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Martin J. Smith.

A BOOK

OF

Canadian and American

POEMS.

BY MARTIN F. SMITH.

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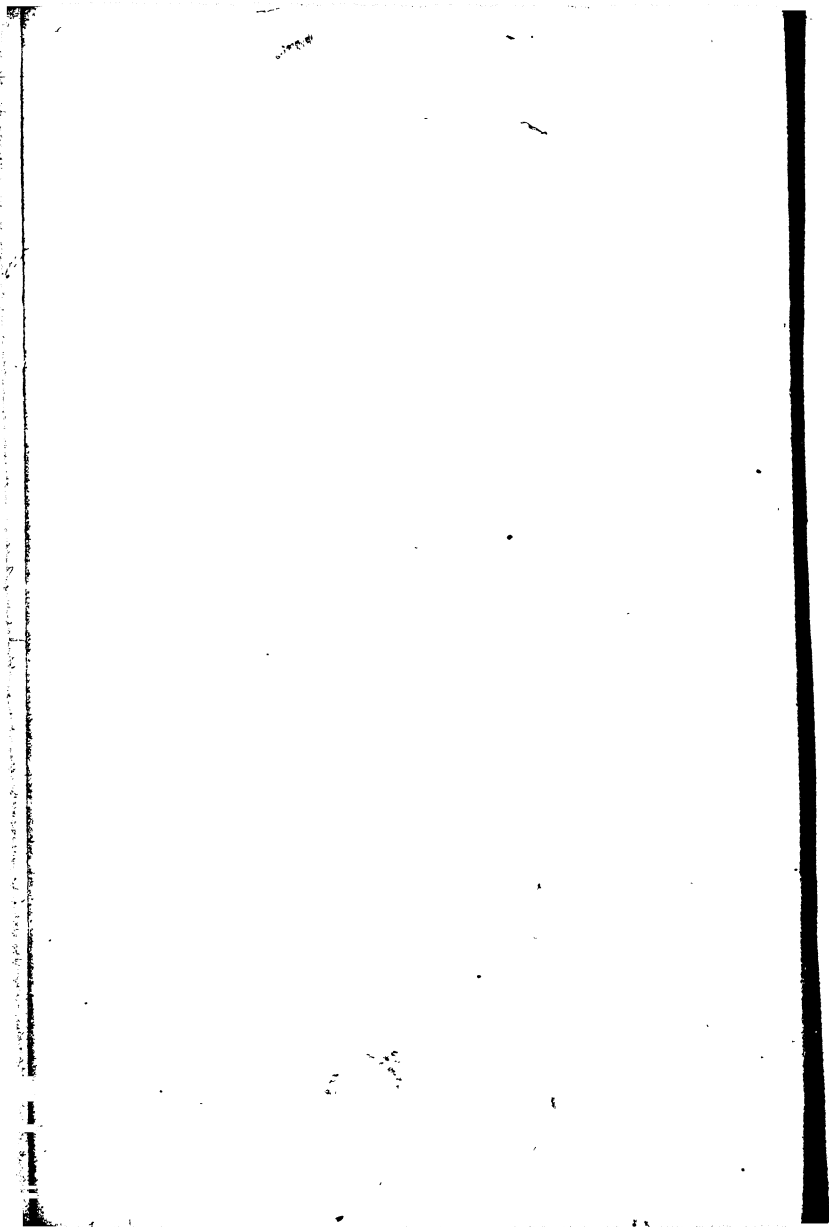
P R E F A C E .

IN bringing before the public the following poems, I do not entertain the ambitious thought of giving them anything great, on a poetical feast, knowing well that I am incapable of it.

My only apology is, that they were written principally between the age of seventeen and twenty-three, by one possessed of a very limited education, whilst engaged at the plough, and other daily avocations, to gratify desire, pleasure and imagination; knowing full well there are many imperfections and grammatical errors, which I do not wish to correct, in order that it may represent the unpolished style of a countryman, of which the author is, perhaps, a fair specimen.

Having had the privilege of perusing the works of the great scotch poet, Robert Burns, I have imitated in many instances his style, and not a few ideas, for which I have endeavoured to give him credit; and my only desire is, if what I have written never does any good, it may never do any harm.

THE AUTHOR.



THE BEAST.

It was a common saying throughout the Village of Mount Hope, (or City, as some call it,) that "when a man was drunk the Beast was let loose."

THERE is a place on Gladford's soil
Which bears the name of MOUNT HOPE CITY,
Where once there was an awful broil
Amongst its rowdies, fold and nitty,
Which spread abroad, from old to young,
And caught the wonders of the witty ;
Nor did it end like an old song,—
For if it had 'twould been a pity,
It would have ended all the fun
And left the city doubly lone.
But for to tell about the spree
It seems all parties don't agree,
And what the noise was all about
'Twas hard indeed to make it out ;
For one amidst the noise and clatter,
Could hardly tell what was the matter ;
It seems, as by the story ran,
There was a Beast—some call'd it man,
While others would dispute it.

For it was of a lower station,
And wore such marks of degradation,
So therefore they'd confute it,—
And such a noise there was about it.
An awful fuss and clatter,
Some thought old nick from hell was routed,
And that's what was the matter.

But of this beast I ne'r could learn
Exact about his grace or mien,
Or whether, showing in his turn.
He waved the orange, blue or green ;
Or like a priest, clad to the feet
With cloak, he hid his sins complete
With modest air and features pale ;
Or like a dragon, with a tail
Whose end had double fangs upon,
Like as a whaler's long harpoon.
Whether he was tall or hunky,
Or small, as a mischievous monkey ;
Whether with hands and legs and feet
He walked upright upon the street,
With arms and limbs and every feature
He wore the likeness of a creature ;
But all agree'd he had the power
To come and go at any hour,
In any shape, in any mood,
And on the city's rights intrude ;
To bring man level with a frog,
And turn a dandy to a hog.
Ah hapless lot ! it grieves me great,

To think that man of high estate,
Created for the noblest sphere,
With talents great and wisdom clear ;
Man, choicest of the gifts of Eden ;
Man, only man, an heir of Heaven,
Should leave the halls of majesty
To seek the vaults of misery,
And end his days there, swift and sure,
Which curses all that's bright and pure ;
But this vile Beast, as by one's story,
Was sometimes clad in robes of glory,
With youthful bloom upon his cheek,
A blooming nose, both large and neat ;
And sometimes in his tresses grey
He pounced upon his destined prey ;
And sometimes did he rave and hollow,
And tear the ground and howl and bellow,
At other times, with haggard face,
He came along, as from a chase,
With bruised limbs, worn to the gristle,
With wheasing breath and squeaking whistle,
As if been trying with his skill
The rugged side of Bunkers hill,
And lost within its iron hale
A portion of a limb or tail ;
And then again he came along
With an innumerable throng
Of half starved hags of every shade,
And burglars of every grade,
Old, worn out toppers, hapless creatures,

With scarce a mark of human features,
Whose caps and coats, and vests and breeches
Had twenty holes for thirty stitches ;
And where he and his crew had been
The traces of their path are seen ;
The empty house, the cold, cold hearth,
(All gone the sound of joy and mirth,)
And fast decaying to the earth,
Whose bosom wears the marks of death ;
The garden, with its roses dead,
The thistle growing in its stead —
The brier in the corner side,
While the broad burdock seems its pride ;
The churchyard on the rugged hill
Has long been crowded to its fill,
And all along the new dug clay
Shows where the lowly tenants lay ;
And written on the head-stone tiers
Show deaths all under thirty years ;
And on the black unrusty bier
Are stains of many a widow's tear—
Whilst clinging to the sides are stains,
The prints of little children's hands,
Who, from their wretched orphan home,
Had born their mother to the tomb,
And then, returning to their home,
Layed down upon the cold hearth-stone
And breathed their little lives away ;
Then listening, o'er the churchyard drear,
A sound comes breaking on the ear—

Vibrating from the covered grave
It echoes in a wild sad rave,
And rising on the breeze of morn
They curse the day that they were born,
And these, co-mingling with wail
Of the night howlet's dismal tale,
Joined by the wolf's unearthly cry,
And the fowl serpent's hiss and sigh ;
And down within the coffins, deep,
The worms their midnight revels keep—
To feast and riot day by day,
And gloat on their untimely prey.
How dark within the still left home
Are its few tenants sad and lone ;
Their only work, their only care,
Or love, is but to love despair.
With trembling limbs, and anguished eyes,
They nurse their ceaseless miseries ;
The helpless widow's wreaking wail—
The starving orphan's piteous tale—
The cries from keen remorse's smart—
The last sighs of a broken heart—
These, all uniting in one moan,
Arose to heaven's eternal throne.

But to my tale : sometimes he fled,
And left the city as if dead,
For then we heard no more about him
Till some old toper hither brought him
With all his smutty train ;
Till one and all, the truth to tell,

All wished him down in Saten's cell,
Strong fastened with a chain.
But once upon a windy day,
The city boobies called it May,
While grannies called it June,
The Beast got somehow from his cage,
And tore about in such a rage,
Enough to fright the moon—
And in his frisky, frolick round
He turned the city upside down,
With foaming bellies steaming ;
And such was the unearthly broil,
'Twas thought the deil was in them all,
Or some infernal demon ;
For when the Beast and man make friends—
As long as there is jug or barrel—
With bellies full, their graces blend ;
But when they're empty, friendships end,
And then they're sure to quarrel ;
For in a joke good neighbor Mack
Would strike his crony on the back,
Or pull him by the breeches,
Till loops and buttons both gave way,
Which showed his shirt in home-spun grey,
With countless holes and stitches ;
And loafer Bob, turned hog complete,
Rolled in a mudhole by the street,
And daubed him to the skin,
When simple Bill went to his help—
Who scarce new how to help himself—

And pushed him farther in ;
And Murphy wallowed in the muck,
Just like a gander or a duck,
Nor did he blush or shame one feature,
But felt himself a happy creature ;
And thus it was, from day to day,
They kicked up their infernal fray,
All by the Beast's direction ;
So when the steam at length flew fast
 With all its wild confusion,
They squared accounts up for the past
 And come to this conclusion :—
That, by his grace and haggard face,
 And actions wild and frisky,
It could not be none less than he,
 The monstrous Beast—O WHISKEY !

A CURIOUS TALE ; OR THE DRUNKARD'S
SOLILOQUY.

'Twas in the silent hours of even—
Night's sable ear had swiftly driven
Across the spangled vaults of heaven—
 And twinkling star,
With here and there, in splendor graven,
 A planet far.

The cricket chirp was loud and shrill,
Among the clover on the hill,
That brake the while the midnight still,
Which reigned around,
And mingled with the rippling rill,
Melodious sound.

Dark-mantled hung the shady wood,
In its sober pensive mood ;
The lonely cave of solitude,
For minds distressed,
Where hours may on the soul intrude
And soothing rest.

The moments mild began to clear
My willing heart, and please my ear,
When soon a different sound more queer,
Of loud harangue,
Burst from the roadside, long and drear—
From something strange.

Then quick I turned a different pace,
To find a new unknown chase,
I spied a man with haggard face
And drooping head,
And as he sighed his doleful case,
'Twas thus he said :

“ These twelve months now have come and gone,
The wing of time has wafted on,
And summer's breathed upon the lawn,

With cheering face,
While I am here a silly clown,
Stuck in this place.

And now has come an evil day,
And night is dark, without a ray,
Nor know I if 'tis June or May,
Or mud from water—
One thing I guess, I've lost my way,
That's what's the matter.

It surely is a doleful case
That's brought me thus to such disgrace,
Yet must not with my blooming race
Contend or quarrel ;
For, like good neighbors of one place,
We 've sucked the barrel.

There 's scarce a crony, witty-wight—
Now pocket bare and wallet light—
That has not with me on a night
Been blythe and frisky,
And sat and supped till all got tight
On steaming whiskey.

And many a time we've been together,
On murky nights and stormy weather,
Consuming time and wearing leather—
All gay and tight ;
And yet my neck's escaped the tether—
Is an awful fright.

'Tis well indeed to have a friend,
And one that timely aid can lend—
With cash at hand, and that to spend
 In time of need—
Till want has stripped him end to end,
 And makes him bleed.

A man may boast of his connexion,
No matter what is his complexion,—
But whiskey and I are in affection
 With one another—
As one may tell, by keen inspection—
 Like friend and brother.

We long have liv'd in friendship sweet,
And oft again we hope to meet,
At some "grog shop" beside the street,
 To joke and sing—
Where all the toppers love to greet,
 While time takes wing.

No man e'er saw two greater pets,
When by my side he snugly sits,
Though often he gets the frets
 And snubs me,
And very oft, like now, he gets
 The better of me.

Some rebels call me drunken Bill,
Fast driving down destruction's hill,
Where lubbers bathe in whiskey swill,

Like some great beast ;
While others count me but a still
Of hops and yeast.

I once was young, but now I'm old ;
I once had hope as bright as gold ;
My features were as beauty's mould,
Nor were they wrinkled ;
But now o'er every care-worn fold
Grey hairs are sprinkled.

Yet still I will not grieve or care,
Their is honor e'en in grey hair,
For many men with heads all bare
Are much respected ;
And while a man can stagger fair
He's not dejected.

See, on each elbow here's a patch,
And on each knee there's two to match,
Like Murray's straw-stack, thatch on thatch
The body round ;
A splendid place for fleas to hatch
And breed profound.

I have a boot—once had a pair,
That on my feet looked pretty fair—
But now behold it grin and stare
Into my face ;
An awful sight, I do declare,
In this sad place.

But as it is—'tis dead of night,
 And once again I'm pretty tight—
 As some will have it, "unco-right,"—
 And gay, and happy ;
 While cares and sorrow take their flight
 And leave me "sappy."

Poor silly swain—yet giddy fellow—
 Rough and ragged, soft and mellow ;
 Once a dandy, now a scare-crow
 Beside the gully,
 Where all the world may laugh and bellow
 At my folly.

But here's no place to hum and dole-on,
 While time is driving, I must roll-on,
 And see which side has got the hole-on,
 Among my tatters ;
 For while my boot has got a sole-on
 I'll mend up matters.

'Twas on the last of last December,
 Or there about, if I remember,
 The leaves were stripp'd from off the timber,
 Both short and tall ;
 And * * * was running for a Member
 For what do you call ?

The howling wind was driving fast,
 Cold, piercing, from the darkning east—
 And in the barn, not man or beast,

Dear'st poke his nose-out,
For fear of having it stiffened cast,
Plump as a "grozet."

Yet, no way seared, I took the route
And faced the storm with stomach stout,
Full well resolved to see it out,
And fairly told ;
For one to give his man a vote
Must have it poll'd.

At length I halted at the station,
And met a welcome exultation
From men of every rank and nation,
And tribe, and feather—
A homely mix of degradation
Huddled together.

People of every grade were there—
Rich and liberal, black and fair,
From him that goes with bald-head bare,
Or wigs, along ;
A great variety to me most rare
As has been sung.

The nominees were gaily greeting
Each good supporter with a treating,
And every heart was warmly beating
For one or all ;
Till with the bar some heads were meeting
With thump and fall.

Old * * * was there, sherry plenty,
 For all the delicate and dainty,
 And barley-swill was no-way scanty
 In glass decanter ;
 Till sup for sup we all got canty—
 Began to banter.

Some were for one, some for another,
 Some lik'd this one, some lik'd tother,
 When * * * said " he'd a great deal rather
 Send his buck sheep
 Than that old crazy silly blather—
 Always asleep."

Quite sick and tired of all their clatter,
 Like some old grannies, chit for chatter,
 I buttoned to each patch and tatter
 And spoke aloud ;
 And soon began with solid matter
 Before the croud :

Quoth I, for tory or for grit,
 I do not reverence them a bit ;
 Give me a man with ready wit,
 A ready speaker,
 For all the snobs that ever writ,
 Or office-seeker.

There 's no use putting on the spleen
 By crying loyalty to the Queen,
 Or liberals, just for a screen

To gain a seat ;
You wave the blue, and hide the green
Down to the feet.

I must inform you of a feat,
That happen'd in * * * street,
Where loyal Tories cut complete
Their valliant deeds,
And drove the Governor from his seat
With rotten eggs.

You may stick out your oblong faces,
With three-mile words and six-mile graces,
And think, sometimes, to take your places
With Sirs and Squires,
Where gowns and cloaks hid your disgraces,
Like priests and friars.

In spite of all your fops and clowns,
In spite of all your suttly towns,
In spite of all your men of pounds,
I'll have my will,
If I'm to face the deadly rounds
Of Bunkers hill.

Ah ! luckless speech—it soon was ended ;
Nor had I time to change or mend it,
When in a wink my eyes were blinded
By fists before me ;
Then down among the stools descended,
With ruffians o'er me.

Then up I got in such a hurry—
I ne'er was in so great a flurry—
I was quite sure 'twas ranting Murray,
That poked my eye ;
Yet on his part he looked quite sorry—
But did not cry.

Quoth I, good friend it is no joke
To give a fellow such a poke ;
I have a mind to try your oak,
Or try your skin :
And faith I'll make your eye-brows smoke,
If I begin.

I ne'er was yet disposed to fight,
Or mix in such an awful sight,
Yet when a man stands in the right,
And is provoked,
I feel like laying, with all my might,
Your bones to soak.

My fiery speech soon made them stare—
I thought I'd done it pretty fair—
Till Murray, with a demon's air,
And grinning teeth,
Cried out "your life hangs by a hair—
I'll stop your breath."

"We'll have no more your saucy lip,
Or else you'll get another clip ;"
It put me in an awful nip

To save my hide ;
So soon I gave them all the slip,
And step'd aside.

Then homeward bound I turned my feet,
With thoughts that were not very sweet,
From top to toe set out complete
With politics,
In awful dread, my wife to meet
In such a fix.

I travelled on, both halt and maim,
My eye was shut, my leg was lame—
Like one that from destruction came,
With loads of sin,
Depressed with woe, and coward's shame—
But warm within.

The night was cold—it nip'd my toes—
The biting blast stuck to my nose,
Scarce sheltered by my tattered clothes
That paved the street ;
While all the dogs sang out in prose,
Their friend to meet.

The neighbors said " there's drunken Bill—
I guess he's emptied Murray's still,
Or else he's been to Bunker's hill,
And got a flailing ;"
But I ne'er listened to them tell
Their unjust railing.

* * * * *

But soon the cricket's chirp was still—
 The sun came creeping o'er the hill,
 And sparkled on the rippling rill,
 And o'er the mead.
 So then I heard no more of Bill.
 Or what he said.

 EPISTLE TO L. R.

DEAR L. R. may I still pretend
 In deeming you a sincere friend ;
 Pray, to me, let your love extend,
 And hear my ditty :
 Though if I cannot claim this end
 It is a pity.

'Tis long since I last saw your face,
 And give your hand a warm embrace,
 And time has walk'd many a pace
 Since we last parted ;
 Yet in thy name I ever trace
 A friend true hearted.

I long have wish'd, and wish'd in vain,
 To share with you our joy again ;
 Though change and time, have somewhat waned,
 And dim'd their burning,

AMERICAN POEMS.

Yet still, despite the wind and rain,
 May be returning.

In these bright days, when folks so witty
Can please themselves by their own ditty,
I think it, Sir, an awful pity
 That I so long
Should crawl about, till I grow nitty,
 Without a song.

My muse, that once was bright and bold,
By change is growing cross and old;
Or, by misfortune, sorely cold,
 Yet that's no matter,
When in a turn she does unfold,
 I mumble at her.

For one like me, who lives by song—
And spends his years its flowers among—
Will sigh, when joy has left them long,
 And sorrows try them;
Yet still I live through every wrong,
 And lone defy them.

Give me my old long rusty pen,
And let me try its steel again,
With witty turns to guide it then,
 On paper white,
The crazy capering shifty wren
 Sure then would write.

For all the skill of ancient Greece !
 Whose matchless wisdom rests in peace—
 Just let me but one spark release
 "Of nature's fire,"
 My pen would then undying cease,
 Or e'en expire.

My muses found me a mere child—
 A rough bush-whacker—in the wild ;
 By fortune's vain, and hopes beguiled,
 I work'd along,
 'Till brighter days upon me smil'd,
 I wreath'd a song.

And now that I can sure aspire
 To something more, and something higher—
 A long epistle or satire,
 As chance may term it—
 I work away, through mud and mire,
 And try to learn it.

Our town is in a roar and clatter,
 One scarcely knows what is the matter,
 But some imagine they 're grown fatter—
 By telling lies ;
 Though that will never end the patter—
 'Tis all disguise.

Say, we'll set down and see it out,
 And let the rowdies blow and spout,
 One hardly knows what he's about,

These jarring times,
 'Tis by good luck one saves his snout,
 These warring times.

While envious parties squabbling hale,
 And on their fellow neighbors rail,
 To almost curse their bread and kale
 For different thinking;
 We'll, in old Freedom's bark, set sail,
 As quick as winking.

It is a ship that long has brav'd
 The storms of years, while tyrants rav'd
 To see the vessels man'd and sav'd
 From out their hand;
 And still it has been sought and crav'd
 From every land.

But certain folks I know are thinking
 To wreak their vengeance on me, Lincoln,*
 Because I still keep freedom drinking,
 And slavery spew;
 But faith, I'd give them all a clinking,
 If that would do.

They blame me if I e'er aspire
 To something great, or something higher;
 Or if I should a name admire,
 They nick it on me.
 Good faith, they only hug a briar.
 When they disown me.

* A nick-name given me for my Republican principles.

But may-be Abe, for all their game,
Will yet some brighter fortune claim,
And to the heights of honor climb—
 High as the moon ;
And bathe his bones in endless fame—
 The world aboon.

Give me but chance to act by will,
And power each selfish end to kill—
Then if I climb the pauper's hill—
 Forgot by each,—
I yet may hold this freedom still —
 The power of speech.

For it, I'd give a hearty toast—
For it, I always hope to boast—
I'd rather let my goose quill roast
 In a hot jam,
And live upon my neighbor's roost,
 Than loose the gem.

America!—thy green clad plain,
That long has braved the wind and rain,
Thy love runs wildly through each vein—
 A joy to impart—
And clasping hands with thee, I gain
 A bounding heart.

Be this my joy, while I am free,
To sing alone for liberty,
Or for the old protecting tree

The pilgrims sought—
A home from despot's tyranny,
By their blood bought.

And may it ever be my aim
To have in some degree, a name
In bearing on that flag to fame—
Stripes, white and red ;
The eagle still to roar again—
The tyrant's dread.

Yes, great Columbia, now in war,—
Thy flag, though deck'd with many a scar,—
Time yet will see thy matchless car
Untarnished roll,—
With freedom bright in every star,
Clear to the pole.

Then shall its folds in honor wave,
With triumph, o'er each traitor's grave,
And shield the firesides of the brave,
From shore to shore ;
Nor tyrant, despot, serf or slave
Shall it float o'er.

But certain folks, I know full well,
Who hate the Yankees worse than hell,
Would gladly hear them howl and yell
In satan's pit ;
I do not like to hear them tell
Their knavish wit.

O shapeless, vile, corrupted mass
Of fleshly lusts, and human grass ;
Stout, stupid buck, conceited ass,
By no way scant ;
And yet, in honest crowds to pass
As some great saint:

They 're like a white sepulchral stone,
In high magnificence, alone,
As with its contents long have grown,
But not forgotten ;
And still the outside pure has shown,
With inside rotten.

O for some of Niagara's water
To cleanse their heart's of * * * matter ;
I'd give them such a hearty splatter,
On years of rust,
And wash out every patch and tatter
Of envious lust.

Then might they, in their neighbors, see
A kindred soul with feelings free,
And let them fight for liberty,
Till it shall come—
And keep their nose out of the spree,
And stay at home.

But let them talk, and have their spree,
Their knavish work is not for me ;
I have my faults, as one may see,

And you must know them ;
For, with the lassies you 'll agree—
I dearly love them.

And this I learned at nature's school—
Though 'tis no problem, or a rule—
From Adam runs it as a pool,
To endless years ;
Sure man must be a silly fool
Who hates the dears.

They long have wrought their fetters well,
And kick'd up many a funny spell,
Within the little curtain'd cell
That girds my heart ;
But what's the cause, I cannot tell—
That sweetest smart.

And many a heart-felt joy they give me,
And many a pleasing thought, believe me ;
From worldly cares they oft relieve me,
When I grow weary ;
O, that they never may deceive me—
My bosom dearie.

What's all the use of this long life—
Mid ups and downs and ceaseless strife—
If 'twere not for a sweet, sweet wife,
Some day to own,—
The thought drives far care's ruthless knife,
And joys return.

And musing back, o'er childhood's joys
When we were roaming, capering boy's
Just on the ladies' bosoms, toys—

For a small court ;
We little thought that time destroys
Such harmless sport.

The youthful charms, the puppy loves,
The ardent passions for the doves,
Where such as oft my spirit moves,

To by-gone hours ;
And oft, returning visions prove
Their happy powers.

For truest aim and fervent plea,
With innocence and constancy,
Were such as brought unfading glee,

With sunbeams smiling,
And after years some bliss may see
From it beguiling.

As o'er time's waves we're onward rowing,
Through boisterous gales and tempests blowing—
Down rippling currents headlong going,

Oft meeting tears,
We dream we see the ringlets flowing,
Of by-gone years.

And twisting, tumbling, crooking, turning,
'Round every nook some anguish learning,
Care-mad, we keep a constant mourning

That they should leave us,
While sad remorse steeps up the burning,
And anguish seize us.

There's nothing like the blushing lassies—
The fairest chubs in nature's classes—
Whose bloom the rose and lilly passes,
So sweet-beguiling ;
It makes one's feelings climb Parnassus
To see them smiling.

The witching wiles of maiden's charms—
The lovely creatures in one's arms—
O how it oft my feeling warms—
When I enfold them ;
Even fancy every care disarms
When she beholds them.

For this let still my muses prize me ;
The witty-wise may then despise me,
I care not when the world denies me
Of all its bliss,
If but the lassies will apprise me
There's naught amiss.

I long again to see the hours,
When roaming through sweet Glandford's bowers
My heart enhaled such joyful showers
Of love so true ;
O, might I taste again its powers—
'Twould life renew.

And sweetly culling, coining o'er
 Each by-gone scene of love and lore,
 When young love wrapt my bosom's care
 With Eden's burning ;
 It makes me sigh that they are o'er
 And ne'er returning.

In dreams, I see a fair form beaming
 With ruddy cheeks, with ringlets streaming,
 And artless constancy bright gleaming,
 And warm fidelity ;
 How glad I'd wake the fairied dreaming
 In wild reality.º

Think ye, O hearts of adamant,
 In goodness small and stature scant,
 And lack of wisdom ten per cent.,
 With feelings frozen ;
 Care-mad, I hate to hear your rant,
 Or see you dosing.

I do not wish here to upbrade them—
 Those lifeless beings, that you call them—
 The unseen hand that must have made them
 Sure err'd at least,
 Or else it had somewhat portray'd them
 Less than a beast.

What is their life, to take the best ?
 'Tis only short, and sure unblest,
 Unknown to happiness or rest,

Till death soon ends them,
And no one knows a whit the less ;
What then come of them ?

Love is a passion that disarms
The coldest heart ; misfortune forms
With but the object 'in your arms—
Care-soothing woman !
Who'er is proof to female charms
Is more than human.

I never wish to know their pain,
Or mingle in the unblest train
Of old maids, bachelors, again ;
I must deny them—
Cold, lifeless mummies, I disdain
To tarry by them.

But one old maid I knew right well—
Who thinks she's something great hersel'—
Would hear me still my love-tale tell
Till I grow hoary ;
Then wish me south of Satan's cell,
All for her glory.

Her heart is harder than a stone,
And, by misfortune, calloused grown ;
But still content to live alone,
In virgin's ring,
For fear of being trick'd by one
In manhood's spring.

Her bosom 's like a sea-beat rock,
That long has braved the billow's shock,
And glazed so hard that no knock-knock
Of love can warm ;
The winning smile, the silken lock
Ne'er has a charm.

May-be, in youth's enamoured ring—
When love's strong passion plumes her wing—
Some trusted one has played a spring,
Its pillow pressed,
And cheated all that love could bring
Within that breast.

And may-be that 's the reason why
She can my warmest love defy,
And pass each warm petition by
Unheeded—still
Resolved to single live and die,
'Gainst nature's will.

But I remember on a day
There was a lassie, bright and gay,
Whose features wore the smiles of May,
With grace compiling,
That one look stole my heart away—
'Twas so beguiling.

So on a starlight summer's night,
As sky-larks take their homeward flight,
I took the way, with heart so light,

To see my charmer ;
Alack for me ! I got a fright
By joy's disarmer.

Her mother kicked up such a splore,
And bade me leave her cottage door ;
I had to go, for nothing more
Would please the grannie ;
Yet vowed I, though she'd squeal and roar,
I'd court her Annie.

Now, Sir, I pity much your case,
If e'er you get in such a place ;
Though much like all the fallen race,
I've faults and failings,
Though not designed for such disgrace—
Such tongue-lashed failings.

'Twould take a mind hard as a stone,
By years of war embrazen grown,
To stand the lash of woman's tongue—
Old grannies thunder ;
But some may think it only fun,
And dodge them under.

She now is, may-be, comfort drinking,
Because she gave me such a "jinking ;"
She'll rue this some day yet, I'm thinking,
With all her wit ;
For, by-the-by, old rhyming Lincoln
Will cheat her yet.

But to conclude about mysel' :
 I've spun my dumplin' pretty well ;
 One line or two more I must tell,
 Before I leave you,—
 That if you are no worse yoursel'
 They may forgive you.

EPISTLE SECOND—TO THE SAME.

ON THE TIMES.

As Summer winds are round me blowing,
 And I am somewhat lazy growing,
 I'll quit awhile this tiresome mowing
 'Mong drips and wheat,
 And tell you how the times are going,
 On this rough sheet.

They 're changing some, I must confess,
 Nor do I wonder at it less ;
 And one to keep out of a mess,
 With kin or neighbor,
 Will find it something hard, I guess,
 And more than labour.

For one to be an honest man,
Even though his life is a short span,
And fill alone great nature's plan—
 Out to the end,
Dare scarcely even his neighbors scan,
 For fear to offend.

But I have lived and worked along
From day to day, the wheat among,
And thus far done no mortal wrong
 In any place ;
Yet I have seen, in many a throng,
 The bitter face.

The safest way to act your part,
Is just to keep an honest heart ;
From every foolish squabble 'part,
 With sense and ease,
And then you need not care a f—t
 Who you displease.

The times have changed somewhat of late,
And somewhat saddening to my fate ;
Yet, I will not my grief relate
 To rouse your mind ; .
But some great folks learn me to hate
 Human kind.

I must not all my secrets own :
But some great cause, to me unknown,
Has deprived me of a sweet one

Who used to love me—
Her heart's as cold as any stone,
Or it would grieve me.

I've learned, by woman's freaks and flirts,
That they can easy turn their shirts,
And give their lover's their desserts
In heaped-up measure ;
You v'e got to keep on keen alerts
To hold the treasure.

And, Sir, the hours I've lost in wooing,
In watching after and pursuing,
The magic charm (my rest undoing)
In woman's eyes ;
I feel, beside their glow, they 're brewing
Oftimes disguise.

But, Sir, suppose they 're all deceiving,
And men were all so unbelieving
As I am, often, when I'm grieving
For faithles glances,
I think we'd better trust, believing,
And run the chances.

But fearing that you may grow weary
Of listening to my tale so dreary,
I'll leave the while this wond'rous query,
The mistery with it,—
And try to tell you something cheery,
If I can do it.

You must have heard of time so brief,
Of our old friend, the Mountain Chief—
A kin's been playing such mischief
 Amongst his lassies,
And taken one just as a thief,
 Even one surpasses.

And off they went—no. one knew where—
Nor did the neighbors greatly care,
So long as they "skedaddled" fair
 Out of his reach,
But laughed to see the old buck flare
 In such an itch.

But whether its his fault or no—
The lass may first have wish'd to go ;
But shure they've been on tip-top-toe
 For one another,
And, Sir, they've wed, for weal or woe,
 Both fast together.

They are as happy, jovial pair,
As ever bloomed in wedlock fair,
Nor think they double life's a snare
 To end their bliss—
While my old heart is full of care
 With that and this.

You ought to see how well their matched—
A better couple ne'er were hatched—
Since Eden's door has been unlatched

By some great heart,
Or else from Cupid's bow they've caught
An awful dart.

Though bliss is not confined, alone,
To courtly mansions or a throne,
But peeps e'en in the pauper's home,
His hearth to cheer ;
Though now, from both I think its flown,
And lighted here.

But Sir, as shure 's I'm telling this,
Their 's one that fain would end their bliss,
By kicking up an awful fuss—
His name is * * * * ;
And others, that his b—t would kiss,
Even for a farthing.

O Susan, Susan, roaring Susan,
You've surely lost all sense and reason
To meddle with such mischief-brewin'
And thrash their back ;
I do not like your face, so brazen,
Or hear you clack.

You should not be so strict yoursel'
Though ne'er to me your cause you'd tell—
But one thing, Madam, I know well,
And easily see,
You love your husband pretty well,
And he loves thee.

And if an honest man there 's one—
 Who would such petty squabbles shun—
 In politics, a monstrous gun,
 'Tis but your lover ;
 And if he dies, I'll bet a bun
 You'd want another.

For every grannie, grey and witty—
 For every bubbie, white and nitty—
 Even for the sake of Mount Hope City—
 Desists your clatter,
 And give your tongue rest, for its a pity
 To stir up the matter.

O Scott ! O Scott ! you silly lumick,
 One sight of you has turned my stomach ;
 You thought you 're something when you'd done it,
 Though small the chace ;
 The sneak-look o'er the muckle hummack
 Upon your face.

You may spur up your Paddy bold,
 And clinch your fist, on brass or gold,
 But sure praties could not mould
 When you v'e them dished ;
 When there 's a nuisance to be sold,
 You 're on the list.

I little thought old Erin's Isle
 Could e'er have spew'd so soft a child ;
 You serve a man, with wrath compil'd,

For his mishap ;
Take care you ne'er are so beguiled
To be his ape.

What made you meddle in the mess,
To bring about good folks distress ;
Sure common sense is growing less
When you'r so silly
As for to muss up your own nest,
Like some great filley.

A witless, daft aspiring fool,
Impert as though you held the stool—
Strong guided by each selfish rule
That crams a heart ;
Old Nick ne'er had a better tool
To act his part.

For honest men, for nature's sakes,
Take my advice ("and no mistake"),
And then some clown perchance you 'll make
And hold your malice ;
And may you ne'er disgrace a stake,
Or shame a gallows.

O little, pent-up, scrupulous soul,
Ought in some beast to grunt or growl,
Where it might rave and rip and howl,
The world to fright ;
Or in some sneaking old horned owl,
Hide out of sight.

Now Scott when e'er in any place
 You sneak along, don't show your face—
 And may I never hear your case
 In such a broil ;
 And may you ne'er again disgrace
 Old Glandford's soil. ,

* * * * * * *

But now, my friend, e'er I intrude
 On your good will, or laughing mood ;
 I will no more in this allude
 To the foregoing ;
 I think they 'll find this not sweet food,
 If hungry growing.

And, Sir, my friend in rhyme and song,
 I've told them something of their wrong ;
 'Twill be their privilege e're long
 To give me thunder ;
 And if I don't catch hing-hang-kong,
 'Twill be a wonder.

If I should on a giddy day,
 By chance, along some back road stray,
 And meet a lassie by the way,
 With love to lend me,
 And she should steal my heart away,
 Would that condemn me ?

And if to wed, we should agree,
 To be our masters and live free,

And take upon it a small spree—
 Though some disguised—
Would that be cause enough that we
 Should be dispised ?

Sure man was never yet designed,
With all his grace and powers of mind,
To die and leave no one behind
 To name his race ;
For, in old ancient gems, we find
 Such works disgrace.

If I must creep, and squeeze, and crawl,
For fear to offend this one, or all,
I may live single till I'm bald,
 For all they'd care ;
Far better never live at all
 Than have such fare.

O matrimony ! joys divine !
The brightest, fairest of the nine,
O may its flowery bliss be mine
 Some day to prove !
My muse would then unfading shine
 In endless love.

I hate this lazy life that's single,
Where cares and sorrows intermingle ;
Give me the happy smiles, to jingle,
 Of a sweet wife ;
The blithesome squabblers 'round the ingle,
 To bless my life.

And when that day shall gladly come
 And we tie knots with some sweet one
 May no sheep's pate, like * * * disjoin
 Our peace and joy ;
 If we 're denied this life-long fun
 We 'd better die.

S A T I R E .

—
 T O A F R I E N D .
 —

“What is no-sense, must be nonsense.”—BURNS.
 (Or, a little fun with my Critics.)

—
 “ If nobody had envied nobody,
 If nobody had meddled with nobody,
 If nobody had criticis'd nobody,
 Then, nobody had ever been somebody.

—
 O, land of poets ! land of fame !
 Land where bright honors have a claim !
 And where a man may gain a name,
 High as the moon ;
 Then be kicked down to whence he came
 Just full as soon.

O, land, the brightest and the best !
 Land by old maids and critics blest !

Who roam about, from east to west,
To gain a name, (M. N.)
Land where I live and hope to rest,
And end my fame.

And land where many graces blend,
And land where friendships never end,
Even I, though low, have friends to lend
To me a smile—
And now to one, my truest friend,
I'll rhyme a while.

For well you know, there has of late,
Been some who lengthened out their prate,
And lavished words, both small and great,
To blast my name,
And fix upon my humble fate
A spunger's shame.

And they have pounced so fierce on me,
For trying something great to be,
And even old maids—in number three—
Made it their pleasure
To give me their back-biting free,
In heaped-up measure.

You scarce can think—O my despair,—
To know I had acusers fair,
Who made it their relentless care
To criticise me ;

Sure I am something unco' rare
When they despise me.

For who could dream that such a lad,
Scarce large enough to leave his dad,
With home-spun ways; and home-spun clad,
And unknown long,
Should have them as if going mad,
By an old song.

But now, of late, it comes my turn
To give them what their merits earn,
Or what of them I chanced to learn
Of their condition,
And what of them I did discern
On exhibition.

Twas on a well-selected night,
When spring was breaking in its might—
The frogs were singing blythe and light,
In every pool—
They gave their neighborhood a sight
Of their trim school.*

I scarce can blame them for the deed,
For it seem'd like a time o' need,
To show the lads their smiles indeed,
And open arms—
For age will soon those blessings bleed,
Their last, last charms.

* A school exhibition wherein all participated.

But O what rapture met my eyes,
When, to my wonder and surprise,
I saw them lifted toward the skies,
In robes arrayed—
With artificials, for disguise,
On stage parade.

O for an artist's brush to paint
The figures, without blot or taint !
For my old rhyming pen must faint
Beneath the task,
And only give them justice scant,
Or hopeful bask.

You could have pick'd out full a dozen,
As plump as e'er man has chosen,
With well-proportioned, bouncing bosoms,
With scanty covers ;
O what a gorgeous slumbering cushion
For ardent lovers.

'Twas sweet to see them promenade,
By threes and couples, in parade ;
I could have flew right to their aid
Did I have wings,
Despite the spacious barricade
Of hoops and strings.

O my, O my, what blooming creatures !
What winning smiles, and charming features,
Heart blood-movers, young love leechers,

For every age ;
Old men's comforts, young men's teachers,
In every stage.

But to my critics, masculine,
I must a little shape my rhyme,
For they have their faults, I have mine,
Even one the same ;
Namely, to end sad twenty-nine
And change their name.

For well they told you, with a jingle,
'Twas your own fault that they were single,
And left at home to hug the ingle,
From year to year ;
And yet you would not with them mingle
Or stay one tear.

Come, then, my critics in excess,
Just leave old Abe for something less ;
Relieve old maids of their distress,
By coupling to them ;
You do not know what happiness
You thus can do them.

For it is e'er your rhymers prayer,
To see you court the charmers fair—
Even tied together, pair and pair,
In love's caressing—
'Twould end full many a night of care,
And be a blessing.

Though first and foremost I should tell
 Of what I heard that pleased me well ;
 'Twas when they would their love tales tell,
 And happy courting ;
 It made my frenzied bosom swell
 To hear them sporting.

They were true critics, not in name,
 For when one would his merits claim,
 The other would his acts disdain,
 And laugh right out ;
 Saying, who fooled you down yonder lane,
 And " cut you out."

It made me think of by-gone sport,
 When I did with a maiden court,
 Though it soon ended sweet and short,
 Like every blessing ;
 Then left behind it o' its sort,
 Long hours—distressing.

I well expected that the clown
 Would surely cut me in his round,
 For long, long has he happy plown
 With my lost heifer ;
 Though some have told the story round,
 As my old " slipper."

O, if he'd cut on me his joke
 I would have giv'n him such a poke ;
 O wit ! that would the stillness broke,

And brought applause
And then explained it to the folk,
Despite o' laws.

But to the truth ; what seemed best,
Was a small speech to all addressed,
Which brought intemperance to the test,
And showed its crimes ;
And pictur'd off in words, impressed,
Its sin at times.

O cause supreme ! O cause divine !—
The brightest, fairest of the nine,—
Long, long may it in honor shine
O'er Glandford's soil,
And man to quietude incline,
Nor quarrel, nor broil.

And may its cause here prosper soon,
And haste the happy time to come,
When all may know the sun from moon,
And day from night,
And if they ramble out at noon,
No more get tight.

For lately I have heard it said,
A neighbor got somewhat misled,
And got strange pictures in his head,
By drinking beer—
That never yet was seen or read—
Both strange and queer.

And when returning home at night,
Uncommon blithe, and unco' tight,
He thought he saw the morning light
Creep up before,
And hailed a friend who came in sight—
Good morning, Sir.

His neighbor much enjoyed the fun,
And let the gossip blither on,
Agreeing with him 'twas the sun,
And morning bright,
And wist not that it was the moon,
And dead of night.

O sad, sad lot! when man will feast
On whiskey swill, or malten yeast,
And grow less senseless than a beast,
And think it fun;
Then, hail true temperance! west and east,
And haste it on.

But last of all there came a poem,
Composed by one, a Miss—,
Who came quite sprucely tripping on,
With much good grace,
And showed abroad, to every one,
A rosy face.

Her features wore, at first, a smile,
Which caught attention for a-while;
We listened, all, to learn a pile

Of sense and wit ;
At length we heard of wit a style,
Of sense, a bit.

But after much rhyme—clinking shakers,
A few of Johnson's long jaw-breakers,
As if addressed to moveless quakers,
The tale was spun,—
And then like all deception takers,
It all went down.

How different was the closing air,
That shone upon the maiden fair,
The look of pride turn's quick to care
In all its might,
The change of joy into despair,
O, sad the sight !

Like pleasure sweet which turns to bitter,
It first looks bright and all a-glitter,—
Then flies in many a rent and fitter,
Far, far away ;
Though oft we strive in vain to get-her,
She's gone for aye.

But for the lady's speech or air,
And lengthened poem, I did not care,—
For it is nothing new or rare,
When they deceive us,
And leave us all to gape and stare
When fair one's leave us.

And should, in future, man or boy
 Behold me thus my time employ,
 May I have the exquisite joy
 Right off to lose it ;
 Then no one can its worth destroy,
 For no one knows it.

O, by my word, such critic folk !
 To try to ape on me a joke ;
 A mammoth dunce, whose brains long soak
 In a huge cranny,
 Might give them all, in sense a poke,
 Or swamp their sawny.

He, what-do-you-call-him; knave or sneak—
 Or, as some say, " wade up the creek "—
 That oft get on a fishing freak
 'Round bog and brake ;
 If so, who would his graces seek,
 Even for his sake.

Now, may-be, this is a hard name,
 For which his merits do not claim,
 But well he shewed it was his aim
 To do me wrong,
 By lying down my rhyming fame
 On my old song.

I'd rather be a mud-hole frog,
 And squat forever in a bog,
 To watch my kindred polley-wog,

With ice-froze heart,
Than face the world like some, a-gog,
And act no part.

A fig for those who change their rhymes,
Just for to please the men of dimes,
Or turn their coats to suit the times,
In case of need ;
I hate your little baby-shines,
Or worse, your creed.

Even you, who Yankees all despise,
And curse them oft with flaming eyes,
How could you lay without disguise,
Upon one's breast,
And think you'd gained a place to prize—
Swoon off to rest,

Perhaps you thought I did not see
You turtle-doving on his knee,
And having to yourselves a spree
Behind the curtain ;
But it was plain as it could be,
You loved him certain.

Alas ! thought I, alack for me !
That I should thus so lonely be,
With none to sit upon my knee,
And hug me to them ;
But all I did was wipe my e'e,
And thus imbrue them.

O, had I but been in his place—
Although you count me a hard case—
I'd given you such a warm embrace,
 With little trouble,
That would have beat right to disgrace
 Your Yankee Doodle.

But Oh! I must not chide your boy,
Or even think him to annoy;
Perhaps it might his rest destroy—
 His path o'er cast;
But let him "go-it," 'tis my joy
 To see you fast.

For time is always on a run,
And long has fled sweet twenty-one,
So now 's the time for mirth and fun,
 In honeymoon;
Then do not fail to seek a man
 As long 's there 's one.

But first, be careful how you play
The game with these "skedaddlers" gay—
One day they're here and then away,
 They leave their squire;
Then love, like fat, old grannies say,
 Is in the fire.

So then be canny how you court,
Or set your cap on such sweet sport,
Nor be content with any sort,

On any plan,
For man's good graces oft are short,
And half are sham.

For I would caution you, my dear,
To keep just from the Yankees clear,
For they are, of all folks, most queer,
Though seeming nice ;
Then do not trust the rogues too near,
Or to a s—e.

But hold, my pen ! cease scratching folly !
You 're always like myself, unruly ;
Wind up your nonsense now, by golly,
Or matrimony ;
Though well you think 'tis right and holy,
And sweet as honey.

I own, I scarce can hold you back,
Or keep you in an even track,
And stop you from your cutting clack,
And poking fun ;
Even now you long to vent your crack
On Mr.

Oft hast thou scratched a better theme,
And oft you run just like a stream,
Dipt, as if in a golden beam,
Nor time mis-spent ;
Come now just tell my friend a dream
That once I dream't.

'T was on a long misguided night,
The stars shone down with sparkling light,
And I had been sky-larking late,
 And just got home ;
And creeping up the stair-case height,
 Soon found my room.

I had but scarcely got in bed,
And laid me down my weary head,
When midnight dreams soon overspread
 My fancies fumbling,
And then I heard, right overhead,
 A strange, queer bumming.

Methought, in my midnight dream,
I saw, just by the window's gleam,
A tall form, like a shadowy sheen,
 Move on the floor ;
But soon it got right in between
 My bed and door.

I soon discerned it was no friend,
Even by his mein from end to end,
For soon he gave my bed a send,
 And grabbed the post ;
Get out, says I, you muckle fiend—
 Are you a ghost ?

At first I thought 't was him, Old Boy,
Who came my life just to destroy,
Then half I bellowed out see-boy,

Take care, don't goard me ;
Hold to your helm hard on, a-hoy !
You 'll run aboard me.

The fright half took me unawares,
And made me think about my prayers,
But more of scratching down the stairs,
To get a light ;
For you must know, old dad o' cares,
Is no nice sight.

He had a hooked nose, not flat,
And two great wings just like a bat,
And a long tail most like a rat,
With fangs upon,
Which he might handle, in combat,
Like a harpoon.

And over all, thick scales were seen
That were a sort of brownish-green,
Which covered him just like the screen
That cloaks a priest,
Only the first enrobes a fiend,
The last, his guest.

And for his face—O, such a mouth !
Run at right angles, north and south,
Wherein stood teeth hooked like a trout,
To hold on folk,
O'er which there streamed, like a spout,
Both fire and smoke.

The great long fingers and the nails,
Backed by the thickly-armor'd scales,
Looked much like pulling fire-brand rails,
 And poking coals,
To roast thereon, like reptile snails,
 Poor mortal's souls.

Quoth I, old Nick, if Nick you are,
You must have just returned from war,
For on your brow there 's many a scar,
 And on your face ;
You must have been out driving far,
 Or on a chase.

He gave his great long tail a shake,
As if to show it for my sake ;
Take care, says I, you may it break,
 With such a lashing ;
But faith my bones began to quake,
 For fear o' thrashing.

I do not doubt you are my match,
Though once I did not fear you much,
Meantime, I'll keep out of your clutch—
 Look here old hale,
How come you by that awful scratch
 Across your tail ?

And then the point 's off your right horn,
That does your calabash adorn,
While your left one points like a thorn,

So slim and straight?
 You must have broke it off some morn
 On a hard pate :

And by your old brown wrinkled face
 I see there 's marks of some disgrace ;
 Have you been in a luckless chase,
 Of mortal souls,
 And met with one, too hard a case,
 'Twixt the poles ?

Hold, Sir ! quoth Nick—I 'll tell you, Sir,
 How that sad mishap did occur :
 I got it once while on a tour
 Below the sun,
 And broke it on a flinty cur,
 Whose name was ——.

I surely thought I'd bring him in,
 With such a poke I gave at him,
 But it ne'er entered through the skin,
 Alone his heart,
 And did no more than if it had been
 A muckle f——t.

Then back I turned to my cell,
 And summoned up the hosts of h—l,
 And to them all my tale did tell,
 And showed my horn,
 At which they all did howl and yell,
 And look forlorn.

Then to my legions thus I said :
I'll put a crown upon the head
Of any one, who shall bring dead
That awful case,
And have his name in honor read
Long in this place!

Then off flew ——, right straight amain,
Who never yet was halt or maim ;
Quite sure, I thought, he'd catch the game,
So quick he flew ;
But his great speed was all in vain—
So he withdrew.

And back he came, with slower pace—
Which told me he had failed in chase—
With disappointment on his face,
And drooping head,
And as he sighed his doleful case,
'T was thus he said :

I've travelled the terrestrial round,
On sea and land, with a swift bound,
And still my match I never found,
In black or grey,
Whilst hunting o'er my choicest ground,
Seeking for prey.

Till on that fatal, luckless hour,
I set upon your prize-matched tower,
Even for the man that braved your shower,

As if 't were fun ;
I might as well have saved my power,
And let him run :

For all the skill I brought to bear
Upon his head, just mussed the hair ;
With less I 've butcher'd many a pair,
And many a hundred,
Which made me think I'd missed it fair,
And somewhat blundered.

I brought my spy-glass to my ee,
And looked through him for a wee,
To see if I a soul could see
Within his breast ;
At length I spied it, like a flea,
Peep from its nest.

And once I fancied I had got it,
And went to put it in my pocket,
But soon it slipped from out my locket,
Just as a flea,
And jumped back right into its socket,
And peeped at me.

If I had had a trap, though late,
And had a penny for a bait,
I might have caught it then, first-rate,
But I had none ;
So then I left it to its fate
With Mr. ——.

But last of all, I got a plan,
Which was a real one, not a sham ;
I got me just the proper man
 To act my part—
For he 'll do for me all he can
 With fiendish art.

I found out that this little soul,
Though snug it kept within its hole,
Could hardly e'en itself control
 At dead of night ;
And oft it sought a kindred shoal,
 To keep it right.

I put it in my flunkey's head,
To go and fright him out of bed,
If best he could to raise old Ned,
 Just for a spree ;
Or if he could, to fright him dead,
 As you shall see.

So off he put, right straight for ——,
Full well resolved to have some fun,
And crept into the house alone,
 And gained the floor ;
Then gave a most unearthly groan,
 Which made it roar.

His groans soon waken'd up his prey,
Who looked first some green, then grey ;
Says he, I 'll bet the deil's to pay

Up over head,
And so we'd better clear away
 Before we 're dead.

For sure as death I heard a ghost,
Or Nick himself, who will us roast,
Just for himself a morning's toast,
 Down in his cell,
Or have us all chained to a post,
 Off down in h—l.

Then out upon the floor he flew,
And near unto the window drew—
Which, with one bound, he soon went through,
 And then he lit,
Just where—now here 's the name, 'tis true,
 A mortar pit.

And there he rolled and wallowed over,
Submerged in lime up to the shoulder,
With but a shirt his skin to cover,
 And still so frightened
He scarcely knew one end from tother,
 Or where he lighted.

Yet still, even there, he had a friend,
Who from the window did descend,
And unto him his aid did lend,
 With all his might,
Saying, now then take care of yoursee'n—
 Then said good-night.

Then off fled —, out o'er the plain,
 Straining every nerve and vein,
 Pushing with all his might to gain
 Some harmless coast,
 Where peace and quietude would reign,
 Without a ghost.

The sticks and stones sore did him goad,
 The lime and mud made quite a load,
 Quite sure he thought he'd gained the road—*
 And was a rover—
 That leads o'er many a weary rood,
 From town to Dover.

* * * *

For once of late I passed that way,
 Where oft of old I used to stray,
 And saw poor mortals their tolls pay,
 Without reduction,
 For privilege to drive all day
 To their destruction.

The sight it did my fancy please,
 My horn felt better and more ease—
 I gave George Rightman his degrees
 In planks and stones,
 Saying make the rebels pay you fees
 To break their bones.

• Hamilton and Port Dover plank and stone road.

And this is all the way we use him,
By ghosts and goblins to abuse him,
And oft, I fear, by-George, I'll lose him,
 He's such a boor ;
Yet with my broken horn I'll bruise him,
 If I can't do more.

Next time I get a chance to gore him,
I'll bet a penny that I'll bore him,
And send him, southern-bound, a roaring
 With all his wit.
Thus spoke auld Nick, as he sped soaring,
 He'll get it yet.

And then I saw no more of Nick,
He flew away so mighty quick,
And left me just a parting lick
 Of brimstone scent,
At which I gave a saucy kick,
 Then felt content.

The morning then began to gleam,
Which woke me from my funny dream,
I just gave one half grunt and scream,
 Then bright awoke—
Saying it's worth telling what I seen,
 And no small joke.

OCCASIONAL PIECES.

ON A DREARY WINTER'S DAY.

WRITTEN ON SEEING A FOOT-PRINT IN THE SNOW.

On a dreary winter's day,
As o'er the fields I bent my way,
 Along a rugged path;
The ground was covered, far and near,
With fleecy snow-drifts, cold and drear,
 And everything looked sad.

As onward o'er the waste of snow,
With eager pace, yet sure and slow,—
 Still keeping in a line—
By chance a little track track I crossed,
Deep printed in the cold white frost,
 Not half so large as mine.

And as I viewed the mark behind,
The thought came rushing to my mind
 Of days that swiftly roll'd,
When o'er the same rough, dreary way,
I rambled on from day to day,
 And left a similar mould.

The chilly winters, as they flew,
And lengthened summers ever new,
 Yet swiftly they have flown ;
And each, in its succeeding round,
Was sought and spent, and still I found
 That track had larger grown.

But happier then, when young and free,
With playmates ever filled with glee—
 Companions of my heart—
With songs so sweet to stir the air,
And breasts so light, unknown to care ;
 But now from them I part.

No troubled thoughts then rent my mind,
Or broken ties, which now I find,
 And never seem to die ;
But evening set with smiling scenes,
And morning dawned with pleasant dreams,
 No clouds obscured the sky.

And twenty summers now have fled,
With time scarce numbered, ever sped
 With all its various turns,
And many crooked paths I view,
As memory brightens up anew,
 And torches glow and burns.

But in the future, who can say,
How through this world its course will lay,
 Or which way it may bear ;

Perchance upon a foreign soil,
'Midst war and strife to tug and moil,
And end its rambles there.

There surely is a dreary lane
That wears no bloom but want and pain,
And ends in death and woe ;
Yet many crowd along its walls,
And fill its coffers and its halls—
To drink its pains they go.

But in the sight of brighter scenes,
I look for bliss while fancy gleams,
And hope revives my breast ;
The fairest way that wins regard,
And with it ends a rich reward,
That way is surely best.

Though often mingled are its flowers,
And sometimes thorny are its bowers,
Yet endeth right at last,
When all its floods and seas are crost,
And trials sink, and cares are lost,
And sorrows gladly passed.

And now I bid my thoughts adieu !
I have reviewed my youth anew,
Like as a midnight dream ;
While joy sinks backward to the breast,
And memory, weary, takes her rest,
And fancy shuts the scene.

"O WEEP FOR THOSE THAT WEPT."

LINES ON A VERSE OF LORD BYRON'S.

"O weep for those that wept,"
By Babel's rolling stream,
Whose shrines and homes are desolate,
Whose land is but a dream,
Whose harps upon the willows hung—
Their tuneless harps so long unstrung.

There, by those hostile waters, they
In mournful silence weep;
Still pressed within their bosoms they
Their much-loved Zion keep,
While still upon the willows hung
Their tuneless harps, all, all unstrung.

Far, in a strange land,
By Jordan's rolling stream,
While to their distant view
Fair Salem's towers are seen;
How can they wake new notes of song,
Or tune the harp so long unstrung?

And can they e'er forget
Their once loved happy home,
Its walls and tempel'd hill,
In fair Jerusalem;
Where once their harps with music rung,
Where they the songs of Zion sung.

Then can they tune their harps—
In that unhappy land,
Or sing the heavenly song
In a strange and foreign land—
Or swell their notes with rapturous song,
Or tune their harps so long unstrung ?

DISAPPOINTMENTS.

MAY 18th, 1859.

The morning breaks, my bosom quakes,
But not alone for care or grief,
For if 't were only sadness now,
Fond hope might bring it short relief;
But anxious thought, with tenfold force,
Comes o'er me like a swelling blast,
And sinks in gloom my muse's bloom,
The little spark of joy o'ercasts.

The morning dawns as breaks the day,
And creeps above the forest hoar,
In vain I strive to catch a ray
From out its never-ending store,
And oft returning to the change
Imagination's charm to find,
The shadow flies, the vision dies,
And leaves a gloomy sight behind.

The birds in spring time may rejoice,
And sweetly sing upon the bough,
Through woodland green, from morn to e'en,
Forever free as they are now ;
But disappointments always dark
The brightest hours that ever shine,
And now I find it has, too true,
Thrown all its shadows upon mine.

But by experience, now I find,
That expectation's but a charm,
Which passes like the morning wind,
With little good or little harm ;
'Midst ups and downs that happen now,
And numerous ills that come between,
Time yet will write upon my brow
Most frightful changes now unscen.

But fortune's change will ebb and flow,
'T is all delusion reigning here,
Yet let one cheering ray of hope
Around my pathway linger near ;
But winter, with its blighting chills,
Leave gloomy traces far behind,
So, disappointments, with their ills,
Leaves sorry pictures on my mind.

IT IS NOT A JOKE.

FIRST TRUE LOVE KISS.

It is not a joke that I will pretend
To smuggle upon you, but it is this :
That the greatest affection that love can reveal,
Is the magical power of the first true love kiss.

Then the penitent heart leaves its wearisome cell,
And soars to the regions of rapturous bliss,
Where only the enjoyer its blessings can tell
Of the wonderful magic—the first true love kiss.

CANADA THISTLE.

Since Adam met his awful fate,
And banished far from Eden's gate ;
Since this wide world's terrestrial ball,
Was cursed because of Adam's fall,
With thorns and thistles, and what then,
To haunt the last resort of man,
One sigh o'er Eden's gate he threw,
And wept a silent last adieu,
And learned his lasting sentence then,
Which burdens down the hearts of men ;
That he should eat his future bread
Beneath a sweating aching head,

An endless war he was to wield
Against the curses of the field !
O, awful sentence to relate
The burden of his future state ;
Since then, alas ! to mortal man
The curse lies heavy on his hand,
Unceasing still as time rolls on,
And widens fast beneath the sun,
Luxuriant and more thick to live,
Is all the comfort it can give.
A sore mishap, alas, for all,
A heavy burden on his care,
That galls his shoulders till they're bare,
With scarce a joy to cheer his way,
Or hope to see a better day,
But doomed to toil by might and main,
Till every sweat drop drains a vein ;
And still this earth must ever wear
That curse of Adam's that we bear,
Destroying as with warlike strife,
Cutting the tender cords of life ;
Too often pruned the deeper pang
By Satan and his fallen gang.

LIFE HAS BEGAN.

Life has began ; its morning sun
Has gently left the dawning sky,
Serene and calm, unclouded yet,
Without a ripple or a sigh.

Life has began ; the ship has left
With promises in every gale,
All spotless white her banners fly,
And hopes to swell her distant sail.

Life has began ; but who can tell
Where the first breaker, rising fast,
Shall with one angry foaming swell
The little barque of life o'er cast.

Life has began ; the morning flies,
And noon-beams sparkle far away,
No clouds as yet obscure the sky,
To mingle 'midst its golden ray.

Life has began ; the golden dream
In fancy guilds its bed with gold,
Till time sweeps like a mighty stream,
And then the sorry dream is told.

F A R A W A Y .

Far away ! words that ever we ponder ;
Who, with its meaning, has something to say ?
The wide-roaming sailor, the far-straying wanderer,
Methinks meet it ever o'er life's thorny way ;
On the rough swelling ocean, where pearls are lurking,
Its sound, through his memory ever keeps darting,
And when from the shore his vessel is parting,
He thinks of the friends he has left far away.

The soldier, that stands by the watch-fire gleaming,
As he looks o'er the plain stretched out to his sight,
Will oft turn his eyes toward the polar star beaming,
And forget that the foe is encamp'd to his right ;
And, when from the battle-field, ghastly and gory,
He returns 'mid the shouts of triumph and glory,
He rejoices to think that history's story,
Of his feats will be read by his friends far away.

The lone pioneer in the dark forest wild-wood,
As oft from his labors his thoughts gladly stray,
To the home of his father and scenes of his childhood,
Where youth and its beauties were squandered away ;
The oak and elm there flourish beside him,
Where a ray of the sun's beams scarcely can find him,
Yet oft 'mid the forest these thoughts ever chide him,
To think of the home of his friends far away.

We all of us know of its sharp, stinging sorrow,
Of its notes on life's organ that murmur a lay,
And oft, for relief, fond hope do we borrow,
To mingle with sadness and lessen its sway,
Perchance, 'neath the shade of the low bending willow,
We think of the friends that are far on the billow,
And oft on the couch of midnight's soft pillow,
We dream of the ones that are dear far away.

And life would be dreary, with all its afflictions,
But for that assurance that ne'er can decay,
When we read of a country where friends are not sever'd,
Where gloomy December 's as pleasant as May ;

And when in the horizon our day-star's descending,
 And life's varied scenes of affliction's are ending,
 That word of assurance is still ever lending
 Its hope to the heart, of a home far away.

A F R A G M E N T .

ON WAKING OUT OF A DREAM.

O, night! night! how dreary:
 My heart is growing weary
 Of dreaming o'er pleasures that's passed on before;
 Shake off this weeping,
 Despondency's creeping;
 Fret not o'er the page that's written of yore—
 Their signature's set,
 By loss and neglect—
 Turn over a leaf for a happier day;
 Then look for a morning,
 With blessings adorning,
 Far better to live in a region of light,
 Than, with the morn's gleaming,
 Keep constantly dreaming
 Of pleasures that ever are hidden in night—
 Their visions have fled,
 The feeling is dead;
 Why muse on a phantom that scarce has a ray?
 Then come bright to-morrow,
 Unmingled with sorrow,
 And chase with thy sunbeams this sadness away.

"O THEN REMEMBER ME!"

When the day is brightest,
And your cares are lightest,

"O then remember me!"

When with friends thou meetest,
All their loves are sweetest,
And mirth wafts on the fleetest,

"O then remember me!"

When the day is darkest,
And your joys the shortest,

"O then remember me!"

And when cares are swelling
O'er life's humble dwelling,
Hopes and joys dispelling,

"O then remember me!"

When the winter's dreariest,
And the snow the clearest,

"O then remember me!"

When the snow-flakes straying
O'er thy pathway playing,
Spring-time all delaying,

"O then remember me!"

When the spring, returning,
Bright its sun is burning,

"O then remember me!"

When the summer's beaming,

Pleasant rays are streaming,
And morning meekly gleaming,
" O then remember me !"

When around thee lying
Are garden roses dying,
" O then remember me !"
When they would adore thee,
And shed their fragrance o'er thee,
Or new ones bloom before thee,
" O then remember me !"

When beneath the willow,
The grassy mound 's thy pillow,
" O still remember me !"
When heavenly joys are smiling,
On thy bosom piling,
The live-long day beguiling,
" O then remember me !"

When round thy chamber lonely
The Angels whisper only,
" O then remember me !"
When thy slumbers press thee,
And in dreams they bless thee,
Or with love caress thee,
" O then remember me !"

When by the winding river
Distance shall us sever,
" O then remember me !"

When 'midst those bowers thou rovest,
By the path thou chocest,
Far from the one thou lovest,
"O then remember me!"

MY HEART IS UNCHANGING.

Loved one of my youth, my partner in truth,
By ties so entwined around me—
If ill fate should ever compel us to sever,
My heart is unchanging,—'t is always with thee.

When love is sincere it speaks with a tear—
Then it proves it is trueé, we agree—
And a cold winning smile is a hypocrit's wile,
Then my heart is thus true for it beats warm for thee.

O, remember no more my faults that are o'er,
But forgive them, I ask it for me,
And cherish sincerely the heart that loves dearly—
That beats still the same and lives only for thee.

When the day has grown dreary and memory weary,
And the hopes that so cheer us are sunk in the sea,
Still think of the rover, whose frieks are all over,
For his heart is the same and loves only thee.

Come joy, or come sorrow, to darken my morrow,
And scatter my comforts, few as they be,
Though distance should ever our happiness sever,
My heart still is thine and loves only thee.

DEAREST FRIEND,—TO ME SINCEREST.

Dearest friend, to me sincerest,
Nearest unto me thou art,
None beside are half so cherished,
Or implanted in my heart;
While I hoard thee, fairest treasure,
And endear thee unto me,
Grief is swallowed up in pleasure,
When my memory thinks of thee.

Truest friendship, how I love it!
Wealth and gold I covet less—
Fame and honors are beneath it,
Earth can give no greater bliss;
Though clear my morning sun now beams,
And future hopes bright on me shine,
Yet all their bliss to me is nought,
If I can never count thee mine.

Though by changes now unseen,
Parted here our lot may be,
Distance shall not disunite us,
But endear thee unto me;
Dearest gem! to me most dear,
No envious one shall sever,
Those strong, strong ties that girds our hearts
Must live and bind forever.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

Where the summer winds are creeping,
Where they fan the wild woods still,
There my mother now is sleeping,
On the Glanford churchyard hill.
Well I know her resting place,
Well I know where she is laid,
And the spot, so oft remembered,
Never in my mind can fade.

Now I pass the place so lonely,
With a slow and silent tread,
Walking with my brother only,
And thou art slumb'ring with the dead ;
I need not say, alas, that thou
Were left alone there to abide,
For death has broke again our circle,
And laid my sister by thy side.

I look into the churchyard gate,
I see the little grassy mound,
And enter ; all looks desolate,
To tread its silent walks profound,
And lonely walking to the place,
Many a sorry sigh I gave,
Whilst leaning o'er the buried stone,
Musing o'er my mother's grave.

And then there comes a sudden fear,
 And through my breast a sudden smart,
 My heart, though hardened long by care,
 Is pierced as by an unseen dart;
 Is it because I think thee near,
 My mother, in this narrow bed?
 Or is thy spirit hov'ring near,
 And art thou here, or art thou fled?

Perchance from regions far unknown,
 Thou hast there heard my childish wail,
 And to this lonely church-yard flown,
 To hear me tell my sorry tale;
 But if thou can'st not walk the ground
 With me as when in long fled years,
 I'll strew these wild flowers o'er thy mound,
 And then methinks you will come near.

While memory still with pain awakes
 The scenes of many a by-gone year,
 E'er time and change's ruthless pace
 Have made these scenes to me less dear.
 I've seen e'er this in frolic wild,
 The whistling winds of winter lave,
 And pile with all-resistless force
 The snow heaps o'er my mother's grave.

And as I have, so oft, returning
 From the school house on the hill,
 While my breast with joy was burning
 With that joy I covet still;

And I have paused with warm heart beating—
 Beating in its little cave,
To listen to the wild winds weeping—
 Weeping o'er my mother's grave.

With playmates then I learned to rove,
 And mingle in their sports with glee;
My boyhood's joys come creeping on,
 Then felt I like a bird set free.
I learned to pass the silent place
 With still less care from day to day,
With less restraint to bind my feet,—
 No mother's hand to guard my way.

My days of grief soon wafted by,
 Surrounded as they were by pain,
I half forgot them with a sigh,
 And never wished them back again;
I feel not now as once I did,
 Grief's heaviest load has drifted o'er,
And oft I 've wished them ever hid—
 Borne from my bosom evermore.

Yet from my mind I cannot chase
 Thoughts of the past—they find me yet;
Nor time, nor change can them efface,—
 Those scenes I never can forget,
Though years have passed since you and I
 Would blend our voices oft in glee,
Or listen to my little song,
 I sang so oft beside thy knee.

And I remember when you blessed me,
And heaped them on my future lot;
When sickness first began its blighting,
And entered in our silent cot;
I watched its course with eager eye:
To see you fade I did repine,
Like as the worn out setting sun
I saw you silently decline.

'T was night! and all was lone and still,
While I was sleeping in my bed;
The morning came, my father brought
The sorry news that you were dead;
I scarce believed it, 't was to me new,
I sought once more to see thy face
I sought, but oh! I found it true:
Then roamed about in that sad place.

At length they bore you from the cot;
I asked not why, I asked not where;
I learned to yield to my sad lot,
And walk its sorry road of care;
And left with but one last adieu—
One farewell sigh I lonely gave,
Then with the crowd I moved along,
To lay you in your narrow grave.

Now years have passed since by thy side
You clasped my little hand in thine,
And led me to our apple tree—
Long after did I call it mine:

And time has fled, that tree is dead—
It now is withered and decayed,
And I beheld it withering fast,
Like you, I saw it lowly laid.

And years have passed since winter storms
Raved wildly o'er our old log cot,
And piled the snow-drifts on my couch,
Thus pitiless are our humble lot;
But thou wer't ever near my bed,
To watch that I should take no harm,
To fold the blankets round my head,
And smiled to think that I was warm.

Now years have passed since childhood fled,
'Mid youth's serene unclouded weather,
But I have made some crooked paths
Since you and I were linked together:
When shall I ever find another,
Whose bliss with mine shall know no end?
'Till death shall break them all asunder—
Who ever lost so great a friend?

Now since I've made me other friends,
And they from me have oft been parted,
Friends—I now will name them so,
Trusting they are like true hearted;
And strong affections I have lost,
And formed them strong again with others;
But who can love me with that love
Which knew no change like as my mother's?

And those affections oft the dearest
Have been torn from me now—
Lost and blighted though the nearest :
Time may trace them on my brow ;
While those ties, the ties the strongest,
Then so tight around me wound,
Now alas, their links are severed,
Never more to be rejoined.

Now I find my feelings changing ;
(Grief now strikes the lighter blows—)
Which by constant force are hardened—
Calloused harder, harder grows,
And new griefs, by time revealing,
Cross my path now ev'ry where ;
But they find this heart less feeling,
For it now is known to care.

But while my life is streaming onward
To that all unbounded sea,
Memory will at times remind me
Of my mother dear to me,
Although I now much less regret her—
Though fate makes me 'gainst my will—
Can I, can I e'er forget her ?
Can I less deplore her still ?

Now fifteen years with steady creeping,
Have forced me on up life's rough hill,
And time, whose motion all unceasing,
Finds me with the living still.

Since that hand whose gentle keeping
Smoothed these locks upon my brow ;
Who can blame me then for weeping ?
For I have no mother now.

LAST WITNESS.

How happy the Christian's last hour !
How peaceful and tranquil the breast !
What beauty decks the fair flower,
As it sinks in its slumbers to rest.

The battle of life is now fought,
Its cares and afflictions are o'er ;
The victory is gained, and there 's nought
To grieve or perplex any more.

As a ship on the ocean o'ertossed,
But has gained the fair port at last ;
The waves and the billows are crossed—
The storms and the tempests are passed.

No sorrows nor grief can get there,
Where the tears are all wiped from the eyes ;
Where deceit never poisons the air,
And friendship and love never dies.

There the harps of the blessed shall ring,
Where the fair flowers never decay ;

Where the warblers of Paradise sing,
And December is as happy as May.

O that this joy would be mine,
When life and its conflicts are past,
With the loved ones forever to shine
In the glorified home of the blest.

WE SPEAK OF THE HEAVEN ABOVE.

We speak of the Heaven above,
Of the friends that have gone there before,
Of its mansions all bounded by love,
Which bloom on that peaceable shore.

We sing of its temples of gold,
Of the flowers that ever bloom fair,
And muse on the happy abode,
And cherish a hope to get there.

"NO SIGHS SHALL REND THE SILENT AIR."

No sighs shall rend the silent air,
No sounds of sadness enter there,
No clouds obscure the summer sky,
Or evening breezes angry sigh ;
But all be peace, where not a wave
Of grief shall o'er the bosom lave,

Far in the realms of yonder sphere,
 Where rapture crowns the rolling year,
 With seraphs there their songs to give—
 With them on heavenly anthems live.

O FATHER OF MERCIES.—A PRAYER.

O Father of Mercies we ask thy protection,
 To guard and defend us by night and by day—
 Thy grace to enshroud us, to guard against dangers
 That meet us forever on life's troubled way.

And when here below our days are all numbered,
 And our sun in the west begins to descend,
 May we with thy loved ones escape to that mansion
 Where blessings and happiness ne'er know an end.

R E M O R S E .

Remorse for sin how sad, how sure,
 The guilty heart has to endure,
 Where days are spent in sin and shame,
 And for their vice themselves must blame,—
 Whose sun is set, whose talents spent,
 And to the last on sin intent.
 Alas, cold death is sure to bring
 Remorse : that wild incessant sting
 Steals o'er the soul in dark despair—
 Remorse is all that's graven there.

In that dread moment's awful dark,
 The soul's last flickering, lingering spark
 Darts through its cave,
 Shrinks from the grave's unbounded womb,
 Strives to avoid the yawning tomb,
 Worse dread of everlasting gloom
 Beyond the grave.

HOW SAD THE LOT OF MAN WOULD BE.

How sad the lot of man would be,
 As o'er this world he's driven—
 His life would be a loathsome load
 But for the hopes of Heaven.

His cares and toils would bear him down
 On life's rough road uneven,
 But for the many soothing thoughts—
 The soothing thoughts of Heaven.

The man who serves his God below,
 Who knows his sins forgiven,
 Who feels his sins are washed away
 On earth, has tasted Heaven.

And for the man who does His will
 His blessed promise given :
 Who sows the seed of lasting life
 Shall reap the joys of Heaven.

For here the good man meets his end,
From cares and sorrows riven ;
And gladly leaves this world of woe
To share the bliss of Heaven.

THE DELUSION.

Deluded in youth by the world's giddy show,
I wandered afar from virtue and right,
Resolved all the depths of enjoyment to know,
Its fields of amusements reached out to my sight.

I dreamed of amusements that rose by the way,
I grasped at the future reached out to my view,
I sought—but, alas, it soon vanished away,
As the breeze of the morning sweeps over the dew.

Ah ! short were the hours that pleasure would cheer,
And cloudy the day that promised so fair ;
The sun of my hopes, that once shone so clear,
Is sunk in oblivion and set in despair.

All lone and forgot and oppressed with care,
Destined o'er the waves of affliction to roam,
With scarcely a ray of joy's setting star,
But bear up my sorrows and troubles alone.

THE SUMMER'S SUN.

The summer 's past and gone,
The autumn shades appear.
O may we all remember, too,
The fall of life draws near.

Soon shall the earth be clad
By winter's dread array.
So comes cold death in all its dread,
And sweeps us all away.

Yet will the summers fly,
And nature's robes decay ;
And we shall sleep when life is past,
As seasons fade away.

**LINES WRITTEN IN THE "GOLDEN STEPS
FOR THE YOUNG."**

Loved golden steps to guide my way,
What useful truths are here enrolled !
What debt for thee can I repay ?
I deem thee richer far than gold.

Thy precepts they are greater far,
Thy wisdom is a purer gem,
And shines far brighter than the star
On riches' proudest diadem.

Though in life's thorny wild I stray,
Thy treasure to my soul hath given
A rule by which to guard my way,
And climb the path that leads to heaven.

And may thy rule for ever last,
And round my path in future shine,
Till years shall look on virtues past,
And prove the brightest of the nine.

HOW MATCHLESS THY BLESSINGS.

How matchless thy blessings,
O, Israel's King!
Of thy goodness around me
Forever I'll sing.

Thy love all unbounded,
My path to illumine,
With blessings enshrouded,
Dispersing my gloom.

How gladly I'll sing
Of thy wondrous ways,
While the valleys shall ring
With the theme of my lays.

Then hopes of my morning
Unclouded arise,
Nor darken one moment
My trust in the skies.

MAY I AT LAST LIE DOWN.

May I at last lie down
 Beneath some grassy mound,
 In silent rest,
 Where storms nor fears can trace
 My long last resting place,
 Nor cares nor sorrow chase
 My weary breast.

Where all the rolling year
 Beside my bed you'll hear
 The running rivulet ;
 And all the summer day
 The sun his power display
 In warm and gentle ray,
 To rise and set.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN A GIFT.

As on o'er life's uneven way
 We move along with silent tread,
 How oft before its ending day
 We turn and think of hours that's fled !

And if our path hath e'er been blest
 By plighted friends or kindred dear,
 A gift from them with love impressed,
 May for their memory drop a tear.

So may it be whene'er you view
This humble gift even from a friend,
That he who gave it still is true
To constancy that knows no end.

And if misfortune's angry blast
Should e'er remove you where I'm not,
This may remind you of the past,—
If not for this might be forgot.

O, LASSIE, ART THOU WEEPING YET?

O, lassie, art thou weeping yet?
And is thy bosom moving sore?
Because thou art of love bereft,
And I am dearly thine no more.

And is that sigh, and is that tear
A leaf, a mirror of the past,
Where I may reach a wish sincere,
And ardent love, strong to the last?

And is that breast that heaves so strong
Inflated with one wreaking pain,
That all our loves have fled so long,
And blighted ne'er to bloom again?

Or art thou musing o'er the hours
That once were happy, once were thine,

As bright and clear as Eden's bowers—
More pleasing still as they were mine ?

Then if those keen emotions beam,
Even with the fervent wish so true,
We may again our joy redeem,
Our vanished love with hope renew.

Lassie, then stay that tear the while,
And let thy bosom sigh no more.
I fain would claim again thy smile,
And own it dearer than before.

O, GIVE ME BACK MY VANISHED HOURS.

O, give me back those vanished hours !
O, give me back my joys again !
One dream in youth's secluded bowers
Would end despairing age and pain.

Dear lady, do I ask in vain ?
Are all youth's happy moments fled ?
Is there not in the soul one strain
To murmur back one joy that's dead ?

And is it but a foolish thought ?
If so, forgive this wish of mine :
It comes from one that long hath sought
To end his latest lot with thine.

Lady, you weep: I see the tears
Come stealing down thy placid cheek,
As if with grief recalling years
From out fell time's dismantled wreck.

Ah, reckless time! thy pitiless storm
Hath driven me on through care and life;
And pale is now the ruby form,
That once could mock thy ruthless knife.

How oft I've dreamed, when sad and lone,
As night its silent vigils kept,
Of thy fond name I learned to own,
And when the morning broke have wept.

And then in memory dear thy name
Would oft a myriad thoughts recall,
For then thou wert as still the same,
More dear unto me still than all.

Dear lady, when I hear thee sigh,
Again I feel, again I burn,
While fancy wings our loves still nigh,
And whispers that they may return.

Then let me wipe away the tear,
For still to me one joy is left—
To know I have a friend sincere,
That time and change has not bereft.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

Perchance, in some succeeding year,
These lines may meet a pensive eye,
And wake a thought to memory dear,
Or from a bosom heave a sigh.
O, may they not be buried here,
But prized even for their author's sake.
'T is his ambition still sincere
The link of friendship strong to make.

Yet, 't is to me a happy thought
To fancy what my joys may be—
To know that I am not forgot,
But dearly prized or loved by thee.
Then fate might drive me o'er the sea,
Those links unsevered would remain,
While hope would lend its magic free,
And dreams would bring me here again.

O, WERE MY HOME BY YONDER VALE.

O, were my home by yonder vale,
My heritage, my mansion there,
Where oft the sky-lark tells his tale,
And sings the farmer's maiden fair.

There I would spend a happy life ;
All vain ambition would I shun ;
The world despise with all its strife ;
Live with my lassie all alone.

No grief as now would wreck my heart,
Nor envious cares disturb my peace ;
But every day would joy impart,
And year by year would them increase.

What bliss, what rapture would I feel !
What endless pleasures fill my breast !
And every night would joy reveal,
With Jenny to my bosom pressed.

Then wealth might seek a haughtier mind,
Where vile ambition throws its ray :
No greater gem I'd seek to find,
Till death should end life's peaceful day.

While I may here her name revere—
That name like music unto me—
Some unseen voice speaks in my ear
That I may yet my wishes see.

And, pondering on life's future sphere,
Hope ever builds her wishes vain.
Even now I find she tells me here
I may a paradise regain.

And, backward glancing o'er the past,
Of where I am and where I've been,

The silent thoughts oft o'er me cast
A wish to see what I have seen.

And could I be as I have been—
Could I my future fate allure,
I would reclaim youth's vanished scene—
Its prospects bright, its loves more pure.

Its happy sweet secluded ways,
Beside the bowers of amorous joy—
These were the sweets of early days :
How glad I'd be again a boy.

But life moves onward like the blast,
Some mark unseen, some goal to gain,
Though I should claim ~~this~~ to the last—
This harbored thought, this wish retain.

I SAW AGAIN THAT SMILE OF THINE.

I saw again that smile of thine
Beam bright on me as when of yore ;
And then methought again 't was mine,
More dearly precious than before.

I saw that glance, that same sweet look,
I once so fond imagined true ;
And yet would fain my doubtings brook
More strongly than I used to do.

I saw thy lips move with desire,
And paled by vivid accents meek,
As if to hide emotion's fire,
Bright burning on thy flushing cheek.

I saw again affection's tear,
Spring as 't were from a burdened heart;
And then I knew that love sincere—
That naught but death its chain could part.

. . . . if still I hold that name—
If in thy graces I may be,
It wakes the old desire the same,
That glows and burns alone for thee.

Thy love still mine; ah, oft I've felt
That brightened wish it was not vain;
If at love's gentle shrine I've knelt,
'T was that our joys might bloom again.

Then doubting thoughts I now will shun,
From out my breast their blighting chase,
They were not made for me to own—
Let happier feelings take their place.

And now I sure may deem and own
Thy constant love which moves thy breast—
'T will still be mine and thou alone
Can'st make my frenzied bosom blessed.

STANZAS TO A FRIEND.

You talk o' the lassies that live on the mountain,
Where oft you have been and still hope to be,
Where the pine and the hemlock bend over the fountain
With its pearls that outrival the gems of the sea.

You speak of the joy and the rapture that found you,
As oft through those bowers she pressed to your side,
And linked her fair arm thus so kindly around you,
While you looked far below at the bright crystal tide.

You boast that no power whether mighty or frail,
Or ugly old grannies your love ne'er can part;
And I fervently wish all their schemes may yet fail
To tear from your arms the loved one o' your heart.

But I crave not your lassie, your wildwood or fountains,
Or your pearls that outrival the gems of the sea;
For a far different way does my heart ever stray
To the ruby cheeked lassie that's dearest to me.

A DREAM.

Last night I dreamed that I once more
Was where I've been in days that's fled,
And spent my rapturous moments o'er,
Like one new risen from the dead.

I dreamed, dear maiden—yes, I dreamed
That I again was by thy side,
With all our vanished love redeemed,
That burned in all its matchless pride.

Joy breathed his breath upon my brow ;
The same sweet throbbing filled my breast,
That burned with all its youthful glow
As when of old 't was by thee pressed.

I did not see what I see now ;
I viewed thy face which beamed so fair.
There were no furrows on thy brow—
There was no grief—there was no care.

I saw the bright moon rising high ;
I heard the night bird's sweetest song ;
I saw thy mild eyes beaming nigh,
That now has left me thus so long.

Thy gentle hand in mine was clasped
With all its warm fidelity ;
And mine by thine was fonder grasped—
Blest was its short reality.

Those silken curls, with daisies dressed—
Those ruby lips, like as of yore,
Were still more closer to me pressed,
As mine still longed to press them more.

There were the fields, there were the flowers,
The stars bright twinkling from above,

The old oak tree, the fragrant bowers,
That witnessed all our vows of love.

I heard thy voice break forth in song,
With mine commingled, sweetly blended,
Till echoed back from every hill,
With strains so free, with grief unended.

Thy form was fair, 't was beauty's mould,
As seen with all thy charms the while;
'T was joy unmingled to behold,
And heaven reflected in thy smile.

But ah! alas! how all untrue—
How soon 't was o'er! how soon undone!
The morning broke—the vision flew,
And left me once more doubly lone.

Departed vision of my years,
The loves that were—the joys all vain,
Now seen through all unnumbered tears,
When shall I dream the like again?

A T A L E.

One morning in the month of May,
The sun with his majestic ray
Shone like a golden beam.
I wandered out to taste the spring,

And hear the merry warblers sing
Beside the crystal stream.

The breeze came gently moving by,
With oft a turn to sing and sigh
Among the thickning leaves.
I sat me down awhile to rest,
And view the scenes the hour impressed,
Beneath the towering trees.

The warbling throng afar and near
Sang sweetly to the listening ear
In soft like soothing strains.
I listened to their joyous lay,
And thought the while they seemed to say :
Our lifetime wears no pains.

But farther onward, near a bush,
There sat a little wounded thrush ;
With blood his wing was dyed ;
And as he sat fast bleeding there,
In lonely grief and sad despair,
In murmuring tones he cried :

What is the cause that brings me pain,
Or injury to beast or man,
That I must bleed to-day ?
They bring no charge of wrong or blame ;
But call it pleasure, sport and game,
To take my life away.

From other lands no pest I bring ;
But gladly come to cheer the spring,
 And crown the hours with joy ;
And where my little song arose—
Alas, how soon it now must close !
 That would my time employ.

Time was when I, with silken song,
Would gladly join the merry throng
 Amid the boughs to glide,
And gladly cheer the opening day,
As fitting on the morning spray,
 From dangers ne'er to hide.

My own companions now I see :
They come to give their sympathy ;
 But now they come too late.
Once more, before my eyes grow dim,
One dying wish I ask of him :
 To spare my injured mate.

Another bird will take my place,
And rear alike a merry race,
 Who ne'er shall know my lot ;
And sing around the same green tree
That oft in summer sheltered me,
 When I am long forgot.

For soon in lone and silent rest,
Shall sleep this little silken breast

That wore so rich a hue—
Another spring, with softening gale,
Shall sweep along this winding vale
To fan away the dew.

Dew drops will deck my little nest,
And tears of grief dry to my breast,
When my last pangs are o'er.
The morning flowers again may bloom
With fragrance on my narrow tomb,
But me they 'll cheer no more.

MATRIMONY.

Poor foolish man, the subject of my theme,
A short-lived shadow of a midnight dream,
A long-duped object o'er life's rugged way,
The easy dupe to ambitious woman's sway,
Fool as you see him, wheresoe'er he goes,
A fagged-out flunkey by his many woes—
All gone his manly pride and self respect;
But what he does must first ask her consent—
Must toe the scratch, and ape her orders grand,
And feel himself submissive to her high command.
In short, he must concile him to his fate,
And live, as well he may, in a submissive state.
Like as a simple child be overruled,
And if need be like Adam "also fooled";
And live content beneath her lordly sway—

To tell the truth, must honor and obey.
She while with self-conceited mind,
Thinks not upon the miseries behind,
But looks and glories in her power
To pour her judgments on the present hour,
And prophesy some great transaction soon
About to come from somewhere or the moon.
But look again and see the other side :
How looks the husband at his frowning bride ?
Poor crouching object to a thousand ills,
Perhaps, beneath the chimney corner's wall,
He fears to breath, or scarcely breathes at all—
His head upon his shoulders bent full low,
To bear the insults heaped upon his brow,
With many a long, long sigh to fear
The storm, whose thundering rumbles near,
Still gathering black, and threatening rave,
To sink his body lower than the grave.
No soldier ever feared with greater dread
A torching bombshell bursting o'er his head.
The spirit of the man is fled away,
And only but a shadow left that to obey ;
Through weary life a most submissive tool—
A silly donkey, saddled by a fool.
Then cursed the silly man, who will not say,
Who ever yields to vile ambitious woman's sway!

NEVERMORE AND EVERMORE.

When the day is meekly gleaming,
And fond memory brightly beaming,
O, how glad I wake the dreaming
Of the joys that now are o'er!
Happy joys † their flight relented—
Happy joys, when gone repented—
Oft remembered, oft resented,
For they 'll cheer me never more.
Never bless me or caress me,
For they 'll cheer me never more.

On the misty future wandering—
On the past too often pondering,
When my heart seemed all cemented
To the happy days of yore—
Clinging to me as unceasing,
Though I 'm forced to keep releasing,
While this bosom keeps repeating,
They have fled for evermore.
Wakes this beating, still repeating,
They have fled for evermore.

And the friends to me the nearest—
Friends to me forever dearest,
Have been by time's unceasing billows
Cast upon an unknown shore,
Far from this low vale of sorrow,

Where 't is all a gilded morrow,
But to balance wreaking sorrow—
Here to greet me nevermore.
Here to meet me, here to greet me
Never, never, nevermore.

And the hopes that then were swelling
O'er life's sunny, shrouded dwelling,
Lighting up the future ever

As their rays were gleaming o'er.
Sorry was I to resign them—
Vainly forced, forced to consign them—
With the past, the past to join them,
To return, ah! nevermore.
All benighted, ever blighted,
And shall bloom, ah, nevermore!

And the loves that now are faded,
Or by dark misfortune shaded,
Quenched or hidden, deeply hidden

On ill fate's unbounded shore—
Comfort could be, if mistaken,
But despondency unshaken,
Leaving me thus all forsaken,
Comfortless for evermore.
Grief unbounded, care surrounded—
Here I'll be for evermore.

Though in nightful visions dreaming,
Fancy often wakes the seeming,
With the smile and ringlets streaming

Of a loved one—mine no more.
Then my feelings feel caressed
By that one who oft them blessed,
And my bosom seems as pressed
By her dearer than before ;
But 't is dreaming : she shall seeming
Press this bosom nevermore.

Yet 't is vain to keep repenting,
Or forever keep relenting,
For the faithless broken loves
That harrass this bosom sore,
Now a haggard, by-gone blessing—
Load to misery all distressing,
Future prospects also lessing,
And deludes them evermore.
Prospects ending, grief extending
To my sorrows evermore.

Still this memory overturning,
With a most unceasing burning—
Happy hours and happy scenes
Of youthful love and lore,
That long ere this have ceased their glowing
O'er this heart with grief now flowing,
Which with all its pensive throeing,
Sighs to murmur nevermore.
Turns relenting from its throbbing,
And loathes to utter, nevermore.

Yet my heart, so oft mistaken,
 By its ponderings might awaken
 But for the sin of violating

Time, for which I still deplore—
 Time, whose all perpetual motion
 Sweeps along with sweet commotion,
 All our joy's deep in the ocean
 Of fate's abyss for evermore.
 From us soaring, though deploring,
 For 't is gone for evermore.

Now, forsooth, I know its meaning
 Better than when youth was beaming,
 Or before, with all its blessings,

Its sweet joys had wafted o'er.
 Are they all now fled forever?
 Swell this bosom will they ever?
 Ah, this heart re-echoes never,
 Never, never, nevermore :
 Gone forever, returning never—
 Never, never, nevermore.

“AS COLD A WIND AS EVER BLEW.”

[AFTER BURNS.]

As cold a wind as ever blew—
 As cold a church as ever knew ;
 As cold a minister withal
 As ever preached beside a wall.

He sings, he reads, and then he prays :
His text speaks much of ancient days.
Preaching to them I thought he had,
Or know I yet but what he did.

One fumbles o'er his greasy cap ;
His friend beside him takes a nap ;
One chews and spits upon the floor,
Makes flood enough to ferry o'er.

Close in the corner of a pew,
One dreams of ease while in a dōze ;
The spiders working all the while
Soon weave a cob-web o'er his nose.

Once, twice, thought I, 't is cold enough—
My very bones began to crack.
O, that some fire would burn you up,
Or warm your bones ere I come back.

NO MORE, YE BIRDS WITH MERRY SONG.

No more, ye birds with merry song,
Can cheer my heart from ev'en to morn,
Or raise my muse from this dull tuné ;
My . . . from my heart is torn,
How sād and lonely was that day
That muffled o'er the grassy lea—
Even night, now dreary, brings no ray,
Although it much resembles me.

How bright the morning glimmered then—
Serené are all the living green—
But ah! how pale its waning sun,
Sunk to the west, mid cloude at e'en,
Foreshowing all our joys and loves,
That round them then was gathering fast
That angry cloud so soon to break,
More easy seen when all was past.

And memory's meteor, blending fast,
Still strives to waken up a ray
Of sorry past—O, bitter past!
And I have seen its darkest day.
Still ever, here with marks bedecked,
The impress of that broken vow
Will show forever to be seen,
Like time's pale furrows o'er my brow.

Is there a heart whose throbbing beat
Can on my sorrows pity take?
Or wear a warm congenial glow
That mine whose beating can awake?
The spell is hard, it heaves the sigh—
The sighs that force me to regret—
And, worse than all, I find it hard
For this lone bosom to forget.

O, to forget! glad would it beam,
But glimmer o'er me far away:
This soul might hope to find relief,
And not sink on life's faintest ray:

Speak out my heart! once more awake!
Foreshadow what will cloud o'er me,
But now while life's pale star is dim,
Would smile for death to set it free.

Yet O, 't is hard for me to quench
Its burning thoughts, its cruel throe,
Which struggles hard me to o'er cast:
Alas! I scarce can stem the blow,
And parted now our bosoms o'er—
This bosom now so keenly sore;
Death, only death, can bring relief—
'T is but one pang—then all is o'er!

BROTHER, I'LL REMEMBER THEE.

Childhood's path we roamed together,
Side by side we wandered there,
All its joys as well as sorrows,
Thou with me did'st freely share.
Hours of joy and scenes of danger—
Scenes that's ever dear to me,
With them wheresoe'er I wander,
Brother, I'll remember thee.

Amid the old frequented bowers
That now are leafless, bleak and bare,
Oft I think of sunny hours,
When we used to wander there.

Then trees put forth in grandeur,
Though their boughs now blighted be,
Yet my thoughts renew their verdure,
Ever as I think of thee.

Then we stole the opening flowers,
From the busy honey bee,
And oft mid summer's dripping showers
We rambled round the maple tree;
Then we never dreamed of sorrow,
But our hearts were light and free,
Looking onward to the morrow,
Happier moments then to see.

And while I wander back with gladness
Over life's eventful stream,
Joy would mingle into sadness
But for the hope of joys unseen;
And while the sun with heavenly splendor
Sheds its kindly rays on me—
Ever with the morning circle,
Brother, I'll remember thee,

But when I think of days now vanished,
When I see how swift they fled,
Then I see that all is transient;
Then I weep for joy that's dead.
But should fortune's rolling billow
Ever twixt us delve a sea—
Yet upon my slumbering pillow,
Brother, I'll remember thee.

Yet youth's scenes so oft remembered,
Warm my heart where 'er I roam,
All endearing with its fetters,
Links that bind me to my home.
While remorse so oft returning
Makes those scenes to me so dear,
As it says with thoughts so burning,
Didst thou cherish them when here ?

Yes, I'd cherish them most surely,
Now my heart, relenting sighs :
Hold them dearer and more nearer
With that love that never dies ;
And though grief my joys o'erturning,
Should enclasp my heart once free :
Yet while hope's mild lamp is burning,
Brother, I'll remember thee.

But childhood's pleasures now are numbered,
All its raptures now are o'er—
Only still to be remembered
With the gloomy days of yore.
Yet while life's swift stream is streaming
Onward to the boundless sea,
Ever while my memory's beaming
Brother, I'll remember thee.

THE HAPPY DAY THAT ONCE WAS MINE.

'T was summer when the sun was warm,
In every field the grass was green,
Or waving high the ripening grain,
Lent more amusement to the scene,
I wandered out along the green,
And through the shady woodbine twine,
To muse upon the pleasing scene,
And happy days that once were mine.

The day was mild as e'er was seen—
All nature wore a pleasing hue,
The lilies blushing by my side,
Their fragrance on the breezes flew.
The beaming sun from early dawn
Had never ceased with joy to shine,
While I with pleasure thought upon
The happy day that once was mine.

The robin chirping with his mate,
Sat side by side upon the tree,
Would oft their tales of love repeat,
And seemed to say it all for me.
Methought upon the happy day
When youth and pleasure did combine;
When love shone in its brightest ray—
O, happy day that once was mine.

Sweet are the hours in summer's wild,
When shadows cool around us gather,
And sweet are fields in autumn mild,⁴
When ripening fruit brings balmy weather.
For on such scenes I often muse,
And to its joys my fancies climb,
To take a glance once and look back
On happy scenes that once were mine.

Carelessly which way I view
What sights to me appear,
Some spot endeared that tells of joys
That once were squandered there.
The winding stream still runs along
Close by the towering pines,
Where childhood's gladdest hours were spent—
The days that once were mine.

The old oak tree close by the side
Of yonder spreading verdant grove,
While through its leaves the breezes glide,
Or round its branching top to rove
Like as the gentle breeze that bore
(While I would by its trunk recline :)
The youthful days of love and lore—
O, happy days that once were mine.

But youth's bright moments soon are o'er,
They vanish like a golden beam,
Swift as the breeze that breaks the morn,
Or like a pleasing midnight dream,
K

Yet rising thoughts of early scenes
Will ever round my heart entwine,
And oft arouse my muse to dreams
Of happy days that once were mine.

For how can I its joys forget ;
Will they no more my path illumine ;
Will youthful fond remembrance set
To sink my mind in darkest gloom ?
Hope's brightest flower 't is true may blight
Loves earliest meteor may decline,
But memory's star will ever light
The happy days that once were mine !

THE GROVE .

The tall trees are gone with their foliage so green,
And the place where they once were the stumps are now
seen ;

No shade now is left from the heat of the sun,
Save the shades of the clouds as onward they run.

The wild wind no more resounds through the trees ;
No longer is heard the humming of bees ;
No more the wild flowers grow over the way,
Where oft I have played in the summer's warm ray.

And memory with gladness look back to the hours
When youth's little path seemed covered with flowers,
And the place where happiness then seemed to reign,
Revives in my sad heart a wish for the same.

Still youth and its beauty if pleasure be their's
I fear it is often mingled with cares,
Even though as the forest it blooms for a day,
Yet soon will it wither and vanish away.

ON LEAVING SCHOOL.

MARCH 10th, 1860.

The day is far spent, the night fast returning,
And the swift driving snow with the tempest sweeps
While sorrow and sadness my bosom is burning [o'er,
When I think of the days that can meet me no more.

Ye swift flying snow-flakes why force me to sigh,
Or beat on my bosom which now is so sore?
Allow me to gaze with a sad pensive eye
E'er I move from the place to return never more!

How oft have I strayed to that merry school room
At the dawn of the morn in the mild month of May,
And oft through the frosts of winter's dark gloom,
Mid the snows of the storm and the tempest's wild
spray.

'T was there with the lark at the dawn of the morning,
His whistling lighted my heart by the way,
And through the green wood when homeward returning
His notes sweetly glided the late hours away.

O, joys of the school room how oft did I greet thee
 To mingle with those who have passed on before,
 But never again with such joy shall I greet thee—
 For its scenes shall enliven my bosom no more.

But the winter is past and the summer draws near,
 I haste with the spring along time's rolling shore,
 And hope in the future glad days yet to see,
 Though joys that are vanished can greet me no more.

ODE TO GLANFORD.

O Glanford dear, my native spot,
 Land of the pine and maple glade,
 On earth I ask no better lot
 Than thy enamored forest shade.
 I bless the old secluded cot
 Where all my youthful days were played,
 Joys that can never be forgot
 Till memory in my being fade.

And still I love to roam thy bowers,
 To linger near the crystal spring,
 And lone recall the happy hours,
 Of many a long since vanished spring.
 Again my happy soul takes wing,
 Whilst roaming through the hawthorn hoar,
 To hear the merry warblers sing
 As blithe and gay as when of yore.

Long may thy vales with verdure pour,
Thy fields their rural harvest yield,
To crown the farmer's wooden store,
And bless the laborer of the field.
And long may heaven with peace revealed
" Bless them with peace and sweet content,"
And o'er their dwellings be a shield—
A strong defence, a monument.

O Glanford dear, the sweetest place
That centres in my bosom's core,
From which no other clime can chase
Its bygone scenes of love and lore.
Still beautiful as when of yore,
Long may thy honored hill remain,
And never may these eyes deplore,
Or see thy rising glories wane.

O Glanford dear, my home on earth—
Home where loves blessings ne'er decay,
The loves that waked my muses birth,
That tuned my harp, that swelled my lay.
O may thy memory ne'er decay,
Or cease to swell my minstrelsy,
Till life and being melt away,
And I on earth shall cease to be.

STANZAS TO ———

O, blest be that unbroken tie
That binds our hearts in friendship strong,
The tender look, the fervent eye
That watched o'er me thus kind so long.

O happy still may be that breast,
Unknown to sorrow or decline,
Whose constancy bids every test,
Nor moved even by the wreck of mine.

When all around grew cold and drear,
And nature's fields refused to charm,
Thy constant love dispelled my fear,
And sweetly made my bosom warm.

When friendship's star was waning low,
And trusted ones forsook me here,
Thy pity moved to see my woe,
And o'er loves altar shed a tear.

When all but sorrow did me shun,
My latest hopes too overcast,
Thou wert the constant only one
That shared my troubles to the last.

When cold December's raging spray
Would chill my breast like nature's plain,
Thy warm fidelity like May
Enlivened up my spring again.

O, 't is to me a pleasing thought
To fancy there's a friend for me,
To know that I am not forgot,
But dearly prized and loved by thee.

Such is the constant love I trace
In one sweet look and glance of thine
That years will not its glow erase,
Yet still it will be only mine.

And such the joy that wraps my heart
As oft I muse and think of thee ;
To be with thee even where thou art,
Earth is a paradise to me.

I SAW THAT CRYSTAL DROPPING TEAR

I saw that crystal dropping tear
Come stealing down thy ruddy cheek,
And then it told me how sincere
That bosom was that could not speak.

I saw that mild serenest look
Turn fervently and on me cast
A feeling that I could not brook,
For then I feared it was the last.

I saw the sighs inflate that breast—
That bust of marble fair as snow,
That long has braved misfortune's blast,
But now o'ercome by my own woe.

I heard a sound come murmuring near,
And never shall it be forgot,
That meekly blended in my ear
A blessing for my humble lot.

Ah, 't was a sound affection pressed,
No longer did my heart repine,
For then I knew there was a breast
That glad would brave the storms with mine.

And then I felt my spirit burn
As if rekindled by thy love,
And to its home of joy return
With prospects bright as heaven above.

Now fate has made us oft to part,
And change hath measured space between,
Yet still I feel it in my heart,
Imparting comfort though unseen.

For still that tear for me will flow ;
That breast will heave where I am not ;
That proof of love will end my woe,
Though I am by the world forgot.

STANZAS SPOKEN AT A DEBATE.

WHICH IS THE HAPPIEST STATE OF LIFE, SINGLE OR
MARRIED.

Come tell no more of single life,
Or comforts here without a wife,
In peaceful happiness ;

Or squalling children hungry here,
And old wive's curtain-lectures drear,
Not found in singleness.

For I remember on a day
There was a lassie bright and gay,
With charming features smiling,
Sat meekly down upon my knee
And whispered all her love to me,
But wasn't that beguiling.

The ruby cheek the bosom fair,
The smiles like as an angels air,
'T was more than joy disarming ;
My happy heart went pit-a-pat
As closer to me still she sat—
Ah, bless me, it was charming.

And then the joy that wrapt my breast,
It surely was unbounded blest,
With hers to intermingle.
The magic spark both went and came,
Enough for love if that 's its game,
I never can live single.

Old bachelors may live alone
To end their lives like a vile drone,
And die by all forgotten ;
Or sneak about in obscure night
Far from the haunts of mortal's sight,
Till sense and reason rotten.

Give me an armful of a wife
 To cheer me to my latest life,
 With love so sweet caressing.
 In usefulness my time to employ,
 For married life is only joy—
 'T is Eden's choicest blessing.

Nor would I give that hour of bliss
 For all that's in a world like this,
 Or bachelors could covet;
 Their's is a harbinger of woe;
 Mine is a paradise below—
 There's naught I prize above it.

STANZAS TO * * *

Alas, how oft does youthful friendship beam,
 And innocence with love bid fair to reign,
 Till blighting black misfortune unforseen
 Blasts all our joy and turn our prospects vain,
 Then life and love and dreams alike seem vain;
 With hope we build new castles in the air,
 And fancy wings her flight to joy again,
 Till bitter crushed she ends in wild despair.

Ah, —— dear, remind me not
 Of happy hours that once were mine,
 Though oft remembered ne'er forgot,
 Because they were enwove with thine.

It is enough to see thy face
To languish o'er thy burning brow ;
And years recall or loves retrace,
All blighted fled, all withered now.

When first thy love shone bright with mine,
I little thought it thus would wane ;
I little dreamed like this to find
So strong a love to bloom in vain,
And oft when lone reflections tried,
Past recollections to awake,
That fount of joy that now is dried—
Even for thy love, even for thy sake.

Ah, 't is a spell that long has tried
The inmost centre of my heart ;
And with thy name it hath returned
The gnawings of a hidden smart,
And could I but elude the spell,
And live the life that now is o'er.
I'd bid my woes a long farewell,
And love again as when of yore.

But 't is vain and foolish, short-lived as a dream,
More simple to imagine joys the same,
Or ever to hope some day them to redeem
'Tis even loves relenting dearest claim ;
But could I be as cunning to the last,
As I have been to fix and overthrow,
I might survive the wreck of fortune past,
And love again with thee, and wherefore no.

Can I forget that raptured place ;
Can I forget the maple grove,
When clasped within thy fond embrace ?
My soul enclasped thy warmest love.
How happy then our hearts did beat,
And from our lips invite the kiss,
Till both in one would glowing meet—
One minute seemed a year o' bliss !

And then thy glowing eyes would beam
From out those lashes dark'ning hue,
Beaming beneath thy brow serene,
Wreathed o'er by roses dripping dew.
The breeze faned joy from every glade ;
The sun shone kindly from above,
And Cupid might have left the shade
For Eden saw no greater love.

O, that those moments could return
With all their cherished soothing bliss,
My bosom with its joy would burn,
And shun a caring life like this.
The robin then would chirp as gay ;
The woodland thrush renew her song,
And blended with our choicest lay,
That now has been unsung so long.

Have I a dream that is not dreamed ?
Have I a wish that is not told ?
Have I a claim that's not redeemed ?
Or skulking fortune yet untold ?

I'd give them for those happy hours,
Strong wreathed with loves sincerity ;
O, could I dream those rapturous hours,
I'd bless their short reality.

Yes, give me back my vanished hours,
Once mine, now gone forever fled
Like faded plumes or withered flowers,
More strongly loved when they are dead.
Pale memory and declining years,
May sink in grief my muses strain ;
But hope will beam through future tears,
And ever wish them back again.

STANZAS TO THE ONE THAT CAN BEST
UNDERSTAND THEM.

'T is past, and my grief hath departed ;
The last sigh that answers to pain
Hath bound up the long broken hearted,
And passion hath wiped out the stain.
I have longed that I might be delivered ;
I have strove the sad spell to subdue,
From the thoughts that my love has been shivered
By one that I deemed ever true.

I have loved and its passion been heated ;
I have pledged that I never could move ;
But my faith and my vows have been cheated,
By a maiden, the mockery of love.

Had her vows which so often she plighted ;
Had her love been as fervent as mine,
My Eden had never been blighted—
I never had lived to repine.

Like a swift running river untamed,
My life has been wasting away,
Still bent on a course unattained,
To each fettering sand bar a prey.
Thy current kept recklessly moving,
Till dashed on some rock-hidden cove,
And I have been anguished for loving
A maiden I should not have loved.

My bosom hath been all commotion,
Like the waves of a wild waving sea—
Still breathing an ardent emotion,
Its misery emplanty by thee.
Pursuing a phantom before me,
A castle long built in the air,
Till fate hath made me deplore thee,
And reason hath learned to despair.

And thy charms, once so fair and disguising,
I have worshiped yet not with disguise,
And thy glance, once so sweetly apprising,
Has ravished my heart and my eyes.
Yet I crave not one past recollection,
From the past loves memorial to crave,
But joy that I witnessed detection—
For unto thee I had still been a slave.

That I never could thus have bereived thee,
To my love as thou hast been a thief;
Wherefore, then, were thou want to deceive me?
For deceit is the cause of my grief.
Yet I 'curse thee not even in madness,
Though a vent to my feelings might lend
A glow to the pale eyes of sadness,
And murmuring discomfiture mend.

In the school of the past that has perished,
This much I have learned for to see,
That the ones that my bosom most cherished
Were parted the soonest from me.
And oft when my fancy would borrow
A wild hope to meet them again,
'Twas only a refuge from sorrow,
But left soon behind it a pain.

From the thoughts of the past that deride me,
There lurks but one thought that is sore,
It may move but it never can chide me,
Its fever is raging no more.
And if in the future revealing
It steeps from mine eyelids a tear,
It will be a warning appealing,
That I never may love one so dear.

But the chain of our love that once bound me
Is severed and parted from me!
So the hours that with joy may surround me,
Will find me both boundless and free,

To roam where my heart finds a treasure,
 With those whose affections ne'er wane,
 And never with loves blank to measure,
 A false one that loves not again.

And joy hath nourished a blossom,
 The last hope that blooms over pain,
 And dispelled from my agonized bosom
 The thoughts that would grieve it again.
 In my bosom a joy still is springing,
 Though wild as the wild foaming sea,
 And a hope to my fancy now singing,—
 There still is a lassie for me.

THE DISAPPOINTED MAIDEN'S PETITION.

"Sigh my heart, but do not break,
 Though thoughts of one thy peace hath broken,
 Yet still beat my heart for memory's sake,
 Though seldom seen he's soon forgotten."
 * * * * *

Go, but wheresoe'er thou goest;
 Flee, but wheresoe'er thou flee;
 Roam, but wheresoe'er thou roamest,
 Still my heart will follow thee.

Have I not been thine forever?
 Loving fond and thus proved true,
 Then how can I leave thee ever,
 Still my love will follow you.

No more I seek the closing day ;
No more I seek the silent bowers ;
Ah ! whither can my spirit stray
To meet that love that once was ours.

And thou hast broke the happy spell,
The cords of love thyself hath severed,
And thou hast sowed this sad farewell,
And every early prospect shivered.

And worse than all, when unrevealing,
Thou gavest my joys the blighting blow,
And chilled them colder by thy feeling,
That sunk them into bitterest woe.

Had there been a course sustaining,
All that has between us been,
Justice might its cause be claiming,
If a cause you e'er had seen.

And should thy heart but turn repenting,
And wish to be again by mine,
Thy secret woes may be relenting,
If they are kindred ought to mine.

But thy woes will not upbraid me,
For the fault was not my own ;
If I ever had betrayed thee
I had not to sorrow grown.

Every joy is past and vanished,
If the past I might redeem ;

Glad would I this anguish banish,
And shun my destiny and shame.

And man may gaze into my face
To read thy faults engraven there ;
And in each furrow plainly trace
The lurking miseries of despair.

Had I not loved, not been slighted ;
Had I not been born to pain,
This sad heart that has been blighted,
Might in future love again.

Live but where there is a being,
Where there is an eye to weep ;
Think there is an eye bright seeing,
To languid for a tear to steep.

Other arms may now embrace thee ;
Other loves thy friendship gain ;
And O, that they may ne'er menace thee
With a love that loves in vain.

Think when every breath thou breathest,
Of the sighs that heave a breast ;
Of a heart for thee that bleedest,
And fitful wish to be at rest.

And where'er thy feet are fleeing,
May one thought my memory crave
E'er I cease to be a being,
And die to love and thee a slave.

Yet I grieve for what I make thee ;
Yet thy falsity I rue ;
Though I never can forsake thee—
Even my heart will follow you.

I WONDER.

A GREAT CONFERENCE AMONG THE WOMEN.

IMITATION OF "ORTHADOX-ORTHADOX."—BURNS.

I wonder, I wonder
What makes Glanford thunder,
As if 't was the firmament rending—
'Tis only a blast
That has blown from the east,
And blest woman's friendships are ending.

Mother Faster, mother Faster,
'Tis a terrible disaster,
And worse mischief yet will be brewing
If we do not fight
For our interest and right,
She will sink us to irretrievable ruin.

Little Bess, little Bess,
You'll soon wipe up the mess,
For to clean up your side is but fun ;
If foolishness was sense
You'd make good your defence,
For grannies like you there are none.

Neighbor Tattler, neighbor Tattler,
Your head is a rattler,—

 If you had your own way you would kill her,
Your tongue is like the clapper
That whips the mill hopper,—
 You'd deafen the ears of a miller.

Grannie Black, Grannie Black,
There's a friend at your back,

 And a friend not much worse of the wear,
You can set and you can hatch,
For to make up a match ;
 And if you can't fight you can dare.

Buggy Fan, Buggy Fan,
You've a heart like a man,

 And a temper most fit for to bleed her,
With your . . . 'twixt the shoulder,
That makes you look bolder—
 You will make a heroical b——r.

Modest Air, modest Air,
You can speak pretty fair,

 And clothe yourself mild as a lark,
But lay by the curtain,
And there's one thing most certain,
 You'd frighten the owls in the dark.

Peggy Bluster, Peggy Bluster,
When the Diel makes a muster,

 And culls out the greatest backbiter,

You'll be first in the van
Of the miserable clan,
For to hold to his legions the tighter.

Betty Rover, Betty Rover,
You'r always all over,
And left you dear —— behind you.
His heart is most broken,
And his eye lids are soaken :
He is seeking in vain for to find you.

Little Snarl, little Snarl,
You can glory in a quarrel,
For you wigged your poor husband severely.
For you can blow him, 't is true,
But there's pity for you,
For old Satan will get you most surely.

Ringleader Grannie Alder,
Pile on to her shoulder,
And if there 's no cushion or saddle,
Your modesty is scant,
Even thirty per cent.
You may venture to go it astraddle.

One and all, one and all,
End the spree with a ball,
And pronounce her a sinful backbiter ;
But if each in a bag
Were weighed, sins, hoop and rag,
'Twould be hard to tell which was the lighter.

But the time draws near
When the kitchen must clear,
For the sun's setting rays are now blended,
So each veteran dame
Took the way that she came,
And so the long conference ended.

A L E T T E R .

WRITTEN WHILE AT SCHOOL, 10TH MARCH, 1861.

Dear Brother, for the second time
I write to you a letter;
I write it in my merry rhyme,
Because it suits me better;
And if I fall below my dime,
In trying to compose it,
I'll close my verse with merry rhyme,
Then try at least to prose it.

And well I think you may excuse
The blunders of my letter,
For midst the prate of noisy school,
Contention, noise and clatter,
Sometimes I wrote, sometimes I thought,
Sometimes I could do neither;
But when my muse came on a-pace,
I scribbled down my blether.

To keep in consort with the school,
And friendship with my neighbor,
I find it not an easy task,
Or very pleasant labor.

But for the girls you may believe
Their cheerful—ever smiling,
With modest air and ringlets fair,
Are always most beguiling.

And with their winning pleasant smiles
Light up their rosy faces,
I've found myself at last beguiled
In their most charming graces.
But when I think once, and reflect
How oft they've tricked their lovers,
I well believe and well expect,
They'll fool me in the future.

Well, that may be as one may say,
Or for a frail believer,
I will not be the first to say
That woman's a deceiver ;
But here I'll stop as well I may
Give up my crazy ramble,
And let them play from day to day,
And frolic, frisk and gambol.

Whilst midst them all I work along,
Through clear and stormy weather,
With little gain and often loss,
Consuming time and leather.

And to conclude, I must confess
My thoughts of you are dearer
Than when beneath the cottage roof,
Our births were ever nearer.

For the same chords of love that then
Seemed brittle and more lighter,
Still round my heart more strong entwines,
And distance draws them tighter.
So when you read these artless rhymes,
Sung by a brother fervent,
You rest assured that I remain,
Your most obedient servant

MR. J. F. SMITH.

MODEL SCHOOL.

SPOKEN BY A YOUNG LADY.

How dear to my heart are the days now o'er,
The days of my childhood's brightest lore ;
As memory awakens its scenes anew,
And paints all its charms to my fancy's view,
The sports and amusements of early hours,
At the old play ground and the wildwood bowers ;
Each scene of enjoyment, each task and rule,
That I learned in the past at the Model School.

Ah ! many a time have I glided along
With a happy heart, with a merry throng,
At the early morn in the month of May,

Where the fields were blooming fresh and gay,
And plucked the flowers as I onward run,
And placed them in boquets one by one;
For we always deemed it our choicest rule,
To gather a bunch for the Model School.

But now as I haste to the school away,
The path is naked, cold and grey;
The forest is bare, its foliage dead,
The fields and vales look as if dead,
And the merry birds have left them long;
While almost forgot is their ditty and song,
And frozen o'er is the crystal pool,
That I cross on my way to the Model School.

And thus is it ever with what we love,
Time steals them all from us and hastes them to move:
The dearest and brightest are first to go,
Though cherished and coveted here below;
Yet I love to think of the happy hours
When I gathered so glad the wildwood flowers;
And long I'll remember each task and rule,
That I learned when a girl at the Model School.

SCHOOL COMPOSITIONS.

THE DAYS THAT NEVER CAN RETURN.

How soon the days of youth pass by!
We little think how swift they fly;
At home, at school, at work or play,
They never pass, but glide away;
We every hour and moment learn—
e,gonOnce they never can return.

When we reflect once, and look back
Upon our youth's uneaven track,
Our hearts will burn with keen desires,
For all the past so soon expires;
When many were the happy ways
Of early youth's unclouded days.

Its pleasing thoughts at once excites
Remembrance of school day delights;
When, by some shady woodland bowers,
Was spent the mild-like summer hours;
But they were days we always learn
That never, never can return.

Oft does memory quickly bring
The scenes of many a vanished spring,
The past amusements, sports and plays,

That crowned the sweetly passing days ;
But they are with the days of yore,
And shall return, ah ! never more.

The flowery days of youth soon pass,
Like morning dews upon the grass,
Retain their place upon the mind,
And always leave a trace behind—
Though often we regret and mourn,
Because they never can return.

H O M E .

Home is the dearest of all earthly treasures,
Where the years of my childhood were joyous and free ;
Where scenes of amusements were mingled with pleasures,
No mansion on earth could be dearer to me.

And dear to my heart is each scene that surrounds it—
The garden whose bushes and trees I have dressed,
The rough picket fence that stands all around it,
And the tall maple tree with the little bird's nest.

Where the birds in summer sing through the wildwood,
And the squirrel mounts the pine in the warm sunny
How often I think of the days of my childhood, [ray,
When I was as blythe and as happy as they.

Where the swift-running rivulet winds through the valley
Washing the elm roots on in its pride,

Where the green slender rush grows up by the lily,
That waves in the zephyrs, that lave o'er its tide.

The orchard that stands on the hill, once adorning
The hours of amusement that's vanished away,
Shall shine in my memory bright as the morning,
And brighten my pathway to life's latest day.

GLANFORD.

SPOKEN IN THE MODEL SCHOOL.

Brightest and fairest, land of the brave—
Land of my fathers, noblest and dearest;
Though wars and commotions around it may rave,
Still to my bosom it shall be the nearest;
Even though from it afar I may roam,
Still 'tis a spot I will cherish as home—
Home of the happy, land of the free,
Glanford, my birthplace, Glanford for me.

If you go to the south, to that warm sunny main,
Where summers long bloom o'er its garden of roses;
Or away, far away to the western plain,
Where fields, as the sea, to your vision disclose
The one's like a desert, where hurricanes rave,
The other, a home for the tyrant and slave;
But land of the happy, home of the free,
Glanford, the brightest, Glanford for me.

If you go to the east, cross the Atlantic's wide foam,
 To Europe's rich thrones of dazzling splendor,
 And seek there for happiness, friends, or a home,
 Where the wealth of the noble doth paupery engender;
 'T is there the aristocrats haughtily reign,
 Even there does the despot fasten his chain—
 But foremost in liberty, home of the free,
 Glanford, the brightest, Glanford for me.

Then go where the cane and the pine-apple grow,
 To the Indies, whose shores are the gems of the ocean,
 You will find among its sweets oppression and woe;—
 Even slavery is there in its bitterest emotion;
 And see the plantation, in that Heaven-blest land!
 The overseer stands with his whip and his brand;
 But home of the happy, land of the free,
 Glanford, the fairest, Glanford for me.

Here grows the pine in its lone forest-pride,
 Casting a shade that the sun never lighted;
 Here grows the maple, the storms to outride,
 And the rich verdant fields that war never blighted;
 Long as the robin chirrups in the thorn;
 Long as the lark breaks the still of the morn,
 Still may it last as the home of the free,
 Glanford, the brightest, Glanford for me.

And long may her youth with untiring aim,
 Press on to virtue, wisdom and learning,
 And build for her forests in history a name;
 With bosoms, as one, still for liberty burning;

Then shall no foe, or oppression's rude hand,
 Ravish her shores or pollute her fair land ;
 Land of the happy, home of the free,
 Glanford, the brightest, Glanford for me.

O, this be our motto for one and for all,
 United in hand, like the ivy entwining,
 To stand by our country though nations may fall ;
 While the sun in the skies o'er our dwellings is shining,
 Then will our harvests, our orchards and bowers,
 Dance to the zephyrs at even's sweet hours,
 With songs of the happy, in the home of the free,
 O Glanford, the fairest, Glanford for me.

Brightest and fairest, land of the brave,—
 Land still the dearest to me, forever ;
 Though wars and commotion around it may rave,
 Still from my bosom no power can it sever :
 And long may her banner in majesty wave—
 Ne'er may it shelter a tyrant or slave—
 Land of the happy, home of the free,
 Glanford forever, Glanford for me !

A NEGRO AUCTION.

FOR A SCHOOL EXHIBITION.

Auctioneer—Bystanders and Bidders.

Auc.—Gentlemen, here is before you a splendid field hand ; if you want to get rich, here is the place to come ; for here's where you'd get the worth of your money. Who

bids? first-rate field hand, good natured, nary bad about him; who bids?

1st Bys.—How old is he?

Auc.—Eighteen.

1st Bys.—I don't believe it!

Auc.—Look here, Sir, if you don't believe it, look at his teeth; (shows him his teeth.) Come, gentlemen, who bids—first rate field hand.

1st Bys.—One hundred dollars.

Auc.—One hundred dollars—one hundred dollars—going at one hundred dollars—why gentlemen, that's not one quarter what he is worth!

2nd Bys.—Where was he brought up?

Auc.—Gentlemen, he was born in South Carolina; he is a thorough-bred black, a real South-down—who bids? Going at one hundred dollars—only one hundred dollars.

Come buy young Sambo, and have riches,
 Come, you can have him, boots and breeches.
 A first-rate hand to set at mowing,
 Good at corn and cotton hoeing,
 Splendid hand to set at ditching,
 Light the fire, tend the kitchen;
 Best of hands in all creation,
 Good at working on plantation:

Come, Gentlemen, who bids?

2nd Bys.—Two hundred dollars.

Two hundred dollars—two hundred dollars—going at two hundred dollars—why, gentlemen, he'd earn that in a short time.

3rd By.—Perhaps he 'll not live long.

Auc.—Well, I'd as soon take his chance as yours, if you don't get that blossom off your nose. Two hundred dollars—come, gentlemen, only two hundred dollars for a splendid jam-up field hand. Two hundred dollars—why, gentlemen, it's a disgrace to this part of the world to let such a splendid darkey go at that price!

Come bid up a little higher,
 Speak right out and don't hang fire;
 Lots of fun and lots of whisky,
 Plenty of money down in Dixie.

4th By.—Is he smart?

Auc.—Smart! yes; just look here, if you don't believe he is smart, (makes him hop round the room,) beat that any where in America if you can. Why, a sight like that ought to make you bid three hundred dollars, without any more ceremony. Come, gentlemen, who bids—two hundred dollars—going at two hundred dollars

3rd B.—Two hundred and fifty dollars.

Auc.—Two hundred and fifty dollars—two hundred and fifty dollars only—is this all—only two hundred and fifty dollars for that splendid field hand. He's none of your wind-galled, spavined, or rheumatic things—who bids? Two hundred and fifty dollars, only!

4th B.—Three hundred dollars.

Auc.—Three hundred dollars—three hundred dollars—going at three hundred dollars; come, gentlemen, bid some more.

Open your hearts a little bigger,
 Any give four hundred for that nigger ;
 Look here, Sir, if you don't do it,
 Depend upon it you will rue it ;
 How fine 't would look to see at morn
 Young Sambo out a hoeing corn.
 Now, Sir, you had better take him,
 Or else you'll have to go without him.

Come, gentlemen, who bids—three hundred dollars—
 going at three hundred dollars.

Here 's the place to bring your money,
 And buy a nigger, fat and funny;
 So now then mind what you're doing,
 Three hundred dollars—going, going.

5th By.—" 'T aint—every man can be a poet,
 No mor'n a sheep can be a goat."

Auc.—Three hundred dollars—three hundred dollars
 —going at three hundred dollars—only three hundred
 dollars for that splendid eighteen year old field hand ;
 why Sambo is one of the best darkies in South Car-
 olina. Who bids three hundred—only three hundred
 dollars.

5th B.—Three hundred and fifty dollars.

Auc.—Three hundred and fifty—going, going, at
 three hundred and fifty. Is this all you're going to
 bid? Only three hundred and fifty dollars!

Good temper is his leading feature,
 All right and sound as any creature ;

Look at his black and shining color,
Shows he is a fine young feller ;
His eyes they are so very bright
They shine like a candle in the night,
He 'll turn as quick as any eel,
Round on his long black shining heel.

Now for another bid—going at three hundred and fifty dollars ; three hundred and fifty dollars ; three hundred and fifty dollars only ; going, going, going. Come, gentlemen, don't stop at this ; only three hundred and fifty dollars ; come gentlemen, one more bid—who bids, who bids, who bids—first-rate field hand, who bids ; three hundred dollars ; only three hundred dollars ; who bids ; who bids ?

6th B.—Four hundred dollars !

Auc.—Four hundred dollars ; four hundred dollars ; going at four hundred dollars ; who bids, who bids ; going, going ; who bids ; going, going, gone !

(Knocks him down with the hammer.)

6th By.—There you've killed Sambo.

Auc.—No difference any how, he's only a nigger.

“ Young Sambo's dead and there he lies,
Nobody laughs, and nobody cries ;
Where he's gone and how he fares,
Nobody knows and nobody cares.”

JOEL SMITH.

E P I T A P H S .

ON AN OLD BACHELOR.

Here rests whom love did ne'er pursue—
Whose breast its passions never knew,
Or ever felt its charms.
Who never slept in Cupid's bower—
Who never felt his mighty power,
Or knew his good or harm.

He sleeps, secure from all the fear
Of being tricked by woman here—
That thorn in human bliss.
Who knew not true love's happy light,
Or false love's all bewithering blight,
That girds a world like this.

He sleeps alone, and never knew
What quarreling couples often do—
That curse of mortal woe.
Who from this earth ne'er wished to be,
Or sought for death to be set free
From such a hell below.

ON ANOTHER.

Here sleeps a Bachelor, poor old man,
He died just like all of his clan—

The meanest beast surpasses.
Because he never took a wife,
And saved some old-maid's caring life,
Or hugged the skittish lassies.

ON ANOTHER.

O cold, cold, cold is now the breast
That here has taken up its rest,
As if 't were scarcely human;
For when on earth it was a blight,
Because it never shared the light
Of life's best blessing—woman.

And now O man, of mortal birth,
Whene'er you view this mound of earth,
Let one lone thought remind you,
And never end on earth a life,
Without the comforts of a wife,
Or leave such bliss behind you.

KILLED BY LOVE.

Low beside this marble beam,
Sleeps the subject of my theme,
Down beneath the grassy cover,
Once an ardent woman lover;
Pierced by the force of woman's charms,
He cast himself into her arms,

And on her bosom soft and fair;
Love was too much for him to bear.
From Cupid's bow the arrow flew,
And pierced his vitals through and through,
And now the subject of my theme,
He vanished like a golden dream.

HERE SLEEPS AN ATTORNEY.

Here sleeps an attorney, just like all his clan,
He'll cheat you, old Nick, I warn you, if he can;
He sold the poor man's cause, and robbed the rich on
earth,
And justly earned himself, in hell, your hottest berth.

TWO KNAVES.

Here, low in the valley, snug side by side,
From the face of all mortals how gladly we hide;
Poor miserable wretches, the clay we embrace,
But ne'er can it hide our lasting disgrace.

ON A PRIEST.

Look here, kind friend, a Papal Priest
Has taken up his lonely rest—
The loathsome worms disdain to feast
Upon his foul, polluted, breast.

Deep in the lowest depth of all,
'T is said the Papal monster fell,
Because, for gold, he bought and sold
The massive gates of heaven and h—l.

ON AN IRISHMAN BURIED WITH HIS
SHILLALAH.

Come sons of Erin, here I am,
I'm sleeping snug and gaily, O!
Without a comrade or a kin,
But my sprig of shillalah, O!

The loathsome worm come creeping near,
And peep into my coffin, O!
But with my friend they keep quite clear,
For fear they'd get a schalpen, O!

BENEATH THIS MOUND.

Beneath this mound all snug and sound
Lies stupid sleeping Jonny, O!
The mole and mot look at him rot,
But fear to bite the sonny, O!

ON MISS —.

Miss — has sure to Canaan gone,
Or else she has gone farther,
Our eyes are red from tears we shed,
Because she went not sooner.

And if, alas, she's farther gone,—
Which would be little wonder—
I guess old Nick will have his match,
If he can keep her under.

SONGS AND BALLADS.

There is in every breast a soul,
And in that soul a quenchless fire,
Wherein a passion always burns,
That 's fanned by every moving lyre ;
And when its cords vibrate in song,
The centre of the soul to move,
To hold enchanted all its glow,
Its happiest strain would breathe out love.

THE LOFTIEST BLESSING IS LOVE.

We mourn with a tear as our joys disappear,
And sigh for amusements to prove,
Though often relent, when once they are spent,
But the soul's lasting blessing is love.

'T is comfort alone that can but atone
For the mind that for pleasure has strove;
And friendship may smile, our cares to beguile—
But the heart's sweetest comfort is love.

Ambition may blow to enliven our woe,
And haste us our sorrows to move,
The fancies may smile o'er a magical pile—
But the loftiest blessing is love.

Fond maid of my heart, though from her I part,
When to meet her I eagerly strove;
All my pains were repaid when enclasping my maid,
For the happiest blessing was love.

When to greet the fair Miss we meet with a kiss—
The world may for this me reprove,
But still I will seek the bloom on her cheek,
Enthroned on the summit of love.

O heart's cheering ray, imperishable May,
My life's cold Decembers soon move,
When this bosom is pressed by the one it hath
Enclasped in the fetters of love. [blessed—

Fond magic so dear, how I'd welcome it here,
 Then the world with its wealth might remove ;
 Though fame should expire, yet my heart's latest
 Will kindle those emblems of love. [fire,

May no pompous show of the world's guilded woe
 Ever from me this motto remove,
 Or shorten my dream of this glorious theme—
 For the best of all blessings is love.

A COUNTRY BARD IS MY DEGREE.

A country bard is my degree—
 Although there are so many, O,
 That waste their time in endless rhyme.
 While all I sing's my Annie, O ;
 No higher aim have I to claim,
 No title for a dandy, O ;
 But all the greatness I aspire
 Is but to sing my Annie, O.

CHORUS.—My Annie, O, my Annie, O,
 Let others sing forever, O,
 The greatest aim have I to claim,
 Is but to sing my Annie, O.

My muse she found me in the wild,
 A white-head in a shanty, O,
 Scarce large enough to climb a pole,
 Or court a smile from Annie, O ;

And when like sunbeams overhead,
 She throws her mantle on me, O,
 My slumbering harp awakes its lay,
 And sings a song for Annie, O.

CHORUS.—My Annie, &c.

The rich may hug their bags of gold,
 The poor man bug his penny, O,
 And to them lace, with fond embrace,
 While I enclasp my Annie, O.
 No other's charms will I pursue,
 Or wish their smiles to scan me, O;
 I'll never care what is my fare,
 As lang's I have my Annie, O.

CHORUS.—My Annie O, my Annie, O,
 Though all the world should scan me, O,
 I'll shun the while their empty smile,
 And sing my song for Annie O.

HOW CAN YOU BREAK?

How can you break my captured heart,
 Which used to beat so free,
 That's spotless still, without a crime,
 Unless it's loving thee?

How can you force me by that look,
 On love like thine to languish?
 How can you force without regard,
 This silent burning anguish?

How can you turn my idle schemes,
 As 't were by fairie fingers ?
 How can you fan that spark of love,
 Which in my bosom lingers ?

Then maiden smile no more on me,
 As if I were thy treasure,—
 Before my feelings grow too strong,
 And life is lost by pleasure !

FAIREST MAID O' GLANFORD'S MANY.

Fairest maid o' Glanford's many,
 Once alas, to me so true,
 Wilt thou hide that frown, dear Annie,
 And smile as once you used to do ?

If you knew how well I love you,
 Naught have I on earth above thee ;
 Then thy heart would cling unto me,
 Still the truest unto you.

CHORUS.—Fairest maid, &c.

Thinkest thou that I e'er could sever
 That sweet smile of thine forever—
 Which near this heart must linger ever—
 That sighs to think it was untrue.

CHORUS.—Fairest maid, &c.

When thy vows, so often plighted ;
 When this breast thy love hath lighted ;
 When this heart is lone and blighted,
 Think how great will be my pain.

CHORUS.—Fairest maid, &c.

Think of grief my joy o'erthrowing,
 All but misery foregoing,
 Think of all this soul's keen throeing,
 When it sees it loved in vain !

CHORUS.—Fairest maid, &c.

Then, why let that frown thus grieve me,—
 Of my lingering joys bereave me—
 If 't is only to deceive me,
 Then I may be blythe again.

CHORUS.—Fairest maid, &c.

COME BACHELORS, FORGET YOUR GRIEF.

Come bachelors, forget your grief,
 No longer single tarry,
 You'll find in wedlock's charms relief,
 So now 's the time to marry.

CHORUS.—For what is man without a mate
 Whilst roaming lone and dreary ;
 Or what is man unless he has
 A secret bosom dearie.

Old father Adam, long ago,
 In Paradise was lonely,
 Until a mate for him was made—
 A help mete for him only.

CHORUS.—For what is man, &c.

Ye tiny souls where'er you dwell,
 Ye ardent woman haters—
 Who know no more than love vile self,
 You' ve lost all human nature.

CHORUS.—For what is man, &c.

Why roam about like idle beasts,
 By all but hate deserted,
 While single maidens weep the while,
 And sigh half broken hearted.

CHORUS.—For what is man, &c.

Then Bachelors, where'er you roam,
 Why waste your life, a ranger?
 Disdain to die, or hidden lie,
 To love and bliss a stranger!

CHORUS.—For what is man, &c.

THY FAIREST BOSOM, ALL MY OWN.

Thy fairest bosom, all my own,
 Shall ever, ever, be my home;
 Shall be my home when sorrows blow,
 My only paradise below.

Thy gentle smiles shall soothe my care,
Whene'er my head is pillowed there ;
No envious one shall from me tear,
The raptures of my maiden fair.

My happiest song, my sweetest glee.
That ever swelled my harp for me,
While joy is mine and I am free,
Shall only sing and sing for thee.

I'll seek no other's love for mine,
I'll only seek that love of thine.
Thy constant love o'er me to shine,
Like heavenly sunbeams all divine.

Where e'er I dwell, where e'er I roam,
There still will be my happy home ;
I would not seek another one,
Or any other bosom own.

RELENTLESS FATE WITHHOLD THY BLOW.

Relentless fate withhold thy blow,
Nor blight so fair a flower ;
Ah spare for once thy cruel throe
Though 't is thy reaping hour !

CHORUS.—For why should fate's untimely hour
Distract so young a bosom ;
Or why should love, that sweetest flower,
Die e'er it has a blossom ?

Go seek some meaner breast of woe,
 Whose joys are all benighted?
 But not on her inflict the blow,
 Whose love has ne'er been blighted.

CHORUS.—For why, &c.

There's many a heart hard calloused o'er
 Like mine, alas forever;
 On them let all thy vengeance pour
 O'er our misfortunes sever.

CHORUS.—For why, &c.

Or thou hast parted oft from me
 Hearts dearer than a brother;
 O that the world might never see
 Or rear like me another.

CHORUS.—For why, &c.

Then let thy floods o'er others run,
 Distracting, raging, ever;
 But spare, oh spare, the harmless one,
 Whose love would bloom forever.

CHORUS.—For why, &c.

FAIREST MAIDEN, ALWAYS SMILING.

Fairest maiden, always smiling,
 Quite as crafty as beguiling,
 Turn away your bright eyes glowing,
 For my heart with joy's o'erflowing.

If my eyes could read the meaning
Of that smile that now is beaming,
Length or space would fail to measure
All that's hidden in that treasure.

By thy charms so sweet surprising,
By thy love so undisguising,
With thy silken brow so near me,
What on earth could fail to cheer me.

Glad would I, when I behold thee,
To my bosom long enfold thee ;
Yet I fear those lips with blisses
Might o'ercome me by their kisses.

Give me but a glance to linger
O'er me like a fairie's finger ;
One that sets my bosom burning,
When I see it oft returning.

Still I hold thee nearer, nearer,
Still I love thee dearer, dearer ;
And to be without its blessing,
Life is hardly worth possessing.

O THAT I HAD NOT MARRIED.

[From Burns.]

O that I had not married,
 When I was free as air,
 If I had single tarried ;
 I would not had such care,
 I would not now be sighing,
 O'er griefs that tear me sore,
 While my good wife's half dying,
 Because I haven't more.

CHORUS.—O my old wife is frowning,
 From early morn till night,
 And round the kitchen storming,
 Because there 's nothing right.

Sweet honeymoon is ended,
 'T was only short at best,
 And joy with grief is blended.
 All bitter is the rest :
 Life's gayest flowers are withered,
 From all their bloom bereft ;
 While hope of one day parting,
 Is all the hope that 's left.

CHORUS.—While my old wife, &c.

There is no way to please her,
 Do all a body can :
 'T is storm by day, at night
 A curtain lecture then ;

The fears of death ne'er scare me
From out his gloomy cell,
Because he ne'er can bear me
Unto a greater h—l.

CHORUS.—While my old wife, &c.

THERE IS A PLACE.

There is a place of all the best,
To me is held most dear,
I could not seek another rest,
Unless my Jane was there ;
Unless her smile, her winning smile,
Was gleaming on that spot ;
Its past remembrance with its charm
Might long have been forgot.

CHORUS.—Now many a day has wafted o'er,
Since 'neath the garden tree,
I spend an hour 'mid flora's bower,
A happy hour with thee.

How oft 'mid summer's verdant bloom
And silent days' decline,
It shaded with its spreading boughs,
Alike thy joys and mine.

With head reclining on thy arm,
That arm that lulls me best,
Would oft intrude, though not to harm,
Till pillowed on thy breast.

CHORUS.—Now many a day, &c.

Yes, happy place in memory's thought,
While fancy brings it near,
O how could I its scenes forget?
Those scenes to me so dear;
Or ever from its joys remove,
Upon an evil day,
To banish it, with all its charm,
From out my choicest lay.

CHORUS.—Now many a day, &c.

Then let the birds with silken breast,
Sing oft their merry lay,
And I, as cheerful all the while,
Sing all my cares away;
Still thinking of that happy place
Where oft our hearts are free;
And hoping soon to see thy face,
And blend my love with thee.

CHORUS.—For many a day, &c.

ONCE I LOVED A MERRY MAID.

Once I loved a merry maid ;
 Once my heart was with her ;
 O that it again was laid,
 In her bosom ever.

Once my bosom heaved so free,
 Never known to sorrow ;
 O that it again might be,
 Where bliss it used to borrow.

Once I had a friend so true,
 Though oft my faults would grieve her ;
 O how often do I rue,
 That this vile heart should leave her.

Now I pace life's weary road,
 Thus parted from her ever,
 To fall beneath misfortune's load,
 To love another—never,

THEY 'RE LEAVING ME.

WRITTEN BY A FORSAKEN MAID.

They're leaving me, they're leaving me,
 The hopes of early years,
 Their flight I mourn as oft I turn
 To gather them through tears.

sc.

sc.

sc.

They 're leaving me, while vain I strive
 To sing them in my lay;
 But, ah, too soon, like time undone,
 They 're swept from me away.

CHORUS.—They 're leaving me, but why now mourn,
 To wish them back is vain;
 Those joys are fled, the flower is dead,
 And ne'er shall bloom again.

They 're leaving me, they 're leaving me—
 The smiles I used to wear,
 E're time and change with all its range,
 Had hidden them in care.
 Another's, too, are leaving me,
 The smiles by him forgot,
 The dearest smile that could beguile,
 The sadness of my lot,

CHORUS.—They 're leaving me, &c.

They 're leaving me, they 're leaving me,
 The giddy hopes of youth;
 How often vain I see again,
 Their vanishing untruth.
 They 're leaving me, on others vain
 I will not cast my lot;
 Then shed a tear upon their bier
 And let them be forgot.

CHORUS.—They 're leaving me, &c.

They 're leaving me, they 're leaving me,
The love so early shed,
Like bliss upon my tender heart,
But now alas, they 're dead.
They 're leaving me now comfortless,
All dreary here and lone,
To sigh here, to cry here,
Because they are undone.

CHORUS.—They 're leaving me, &c.

They 're leaving me, and long have fled
Joy, hope, and love and smiles;
While grief's rough face comes on apace,
And sorrow round me plies.
They 're leaving me, and long have fled,
While cares are left me now,
To rave here, to lave here,
And ripple o'er my brow.

CHORUS.—They 're leaving me, they 're leaving me—
To wish them back is vain,
Their joys have fled, the flowers are dead,
And ne'er shall bloom again.

WHERE THE WILD WILLOWS BEND TO
THE GALE.

Where the wild willows bend to the gale,
Where, at even, they droopingly rest;
There Alice sleeps low in the vale,
With the daisy-clad mound on her breast.

CHORUS.—Then blow gentle winds from the vale,
Blow gently over the lea,
And sigh o'er the small daisy mound,
Where Alice sleeps under the tree.

There low lies the silken-waved hair,
That once mid the breeze of the day,
Waved soft o'er the ruby cheek fair,
That smiled all the calm hours away.

CHORUS.—Then blow gentle, &c.

Now lost is the smile and the song—
That song which so oft she would sing,
E're death with its blasts swept along,
And blighted the fair flower of spring.

CHORUS.—Then blow gentle, &c.

Now Alice has left us so long,
Yet still we remember the while ;
Whenever you gave her a frown,
'T was always returned by a smile.

CHORUS.—Then blow gentle, &c.

Now as we mourn for her loss,
To think of her oft gives us pain :
For no more shall her sweet sunny smile,
Enliven our hearts here again.

CHORUS.—Then blow gentle, &c.

And now as she sleeps in her tomb
 So long 'neath the willows to rest;
 Long may the fair daisies bloom
 In innocence over her breast.

CHORUS.—Then blow gentle, &c.

THERE WAS A SMILE.

[The chorus and two last lines of every verse are old.]

There was a smile in bygone days,
 A smile to me so fair,
 A smile that did my griefs beguile,
 And scatter all my care.
 As youth's fond days were wearing fast,
 It gently beamed on me,
 "When I was in that happy place,
 Beside my mother's knee."

CHORUS.—"My mother dear, my mother dear,
 My gentle, gentle, mother."

There was a voice, a happy voice,
 From sorrow ever free—
 A voice that oft at day's decline,
 Would blend with mine in glee,
 And sing the song so often sung,
 The song so dear to me,
 "When I was in that happy place,
 Beside my mother's knee."

CHORUS.—My mother dear, &c.

There was a hand, a gentle hand,
 That rests so lowly now,
 That oft in childhood softly smoothed
 These locks upon my brow ;
 And laid me down upon my bed,
 While joy was beating free,
 "When I was in that happy place,
 Beside my mother's knee."

CHORUS.—My mother dear, &c.

Can I forget the smile and song,
 That once I loved to hear,
 Lamented oft, now lost so long,
 With one to me so dear ?
 Nor time nor change can them efface
 Those scenes so dear to me,
 "When I was in that happy place,
 Beside my mother's knee."

CHORUS.—"My mother dear, my mother dear,
 My gentle, gentle mother."

"O DEAR WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE."

PARTLY OLD.

"O dear, what can the matter be ?
 Dear, dear, what can the matter be ?
 O dear, what can the matter be ?"
 That I must be sighing again.
 I'm sitting once more by the lamp dimly burning,

And waiting, still waiting, to see him returning,
 He promised to come here, and not leave me mourning,
 But oh, he has fooled me again.

CHORUS.—O dear, what can the matter be, &c.

“ O dear, what can the matter be ?
 Dear, dear, what can the matter be ?
 O dear, what can the matter be ?”

That brings me this sorrow and pain,
 He promised to carry me by his heart nearest,
 Forever to love me alone as his dearest,
 I always believed him to be the sincerest,
 But oh, he 's deceived me again.

CHORUS.—O dear, what can the matter, &c.

“ O dear, what can the matter be ?
 Dear dear, what can the matter be ?
 O dear, what can the matter be ?”

That brings me this anguish and pain,
 The wild winds are whistling around the cot sweeping,
 And all happy beings are in their beds sleeping ;
 While here I am waiting, my midnight watch keeping,
 And waiting, still waiting, in vain.

CHORUS.—O dear, what can the matter be.

“ O dear, what can the matter be ?
 Dear, dear, what can the matter be ?
 O dear, what can the matter be ?”

That I am thus lonely again ;
 O, if he but knew how my sad heart is feeling,

And all my heart wishes for him so appealing,
 He surely would come while the night is fast stealing,
 And make me once happy again.

CHORUS.----“ O dear, what can the matter be?
 Dear, dear, what can the matter be?
 O dear, what can the matter be?”
 That I am sighing again.

O HERE AM I, BRIGHT WINTER'S NIGHT.

O here am I bright winter's night,
 Still hugging to the ingle,*
 Just twenty-two and heart so light,
 And yet, O yet I'm single.
 The rising morn shines o'er the snow
 So sparkling and so cheery,
 I'll up and get my courting coat
 And off to see my deary.

CHORUS.----Though twenty-two I will not rue
 That I'm a grown up laddie,
 But happy be that I am free,
 So I can leave my daddy.

How happy then will be my Kate,
 When she beholds me coming,
 Down o'er the hills though it is late,
 Half trotting and half running.

* Fire place.

Then we will have a long sleigh-ride,
The pony's bells will jingle,
And I will fold her as my bride,
And hug no more the ingle.

CHORUS.----Though twenty-two, &c.

Then oft I'll go out o'er the snow,
Where merry folks are sporting,
My love to share with Kitty fair,
In turtle-dove like courting;
For why the deuce should I so late
Hug to this lonely ingle;
I'll try a change and hug my Kate,
And live no longer single.

CHORUS.----Though twenty-two, &c.

O TELL ME NOT OF HAPPINESS.

O tell me not of happiness
That bachelor's inherit,
Who spend their lives in singleness
Deserving of all merit!
Where is the bliss they seek to find
Through weary life pursuing?
Their's is not like the joys of mine,
Such as the joys of woman!

CHORUS.—A bachelor, a bachelor!
What can be more inhuman?
Or think that they are always gay
Without the joys of woman.

Go tell your tale to some one else
Whose life is full of caring!
Who if by chance some maiden's glance
Has been his rest ensnaring.
And tell old bachelors for me
They're naught but silly asses
To live alone like some old drone,
Or never court the lassies.

CHORUS.—A bachelor, a bachelor!
What can be more inhuman?
Or think that they are always gay
Without the joys of woman.

A LITTLE LONGER TARRY HERE.

MATRIMONIAL.

O do not leave me now, my dear,
But come back to my arms again;
Let not the late hour make you fear,
Or gleaming morning give you pain.

CHORUS.—Because we long have parted been,
 So long our hearts so doubly dear ;
 O do not leave me then so soon,
 A little longer tarry here.

Don't watch the clock, for well I know
 'T is always half an hour too fast ;
 Remember that our love so sweet
 May not like this forever last.

CHORUS.—Because we long, &c.

For many a time I've longed for you,
 And many a night I've watched in vain ;
 O-think how oft I've wished you here,
 Then come back to my arms again.

CHORUS.—Because we have, &c.

And I have striven to meet you oft,
 And longed to have you near to me :
 If you but knew this heart so true
 Has but one care, and that's for thee.

CHORUS.—Because we long, &c.

O, were my bosom bared to thee,
 The secrets of my heart made free,
 You could not answer to me no,
 Or treat your own true lover so.

CHORUS.—Because we long, &c.

'T will make me sigh when you are gone,
 To think that I have loved in vain ;
 To think that I am slighted so,
 'T will fill my heart with grief and pain.

CHORUS.—Because we long, &c.

Then, come back to my arms again,
 Let not the late hour make you fret,
 And set beside me just once more,
 O, do not, do not leave me yet!

CHORUS.—Because we long have parted been,
 And you to me so doubly dear ;
 Then come back to my arms again,
 A little longer tarry here.

O, DO NOT FRET.

ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING SONG.

O, do not fret so much my dear,
 You surely think my heart is steel,
 Or has grown cold by being old,
 And calloused till it cannot feel.

CHORUS.—So now dispel your gloomy fears,
 Don't give your bosom so much pain,
 For by-the-by you've turned my heart,
 And I am coming back again.

How could you think I'd leave you now ?
 How could I go against your will,
 Or tear my heart away from you,
 Which longs to tarry with you still ?

CHORUS.—So now dispel, &c.

The day may glimmer in the east,
 The clock may strike the hours away ;
 Fret not, my dear, I will stay here
 And rest with you till break of day.

CHORUS.—So now dispel, &c.

I know we long have parted been,
 Although 't was all against my will :
 But though I was thus far away,
 I loved thee yet, I love thee still !

CHORUS.—So now dispel, &c.

Then fold me in your arms again,
 And let our hearts once more be free,
 With mine to beat again by thine,
 To tell its love once more to thee.

CHORUS.—For why should sorrow find us here,
 Or thoughts of parting give us pain ?
 To think that this will end our bliss,
 For I am coming back again.

For if rough fate's relentless blasts
 Should ever part us on a day,
 Long distance cannot make us twain,
 I love thee still though far away.

CHORUS.—Then never fear, my maiden dear,
 Or give your bosom so much pain;
 If I should roam across the foam,
 I still would come to thee again.

“ O HAPPY MAY HER HEART BE.”

PARTLY OLD.

“ O happy may her heart be,
 Evermore from sorrow free,”
 While she 's parted from me,
 Far, far away.
 May blessings on her bosom pile,
 With heavenly lustre ever smile,
 As she thinks of me the while,
 Far, far away.
 “ Glad may her heart be, her heart be, her heart be;
 Glad may her heart be while I am away.”

While lonely here I wander,
 As silently to ponder,
 Still thinking of her fonder
 All the weary day.
 'T is still the thought endearing,
 The one to me so cheering,
 While as I wake its hearing,
 Here far away;
 “ Glad may her heart be, her heart be, her heart be;
 Glad may her heart be while I am away.”

Though now we are parted,
 Yet still we are true-hearted ;
 May joy so oft imparted

Drive all our fears away,

'Till change shall bring her nearest
 The one to me sincerest,
 As still I love her dearest,

Though far away ;

“Glad may her heart be, her heart be, her heart be ;
 Glad may her heart be though I am away.”

O SMILE UPON ME, DEAREST.

O smile upon me, dearest,
 Smile upon me fair ;
 For every smile the nearest
 Fans away a care.
 My heart with grief is sighing,
 Sighing till it's sore,
 Ceaseless cares undying
 Reckless tear me o'er.
 Then smile upon me, dearest,
 Smile upon me fair,
 For every smile the nearest
 Fans away a care.

My cup is overflowing
 With sadness and dismay :

Think of my soul's keen throeing
 Without a cheering ray.
 Joy has long been sinking,
 Sinking into care,
 Love's strong chain unlinking
 To bind around despair.

CHORUS.—Then smile, &c.

Once the hopes so shining
 Round my silent lot,
 Long have been declining,
 Soon to be forgot.
 When shall new ones returning
 Lessen all my pain
 With love's bright lamp, whose burning
 Would cheer my life again ?

CHORUS.—Then smile, &c.

'Tis past, those loves are vanished,
 To wish them back is vain ;
 There is but one joy only
 That can my life sustain,
 I think I see it gleaming,
 It may my cares beguile,
 If with true love 't is beaming—
 It is my maiden smile.

CHORUS.—Then smile upon me, dearest—
 Smile upon me fair,
 For every smile the nearest
 Fans away a care.

THOUGH TIME OR CHANGE SHOULD MAKE
U S P A R T.

Though time or change should make us part,
And cruel fate unseen
Drive every comfort from my heart,
And measure cares between.
Though sad misfortune tears my breast,
Wild as the raging sea,
My love for thee will brave the test—
'T is changeless still to thee.

Though mountains rise their lofty forms,
And rivers angry pour—
Though raving wild tempestuous storms
Sweep by the cragged shore,
The rock may rise, the torrents roll,
Far as the distant main,
Yet still the love that girds my soul
Will burn for thee the same.

NOW SPRING BREAKS FORTH WITH
BUDDING FLOWERS.

SCOTCH SONG.

Now spring breaks forth with budding flowers,
And clothes in green the fragrant bowers;
Come share with me the balmy hours
Down by the stream so early.

CHORUS.—Lassie with the silken curls
Never sad or weary,
Wilt thou with me share the spring,
And be my only dearie?

Along the woods we'll gladly stray,
With gleesome hearts so light and gay,
Till even throws its latest ray
Against the bows so cheerily.

CHORUS.—Lassie with, &c.

We'll linger where the zephyrs blow—
Where the crystal currents flow,
And pluck the lilies as they grow
From out the waters clearly.

CHORUS.—Lassie with, &c.

Then let the flower bloom on the tree,
And early cheer the honey-bee:
There will be naught so sweet to me
As wandering with my dearie.

CHORUS.—Lassie with the silken curls
Never sad or weary,
Wilt thou with me share the spring,
And be my fairest dearie:

ANNY MOORE.

O if there is on earth a spot
Where I have been before,
Where care and sorrow found me not,
And time fled sweetly o'er,
'T was by the shady woodland green
Where blooming daisies intervene,
I mused o'er many a pleasing scene,
With thee, my Anny Moore.

O if there was in life a time
That I remember more,
When bliss hath made my spirit climb
To joys of love and lore,
'T was when thy hand was clasped in mine,
Beneath the hawthorn and the vine,
I plucked from them the clusters fine,
For thee, my Anny Moore!

O if I e'er have seen a scene
For which I still deplore
That it hath fled, that it hath been,
And can return no more,
'T was when by Cupid's arms caressed
Thy soothing love my spirit blessed,
As to thee still I nearer pressed—
To thee, my Annie Moore!

O if there is in memory dear
 A thought that pains me sore,
 'T is that those raptures once were mine—
 'T is that they now are o'er :
 And as I tear them from my heart,
 Keen anguish makes the tear to start,
 As sad and lone from thee I part—
 From thee, my Anny, Moore !

THERE IS A MAIDEN.

There is a maiden now unseen,
 Yet oft I hope to see again,
 Although the tide may roll between,
 To bind us thus it swells in vain.
 O how could fate us ever part,
 Or all our future hopes undo,
 Tear from the centre of my heart
 That one I still must love so true ?

There is a maiden far away
 That always will my sorrows share,
 Where e'er she goes, where e'er she roams,
 My heart is with her everywhere ;
 For me she carries in her breast,
 That changeless bosom still so fair
 Hath pillowed oft this weary head
 When sore perplexed with anxious care !

There is a maiden far away,
I think I see her winning smile,
That did my earliest love attract—
My youthful fancy all beguile.
And still, though seeing yet unseen,
She always will new joys impart,
And strive to lessen all my grief—
She is the loved one of my heart.

There is a maiden all my own,
And still to me forever near—
For as I never loved but one,
Then to me she is doubly dear.
Nor could I love another Miss,
Or hold another in my heart:
Then think how great has been our bliss,
Which only true love can impart.

There is a maiden ever mine,
And never will she me forsake;
Our hearts as one they still entwine,
My latest love she will partake:
And never severed can we be,
Though fate at times may bid us part,
'T is her alone, 't is only she
Who knows the secrets of this heart.

There is a maiden to me dear,
“Like as an angel form of light,”
In dreams I often see her near,
And when awake the vision's bright.

There is a look, there is but one,
That can enchant my muse the while,
And wake it from its slumbering dose,
And from my feelings chase a smile.

There is a voice, a happy voice,
With mine hath mingled oft in glee,
With tones so artless, free from guile,
Unmixed with sadness, ever free.
And as we would our voices blend,
My happiest, sweetest song to sing,
The golden moments beaming bright
Fled all too soon like virgin spring.

There is a heart by mine hath beat,
To silently tell its lasting love,
Which never words could it repeat,
As that keen throbbing can thus prove.
There is a cheek my lips have pressed
In hours of bliss when joy fled sweet,
Those blushing cheeks I would be blest
Could I those glowing acts repeat!

There is a bosom all my own—
A bosom never soiled by care,
That never heaves or silent grieves
But 't is for my well being there.
No other then can I pursue
Where e're life's fickle barque may run,
But cling unto that one so true—
Forever love and love that one.

MEET ME WHERE THE RIPPLING RILL.

Meet me where the rippling rill
Winds around the woodland hill,
Where the zephyrs gather still
And moonbeam's shades are stealing.

CHORUS.—Lovely Jenny, will you meet me?
Will you meet me, will you meet me?
O how glad I there would greet thee,
By the moonlight's gleaming.

The birds their song of love will sing
So happy on their little wing,
And glad our hearts like their's will spring.
When listening to their ditty.

CHORUS.—Lovely Jenny, &c.

We'll set beneath the maple tree
And talk of all our hours of glee,
When thou were then so dear to me,
Among the woodbine dearie.

CHORUS.—Lovely Jenny, &c.

O NEVER, NEVER CAN MY SOUL.

O never, never can my soul
Forget the one it learned to cherish—
Hopes may vanish, years may roll,
But her remembrance ne'er can perish!

Long, long will every early scene
Of love and bliss that heaven assigned us,
Brood o'er my thoughts till life's last e'en,
And move me that they 're left behind us!

And if in future I shall sigh,
And weep for one so constant hearted,
'T will be when from her I must fly,
And she is from my bosom parted.

THE PLEDGE SHE MADE.

The pledge she made, the pledge she made
Of truest love was all my care;
Ah fool was I to trust its shade,
Or be beguiled by one so fair!

The tales she told, the tales she told,
And vows to love me and to cherish,
Were ended when my faith was sold—
Then smiled to see me almost perish!

Oft when my heart would waxen bold,
And tell her that she loved another,
She would her arms around me fold,
And with a kiss my malice smother!

And I have vowed, and I have strove,
By all within me, not to love her,

Yet still the witching sprite of love
Would catch my heart as fast as ever.

And well I know with all her charms,
The loveliest, sweetest, fair deceiver,
If she again was in my arms
My foolish heart would still believe her!

DEAR MAIDEN TAKE PITY ON ME.

O where are the joys that are fled,
And left me so lonely and drear?
And where are the hopes that are dead,
That perished on love's broken bier,
Remembered so often with one—
A loved one that mine used to be;
With her all my happiness fled—
Dear maiden take pity on me!

Remorse! O that bitterest tear
That clings to my heart evermore,
For one that it harbored so dear,
But wrenched from its innermost core.
Keen anguish, that merciless throe,
Still sweeps o'er me wild as a sea,
Half drowning me where e'er I go—
Fair maiden take pity on me!

All lonesome and dreary the day
 That frowns intermingled with pain,
 Even hope ne'er can lend it a ray,—
 With the hope of a loved one again.
 O when shall my languishing end—
 The end of this loneliness see,
 And smile in the love of a friend—
 Fair maiden take pity on me !

FROM THEE MY LOV'D ONE I MUST PART.

From thee, my loved one, I must part,
 Could I e'er have dreamed it so,
 That the idol of my heart
 Now should cause me all my woe ?
 O my heart it hath been shaken
 By a false one yet so dear,
 Even by her it is forsaken—
 Even for her 'tis doubly drear.

All that's pleasing now is vanished—
 Now has left me, now has fled,
 Since of love thou has bereft me,
 Every better feeling 's dead !
 O how true love has been cheated.
 By a false one yet so fair,
 But for her it ne'er had heated,
 But for her had known no care !

FARE-THEE-WELL MY MAID FOREVER.

Fare-thee-well my maid forever,
Lonely from thee I must sever,
But for this I would not languish,
But for this had known no anguish,
Thine 'twas from me thus to sever—
Mine could thus have left thee never,
Even for this my soul had grieved me,
If you never had deceived me.

I'll ne'er forget thee though I wander,
For on earth I loved none fonder,
And its bliss, that once was beaming,
May in future wake its dreaming.
But the joy that used to find me
To thee ne'er again can bind me,
For the heart in love once cheated
Ne'er can by its fire be heated!

O how dark is parting sorrow,
Knows no glimmer, hopes no morrow,
Even for better I resign thee,
If a lingering hope could find me!
Had I never loved thee dearly,
Had I never loved sincerely,
Never for this love been slighted—
All my bliss had ne'er been blighted.

WHEN FIRST I SAW MY PEGGY FAIR.

FROM BURNS.

When first I saw my Peggy fair,
" Heaven I thought was in her air,
Then love for her was all my care,"
For my smiling Peggy,
But now we are married, say no more,
Honeymoon has wafted o'er—
Life is growing old and sore
With my beguiling Peggy.

Many a man has fallen so,
Though; perchance, not quite so low,
But the mainspring of my woe
Is my frowning Peggy!
Now I ne'er can pleasure meet,
Death's the dearest friend I'd greet,
H—I would be a cool retreat
From my storming Peggy!

GIVE BACK THE SMILE.

Give back the smile, the blushing smile,
As true as when 't was mine—
Yet no, for when thou think'st the while
It may thy lonely hours beguile,
And tell thee I am thine!

Give back the sigh, the parting sigh,
That heaves this breast of mine,
That ne'er can from my bosom fly,
Or breathe the latest, last good-bye,
Till meeting one from thine !

Give back the kiss my lips hath left
Upon those lips of thine,
Or else I'll surely think it theft,
Because of kisses I'm bereft—
Then press one back to mine !

Give back the heart you stole away,
As pure as when 't was mine,
Yet no, thy trust I'll not betray,
For if 't were back it would not stay,
While it can live by thine !

LEAVE ME NOT.

A NEW SONG.

Leave me not ! this is a time—
It is a late though happy hour,—
When hearts can to their raptures climb,
And taste the sweets of Cupid's power,
'Neath his smile burning,
With love returning ;

Though many a night has wafted by
 Since in thy arms
 My heart with thine gave sigh for sigh.
 And by those sweet endearing charms—
 The beaming eye, the gushing kiss,—
 That every care and fear disarms,
 And tells me what alone is bliss.

CHORUS.—Come stay with me then, my dearie,
 Ever for my heart to cheer,
 For the night is long and dreary
 As my life without you here.

Stay with me then, for 't is an hour
 Once gone, we never can regain—
 Like as a fading nurtured flower,
 It ne'er may bloom for us again,
 With scenes so smiling,
 And joys beguiling,
 For which I sigh when they are o'er;
 And when I rest,
 I dream I'm in thy arms once more—
 Still nearer, dearer, fonder pressed,
 Even with that warm fidelity
 That mocks the hours when I'm caressed,
 In rapturous sweet reality.

CHORUS.—Come stay, &c.

WHEN HE WHO ONCE LOVED THEE.

When he who once loved thee can greet thee on more ;
When fate has removed him from you far away,
O will you remember the days that are o'er,
When we were so happy, so lightsome and gay ?
 Sweet joy may return,
 His bosom may burn,
And breathe in a circle both happy and free,
 But never again
 Can he mingle one strain,
Or recall back the raptures he squandered with thee !

Sweet scenes, so enchanting, so precious and dear,
When youth with its beauty made love ever smoothe,
Like the sun o'er the waters bright, sparkling and clear,
It reflects o'er my wanderings as onward I move ;
 'T is then that I mourn,
 When those thoughts all return,
And seek for a spot where my mind can be free,
 'T will bring joy to my soul,
 As seasons may roll,
To know that I still am remembered by thee.

**WHERE ARE THOSE THAT USED TO
OWN ME?**

Where are those that used to own me ?
 Where are those that loved me dear ?
Better if they ne'er had known me,
 Then I had not languished here !

Where the smiles that used to meet me ?
Where the hearts that were so sweet,
And the hands that used to greet me
At the coming of my feet ?

O how pale is friendship's burning,
When our wealth and fame are fled,
Hearts that love life's blooming morning
Love not when its bloom is shed !

Ah, I find that friendship leaves me,
When of fortune I'm bereft,
Then the plighted ones deceive me,
And a cold, cold world is left.

MY MARY, WHEN FIRST I ESPIED HER.

My Mary, when first I espied her,
I could not my feelings retain
'Till I was composing beside her,—
'T was then that I felt out of pain !

The light in her eyes that was beaming,
Bespeaking affection and love,
Seemed more than realities gleaming,
And all that my fancy could move.

The soft fairied hand that enclasped me,
That folded me close to her breast,
Is still longing again to replace me,
Once more where I long for to rest.

Ye winds that sweep over the valleys,
From the south to the northernmost clime,
May withhold me the wealth that thou fannest—
I am rich if my Mary is mine!

One hour is a long year of pleasure,
With her in a world such as this;
Ah life! it still is a treasure,
To repose on that bosom of bliss!

THE SUMMER'S DRAWING NEAR ITS CLOSE.

[This song was written in 1857, on the misfortune of a friend, and is my earliest production.]

The summer 's drawing to its close,
The farmer 's gathering in his corn,
Yon orchard 's full of lovely trees,
Its fruit is dropping mid the breeze.
The robin now has left her nest,
Her young she's driven from her breast,
While lonely here I'm left to roam,
Without a friend, without a home.

Tall grows the pine with waving top,
While here and there's a lonely spot;
The crystal stream comes creeping on—
The well-known stream I've known so long.
And on the hill beside the road,
The cot stands in its solitude,
With scenes that fill my breast with pain,
For they can ne'er be mine again.

I pass the old frequented bowers,
That once were mine in happier hours;
Thick grows its trees and dark its shade,
And thick with leaves, but soon to fade.
There's not a soul thinks of me here—
There's not a friend thinks of me dear,
While wandering here I sigh alone,
For I have lost my home, "sweet home."

AH, LIZZIE! HAPPY WAS THAT DAY.

Ah Lizzie, happy was that day,
As to the school I bent my way,
My youthful heart was caught astray,
All by thy charms, my Lizzie!

Not all the charms of early spring,
As in the wild the warblers sing,
To me could half the rapture bring,
As wandering with my Lizzie!

When school is out at close of day,
And homeward bound I take my way,
My captured heart still longs to stray,
To linger with my Lizzie !

Let sorrow come, or come what will,
Misfortune's blow with all its chill,
One thought will oft my bosom fill—
The happy thoughts of Lizzie.

Then let the bird with golden breast
Sit happy on its lofty nest ;
But with my Lizzie I'll be blessed—
My youthful, charming Lizzie !

OVER YOUTH'S PLEASURES BEAMING.

Over youth's pleasures beaming,
My memory keeps dreaming,
As I swift wander back
To the days that were free.
When, O when it was morning,
With its spring flowers adorning,
As the sweet zephyr's mourning
Fell softly o'er me.

Then, then came the summer,
And the birds without number,
Singing sweet 'mid the bowers,
 With their notes full of glee.

Then I knew it was morning,
With radiance adorning,
As the breeze's soft mourning
 Fell sweetly o'er me.

Then night brought its slumber,
No cares to outnumber:
But I dreamed of the morn
 With a heart light and free.
Then no clouds darked the morning,
But 't was ever adorning,
With the wild zephyr's mourning
 To waft over me.

No chill rays of sorrow
Ever clouded the morrow,
As my fancy then looked
 Some glad moments to see.
O then it was morning,
With hopes all adorning
As the wild zephyr's mourning
 Fell sweetly o'er me.

ONCE MORE I VIEW THE OLD SHADY
BOWERS.

Once more I view the old shady bowers—

Once more I view them with anguish and care,
For there, in the morning of spring's sunny hours,
I parted with Ada, the flower of the fair!

Bright was the morning that shone on our parting,
Mild as it glinted among the green trees,
Still through my memory its scenes are yet darting—
The latest farewell that arose on the breeze.

The bird that sat chirping beside its high nest,
With a song full of mirth and a heart full of glee
And the robin that sung with the bloom on his breast,
Was surely more happy and merry than we.

Still the same stream o'er the pebbles is creeping,
And the old towering elm bends far in the sky,
While through its rough branches the breezes are
weeping,
That mingle in tune with the blackbird's wild cry.

Oft shall my memory brighten that morning,
As years with their seasons swiftly pass o'er,
And spring with its blossoms so sweetly adorning,
But its scenes shall enliven my bosom no more.

Then, still as I view the old shady bowers,
Still shall I view them with anguish and care,
For there, in the morning of spring's sunny hours,
I parted with Ada, the flower of the fair.

LET MISERS HOARD THEIR TREASURES, O.

OLD SONG.

Let misers hoard their treasures, O,
And fools pursue their pleasures, O,
They 'll find them but a glittering bow—
Give me my little Lizzie, O,
My Lizzie, O; my Lizzie, O,
Let come what may upon me, O,
I'll face the wave that crowns the brave,
And sing away for Lizzie, O.

The brightest hopes of earth are vain,
And life has scarcely left the main,
Where wreckers lurk and tempests blow,
To fix my fate, my Lizzie, O;
For all the unseen harmers, O—
For all the charms of charmers, O,
Give me the wish that girds my heart,
To live and die with Lizzie, O.

I've seen so many painted cheeks,
And old maid's wily flirts and freaks,
That with them here I dare not go,
But cling unto my Lizzie, O.

For all their loving graces, O ;
For all their painted faces, O,
Give me the bloom that nature paints
Upon the cheeks of Lizzie, O.

Their crafty love is not for me,
Deceitful as the rolling sea ;
What care I for their love or show ?
Give me my charming Lizzie, O !

For all the tricks of woman O,
For all the false deceivers, O,
Just give me power to shun them all,
And live and die for Lizzie, O.

For life and health I must maintain,
And toil away by night and main,
Though cares and troubles sink me low,
I still will love my Lizzie, O !

My Lizzie, O ; my Lizzie, O ;
Despite the ills that gird me, O,
I'll face the spray that darks to-day,
And sing at night for Lizzie, O !

EVENING SHADOWS ANGRY GATHER.

Evening shadows angry gather—
Morning brings no brighter ray,
Frowning sorrows ever meet us
Over life's uneven way.

Oft from home and friends to sever—
Lessons learned from day to day,
Cloudy skies and stormy weather,
Gather o'er life's thorny way.

Cares unmingled, grief unbounded,
Tending but to nature's sway,
Everywhere with toil surrounded,
Crossing o'er life's thorny way.

Loves are blighted, hopes are withered,
Fancy blooms but to decay ;
These in sorry lessons tell me,
Life is but a thorny way.

IN YON COTTAGE GARDEN.

In yon cottage garden where beauty reposes—
Where in the bright morning long lingers the bee,
There often I wander among its red roses,
To gather some sweet ones, my Mary, for thee.

CHORUS.—How glad were the hours
 In fair flora's bowers ;
 But sweeter the flowers
 I gathered for thee.

The sun there shines brightly, my heart there beats
 lightly,
 As glad as the robins that sings on its tree,
 While each blooming flower looks fairer and sweeter
 As I place them in boquets, my Mary, for thee.

CHORUS.—How glad were the hours, &c.

The dews of the morning like diamonds were shining,
 And dropt from their leaves as I pulled them to me ;
 And loth did I leave on the bush some entwining,
 But dearer were those that I gathered for thee.

CHORUS.—How glad were the hours, &c.

Then long will I wander where beauty reposes,
 In yon cottage garden so happy and free,
 And ever with pleasure remember the roses,
 Because there I gathered some sweet ones for thee !

CHORUS.—How glad were the hours
 In fair flora's bowers ;
 But sweeter flowers
 I gathered for thee !

SONG OF THE JOLLY TOPERS.

“*We war na fou.*”—From Burns.

The other day when on a spree,
 As homeward I was turning,
 “*I war na fou,*” but just enou’,
 To keep my spirits burning.
 “The barley free was in my ee,”
 Which made me proudly wagger,
 While Harry at my elbow clung,
 To help me for to wagger.

CHORUS.—“*We war na fou, we war na fou,*”
 But just had muckle for to carry,
 So in a ditch I took a pitch,
 And tumbled in, and so did Harry.

The rain was dashing on our heads,
 The thunders loudly clattered ;
 And like two flounders in a fix,
 We made the mud-hole splatter.
 I had no power to help mysel,
 It put me fidgeing sarely ;
 He blamed the fault alone on me,
 I blamed it on the barley.

CHORUS.—“*We war na fou, we war na fou,*”
 But just had muckle for to carry,
 So in a ditch I took a pitch,
 And tumbled in, and so did Harry.

O ONCE I LOVED A MAIDEN.

O once I loved a maiden, a maiden wondrous fair,
 That could tell such pleasing stories with a most enticing
 air ;
 But the charming little creature, for some cause I ne'er
 could know,
 Whene'er I spoke of wedding her, she modestly said "no."

CHORUS.—But there 's no use sighing,
 And there 's no use trying,
 For I hear her still denying,
 With her modest answer "no."

And once upon an evening, an evening bright and clear,
 When we were in the parlor and no other one was near ;
 We both were happy talking, and I thought she loved
 me so— [“no.”
 But I found I did the loving, when she modestly said

CHORUS.—But there 's no use, &c.

Now I have long been trying, and trying all in vain,
 And I have long been courting, and courting might and
 main ;
 And oft I've vain imagined that our courtship was a go,
 But when 't was coming to the point, she modestly said
 “no !”

CHORUS.—But there 's no use, &c.

But of late my mind is changing, as changing is my fate,
And the ones I loved so dearly, now I have to learn to
hate—

For there's no use loving when that loving brings you
woe;

And there's no use courting when your answer is a "no!"

CHORUS.—Then there's no use sighing,
And there's no use trying,
For I hear her still denying,
With her modest answer—"no."

A HUG, AND A KISS, AND A SIGH!

Some people that's modest and wise,
Who live in our cities sublime,
Oft gaze with astonishing eyes
At a countryman's manners like mine.
And if with a loved one they part,
They give them a cold, good-bye,
But sneer at the bushwacker's mein—
A hug, and a kiss, and a sigh!

If friendship is friendship in creed;
If manners is bound to a sphere;
If politeness is wisdom indeed,
My case is a hard one, 't is clear.

Yet give me what 's pleasure alone,
 That flows through a channel of bliss,
 And can for misfortune atone—
 An old fashioned hug and a kiss.

Then dandies may wonder and stare,
 And counter-back boobies may blow,
 Or fancy they 're wise as a sage,
 But my raptures they never can know.
 Give me, as I part with my dear,
 When no other being is nigh,
 This emblem of friendship sincere,
 A hug, and a kiss, and a sigh.

AWAY WITH YOUR NONSENSE.

Away with your nonsense—your houses and farms—
 Give me just my Susan to clasp in my arms :
 What care I for riches or fortune below ?
 They 're only a storehouse to gather in woe !

CHORUS.—Then away with your riches and treasure,
 Your lusts or fanatical charms ;
 Give me what to life brings it pleasure—
 Just all I can clasp in my arms.

Alone, you may labor for riches in vain,
 You 're seeking for something you never can gain ;
 O

Give me what is priceless and never brings pain,
The one that has cheered me, and cheered me again.

CHORUS.—Then away, &c.

And this is my motto, it pleases me best,
'T is all that brings comfort and joy to my breast;
Ah me, how I long on that bosom to rest!
The longer I 'm there the longer I 'm pressed.

CHORUS.—Then away, &c.

THE OTHER DAY.

The other day,
When light and gay,
I met fair Emma smiling.
Her eye so clear,
That sparkled near,
With innocence compiling,
Quick as a dart
It pierced my heart,
By magic all alarming;
I scarcely knew
What for to do,
'T was to my life so charming.

What next befell,
I will not tell,
As modesty reproves me;

But what I may,
Is this to say,
 I think she dearly loves me ;
Or, how could I
Its charm defy,
 And stand against its suing.
That same sweet look
My fancy took.
 And is my rest undoing.

A WISH.

O were I but a blooming flower,
And nurtured in a ladies' bower,
Where naught but her protecting power
 Would guard my head,
Still drawing from the vernal shower
 My crimson red !

How great would be my snug home there,
'Till I was ripe for woman's care ;
Then on her breast she'd place me fair,
 To rest my head,
'Mid lace and ribbons, kindred rare,
 To wilt and fade.

Then would my lips her bosom kiss,
 With little care for that or this;
 The world might crave my happy miss,
 Or me admire,
 'Till death should end my slumbering bliss,
 Then sweet expire!

O ONCE I GOT A COLD, COLD KISS.

[To one that can understand or sing it best.]

O once I got a cold, cold kiss,
 The place I still remember;
 It was not in the month of May,
 But in a cold December.
 The night was long and cold and drear,
 No stars its dimness lighted,
 Yet it was warmer than the kiss
 That all my feelings blighted,
 For they, for they were slighted.

CHORUS.—That cold, cold kiss, that cold, cold kiss,
 I fear it will remove me;
 I got it from a fair, fair miss,
 That oft has brought my bosom bliss,
 And once, ah once did love me!

O cold, O cold are winter, storms
That tears the leafless timber;
And cold, O cold are lifeless forms
As icebergs in December:
But cold, ah colder is a kiss
From one that's void of feeling;
It blights the fairest hopes of bliss,
The fount of joy fast sealing,
And life's last sunbeams stealing.

CHORUS.—That cold, cold kiss, &c.

I have been young, I have been gay;
I have had raptures seeming;
I have had love, though short and sweet,
And some scarce more than dreaming,
But all the joys of younger years,
Had they ne'er been benighted,
That cold, cold kiss I got that night
Would have its last joy blighted,
For I for love was slighted!

CHORUS.—That cold, cold kiss, that cold, cold kiss,
I fear it will remove me;
I got it from a fair, fair miss,
That oft has brought my bosom bliss,
And once, ah once did love me.

O WERE I WHERE THE LILIES BLOOM!

O were I where the lilies bloom!
 By yonder stream, by yonder stream,
 While it is summer's rising noon,
 To brightly gleam, to brightly gleam,
 And every bud that opens near
 Should fairer be, should fairer be:^a
 How glad I'd feel with you, my dear
 Along with me, along with me!

Then I would pluck the lilies fine,
 So glad and gay, so glad and gay,
 And wreath them o'er that brow of thine,
 To fade away, to fade away.
 Nor wealth, nor fame, nor fortune's dream
 So dear would be, so dear would be,
 As wandering by yon crystal stream,
 Along with thee, along with thee.

O WHO WILL NOW MY SLIPPERS WEAR?

FROM THE "RANTIN' DOG THE DADDY O' IT."—BURNS

O who will now my "slippers"* wear,
 And brush them up with prudent care?
 And think they're doing something rare—
 The simple swain that cut me out!

*A vulgar name for a sweetheart.

O who in love will take my place?
O who my will embrace,
And thrash my back behind my face—
The simple swain that cut me out!

O who her ruby lips will kiss,
And fancy they're a throne of bliss,
And think that I their balm will miss?
The simple swain that cut me out!

O who will judge it is no theft
To take the leavings I have left.
And think of love I am bereft?
The simple swain that cut me out!

O who will be so fond caressed
Upon the bosom I have pressed,
And hug the bobbies I have mussed?
The simple swain that cut me out!

O who will pace our roads along,
As if to Canaan he was going
So grand with my old "slippers" on?
The simple swain that cut me out!

I THINK OF ONE THAT'S FAR AWAY.

Alone, when all is calm and still,
Thoughts, silent thoughts, my bosom fill,

And in my mind will often stray—
The thoughts of one that's far away.

O joyous thoughts that fills my breast
With many a wish and hope impress'd,
And many a long and dreary day
I think of her that's far away.

When life was young and in its spring,
How oft I heard her sweetly sing,
And still I hear her charming lay
Though now she is so far away.

And to her still my memory turns,
Till my sad bosom glows and burns,
And almost dream, by night and day,
I'm with the lass that's far away.

The weary hours from day to day
May brightly dawn upon my way,
For still my thoughts will ever stray
To meet the lass that's far away.

COME, BANISH YOUR BLUSHING!

Come, banish your blushing,
Your if's and your no's,
'Tis time you were moving,
If you mean to propose.

CHORUS.—Dearest, then try me,
I dare to defy you,
If you think I'd deny you,
You'd better just try me!

I surely have loved you,
As all the world knows,
And would never reprove you,
If you'd only propose!

CHORUS.—Dearest, then try me, &c.

Then humbug no longer,
My fair tricky rover;
If you wait till I'm older,
The spell will be over.

CHORUS.—Then dearest, come try me, &c.

COME, LET ME KISS THOSE LIPS AGAIN!

Come, let me kiss those lips again!
I would I could forever:
The joys that there I then would gain
Would cease to move me never.

Come, fold me in those arms again,
And press me to thee nearest,
Then love, though old, will not grow cold,
When blended thus the dearest.

Not all the wealth of yonder town,
 Could bring me so much pleasure ;
Nor all the diamonds in a crown
 Could buy from me my treasure.

When on thy breast I feel so blessed,
 I have no fear of grief or ill,
And fate might roll me to the pole—
 Even there I should be happy still.

MY LASSIE, SHE'S NOT OLD ENOUGH.

From "My Love, she's but a Lassie yet."—BURNS

My lassie, she 's not old enough ;
My lassie, she 's not old enough,
Though she will never think it so—
It may be so she 's bold enough.

 She 's gay and happy as a lark,
I would not have her marry yet,
She 'll do the meantime for to spark—
 But we will single tarry yet.

The parson takes the darkies night ;
The parson takes the darkies night ;
But Sunday eve is when I court,
And may-be I 'm a sinner for it ;
For all the joy it brings me then,
I pay full dear on Monday for it ;
The parson too must have his fun,
If he cannot preach on Sunday for it !

ONE KISS, MY HONEY, E'ER WE PART!

One kiss, my honey, e'er we part—
One fond embrace before we sever,
I can't without it make a start,
Or think like this to part—no, never.

Then can I face the midnight drear
Alone, with joy, though I have left thee?
For by that proof of love sincere
I'll know that thou hast not bereft me.

And even the thoughts of parting so
Will make the sun rise clear to-morrow;
And all its rays will rapture throw
Around my path to banish sorrow.

For in each kiss there's love revealed;
In each embrace a matchless pleasure;
In both the heart is left unsealed,
And shows what is its inmost treasure.

And then no cares or earthly power
Can break the spell of pleasure seeming;
I would not wish to live one hour,
If 't were not for such raptures beaming.

I HAVE A SWEETHEART.

I have a sweetheart all my own ;

I have no more beside her ;

I never fear I 'll loose my

No one else could abide her.

She is not proud, she is not gay,

Nor handsome less than vauntie ;

'Tis well, I see, that she 's like me,

Or I 'd loose her e'er I 'm twenty.

CHORUS.—Then hurrah for the one that is true,
That will stick to me close as a brother,
As long's I've a patch on my back for to scratch,
Or a penny to buy me another.

The tip-top bloomers of the town

Are all such lofty cases—

But by-the-bye I 'd rather die

Than love them for their faces—

Their high ambition seems to be

To fool each would-be lover ;

And ah, the times they 've jilted me,

I ne'er can trust another.

CHORUS.—Then hurrah, &c.

“ He that is low needs fear no fall ;”

He that is high fall higher—

And sweet the love that is above

The cravings of desire.

There's nothing like a whole-souled maid
To beatify a lover :
Then will I stick to —— dear,
Nor go snooks for another.

CHORUS.—Then hurrah, &c.

THERE WAS NO KISS FOR ME.

I've seen the lassies rosy fair
Upon a winter's night
All gay and mirthfully, beside
The fireside blazing bright ;
And when the merry night was spent,
The parting kiss went free :
I've heaved up many a sorry sigh,
For there was none for me !

And oft this stung my fuming brain ·
What vanity to waste
The precious gem so highly prized,
Of which I longed to taste ?
And yet the foolish waste was made,
It always seemed to be,
Upon less hungry lips than mine—
For there was none for me.

The rose that hangs upon the briar
 May tempt the honey bee,
And rosy cheeks with ringlets fair
 Have ever tempted me.
So when I see with beaming eyes
 The parting kiss go free,
My beating heart relenting sighs,
 Because there's none for me.

'T is pleasant for to be enrolled.
 With kisses linked in pair ;
But worse than awful to look on
 And not to get a share.
Why do they hoard the precious gem
 As if 't were priceless dear ?
Why not take pity on my case
 And throw their kisses here ?

Sometimes I think my turn has come,
 It takes me by surprise ;
My bosom leaps, but ah, too soon
 The happy vision dies !
'T is but the same repeated round
 That I'm destined to see,
Another suiter takes the prize—
 For there is none for me.

But now those scenes are fled away,
 Although they grieved me sore ;
If I had been a dandy-dash,
 I might have look'd for more.

But now the winter's past and gone,
The flower is on the tree,
And still I mourn the kisses lost—
For there was none for me!

WHEN TWILIGHT DIPS ITS GOLDEN WING.

When twilight dips its golden wing,
And glitters o'er the mantled lea,
My bosom takes a happy spring,
And steals a moment's thought for thee.

Then fairly roused from idle dreams
Thy memory does my fancy move,
To dwell on brighter, pleasing schemes
And dips my slumbering pen in love.

Then like a young and tender flower
That's pierced as by some unseen dart,
Thy love with all its piercing power
Has gained the centre of my heart.

Then let the golden twilight break
With brightened splendor upon me;
One silent thought my heart shall take,
And claim my lonely hours for thee.

 O SHALL WE EVER MEET LIKE THIS?

O shall we ever meet like this,
 Beside the crystal stream,
 To take the latest parting kiss
 Beneath the moon's pale beam?
 And shall this be for e'er our last,
 Forbid! Oh may it not be yet
 The meteor of our happy past—
 It cannot thus so soon be set.

Not chilled by age or broken vows,
 Or faithless love's bewithering blight,
 Still true as in its early dawn,
 And faithful to its latest night;
 Then sweetly pass the parting kiss
 Of youthful love's unfading ray,
 To glow more pure in future bliss,
 And not like summer's flowers, decay.

 ON A COLD WINTER'S NIGHT.

FROM AN OLD FRAGMENT.

On a cold winter's night
 When the moon shone bright,
 And the thin clouds were swiftly gliding,
 With the old hand-sleigh
 I hurried away
 To the place where some youngsters were sliding.

And while I was there,
With the sporters fair,
 I thought to enjoy myself sweetly,
To have a quick slide
Down the hill side,
And not to be cheated completely.

Then quick as a fly,
Sweet Sally and I
 Got on the old sleigh for a glider,
But round a short bend
The sleigh took a send,
 And tumbled me snugly beside her.

O awful mishap!
When I fell on her lap,
 A sad yet a happy capsizer,
For while I was there
I got a hug fair,
 And no one was any the wiser.

THOU CARELESS BIRD WITH SILKEN SONG

WRITTEN MAY 1859.—FROM BURNS.

Thou careless bird with silken song,
 Unknown to sorrow, grief or care,
How can you chant away the spring,—

With music fill the morning air ?
You make me think of days that 're fled,
And through my bosom's centre burn,
To think of all the pleasure past,
The joys that can no more return !

O happy days that 're fled and gone,
How soon they pas'd, how swift to glide ?
When to the school-house on the hill
My schoolmates rambled at my side ;
And oft mid summer's sunny hours
We played around the flowery thorn ;
Nor thought we of the passing joys,
That they would never more return.

And oft we strayed beside the stream
With gladsome hearts and full of glee,
And mid the shady woodland bowers,
My playmates gathered flowers for me ;
Care never dimmed the noonday hours—
The birds sung sweetly on the breeze,
Till O, too soon, the sun would cast
Its setting rays among the trees.

We passed many a pleasing scene,
While unbought time was spent with glee,
With lilies fair to scent the air,
Or hang them on the shrubby tree,
Perchance with some to deck the hair,
Or wreath upon the sunny brow,
With curls entwined all blooming fair—
Methinks I see those laurels now !

And could I see them here again,
With all their beauties to my view,
My bosom with its little cares
Would waken up fresh joys anew.
Still for those scenes forever dear
My bosom here will ever burn,
While memory sings them in my ear,
Although they can no more return.

WHERE SUNSET THROWS ITS LATEST RAY.

Where sunset throws its latest ray,
And evening beauty closes,
There often do I lonely stray
To linger 'mong its roses.
Where solitude reposes,
The fragrant lily closes,
Beside the ruby roses,
From day to day.

And roving through the garden fair,
How oft in thoughts repeating,
I think of one that once was there,
That now in death is sleeping.
Then the cold chills creeping,
Come o'er my spirit leaping,
In tears my eyelids steeping,
For I am lonely there.

O CARRY ME BACK TO MY HOME AGAIN.

O carry me back to my home again,
 To the dearest spot on this spacious plain,
 Where the tall trees wave and the forests grow
 That freshen the air as the zephyrs blow.

CHORUS.—To my happy home, to my forest home,
 To the cot in its humble pride;
 O carry me back, then no more shall I roam
 From my home by the forest's side.

O carry me back where the warbler's sing,
 To gladden the hours of the opening spring,
 Where the merry lark cheers the opening day,
 And youth's sweet moments were squander'd away.

CHORUS.—To my happy home, &c.

O carry me back to my kindred dear,
 Their hearts yet are true and their friendship sincere;
 They think of their wanderer with sorrow and fear—
 Here 's a sigh for misfortune, for friendship a tear.

CHORUS.—To my happy home, &c.

O carry me back, e'en on fancies wing,
 To the green clad hills and the crystal spring:
 O could I but even imagine I'm there—
 One dream of its grandeur disperses my care.

CHORUS.—To my happy home, &c.

Then carry me back where I long to be,
 To mingle with those who are happy and free,
 To the cot by the wildwood as bright as of yore—
 O give me its blessings and I'll wander no more.

CHORUS.—To my happy home, &c.

O HAD I BEEN THAT FATAL ROSE.

ON SEEING IT PLUCKED FROM A BUSH BY A FAIR LADY
 AND PLACED ON HER BOSOM.

O had I been that fatal rose,
 And just as lucky chosen,
 I might like it have had repose
 On a fair lady's bosom.

O that I now could have its place,
 The maiden to apprise me;
 How glad I would the chance embrace—
 Then let the world despise me.

For here alone I'm still unknown
 To hymen's joys a stranger,
 While others into bliss have grown,
 But I am out of danger.

O happy change in such an hour,
 It could not be relented—
 Then let me be that fatal flower,
 And I will be contented.

I'd rather live a short, short life,
And be some lady's treasure,
Than live alone through age and strife—
A stranger still to pleasure.

O THAT WE HAD NEVER LOVED.

Broken vows alas, forever,
Strongest love has brittle proved—
Parted ties shall tie, ah never ;
O that we had never loved !

Had we ne'er in faith united—
Had we ne'er in friendship met,
All our love had ne'er been blighted—
Grief had never known us yet !

Love unmingled is the sweeter,
To the heart that knows no change ;
Had I never tasted bitter,
I had never known its pains.

But fell misfortune's coldest sorrow
Pales the cheek and drops the tear—
Darks to-day, clouds to-morrow,
Hides a prospect e'er so clear.

Joyous hope may oft awaken
Fond desire of future bliss ;
But alas ! when oft mistaken
She sees all things have went amiss.

And broken love when oft repeated,
Turns the softest heart to steel—
Oft encrusted by misfortune
A callous grows that cannot feel.

Then, since our love has fled forever ;
Since its ties have brittle proved,
Friendship's joys can bind us never—
O that we had never loved !

A RHAPSODICAL SONG.

IMITATION OF BURNS.

This world indeed, with all its speed,
Is all a vast confusion, O :
Unblest and wild, yet oft beguiled
By fortune's endless shadows, O.
Gay hopes are fled, and virtue bled,
To fill the craving passions, O ;
Remorse for all steeps up the gall
And gives the heart a lashing, O.

Some gaudy scheme but ill contrived
 Proves but an airy castle, O ;
 Ambition lifts it in its fall,
 Or pumps the sinking vessel, O ;
 Regardless quite she dashes on,
 Each towering wave to sever, O,
 Till wrecked upon some hidden rock,
 She sinks and falls forever, O.

Then, once for all, we see our fate,
 And mark each fall the faster, O ;
 Despondency then cries aloud,
 Too late to mend disaster, O.
 The die is cast, the summer's past
 Of life's meridian splendor, O,
 And death's sure tread comes on a-head,
 The surely sin-avenger, O.

* * * *

Life here below I know is short,
 I think I will live single, O ;
 For all the bliss that's found in this,
 And cares to intermingle, O ;
 To make this choice while I am here,
 I think is no great wonder, O,
 To strive to shed or even dread
 An old wive's frowning thunder, O.

On various schemes or idle dreams,
 My muse she gladly wanders, O,
 Though little toys and short-lived joys

She often courts them fonder, O ;
 Perhaps a hope slips in between,
 The endless balm for sorrow, O :
 The ruffled past it smoothens o'er,
 And richly paints to-morrow, O.

But o'er life's way I still must stray,
 With scarce a friend to guard me, O ;
 But for my rhymes at other times,
 I think I'll be rewarded, O ;
 Still fortune's crack sticks to my back,
 And stings and pains me sorely, O ;
 I drive through care, and rip and tear,
 And strive to gain it fairly, O.

By night and day to push away
 Through many bitter sorrows, O,
 The paupers' haunts, with all its wants,
 Oft grin with all its horrors, O ;
 And fancy's flight and fortune's blight,
 With all their endless ranges, O :
 The silent tomb's relentless womb
 Will end the shifting changes, O.

NOW THE SUN'S DEPARTING BEAM.

Now the sun's departing beam
 Glancing o'er the purple stream,
 Bids adieu to nature's prime—
 Throws his latest on the pine.
 P

Sweet the evening now I say
When the moon shines clearly, O ;
While by the wild I love to stray,
Musing on my dearie, O.

Silent night has naught to harm—
Nature ever wears a charm ;
Gladly there our hearts will climb,
Pleasure never loses time.
Now the birds sing in the grove,
Never tired or weary, O ;
Gladly thither will I rove,
Musing on my dearie, O.

Morning with its warming sun
Opens the lilies one by one ;
Evening does the lilies close—
Dew-drops deck the purple rose.
O the joys of evening hours,
Naught to me 's so chearie, O,
As wandering through the fragrant bowers
Musing on my dearie, O.

“ LONG. LONG AGO.”

Where are the years that forever have sped,
“ Long, long ago, long ago ?”
Where are the loves that forever have fled,
“ Long, long ago, long ago ?”

They were the sweetest and best at the start ;
Vainly from them did I sever my heart,
Better from them that I ne'er had to part,
 " Long, long ago, long ago."

Oft do I dream of youth's early morn,
 " Long, long ago, long ago;"
Oft do I wish that its joys might return,
 " Long, long ago, long ago."
Sorrow oft trinkles the tear from my eye ;
Anguish still causes them quickly to fly ;
Memory would wipe them all up with a sigh,
 " Long, long ago, long ago."

Yet I remember the joys that are past,
 " Long, long ago, long ago;"
O that I never had witnessed the last,
 " Long, long ago, long ago!"
Where are the prospects of youth's early spring ?
Where are the raptures that bloomed on its wing ?
Where are the loves that my heart used to sing,
 " Long, long ago, long ago?"

L E T M E G O .

Let me go, let me go,
 While the day's swiftly gliding,
Where the wild flowers grow,
 And the breezes are hiding,

Where the close of the day
Drops the dew on the meadow,
And the tall slender pine
Shows the sun's latest shadow ?

Let me go, let me go,
While the evening is smiling,
And the fair closing flowers
Are so sweetly beguiling ;
Where the dews on the thorn
O'er its blossoms are shining ;
Where the vine with its curls
'Mong its branches is twining.

There 's a charm for the eye
That lies smiling before me,
And a charm for the ear
Which the birds warble for me !
Yes I'll go, yes I'll go,
For my heart it relieves it
From the cares of the day,
That are eager to grieve it !

THERE IS A HEART THAT EVER BEATS.

There is a heart that ever beats
With fond emotion's purest love ;
There is an eye that languid weeps
When dearest friends by fate remove.

There is an arm that never tires,
Whose fond embraces ne'er decay ;
There is an ear that longs to hear
A word from him that 's far away !

There is a bosom ever fair,
Like whitened marble smoothen'd o'er,
That only heaves or silent grieves
For him that now is there no more.

That heart has beat alone for me—
That bosom once was all my care ;
Then can I view again that form
Without a wish for being there !

THERE WAS A TIME, ONE WINTER'S NIGHT.

FROM A SCOTCH SONG.—BURNS.

There was a time, one winter's night—
When nights are long and dreary,—
My heart was beating unco' light,
And close beside my dearie ;
But jokes and fun had scarce begun,
His merry hours to measure
E'er there was something that transpired
Which soon disturbed my pleasure.

CHORUS.—But O the cause I dare not tell,
Yet I will still remember.

What next befel me then and there
Is not sung in this ditty ;
But if you e'er have seen the like
You will know how to pity.
The snow was driving o'er the hills,
The night was dark and dreary,
But worse than all I was so soon
Compelled to leave my dearie.

CHORUS.—But O the cause I dare not tell,
Yet I will still remember.

SOFT AND SLOWLY O'ER ME STEALING.

Soft and slowly o'er me stealing,
Gentle night brings back the feeling,
With its dreams so plain revealing,
Scenes of many a day of yore.
Flowery meads and streamlets streaming,
Shady bowers with sunbeams gleaming,
And rambling there, the bright eyes beaming,
Of one that wanders there no more.

How the heart renews its beating,
While the memory keeps repeating
A fond name that once was greeting

Music to its inner core ;
And the bosom feels caressed
By that one it oft hath blessed,
And fancy makes it sweetly pressed
By one that 's fled forever more.

GLAD WAS I MID YON SHADY BOWERS.

Glad was I mid yon shady bowers,
As shadows fell before me,
While love with silken fairy wings
Came gently creeping o'er me.
How sweet the robin chirped his lay
Among the boughs behind me ;
But swæter were the thoughts of one
That every where does find me.

Yes, pleasing thought, to please my ear,
My silent hours beguiling,
Ye make my bosom beat with joy,
And turn my joy to smiling.
Then musing fond while fancy's wings
To pleasure's arms assigns me—
The thoughts of one though now unseen
Are all the thoughts that find me.

A F R A G M E N T .

As day is gliding, fast subsiding,
And murky night obscures the sky,
I sit me down upon a mound
To muse on scenes that 're passing by ;
And memory burning, overturning
Happy scenes of by-gone days,
While fancy beaming, sweetly gleaming,
Sings them into cheerful lays.

Let pleasure bloom unmixed with gloom,
The brightest plume on fancy's wing,
Its golden beam my muses dream,
Of which in youth I learned to sing ;
May joy unending, never blending,
Follow me where e'er I go,
With love oft smiling, quite beguiling,
To brighten up this world of woe.

ONE JOY FOR ANOTHER DEPARTS.

One joy for another departs ;
One hope for another removes ;
One love for another gives place,
But a false one too often it proves .

Year after year flutters fast
 With their blessings ever so dear,
 And the joys of the loves that are past,
 Are scarcely discerned through a tear.

Oft hope builds a myriad of loves,
 On the veil of a fanciful day—
 The first disappointment that comes
 Sweeps all their endearments away.
 Thus the rose that just blooms for a day,
 With the glorious hue on its breast,
 Soon withers and fades on the ray,
 Then falls on the cold earth to rest.

* * * *

How much this resembles my lot,
 Like a vessel fast girt by the wind,—
 Misfortune forever seems cros'd,
 Like breakers that're left far behind.
 Then a storm o'er my bow doth arise—
 Disappointments like serfs round me twine:
 The sweet gale of pleasure soon dies,
 Then breakers forever seem mine.

WHAT TO ME IS EARTH'S FAIR
 P L E A S U R E ?

What to me is earth's fair pleasure?
 What is all its pomp and pride?
 Life is but a sinking treasure

On the brink of fortune's tide,
Hopes unlinking, swiftly sinking,
Where the passions ever hide.

What is joy? a bubble dancing,
Breaking on misfortune's reef!
What is grief? a falchion lancing
'Mong the tender chords of life,
Life's blood stealing, health unsealing,
Till the sufferer finds relief!

Hope is often gilded sorrow,
Propping up the weary head,
Writing on the long sought morrow
Things that ever must be dead—
Richly dyeing, deeply prying
The murky future on a-head.

Sin and crime forever mingle ;
Lofty minds ambition fires ;
Love for gold the miser kindles ;
Souls for wealth are bought as hires,
Forever loved till death removes,—
The lighted taper then expires.

YE WINDS THAT SWEEP TORONTO'S
S T R E E T S .

Ye winds that sweep Toronto's streets
Or laves its silent walls,
O softly pierce with faried wings
The portals of its halls !
For slumbering there my loved one rests
With bosom light and free ;
O stir his couch with pleasant dreams,
And turn his thoughts to me.

For here o'er Glanford's hills and vales
I wander all alone ;
Nor wintry scenes nor idle dreams
Can for my grief atone ;
But soon will spring with joyous wing
Bring verdure o'er the lea,
And sunny skies with breezes waft
My loved one home to me.

THE ROSE WITH A THORN.

I passed through a garden
Once blooming with flowers,
Whose roses were dripping
With summer's warm showers,

I plucked off the brightest,
That was by the bush borne—
But lo! on the stem,
'Neath the rose was a thorn.

Then, then did I think
This is folly indeed,
That in gaining one rose
For the prize you must bleed;
And thus 't is with pleasure,
When we gain it we learn
That along with the treasure
There 's ever a thorn.

Even so 't is with love,
That flower so caressed—
The loftiest passion
That reigns in the breast.
Ah false love! ah short love!
Thy changes I mourn—
A joy with a sorrow,
A rose with a thorn.

* * * *

Man seeks for pleasure in his haste,
Which in his mind looks all a-glitter;
But in his eagerness to taste,
He always mingles it with bitter.

THERE'S A GOOD TIME COMING, GIRLS.

There 's a good time coming, girls,
Wait till I am older ;
Then I 'll not disdain your curls—
Then I will be bolder.
Though I am now young and shy,
Still I'm growing stronger :
Time will make my feelings change—
Wait a little longer.

There 's a good time coming, girls,
Wait till I am older ;
Then these arms will press your curls,
When my heart is bolder.
Cheer up your brows, your ruby cheeks,
While I am growing stronger ;
And with a smile content a-while
To wait a little longer.

There 's a good time coming, girls,
Wait till I am older,
For by-the-bye don't fret and sigh,
My heart will soon be bolder ;
For loving tears nor old maids' fears
Will make me any stronger ;
Then do not grieve, but for my sake
Just wait a little longer.

COMFORTS OF MAN'S LIFE.

Of all the comforts of man's life,
There's none so glorious as a wife,
To banish pain or smother strife,
Right to doodle dee :
She was man's comfort long ago,
And was created to be so,
Which she fulfilled a-while—but O,
Right to doodle dee.

Her smiles are like the sun in May
That fans the chilly frosts away,
And wakes you up at opening day,
Right to doodle dee.
She's smiling when the day is fled ;
She smoothes the pillow for your head,
And snuggles to you when in bed,
Right to doodle dee.

SONG OF THE FORSAKEN.

My faded cheeks, my withered form,
My anguished breast born for to sigh—
Now long have known misfortune's storm,
Unknown to change and cannot die,
Nor friends to pity all my wrong—
The smiles of others lost so long.

When I look back o'er vanished years,
That witnessed all my joy or woe ;
Fate drowns their brightest joys in tears,
While keen remorse long makes them flow,
For friends or lover I have none—
My brightest hopes are all undone.

See, yonder maiden blushing fair,
With joy bright beaming from her eyes,
While on her cheek still blushes there
The flowers of beauty's richest dyes,
While mine, devoid of nature's glow,
Fast wither 'neath the blights of woe.

DOES SHE MISS ME ?

FROM AN OLD SONG.

Does she miss me again ? does she miss me,
Where oft she has missed me before,
Where the flowers by the cottage are blooming
And the willows bend over the door ?
And is that fair bosom now burning
With thoughts that our raptures are o'er,
Because that I ne'er am returning,
Because I am with her no more ;
Because I am with her no more.

Does she miss me again ? does she miss me
Where oft we have wandered before,
Where the lilies bloom long in the valley,
And the rippling rill washes it o'er ?
And does she oft linger there lonely
To muse on the pleasures of yore.
And sigh when she thinks of me only,
Because I am with her no more :
Because I am with her no more.

Does she miss me again ? does she miss me,
When winter's wild storms ripple o'er,
And linger around the lone cottage
To whisper my voice at the door ;
While the lamp by the window is burning,
Reflecting its rays through the pane :
Does then but one thought move a yearning
That I might be with her again ;
That I might be with her again ?

I MISS THEE WHEN.

ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING SONG.

I miss thee when the flowers bloom
So sweet beside the cottage wall,
They make me think of one unseen,

Who was to me more dear than all;
Even then my feelings move a tear,
Because I am so lonely here !

I miss thee when the warbler's sing
So glad among the shady bowers,
For they recall life's happy spring,
When love could number sunshine hours—
'Tis then I think of joys of yore,
Because my happiness is o'er !

I miss thee when the midnight lamp
Reflects its rays against the wall—
It glimmers back the vanished past,
Some by-gone rapture to recall ;
And oft through fancy's glow I see
A shadow like the form of thee !

I miss thee when the evening thoughts
Come stealing o'er me like a dream—
For they recall back vanished joy,
And what my heart in youth hath seen—
'T is then my bosom heaves so sore,
Because 't is pressed by thee no more !

OVER THE WATERS, BRIGHT, SPARKLING
AND CLEAR.

Over the waters, bright, sparkling and clear,
Down through the current we merrily steer,
Swift o'er the pebbles so gladly we roam ;
Every long pull takes us farther from home—
Gaily we'll squander the happy day through,
Paddling along our dancing canoe.

CHORUS.—Row boys, row boys,
Faithful and true :
Press to the waters
Our dancing canoe.

As the river of years that glides us along,
We'll smooth its clear surface with laughter and song ;
Joy brings no sorrow, friendship no strife ;
Man makes his own waves in the current of life ;
Then gladly we'll live with hearts kind and true,
And press to the waters our dancing canoe.

CHORUS.—Row boys, &c.,

Soon as the sun declines to the west,
Then we'll return to the home we love best,
And meet the swift current with rippling foam ;
Every long pull brings us nearer to home,
Where there are loving hearts faithful and true,
To welcome us back with our dancing canoe.

CHORUS.—Row boys, row boys,
Faithful and true ;
Press to the water
Our dancing canoe.

A MAID'S A MAID FOR ALL THAT.

IMITATION OF "A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT."
[BURNS.]

Is there an honest maiden fair,
Who paints her cheeks, and all that,
Or crops her graceful silken hair,
And struts and frieks, and all that,
And all that, and all that ;
She takes a pride in all that,
To catch the gaze of wandering eyes—
She is a maid for all that.

And if by nature she is fair,
She needs no paint, and all that ;
And by her beauty and her air,
She gains the world, and all that,
For all that, and all that,
Her winning smiles and all that ;
If honest nature makes her so,
She's but a maid for all that.

And even though she gets a beau,
And courts him sweet, and all that,
Then after that she fools him, O,
A maid 's a maid for all that,
For all that, and all that ;
For maiden's tricks, and all that,
As honest men and maids are few,
She 'll love him still for all that.

And mark that bloomer of yon town,
Who graceful walks, and all that,
Or props the elbow of a clown—
A maid 's a maid, for all that,
For all that, and all that ;
Her spacious skirt, and all that,
A maid of "independent mind,"
Will never care for all that.

And if unto her finger ends
Are bracelets, rings, and all that,
And all her conversation tends
To fashion's change, and all that,
For all that, and all that ;
For woman's rights, and all that,
Or flowery words with little sense,
She 's but a maid for all that.

Or if they dress in plain attire,
And humble live, and all that,
With only few them to admire,
Their maidens still for all that,

For all that, and all that,
For nature's bloom and all that ;
The humble, honest, farmer's maid,
Is happier far for all that.

A maid may wed a British prince,
Ten thousand pounds and all that—
That's paid by men more gold than sense,
She's but a maid for all that.

For all that, and all that ;
For British pounds and all that,—
The honest maid that earns her bread,
Is better far for all that.

Then let us prize our equal rights,
And common sense, and all that,
And never live by other's sweat,
We'll happy live for all that.

For all that, and all that ;
For rich and poor and all that ;
Independence is a prize,
But maids are maids for all that.

MY FARM I DESERTED.

My farm I deserted, I left my loved home,
Through its sweet shady bowers no longer to roam,
With ambition's bright sunbeam I longed for to dwell,

My truest companion, I bade her farewell—
But what had true love with ambition to do?
Why left I the lassie, the lassie so true?

My affections I severed, I broke the loved tie,
And all my companions I bade them good-bye—
That fair sunny brow, with the locks of black hair,
And the bosom that heaved for my well-being there—
But what had true love with ambition to do?
Why left I the lassie, the lassie so true?

O'er the waves of ambition and sorrow I roamed,
Oft stung with the thoughts of a once happy home,
Borne down with afflictions that girded my mind;
With sorrow I thought of the one left behind—
Ah, what had ambition with true love to do?
Why left I the lassie, the lassie so true?

My heart yearned within me, I longed to be free—
And remorse with its gnawings swelled hard over me,
The past loves all fled, still I sighed with a tear,
How fondly I'd cherish them were they but here—
O what had true love with ambition to do?
Why left I the lassie, the lassie so true?

Ah, give me my home with its once happy scene,
With its wild shady bowers and fields blooming green!
From the haunts of ambition forever I'll fly,
With the lassie to live with, with the lassie to die,
For what had ambition with true love to do?
Why left I the lassie, the lassie so true?

THAT LAST FIRST KISS.

That last (first) kiss thou gavest me,
Shall ever on my cheek remain,
Till happier hours can set it free,
And I can give it back again.

That last, last time thy cheek pressed mine,
And pillowed on this changeless breast
No cares to cloud our joys divine,
The sweetest of love's slumbering rest.

That last, last time our hearts were free,
When each to each responsive beat,
Still moves my heart where e'er I be,
That longs till they again shall meet.

That last sweet smile I see it yet,
Still gleaming on that hallowed spot,
Where last we parted, last we met.
And oft remembered, ne'er forgot.

That last, last time thy hand pressed mine,
And pledged mine own by faith impressed,
Still seeks but one,—that to be mine,
Thus linked together to be blest.

That last, last time we parted there,
That lone farewell clings to me near,
And will impress my soul with care,
That must lament till thou art here.

ONCE I DREAMED.

Once I dreamed that I was playing
By a woodland's shady vale,
Where my fancy oft is straying,
Listening to the wild bird's tale.
Glad I plucked the opening flowers
From the little thorny briar.
Richest of the verdant hours ;
Sweetest of the early year.

Swift the stream ran by me tinkling,
Foaming up its milky spray ;
Bright the sunbeam's rays were twinkling,
Gleaming from the beams of day,
O'er the mead the herd was feeding,—
Young and sprightly, great and tall :
Farmers in their sleeves were speeding
To their labor and their toil.

Clear and calm outshone the morning,
Without a cloud or angry squall,
O'erhung with beauty all adorning,
But I was happier still than all.
Now, thought I, while joy was bounding,
Glad and happy let me be ;
Now I'll live mid joy surrounded,
From toil and trouble ever free.

* * * *

Eager sought the fading treasure,—
Shadow of a midnight dream ;
It proved alas, a short-lived pleasure,
And vanished with the morning's gleam.

FIELDS THAT BLOOM WITH CLOVER FAIR.

Fields that bloom with clover fair,
Sweetly scent the morning air,
Blooming here with richest hue,
Strengthened by the morning dew ;
Idly there the breezes sweep
Round the broken forest steep,
Where the thick'ning grape vines creep,
Beside the running water.

Thick'ning forests bordering nigh,
Lift their summits to the sky ;
Gladly thither would I rove
Where the songster's sing of love,
Sheltered from the summer's ray,
Sweet they sing their joyful lay,
And evenings o'er the thickets play,
Beside the running water.

There 't would wake the sober mood,
Cheering cave of solitude,
'Neath the spreading shady pine,
Where I gladly would recline,
Thinking of the love and lore
Of youthful happy days of yore,
When with mirth they wafted o'er,
Beside the running water.

As autumn with his golden trees,
Waves the fruit amid the breeze ;
As summer with her blooming pride
Plants the grain on every side ;
Right glad the farmer is to greet
When home returning from the wheat,
The winding path and cool retreat,
Beside the running water.

Bustling cities with their pride,
Have their fears and wants beside ;
Dusty streets and narrow lanes,
Pesting shops with foulest stains.
Give me the fields that ever glow,
As summer lifts her golden bow,
The roses bloom, the lilies grow
Beside the crystal water.

THE OLD OAK TREE.

The old oak tree once more I see,
O how I love its sight,
Its haggled trunk and spreading top,
Still makes my memory bright—
For rushing back into my mind
Comes back the days of yore,
Soon as I scan its graven trunk
And read the figures o'er.

The rippling brook with many a turn,
Runs swiftly by its side;
How oft I've gazed upon its brink,
And sported in its tide.
But now I look into its wave,
The mirror of my care,
Shows many a mark across my brow
That time has written there.

And where is now that happy band,
That played beneath its shade,
And plucked the lilies from the brook,
And left them here to fade?
Ah, many a change my memory turns,
Their meaning now I see,
Since childhood's hours were spent mid flowers,
Around the old oak tree!

O for one radiant golden dream
Of childhood's days that 're fled—
The sunny hours, the garlands fair,
O, are they all now dead?
O for one cheering ray of joy
That then beamed bright on me,
When sporting sweet where flowrets meet,
Around the old oak tree.

The silent thought so dearly bought,—
The tear must ever flow
For joy long fled and garlands dead,
That withered long ago.
And for a face whose cheering smile
Then beamed so kind on me,
When sporting sweet where flowrets meet,
Around the old oak tree.

HOW WELL TO SOW THE EARLY FIELD.

How well to sow the early land,
And till the new cleared field,
For where the naked spots are left
Does thorns and thistles yield.

How like to it is early youth—
How well to sow the seed
Upon the mind that lasting truth
Where sin is want to feed.

For where the work of culture's lost,
And indolence we find,
Detested weeds grow tall and rank
And blossom in their kind.

And so it is with youth's fair flower,
When left unpruned to fade,
Sin, crime and vice bloom in the bower,
Where virtue has decayed.

AS WINTER'S NIGHTS ARE GROWING LONG.

As winter's nights are growing long,
And neighbor lads begin to throng
Together for to plan it best—
To make a show or form a guest,
With hooked-up ponies all in row,
To gambol over the fleecy snow.

So round the town the news is spread,
And invitations sent a-head ;
At night the sleighs come in parade,
With gingling noise and robes arrayed—
A merry crowd—they all get in,
And drive away through thick and thin.

Now they brave the frosty air—
Clowns and flunkies all in pair ;
Great and clumsy, small and fine,

Spreading wide the crinoline,
To make a fast and furious show,
Sweeping over the crusted snow.

Passing by the farmer's dog,
He sees the charmers all a-gog,
Nor hales them with his rough salute,
But keeps his music in his throat,
And thinks it all a windy show
Of puppies over the fleecy snow.

And this they call a merry chase,
With love and pleasure all apace :
Their hearts are knit and cinched together,
As if surrounded with a tether—
Even this is scarcely half the show,
Of joys that 're lavished o'er the snow.

But give me joy by the blazing fire,
With books, or news my mind to inspire,
Or sit and muse in the old armed chair,
And write a song for my maiden fair,
For all their love, or all their show,
That cheers them over the fleecy snow.

MY LITTLE MAIDEN FAIR.

Far from town's tumultuous show,
Where the peaceful zephyr's blow,
Where the farmer mows the hay,

Gladly in the summer's ray,
Where ever through the balmy air,
Sings my little maiden fair.

O'er the fields the chattering throng,
Cheer the morning with their song,
Where sweetly on the breeze's borne,
The fragrance of the flowery thorn—
There, ever free from grief and care,
Roves my little maiden fair.

Through the vale and shady wood,
Runs the winding crystal flood,
Where the elm and spreading pine,
Across its breast their links entwine,
Shading as I wander there
With my little maiden fair.

In every field and vale around,
Blooming flowers and plants abound—
The waving corn, the slender rye,
Lend enchantment to the eye,
Yet all their charms cannot compare
With my little maiden fair.

HOW SWEET THE GENTLE BEAMS OF OPENING DAY.

How sweet the gentle beams of opening day
Shone o'er the fields and valleys as I strayed along!
Wide as the hills the fanning breezes play,
That waft, in sweetest strains, the milkmaid's song.

The whistling plowboy to his work returns—
I see the ruddy smile upon his brow—
With artless joy his happy bosom burns
To see the forest green and wild flowers blow.

The blackbird's notes come sounding from the vale,
And louder from the sky the merry lark,
The twittering robin chirps his merry lay,
And tapping redhead chips the oak tree's bark.

The crystal stream runs winding through the mead,
Swift over brake and grassy bank,
Where clustering willows droop and bend
Their branching tops as if to take a drink

Soon as the old beech grove attracts my eye,
The old familiar path again I view,
While every thing looks pleasing to pass by,
And favorite spots to me seem ever new.

And thus the morning passed till noon and night
Seemed to my fancy like a jubilee,
And woodland vale, till starry night,
Resounded with the notes of melody.

AGAIN THE SMILING SUMMER'S SUN.

Again the smiling summer's sun
Shines o'er the thick'ning forests green,
And wandering by the maple grove,
The cooling breezes glide between.

While clover green that crowns the hill,
All turning red and chequered there,
With upturned heads at early morn,
It sweetly scents the balmy air.

Now chirps the robin mid the pines,
Drest in his plumage rich and gay,—
Richer than the sun that shines,
To sing the smiling hours away.

The cunning sparrow, mute and still,
Sits brooding on the lofty nest—
With tender care and fear of ill
She clasps her young one to her breast.

Quick from the barn the swallow springs,
Darts forth to break the morning wind ;
And swift she clips her slender wings,
That leave no vivid trace behind.

All nature, blooming everywhere,
Starts from its mother home, the earth,
And shows with more than words can tell,
The hand that gave creation birth.

Thus glad does summer's morn appear,
When all its charms together pile ;
But wisdom looks to brighter spheres,
Where blooming summers ever smile.

I WOULD NOT PLUCK THE SWEET WILD
FLOWER.

I would not pluck the sweet wild flower,
Or seek the opening lily,
And bind them in a boquet fine,
But for to please my Willy.

Fair flora's garden decked with flowers,
Might tempt the honey bee—
For summer hours and wildwood bowers
Have ever tempted me.

Then give me joys of summer's hours,
Nor think I'm getting silly—
And through the fields and forests fair,
To wander with my Willy.

For soon the sky will be o'ercast
With sleet and stormy weather,
And forests bare and winter's blast,
Our rambles then will sever.

The frosty wind will sweep the hills,
And winter's night be chilly,
To blight the wreaths, and flowrets chill,
And part me from my Willy.

Then let the wildwood flowers bloom,
And fragrance crown the lily,
And o'er the field and forests fair,
I'll wander with my Willy.

SWEET SIXTEEN.

To-morrow morn is charming May,
The fields will bloom with clover,
And then 's the time, old grannies say,
I ought to have a lover.

CHORUS.—For now I'm turning sweet sixteen,—
My childhood's days are over—
'Tis time the boys my beauties seen ;
'Tis time I had a lover.

I'll sing so gay the hours away,
Till even dawns so cheery,
And when 't is dark I'll seek a spark,
To be my bosom dearie.

CHORUS.—For now I'm, &c.

Young Willy Brown, of yonder town,
 You know has long been waiting :
 His heart would cheer to have a dear,
 To make his moments happy.

CHORUS.—For now I'm, &c.

Then grief and care may go elsewhere,
 To seek old maids despairing ;
 'Tis not I ween, for sweet sixteen,
 Or joys like their's ensnaring.

CHORUS.—For now I'm, &c.

MY CRABBED OLD MAID.

It now comes my fate and woes to relate,
 The past foolish bargain that rashly I made :
 There's nothing but sorrow from cold life to borrow,
 Since the day that I met with my crabbed old maid.

She's dosing or sleeping, contentless or weeping,
 From summer's bright morning till night draws its
 shade,

And then she is grumbling, bristling or storming—
 O deuce to the day that I met an old maid !

My life's growing weary, and home it looks dreary ;
 My veins are all chilled, and my blood's growing cold
 On past recollections and sober reflections—
 O dearly bought whistle, I wish it was sold.

Yet my mind's ever darting to the glad time of parting,
When the storm will be over and low she is laid—
When storming and roaring o'er the mountains are soaring
Then a happy farewell to my crabbed old maid!

O IF MY HOME WAS IN THE WILD.

O if my home was in the wild,
Where howling wolves disturb the air,
I there would be a happy child,
If but my Mary's form was there.

Though every tree that decks the plain
Was riven by winter of its charms,
Their leafless bows would cheer the same
With Mary clasped in my arms.

Though storms should beat and tempests tear,
And every bird the forest flee,
My hut would be a mansion fair—
'T would be a paradise to me.

When she's away there is no joy—
Not all the world can bliss impart;
Ah fate, 't would soon my peace destroy,
If now she's riven from my heart.

For her I'd brave the towering pine ;
 For her I'd face the thick'ning towers !
 Toil would be sweet, if she was mine,
 And joy would cheer the loneliest hours.

Then pride might take its flight with fame,
 And riches from my grasp depart—
 My wealth would be to own that name,
 So kind a look, so true a heart !

BESIDE THE STREAM WHERE WILLOWS
 B E N D .

Beside the stream where willows bend,
 And gleesome birds their voices blend,
 There oft my happiest hours I spend.
 Wandering with my Annie.

CHORUS.—To gather lilies 'mong the bowers,
 That were so fair and many,
 Wearing away the sunny hours,
 With my own dear Annie.

There oft at noon we gladly stray,
 Along the oft frequented way.
 Till even draws her closing ray,
 Wandering with my Annie.

CHORUS.—To gather, &c.

The happy birds with songs of glee,
Would sing their love upon the tree,
But sweeter was the song to me,
That oft I sung for Annie.

CHORUS.—To gather, &c.

And with a wreath of flowers fine,
Would o'er her brow so glad entwine,
To rest upon this breast of mine,
With the silken locks of Annie.

CHORUS.—To gather, &c.

Fate may yet with ruthless power,
Expel me ever from that bower,
But ne'er can I forget one hour
I spent so sweet with Annie.

CHORUS.—To gather, &c.

ONE NIGHT AS I WAS ROVING LATE.

One night as I was roving late,
Down by the lane so cheery,
Who should meet me at the gate
But my charming Mary ?

Her cheerful smile beamed bright the while ;
Her eyes were brightly beaming,

Reflecting o'er the rudy cheeks
Bright beauty's roses gleaming.

Out spoke the maiden with a smile,
Unto her blushing rover,
Will you but go along with me
Across the fields of clover.

The stars are twinkling overhead ;
The moon is shining clearly,
And we may have a pleasant walk
Across the fields so cheerily.

With one sweet look her hand I took,
I could not be unclever ;
And O the joy I had that night,
Can I forget it, never !

The clover's bloom was on her cheek,
Her heart was beating freely ;
And O how glad my bosom leaped,
Enclasped to her so dearly !

Now autumn's nights are growing cold,
And summer's joys are over ;
But ne'er shall I forget the walk
Across the fields of clover.

LASSIE IF I DIE.

Lassie if I die,
 Will you shed a sorry tear,
And heave a lonely sigh
 Because I am not here ?
Will you linger near the spot,
 By the streamlet, by the tree,
And weep that I am not,
 Where we often used to be ?

Will you follow me so lonely
 When they lay me in the tomb,
And long think of me only,
 When my form is wrapt in gloom,
And with some fragrant flowers,
 Strew them o'er my narrow grave,
Lone at even's silent hours,
 As the evening zephyr's wave.

Will that fair, untarnished bosom,
 That my weary brow hath bore—
When our loves were brightly beaming,
 Wreck and anguish to its core ?
Will it hide the broken hearted,
 For the scenes that're fled before,
To think that we are parted,
 And that I'm there no more.

Then lassie, if I die,
Will you shed a sorry tear,
And heave a lonely sigh
Because I am not here?

O WHO WILL KISS HER FOR MY SAKE?

Love's joys are swiftly passing by,
And grief opes wide her tearful eye,
Of friends bereft, and now I mourn—
“My —— from my bosom's torn.”
Her cheeks were as the rose's hue;
Her bosom as the snow white flake;
O who will cheer her when I roam,
And kiss her rubies for my sake?

When I remember all the bliss
That lighted up a world like this,
When love would round us both entwine,
Like as the curling of the vine,
And still remembered everywhere,
Will oft a keen impression make,
To think who now her joys will share,
And kiss her rubies for my sake.

Oft have we met in friendship's morn,
When youthful love did all adorn;
But now from her I vainly part,

Those ties that 're wound around my heart,
And when its chords are cruel riven,
And I perchance o'er fate am driven,
O who will then her joys partake,
And kiss her rubies for my sake ?

I LOVE THE MAID.

I love the maid with ruby cheeks,
Surrounded quite by ringlets fair,
Whose charming looks and winning smiles
Can make me quite forget my care.

Before her form the lilies bend ;
The rose's bloom would sink and fade,
If all their hues in one would blend,
I would not then compare its shade.

If all the artists' skill was met
Upon so great and vast a scheme,
To paint the figure she would sit,
'T would be in them a foolish theme.

Love sits enthroned upon her brow,
With modesty that 's mild and meek,
And glowing more than I can tell,
Or even more than words can speak.

Chance yet may bring the happy time
 We two in one may yet be blest—
 And she will be forever mine,
 Then on her bosom will I rest.

Then wealth may take the eagle's flight,
 Where thoughts of fortune would decline ;
 And love for wealth would sink in night—
 I would be rich if she were mine.

While yet I love, and love sincere,
 The maiden with the ringlets fair,
 Her winning charms still find me here,
 And drowns my sorrow and my care.

CAN I E'ER FORGET THEE, HANNAH?

WRITTEN FOR J. D.

Can I e'er forget thee, Hannah?
 Can I, can I, say?
 Can I e'er forget thee,
 Though thou art away?
 Distance may divide us,
 Floods between us run,
 But they cannot sever
 Hearts that still are one, Hannah,
 Hearts that still are one.

Must I still regret thee, Hannah ?

Must I, must I, say ?

Must I still regret thee,

For thou art away ?

All my love thou knowest,

None beside can know ;

Still where e'er thou goest,

With thee still must go, Hannah,

With thee still must go.

Must I still lament thee, Hannah ?

Must I, must I, say ?

Must I still lament thee,

For thou art away ?

Grief may oft deceive me,

And my comforts sever ;

Yet though all should leave me,

Still I'm thine forever, Hannah,

Still I'm thine forever.

Then, I'll not forget thee, Hannah,

Though so far away,

Should my heart regret thee,

'T is at thy lengthened stay ;

And as I oft remember

That name to me so dear,

Thou alone shall ever

Reign in my bosom here, Hannah,

Reign in my bosom here.

GIVE ME A WALK.

Give me a walk with my maiden fair,
When the evening shades appear—
When the clover fields scent the silent air,
O'er the path with its windings near.

Give me a smile from my maiden fair,
When my heart with grief is sore ;
When cares o'er my soul like a tempest roll,
And I'll ask not a favor more.

Give me a kiss from my maiden fair,
And a glance from her eyes so clear,
When there's no one by to disturb our joy,
And no heart but my own is near !

Give me the joys of my maiden fair,
'Neath the spreading maple shade,
With her hand in mine so fondly clasped,
And her brow on my bosom laid !

ACROSS THE FIELDS OF CLOVER.

WRITTEN IN 1857.

The moon shone bright with sparkling rays ;
The evening breeze blew over,
That cheered me as I passed along
Across the fields of clover.

Full sweet the breeze in summer's eve,
Still sweeter as they hover,
The flowery path that winds its way
Across the fields of clover.

The veil that hangs along the sky
Has not the power to cover
The twinkling light that shines so bright
Across the fields of clover

Such scenes would make the heart rejoice,
In many a youthful rover,
Who take their way at close of day
Across the fields of clover.

And if the rover, as by chance,
Should meet a plighted lover,
The time flies sweet when thus they meet,
Across the fields of clover.

HERE WE TAKE THE PARTING KISS.

Here we take the parting kiss,
Emblem of our by-gone bliss,
By the moonbeam's struggling light,
That bids the silent world good-night.

Here we take the parting hand,
Snugly pressed by love's strong band ;
By that love so hard to part,
From the threshold of the heart.

Here we pledge to meet again,
Where we never met in vain—
Where we oft our vows have made,
'Neath the spreading maple shade.

Here our loves were plighted strong—
Here our joy were lengthened long,
Joy that oft I long to prove,
Sweetest raptures of our love.

Here we hope our joy to share,
Ever free from toil and care,
Where our hearts that once were twain,
Mingle till they both are one.

AMERICAN SONGS.

ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL LYONS.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY ONE OF HIS SOLDIERS.

Come comrade arise, the morn's in the skies,
And the war drum is beating aloud ;
Let us take a last glance, far back on our track,
Where the ranks of the rebels were strung on the rack,
While the prairie was veiled in a shroud.

The dew on the hill lies heavy and chill,
While the wild winds are gathering to weep,
Where the star-flag of liberty spread to the ray,
And the strong arm that yielded it sunk in the fray,
As he hastened the traitors to meet.

Yes, the still cloud is spread quite over the dead,
Like a mourning veil over a bier,
While we take a last glance before we return,
For he that has left us now sadly we mourn,
And mingle our cup with a tear.

For the day brings no ray to cheer us away ;
No joy left to banish our sorrow,
As onward we move with sorrowful tread,
To think of our hero now lifeless and dead,
And the morning dawns on us with sorrow.

Come mingle while here the cup with a tear,
Ye sons of America—we ;
For the strong arm is low, by which we were led,
And that bosom is gory, and for us hath bled,
That from slavery we might be free !

Yes, deeply we feel and can't but reveal
That our feelings are sorry and sore,
For we know that our leader, the bravest of brave,
Is sleeping far from us and low in his grave,
And shall lead us to battle no more.

Yet while we shall live in memory we'll weave
A balm for our war-stricken fears,
While our hero shall sleep mid laurels arrayed,
Remembered to bloom, and never to fade,
Though now they are sprinkled with tears.

And now o'er the tent the willow is bent,
And our best friend has left us all lone ;
We'll silently crave a lot by his grave,
When the star-flag of liberty shall o'er it wave,
To point out his last resting home.

LET HIM SLEEP WHERE GLORY
FOUND HIM.

TO THE MEMORY OF GENERAL STEPHENS, WHO FELL
BENEATH THE BANNER WHICH HE DIED TO SAVE.

Let him sleep where glory found him;
Let him sleep amid the brave—
Wrap the gory banner round him
Which he gave his life to save!

Lay him where the true have fallen,
Where he bravely fought and bled;
Where the grateful sons of freedom
Long shall mark their country's dead.

Let him rest from pain and anguish,
All life's toils and strife are o'er;
But for freedom, priceless freedom,
Who on earth has given more?

Boast ye not of ancient sages;
Boast ye not of freedom's price;
History shows no brighter pages,
Or patriot's greater sacrifice.

Freedom languished for her colors,
When with thee she saw them fall;
But in thee no fault discovers—
The sacrifice was all and all.

Then wrap his gory banner round him ;
 Lay him where he earned a name ;
 Let him rest where glory found him—
 On the battle field of fame.

OUR JOY IS ON THE BOUNDING WAVE.

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN SUNG BY BURNSIDE'S
 EXPEDITION.

Our joy is on the bounding wave,
 Cheer boys, cheer !
 Where we can the tempest brave,
 Here boys, here !
 There 's music in the ocean's roar ;
 There 's music in the torrent's pour,
 As white it dashes on the shore,
 Cheer boys, cheer !

Glad the day and glad the hour,
 Cheer boys, cheer !
 Lo the torrents angry pour,
 Cheer boys, cheer !
 Let our brig then meet the wave,
 Dashing onward, onward lave,
 America has sons to brave here
 The storm.

Onward! onward, then we'll steer,
 Cheer boys, cheer!
Where's the man so base to fear,
 Cheer boys, cheer!
Onward! then, we'll gladly ride,
Each man at his cannon's side;
"Old Burny," boys, is still our guide;
 Cheer boys, cheer!

Firm, united in one cause,
 Cheer boys, cheer!
To defend our country's laws,
 Cheer boys, cheer!
Till the stars and stripes shall wave
O'er the walls they used to lave—
Liberty is for the brave,
 Cheer boys, cheer!

MY WILLIE TO THE WAR IS GONE.

My Willie to the war is gone,
 In the foremost rank you'll find him,
With his sword and napsack buckled on,
 And his long blue coat around him.
Brave be his heart in that coat so blue,
 For the cause of freedom burning—
And may he stand by his country, true,
 Or home to me ne'er be returning.

CHORUS.—Here's health to his country and cause,
 To the sailor that stands by her true;
 And health to my brave soldier lad,
 That fights for the "red white and blue."

And when the storms of iron hail
 'Gainst freedom's cause are streaming;
 May his manly spirit never fail—
 In the van may his sword be gleaming;
 And if in battle his breast so brave
 Shall fall on the field all gory,
 May he peaceful sleep in a hero's grave,
 And live in his country's glory.

CHORUS.—Here's health to his country, &c.

GREAT COLUMBIA.

All hail great Columbia, the mightiest of lands,
 When bound in one nation by union's strong bands—
 United thy banner waves highest of all,
 Wherever it flutters oppression must fall,
 And those who from despots and tyranny flee,
 Still find joy and freedom, Columbia, in thee!
 Columbia forever, Columbia for me.

Though monarchs hate thee and blot thy name;
 Though nations envy thy greatness and fame;
 Though they would fain see thee riven by war,

Still shines New England as bright as her star,
And wanderers and exiles o'er land and o'er sea,
Have still thy protection, Columbia, in thee,—
Columbia forever, Columbia for me.

There finds the pilgrim a home and a rest,
From the green fertile east to the planes of the west,
Where rivers, all matchless, eternally flow,
From the cliffs of the north, all hoary with snow—
The poor, the oppressed, where'er they be,
Find liberty's blessings, Columbia, in thee,—
Columbia forever, Columbia for me.

Then speed on, Columbia, ride safe through the storm,
Speed on united and peace shall return,
Though the old ship may look leaky and frail,
Yet it shall weather the boisterous gale,
Bright hope of the patriot, land of the free—
The greatest, the mightiest, Columbia, 'tis thee—
Columbia forever, Columbia for me.

LIVES THERE A BEING WITH FEELINGS
S O D E A D ?

Lives there a being with feelings so dead,
Who once trod proud liberty's halls,
Who trembles when tyrants its palaces tread,
And shrinks when his country calls ?

Gladly then, meet the oppressor's rude hand,
Who seeks but the free to enslave,
And fight for your honor, your homes and your land;
For liberty lives with the brave.

Press to the battlements, press to the van,
Though death and destruction may rave,
For he who is void of the heart of a man
Is worse than a traitor or knave!

Better to live in a region unknown,
Where serpents and vile demons hiss,
Than crouch in a mansion oppressed or undone,
When liberty's ended in this.

For ne'er can I think to live or to roam,
Where tyrant's vile banners high wave;
O give me the only true patriots home,
When freedom is vanquished—a grave.

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

WRITTEN FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY, PARTLY ² OLD,
BUT CHANGED TO SUIT THE TIMES.

"There's a good time coming boys,
Wait a little longer,"
Though the union may look weak,
Yet it shall be stronger.

When rebellion's lost its rave,
Then our banner it shall wave
O'er the virtuous and the brave,
"In the good time coming."

"There's a good time coming, boys,
Wait a little longer,"
Others may but think us weak,
Yet we shall be stronger.
Sons of the old republic, brave,
Spurn we then the name of slave,
Let us now our country save,
"For the good time coming."

"There's a good time coming, boys,
Wait a little longer ;"
Nations may the advantage take,
Yet we shall be stronger.
With their conjured, meanest claims, (Mexico)
With their vile despotic chains
They would break republic's reins,
But the good time's coming.

"There's a good time coming, boys,"
We shall live to see it ;
Lo it dawns upon our sight,
Then, O then, believe it—
B——n shall not rule the sea,
She must leave it for the free—
Tyranny for liberty,
"In the good time coming."

“ There ’s a good time coming, boys,
Wait a little longer ;”
We shall see our father land
Mightier yet and stronger,
O’er the plains they died to save,
Let their flag forever wave—
Let us raise it from their grave,
“ For the good time ’s coming.”

“ There ’s a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming ;
There ’s a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming.”
Let our hearts with pride then glow,
Gladly meet the rebel’d foe—
Union blooms in every blow,—
“ For the good time coming.”

“ There ’s a good time coming, boys,
Wait a little longer,”
America will soon behold it,
Then we shall be stronger,
When the cannon’s awful roar
Dies away from shore to shore,
And rebellion ’s heard no more,
“ In the good time coming.”

“ There ’s a good time coming, boys,”
We shall early see it,
Keep your eyes upon its dawn,
Never disbelieve it ;

Then we'll sing true liberty,
From the mountain to the sea—
America will all be free
“ In the good time coming.”

THE SOLDIER'S THOUGHTS.

It was midnight o'er the valley,
And the moon was sinking low
O'er the gory field of battle,
With its mingled sights of woe,
And the cannon with their thunderings,
Had hushed their voices still,
While the watch-fire low was burning,
By the picket on the hill.

Around him slept his comrades
Upon the grassy steep,
Yet his eyes forbid to slumber,
And their lids withheld their sleep,
For his thoughts were straying homeward
To his friends and kindred dear,
As he leaned upon his musket
And wiped away the tear.

Though beside him lay the wounded,
Mingled with the battle's slain ;
And the silent air was wrieking

With their agony and pain,
Yet his own loved happy home,
In the far off distant west,
Still found its dearest memory
In the soldier's weary breast.

All the friends he loved so dearly,
And the cottage in the wild,
Burst upon his vivid fancy
Bright as when he was a child—
A father's tender watchings
And a mother's happy smile,
Beamed around his lonely beacon,
All his sadness to beguile.

The old frequented valley,
With its little rippling rill,
Washing o'er the fragrant lilies,
Then around the hawthorn hill;
And its happy scenes of childhood
Shone so beautiful and fair,
Till he thought they were before him,
And he half forgot his care.

Then the roaring of the cannon
Ceased to quake his weary breast,
For in one sweet thought of childhood,
All its miseries were past:
And the groanings of the wounded
Ceased to move his feelings sore—

Cares and fears, alternate billows,
Mingled in his mind no more.

* * * *

Happy home, thy scenes immortal
Where the spirit claims its birth,
Never can the soul forget it
On the saddest spot on earth,
For it glowed with all its blessings
In the soldier's breast though drear,
As he leaned upon his musket
And wiped away the tear.

NEW NATIONAL ANTHEM; OR, THE PRAYER
OF CERTAIN BRITISH NOBLEMEN.

God bless the Prince of Wales,
England's Prince and Princess,
While nation's fall ;
Long may they live in peace,
And Britain's wealth increase—
Nor may thy blessings cease ;
God bless us all !

Long may they live to reign
Over our hills and plain,
And forest shade ;

Long may they condescend
The poor man's pounds to spend,
For to this glorious end
Are Princes made.

Bless them with happiness,
Ne'er may they know distress,
Such as our poor ;
May all our dupes and slaves
Toil hard o'er land and waves,*
For our nobles, lords and knaves,
While days endure.

Long may America
Their contributions pay
To us alone,
While we their rebels aid,
And run their long blockade,
With contraband our trade,
To help them on.

Thou canst the causes see,
All, all is jealousy,
Under disguise ;
They were our rivalry
On land and on sea,
More in prosperity,
In nation's eyes.

* Beside Niagara's awful wave,
He stood a ransomed Irish slave."—D'ARCY MCGEE.

And well we understand,
Divided, weak they stand,
 Compared to us ;
Then can we condescend
To make their foes our friend,
And bring about this end,
 And make a muss.

But lord, there was a time
We wrote in prose and rhyme,
 Slavery was vile ;
But now we different cry,
The mote's in the other eye—
We'll let our honor's fly,
 Just for a while.

Bring down Democracy,—
Bless Aristocracy,
 Wherever found ;
Protect it 'neath thy care,
Prosper it everywhere ;
Hear Britain's royal prayer—
 Bring Lincoln down.

Prosper our loyalty
And neutrality,
 On our behalf ;
Speed on our privateer
In Jeff's and Sem's career,
Let them the ocean clear
 Of union craft.

Then shall the carrying trade,
Be on our vessels laid,
 With it be bless'd ;
So may we hide our shame,
For honor have great fame,
Then shall we praise thy name,
 From east to west.

Then, then will Jonny Bull
" Have all his pockets full"
 Of Yankee dimes ;
Glorious then he shall reign,
Matchless on land and main ;
Hail, hail, all hail again
 Jeff and his times.

Lord bless the noble Poles,
Strengthen their arms and souls,
 Under thy care ;
May they as one arise,
With wrath that never dies,
For it will, in our eyes,
 Weaken the Bear.

And may they cut and slash
His soldiers, as if hash,
 Right back and forth ;
So that their hearts may feel
Their monarch's weak'ning steel—
And may his legions reel
 Back to the north.

And Lord, that dog of France,
Watch all his crafty pranks
 In politics ;
Bring his ambition low,
On him thy vengeance throw ;
May he in Mexico
 Get in a fix.

Thou knowest what secret fear
He brings thy people here,
 And on the sea ;
And oft we own him friend,
For a politic end,
Or jealousy to mend,
 As all may see.

Lord shorten his career,
Learn him England to fear—
 Cripple his power ;
Send him to some lone place,
Just as his former race,
And keep him by thy grace,
 A little lower.

But Lord, remember us,
Preserve us from a muss,
 Or civil war ;
May we as one entwine,
Scotch, Irish, royal line,
And glorious ever shine,
 Without a scar.

And O keep Johnny Bull
 Towering above them all,
 While ages roll ;
 So that all nations may
 Their homage to us pay,
 And fear our mighty sway,
 Far as the pole.

Then let thy wealth in store
 On us forever pour—
 Long may we reign
 Brightest in history's fame,
 Lofty above all men ;
 Let all cry out amen—
 " God save the Queen."

OLD NICK HAD A DREAM.

Old Nick had a dream as he lay in his bed,
 In the southernmost vault of his cell,
 He dreamed (what's not true) that Jeff Davis was dead,
 And had just come to see him in h—l.

In a moment he flew round his sooty old hole,
 And jumped with a howl and a yell :
 'T was plain that he feared Jeff's rebellious old soul
 Would never be quiet in h—l.

Bad luck then, he cried, all my plans are o'ertossed,
I never looked for him so soon :
The rebellion is done, now its leader is lost,
And worse than all slavery is done.

Then he thought to himself and conjured a plan
By which he could manage his host :
Says he, I'll do with him the best that I can,
And give him some niggers to roast.

JEFF DAVIS'S DREAM.

One night as Jeff was sleeping sound,
In Richmond, in his bed,
He dream'd he saw old Satan come
To him, in his wife's stead ;
He had in his old rusty hand,
A paper or a scroll,
On which Jeff thought he saw wrote plain,
That Vicksburgh was to fall.

At first Nick went to lay by him,
But Jeff raised quite a roar,
And gave a kick with all his might,
Which threw him on the floor ;
And as he fell like a huge bat,
He clawed to still keep in,
Which caught Jeff by his crooked nose,
And pulled him after him.

Then up Nick got and scratched his shin,
And tried it o'er again ;
But Jeff was still the same hard case,
And kicked with might and main,
Which made Nick stagger back and forth,
To keep himself upright :
'T was plain he never dreamed that Jeff
Would wage him such a fight.

Then Nick betook another plan,
By which to gain the bed,
He crept around the corner post,
And peeped right over head,
When unto Jeff in words he said—
You treat me very ill,
For I was always your best friend,
And willing to be still.

Quoth Jeff, if you are still my friend,
As you have been before,
Why don't you help to drive away
The Yankees from my shore ;
And when you come to see your friend,
You brought that darned old scroll,
With writing on it, large and plain,
That Vicksburg was to fall.

Said Nick, I've done all that I can,
To banish all your fears ;
I've sent you blockade runners long,
And British privateers.

Their sympathies are all with you,
Even England, France and Spain,
And if you will hold out one month
You'll have them in your train.

Then Jeff replied, we'll still be friends,
As we have been before,
Yet I will always have the bed,
And you can have the floor ;
There's room enough for any one
To rest their weary head—
And when I get to Washington
You then can have my bed.

Then Jeff slept on with lightsome heart,
Till it was morning clear,
Still fancying he saw his help
All coming to him near.
But when he opened wide his eyes,
He looked full sad indeed ;
For all the friends he then could see,
Was Banks, Ross, Grant and Mead.

REST, SOLDIER REST.

Rest, soldier rest, thou true and brave,
Where summer's rays are creeping ;
Thou sleepest within a patriot's grave,
In death's cold mantle sleeping.

Rest, soldier rest, within thy tomb,
 Beneath the spreading willow ;
Where flower's with fragrance long shall bloom,
 And peaceful be thy pillow.

Rest, soldier rest, from toil and strife,
 Its ghastly sights distressing ;
Thou gavest for freedom, joy and life,
 And home, and friendship's blessing.

Rest, soldier rest, yet not forgot,
 While memory has a breathing ;
The victor's wreath shall be thy lot,
 And freeman's own bequeathing.

Rest, soldier rest, thy warfare's o'er,
 Though friends for thee are weeping ;
The cannon's roar shall nevermore
 Disturb thy last long sleeping.

Rest, soldier rest, from toil and pain,
 Now wrapt in mantle gory ;
Till that glad day thou wakest again,
 Bright robed in victory's glory.

THE OLD GLORIOUS BANNER.

Dear flag of my country, the best and the brightest,
 The pride of the patriot, the brave and the free,
Thou wavest on high still the proudest and bravest,

As when it first floated o'er land and o'er sea.
 I gaze on thy splendor as oft I behold it—
 Thy fame and thy glory my fancy does please,
 For still mid the war and the strife that surrounds it,
 The "star spangled banner" still floats on the breeze,
 The old glorious banner, the war-beaten banner,
 "The star spangled banner," still floats on the breeze.

Bright emblem of liberty where'er thou wavest,
 Acknowledged by nations, who envy thy sway,
 Aloft o'er the waters thy seamen have borne thee,
 Wherever ambition hath marked out a way.
 I gaze for a while o'er the wild trackless ocean,
 Where storms waves and tempests defiantly rave—
 Yet still I behold, mid the billow's commotion,
 The "star spangled banner" still float o'er the wave,
 The old glorious banner, the war-beaten banner,
 "The star spangled banner," still floats o'er the wave.

O souls of our forefather's, once more awaken,
 And spread through the land the old martial flame,
 As bright as of old, when on Lexington gory
 The lovers of freedom there gain'd thee thy fame,
 Then, then shall thy colors wave brighter and higher,
 Though storms waves and battles around it shall rave,
 For when 'neath thy shroud burns liberty's fire,
 The "star spangled banner" triumphant shall wave,
 The old glorious banner, the war-beaten banner,
 "The star spangled banner" forever shall wave.

FAREWELL TO MY HARP.

Farewell to my harp, for a time I forget thee,
 Though partner of mine thou hast been so long—
If parted, I wander, yet oft I'll regret thee,
 For sad was thy ditty, unworthy thy song.
How oft have I strove in youth's brightest hours,
 For my country to cull, from its wild shady bowers,
A name of remembrance as fair as thy flowers—
 A wreath to my harp, my loved Glanford for thee.

Though oft thou hast sung in the dark hours of sorrow,
 And breathed in the whirlwinds of sadness and pain,
Yet still ye may witness a brighter to-morrow,
 With hope, tune thy chords on a happier strain ;
No more then shall grief, with its blighting commotion,
 Encumber thy lay or molest thy devotion,
But sing with that pure and pleasing emotion,
 As first it awoke, my loved Glanford for thee.

FINIS.

I N D E X .

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