orange blows  
 For whisp'ring lovers wand'ring hand in hand,  
 Of fond embraces, sighs, and slumbers light,  
 And softer moons than honey-moons.—Goodnight!

## VI.

Dear ——— I'd change that bitter theme  
 Through which such dire forebodings gleam  
 For it were better far to tell  
 A pleasing tale than "go to hell."  
 But how can I who've sighed so long  
 Breathe sunshine through a tearless song?  
 My soul so oft's been dipped in brine  
 The thoughts sob changeless through the line  
 Making me all I should not be—  
 A victim of adverstity.  
 So strange, so very strange it seems  
 That dearest fancies, sweetest dreams,  
 Are ever touched with some alloy  
 That tends to tincture half their joy.  
 E'en while I list earth's gladsome strains —  
 The minor throbbingly complains:  
 The birds, and flow'rs, and woodland air  
 Still please, but they are sadly fair;  
 Society its charms may own—  
 But I am happiest when alone.  
 Ev'n pillowed on some snowy breast  
 In love, caressing and caressed,  
 The dearest joys that man may know  
 In this unhallowed earth below—  
 The heart will breathe its secret sighs,  
 And sad tears gather to the eyes.

Nor marvel when the tender flame  
 That kindles either is the same,  
 From the same altar they arise  
 And float commingled to the skies  
 Wafting the incense, while it wakes,  
 From some poor heart that smiles or breaks.  
 Ask me no more! I'm not of those  
 Who change with ev'ry wind that blows,  
 But, shiftless in my grief, shall wend  
 All comfortless unto the end.

### GLEANINGS OF THE GAMUT.

#### AN ACROSTIC.

May you be happy wherever you wander,  
 All that this world holds of pleasure be thine,  
 Round thee may Cupid his brightest shafts squander—  
 Yours be the joys that can never be mine.

Keep me in memory—t'is all I entreat, dear!  
 Ever to dwell in the depths of thy heart—  
 Onward and upward, though time's flight is fleet dear,  
 Upward and onward—love ne'er shall depart!  
 Growing, increasing—what power can sever  
 Heaven's dear bond of kinship that binds us forever?

### THE DEBAUCHER.

With gentle garb, yet of all honor free,  
 The hermit crab crawls round the social sea—  
 A thing of gab and shell, a mere pretence,  
 A walking counterfeit devoid of sense,  
 Whose pseudo-surface like the dead lake's flow

But makes us ponder on the stench below,  
A whitened tomb that outward charms the gaze  
But 'neath whose shining face a corpse decays,  
Seek in the soul for some idea bane  
That fails to fit him, and you seek in vain;  
Search through the language, and you cannot find  
A term too base to suit his brackish mind,  
A human jackal sullyng with his lure,  
He maims the beautiful, and wrecks the pure,  
Barters to ruin, to the unguarded lies,  
And coldly laughs while reputation dies,  
Holds a friend's hand with confidential grasp  
And his friend's wife with still more fervid clasp,  
Meaner than him who boasts of virtue felled—  
He vaunts of conquests even when repelled,  
Gambles with things most sacred, spurns at debt  
And knows no justice save what law can get—  
A thief at heart, yet such a coward waif  
Such little things as property are safe,  
Good names and reputation are his prey,  
For these he plots, and bears their worth away,  
Worse than a knave—a scab! a mould'ring crust!  
That drags the soul's ideals in the dust  
Nor yet a felon! naught to bid him pause—  
The finer ethics have no written laws!  
No Blackstone rises on the forumed page  
To quell the bleak intemperance of the age,  
The bleeding victim sees with bated breath  
No hope but poison, no relief but death!  
So are we ruled, so justice organized,  
And those who soil our sacred fanes assized,  
Is there no hope? can time assure no mode  
To keep intact the unrecorded code?  
Awake ye men of wisdom! let us feel  
The temper of your courage and your steel—

Ye too have daughters! Mend the legal text,  
 And damn the lustful beast—they may be next!  
 Leave not to conscience to collect the toll—  
 Conscience can strike but where there is a soul,  
 Its leaded leash has not the power to touch  
 The base desires and appetites of such.

#### ON READING THE LIFE OF ST. ROSE OF LIMA.

Sweet Rose, the fairest of thy sister flowers,  
 Thou livest still though all the rest decay,  
 Nor time can change, nor tempest blight thy bowers,  
 Or bear one tittle of thy sweets away.

#### LINES ON THE IMPRISONED BIRD.

##### I.

Unhappy bird! what cruel hand  
 Hath torn thee from thy wonted glen  
 And doomed thee in a cheerless land  
 To languish midst the haunts of men?

##### II.

In fancy does thy wand'ring eye  
 E'en now survey the flow'ry rills  
 And catch the beauty of the sky  
 That colors o'er thy native hills?

##### III.

Beside the nest, where yester-e'en  
 Thy mate poured forth his thrilling song,  
 Now silence wraps the leafy scene—  
 Thy mate shall wait thy coming long!

## IV.

Oh, may he suffer e'en as thou,  
Who placed thee in that dungeon drear!  
And may the wrinkles on his brow  
Grow deeper with the passing year!

## V.

May some untimed invader steal  
As he within his fair retreat,  
And, deaf to mercy's last appeal,  
Drag his loved idol from his feet!

## VI.

May hunger chill his cheerful hearth!  
His children vainly cry for bread!  
May sorrow fill the place of mirth!  
And sleep forsake his lonely bed!

## VII.

For he who thus could pain thee so,  
Were void of ev'ry gentle trait—  
Oh, may it be his lot to know  
The pangs of conscience, when too late!

## AN EPIGRAM.

Tastes differ, choice the differing tastes disclose—  
The ass prefers the thistle to the rose.



## CONSECRATION ODE.

'Tis morning's prime:  
The great procession forms  
Beneath the grey roofs of the Aula—  
Clerics and priests, bishops elect, and those  
Of higher dignity—  
The snowy surplice gleams along the line—  
The regal purple last:  
Honor and hope, faith and simplicity,  
Harmonious mingled, move  
Throbbing to one great issue.

O'er the deep  
Beyond the confines of the eastern shore  
The Old World stands at gaze  
Touched by the gorgeous glittering spectacle:  
And ev'n the heavens, as conscious of the time,  
From far beyond the bourne of Neptune's orb  
Calling its herald wanderer, proclaims it.

Reverend and slow, beneath the bending trees  
Decked with the tender foliage of spring,  
The solemn concourse passes o'er the pavement,  
Up the steps, and under arching doors  
Crossing the threshold  
Fills the sacred fane.  
Twined the green leaves and flowers fair,  
The gathering of the fields and grove,  
Bedeck the snowy altar there  
With nature's offerings of love,  
Where Mary's spotless lillies shine  
Companions of the tender vine.

The burnished lamps enhance the sight,  
 Sol's glories through the window's stream,  
 And, high above the altar white,  
 The waxen tapers gleam.

Tune the glad harp, and bid the mellow strings  
 Break forth in music—'tis a joyous time!  
 More glorious than the pageant days of kings,  
 More elevated, honored, and sublime!  
 Their's is an earthly coronage that brings  
 But passing splendor. Let the organ sound  
 A nobler theme! the while the full-voiced choir,  
 Throned in the chancel, bursts in song profound,  
 Raising the hallowed anthem higher, ever higher.

Sweet! awful moments! sweet to those who bear  
 But golden wishes—filled with awe to him  
 About to dawn the highest dignity,—  
 The oath is set.—  
 The solemn mass . . .  
 Deeper and deeper . . . is the Kyrie  
 Waking majestic echoes, that beyond,  
 Mingle with others of a gentler tone  
 Borne from the altar, where in unison  
 Seven as one invoke the Deity  
 In pleadings of the ancient Gradual.  
 Oh, solemn moments! pregnant with the call  
 Of duties weightiest! ushering in the pow'r  
 Of ring and crosier,—  
 Now the awful words,  
 "Hoc est," by Jesus spoken in old days,  
 Touches the ear with softest melody.—  
 The Living Bread consumed, the sacred glove  
 And gilded mitre deck the chosen ones,  
 And, while upon the seat episcopal

With wonted pomp they sit  
 Enthroned beneath the o'er hanging canopy,  
 Sounds the Te Deum with majestic roll.

'Tis done: and lo! as oft of old  
 A spirit of ethereal grace,  
 Its garments set with shining gold,  
 Stands in the sacred place;  
 With golden lyre it wakes the day,  
 The snowy fingers sweep the strings  
 And now the theme triumphant rings  
 And now it dies away  
 Now breathes of ardent labors nigh  
 Now whispers of the days gone by:

"Ye hallowed sons! ye chosen few!  
 Ye christianizers of the land!  
 That heart to heart and hand to hand  
 First led to regions new  
 Once more in memory's fadeless train  
 I bid ye to the wilds again,  
 The trackless wood, the boundless plain,  
 Once more in long review  
 Behold the deathless drama played,  
 Inmortal plays that never fade!  
 The Huron leans upon his bow  
 To list the message borne afar;  
 The blue-eyed Mandan tells it low  
 Beneath a southern star.  
 From hill to hill, from tide to tide,  
 The Wakan's rites are cast aside:  
 By far Atlantic's restless sea  
 The simple Micmac bends the knee;  
 And nations of a western shore  
 Invoke their pagan gods no more.

Near yonder cataract that raves  
Down broken ledges echoing o'er,  
And by those mounds that mark the graves  
Of mighty chieftains now no more  
While Phoebus, smiling, kissed the land,  
Sandaled and shorn I saw them stand,  
Far down the snowy teepees stood,  
Half shadowed by the vernal wood,  
Where festive songs in tongues untold  
Echoed through tree-trunks centuries old  
Or, whispering in some sylvan glade,  
The Indian wooed his dusky maid.  
I saw them, and the while they gazed  
Upon the enchanting scene,  
Mayhap their souls in prophecy  
Poured forth on all the yet-to-be  
Mayhap they saw, in dim prospective raised,  
A mighty city o'er the deep ravine  
Where now the camp-fires blazed  
And mused upon the airy lines  
Of palace, church, and cottage, seen  
Half-hidden by surrounding pines,  
And seemed to hear the tinkling knell  
Low-echoed by the vesper-bell.

“But now the murmuring minor wake,  
Their toils, their sufferings sadly tell—  
The rumbling stream, the lonely lake,  
But mark the spot they fell!  
The rustling leaves, the Indian's yell,  
The howling wind,—alone, for them,  
Sobs through the fastness of the dell  
A broken requiem.  
They toiled, they bled, yet undismayed  
From tribe to tribe the cross they bore—

Nor murmured, if the long day o'er  
Beheld their labours scarce repayed.  
They bled, they died, nor fleeting time  
Knows lives more blameless or sublime,  
More set to shine in glory's page  
And move the laggards of *this* age.  
They died, but in a goodly hour  
The seeds they planted still survive,  
And germinate, and fructify,  
And know no death, and cannot die  
While God asserts his Godlike power  
And Grace is kept alive.

"Ye hallowed sons! ye chosen few!  
In numbers half that gallant band  
That Christ-like christianized the land  
That Moses loved and Aaron knew—  
What has the future years in store for you?  
Of labor much, of suffering more  
Yet of all pleasing to the sight—  
The long day past, the labor o'er,  
The yoke is sweet, the burden light.

"Put on the shining robes of truth  
To combat falsehood from the land,  
And teach old-age and wayward youth  
To understand!

"Lead fallen man from good to good,  
Some virtue ev'n adorns the worst—  
Behold it! sift it from the rude!  
And make it *first!*

"Mankind are conscious of their faults,  
The hidden beauty's oft unknown—  
Admire it! praise it! this exalts,  
And *this alone!*

"So shall the just more perfect grow,  
The sinner shun his evil ways,  
And love with its primeval glow  
Enhance our days."

And thou, loved one, whose new-born dignity  
Calls thee to wider labors—fare thee well!  
When thou art gone, and in our midst we see  
New faces less familiar, still shall dwell  
In their beloved shrines undying memories,  
Unfading recollections of the times  
When thou wert ever with us, even as now:  
Light be the mitre on thy hallowed brow!  
And may the future years with golden chimes  
Ring in the thousand joys we gladly wish for thee.

The curtain falls upon the festive scene:  
The long Corinthian shafts and sounding wall  
No longer echo the harmonious paean;  
The harp is silent, and the melodious voice  
That tuned it as though it had never been;  
Softly the last departing footsteps fall;  
The tapers smoke; and in the shadowed fane;  
Stillness once more usurps her broken reign.

## TEARS.

Tears! the refreshing raindrops of the soul  
That fall when griefs are parting! gentle show'rs!  
Soft comforters of woe! Ye can condole,  
And make life's vanished peace again be ours.  
What sympathy like yours to soothe and cheer  
When through that bounteous moisture we behold  
God's glorious bow in loveliest hues appear  
Across the darkened past in gladness rolled?

## A SOLILOQUY.

Even in my dog I've found more gratitude  
Than in the frozen hearts of human things—  
He thanks me for a bone! but these, for gifts  
The highest man can offer to his fellows,  
The congregated works of months and years,  
The output of tired eyes and weary brain,  
Hand me a viper—offer as reward  
For that which cheers the heart, and e'er uplifts  
Its votaries from the muck and mire of life,  
The baseness of cold creeping recompense.  
Yea! call it Fate! say nature out of tune,  
Wed to a kindred prostitute, breeds monsters!  
'Twere kinder spoken ev'n though from the mark  
Than to attribute't to development.  
Strange actions lend strange fancies to the mind  
And strange imaginations stranger thoughts.  
Are we, but as the coldly-chiseled block  
That leaves the sculptor's hand, that takes on shape  
Which way he wills, and therefore must be so?  
Or is't that on the highway of this world  
Each his own separate fortune makes or mars?  
Something of both, perhaps, nor all of either—  
Yet seems betimes as if Fate played the tyrant,  
In its eternal meshes stifling will  
And forcing us to ruin.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE ERECTION OF  
A CATHEDRAL.

## I.

We do not ask for the fiery wine,  
But only a little heat  
To raise our drooping spirits  
And to warm our hands and feet—

## II.

'Twould make it feel somewhat homelike,  
As Christmas-time draws nigh,  
And take a shade from the darkness  
That clouds this western sky.

## III.

They have piles of coal in the engine room;  
And the lordly "Ad." is warm—  
But there's nothing left for the men in the "North"  
But the biting frost and the storm.

## IV.

A few small whiffs of sickly steam  
Through the radiator wends,  
A minute or two of comfort—  
And the fair delusion ends!

## V.

And the men in the "South" are in equal plight  
As the lazy moments pass,  
And their breath becomes a cloud of mist,  
And the silver drops in the glass.



## VI.

What matter though human lives may go?  
The tyrant's laws are set --  
The heap in the chest is getting low --  
And death is better than debt!

## VII.

For a temple must loom on yonder hill  
Though dead men lay the stones  
And every tile of its gilded dome  
Is the price of human bones.

## THE ACCEPTANCE.

## I.

I have asked you dear for your promise true,  
And the hopes of the clouded past  
That hung on a word of your maiden lips  
Have been realized at last.

## II.

Oh, may we dwell together, dear,  
Our souls as pure and white  
As the snow that shines beneath the stars  
On the wintry fields to-night.

## III.

May I be still your idol rare,  
And you my wonted fay,  
Till life's last crimson sunset bears  
Our kindred sweets away

## IV.

Your heart be as the balsam fir  
That grows on yonder hill,  
That, through the changing months, retains  
Its virgin freshness still;

## V.

This arm that proudly guards thee now  
Preserve its oaken form,  
And e'en though shattered, place itself  
Betwixt thee and the storm.

## VI.

Sweet thoughts be thine, my gentle one,  
Upon thy pillow white,  
And may God's angels keep thee safe  
My promised bride—goodnight!

## AUTUMN LEAVES.

## I.

Falling, falling, falling,  
Even as we, too, shall fall,  
When our days of life are numbered,  
And God's angel gives the call.

## II.

Falling, falling, falling,  
With a rustle as they fall  
From the birches and the maples,  
From the oaks and ashes tall.

## III.

They are dead, those brown leaves falling  
 To the frozen ground below,  
 And the tree no longer needs them  
 And it gently bids them go.

## IV.

But they served their destined purpose,  
 Though their labors now are by,  
 For the branches that have borne them  
 Are grown nearer to the sky.

## V.

So may we too, serve our brethren,  
 Living leaves of brawn and mind,  
 That, when gone, they well may call us  
 The uplifters of mankind.

## THE DEATH OF BURNS.

## AN ACROSTIC.

Round him the weeping muses throng,  
 O'er him they spread the blackened pall  
 Broke is the harp that burst in song,  
 Ended the life that beat for all,  
 Rest, weary spirit! gently rest  
 Thou loved one, Scotia's bard, and best!

Born to the peasant's lowly lot,  
 Upward and onward still he bore  
 Rough sheaves of wisdom, richly wrought,  
 Never-to-be-forgotten lore  
 Surpassing all that is or went before.

## CRIPPEN'S FAREWELL.

## I.

Adieu my lovely Clara,  
I ne'er shall see you more,  
Adieu my only idol -  
Our dream of love is o'er!  
Yon sun that glistens coldly  
On Thames dark rolling wave,  
Its wintry beams ere twilight's hour  
Shall fall upon my grave.

## II.

I pray thee dry those bitter tears  
And weep no more for me,  
My soul shall ever cling to yours  
Wherever you may be,  
Still in thy dark eye's splendor  
The love-light I shall ken,  
And from thy lips rich crimson taste  
Life's ecstasy again.

## III.

Thy rich hair's flowing billows  
Shall charm me as of old,  
And when you deem yourself alone,  
Your tiny hand I'll hold,  
Yea, pillowed on that snowy breast,  
Rocked by its gentle swell,  
Enamored still and all unseen  
Sweet tales to you I'll tell.

## IV.

Oh, blame me not for her who lies  
 'Neath southern skies so blue,  
 Ungenial fortune bade us wed  
 But love we never knew—  
 Nay, gentle queen, thou wert alone  
 The lode-star of my life!  
 She was time's petted paramour—  
 Thou, my allotted wife!

## V.

Adieu, dear heart, the jailor comes  
 To lead me to my doom,  
 With love's warm kiss upon the lips  
 My body seeks its tomb—  
 But fate shall guide thy lover still  
 Beyond this dreary cell,  
 And fashion joys we little know  
 From Crippen's sad farewell.

## THOUGHTS ON MANITOBA.

## I.

Let them boast of Manitoba and the great Canadian plain,  
 Of the mighty herds that grazing pass them by,  
 Let them say that they are richer 'mid their fields of ripened  
 grain,  
 Where the golden wheat is bounded by the sky—  
 But I know an eastern region where my spirit lingers still,  
 And in sadness I am often led to think  
 That I'd give them all my earnings just to sit beside the rill  
 On a farm away down East, and take a drink.

## II.

I have reaped the bearded barley, I have stooked the yellow  
flax,  
And for beauties that waved round me oft delayed,  
I have thought that it were better to desert the stubborn ax,  
And come where honest toil is better paid—  
But often-times at evening, as with weary steps I wend  
To the cover of the old well's dirty brink,  
I would give a thousand dollars just in ecstasy to bend  
O'er a stream away down East and take a drink.

## III.

Let them hoard their filthy lucre, for there's something  
more than gold  
For the restless heart that beats for better things—  
As for me, with what suffices, I'm contented to grow old  
Where beauteous nature digs her crystal springs.  
Let them pierce the earth at Winnipeg with deep artesian  
wells—  
The poison water flows where'er they sink!  
And the fever-blasted country with a curse too plainly tells  
That a man is better dead who cannot drink.

## THE MANITOBA FARMER.

## I.

He sees his gold in the rising sun  
And lashes his steeds ahead,  
And he sees it again when the day is done  
And the evening sky is red.  
For his heart is set on a gilded pile,  
And he laughs as his coffer grows,  
And bends his niggard knee with a smile  
To the only god he knows.

## II.

He would love, but his breast is a frozen thing—  
He would wed, but it were not best  
For how can he spare a wedding ring  
From the heap in the iron chest!  
And a woman with dress must be embossed,  
And children must be fed,  
And a man who must undergo such cost  
Were ten times better dead.

## III.

The weary beggar stops at his door  
With a face that is pale and wan  
And craves a mite from the treasured store—  
But is coldly told "move on!"  
For he is no friend of misery  
Or the luckless sons who roam,  
And, declares with an oath, his charity  
Begins and ends at home.

## IV.

His hired man he drives like a beast  
From the morning star till night,  
Nor rests content when the day has ceased  
With the lantern's ghostly light,  
Restless and stern on his goodly couch  
He cons the day's work o'er,  
While Satan near with a fawning crouch  
Holds up one dollar more.

## V.

He has no use for the church of God  
And its sacerdotal pest,  
And the seventh day to this soulless clod  
Is truly a day of rest!  
Talk not to him of heaven or hell,

He credits not such trash  
 Eternity is a phantom fell,  
 And there's nothing sure but cash.

## VI.

Deluded fool! when Death draws near  
 And his eyes are seared and dim,  
 He'll turn aside and refuse to hear  
 But Death will talk to him:  
 "Come, bare your breast to the shining scythe!  
 I grant no second call!  
 And learn, as in endless pangs you writhe,  
 That lucre is not all!"

## SHADOW FALLS.

## I.

Leaping over the boulders  
 Into the vale below,  
 With a voice like distant thunder,  
 The broken waters go—  
 Not a sound as of mighty tempest  
 That deafens and appals —  
 But a gentle murmur touches  
 The ear at Shadow Falls.

## II.

The fossiled rocks that ages  
 Have loosed from their weakened hold  
 Lie scattered where time tossed them  
 In the thousand years of old;  
 The tree-trunks set in the ledges  
 Pillar the sloping walls  
 That lead by many a leafy path  
 To the depths of Shadow Falls.



## III.

Oft I have stood in the valley,  
Many a time and oft  
When the summer sun shone dimly  
Through the leafy limbs aloft  
And there, like a hermit dreaming  
In the midst of nature's halls,  
I thought of all the might-have been  
In the gorge of Shadow Falls.

## IV.

Of the wounded Sioux that wandered,  
As the shaft from his breast he tore,  
To bathe his brow in the cooling stream  
When the battle's brunt was o'er;  
Of gleaming fires in the distance,  
Where naught but echo calls  
To the silent ones that lit them there  
Far down from Shadow Falls.

## V.

Mayhap the Indian lover,  
Ling'ring at even-tide,  
Awaited there in the twilight  
The step of his dusky bride—  
While one by one from the fissures,  
Like monks from their dingy stalls,  
The black-winged night-birds flitted  
Half-heard o'er Shadow Falls.

## VI.

They passed those olden glories  
From the foot-hills and the plain,  
They died with the dying ages,  
Tinctured with joy and pain—

And now on the verdant uplands  
 College at cottage walls  
 Look down on the silent valley  
 O'erhanging Shadow Falls.

## VII.

And so in the distant future  
 Others may say at last,  
 As they search our crumbling ruins,  
 "Their glories too are past!"  
 Flow on, oh rumbling waters,  
 echo to echo calls,  
 And stranger tongues shall answer back  
 In the vale of Shadow Falls.

## MY COUNTRY'S FLAG.

## I.

Let others cry thee down—  
 Whate'er behest,  
 To me thou art the brightest and the best.

## II.

Flag of my native land,  
 I see thee still  
 Far-flung from wind-swept battlement and hill!

## III.

Thy glorious colors catch  
 The joyous breeze  
 Hung from a thousand masts upon the seas.

## IV.

O'er town and hamlet,  
 Over hill and plain,  
 Thy triple crosses wave beyond the main.

## V.

They hold me still  
 With that unbroken joy  
 That touched my waking fancy when a boy.

## VI.

Can scorn or traitors hiss  
 Bid thee depart,  
 Or tear thy long-loved image from my heart?

## VII.

Never! the cloud that gathers  
 Darkling o'er,  
 But makes thee brighter than thou wert before.

## LINES ON THE DEATH OF FATHER HUGHES.

## I.

Another day has wended to a close  
 A day of aching hearts!  
 The sun that with a thousand joys arose,  
 In gloom departs.

## II.

No flag at half-mast to the breezes let,  
 No sad bell tolls:  
 Only a simple message of regret  
 From distant souls.

## III.

In yonder chapel, where in happier days  
We knelt in prayer,  
We heard the news— we listened with amaze  
And trembled there.

## IV.

It could not be! he surely were the last  
Whom Death would strike  
Away delusive hope! we know the past!  
Death levels all alike!

## V.

The man, the priest of God, the gentle sage,  
The good, the true:  
We miss his genial presence from the stage  
The long day through:

## VI.

A friend to all, to me— yes, something more!  
For happ'nings past,  
For treasured gems that memory keeps in store,  
And that shall last.

## AN ACROSTIC.

## I.

Just as the twilight was calling  
Evenings' grey shadows round  
And the bright moon-beams were falling  
Near on the snowy ground—  
Down from the North came a message  
On like the sound of a bell,  
Yearning I hopefully listened  
Longing to know all was well—  
Even I hoped all was well.

## II.

Joy had been mine as I listened  
 Even as now my pain,  
 And how my sad eyes had glistened  
 Near me to see thee again,  
 Darkness had fled from the morning  
 Op'ning the havens of light—  
 Yesterday all was so hopeful—  
 Lingering shadows to-night—  
 Endless the shadows tonight.

## MY GARDEN.

## I.

I planted a garden with beautiful flowers  
 And lovingly watched them the long summer through,  
 And I dreamed as I sat 'neath the o'er-hanging bowers  
 That mine were the loveliest flowers that grew.

## II.

Though seven in number their delicate petals  
 In exquisite colours outrivalled the bow,  
 And the sheen of their stems, like the richest of metals,  
 Enhanced the green herbage that glittered below.

## III.

My plants I had gathered wherever I found them:  
 One grew by the wayside; and one on the hill;  
 And two the bright glow of the city was round them;  
 And one spread its leaves by a murmuring rill:

## IV.

The others I sought as I recklessly wandered  
 From ocean to ocean, from mountain to plain,—  
 And little I thought of the hours that I squandered  
 Those elegant plants for my garden to gain.

## V.

So enraptured with gladness, 'twas little I thought  
 That the loveliness round me should ever decay,  
 'Twas little I dreamed that the treasures I'd got  
 That the thieves bent on pillage should carry away.

## VI.

Alas for my faith! one by one they were taken—  
 The flowers I loved, I shall see them no more!  
 And others shall bloom, but shall never awaken  
 To breathe the sweet incense of days that are o'er.

## THE MAID OF GLEN FALLS.

## I.

One day from the city,  
 So runneth my ditty,  
 As I worked around in my old overhauls—  
 There came to our village,  
 My young heart to pillage,  
 The charming Beatrice, the maid of Glen Falls.

## II.

So young and so sprightly,  
 I thought it full knightly  
 To pilot her round and attend to her calls,  
 We wandered together  
 In all kinds of weather  
 Myself, and Beatrice, the maid of Glen Falls.

## III.

Her eyes they were brighter  
 Her step it was lighter  
 Than any I yet had beheld in our halls—

But something about her  
Inclined me to doubt her  
The charming Beatrice, the maid of Glen Falls.

## IV.

Says I, now, my beauty,  
I think it's my duty  
To find if there's any more steeds in your stalls,  
'Twere better to tarry,  
Than recklessly marry  
The charming Beatrice, the maid of Glen Falls.

## V.

I told her my story—  
She spoke of old Glory,  
Of theatres, banquets, of picnics and balls,  
Of all who had chased her  
In hopes to embrace her  
The charming Beatrice, the maid of Glen Falls.

## VI.

Says I, now my pretty,  
Go back to the city!  
Go back to your theatres, picnics, and balls!  
Go back to your courtiers!  
I'm none of your sporters,  
My charming Beatrice, the maid of Glen Falls.

## THE WOODS OF GROVELAND PARK.

## I.

Beyond the red brick buildings  
 Where countless branches fling  
 Their shadows o'er the winding path  
 My fancy now takes wing—  
 No flight above the lonely hills  
 Invites my genial bark  
 But nature's more beloved haunts—  
 The woods of Groveland Park.

## II.

There often in ye olden days  
 The witless student bore  
 His chunks of tried philosophy  
 And theologic lore,  
 And, seated on some mossy trunk,  
 In hopes to make a mark,  
 Wrestled with problems far beyond  
 The woods of Groveland Park.

## III.

There too, when early spring-time decked  
 The earth with tend'rest green  
 When skies were blue and flowers new  
 O'er all the hills were seen—  
 To robe themselves in nature's charms  
 Or have a quiet spark,  
 St. Paul's unequalled maidens sought  
 The woods of Groveland Park.

## IV.

Nor yet forgotten how they played  
 Whose lives were but begun,  
 Whose faces shone with beauty rare



Beneath the scolding sun  
 Whose young hearts beat with pulse as pure  
 As throbs beneath the bark  
 The vivifying life that wakes  
 The woods of Groveland Park.

## V.

How often when our tasks were o'er,  
 We wandered with our footsteps  
 To pluck the rainbow petals  
 And sweet memories  
 Or seated in some lonely glade  
 Beheld the meadow lark  
 Winging its airy flight beyond  
 The woods of Groveland Park

## VI.

How often when the sun had set  
 Adown the western sky,  
 On yonder path beneath the stars  
 We wandered, you and I—  
 While friendship lit the genial way,  
 Though all the world was dark,  
 As burned the city's lamps behind  
 The woods of Groveland Park.

## VII.

The bud may lose its tender hue,  
 The old-leaf's crimson fade—  
 But love is fresh as when she grew  
 In her eternal glade:  
 Aye, friend, 'tis she that holds the helm  
 And guides my fragile bark,  
 While memory with joy recalls  
 The woods of Groveland Park.

## IN YOUTH'S GOLDEN MORNING.

## I.

In youth's golden morning a young Indian lover  
In sorrow looks down from a dark mountain's brow,  
He thinks of the days ere his bright dreams were over  
Of her whom he loved 'neath the red cedar's bough;  
The green valleys 'neath him in sunshine are waking,  
The bright skies above bend their tend' rest of blue -  
But earth calls in vain when the crushed heart is breaking  
And heaven's pure tints only sadden the view.

## II.

Sadly he thinks of that loved one,  
Thinks of the days that are past  
Quickly they flew as our best pleasures do  
Too golden-hued always to last;  
Slowly he turns to the foot-path  
Holding the half-bended bow,  
Sighing in pain that his best hopes are vain  
And wends to his wigwam below

## III.

How oft in the past when the twilight was falling  
He sailed with his love o'er the clear crystal stream!  
How oft by her tent when the night-birds were calling  
He held her soft hand in the moon's gentle gleam!  
But now in the alders the paddles are lying,  
The light birch-canoe moulders lone on the shore,  
And round the white wigwam the poplars are sighing  
Like him who in sorrow shall sigh ever more

## IV.

Adieu, leafy glens where their best days were squandered!,  
 And thou, too, dark mountain, a last long adieu!  
 The beauties that charmed, while together they wandered,  
 Are vanished and gone like the sweet mountain dew:  
 And thou, lovely one, who in silence is sleeping  
 Where bend the dark cedars o'er yon verdant hill  
 Remembrance still holds in its own sacred keeping  
 And bids him partake of thy loveliness still.

## V.

Sadly he thinks of that loved one  
 Thinks of the days that are past,  
 Quickly they flew as our best pleasures do,  
 Too golden-hued always to last  
 Slowly he turns to his wigwam  
 Sighing that thus they should part  
 Then with a pause  
 The bright dagger he draws,  
 And drives the keen blade to his heart.

## MARY'S ADIEU TO FRANCE.

## I.

Adieu, thou lovely land of France!  
 The only land beloved by me—  
 Where, nourished 'neath thy kindly glance,  
 I passed my tender infancy.

## II.

The ship that tears me from thy smile  
 But bears a captive o'er the sea,  
 My body seeks a friendless isle—  
 My soul, dear France, returns to thee!

III.

And, may it, since it still is thine,  
 In thy remembrance sometimes be  
 And, at the foot of pleasure's shrine,  
 Remind thee with a tear of me.

IV.

Adieu, dear France! while memory lives  
 No brighter scenes I e'er shall know—  
 God only knows the pain it gives,  
 And how unwillingly I go

TO C.

I.

In the stillness of my chamber,  
 Garnished by the festal bough,  
 I weave a crown of mistletoe  
 To place upon thy brow.

II.

But while love gently labours  
 My stricken spirit grieves,  
 And many a teardrop sadly falls  
 Upon the shining leaves.

III.

For, other hands shall fashion  
 The wreath that thou shall wear.  
 And other fingers twine their gifts  
 About your raven hair.

## SPRING.

Sweet season! fairest of thy sister maids!  
 Once more thy beauteous feet are on the hill,  
 Once more thy genial presence haunts the glades,  
 And paints the lea, and colors o'er the hill—  
 Once more to woo thee, loved one, I essay—  
 Nor cold and heartless is thy virgin smile  
 Like those I meet upon life's thorny way,  
 The cursèd breeds of fashion and of guile.

## LINES ON A DECEIVER.

## I.

Did your conscience ever chide you  
 As that fair one sat beside you  
 And you told her of a love you did not feel?  
 Did you know that you would grieve her,  
 As you Satan-like deceived her,  
 With a sorrow that the future ne'er could heal?

## II.

Like a sneaking cur you chased her,  
 Like a Judas you embraced her,  
 Like a poison-ivy wound about her heart—  
 Till in an evil hour,  
 When completely in your power,  
 You steal away her virtue and depart.

## III.

Now she walks alone in sadness  
 Goaded almost into madness  
 Little recking what the future years may bring,

All her best hopes hung about you,  
She was far too pure to doubt you  
When you placed upon her hand that lying ring.

## IV.

When you told her of the marriage,  
Of the black steeds and the carriage—  
Poor, foolish girl, she little knew your aim!  
She little knew the sorrow  
That awaited on the morrow—  
A ruined life, and a dishonored name.

## V.

Her friends in silence pass her,  
With the low out-cast they class her,  
She holds no more a place within the town:  
Her enemies pursue her  
As further to undo her,  
To plunge her lower yet and deeper down.

## VI.

You boast of your transaction—  
You laud the Godless action—  
You tell your mates she was an easy mark!  
She's far beyond your level  
Base hypocritic devil,  
Who wrecked her budding girlhood in the dark.

## VII.

She trusted you, believed you,  
She had not thus deceived you,  
For innocence can never stoop to guile—  
And, even now, though lowly,  
Her soul is pure and holy  
And uncorrupted glistens all the while.

## VIII.

The temple's walls are shattered,  
Its tapestries are tattered,  
It bears the mark of the despoiler's hand—  
But through the broken sashes  
The vestal-fire still flashes  
In undiminished splendor to the land.

## TO C.

## I.

I could look into those glowing eyes forever,  
In which the light of love so fondly thrills,  
Those glorious orbs, that scintillate together  
Like stars of evening o'er my native hills.

## II.

Thy matchless brows that lend their kindred splendour,  
Straight as a raven's wings that soars on high—  
How exquisite of line, how darkly tender  
Beneath the forehead's spotless snows they lie.

## III.

The polished cheeks so delicately tinted,  
The nose a sculptor's hand had loved to trace,  
The well-cut lips with sweetest smile imprinted,  
But add new beauty to thy wond'rous face.

## IV.

And last, nor least, thy rich hair's flowing billows  
Falling about thy girlish shoulders down,—  
How oft on yonder seat beneath the willows  
They mingled happ'ly with these threads of brown!

## V.

Alas, when memory like a phantom carries  
 We twain in spirit to yon sacred grove—  
 No marvel youth delays and fancy tarries  
 To tell once more the old sweet tales of love!

## VI.

Once more methinks the stars are softly shining,  
 And in the west the new moon glistens fair,  
 As in the night, when, on this breast reclining,  
 You sealed our kindred souls forever there.

## VII.

To prison-walls, my beauteous, they assigned thee,  
 Thou art the tenant of a cheerless cell—  
 But thy fair hands have forged the links that bind thee,  
 And hold thee pow'rless as the bonds of hell.

## VIII.

Oh, gladly would I tear the chains asunder  
 That doom thee from thy joys to dwell apart,—  
 But fate is fixed! and heaven with its thunder  
 Forbids the thousand yearnings of the heart.

## SO PASSING FAIR.

## I.

So passing fair—yet holding all  
 The venom of the poisonous vine!  
 Who would have thought that I should fall  
 By tasting of such sweets as thine?  
 Like other fools, I snatched the flow'r  
 But conscious of its outer bloom  
 And places it in an evil hour  
 To decorate—my tomb



## II.

I oft had hoped, in better days  
'Twould blossom in a brighter place—  
But now my dearest hope decays  
With all its promises of grace,  
And naught is left me save the shroud  
That rustles round the darkened pall,  
The rumbling thunder, and the cloud,  
And gloom that covers all.

## III.

Farewell, dear one! I cannot weep,  
So deeply do I feel regret,  
Earth's shattered dreams in death shall sleep—  
But you, I never can forget.  
Yes, come what may, in calm or storm  
Where e'er my pilgrimage may wend,  
I still shall see thy glorious form  
Undimmed unto the end.

## IV.

Farewell! I go, I know not where,  
Borne by the waves and tempest-shocks—  
Nor, in my wand'rings do I care  
How soon I drift upon the rocks.  
Welcome ye winds and breakers roll!  
Your voices are not half so deep  
As those wild throbbings of the soul,  
That will not let me sleep.

## A THOUGHT.

## I.

The twinkling stars of evening one by one  
 Beyond the western hill-tops sadly set,  
 Like agéd friends we say, "their race is run,"  
 Mourn for a time, grow careless, and forget.

## II.

The twinkling stars of morning one by one  
 Fade from the eastern skies at break of day,  
 Like hearts we've loved and lost—we say, "'tis done,"  
 And fain would hide our tears, but weep for aye

## STANZAS SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE.

## I.

A simple picture, one that I  
 Have loved since in that happy land  
 I first received it from thy hand  
 And still shall treasure till I die.

## II.

"In fond remembrance," holy words!  
 The sad o'erflowings of the soul,  
 Sweet as the warbled sounds that roll  
 When spring-time wakes the woodland birds.

## III.

"With loving wishes," yes, dear one,  
 Thou ever wished the best for me,  
 And my desire had been with thee  
 To linger till life's setting sun.

## IV.

But Fate, that harbinger of woe,  
Decreed throu should'st another wed,  
Although thine eyes with tears were red,  
And, icy-visaged, bade me go.

## "I HAVE NO MORE TO SAY."

## I.

Give me back the heart that's broken  
With the hopes of youthful day  
Speak again the words you've spoken—  
For "I have no more to say."

## II.

Years aback, a girl, I met you,  
Listened to your tender lay,  
Little dreamed I'd ne'er forget you—  
But "I have no more to say."

## III.

Fondly then you held my fingers,  
Touched my lips in gentlest way,  
Still the dear impression lingers—  
But, "I have no more to say."

## IV.

Youth is gone, and with youth's morning  
Hope, too, hastened to decay,  
Sunset hour gives saddest warning—  
And, "I have no more to say."

## HAIL, ARDENT LOVE.

Hail, ardent Love, with fever fired,  
In all thy loveliest robes attired!  
How often since it felt thy breath  
Has this frail being longed for death—  
For he who courts thy fickle flame,  
In heart is never all the same.  
And woe to him who woos amiss,  
Whose chosen one can ne'er be his!  
The panting veins surge ever on  
The restless flood till life is gone;  
The quickened heart beats doubly fast,  
All sad and hopeless to the last.  
In vain the wretched suff'rer seeks  
The beauteous bloom of other cheeks—  
In vain his quivering lips may taste  
Their fancied sweets—all, all is waste.  
Before him in the gathering gloom  
He seeks a home, but finds a tomb.  
For, who can take the place of one  
Who turned his thoughts from sun to sun?  
She was his day! she was his light!  
And when she vanished—all was night.  
In vain with books he borrows ease—  
In vain to baffle the disease!  
Ev'n while he reads will fancy trace  
The image of that faultless face,  
And restless air call forth amain  
The dear-loved lineaments again.  
Where e'er he turns, it matters not,  
The undying likeness haunts the spot.

LOVE SHALL LIVE FOREVER.

I.

Dear girl, the ties of early love  
Death has not pow'r to sever,  
Though all else change, there's something tells  
That these shall last forever.

II.

I count my treasures one by one,  
Oft-times of best endeavor,  
And watch them banish, with a smile,  
They cannot last forever.

III.

Suns may be quenched, and systems fall,  
And sages tell us—"never!"  
But Jesus whispers through it all;  
"Yes, love shall last forever."

LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF FATHER  
MORRISCY.

I.

Bid the harp sound in honor of that soul  
Whose virtuous life bespeaks melodious days—  
Whose ev'ry act is centred in one goal,  
The peoples' welfare and the Master's praise.

II.

When great ones die, when conquering kings depart,  
The quarries ring, the sculptor's brow is bent:  
A good man dies—nor is adorned by art—  
His life, his actions, are his monument,

III.

And shall live on when Gizeh's blocks are dust—  
When Rome's last shafts with Tiber's ruins fall—  
When Hellas' glories dwindle to a bust—  
And England marks her empire by a wall!

IV.

That star that shed its mild seraphic light  
From yonder pole when Babel's temples rose,  
Still guides the way-worn trav'ler through the night,  
And cheers the wave-tossed sailor with its glows.

V.

And such is he to those who mourn him now,  
And such shall be to those who shall succeed;  
To him, who gazed upon that God-like brow,  
A changeless type to ev'ry race and creed.

VI.

His life was pure, his sacred name unstained—  
Too bright a soul for these corrupted days,  
When wealth, and pow'r, and influence, are strained  
To grasp the bauble of degenerate praise—

VII.

When blind unheeding fools with garbled tongues  
Dub innocence a sham, and chasten crime—  
When Folly spreads her laws with bursting lungs;  
And Churchmen sell their honor for a dime—

VIII.

When he who labors best is reckoned worst—  
When he is holiest who is most impure—  
When he who seeks but gratitude is cursed;  
And he is deemed a felon who is poor.

IX.

He is not dead! but yet is in our midst,  
And lives, and works, for virtue never dies—  
Still lingers with the lowly, and still bids  
The shattered frame and wretched soul to rise.

TO MY MOTHER.

I.

I shall linger still in the light of thine eyes  
When beyond the western shore  
The burnt-out sun sinks down the skies  
And sets to rise no more.

II.

Those glorious orbs shall glimmer still  
With the love-light as of old  
When the moon hangs ghostly o'er the hill,  
And the smoking stars grow cold.

III.

When the clouds no longer form and fade  
On the wings of the summer air  
I shall see their wonted light and shade  
In the depths of your auburn hair.

TO THE OLD YEAR.

I.

Adieu, old year! another pier  
Looms up in time's unbroken bridge,  
Another arch, that I must tread  
Upon earth's pilgrimage.

## II.

We have been tried companions long,  
And yet, methinks, 'twere but a day,  
So soon our airy moments pass  
So soon they fade away.

## III.

When first I met thee thou wert young,  
My loved one, and I deemed thee fair,  
The light of life was in thy cheek  
And on thy raven hair

## IV.

And when you look me by the hand  
And smiled upon me, I was glad  
I followed thee, nor little dreamed  
I ever should be sad.

## V.

Alas, the change! for scarce the morn  
Had waned ere clouds began to rise,  
And bitter north winds blew their blasts  
Across our genial skies.

## VI.

Few happy days I since have known,  
Oft wand'ring luckless from the way—  
By human faith and demon craft,  
And mortals led astray.

## VII.

But thou thus far hast led me safe  
And now to other hands confide  
The homeless pilgrim journeying  
Across life's treacherous tide



## VIII.

Adieu, old year! the hour is struck!  
And in the sounding skies afar,  
Through boundless and eternal space  
Star echoes it to star.

## A WANDERER'S RESOLUTION.

## I.

My last idol lies on the shore where it fell  
With its promise of heaven and tribute of hell,  
Where oft in the past I have knelt at its shrine,  
And tasted its pleasures, and deemed it divine.

## II.

But alas! for the hopes and the joy, and the trust  
That are fixed upon earth and its wavering dust  
Our dreams are but shadows; reliance, in vain;  
And the happiness sought but the essence of pain.

## III.

That forehead, I thought but a goddess might bear!  
The finely arched brows, what perfection was there!  
The eyes, where all light seemed to soften and dwell,  
So long I admired them—no wonder I fell!

## IV.

The nose that a sculptor would glory to trace;  
The ringlets that fell round the pale oval face;  
The lips, that in hue with the roddan might vie—  
I ne'er shall forget, but their conquests are by.

## V.

Their conquests are o'er, and I turn from the past  
With a sigh for old glories not fated to last,  
With a tear for the hours that too idly were spent,  
And a hope that I yet may have time to repent.

## VI.

The neck that in gracefulness rivalled the breast  
Where the flakes of the mountains unnoticed might rest—  
How oft have I bent o'er that phantom of snow,  
And fancied a warm heart was beating below

## VII.

How oft, dear delusion, that hand I have held,  
And deemed those fair fingers all others excelled!  
How oft in my dreams, when chained fancy was free,  
A lover, I roamed through the woodland with thee!

## VIII.

I saw but the surface, nor dreamed that the touch  
Of thy joys was as deadly as Lucifer's clutch,  
That the taste of thy lips and the sweets of thy breath  
Were the ashes of hell and the odors of death.

## IX.

Let it lie, the dear sham! such deceptors shall be  
Till the dread trumpet echoes o'er mountain and sea,  
Till the region of death calls the last of the race,  
And eternity smiles in the sufferer's face.

## X.

But onward, my soul! for the battle is vain,  
One passion controlled, if a hundred remain—  
If a hundred, ungoverned, enslave us at will,  
Our shackles yet bind! we are prisoners still!

## XI.

'Tis a fight to the end—and he only is brave  
Who lays down his arms by the side of his grave,  
Who, weary and scarred, in the service remains  
Till the last foe is conquered and howling in chains.

## AT THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

## I.

With a look of pain he turns to go,  
Her tiny foot delays—  
For something bids them linger still  
At the parting of the ways.

## II.

A something, aye a something,  
A turning to old days,  
A treasured hope that still endures  
At the parting of the ways.

## III.

He takes her willing hand in his,  
Her eye the act repays—  
For something tells they'll meet again  
At the parting of the ways.

## IV.

A tear drops from his saddened eye,  
His lips to hers he lays,  
And, lovers still, they bid adieu  
At the parting of the ways.

## A SATIRE.

When summer laughs in heartfelt glee around  
And scatters fragrance to the ripening ground  
Then to the fields the laughing urchins go  
Trip over daisied banks and violets low,  
Or, seated 'neath the shade of some tall tree,  
List to the junco's hidden minstrelsy,  
Or, watch the industrious bee, as hour on hour  
It seeks the wondrous treasures of the flow'r,  
Or, when on rich brown pinions, sunbeam-glassed,  
The butterfly all airy launches past,  
Ply the light limbs to overtake the prize  
And see the treasure just before their eyes—  
Yet, when they move to capture, takes quick flight,  
Now up, now down, but never out of sight.  
In quick pursuit: it stoops in soon, and sips  
The fragrant sweetness from the daisies' lips—  
Alas, the pause! for cruel fingers close  
Around its life of glee, the only life it knows—  
Unkindly walls frown o'er its little day,  
For prison dark it quits the flow'ry way,  
Through rounded bars, though yielding, yet secure,  
The warm fair fields would still the imprison'd lure,  
The soft blue sky, inviting, stretches still  
Where waves the dark green cedars o'er the hill,  
And many a gay companion of the lea  
Fills its wee soul with longings to be free.  
Short is the struggle! tiny wings in vain  
Beat the dark dungeon in their maddening pain,  
Till, closer drawn, the walls together pressed,  
Still the sad heart and crush the aching breast.  
With proud-arched eyes the youth in rapture opes  
That murderous hand, that sepulchre of hopes!  
Why creeps those shadows o'er his sloping brow?

Why that dull frown?—he were all joy till now.  
Alas! the beauteous insect crushed and dead  
Sheds no bright beauty from its lowly bed;  
Its wings are stiffening, and the clammy hands  
Hold the fair impress of those scarlet bands—  
Stripped of the lively tints that gave them power  
To charm the eye and gild the passing hour,  
Void of all loveliness— the unfeeling eye  
Turns from the sickly waste the hand casts by.

And so the world, she of the gentler mood  
Surveys the whole and overlooks the good.  
Ere yet the pleasure of her maiden days  
Are varnished o'er by Fashion's sickly glaze—  
Ere yet the fine machinery of the heart  
Is moved by nature's impulse, not by art,  
The outward glamour of material things  
Wins her young heart and lends ambition wings.  
As fairest flow'rs flash soonest on the eye  
She courts the first to pass the lesser by,  
Forgetful that the brightest blossoms hold  
The deadly poison in their matchless mould—  
Forgetful that more lowly petals bound  
The tender cup that scatters joy around.  
Oft-times her wileless amour vilely caught  
Proud madam joys to strangle on the spot,  
Her deadened conscience feels no sickly pain—  
Like Lucifer, she sets her trap again!  
And yet again! till last, her conquest o'er,  
Her brightness gone—she can entice no more.  
And now with wrinkled brow and sordid mien,  
She thinks of all the things she might have been,  
Seeks the dull corner of her darkened room  
Where chiding spectres thron'g the partial gloom—  
And seated there, alone, uncared, unsought,  
Withers, and dies, forgetting and forgot.

HERALDS OF THE SEASONS.

I.

What time the robin warbles in the tree  
 And sunshine gilds the pathway of the bee,  
 When roses open, and, with winsome smile,  
 Earth softly speaks through many a budding aisle—  
 Know that the Spring, the genial spring is here  
 With love's own sweets, the earliest of the year.

II.

What time the herds the half-dried rivers wade,  
 Or on the hillsides seek the wooded shade,  
 When apples redden in the fiery ray,  
 And the slow dial tells the lengthened day—  
 Know that the Summer with a generous hand  
 Scatters its rip'ning favours o'er the land.

III.

What time the reaper whets the ringing scythe,  
 And o'erworked bees no longer leave the hive,  
 When through the night the early frosts come down  
 And on the ridge the leaves are turning brown—  
 Know that the Autumn bids us take once more  
 The weighted fruitage of her copious store.

IV.

What time the leafless tree hangs low and cold,  
 And grasses wither in a living mould,  
 When low sweet warblings lull to rest no more,  
 And dark grey clouds hang round the western shore—  
 Know that the Winter comes with all its blast,  
 And hands despotic rule the land at last.

## THE SYLVAN BOWER.

## I.

There is a spot that I love well,  
'Tis 'neath the cedar's soft green bough,  
And, but the whisp'ring winds may tell  
Its sylvan beauty: oh, that thou,  
Sweet one! wouldst seek that fair retreat  
And with me share the blissful seat!

## II.

A silver stream meanders by,  
And, as it wanders, sweetly sings  
Of many a spot no longer nigh;  
And there to rest their weary wings  
The wheeling swallows oft delay  
When sunset tints the dying day.

## III.

Upon a cliff of purple hue  
A tasselled pine in silence gleams,  
And o'er it bend the tend'rest blue  
Of northern skies: to me, it seems  
As if the gods themselves might dwell  
In that sweet place and love it well.

## IV.

And I have sought companionship  
And found it there, and loved to hear  
The tender words from many a lip  
Low-echoed through the thickets near,  
And ev'ry trembling leaf and flower  
Brought joy into my sylvan bow'r.

## V.

The red-breast there may warble long  
His lay of love, and o'er the stream  
His mate return its fitting song;  
And there the drowsy owl may dream,  
And, nodding in its caverned room,  
Sleep happy in the twilight gloom;

## VI.

The chickadee from limb to limb  
Flit through the long, long summer day;  
And in the far recesses dim  
Be heard the laughter of the jay;  
While low and hollow echoes come  
From ridges where the partridge drum;

## VII.

And here the moose-bird winds its horn;  
And there the woodcock's hammer sounds;  
And, where the redly-laden thorn  
Bends heavy o'er the sedgy grounds,  
The lonely bittern drives his stakes  
Half hidden in the yellow brakes;

## VIII.

The raven with its sterner cry  
May loiter here; and, on the streams,  
The lordly duck go sailing by  
To nest where'er its mate bedeems;  
And through the wood, the monarch moose  
Roam scathless 'neath the virgin spruce.

## IX.

The softest carpet spreads its green  
Beneath the stately trunks, that rise



Unto a world of leaves; between  
Is many a fairy path, that lies  
Methinks alone for lovers' feet—  
That yours, mayhap and mine, should greet.

## X.

There spring-time knows its tend'rest leaf;  
And summer's bloom hath sweetest smell:  
There autumn's days are all too brief  
So love!y is the tinted dell;  
And winter's snow seems yet more white  
Beneath the long December night.

## XI.

And I have builded in that place  
A marble palace—'tis for you,  
Sweet maid! and only you may grace  
Its sculptured halls of saffron hue!  
Those glittering floors of purest pearl  
Are for thy tiny feet, sweet girl!

## XII.

And only they shall echo o'er  
The paths that angels may not tread,  
And only thou shalt ope yon door  
And lead where none before have led:  
If not—then fall, O kindly tow'r,  
And crush me 'neath my sylvan bow'r!

## ALICE.

## I.

Last eve my heart with sadness wept  
For one no longer here,  
And now another day has come,  
And all the sky is clear,  
But memory's cloud still forms and floats  
Above the fields of ripened oats.

## II.

'Tis noon: I linger in the glade  
Where late the reaper stood,  
And, in brown sheaves, upon the ground,  
Red-stained with Autumn's blood,  
I see the grain that yesterday  
Swung beauteous in the sunset ray:

## III.

The yellow buttercup that smiled  
And nodded in the breeze;  
The modest daisy rimmed with white;  
And fairer flow'rs than these—  
Are fallen! as we too shall fall.  
For Time's bright blade hangs over all.

## IV.

And she for whom I mourn, she loved  
Those withered flow'rs and called them friends,  
And she like them has passed away,  
And, like a flow'r, her young life ends,  
She was as bright, her days as few,  
She seemed but come to bid adieu.

## V.

Wing on fond spirit! would that I  
 Were now as happy and as free—  
 Soar on athrough yon cloudless sky,  
 Where I have long desired to be!  
 A few short years, and, by thy side,  
 I, too, shall through the heavens glide.

## VI.

A few short years—for something tells  
 'Twill not be long—oh, speed the time!  
 Ring out, ring out funeral bells!  
 And sad winds, gather in the lime—  
 Thy shade is sweet, oh, sorrowed tree—  
 I come to thee! I come to thee!

## A DREAM.

## I.

I laid me down beneath the shade  
 Of yonder tree to sleep,  
 There was no wind, the night was still,  
 The moon upon the deep,  
 And as I lay in silence there—  
 From out the woods aback  
 A lovely maiden neared the spot,  
 And gently whispered, "Jack!"

## II.

I heard: the voice was soft and sweet  
 Though touched with sadness now,  
 And sorrow's lines were dimly traced  
 Upon that snowy brow,

The eyes still held their old-time light  
But tears had changed their glance,  
They shone like clouded stars at night  
Through the heaven's wide expanse

## III.

I rose: the touch of that white hand  
Could thrill as oft of yore,  
Nor was I startled though the form  
That of a phantom bore!  
Thin as the clear, cool air that leaps  
Upon the mountain's brow  
When cold December's nights are bleak  
Was that enchantress now.

## IV.

A tiny bark lay anchored near  
That with the gentle swell  
Of the pulsing tide moved tremblingly  
As the waters rose and fell,  
The sea-weed grasped the anchor-rift,  
And the sails all snowy hung  
Like fleecy clouds from the far-off skies—  
That fell on the masts and clung.

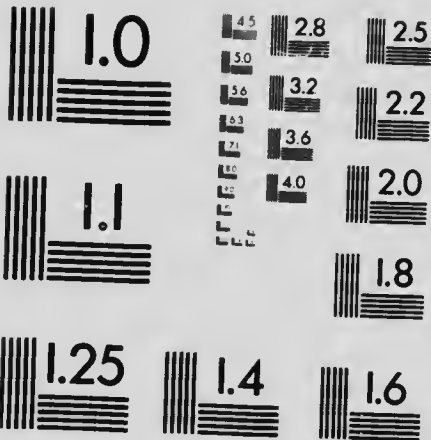
## V.

The fair enchantress reached her deck,  
I knew but to follow now—  
"Come Jack!" she said, "we'll sit tonight  
Far out on the moonlit prow,  
You need not fear, for the wind is low  
And no ruffle is on the sea,  
I loved you once in the long ago  
And still you are dear to me."



# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

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## VI.

And safely come, she spread for me  
 In soon and by her side,  
 A rich-dyed crimson robe that fell  
 Half down to the purple tide:  
 "Now seat thee there, my lover lad,"  
 She said, "and thou shalt know  
 The tale of all my suff'rings since  
 We parted long ago.

## VII.

I listed me, and the words she spoke  
 Still ring in my sorrowed ear—  
 But the restless voice of the morning woke,  
 And I oped my eyes with a tear—  
 For the bark had vanished, and she was gone,  
 And I was alone on the shore,  
 And the first faint rays of the rising dawn  
 Tinted the heavens o'er.

## LOVE'S PLEADINGS.

Oh, tell me not, "it cannot be,"  
 For that is more than I can bear!  
 My soul is plunged in misery—  
 But that would drive me to despair.  
 In pity hear! for only you  
 Of all this world can ease my pain,  
 Dear absent one, I love but you,  
 And, without you, my life is vain.

## OUT OF THE LIFE OF YESTERDAY.

## I.

Out of the life of yesterday  
Into another world  
The man of years, the child at play,  
Like withered leaves are whirled—  
And yet, the world goes on in sin  
As if the dead had never been.

## II.

Out of the life of yesterday  
Into another sphere  
The ones we loved have passed away,  
They are no longer here,  
Their lives were pure, they hated sin—  
We strive to be what they have been.

## III.

Out of the life of yesterday  
Into another life,  
A tale as old as the mountains grey  
As the struggle and the strife—  
And the world does not change! but lives begin  
And are won or lost by what others have been.

## A THOUGHT.

How happy, oh God, could I sink to the grave  
Were I only but certain, that when  
I had ended this life that the spirit Thou gave  
Thou'dst receive to Thy bosom again.



## THE VINE STILL CLINGS.

The vine still clings to the oaken bole,  
When the driving storm is past,  
When its gnarled limbs like broken toys  
On the withered heath are cast,  
And round the rifts of the lightning shaft  
It winds its leafy hands,  
Companion still to its sturdy friend  
Half-rooted from the sands.

And so in the checkered walks of life,  
When adverse seasons frown,  
When you fail in the struggle and the strife,  
And fortune weighs you down—  
One Friend at least, like the tender vine,  
A helping hand will tend  
Will soothe the wounds that time has made,  
And be faithful to the end.

## A TURNING TWO WAYS.

I.

I have sought for a peace that the world cannot give  
I have searched for a calm that might last,  
Till I long for the time when in truth I shall live  
And the woes of this life shall be past.  
O perishing joys! how they flicker and fade  
Like coals on a desolate hearth,  
Till nothing is left but the pick and the spade,  
And darkness, and six feet of earth.

## II.

When first at the knee of my mother I knelt  
 And lisped the sweet prayer that she taught,  
 I knew not the joy that that moment I felt  
 Nor the woes that should fall to my lot—  
 And often I've thought, if the years could return  
 To the days of the dear vanished past,  
 How gladly I'd give all my future to learn  
 That my best hopes were answered at last.

## ADIEU SWEET MAID.

## I.

Adieu, sweet maid, I have loved thee well,  
 But the time has come to go  
 The pain it gives I ne'er may tell  
 Nor thy trusting heart e'er know:  
 And, when far by the wild waves tossed  
 The good ship sails o'er the distant sea,  
 I still shall think of the one I've lost  
 And grieve that it e'er should be.

## II.

Oh, tell me not I shall e'er forget  
 And brighter forms caress,  
 I oft shall wish we ne'er had met  
 Yet may not love thee less—  
 For alas! what charms compare  
 With those which still I fain would see?  
 The loveliest maids were only fair  
 As they resembled thee.

## III.

Adieu, ye hills and winding streams  
 I ne'er shall see you more  
 Ye, too, have mingled in my dreams—  
 A part of all that's o'er.  
 But, away! the sad winds call,  
 The red sun sets, the blue waves swell—  
 Adieu, sweet maid! the shadows fall—  
 But all may yet be well.

## TO CHRISTINA.

## I.

Christina, Christina, my heart hath grown weary  
 Of watching and waiting, my loved one, for thee;  
 The spring-time hath come, but the world is still dreary—  
 Without thy dear presence 'tis cheerless to me.

## II

'Twas the light of thine eyes that I saw on the waters,  
 The red of thy lips in the sunsets' last glow—  
 Oh, yes, 'twas thee only, earth's fairest of daughters!  
 That made all seem bright in this dark world below.

## III.

Come back to the waters, oh light that is fading!  
 Come back to the sunset, oh tint that I knew!  
 And lift from my soul the dark cloud that is shaking  
 The exquisite beauties of nature and you!

## A PICTURE OF HYPOCRISY.

## I.

The poor heart beating low in life  
 In vain may seek for sympathy,  
 Amidst the turmoil and the strife  
 There's not but self-satiety—  
 I've found it, and on ev'ry hand  
 The gilded hydra rules the land.

## II.

See Wealth from out its garnished hall,  
 Still envious of the poor man's lot,  
 Upon some humble rustic fall,  
 And drive him begging from his cot:  
 The ruthless panther scarce could show  
 Less pity to its fallen foe!

## III.

They mourn because a life hath gone,  
 They throng around the senseless clay,  
 They gaze upon the features wan,  
 And grieve for one death snatched away—  
 O, idle tears! Were their eyes dim  
 When cut-throats persecuted him?

## IV.

In silken robes they strut about;  
 Their horses are of purest breed;  
 The thought is in their minds, no doubt,  
 That other Adams lived, indeed,—  
 And we, the populace—ahem!  
 Were only meant as slaves for them.

## V.

That flashy dress that they so prize —  
 What is it but a grub's cocoon;  
 That mansion, glittering 'neath the skies,  
 Will one day be a nameless ruin;  
 And they themselves with all their lust  
 Be but a worm-dish in the dust.

## VI.

How oft must brui-t's spirit gaze  
 Astonished at the dismal sight,  
 To see such rottenness and craze  
 So fill his skin! and if at night  
 The caterpillar's ghost should come —  
 'Twould be immediately struck dumb.

## VII.

On Sabbath-day we see them go,  
 Ten after time, to church (of course),  
 Along the street, a holy show!  
 (I hope to heaven there's nothing worse)  
 And when the door is op'ed at last —  
 Silk, satin, broad-cloth, hurries past.

## VIII.

And who is this that up the aisle  
 Comes tripping on a dancer's toe,  
 Her lips half-puckered to a smile,  
 And twisting, turning, to and fro?  
 Oh, that's Miss ——— she'd tread dry-shod  
 Upon the very feet of God.

## IX.

And here's another idle bloat  
 Tramps in, as though he owned the place —

I wonder if he owns his coat,  
 And that white collar round his face!  
 I'd venture much his laundry-bill  
 Lies heavy in his pocket still!

## X.

And close behind, yet far enough  
 Away to show to perfect style,  
 Bound in five yards of silken stuff,  
 Miss ——— comes stalking up the aisle,  
 Nor ever looks to left or right—  
 She dare not, for she's laced too tight!

## XI.

The door once more is opened wide  
 And ——— enters, ——— next,  
 The very dregs of human pride!  
 Old Nick, himself, seems sorely vexed—  
 To turn is but a moment's thought—  
 He vanishes! ne'er saw such rot.

## XII.

——— enters after, with a cough,  
 And saunters to his destined den—  
 A second's time, his guise is off,  
 'Tis simply one of ———'s men—  
 Picks up a book for a pretext,  
 And turns to see who's coming next.

## XIII.

Oh, simply poor Miss ———, and  
 "Such shoes to wear! forsaken souls—  
 Oh, I must have my book in hand!"  
 And then his eyes aloft he rolls:  
 The fair young maiden passes on—  
 And ——— follows, with a yawn.

## XIV.

A minute more, and through the door  
 A bustle and a rustle comes  
 Such as is heard, when, summer o'er,  
 The partridge in the autumn drums,  
 And, well assisted by his grace,  
 Miss M. Y. O. B. takes her place.

## XV.

From number 55 to 4,  
 From 4 to 2, from 2 to 1  
 She moves along the scounding floor  
 This female hill, this walking tou-  
 The seat howls loudly when she sits  
 And when she kneels, the floor has fits.

## XVI.

A volume richly fraught, and bound  
 All softly to her senseless touch,  
 With golden clasps, and sheath'd round  
 With pearl, lies close in mada's clutch  
 The glittering metal wins her eye  
 The sacred page she hurries by.

## XVII.

Mayhap the pictured index now  
 May win her heart to holier things,  
 That angel with its placid brow,  
 Its snowy feet, and feathery wings,  
 Inspire her—but, alas! she turns,  
 While hell-fire in her bosom burns!

## XVIII

Some careless vagrant from behind,  
 Wrapped in devotion's stillness there,

(To all save God and death resigned)  
Per accidens hath touch'd her hair  
"Mayhap some plume hath been destroyed!  
'Tis vexing to be thus annoy'd!"

## XIX.

' I'll cut her with indignant look"  
Groans madam 'neath her fiery breath,  
While to her very toes she shook,  
"That she'll remember unto death"  
Within the house of God, 'twould be  
Much sin to shout aloud, thought she.

## XX.

Volcanos and their lurid light  
Are naught to fiery woman's glance;  
The meteor through the darkened night  
Flashes brightly o'er the wide expanse,  
Burns for a moment, and is gone—  
But anger's glow lives ever on.

## XXI.

Ye hypocrites! ye living lies!  
Ye moving monuments of hell!  
You have no temple 'neath the skies  
Except the gilded face of Bel,  
Your heaven's here, and mirter's mould  
The only god you worship—Gold!



## MY WANDERING STAR.

## I.

My wand'ring star, I ne'er shall see  
Thy fair flame in the skies again,  
Those liquid beams that smiled on me  
No more shall light my native glen,  
Fond star, thou wilt no longer shine  
As whilom in the evening skies—  
That glorious light that once was mine  
Lies mirrored in another's eyes.

## II.

What care I where my feet may tread  
With thou not near to lead the way!  
Adown the west, all seared and red,  
I watched thy last receding ray—  
'Twill come no more! the mountain's rim  
Lies 'twixt me and its soothing gleam—  
Mine eyes with tears, alas! are dim—  
My soul wrapped in a troubled dream.

## III.

Come Death! this heart shall never know  
The peaceful quiet that it craves  
Till all my sadness and my woe  
Lie slumb'ring in forgotten graves.  
Oh, lead me to that silent land  
Across the crimson clouds afar!  
Oh, lead me with thy cold white hand—  
There to await my wand'ring star!

## RAIN, RAIN, DREARY RAIN.

## I.

Rain, rain, dreary rain,  
Rain, rain, cold rain,  
Pattering, splattering,  
Striking on the window pane!  
Why's the world so sad to-day?  
Why comes there no pleasing ray?  
Not save thou, to cloud the way  
Rain, rain, dreary rain!

## II.

Rain, rain, dreary rain,  
Thou ne'er knew the weary pain  
Muttering, fluttering,  
Ever in this weary soul,—  
Ever and forever here  
Sighing in a long despair  
Crushing 'neath its weight of care—  
Rain, rain, dreary rain!

## III

Rain, rain, dreary rain,  
Wearily I sob in vain;  
Slumbering, wakening  
All is but a sorrowed pain;  
Gladly would I bid adieu  
To the weary world and you,  
Seek the cavern's sombre hue  
Rain, rain, dreary rain!

## A ROMANCE.

## I.

"Harold, Harold, is it here  
The white bones are mould'ring near  
Where the dew is on the stone—  
Harold, Harold, all alone?"

## II.

"Let all who love but to betray  
In such vile dungeons pass away!  
E'en time such acts will not condone—  
Harold, Harold, all alone!"

## III.

So spoke the offspring of the maid  
Whom Harold heartlessly betrayed—  
And, as to life once more allied,  
The dry and tongueless jaws replied:

## IV.

"I was once a laddie gay  
From fair France I sailed away,  
For this place I left the Rhone—  
Harold, Harold, all alone.

## V.

"She was fair! No flow'r that grew  
Held the beauty that she knew!  
But I left her there to moan—  
Harold, Harold, all alone.

## VI.

“Many a tear those dark eyes shed,  
 Bowed with grief that once proud head:  
 Not but hell can now atone—  
 Harold, Harold, all alone.

## VII.

“In this place I perished quite,  
 Sunshine passed to endless night:  
 She has reached a happier zone—  
 Harold, Harold, all alone.

## VIII.

“Oh loss! of earthly-welded woes  
 The greatest pain a mortal knows!  
 Hers ended; mine shall ne'er be flown—  
 Harold, Harold, all alone.”

## A SATIRE.

Heart-sick and weary to my couch I stole  
 While countless demons wrenched my bleeding soul;  
 The waking hours had all too slowly passed,  
 But soothing sleep would seal the eyes at last:  
 Without, the moon hung shivering in the sky,  
 The stars burned paler, and the storm was nigh.

Oh, joy, to watch the gathering tempest rise,  
 To feel its breath! yea, more than to be wise.  
 The learn'd fool pores o'er the glistening page,  
 Crams his small brain, and deems himself a sage,  
 Adjusts his glasses so to fit his nose,  
 Blinks his dull eyes, and thus he plodding goes—

From Helen revelling on Scamander's lea  
 To Bernard's belles and Euclid's A. B. C.  
 Lo! what capacity my lord displays!  
 His duncéd brain flows over with amaze;  
 And strangled fancy, oft compelled to please  
 Before this fool puts genius on her knees.  
 The heroed-page well-conned he passes o'er  
 And sees himself in all that went before,  
 And thrones are shaken 'neath his spectral rage,  
 As, thunder-hoofed, he hurries down the age,  
 Till, with a crash, the bubble bursts—Alas!  
 He finds he's not a hero, but an ass.

### ODE TO ANIT.

#### I.

I hear the waves of the far-off ocean  
 Plashing upon some southern isle,  
 And the feathery palm in gentlest motion  
 Bends to the freshening winds the while,  
 And the sun looks down with its genial smile  
 From the fair blue plains where the white clouds pile  
 Mile upon mile in a sweet devotion.

#### II.

I see the shore, it is bright with coral  
 And rich with many an ocean gem,  
 And the encenite 'mid fantastic sorrel  
 Mingles its watery beads with them,  
 And the lily-stone on its purple stem  
 Frowns 'neath its scarred and glittering helm,  
 While the suicidal lingthorns quarrel.

## III.

High on the rich green lawn that spreads  
 Soft and fresh 'neath the cocoa bough,  
 Fair as the fairest flow'r that weds  
 That virgin soil, she is resting now—  
 A sweet young girl, of angelic brow,  
 And her billowed hair, by the winds taught how  
 To wave in a softer beauty, than  
 Ne'er knew in the land where the maple reds.

## IV.

Flushed with the hue of the op'ning rose  
 The sea-shells gleam on the sanded shore  
 But I pass from their crimson tints to those  
 That their delicate spirals never wore  
 Nor the touch of the painter's brush is there  
 But an infinite something exquisite more  
 Such as angels' eyes, mayhap, of yore  
 Viewed where the dark Euphrates flows  
 When Eve was young and the world more fair.

## V.

Rich are her eyes, and the soothing light  
 That deeply dwells in those matchless spheres  
 Falls as the first faint gleams at night  
 From the peeping stars, or the moon that rears  
 Its silvery crest ere it disappears  
 In the western sky, or the dawn that nears  
 With its dappled glow o'er the hilltops white.

## VI.

To the boundless deep her gaze is turned  
 With a longing look, and a sorrowed sigh  
 Breaks from those matchless lips that burn  
 With the roddan glare of our northern sky—

And the plashing waves make lone reply,  
 And the echoes wander about and die,  
 And the list'ning flow'rs that inward yearn  
 For the touch of her snowy fingers burn  
 Impatiently in the grasses nigh.

## VII.

Up from the west a sea-gull flings  
 Its pinions white on the evening air --  
 But the shimmering gleam of its snowy wings  
 Unnoticed pass in the sunset glare--  
 Unwelcomed it mounts in its beauty rare--  
 Uncalled by the lonely watcher there,  
 While her breast beats low in its sorrowings.

## VIII.

A snowy cloud from the west looms up,  
 All fair 'gainst the warmer shade it glides,  
 And the sun's last gleams o'er the glancing tides  
 Falls from the gilded edge as it rides:  
 The maiden's hand is above her brow!  
 And her eyes on the far-off distance now  
 Eagerly watches the cloud as it strides.

## IX.

But the wind crept up; and the cloud went out;  
 And the maiden wept when the twilight came,  
 And the listening birds in the trees about  
 Sobbed as they heard, and the first wee flame  
 Of a star in the east one moment burned  
 Then quenched its light and never returned.

## X.

The moon rose red from behind the sea  
 And gazed o'er the world with an eye of fire--

But the sight of that young heart's agony  
 Touched its warm breast, and in soft attire  
 It hid 'neath a cloud, and a show'r that fell  
 Full soon on the leaves of that island dell  
 Were the tears that it shed, and it rose no higher.

## XI.

A far-off bell pealed out in the night,  
 And sad and lonely the echoes died;  
 And the mermaids rose on the billows white  
 And with lanterns gazed o'er the purple tide.  
 But 'twas only the knell of a fallen star—  
 That had ceased to live in the sky afar—  
 So they sunk again to their coral bar.

## XII.

And still she weeps: and the midnight hour  
 Fans the pure snows of her bosom weak,  
 And the wind-swept leaves of that island bower  
 Dry the cold tears from her fevered cheek—  
 And the storm breaks over the ocean bleak,  
 And the sky is lit by the lightning streak,  
 And the giant waves like mountains tower.

## XIII.

Sweet maiden, why dost thou sorrow so?  
 The years are many and thou art fair!  
 Alas! she loved in the long ago,  
 But her lover lad is no longer there—  
 And his stately ship with its white sails curled  
 Will come up no more from the under-world,  
 And her pure young life is a life of woe—  
 For a face burns deep in her bosom yet  
 That she truly loved and shall never forget.



## TO GERALDINE.

I send you for a Christmas gift  
 A precious gem that sparkles clear—  
 Take it, and wear it in your heart—  
 A tear!

## THE TRAITORS.

God help those curs though hailing from afar  
 O'er whose fair regions shines the northern star—  
 Who curse their king to take up sterner yokes,  
 And change their principles as men their cloaks.

## MARITZA.

## I.

Maritza, Maritza, thy valleys are sweet,  
 And the breath of thy roses the nostrils may charm,  
 Yet would I exchange for the land of the wheat  
 For the barley that browns on my far northern farm;  
 The hillsides are wild with the songs of the birds—  
 Yet to my sorrowed bosom they speak not of joy,  
 For my heart still will echo the soft warbled words  
 That held me enraptured when I was a boy.

## II.

Maritza, Maritza, thy maidens are fair,  
 And their robes are the richest that wealth can procure,  
 From the silken-clad feet to the dark turbaned hair  
 Their garments perfection's true outline immure—  
 Yet the blossom-decked bow'rs where my foot-steps have  
 strayed

When the moon through the branches peeped lowly and coy,  
 Still fling their dark boughs o'er a fair northern maid  
 And whisper sweet sounds that I loved when a boy

## III.

Maritza, Maritza, mine eyes have grown sad,  
 And the wrinkles that furrow this brow are more deep,  
 Life's sun will soon set, and the world, sable-clad,  
 Wrap round the poor exile the shadows of sleep.—  
 Yet would I return to the land that I love!  
 For I ne'er can forget, though it sought to destroy,  
 The spirit that fled from the maple-clad grove,  
 And doomed me a wand'rer when only a boy.

## ANTIGONISH HARBOR AT SUNSET.

## I.

The evening sun in robes of red  
 Sinks slowly to its welcome bed,  
 The last warm gleams are on the rills,  
 The meadows, and the rugged hills,  
 And color to the horizon's verge  
 The surface of the distant surge  
 Where many an island light lies  
 Beneath the clear unclouded skies,  
 Its wooded shores and twinkling bays  
 Refulgent in the dying blaze,  
 The weary sea-gulls oaring home  
 Fling from their wings the dancing foam  
 That glitters 'neath their pinions white  
 Like flakes of silver in the light,  
 Far out upon the waters blue  
 An Indian sails his bark canoe,  
 His way beyond a headland bent,

Where rests in shade his lonely tent—  
 He rounds the point! 'tis darkening now,  
 And, save on Sugar Loaf's high brow  
 Where still the evening embers gleam,  
 Sol's glories are no longer seen.  
 Soon these in dimness fade away—  
 And twilight marks the close of day

### THE SAD NEWS.

#### I.

It sounded like a funeral dirge  
 Smote from a hundred lyres,  
 Or the echos of the sorrowed surge—  
 As the wind swept o'er the wires.

#### II.

And, as I near'd yonder ville  
 And caught its pointed spires,  
 I dreamed that she was living still—  
 As the wind swept o'er the wires.

#### III.

But sob on sob the message came,  
 And smould'ring were the fires  
 Within a home I dare not name—  
 As the wind swept o'er the wires.

#### IV.

"O God!" I cried, "it cannot be!"  
 Yet vain my fond desires!  
 Sweet Alice slumbered peacefully,  
 As the wind swept o'er the wires.

## "MY HEART IS WITH THE VIOLIN."

## I.

"How lovely is that mansion fair  
That he has built, oh, amorous queen!  
The choicest flow'rs are op'ning there,  
And spring calls forth her tend'rest green,  
The brook's low murmur fills the glade  
With love tales where our feet have been—  
Come forth! release your desert shade,  
And yonder time-worn violin!"

## II.

She turned all sadly from the place,  
And kindred spirits thronged her round,  
A mother kissed the sad sweet face,  
And thus she left the parent ground.  
Alas, the change! her trembling lips  
Their own sad story soon begin—  
For ere the sun in sorrow dips,  
She hears the long-loved violin.

## III.

"Once more, dear one, thy fingers steal  
All softly o'er the trembling strings,  
Once more within my soul I feel  
The sorrowed tale thy music brings.  
I wedded! God! that fatal hour  
Hath plunged me in a world of sin,  
For, though another haunts my bow'r—  
My heart is with the violin.

## IV.

"I still can see the lighted room,  
Upon the hearth the kindling blaze,

And, like a spectre through the gloom,  
 The conquest of my maiden days:  
 He takes the bow, but with a tear,  
 As if it pained him to begin,  
 Once more the dreamy waltz I hear—  
 My heart is with the violin!

## V.

"Still must it be! for we were one  
 Since fair creation's primal day,  
 Nor all the pow'rs beneath the sun  
 Can tear those kindred links away!  
 Oh, that this troubled heart might break  
 And I a happier life begin  
 Till angel fingers once more wake  
 The echoes of the violin."

## THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

## I.

'Tis night; a thousand twinkling gems  
 Shine glorious in an eastern sky,  
 The moon pours forth her lovelier light  
 O'er Ab'rim's plains and mountains high;  
 Across yon sea, that lonely laves  
 The time-scarred banks of Reuben's shore,  
 The night winds curl the dark-blue waves  
 And pass to Syrian deserts o'er.

## II.

They seem to whisper as they go  
 Glad tidings from that lovely land  
 Where Kedron moves its waters slow,  
 And Gihon glistens in the sand

Glad tidings o'er the deserts pale,  
 Where many a dreaming Arab hears  
 The echoes of the fairest tale  
 That e'er was breathed to mortal ears.

## III.

Away upon the broad green hills  
 That sentinel Antuben's flow  
 The shepherds by the grassy rills,  
 Are resting with their flocks of snow —  
 The crook amongst the scattered stones  
 Lies where at evening it was flung,  
 And, mingled with the wind's low tones,  
 Come echoes in the Arabian tongue.

## IV.

Up from the far horizon's rim  
 A fair star launches forth its light!  
 Pale is the others' glow and dim  
 Before that messenger of night,  
 Stately it strides, and ever on —  
 Nor cloud nor winds its course delay —  
 Lighting the land as when at dawn  
 The sun's rays tint the Milky Way.

## V.

And now the vale of Kedron gleams  
 All silv'ry 'neath its wooded hills;  
 And yonder walled town that dreams  
 So silently by Hinnam's rills  
 Takes up the splendor of the night  
 To battlements and turrets lone —  
 While on Moriah's rocky height  
 Burns the proud temple, stone on stone

## VI.

The shepherds see that wond'rous star  
 And watch it as it comes more near,  
 With joy they hailed its lights afar  
 But now their hearts beat low with fear,  
 They know not but it may presage  
 Some dreadful doom that soon shall come,  
 And, darkly ignorant of the age,  
 They gaze in speechless horror—dumb!

## VII.

Sudden, upon the lighted ground  
 A youth in glorious garb appears,  
 A golden harp about him wound  
 That echoes ever as he nears!  
 "Fear not, good shepherds, do not fear,  
 For I most joyous tidings bring—  
 In Bethlehem of Juda near  
 I lead you to your new-born king."

## VIII.

He said: and passed they till the light  
 Made pause above a caverned hill,  
 A lonely spot, where, housed each night  
 An ox and ass found shelter still;  
 There through the burning days of sun  
 These twain had sought a genial fold  
 And now, the winter storms begun,  
 Found shelter from the biting cold

## IX.

The strangers entered in, and fair,  
 In swaddling clothes upon the ground,  
 A lovely babe was slumb'ring there,  
 Wrapped with mysterious splendor round;

And paused they by that humble cot,  
And each with bended knee adored—  
Taught by the voice of angels—taught  
To know and love their Sovereign Lord.

## X.

Sweet are the sound' whose echoes die  
Beyond the grey and crumbling walls,  
And many an unseen harper nigh  
From golden strings sweet music calls.  
The shepherds hear, and with glad thought  
Turn Pious from the rock-hewn door,  
And, backward, reach that lonely spot  
Where they had left their flocks before.

## XI.

And all night long that trembling star  
Poured its white light o'er Kedron's wave,  
And all night long its beacon far  
Kindled the shades of Raphael's grave:  
The moon sunk low; the wakening breeze  
Blew freshening o'er the ruffled sea;  
The dawn looked forth above the trees—  
And still it shone all gloriously.

## XII.

Long years have passed: that star is dim;  
And mortals of these lesser days  
All vainly watch the horizon's rim  
To catch its first returning rays.  
Yet, do I love to linger there  
Upon the snowy hilltops' white,  
When all the summer trees are bare,  
And dream of that first Christmas night.



## WHY DO I WATCH YON TWINKLING STAR.

## I.

Why do I watch yon twinkling star  
That trembles in the nightly sky?  
Its light from me is distant far  
Its fair companions are on high:  
The pale breeze answers as it dies—  
“It beams on thy fair lady’s eyes.”

## II.

Why do I watch the sunset fade  
Behind the western hills away,  
And love to linger o’er the glade  
To catch its last receding ray?  
The brook makes answer from the gloom—  
“It colours thy fair lady’s room.”

## III.

Why do I watch the dappled dawn,  
And call the red gleam o’er the sea,  
And court the crimson waves that fawn  
About my feet all lovingly?  
A voice comes from the restless deep—  
“It wakes thy lady from her sleep.”

## IV.

And do I love thee then so well,  
And, loving, love but thee alone?  
Alas! ’tis true! I dare not tell  
How deeply—only sob and moan,  
And sigh, and hope, at times, that thou  
Wilt one day love as I do now.

## TO EVANGELINE.

Hang up a sprig of mistletoe  
 For me above my vacant chair,  
 And wear a few green leaves for me  
 Within your golden hair.

## TO MARY.

Dear Mary, for thy Christmas gift  
 I send thee priceless store:  
 A tear for happy seasons past;  
 A sigh that they are o'er.

## WHAT I LOVE.

## I.

I love to gaze o'er the boundless deep  
 When the storm is shrieking wild,  
 When the waves are lashing the time-worn steep  
 And the spirit of night hath piled  
 His monst'rous shades on the caverned sea  
 Where the mermaid sings in her elfish glee:

## II.

"Come out, come out on the dancing wave  
 Where the waters white round my pillows lave!  
 Come out and woo the fair sea king's bride  
 And be my companion, and sit by my side!  
 In a fairy palace we two shall dwell  
 In some lovely spot 'neath the heaving swell!"

## III.

I love to look at the setting sun,  
 To see him depart when the day is done,  
 To look on the last faint gleam that falls  
 From the time-scarred tops of the western walls,  
 To hear the last notes of returning birds  
 As they wing to their nests with their low sweet words;

## IV.

"We come, we come to the leafy home  
 Through the pale blue depths of the skyey dome,  
 Our wings are weary, but soon to rest  
 We shall fold them close in the downy nest,  
 And the fresh night breezes will bring sweet dreams  
 From the clouded hills and the inland streams."

## A SONNET.

Call me a heartless cynic! say I'm cold  
 And love the things that tend to sadden life—  
 I was not always thus! nor even now  
 In the true bearings of reality  
 Hid 'neath this surface rugged and austere,  
 Walk forth the thing I seem. I've known delight,  
 Yea, joy that rose to madness! which perhaps,  
 Has thrown around that icy atmosphere  
 That makes me what I am. From the dead past  
 A thousand phantoms of those genial times  
 Arise in all their matchless liveries  
 And outward forms of ecstasy, to hold  
 Me to the things that are not—yet more dear  
 In night and shadows than the things that are.

## DOWN, DOWN, DOWN.

## I.

Down, down, down,  
And the restless waves of the sea  
In dark battalions dash,  
I can hear them splash  
As they roll their depths over me.

## II.

Down, down, down,  
Where the sea-horse sleeps in its cave,  
And the rainbow's rim  
Through the ocean dim  
Colors the voiceless wave.

## III.

Down, down, down,  
Where the winds are forever still  
And the tempest o'er,  
Where the mermaid sings on the shore  
Of her castle hill.

## IV.

Down, down, down,  
O world, 'tis with joy I go!  
And my saddened face  
In more genial place  
Shall smile below.

## NO GENTLE GLEAM FOR ME.

## I.

Loved beacon-light that shines afar  
 Thou canst not guide me, kindly star!  
 The storm-tossed sailor kens thy gleam  
 All joyous from yon boist'rous stream,  
 He marks the scarp'd rocks in sight  
 And turns his gallant bark aright,  
 But I—no gentle gleam for me  
 Glimmers along life's treacherous sea!

## II.

Loved moon, fair virgin of the night!  
 How soft thou breakest on the sight!  
 Thy signal-fire hath blazed the way  
 For many a wand'ring bard astray,  
 Till through the mountain's lessened gloom  
 He neared with joy his cottaged room,  
 But I—no gentle gleam for me  
 Glimmers along life's treacherous sea!

## III.

Loved being! thou whose glorious rays  
 Lighted my path in happier days,  
 That taught my youthful heart to hope—  
 As spring-time calls the buds to ope—  
 Wilt thou return once more, and shine  
 Athrough this saddened soul of mine?  
 For I—no gentle gleam for me  
 Glimmers along life's treacherous sea!

## HOW OFT I LONGED.

## I.

Above me in the apple blooms  
The little birds are chirping sweet,  
And near, the fairest of perfumes  
Waft from the wild-flowers at my feet,  
As if all nature strove to ease  
The aching heart it ne'er may please—  
Could it but know, companion meek,  
How oft I longed to hear thee speak!

## II.

The lonely winds from o'er the lake  
Meander slowly up the hill—  
Come kindred spirits! for her sake  
I love them still! I love them still!  
And, entering 'neath these gloomy bow'rs  
Recall the joy of other hours—  
They know too well, companion meek,  
How oft I longed to hear thee speak!

## III.

And is it so? and must I sigh,  
And sob these bitter tears in vain?  
The night owl answers with its cry,  
The bittern pipes across the plain:  
"Go foolish youth! a woman's love  
Is shiftless as the winds that rove"  
And yet, I long, companion meek,  
To hear thee speak, to hear thee speak!

## IV.

And wouldst thou tarry still? why wait  
When all the hill is darkened o'er?  
The stars are hidden, it is late,  
And deeper shadows hide the shore—  
You twinkling suns may disappear,  
But thy dark eyes be ever near!  
Their gentle lights, companions meek,  
Still burn, though thou hast ceased to speak.

## V.

But time shall be, e'en when the grave  
Shall darken o'er this wasted form,  
When earth shall claim the dust she gave  
And call the never-dying worm,  
When this all-troubled soul shall fling  
Far into space its weary wing—  
No distance be, companion meek,  
Where I shall cease to hear thee speak!

## VI.

Eternity may shake her shores  
With rude tempestuous waves and ope  
Her fiery caverns! from those doors  
May issue direst howlings—grope  
Ye demons, and, in anguish, shriek  
Your loudest! still I hear her speak!

## A QUESTION AND ITS ANSWER.

## I.

How long shall Fortune's sullen hand  
Wave o'er my head its luckless wand?  
How many years shall come and go  
Ere I shall know no more of woe?

## II.

The past is by; the present hour  
Sees naught but darkest tempest lower;  
And future suns, but wrapped in gloom,  
Fling their dread lightnings round my tomb.

## MEDITATION.

I have shattered the walls of my dungeon  
But to enter a blacker cell,  
I have left the pains of purgat'ry  
For the fiercer fires of hell,  
For that which is bad I have fashioned worse—  
And it merits little, methinks, to rise  
From the awful grave of sin, if, when  
Our weary wings have touched the skies,  
We tumble to earth again.



## COME BACK, COME BACK.

## I.

Come back, come back, I miss thy light  
Thou one bright star that went from me!  
Though thousands twinkle through the night  
Adown the wind-blown galaxy  
Their light hath not that secret pow'r  
As thine to gild the passing hour.

## II.

Come back, come back, the moon sinks low  
Behind the western hills away,  
The sad, sad winds, blow, ever blow  
O'er memory's deep and troubled bay.  
And lonely contemplation moans  
In answer to the wind's dull tones.

## III.

Come back, come back, the tempest howls  
And clouds hang heavy o'er my soul,  
The world, a dreary desert, scowls—  
But thou, fond spirit, caust condole—  
Beloved eyes! return once more  
And light my pathway as of yore.

## IV.

Again to hold thy tiny hand,  
To taste the fragrance of thy lips—  
How fair would grow the lonely land!  
And yonder moon that sadly dips  
Beyond the hills—how sweet afar!  
Come back, come back, my wand'ring star.

## TO MICH.

Dear M— the misletoe ne'er clung  
 More closely to the oaken boles  
 Than friendship with its faithful hands  
 Clings to our kindred souls.  
 And now, in joyous Christmas-tide,  
 She bids me send, companion dear,  
 The only gift I have to give—  
 A tear!

## TO C.

Christina, loveliest vision of my dreaming!  
 I read a tale of sadness in thy voice,  
 A secret something in thy dark eyes gleaming  
 Tells me that he who loved is still thy choice:  
 But vain my hopes! and vain thy gentle pleading!  
 For cruel fate decrees that we must part—  
 I to pursue the life that waifs are leading—  
 You to a dungeon with a broken heart.

## LUMEN IN COELO.

## I.

Leo, the loved! the honored! there is none  
 To sound the praises of thy glorious name!  
 Thou stand'st alone as far the encircling sun  
 Pouring thy splendor in aesthetic flame  
 To gladden o'er a world, and light Italia's plain.  
 Kings, princes, emperors, have bent the knees  
 About thy blameless throne when all in vain  
 Their empty councils trembled—war-clad, these  
 Have sheathed the angry sword, heard thine august decrees.

## II.

Loved prince of God! there stands no nobler name  
 In the long list of sages that have been  
 Than thine high appellation, bearded fame  
 In thee, found fit companion midst the din,  
 The turmoil, and the strife of nations—in  
 The vastness of the Vatican that rears  
 Its wond'rous dome above a world of sin  
 Thy midnight lamp hath blazed, nor prayers, nor tears,  
 Lessened the wearied hours of thy declining years.

## III.

Cradled where flings the crested Volscian hills  
 Their purple summits to the evening air,  
 Pure as the flow'r that decks those mountain rills  
 A lovely babe is sweetly slumb'ring there  
 Deep in its snowy cov'rings, and as fair:  
 The dreamy zephyr through the latticed hall  
 Breathes of the tufted chestnut and the bare  
 And ruined towers of Cuentra: over all  
 The deep and dark-blue heavens arch their wond'rous wall.

## IV.

And thou hast loved thy birth-place, and hast sung  
 Its varied scenes in many a tuneful line—  
 Loved Carpineto! oft thy vales have rung  
 With youthful mirth, till near, the purple vine  
 Clung to the trembling walls, and far-off kine  
 That cropped the plains of green Latinium  
 Slow raised the head to gaze, and, from the pine  
 The loosened cone dropped silent down, and dumb  
 And noiseless woodland roused its many a warbled hum.

## V.

Mayhap, beside yon cataract, that leaps  
 In wild confusion down that dark defile,  
 Thy boyish steps have lingered; and where peeps  
 The ruined Pruni 'mid its ghostly pile—  
 How often wert thou known to sit and smile,  
 And dream of its past glory, and recall  
 The conquering Alba and his hosts the while.  
 Nurtured 'mid scenes as these, the embattled wall,  
 Old cities, flowered glens, dark cascades, and o'er all

## VI.

The unchanging hills, tow'ring unto the skies  
 And grasping in cold hands the spectral cloud,  
 Touching the white-winged eagle as it flies,  
 Battling the storm-king while it roars aloud,  
 Robing the sunset in its crimson shroud  
 And the day's dawning with its dappled hue —  
 Nurtured 'mid scenes as these, his heart endowed  
 With ev'ry noble quality, he grew  
 As happy youth passed on, more gentle and more true.

## VII.

Viterbo sees him in its kindly shades  
 Ere eight short years had quickly glided by;  
 For college walls he left his native glades.  
 But shed one tear, and heaved one sorrowed sigh —  
 Nor, marvel not! he loved that eyrie high!  
 There had he known a mother's tender care,  
 Drunk the warm light that lurked in her dark eye,  
 Caught the soft shadows of her clust'ring hair,  
 And loved with endless love, for she was matchless fair.

## VIII.

Time passes with its never-changing strides,  
 Suns rise and set, stars vanish and appear,  
 Old moons have waned beneath the ocean's tides,  
 And silv'ry crescents waked the slumb'ring year,  
 Sad hearts have wept o'er many a sable bier,  
 Young hearts in hopeless anguish broken been,  
 Old warriors laid beside the rusted spear,  
 Fair fields despoiled, foul despots 'mid the din  
 Of murderous war or exile, closed wild lives of sin.

## IX.

'Tis autumn, and the tree-clad hills of Rome  
 Resplendent with a thousand varied hues  
 Glad the returning sun; the gilded dome  
 Upon the eternal hill benignly strews  
 Its golden treasures, heavy with the dews  
 Of midnight to a world; by distance dimmed,  
 St. Andrew's courts its saintly morning muse  
 Nestled 'mid gnarl'd chestnuts, hoary limbed,  
 And grey espalyered walks by ghostly fingers trimmed.

## X.

Within a chapel of that antique pile  
 Sits Odescalchi in his priestly dress,  
 His saintly face warm with angelic smile,  
 Stooping a young novitiate to bless  
 Kneeling in snow-white alb, nor none the less  
 Beaming a soul of blameless purity.  
 It seems as if yon spirits—who may guess?  
 Frescoed upon the adjoining walls, might be  
 By unseen hands aroused to stern reality.

## XI.

Nor many months ere to God's altar called  
 Joachim Pecci came with saintly mien,  
 Sworn to that dread offering that appalled  
 The impious Luther, when, with conscience keen  
 Upbraiding him, he wept – in truth, I ween,  
 The dearest source from which all blessings flow,  
 The living well that never dims its sheen,  
 Pouring to erring mortals here below  
 Its weight of wond'rous wealth, and crushing ev'ry woe.

## XII.

Beside that stream that through Campania's dales  
 Winds its blue waters to Tyrrhenian sea  
 Upon its bosom bearing many a sail  
 Red with the blood of dark Mascambroni,  
 Joachim bides. – The land is once more free!  
 Coletta sees his dreaded band in chains,  
 And peace return to war-scarred Italy,  
 A grateful people tell those lovely plains  
 So late bereft of all but hideous battle stains.

## XIII.

Perugia sees him next, with well-set shield  
 Battling the foes of that corrupt domain,  
 Hurling Mazzini's schism from the field,  
 Bidding Cavour retire, and yet again,  
 With all the many ends he hoped to gain –  
 Illuminism, Jansenism, all  
 That weighed on chaste morality, in pain  
 Before his victorious banners, forced to fall,  
 Lay mould'ring in the crypt of time's sepulchral wall.

## XIV.

Called to a higher dignity, he nears  
 The shades of San Lorenzo, at that time  
 When manhood looks not on the rolling years  
 And ev'ry hour bespeaks life's glorious prime—  
 Lov'ly in virtue even to a crime—  
 He dons the mitre, and with trembling hand  
 Touches the pastoral rod—nor deem it sign  
 Of quick-flown weakness! through that steeped hand  
 Were none more better born to counsel or command!

## XV.

Time labours on in its unshackled mien,  
 Humbling the proud, and wearying the strong:  
 Each spring-time trails its vines of virgin green  
 Above some new-made grave, or through the long-  
 Drawn aisle of dark cathedral breathes its song  
 Of sadness that must be: some lowly hand  
 To-day lies stilled beneath the oppressor's wrong,  
 The morrow sees the dread destroyer stand,  
 Livid, and stern, and cold, before some palace grand.

## XVI.

Onward, and ever onward, till at last  
 It thunders at the gilded gates of Rome,  
 And Pius chilled before the destroying blast  
 Withers and dries beneath the eternal dome,  
 Passes from earth to a more genial home,  
 Sadly the bells ring out and sadly cease  
 Stilled by their own sobbings as they come,  
 Wearily, wild, and weird, the sounds decreased,  
 Low echoing dimly for the soul of the deceased.

## XVII.

Slowly they pass, and all is stilled the while,  
 Day fades to night and night again to day,  
 Sun follows sun to smile with genial smile  
 On Rome's proud columns crumbling to decay,  
 Again those bells are ringing in the grey  
 And silent tow'rs—but 'tis a joyous peal!  
 Another Leo holds imperial sway:  
 Around his throne all lands submissive kneel,  
 Greatest of shepherd kings! friend of the common weal!

## XVIII.

Well hath the light of thine embalzoned shield  
 Gay with the clust'ring lily's livelier hue  
 Gleamed o'er a wond'ring world, its azure field  
 Lit by that beam that blazed so long in you,  
 Presaged by ancient bards, nor e'er more true,  
 Rest, gentle Leo! father! prophet! sage!—  
 Not dead but only lost to mortal view!  
 Thy glorious name shall echo down the age,  
 Nor ever be erased from off the admiring page.

## THE BOETHICK'S LAMENT.

## L.

Alone I stand, oh giant pine,  
 Last of our noble race  
 And thou hast watched its fall and mine  
 With none to take our place,  
 And only thou has wept and sighed  
 That I must die, that they have died.



## II.

Upon yon hill, now crimsoned o'er  
With autumn's earliest tints, I see  
One tiny smoke—'twill rise no more  
To smile with its warm smile on me;  
Ere sunset calls the dying day  
I shall have passed, like it, away.

## III.

Fair island! there were happier days  
When thou wert younger! but they passed  
With all their treasured joys; our lays  
May still recall them, but the last  
Will soon be sung—and 'tis for me  
To chant that true sad tale to thee.

## IV.

Time was when on yon surf-worn shore  
A thousand camp-fires lit the night;  
A thousand warriors now no more  
Armed for the ambush and the fight:  
They fought, they fell,—the Micmaes' bow,  
The Frenchmen's bullets, laid them low.

## V.

The birch canoe no linger glides  
Along the deep blue ruffled waves,  
The strong dark arms that stemmed their tides  
Lie mould'ring in forgotten graves,  
The eye that flashed with lightning glance—  
It withered 'neath the hand of France.

## VI.

Adieu, ye time-scarred mountains! I  
Have loved ye! and to tread once more

Your winding pathways to the sky,  
And, 'neath the soft clouds floating o'er,  
Again to gaze adown—'twere sweet  
To note the beauties round your feet.

## VII.

But 'tis an idle wish, alas!  
E'en now my limbs with age are weak,  
I feel the hand of darkness pass  
All coldly o'er this bloodless cheek,  
Mine eyes have lost their old-time light,  
The day is hastening into night.

## VIII.

Oh, kindly tree, that wav'st above  
Thy tasseled branches to the breeze,  
Thou ever looked adown with love  
Upon thy children—and their knees  
Have bended 'neath thy sheltering bough  
As mine, alas! are bending now.

## IX.

Oh, soothe the heart that soon must break—  
When it shall lie beneath thy shade  
Forget not it shall one day wake!  
Forget not that in yonder glade  
Once more shall sound the hunter's horn,  
As oft of yore it waked the morn!

## X.

And I shall be what I have been,  
And boyhood days again draw near  
To light the eye that once might win  
The fairest of thy maidens—year  
On year of endless joy shall come,  
And sorrow's voice be ever dumb;

## XI.

Athrough the leafy glade, be heard  
The echo of the bended bow,  
The screamings of the wounded bird,  
The howlings of the wolf laid low,  
And fair wild flow'rs that never fade  
Drink the warm blood fresh from the blade.

## XII.

Nor shall the pale-face enter there!  
'Tis our sweet country! we alone  
May breathe its clear, sweet scented air!  
There blow the winds in softest tone  
Athrough the fir-trees feathered limb  
To soothe the eyes that now are dim.

## XIII.

There will she trim the soap-stone lamp,  
Whom I have loved, and still may love,  
And place it in the twilight camp  
As oft of yore; while bends above  
The cheerful blaze, and roasting near,  
The choicest of the mountain deer.

## XIV.

And welcome be the fair repast,  
And brightly shine the birchen plate,  
When she for whom I mourn at last  
Hath ceased to wonder and to wait—  
When earth all trembling bids us rise—  
What love shall break the old-time ties?

## XV.

E'en now I see a gentle hand  
That beckons me athrough the mist.

E'en now across the darkened land  
I hear a voice I can't resist—  
Adieu, fair island! 'tis with pain  
We part, but we shall meet again!

## XVI.

His head sunk low; his noble breast  
No longer throbb'd its measured beat:  
Fresh winds from out the darkened west  
Played 'mid the wi'd-flowers at his feet—  
One tiny star peep'd out, and fled!  
The last Boethick chief was dead.

## A COMPARISON.

O'er the fields the first white snow-flakes  
Silently and softly fall,  
Few in numbers, slow-descending,  
Sadly, slowly, earth-ward wending,  
Once I thought—oh, happy childhood!  
Hours of innocence and love—  
These were feathers dropped by angels  
As they plumed their glittering pinions  
On the walls of God's dominions,  
On the shining walls above,  
Fond delusion, sweeter, better  
Than the knowledge since I've won—  
Holding me with giant fetter  
From the things beyond the sun,  
Gentle dreams! their joys are vanished—  
Happy days! their course is run.



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