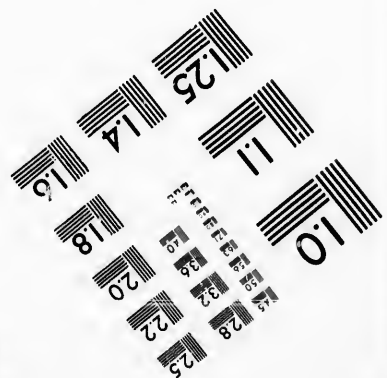
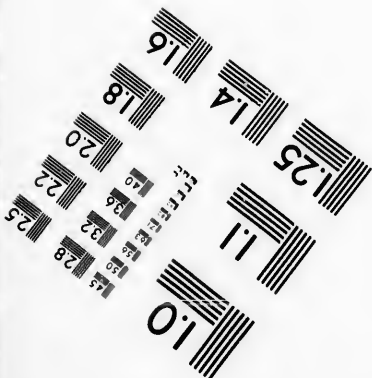
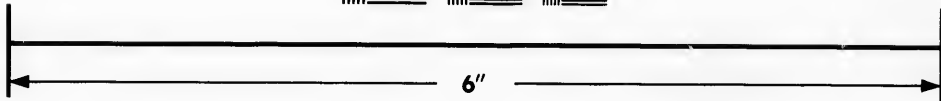
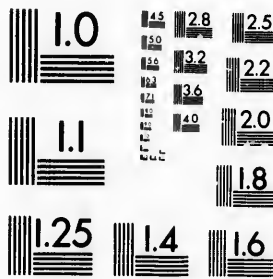


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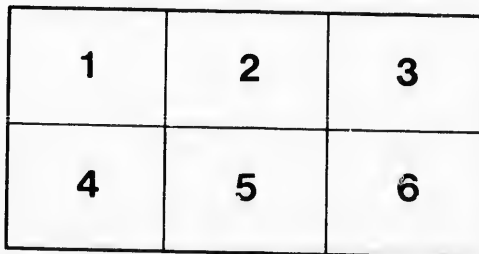
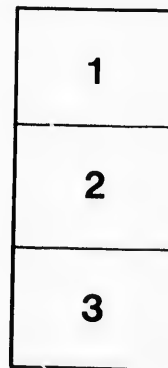
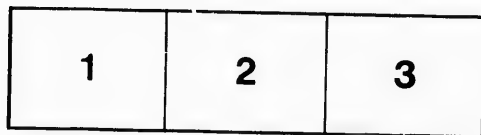
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A LAFUL OF LYRICS

AND

MERRY MUSE - WHANGS,

BY

JUDSON FRANCE.

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Tempestas. JUV.

— "mes vers
Sont des vers de jeune homme."

TORONTO,
1885.

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A LAMPFUL OF LYRICS.

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OLD LETTERS.

A cup for memory.—CHRISTINA G. ROSETTI.

I TAKE them out of my escritoire,
Yellow, and sere, and faded with age;
And my thoughts glide back to dim days of yore
As I read again each familiar page.

Here is one from my college chum,
In a bold round hand, now the paper's yellow:
It runs in this wise, "Say, won't you come
And spend your holidays with me, old fellow?"

Dear old Tom! he was rather fast,
Fond of sport, and women, and wine;
Quixotic, too, but that's all past,
For he's become food for the worms lang syne.

He fought a duel, 'twas in Venice, I think,
With a rival there for a beautiful maid,
And his rival's sword his blood did drink,
And low in the dust poor Tom was laid.

But a right good fellow he was, I'll say,
He's helped me out of many a scrape;
True to the core, though odd in his way,
Together we've had many a hair-breadth
'scape.

Now duelling's almost one of the things
Of the past. Thank God! for it's most unfair;
'Tis a Christless code as the laureate sings,
Unworthy of gentlemen everywhere.*

* Speaking of duelling reminds me of a story of a kind and a timid man who agreed to settle a difference with pistols in a dark room. The timid man crawled up the chimney, up which the kind man, not wishing to injure his adversary, fired. The scullator of Santa Claus came down in a heap—it was his last meal.

Here is a delicate tinted sheet
 Writ in a fine Italian hand,
 'Tis from Milly. Once I was under her feet,
 And came and went at my Queen's command.

A desperate flirt, and a coquette too
 She was, as I've good cause to remember.
 I picture her now as her then I knew,
 By the fire to-night in this bleak December.

Tall and stately she was and fair,
 A splendid type of a Saxon girl,
 With tresses of wavy gold-bright hair,
 And a throat and shoulder more white than
 pearl.

Such a girl as an artist would go wild over,
 Yea, go into rapturous ecstasies;
 Such a girl as is sure to have many a lover,
 Poets love to rave of such fathomless eyes.

Eyes of passionate, dreamy, blue,
 Eyes where exquisite dalliance slumbers;
 I, on my Pegasus, used to spuo
 Forth, at times, outrageous rhythmical
 numbers,

Wherein I compared her cheeks to flowers,
 And her eyes to stars, and her lips to wine,
 Her breath to spices from fragrant bowers,
 And her form to Cytherea's divine.

Ah no! I cannot forget the night
 Long ago, when last we danced together;
 The ravishing music thrilled me quite
 In that golden, rose-flushed summer weather.

Her long blonde hair fell on my shoulder,
 My arm was clasped round her dainty waist.
 Her tempting lips as the night grew older
 I longed, nyum nyum, more and more to
 taste.

After the dance in a cool retreat,
 About her shoulders I wrapped her shawl,
 And then where two devious pathways meet,
 I told her I loved her best of all.

There in the moonlight on bended knee,
 I knelt at her feet, of course I was silly,
 Raw from college, you know, and she—
 Well, she answered, "I never could marry
 you, Billy!"

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Yes, I was jilted, for I unto her
 Was not the cheese; *one* she loved better;
 And all I've left to prove that I knew her,
 Is a lock of hair and this faded letter.

She's married now, and a whole caboodle,
 Of children are reared in the nurse's hands;
 She rides in her carriage, and strokes her poodle,
 She has silks, and satins, and jewels, and
 lands.

Ah! that's the worst of getting married,
 Somehow or other babies will come
 From heaven, by swift-winged seraphs carried,
 In liberal numbers to grace the home.

Many more letters still I unfold,
 From consins and aunts and friends and
 brothers,
 Sisters and sweethearts of mine of old,
 Of course I prize some more than others.

Yes, many more there are in this heap,
 Pleasant letters and spiteful too;
 Some of the writers forever sleep,
 Some have sailed o'er the stormy blue

To other lands beyond the sea,
 Many have died in their youthful prime:
 I fancy loved voices come back to me,
 As I dream to-night of the olden time.

Here's one from Ned, he's a lawyer now,
 A clever fellow, Q. C., LL.B.,
 And the favouring winds of fortune blow
 On Joe,—he's a rising saw-bones you see.

Some are well-heeled, and others are poor,
 Some are single, and others are spiced,
 Some through the wide, flung-open door,
 Of vice and drink have been enticed.

Old letters, I tenderly thumb you o'er,
 As I sit to-night in my room alone;
 And well-known scenes I see once more,
 On the clouds of smoke from my meerschaum
 blown.

You are time-tried friends, old letters of mine!
 More precious to me than any gems,
 That shed their splendour and sparkle and shine
 In royal priceless diadems.

As when a minstrel sweeps the strings,
 Of some sweet-toned harp for long years still
 And beneath his touch into life it springs,
 And the chords awake at the player's will :

So these cherished relics have wakened chords
 Long mute through the mists of the old gray
 years,

And the rare delight that each leaf affords
 Is sweet as the tones that an angel hears.

I drink in a beaker of ruby wine,
 That sends my chill blood rushing warm to
 my heart,
 To those that have written each friendly line,
 To the loves and the friendships long sundered
 apart.

I lock my treasures again in their place,
 Hidden from all the world but me ;
 No one shall know, of my own free grace,
 Of the sad sweet things that in them be.

1881

SNOWFLAKES.

OVER the slumbering town,
 Over the steeples brown,
 Snowflakes come softly down,
 And the trees are clad in white.
 The moon from you pale blue cloud,
 Peeps out like a ghost in a shroud,
 And the grand old trees in the wood,
 Are silver-crested to-night.

The delicate frostwork gleams,
 Brightened by Dian's beams,
 Like fairy fabric it seems,
 Over the hills and dales
 Flakes fall in the keen cold night,
 Flutter and dance in their flight,
 While the moon, with glory bedight,
 In her golden bride-robe sails.

Light as ambrosial rains,
 Light as a bank clerk's brains,
 Light as love's silken chains,
 See how they crowd through the air ;
 Lightly the ground they kiss,
 With a graceful touch that is
 Soft as a lover's press,
 When her old man isn't there.

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Soft as an angel's tread,
 Fair as a maid new-wed,
 Light as love words low said,
 Clearly they fly like plumes.
 Covering the stark bare earth,
 (Nude as a babe at birth,)
 Till all the scene stands forth,
 Fair as with spring tide blooms.

White as a moon-lit pall,
 White as a cashmere shawl,
 Still, still the snowflakes fall,
 If it keeps on this way
 The merry sound of the bells,
 And the laughter of the belles,
 That hearts, light as flakes foretells,
 Will ring, no doubt, next day.

Thicker and faster they fall,
 Now there is no doubt at all
 But that to-morrow we shall
 Excellent sleighing enjoy :
 And Dickie must shovel the snow
 Off the sidewalks, or else we must go
 'Fore the Beak ; fine \$2., you know,
 Such trifles *will* sometimes annoy.

Each Jack to his Gill (good old fact !)
 It's immense to be hemmed in intact
 'Neath one buffalo robe and compact
 So the air can't get in :
 Get up there, gelang ! with a rush
 Horse, cutter, quick onward they push,
 Was't the frosty air brought a blush
 To her cheek, or your words just then ?

Flecking your horse with the whip,
 Lip not far distant from lip,
 Maybe two heads do not tip
 To each other close once in a while.
 O no ! of course you don't kiss,
 It's naughty you know, but it's bliss,
 What never ? scarce ever ! but this
 Is P——e——* well, I should smile !

Over the bridges in haste,
 Arms sometimes go to waist,
 As all you who've had a taste
 Of bully sleigh-riding will know.
 Moonlight and starlight above,
 You whisper the nothings of love,
 A fellow can't help it, by Jove,
 Since Pharaoh was king † it's been so.

* I would not dare to outrage public or private feeling by a reference to this played-out opera, without explaining that this scene was written at a time when its catches and *bon mots* were popular.

† Or Melchizedek was in knickerbockers

A dance and a supper and then,
 Over the snow once again,
 When the shadows flee, and the thin
 Gray mists of morning arise.
 List! the music of the bells,
 How it rises, how it swells,
 How it jingles and upwells,
 As the cutter onward flies!

Over the slumbering town,
 Over the steeples brown,
 Gently the snowflakes come down,
 And their fleecy flight foretells
 The glorious sleighing-time,
 When happy hearts keep chime
 To the pulse of a rapturous rhyme,
 That is one with the merry sleigh-bells.

LIKE A SOLDIER FALLEN.

In memory of gallant and chivalrous Col. Fred Burnet
 killed at the battle of Abu Klea, near Metemneh, January 11
 1885.

Τεθνάμεναι γὰρ καλὸν ἐπὶ προμάχοισι πεσόντα
 Ἄνδρ' ἀγαθὸν περὶ ἧ πατρίδι μαρνόμενον.

TYRTÆUS.

ALL too soon is thy red life ended,
 Dead alas! on Metemneh's sands,
 Whose career was a romance splendid,
 Flushed with triumphs in many lands.
 Stilled the beats of thy heart of valour,
 Hero, first o'er the walls of Teb!
 Blanched thy face with death's cold strange
 pallor,
 Meshed at last in a wild fate's web.

Launcelot, Bayard, thou too art sleeping
 'The stately sleep of the deathless dead!
 Nevermore will thy blood bound leaping
 With battle-rapture on fields blood-red.
 Lion-heart! through thy slumber's silence
 Does no dream of the fierce fray come?
 Shrills no sound of the battle's violence,
 Gleams no banner, and whirs no drum?

Not on earth wilt thou e'er awaken
 Brightness of banner and drip of drum,
 Cannons' thunder, and squadrons shaken,
 Surely these to thy memory come.
 The brave Mars-stricken live on for ever,
 Ever memories of brave men throng,
 Thou shalt fade from remembrance never.
 Dare-devil, æronaut, athlete strong!

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Sleep, have rest! thou wilt war no longer,
 Pierced by a Hadendowan spear,
 Strong thou wast but white death was stronger,
 Though of him thou had'st little fear.
 In a mystic land with centuries hoary,
 By comrades fighting at last laid low,
 So thou hast perished, girt with glory,
 With face stern-set to the frantic foe.

Tender-hearted, thy rich blood tingled
 At fire, sword and rifle's ghastly work!
 When in dire clanging combat mingled,
 Ruthless Russian and turbaned Turk.
 At Barcelona in durance cheerless,
 Of thee dark beauties enamoured grew;
 Melted soft eyes 'neath the spell of thy fearless,
 Frank eyes English of brave basar hue.

In Odin's palace gem-gleaming, golden,
 Dwelt the heroes of Spartan might;
 Vikings, victors in battles olden,
 Had large joyance of praise, delight.
 The rough red ways of the flashing fight they
 Trod each day with keen rapture new;
 Fought they fervent with fierce delight, they
 All the pleasures of great gods knew.

Surely thou hast of joy full measure,
 Safe in the kingdom of martial souls;
 Surely thou hast thy heart's full pleasure,
 Where the echoed bray of the swift war rolls.
 Thou from fame hast the last wreath wrested—
 Far from mortals that laugh or weep,
 Surely, soldier, with nymphs bright-breasted,
 (Meed of old warriors,) 'tis thine to sleep.

The death of Col. Burnaby is an apt illustration of the proverb—a pitcher which goes oft to well at last gets broken. A fine sonnet in memory of this modern Crichton appeared in *Punch*, the last ten lines of which evidently refer to the contest, thought by many to be inevitable, between the British Lion and the Great Bear, the result of the imperial eagles' stealthy but triumphant sweep ever to India-ward. They are as follows:—

“Not here alas!” may England say, ‘not here,
 In such a quarrel was it meet to die;
 But in that dreadful battle drawing nigh,
 To shake the Afghan mountains lone and sere’
 Like Ajax by the ships, thou should'st have stood
 And in some pass have stayed the stream of fight
 The bulwark of thy people and their shield,
 Till Helmund or till Lora ran with blood
 And back towards the Northlands and the night
 The stricken eagles scattered from the field.”

It may seem not altogether a congenial task for a Republican to panegyricize an Imperialist, but I have allowed no contempt for his political principles to dampen the ardour of my admiration for the giant guardsman who met death game. It is said that he wished for death. Consumption had the once strongest man in the British army in its relentless grip.

THE HAUNTED MILL.

NEAR the roadside in a valley
 Stood an old half-ruined mill ;
 Ivy-grown and long-deserted,
 Shadowed by a leafy hill.
 Haunted, said the country people—
 With head-shakes they oft averred
 In the mill on gloomy midnights
 Strange, weird noises they had heard.

Shrieks and yells, and bluelights flashing,
 Dying groans, and sheeted faces,
 Ghoulish laughter, chains loud clanking
 Through the mill's most hidden places.
 Peasants swore by all things holy,
 Trembling, while their blood ran chill,
 Fire-faced goblins had pursued them
 Passing by the ruined mill.

Such reports were circulated
 Far and near, by dale and hill,
 Till, at last, no one would venture
 In the night-time by the mill.
 Unless forced by circumstances
 Born of sheer necessity ;
 Then the people madly hurried
 Past, not looking back to see.

While the sound of ghostly voices
 Fell upon their frightened ears,
 Ghoulish yells, demonic chuckles,
 Wild huzzahs, guffaws and cheers.
 Yeomen urged their horses onward
 While their fear-thrilled blood ran chill,
 And their faces blanched with terror,
 Onward past the crumbling mill.

Foolish folk! the ghosts were human,
 Ariana,—she and I
 Were the careless sprites that haunted
 The old mill the roadside by :
 For on starless, dreary evenings
 Moonless, filled with mist and shade,
 Acted we the part of goblins,
 Pretty lively ghosts we made.

Phosphorus, sheets, and dark lanterns
 Made us quite respectable
 Ghosts, as those that from Lethean
 Shores rose—awful shades of hell !
 Routing out the swift-winged swallow
 'Mid the owl's tu-whit so shrill,
 Playing hide-and-seek together,
 Haunted we the mouldering mill.

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Terrifying every passer
 Shrieking, climbing, laughing, playing;
 Waking eerie muffled echoes,
 Into every corner straying.
 Never ghosts were half as playful
 As we two who roamed at will
 Where the clinging ivy clambered
 Up the long-deserted mill.

Now 'tis not the mill that's haunted,
 It is I, the long years through—
 Haunted sleeping, haunted waking
 By two eyes of cloudless blue.
 Many years have past and faded,
 But they leave the memory still
 Of our wild nocturnal vigils
 In the ancient, lonely mill.

Ariana ! I have lost thee,
 Ariana ! youth has fled,
 Ariana ! thou art voiceless,
 Ariana ! thou art dead.
 But a dancing ray of sunshine
 Gilds with joy my old age still,
 When I recollect our rambles
 In the old tree-shaded mill.

1881.

THE CRUEL DULCINEA.

--- she's as light as a feather,
 As fickle as wind, as inconstant as weather.

COLE'S FABLES.

*Crede ratem ventis animum ne crede puellis,
 Namque est feminea tutior unda fides.*

PETRONIUS ARBITER.

Femme souvent varie.

FRANCIS I.

I

LAUS VENERIS.

OVAL face of classic mould,
 Eyes with dreamy splendour lit,
 Shining hair of burnished gold,
 Native grace, and trenchant wit.
 Willowy form of shape divine,
 Plump, white arms where bracelets twine,
 Little hands 'twere heaven to hold.

Balmy breath, and ruby lips,
 Flush of youth upon her cheek,
 Curvèd chin, and creamy hip,
 Dimples there play hide-and-seek ;
 Beauty ripe and rare, I trow,
 Breasts, twin mounds of rose-tipped snow,
 Faultless form from crown to tip.

Voice as tinkling music sweet,
 'Teeth which rival whitest pearl,
 Tiny, restless, kidded feet—
 Make the picture of this girl.
 Stored with Vassar lore her mind,
 'Culchawed, sensitive, refined,
 Goddess-like with charms replete.

II.

CAVE PUELLAM.

But she is a skilled coquette,
 Changeful, fickle as she's fair,
 Breaking hearts without regret,
 Filling lives with grief and care.
 Ah, her heart is hard as stone!
 Dawn of love has never grown
 In her eyes of violet.

It is dangerous to dwell
 By her side, and feel her kiss;
 'Tis a flower-strewn path to hell;
 (Flowers hide the precipice.)
 Loyal hearts and true she takes
 In her chilling grasp, and breaks
 Unrelentingly, pell-mell.

She invites and scorns by turns,
 Wooing now with sunny wile,
 Flashing jeering look which burns
 Hope's last vestige for awhile.
 Luring with capricious pout,
 Crushing love's pure flame out,
 Trusting soul sad lessons learns.

Cruel girl O you shall not
 Win renown of me, I ween !
 Though you cunningly may plot,
 Throw me wanton looks and keen.
 I am proof against each wile,
 Blind to every tender smile
 That by caprice is begot.

Siren, I
 Trifle
 Now you
 Lusty
 Lonely
 An O. M.
 When

FF

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 Is Nelie
 You the
 To Clayt
 You'lef

III

MONITUM.

Siron, I'd a warning say,
 Trifle not with hearts too long;
 Now your life is bright and gay.
 Lusty youth is wondrous strong.
 Lonely mayhap you may pine
 An O. M. and carp and whine
 When youth flies fore'er away.

1830.

FRANCISCUS DE AMICITIA.

I.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

Post varios vite casus.

EPIGRAM. VET.

Why how d'ye do, old fellow?
 I'm glad to see you back—
 But heavens! how changed you're looking,
 You're treading the sunset track;
 And so bronzed and weather-beaten,
 And I declare you're gray,
 But then you know, old fellow,
 You've been so long away!

It makes me feel quite jolly
 To see you back, old boy!
 And to clasp your hand in mine, Tom,
 Gives me the deepest joy.
 I've very often wondered,
 If ever we'd meet again,
 And the thought that perhaps we wouldn't
 Filled all my heart with pain.

But now, again we'll linger
 O'er the walnuts and the wine,
 And speak of old times' pleasant
 Which, once, were yours and mine,
 What! didn't you know I was married
 And settled years ago?
 And you—you yet are single,
 Why, you don't tell me so!

I know what you wrote in your letter,
 Still, I didn't think you'd be
 An old bachelor all this time; Tom,
 But you've kept your word I see.
 Is Nellie married? why bless you,
 You thought she was engaged;
 To Clayton, and that was the reason
 You left so much enraged.

Why there wasn't a word of truth in
That damnable rot at all,
She loves you yet—she's a vestal,
Go up and give her a call.
It makes me feel quite jolly
To see you back, old boy,
And to clasp your hand in mine, Tom,
Gives me the deepest joy.

1880.

II.

CHUMS.

True to boyhood's vow.

JAMES HOLDEN.

Amicitiam integram et inviolatam conservemus.

HELP yourself, old fellow, and fill up
Your glass to its quivering edge,
And here's a fragrant havanna,
The best to be got, I allege.
Let us heartily pledge each other,
To-night, in beakers of wine;
We've stuck together since boyhood,
When life was a dream divine.

It's fun to look back through the vista
Of years that have fled away,
And to think of the scrapes we got into,
Of our loves and our frolics so gay.
When we were both hair-brained young fellows
For deviltry always prepared,
And though we are growing old surely
I don't think we've changed much, old pard

Our hair and our whiskers are slightly
Tinged o'er with a frosty gray,
And the time is gone forever
When for us to grow old was play.
We've helped each other in trouble,
Alike we've shared pleasure and joy;
Our friendship has grown all the stronger
As the years have sped onward, old boy!

Old fel, come tip us your flipper,
Let us swear to remain while we've breath
As jolly and careless as ever
Till our eyes shall stare sightless in death.
Let us swear to be true friends forever,
Just as we have been in the past,
While we live may the future years bind us
In a friendship more noble and fast!

THRE

De ces bie
Le meille

WELL, Jac
What I v
I wonder
When shift
Called life,
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Like Lemn
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Cimmerian

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III.

THREE SONNETS TO AN OLD FRIEND.

I.

De ces biens passagers que l'on goûte à demi
Le meilleur qui nous reste est, un ancien ami.

MUSSET.

1880. WELL, Jack, old fellow, shall I shape in rhyme,
What I was thinking of this Maytime night?
I wondered what will be our after-plight
When shifting scenes of this death-ended mime,
Called life, beneath the Circe-touch of Time,
Are changed immutably; when letches bright
And glowing with dream-*eidolons* of delight,
Are hushed, forgotten, like a passing chime.

Like Lemnian Haphæstus' burning fire
That liquid ran in Talos' single vein,
Flows the strong lava-current of desire
When youth is joy, and we of life are fain,
But age flouts romance with a cold disdain,
Cimmerian night succeeds the perfumed pyre.

II.

Il tempo passa presto.
DON PASQUALE.

Life be ours what changes then will be,
What dead desires, sad lessons learnt by rote,
When down Time's stream the withered petals float,
Youth's rose, and with calmer eyes we see
Gleaming beads from the years' rosary,
And cherished hopes whereon our fancies doat
Pass like the shades that enter Charon's boat
From dim dark shores, whither may peer no eye.

Dea's spells, nor Dr. Dee, in whom
Lang syne Queen Bess took stock, could not restore
Youth's incandescent gem and hours of song,
Or stem the floodlike tide of Time's harsh doom.
Be this our care, shake on 't Jack once more,
We can, we will keep our hearts ever young!

III.

Tandem nobis ensulibus placent
Relicta. CASIMIR.

Montaigne and Æneas; Orestes and Pylades;
Montaigne and Boëtie; Damon and Pythias;
Nisus and Eurayalus*;—all famed friends will pass
In fiction of us, which pair of these?

To these names of famous friends might be added, Hercules
and Iolaos; Achilles and Patroclus; Septimios and Alexander;
David and Jonathan; Goëthe and Schiller; cum multis aliis
et nunc perscribere longum est.

There is the batch, select which one you please :
 Remembering olden strange delight that was
 Frail as a shadow shifting on a glass,
 Hearts light as foam blown shoreward from the sea

Light hearts ! yea, saw we not the ripening sheaf
 Nod i' the sun ? Low laughing like a bride
 Glided the hours ; each moment like a leaf
 From rose-tree fallen, twinkling in the tide.
 Pandora left us hope, and Argus-eyed
 Is Memory though the light of youth is brief.

1888

ON P

TO TENNYSON.

I.

ON HIS ACCEPTANCE OF A PEEPAGE.

JUST for a handful of silver he left us,
 Just for a ribbon to stick in his coat.

BROWNING

You take the title as a dog a bone,
 Who should have met the offer with a sneer,
 'Tis with regret we hail thee as a peer,
 And see thy servile clinging to the throne.
 On royalty fawn parasites alone—
 Squeak not of freedom, Alfred Vere'de Vere !
 Thy senile voice grows weaker year by year
 Soon o'er thee will oblivion's dust be thrown.

Forgotten is the once-famed laureate crew * :
 Rowe, Eusden, Shadwell, Warton, Cibber, T
 And others who like slaves on kings did wait
 Who reads voluminous Southey ? † Mighty few
 A pigmy thou when memory brings to view
 Immortal glories of the deathless great,
 Whose fame the centuries keep inviolate ;
 Such will not be, my lord, the fate of you.

Pipe on for pay, court-toady of S. James !
 For present praise, thy meed ephemeral fame's
 Dan Chaucer, Milton, Shelley,—each high name
 Puts thine effeminate mild muse to shame.

* The word poet-laureate was formerly used to signify
 academical honour. It became the title of the court poet
 England in the reign of Edward VI., when John Kay was
 appointed to that office, though Warton relates, in his *His-*
of English Poetry, that as early as the reign of Henry
 Henry De Avranches was styled *versificator regis*, and receiv-
 a pension.

† Except his *Life of Nelson*.

Vide Alfred A
 Period.

one you please : Sing with grace courtly, and Virgilian mien
 delight that was of still life, parlour pathos, garden scene ; *
 a glass, of languid lilies, zephyrs, minster towers,
 reward from the sea-raise brainless princes, maudlin dukes for these
 the ripening sheaf and more congenial to thy paltry powers.
 ng like a bride Thou canst not sing the splendour of the seas,
 t like a leaf The mountain's grandeur, or the sweeping storm's!
 ng in the tide.
 gus-eyed
 outh is brief.

II.

ON HIS LAST POEM (?) ON FREEDOM.

1882

Doddered with age.

DRYDEN.

Seeming devotion does but gild a knave.

WALLER.

DN.

A PEERAGE.

he left us,
 his cont.

BROWNING

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 fer with a sneer,
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 the throne.
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S. James !
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y used to signify
 e of the court poe
 n John Kay was
 relates, in his *His*
 reign of Henry
 ator regis, and rece

BRILL, still you whang your gentle muse
 O, noble (?) coroneted bard !
 Your verse is, ('twould disgrace the stews,)
 Worth about fifty cents a yard.

Prate not of freedom, poor old man !
 Now that thy star is on the wane ;
 True Freedom—life Republican
 Has worthier lyres to sing her strain.

She is no vision vague with mist,
 And vapour-swathed, as seen by thee ;
 They know she is that to her list
 A tangible reality.

You damned her with faint praise when young,
 You loved her not as love the brave ;
 Your feeble untempestuous tongue
 Will scarcely " sing her to her grave."

Pipe on of court and parlour scene,
 And eulogize the worldly-great ;
 Trot out thy lifeless plays inane,
 And let them seek oblivion's fate.

Let others praise in deathless verse
 Cromwellian England—Milton's pride ;
 You would but dance behind the hearse
 If Liberty forever died.

Let others praise triumvirate Rome,
 Her splendour, power, and elegant
 And fairer than imperial dome
 The beauty of free modern France.

Vide Alfred Austin's criticism of Tennyson in *The Poetry of*
Period.

Let others of proud Athens sing
 When Pericles and arts and arms
 Did unto her great glory bring,
 And of Aspasia's peerless charms—

The uncrowned queen whom the gods graced
 With Pallas' gifts and Cypris' form :
 No love-dream phantoms fairer-faced
 In poets' fancies o'er did swarm.

Prate not of Freedom, throne-tied bard !
 'Twill need your help—the tottering crown.
 Coax up your Pegasus, my lord,
 And descant on defunct John Brown.*

*Or get up an epithalamium on the said-to-be-approved marriage of Princess Beatrice to Prince Henry of Battenberg German

—“princeling with gauze winglets, a fat pedigree, and a lean purse. The debasing dedication of old books to patrons of rank, especially those inscribed to marshes and princes, are a source of amusement to me bibliophilists. Some noteworthy instances of cupboard icks-pittle loyalty, and lily-livered fulsomeness occur in poets. William Alexander, a muse-whanger from the o'cakes and heather, in his poem entitled *Aurora taffied Jau* thusly:—

“The world longed for thy birth three hundred years.
 For his hyperbolical panegyrics on “the most learned for christendon,” he was knighted, and received many marks of favour from the king, who gave him a tract of land in Scotin. He was subsequently created Viscount Cananda Earl of Stirling by Charles I.

Dryden, the unrivalled weathercock, though he had some praises of Cromwell, was amongst the first to fawn on Charles of satyriastisic memory. In his *Astræa Redux*, “A Poem of happy Restoration and Return of his most sacred Majesty Charles the Second” occur these lines:—

“That star that at your birth shone out so bright
 It stained the duller sun's meridian light,
 Did once again its potent fires renew,
 Guiding our eyes to find and worship you.”

Though perhaps not quite so nauseous as these instances less extravagant is the following couplet from Tennyson's *Idyls of the King*:—

“The shadow of thy loss moved like eclipse
 Darkening the world.”

The truth is that the world cared little about Prince Albert it could well spare him. He was a man of very ordinary abilities known and flattered more as the husband of Mrs. Victoria than for any personal merit.

The English Sappho, Mrs. Aphara Behn's dedication of one of her plays to the fair and frail Nell Gwyn, (orange-girl, her king's mistress,) and that of Joshua Barnes' edition of Anacreon to the duke of Marlborough, are two of the most disgusting examples of snivelling servility on record.

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 Others
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Young lad
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Some go t
 And onl
 Others to
 Of Mrs.

The man v
 Repairs
 Because ch
 And goe

Dives, who
 Spurns t
 Slaps down
 Sighing,

STUDIES AT CHURCH.

I.

Rich, deep and grand the organ rolls
 Its thunders to the arching roof;
 The church is crammed with high-toned souls
 Who hide with skill the cloven hoof.

The long-haired gospel-grinder prays,
 His nodding hearers faintly listen;
 The silver choir chaunts sacred lays—
 Silks, diamonds, laces, faces, glisten.

The plate goes round—important this—
 Small shining coins the green baize dot;
 From out the stately edifice
 I pass, and feel there God is not.

II.

Some go to church to note the styles,
 And some to show their forms and faces;
 Others to air their sunniest wiles,
 And etiquette and studied graces.

To find the "hims" fair Chloes go,
 With tender looks they bait their hooks:
 The masher-dude, the Brummel bean,
 Say, "Women are our only books."

Some go because it is the thing,
 Others to yelp and shout amen!
 Still others go to loudly sing,
 To just let people know they can.

Young ladies single also go
 When young, unmarried is the preacher;—
 "He's really lovely, don't you know,
 I like him for my heavenly teacher."

Some go to sport their fine store-clothes,
 And only that depend upon it:
 Others to gossip 'neath the rose
 Of Mrs. So-and-So's new bonnet.

The man who is an arrant rogue
 Repairs to church upon a Sunday,
 Because church-going is in vogue,
 And goes back to his cheating Monday.

Dives, who liveth high in state,
 Spurns the pale beggar from his door,
 Slaps down a dollar on the plate,
 Sighing, "I wish I could give more!"

Here the dishonest man, the liar,
The drunken wretch yclept respectable
Are found, though fitter for a byre,
Society calls them delectable.

Alas! no more the Holy Dove
Upon our modern preachers perches.
Who runs may read—'tis plain enough—
There's no religion in the churches.

III.

'Twas in the illumined church I heard him pray,
With humble, quavering voice, and long-drawn
sighs,

In pious accents mourning every vice,
And 'gainst the pleasures of the world inveigh,
Warning vile sinners of the judgment day,
With apt expressions, and in language choice
Bidding the grief-'pressed broken heart rejoice
And form in line 'gainst Belzebub's array.

While but the other day, a week-day, mind,
A shivering beggar asked him for a crust,
When he with scornful look turned him away
Empty as when he came—O, act unkind!
Yet does this noble saint, godly and just,
Clad in sleek broadcloth, clamorously bray!

CHARLES G. GORDON.

Peace to thy soul.
OSSEAN.

Good fortune, worthy soldier, and farewell.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

DEAD! over wastes of shimmering Libyan sand
At last the tidings come of thy harsh doom;
Dead art thou, high of heart and sure of hand!
Within the white-walled city of Khartoum.

Unmeet thine end, before whose magic might,
The Tai-pings scattered, and great hosts gave way
A mystic halo girt thee made more bright
With Afric laurels, and with far Cathay.

Could'st thou have chosen death, thy choice had
been
Doubtless to die in battle valiantly,
Leading good troops to victory fair in
The foremost ranks, like Earle or Burnaby.

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Dove
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 plain enough—
 the churches.

I heard him pray,
 voice, and long-draw

every vice,
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 TONY AND CLEOPATR

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magic might,
 great hosts gave wa
 ore bright
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th, thy choice h

ntly,
 air in
 or Burnaby.

ere brave men's faces brighten hot and blind
 With leaping lust of battle: screaming shell,
 hissing shot fly faster than the wind,
 and swift-winged death is shod with fires of hell.

ou should'at have stood, whose glory was the
 fight's,
 temning war's waves of blood, and fire and foam;
 midst the flower of Arthur's peerless knights,
 Dreaming of lithe curled carmine lips, struck home!

lonely desert winds thy requiem sing,
 No false mirage of rescue mocks thee more:
 ay see nor hear, whose martial souls take wing,
 the light of swords, cannuons' reverberate roar.

late! ah, like the virgins' cry, too late!
 ere friendly hands to reach thee through the
 gloom:

thou, caught in the nets of adverse fate,
 shall live for ever, hero of Khartoum.

ad Albion weeps, for she hath loved thee long
 iron-hearted,* and faith-armoured one!
 world-wide praise rings like the Æolian song
 of Memnon singing to the morning sun.

th-chilled, thou art a splendid corpse and wan!
 snapt silver cord, and broken golden bowl;
 trusted'st too much to thy fellow-man,
 and wast deceived. Mars rest thy fearless soul!
 1885.

A CYNIC SPEAKS.

A celebrated saying of the late King David of Israel,
 endorsed by Diogenes, Jr.

'Tis written in the Book of Books
 King David said all men are liars;
 Yet in his haste he spoke the truth,
 For all men lie from sons to sires.
 I wonder where hangs out the man
 Who never told a little fib?
 Dame Grundy's world is full of lies,
 Fair women speak them smooth and glib.

The mistress oft instructs her maid
 To lie and say she's not at home
 When visitors knock at the door
 Whom she does not desire to come.
 The parent lies unto his son,
 Likewise the son lies to his sire;
 Since hale old Saturn reigned on earth
 Where is the man that's not a liar?

I am made of iron, and will hold on."—Gordon's defiant
 catch to the Mahdi.

The lover lies unto his girl,
 Saying he's never loved before,
 When he has really been in love
 A half-a-dozen times or more.
 Oft sweethearts promise to be true
 By Luna and blue heavens above;
 But soon they break their plighted vows,
 And shattered are fond dreams of love.

The husband lies unto his wife—
 When he comes home so late o' nights
 His better half, she wants to know
 Where he has been, and he indites
 A plausible and pretty lie,
 Which plays the part of an excuse
 For those late revels he has kept,
 And thus he 'scapes his wife's abuse.

The grabbing politician lies,
 All lawyers lie without a doubt,
 While sharpers, boats, and preachers too
 Put the fair fame of truth to rout.
 The high and low, the rich and poor
 All fan the flames of falsehood's fires:
 Dogged debtors promising to pay
 Oft break their word—all men are liars,

My language may be rather strong;
 But call a lie by any name,
 Deception, cant, hypocrisy,
 Are burning falsehoods just the same.
 Yes, call a lie whate'er you will,
 By any term the world desires,
 What isn't true is false still,
 Or more or less all men are liars.

1880

A BLAWSTED LOVE SONG.

Soft as mush and sweet as honey, written by a Dun-
 drearyish dude from Dudeville, eye-glassed and aesthe-
 tic, two of his front teeth being conspicuous by their
 absence.

The shallow fop.
 LLOYD.

'TITH twue my thalawy'th wathaw thmawll,
 But then, y'knaw, I'm well thupplied
 With bwainth, awnd that y'knaw ith awll,
 Thawefowe I claim yaw foh my bwide.
 Yawah fwownth awe deawah faw to me
 Than othaw maidenth kiththeth awe,
 Foh yaw, my love, will evah be
 My awll in awll, my guiding thtaw!

I love
 Fum
 I love t
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 To me r
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 Aw, w
 I love th
 Wawn
 I love ya
 Tip-til
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 In awll
 I'll cawll
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 Yaw thka
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AT

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My lover cal
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 And,—but
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1880

SONG.

written by a Dun-
lashed and aesthe-
spicious by their

low fop.
LLOYD.

shaw thmawll,
shupplied
aw ith awll,
my bwide.
aw to me
meth awe,
thtaw!

I love that dwainty foot that peepth
Fum dwainty thkiwth awnd petticoat;
I love the—aw—thpawklng glawnce that leapth
Fum dawk blue eyeth whahon I doat.
I do adoah thy waven haiah
Whahwith the thummaw windth coquette:
To me none elthe, awe hawf tho faiah,
Thweet l-l-lawmbkin, duckthy dawling, pet!

I love that ankle twim awnd neat,
Aw, when love may I cawll it mine?
I love thothe pouting lipth, my thweet,
Wawn, moitht, awnd wed ath Gatheon wine.
I love yawah thmawll *nez wetwouththé*,
Tip-tiltawd ath aw flowah y'knew:
Each angwy wind I'd wawd away
That woughly o'ah thy fowm would blow.

Aw, pwomithe me, my pwethiouth dove!
Henthefowth yaw'll love none elthe but me,
Awnd then the happietht man, my love,
In awll the wide wide wouid I'll be.
I'll cawll foh yaw to-mowwow night,
Awnd then we'll go unto the wink;
Yaw thkate thupewb, my heawt'th delight.
I nevah thaw yawah matth I thwink.

Aw, love it'th blooming hawd to wait,
Tho name the day—aw—pwetty maid!
It ith no uthe to fight with fate,
I know my love will nevah fade.
Cupid'th aw nawghty bwoy, y'knew,
Let'th twade him off foh H-H-Hymen love;
Conjugawl founth of joy, y'knew,
Awe thweet—aw—won't you chime in, love?
1880.

AT BOARDING SCHOOL.

A girl of the period's little chit-chat at the breakfast
table of a fashionable seminary for young ladies, kept
by the highly respectable Miss Elderly Cramen, hav-
ing on the previous evening been made the recipient
of a proposal from an eligible man.

My lover called on me last night
All fixed up in his Sunday best;
He kissed me once, he kissed me twice,
And,—but of course you'll guess the rest.
When comes the heart-delighting spring,
All fragrant with her crown of flowers,
We twain intend to Siamese,
At least so runs this plan of ours.

Say, girls, I wouldn't give a cent
 For a beau without a mustache;
 It tickles so deliciously—
 Minnie, please this way, sling the hash.
 I'm sure you girls will quite turn green
 With envy, for he's awfully rich;
 What! his father in early life
 Once used to labour in a ditch!

Pshaw! I don't believe a word
 Of any of that rot at all:
 I think, Nell, you behave real mean
 To let such spiteful words e'er fall.
 His mother once sold fish. Oh! bosh,
 I know why bitter words you say,
 You set your cap for him and I—
 I took him from you right away.

There, Milly dear, you needn't pout,
 And, Jenny, don't you wish me joy?
 I'll ask you all unto the spread,
 Of course you'll come—what do you soj? *
 Great Scott! I'll make the money fly:—
 O, Maudie, you must really spend
 Your holidays with me because
 You always were my chummiest friend!

Another cup of coffee—thanks!
 Land! when I'm married won't I make
 Our set with envy go quite mad:—
 Emma, my darling, pass the cake.
 Clara, let's puff a perfumed cloud
 Out in the summer-house alone;
 The teacher'll never know—you bet—
 I'll tell you more about my own.

1880

SERENAYDE.

With euerything that prettie bin
 My ladye sweete arife.

SHAKSPEARE.

LYTTLLE queene, whoofe gloriovs eies
 Riualle al the ftarres of night,
 I am at thy windowe, rife!
 Meete mee with thy fmile foe bright.
 Liftene to my tender fonge
 Al of *Venus* and of loues
 Piquaunte with a dalliaunce ftronge,
 Sweete of fweetes and doue of doues!

* Hibernico.

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Even as *Venus* did entwine
 Snowie armes round *Bacchus'* forme,
 When the passionate fire of wine
 Flushed her cheek with coloure warme;
 Made herre keene for kisse or crime,
 Filled herre with blythe warme desire,
 Comme, my loue, and heede my ryme,
 Kisse mee as I founde my lyre.

Heere amid the arching fernes
 I am waiting, loue, for thee,
 While the middennight zepher tvrnes
 Amorous lippes to mirtle tree:
 While the pink-veyned gracefull flowres
 Shedde their delicat perfvme,
 Wandere through these vine-clad bowres
 Darlinge, leaue O leaue thy roome!

Life werre navght withovt thy fmile,
 Nothing would feeme beavtifvll.
 Myficke, moonlight, beavtie's wile,
 Al the chaplettes I might cvll
 Fromme the wreathe of lasting fame
 Werre but vaine, my al in al!
 Liftene, heare mee breathe thy name,
 Answere to my eagar call.

1881.

This mightie vnpleasaut to get vnder the wrong windowe,
 and when you are singing an amorous dittie, with guitarre
 accompaniment, to be greeted with a showre of dirtie watter,
 in the hand of herre olde manne stationed aboue. It is also
 a little disgutting, after manie futile attempts to arouse your
 ammorata by concorde of sweete founds, to be tould by a
 neighbour that thee & herro familie moued away last weeko.

1880

SHEKELS AND PEDIGREE.

'Mongst 'tarnal Yanks that cross the line air
 The Almighty \$* *règne suprême*;
 Know, friend, if countless shekels thine air
 You can mix with *la crème de la crème*.
 No matter if you made the rhino
 By scheming cheatery and deceit;
 Does this weigh very muchly? *Why* no!
 Society smiles fond and sweet.

And then, again, hamongst the Hinglish
 You must 'ave blue blood in your veins;
 Your hancestors you must distinguish
 Through several successive reigns.

Money is the root of all evil; give me plenty of the root.
 JOSH BILLINGS.

He'en though their titles came by lying,
Or grovelling hat the feet of kings;
Wearing the 'orns, and treacherous spying,
And many other shady things.*

But hif you are low-born and lowly
Haristocratic foplings leer,
And 'igh-bred dames, patrician wholly,
Show scorn by supercilious sneer.
Haristocrats live on the hearings
Of poor but honest working-men;
Without blue blood in vain your yearnings,
You can't mix with the hupper ten.

But who our ancestors before us
We little care, nor whence we sprung,
Who love the sunlight streaming o'er us,
Who love the words from Freedom's tongue.
Though long years fade and heroes perish
We wait the life Republican;
True to the dreams and hopes we cherish
Of slave-despising, godlike man.

THE WAY O' THE WARLD.

(On the trail of Bret Harte.)

"Give me a seat," the stranger said,
Said the sexton,—“Say no more.”
Shabby were the stranger's clothes,
So he gave him a seat beside the door.

"Give me a crust,"—the beggar said,
Said the mistress,—“Say no more;
Don't bother me, I've nought to give.”
In his face she slammed the door.

"I'm collecting,"—the lady said,
Said the mistress,—“Say no more;
Here are three dollars, and why did you
Not call for this before?”

"Give me your daughter,"—the lover said,
Said her stern sire,—“Say no more;
For impudence this does beat all.”
(Romeo was fired out of the door.)

1880.

SHAKES.

But not the aqae or D T's.

WELL, first there's the hearty clasp of the hand,
When frank warm-hearted friends meet,
Which brings the tears into one's eyes;
A whole-souled grasp is really sweet.

* To say nothing of the bar sinister on many an escutcheon.

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1880.

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And there's the aristocratic shake,
When tips of fingers alone embrace,
So cold and lifeless, which follows the bow
Of courtly, Chesterfieldian grace.

And then there's, the sweethearts' tender clasp,
With a tiny squeeze of imprisoned fingers,
When hearts beat fast and pulses creep ;
Sweet touch, how it thrillingly lingers !

Simme the warm, free, generous shake !
I value it more than pieces of gold,
But I hate the touch of a dead-fish hand
That is clammy and snaky and cold.

1880.

VIVE LA RÉPUBLIQUE.

περὶ παντὸς τὴν ἐλευθερίαν.

Rods and rattles and of leading strings,
Of napkins, soothing syrup, we have grown
Tired ; though we may not call our land our own
All the loud trumpet-voice of Freedom rings
The world-wide knell of emperors, princes, kings :
Till 'neath clear skies, the people's heart her
throne

Peerless in light and beauty reigns alone
Our young Republic with sphere-shadowing wings.

Our friends, good cheer ! 'Fore the stubborn mingled
might

Of strong men even Cronos' waves divide.
Fair in dreams and visions of the night !

We yet shall see thee bright-faced like a bride :
Though rolls between us and our souls' desire
Our's glittering tide of Phlegethonian fire !

1885.

TWO STATESMEN.

I.

SIR JOHN.

HALE Nestor, you at time have laughed,
Gray master of diplomacy !
Yours Machiavelli's subtle craft
And Reynard's strategy.

II.

BLAKE.

Weak, vacillating, verbose,* lengthy, bland,
 You shirk the growing issue hard at hand—
 The independence of our maple land.
 May, in the years when our Republic's great,
 A worthier helmsman steer the ship of state!

18

RANGAVAC.

LLEMNOD ourigac ellendo,
 Blucurge al aroun knifflebak ;
 Grac houfel ontac krapillo,
 Dutren gert tarag rangavac.
 El tedir ramplam histaphan,
 Wock jurr blangmenay oticas ;
 Keralph houtouton ermagan
 Berben tos, lerbhan hallowas !

Hirrfann al urp ra turgablag,
 Skoonac saclar, jorn hitticwa,
 Korpec darflang grac blirtamag
 Ller honnim pastig blirtle ça.
 Emblutan taipaw, apha braug
 Hus al gller, walho, murkantuk ;
 Kale puffin milgra lurpentang
 Kade al wiltha gumyi bluk.

Rogkak bakri, gumhon buha
 Ballac lena, leva hendyk,
 Al houroum mapple budal ra,
 Nark kuddu ; falka grappenrik :
 Cokas gunnuc airup theraps,
 Ap tukah arful rifful thrah—
 Blungcootrel al er herwa blaps,
 Fodcumpra huppel isipda.

VERS À CLARICE.

I.

Très-imperieuse est la loi
 De vos mains caressants ;
 Et votre voix est comme la voix
 D'un rossignol charmant.†

II.

Je vous souhaite un bon repose
 Ma chère, ma fleur de filles, ma Rose !
 La nuit commence à se faire tard,
 Oh ! que je fusse votre Abailard.

* He is noted for his non-committal faculty of talking
 around a subject.

† La rossignolle elle ne chante pas

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III.

Un poëte anglais* a écrit
 Des hommes qui cherchèrent un paradis—
 Terrestre de la fable.
 Je cherche le paradis d'appas
 Qui est situé dans vos beaux bras—
 O, ciel agréable !

IV.

Charmant objet de ma tendresse,
 O, prends mes louanges je t'en prie !
 Madame, je songe à toi sans cesse,
 Et je t'aimerai toute ma vie.

VALE.

Farewell! a word that must be and hath been.

BYRON.

Voici à votre santé, mes amis.

FLOWERS from dreamland gathered, yet in the dawn-
 uncertain,
 Lighter fancies woven in summer and sunlit-
 hours.
 Lyrics and Muse-Whangs together—now at length-
 falls the curtain;
 Fragrant with farewell, the soft winds die in
 Aonian bowers.
 Health, ere I say farewell, to the few kind hearts
 that through peril,
 Sorrow and storm and shipwreck, clove though the
 world forsook—
 Few like the visits of angels and far between but
 not sterile
 Of solace through hours whereon Memory would
 shudder to look.
 Yet though my young boy's heart the wild world in
 ruthless fashion
 Mocked, till it seemed that my spirit with stress
 of its anguish would break;
 Bent as a reed in a fierce whirlwind of sorrow and
 passion,
 Bent not broken, but fearless still for the old
 love's sake.
 Ah, what veiled memories throng! shades of false
 pleasures that hover,
 Phantoms whose fingers point to the brief swift
 years that flew—
 Brief as the dream of a warm-flushed bride in the
 arms of her lover,
 Swift as the swirl of a star through the air-fields
 of blue.

* William Morris.

Yet for the dead flown hours that have gone who
 the woodbine twineth,
 And the whing-whang mourns for its dead, gnaw
 at my heart regret.
 Although through cloud-sleece rifts the life-giving
 live sun shineth
 What is his light to a captive, endungeoned, who
 manacles fret?
 Once, perchance, had my name with the names of
 glorious and golden,
 Which with lovelier lustre gild the strange fame of
 Fame,
 Stood; while Time's waves foamed by harmless
 O, for the olden
 Glamours of dawns departed, unsullied with sorrow
 or shame!
 Or through the storm-whirl of battle, the thunder
 and terror,
 Lit with the cold clean shimmer of bayonets, and
 fair clear swords,
 Surely my sword, too, had flashed at the head of the
 column, but error,
 Darkness and fate enthralled me—fate the mightiest
 of lords.
 Yet through the twilight and tempest have I been
 a truth-seeker,
 Hater of tyrants, and ever loving Liberty well,
 And though the chords of my lyre rue-wreathed yet
 merry, ring weaker
 Than once they might, 'tis my best. A health to
 you, friends, and farewell!

August 24th, 1885.



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