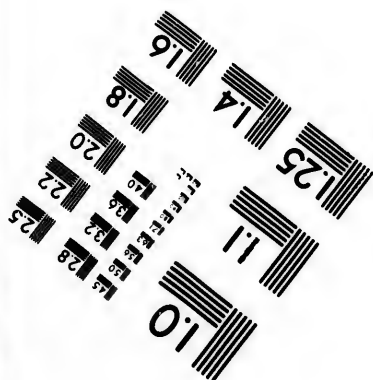
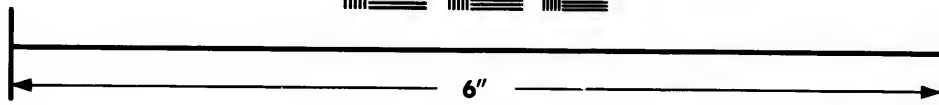
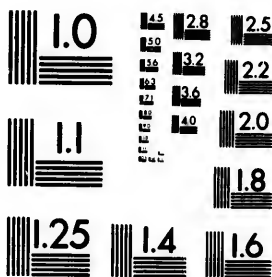


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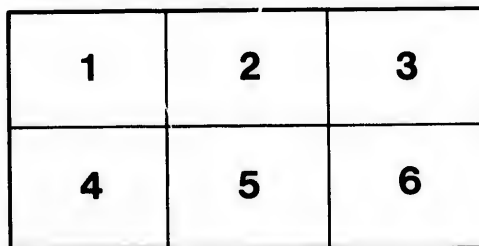
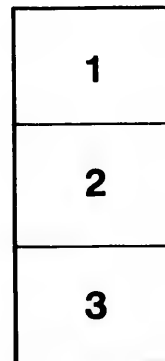
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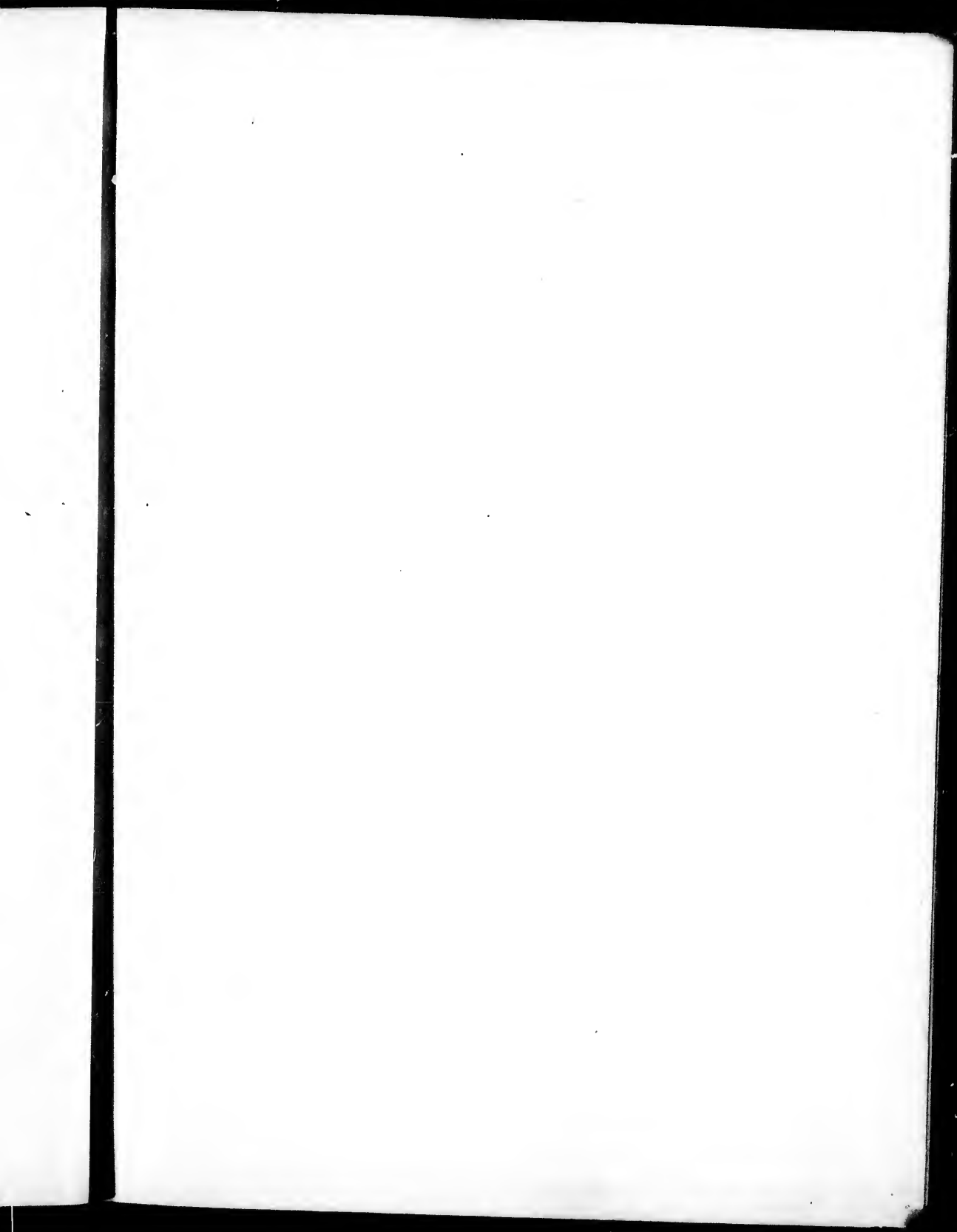
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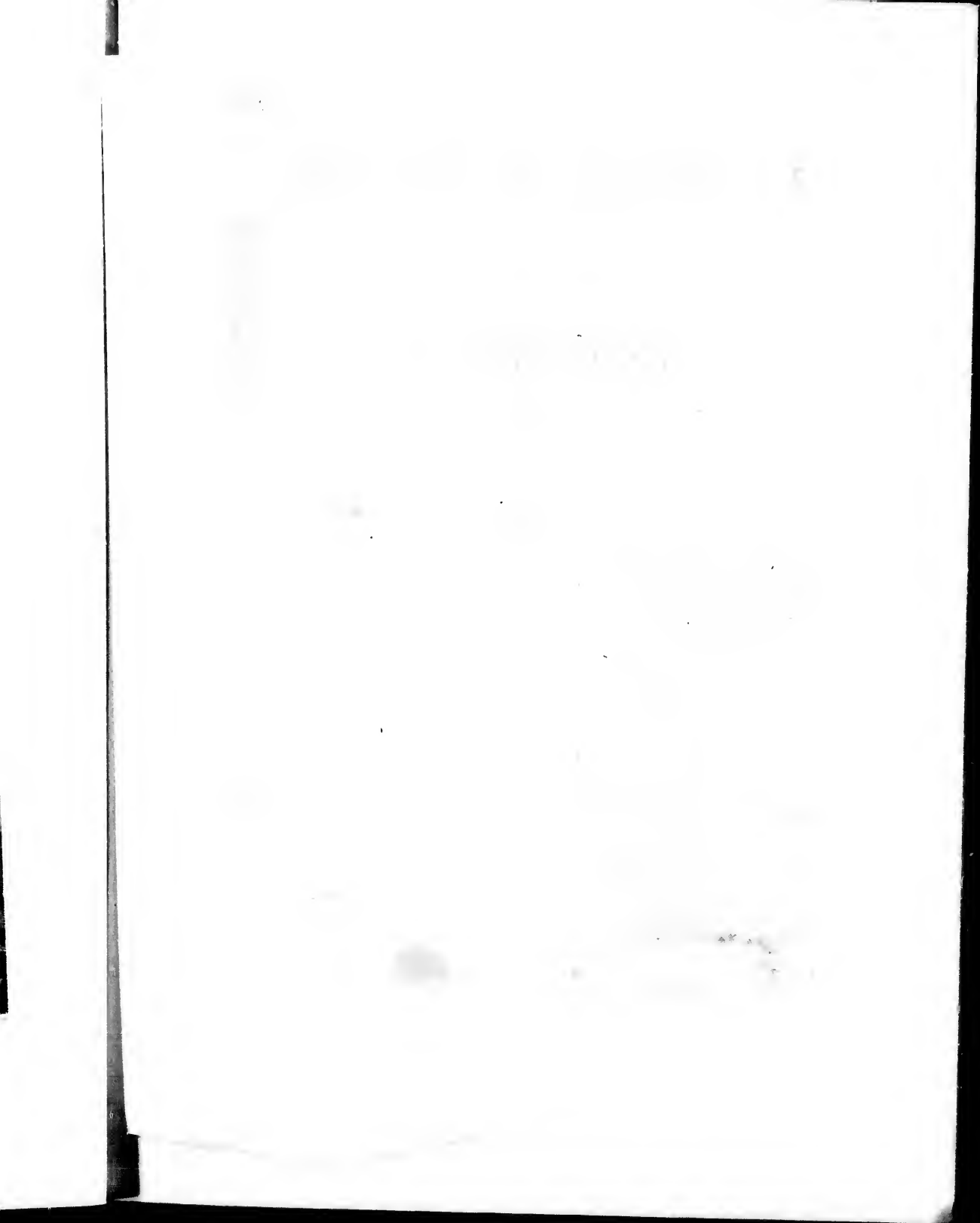
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INTRODUCTION.

"CROWN JEWELS" has been pronounced the most captivating title ever given to any book, and this title is in keeping with the Jewels of Thought, Feeling and Sentiment, which sparkle on every page. This very attractive and valuable work embraces all that is of the greatest interest in Poetry, Prose, Art and Song. It covers the whole field of literature in all languages from the earliest times.

Those Gems which have fascinated the world with their beauty are here gathered into one magnificent cluster. The most brilliant Authors of every age, in every department of literature, shine resplendent in one marvelous galaxy. The book is a popular educator, a vast treasury of the noblest thoughts and sentiments, and its Jewels should sparkle in every home throughout the land.

As CROWN JEWELS is pre-eminently a home book, it is appropriate that its first department should be entitled the Home Circle. Here, gathered into one rich and beautiful bouquet, are fascinating descriptions of the pleasures of home life. "The Cotter's Saturday Night," by Robert Burns; Daniel Webster's description of the "Old Log Cabin;" the song of the "Merry Christmas Time," by Sir Walter Scott, and the "Old Familiar Faces," by Charles Lamb, are but specimens of the captivating productions which embellish this part of the book.

The next department is Narratives and Ballads. There are songs that have touched the hearts of whole nations. Every phase of human life has been pictured in words and rhythms that entrance the reader. This part of the work may be described as stories told in verse—such as "The Village Blacksmith," by Longfellow; "Bingen on the Rhine," by Mrs. Norton; and the "Sands of Dee," by Charles Kingsley. The narrative portion of the work contains everything of special interest stored in ancient or modern literature.

Under the title of Love and Friendship is a vast collection of heart-poems. It is impossible, for want of space, to mention even the names of these beautiful gems. Here are the finest things written by Moore, Byron, Goldsmith, Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Ingelow, Tennyson, and a host of others. The great love passion—its joys, its pathos, its hopes, its disappointments, its all-controlling power—throbs in every line.

We come next to the Beauties of Nature—which is the native field of poetry. The reader, looking with the eyes of the poet, is spell-bound amidst the beauties of creation. He beholds landscapes of marvelous loveliness; and gazes up at the midnight heavens "where blossom the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels." With Thomson he beholds the magnificent panorama of the seasons; with

Lowell he breathes the sweet air of leafy June, when "heaven tries the earth if it be in tune." Birds and fountains sing to him, and the universe is clothed with new life.

The next part, entitled Heroism and Adventure, is remarkably spirited and attractive. Narratives in both prose and poetry, excite to the highest pitch the reader's admiration for the heroic and give this part of CROWN JEWELS an absorbing interest. "The Heart of the Bruce," "The Draw-Bridge Keeper," "The Fate of Virginia," by Lord Macaulay, "Jim Bludso," and many other heroic adventures, make the most daring creations of romance seem tame and powerless in comparison.

Sea Pictures comprise the most vivid descriptions of the sea ever gathered into one volume. The jolly tar who braves the dangers of the great deep, the treasures of coral and pearl hidden beneath the waves, the light-house that guides the weary mariner, the awful grandeur of the ocean—these and many other themes, treated by the most brilliant authors, render Sea Pictures peculiarly fascinating.

Under the title of Patriotism and Freedom the patriotic songs and epics which have aroused nations and helped to gain victories are collected.

Following these stirring appeals to the patriotic emotions is an unrivaled collection of the world's best thoughts, classified under Sentiment and Reflection. Here are the famous "Elegy" of Gray; Longfellow's "Psalm of Life"; "Evening Bells," by Moore; "The Last Leaf," by Holmes; the song of the "Irish Famine;" the "Wants of Man," by John Quincy Adams; Poe's mystic "Raven," etc., etc.

Ballads of Labor and Reform present a fine collection of songs and poems peculiarly appropriate to the times. Here labor is dignified, and its magnificent achievements celebrated. Hood's "Song of the Shirt," and Charles Mackay's "Good Time Coming," are specimens of the numerous beautiful and touching productions.

The next part of CROWN JEWELS treats of Rural Life. Here are exquisite pictures of life in the country, such as the "Harvest Song," by Eliza Cook; "The Farmer's Wife," by Paul Hayne; "The Horseback Ride," by Grace Greenwood; "On the Banks of the Tennessee," by W. D. Gallagher; the reader follows the "Ploughman," and "Mowers;" he rambles away with the "Angler" and "Barefoot Boy," and returns to enjoy the hospitality of the "Busy Housewife."

A number of exquisite productions are classified under the title of Sorrow and Adversity. Here Dickens describes the "Last Hours of Little Paul Dombey;" Charles Lewis tells "Bijah's Story;" Mrs. Stowe contributes a beautiful selection entitled "Only a Year;" Tom Hood with his "Bridge of Sighs" makes the breast heave and the lip quiver.

The next department comprises Persons and Places. The great authors, explorers, heroes, statesmen, orators, patriots, and painters of ancient and modern times are immortalized. Classic Athens; sacred Jerusalem; the golden Orient; sunny Italy; Thebes, with her hundred gates; Naples, whose every adjacent cliff "flings on the clear wave some image of delight;" the Isles of Greece, "where burning Sappho loved and sung;" Russia's village scenes and Scotland's Highlands and old abbeys, are all commemorated in a manner that entrances the reader.

Then follow selections relating to Religious Life. In this department alone are nearly one hundred gems, each with its own peculiar beauty and attraction, by Pope, Cowper, Mrs. Sigourney, the Cary sisters, Newman, Ella Wheeler, and scores of others. The songs which have been sung clear round the globe, which have cheered the desponding, and brought peace to the troubled, are here set in attractive array.

Under the title of Childhood and Youth is an admirable collection of pieces interesting to young persons. Children and young people will read something, and only the best reading matter should be placed in their hands.

In Dramatic Selections are the masterpieces of the world's great dramatists. The sublime creations of Shakespeare, Coleridge, Knowles, Addison, Joanna Baillie, and others, and the sparkling effusions of Sheridan, Jerrold, and their compeers, are here presented for the instruction and delight of every reader.

Poetical Curiosities and Humorous Readings make up an extensive collection of quaint, curious and witty productions which are greatly relished by all readers. Irish wit, Scotch wit, German wit, Yankee wit, and every other kind of wit are given a place, and the great humorists, who have made the world healthier and better by making it laugh, here indulge in their favorite pastime.


By no possible arrangement could a greater variety of thoughts and topics be presented, while the Gems, both those that are new and those that are old favorites, are the finest, and most captivating in the literature of all ages.

In addition to the myriad of attractive features already named, the work is a Treasury of the Choicest Music. A great variety of songs and popular pieces by authors whose fame fills the earth, affords a source of entertainment for the home. These have been selected with great care, and charm all lovers of music. The aim has been to insert only the finest melodies, the sweetest songs that musical genius has produced.

This valuable work is elegantly embellished with a Galaxy of the most Beautiful Steel Plate Engravings, by artists of world-wide renown. The most entrancing scenes are reproduced in these charming pages, forming a magnificent picture gallery. CROWN JEWELS is a work of Art, and each of its many superb illustrations is a beauty and a delight.

The book contains a Biographical Dictionary, giving in concise form those facts concerning the most renowned authors which the reading public desire to know. This is a very valuable feature of the book.

Publisher's Announcement.

 HIS magnificent work, which comprises many books in one volume, is a vast treasury of the Choicest Gems of English Literature, in prose and poetry. It contains those resplendent jewels of thought, feeling and sentiment which fascinate, instruct and entertain the reader.

The following are only a few of the many reasons why CROWN JEWELS is more complete than any other work :

First. The elegant appearance of the work recommends it. It is indeed a beautiful book.

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Third. No work so comprehensive and with such great variety of selections was ever before published. It contains more than 1000 gems from 500 of the world's most famous authors.

Fourth. The great masterpieces and favorite productions, which all persons desire to possess, are gathered into this superb volume.

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Eleventh. The Prospectus is very attractive, and shows at a glance the great superiority of this book over other similar works that are illustrated with cheap wood-cuts.

Twelfth. The price for such a rare volume is very low, and brings it within the reach of all.

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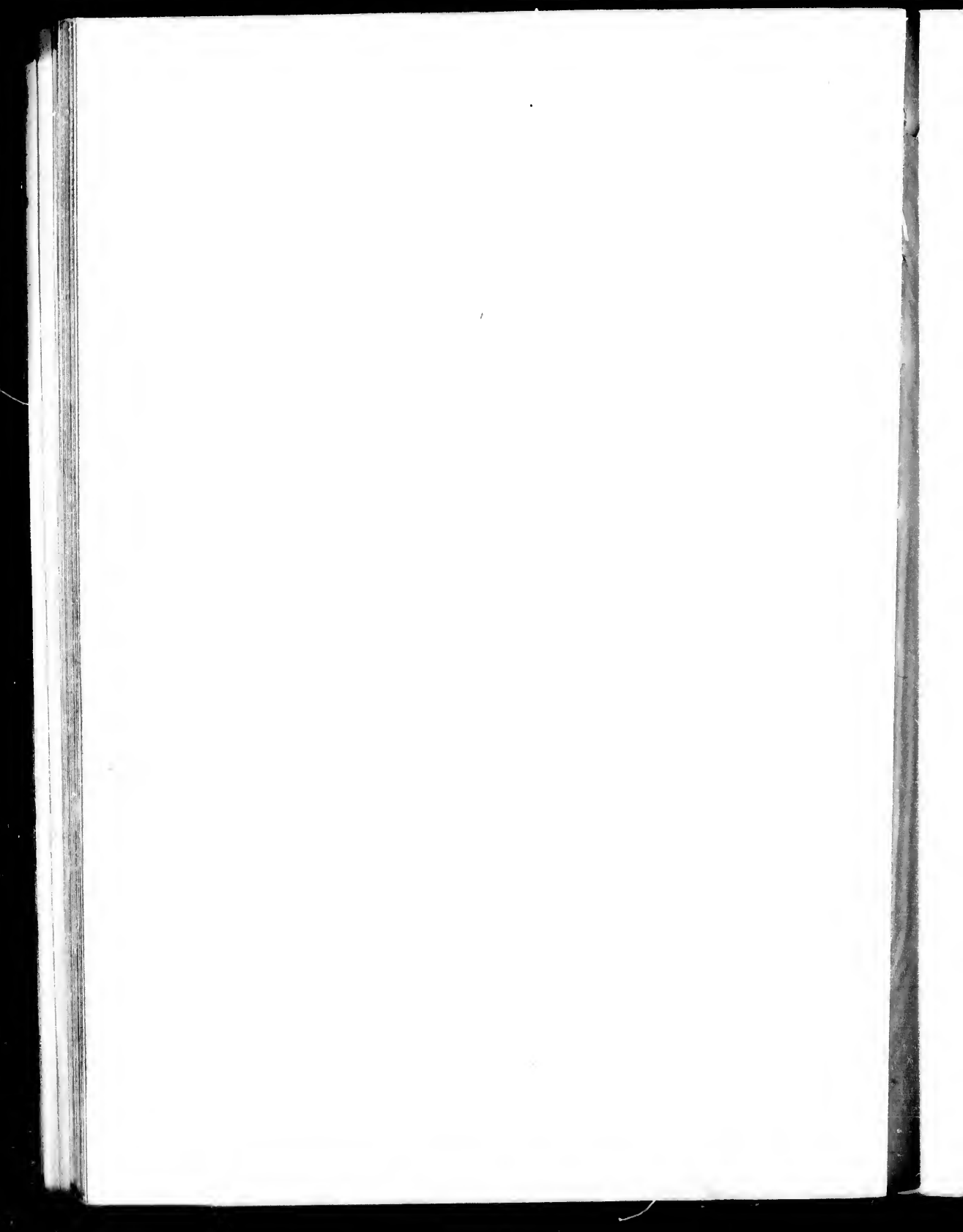
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THE HOME CIRCLE.

LOVE OF HOME.



HERE is a land, of every land
the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er
all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dis-
pense serener light,
And milder moons em-
paradise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor,
truth,
Time-tutor'd age, and love-exalted
youth.
The wandering mariner, whose eye
explores
The wealthiest isles, the most en-
chanting shores,

Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;

In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole!
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest—
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his soften'd looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.

Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life!
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie!
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
Oh thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

SWEET HOME.



MID pleasures and palaces though we may
roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like
home!

A charm from the skies seems to hallow us here,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with
elsewhere.

Home, home, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain!
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gayly that came at my call;—
O, give me sweet peace of mind, dearer than all!
Home, home, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

HEAVEN ON EARTH.

AND has the earth lost its so spacious round,
The sky its blue circumference above,
That in this little chamber there are found
Both earth and heaven, my universe of
love,

All that my God can give me or remove,
Here sleeping save myself in mimic death?
Sweet, that in this small compass I behoove
To live their living, and to breathe their breath!
Almost I wish that, with one common sigh,
We might resign all mundane care and strife;
And seek together that transcendent sky,
Where father, mother, children, husband, wife,
Together pant in everlasting life!

THOMAS HOOD.

IF THOU WERT BY MY SIDE, MY LOVE.

IF thou wert by my side, my love,
How fast would evening fall,
In green Bengala's palmy grove,
Listening the nightingale!

I miss thee, when, by Gunga's stream,
My twilight steps I guide,
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam
I miss thee from my side.

But when at morn and eve the star
Beholds me on my knee,
I feel, though thou art distant far,
Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on, then on, where duty leads!
My course be onward still,
O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
O'er bleak Almorah's hill.

That course nor Delhi's kingly gates,
Nor mild Malwah detain;
For sweet the bliss us both awaits
By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say,
Across the dark blue sea;
But ne'er were hearts so light and gay
As then shall meet in thee!

REGINALD HEBER

ASSOCIATIONS OF HOME.

HAT is not home, where day by day
I wear the busy hours away;
That is not home, where lonely night
Prepares me for the toils of light;
'Tis hope, and joy, and memory, give
A home in which the heart can live.
It is a presence undefined,
O'ershadowing the conscious mind;
Where love and duty sweetly blend
To consecrate the name of friend:
Where'er thou art, is home to me,
And home without thee cannot be.

WALTER CONDER.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

NOVEMBER chill blaws loud wi' angry sigh;
The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the plough;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose;

The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes,
This night his weekly toil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does homeward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin stacher thro',
To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnily,
His clane hearth-stane, his thrifite wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does all his weary carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labor an' his toil.

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's welfare kindly spiers:
The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet;
Each tells the uncoss that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years,
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother, wi' her needle and her shears,
Gars auld claes look amaisht as weel's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's an' their mistress's command,
The youngers a' are warn'd to obey;
And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
And ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play:
"And, oh! be sure to far the Lord alway,
And mind your duty, duly, morn and night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore his counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!"

But, hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
Wi' heart-struck anxious care, inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
Weel pleas'd the mother hears, it's nae wild worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben;
A strappan youth; he takes the mother's eye;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
The father cracks of horses, ploughs, and kye.
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But, blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
The woman, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave;
Weel pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've pac'd much this weary, mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare—
"If Heav'n a draught of heav'nly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale!"

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food:
The soups their only hawkie does afford,
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood;
The dame brings forth in complimentary mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd keb-buck, fell,
And aft he's prest, and aft he calls it gude;
The frugal wife, garrulous, will tell
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerful supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride:
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wals a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim;
Perhaps "Dundee's" wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the name;
Or noble "Elgin" beats the heav'nward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
 How Abram was the friend of God on high;
 Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
 Or how the royal Bard did groaning lie
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire:
 Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
 Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
 How He, who bore in Heaven the second name,
 Had not on earth whereon to lay his head:
 How his first followers and servants sped;
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
 How He, who lone in Patmos banishèd,
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
 And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced by
 Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
 The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
 Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
 That thus they all shall meet in future days:
 There ever bask in uncreated rays,
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear;
 While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compar'd with this, how poor religion's pride,
 In all the pomp of method, and of art,
 When men display to congregations wide
 Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!
 The Power, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
 But haply, in some cottage far apart,
 May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul;
 And in his book of life the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
 The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
 And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
 That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
 And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
 Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
 For them and for their little ones provide;
 But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
 That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad;
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings;
 "An honest man's the noblest work of God:"
 And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
 The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
 What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
 Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
 For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
 Long may thy hardly sons of rustic toil
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
 And, oh, may Heaven their simple lives prevent
 From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
 Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd isle.

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide
 That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart;
 Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
 (The patriot's God, peculiarly Thou art,
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
 O never, never Scotia's realm desert;
 But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard,
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

ROBERT BURNS.

THE HAPPIEST SPOT.

BUT where to find that happiest spot below,
 Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
 The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
 Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
 Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
 And his long nights of revelry and ease:
 The naked negro, panting at the line,
 Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
 Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
 And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
 Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
 His first, best country, ever is at home.
 And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
 And estimate the blessings which they share,
 Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
 An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
 As different good, by art or nature given,
 To different nations makes their blessings even.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

FRIENDLINESS OF A FIRE.

A FIRE'S a good companionable friend,
 A comfortable friend, who meets your face
 With welcome glad, and makes the poorest
 shed

As pleasant as a palace. Are you cold?
 He warms you—weary? he refreshes you—
 Hungry? he doth prepare your food for you—
 Are you in darkness? he gives light to you—
 In a strange land? he wears a face that is
 Familiar from your childhood. Are you poor?
 What matters it to him. He knows no difference
 Between an emperor and the poorest beggar!
 Where is the friend, that bears the name of man,
 Will do as much for you?

MARY HOWITT.

LOVE LIGHTENS LABOR.

A GOOD wife rose from her bed one morn,
And thought with a nervous dread
Of the piles of clothes to be washed, and more
Than a dozen mouths to be fed.

There's the meals to get for the men in the field,
And the children to fix away
To school, and the milk to be skimmed and churned;
And all to be done this day.

It had rained in the night, and all the wood
Was wet as it could be;
There were puddings and pies to bake, besides
A loaf of cake for tea.

And the day was hot, and her aching head
Throbb'd wearily as she said,
"If maidens but knew what good wives know,
They would not be in haste to wed!"

"Jennie, what do you think I told Ben Brown?"
Called the farmer from the well;
And a flush crept up to his bronzed brow,
And his eyes half bashfully fell;
"It was this," he said, and coming near
He smiled, and stooping down,
Kissed her cheek—"twas this, that you were the best
And the dearest wife in town!"

The farmer went back to the field, and the wife
In a smiling, absent way
Sang snatches of tender little songs
She'd not sung for many a day.
And the pain in her head was gone, and the clothes
Were white as the foam of the sea;
Her bread was light, and her butter was sweet,
And as golden as it could be.

"Just think," the children all called in a breath,
"Tom Wood has run off to sea!"

"He wouldn't, I know, if he'd only had
As happy a home as we."

The night came down, and the good wife smiled
To herself, as she softly said:

"'Tis so sweet to labor for those we love,—
It's not strange that maids will wed!"

ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

BACKWARD, turn backward, O Time, in your
flight,

Make me a child again just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears,—

Toil without recompense, tears all in vain,—
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,—
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossom'd and faded, our faces between:
Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Over my heart in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures,—
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours:
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last listen'd your lullaby song:
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.
Clasp'd to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

NOBODY'S CHILD.

ALONE in the dreary, pitiless street,
With my torn old dress and bare cold feet,
All day I've wandered to and fro,
Hungry and shivering and nowhere to go:
The night's coming on in darkness and dread,
And the chill sleet beating upon my bare head;
Oh! why does the wind blow upon me so wild?
Is it because I'm nobody's child?

Just over the way there's a flood of light,
And warmth and beauty, and all things bright;
Beautiful children, in robes so fair,
Are caroling songs in rapture there.
I wonder if they, in their blissful glee,
Would pity a poor little beggar like me,

Wandering alone in the merciless street,
Naked and shivering and nothing to eat.

Oh! what shall I do when the night comes down
In its terrible blackness all over the town?
Shall I lay me down 'neath the angry sky,
On the cold hard pavements alone to die?
When the beautiful children their prayers have said,
And mammas have tucked them up snugly in bed.
No dear mother ever upon me smiled—
Why is it, I wonder, that I'm nobody's child!

No father, no mother, no sister, not one
In all the world loves me; e'en the little dogs run
When I wander too near them; 'tis wondrous to see,
How everything shrinks from a beggar like me!
Perhaps 'tis a dream; but, sometimes, when I lie
Gazing far up in the dark blue sky,
Watching for hours some large bright star,
I fancy the beautiful gales are ajar.

And a host of white-robed, nameless things,
Come fluttering o'er me in gilded wings;
A hand that is strangely soft and fair
Caresses gently my tangled hair,
And a voice like the carol of some wild bird
The sweetest voice that was ever heard—
Calls me many a dear pet name,
Till my heart and spirits are all aflame;

And tells me of such unbounded love,
And bids me come up to their home above,
And then, with such pitiful, sad surprise,
They look at me with their sweet blue eyes,
And it seems to me out of the dreary night,
I am going up to the world of light,
And away from the hunger and storms so wild—
I am sure I shall then be somebody's child.

PHILA A. CASE.

KISSES.

THE kiss of friendship, kind and calm,
May fall upon the brow like balm;
A deeper tenderness may speak
In precious pledges on the cheek;
Thrice dear may be, when young lips meet,
Love's dewy pressure, close and sweet;—
But more than all the rest I prize
The faithful lips that kiss my eyes.

Smile, lady, smile, when courtly lips
Touch reverently your finger-tips;
Blush, happy maiden, when you feel
The lips which press love's glowing seal;
But as the slow years darklier roll,
Crown wiser, the experienced soul
Will own as dearer far than they
The lips which kiss the tears away!

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

THE OLD HOUSE.

I standing by the window-sill,
Where we have stood of yore;
The sycamore is waving still
Its branches near the door;
And near me creeps the wild rose-vine
On which our wreaths were hung,—
Still round the porch its tendrils twine,
As when we both were young.

The little path that used to lead
Down by the river shore
Is overgrown with briar and weed—
Not level as before.
But there's no change upon the hill,
From whence our voices rung—
The violets deck the summit still,
As when we both were young.

And yonder is the old oak-tree,
Beneath whose spreading shade,
When our young hearts were light and free,
In innocence we played;
And over there the meadow gate
On which our playmates swung,
Still standing in its rustic state,
As when we both were young.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

THE DEAREST SPOT OF EARTH IS HOME.

THE dearest spot of earth to me
Is home, sweet home!
The fairy land I long to see
Is home, sweet home!
There, how charmed the sense of hearing!
There, where love is so endearing!
All the world is not so cheering
As home, sweet home!

The dearest spot of earth to me
Is home, sweet home!
The fairy land I long to see
Is home, sweet home!

I've taught my heart the way to prize
My home, sweet home!
I've learned to look with lovers' eyes
On home, sweet home!
There, where vows are truly plighted!
There, where hearts are so united!
All the world besides I've slighted
For home, sweet home!

The dearest spot of earth to me
Is home, sweet home!
The fairy land I long to see
Is home, sweet home!

W. T. WRIGHTON.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

The following poem is founded upon an incident where a rich neighbor offered to make a poor family comfortable, and provide for the child, if one of the seven were given to him.

“**W**HICH shall it be? which shall it be?”
I looked at John,—John looked at me.
(Dear, patient John, who loves me yet
As well as though my locks were jet.)

And when I found that I must speak,
My voice seemed strangely low and weak;
“Tell me again what Robert said;”
And then I listening bent my head.
“This is his letter:

‘I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If, in return, from out your seven,
One child to me for aye is given.’”

I looked at John's old garments worn,
I thought of all that John had borne
Of poverty, and work, and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share;
Of seven hungry mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's need,
And then of this.

“Come, John,” said I
“We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep;” so walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band.

First to the cradle lightly stepped,
Where Lillian, the baby slept;
Her damp curls lay, like gold alight,
A glory 'gainst the pillow white;
Softly her father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily he said, “Not *her*.”
We stooped beside the trundle-bed,
And one long ray of lamp-light shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so pitiful and fair.
I saw on Jamie's rough red cheek
A tear undried; ere John could speak,
“*He's* but a baby too,” said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.
Pale, patient Robby's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace;
“No, for a thousand crowns, not *him*,”
He whispered, while our eyes were dim.
Poor Dick! sad Dick! our wayward son,
Turbulent, reckless, idle one,—
Could *he* be spared? “Nay, he who gave
Bids us befriend him to the grave;
Only a mother's heart can be
Patient enough for such as he;
And so,” said John, “I would not dare
To send him from her bedside prayer.”

Then stole we softly up above,
And knelt by Mary, child of love;
“Perhaps for *her* 'twould better be,”
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl, that lay
Across her cheek in wilful way,
And shook his head: “Nay, love, not *thee*;
The while my heart beat audibly.
Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and truthful, good and glad,—
So like his father: “No, John, no;
I cannot, will not, let *him* go!”

And so we wrote, in courteous way,
We could not give one child away;
And afterward toil lighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we dreamed;
Happy, in truth, that not one face
We missed from its accustomed place;
Thankful to work for *all the seven*,
Trusting then to *ONE* in heaven.

LEARNING TO PRAY,

KNEELING, fair in the twilight gray,
A beautiful child was trying to pray;
His cheek on his mother's knee,
His bare little feet half hidden,
His smile still coming unblinded,
And his heart brimful of glee.

“I want to laugh. Is it naughty? Say,
O mamma! I've had such fun to-day
I hardly can say my prayers.
I don't feel just like praying;
I want to be out-doors playing,
And run, all undressed, down stairs.

“I can see the flowers in the garden-bed,
Shining so pretty, and sweet, and red;
And Sammy is swinging, I guess,
Oh! everything is so fine out there,
I want to put it all in the prayer,—
Do you mean I can do it by ‘Yes?’

“When I say, ‘Now I lay me—word for word,
It seems to me as if nobody heard.
Would ‘Thank you, dear God,’ be right?
He gave me my mamma,
And papa, and Sammy—
O mamma! you nodded I might.”

Clasping his hands and hiding his face,
Unconsciously yearning for help and grace,
The little one now began;
His mother's nod and sanction sweet
Had led him close to the dear Lord's feet,
And his words like music ran:

“Thank you for making this home so nice,
The flowers, and my two white mice,—

I wish I could keep right on ;
 I thank you, too, for every day—
 Only I'm most too glad to pray,
 Dear God, I think I'm done.

"Now, mamma, rock me—just a minute—
 And sing the hymn with 'darling' in it.
 I wish I *could* say my prayers !
 When I get big, I know I can.
 Oh ! won't it be nice to be a man
 And stay all night down stairs !"

The mother, singing, clasped him tight,
 Kissing and cooing her fond "Good-night,"
 And treasured his every word.
 For well she knew that the artless joy
 And love of her precious, innocent boy,
 Were a prayer that her Lord had heard.

MARY E. DODGE.

THE HOUSE IN THE MEADOW

† T stands in a sunny meadow,
 The house so mossy and brown,
 With its cumbrous old stone chimneys,
 And the gray roof sloping down.
 The trees fold their green arms around it,—
 The trees a century old ;
 And the winds go chanting through them,
 And the sunbeams drop their gold.
 The cowslips spring in the marshes,
 The roses bloom on the hill,
 And beside the brook in the pasture
 The herds go feeding at will.
 Within, in the wide old kitchen,
 The old folks sit in the sun,
 That creeps through the sheltering woodbine,
 Till the day is almost done.
 Their children have gone and left them—
 They sit in the sun alone !
 And the old wife's ears are failing
 As she harks to the well-known tone
 That won her heart in her girlhood,
 That has soothed her in many a care,
 And praises her now for the brightness
 Her old face used to wear.

She thinks again of her bridal,—
 How, dressed in her robe of white,
 She stood by her gay young lover
 In the morning's rosy light.

O, the morning is rosy as ever,
 But the rose from her cheek is fled ;
 And the sunshine still is golden,
 But it falls on a silvered head.

And the girlhood dreams, once vanished,
 Come back in her winter-time,

Till her feeble pulses tremble
 With the thrill of spring-time's prime.

And looking forth from the window,
 She thinks how the trees have grown
 Since, clad in her bridal whiteness,
 She crossed the old door-stone.

Though dimmed her eyes' bright azure,
 And dimmed her hair's young gold,
 The love in her girlhood plighted
 Has never grown dim or old.

They sat in peace in the sunshine
 Till the day was almost done,
 And then, at its close, an angel
 Stole over the threshold stone.

He folded their hands together,—
 He touched their eyelids with balm,
 And their last breath floated outward,
 Like the close of a solemn psalm !

Like a bridal pair they traversed
 The unseen, mystical road
 That leads to the Beautiful City,
 Whose builder and maker is God.

Perhaps in that miracle country
 They will give her lost youth back,
 And the flowers of the vanished spring-time
 Will bloom in the spirit's track.

One draught from the living waters
 Shall call back his manhood's prime
 And eternal years shall measure
 The love that outlasted time.

But the shapes that they left behind them,
 The wrinkles and silver hair,—
 Made holy to us by the kisses
 The angel had printed there,—

We will hide away 'neath the willows,
 When the day is low in the west,
 Where the sunbeams cannot find them,
 Nor the winds disturb their rest.

And we'll suffer no telltale tombstone,
 With its age and date, to rise
 O'er the two who are old no longer,
 In the Father's house in the skies.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

CONDUCT AT HOME.

† HE angry word suppressed, the taunting
 thought ;
 Subduing and subdued, the petty strife,
 Which clouds the color of domestic life ;
 The sober comfort, all the peace which springs
 From the large aggregate of little things ;
 On these small cares of daughter, wife, or friend,
 The almost sacred joys of home depend.

HANNAH MORE.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

THE sun shines bright in our old Kentucky home ;

'T is summer, the darkeys are gay ;
The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,

While the birds make music all the day ;
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy, all bright ;
By'mby hard times comes a knockin' at the door,—
Then, my old Kentucky home, good night !
Weep no more, my lady ; O, weep no more to-day !
We'll sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For our old Kentucky home far away.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore ;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door ;
The day goes by, like the shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight ;
The time has come, when the darkeys have to part,
Then, my old Kentucky home, good night !

The head must bow, and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the darkey may go ;
A few more days, and the troubles all will end,
In the field where the sugar-cane grow ;
A few more days to tote the weary load,
No matter, it will never be light ;
A few more days till we totter on the road,
Then, my old Kentucky home, good night !

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER.

THE WORN WEDDING-RING

OUR wedding-ring wears thin, dear wife ; ah,
summers not a few,
Since I put it on your finger first, have passed
o'er me and you ;

And, love, what changes we have seen,—what cares
and pleasures, too,—
Since you became my own dear wife, when this old
ring was new !

O, blessings on that happy day, the happiest of my life,
When, thanks to God, your low, sweet "Yes" made
you my loving wife !

Your heart will say the same, I know ; that day's as
dear to you,—
That day that made me yours, dear wife, when this old
ring was new.

How well do I remember now your young sweet face
that day !

How fair you were, how dear you were, my tongue
could hardly say ;

Nor how I doated on you ; O, how proud I was of you !
But did I love you more than now, when this old ring
was new ?

No—no ! no fairer were you then than at this hour to
me ;

And, dear as life to me this day, how could you dearer
be ?

As sweet your face might be that day as now it is, 'tis
true ;

But did I know your heart as well when this old ring
was new ?

Years bring fresh links to bind us, wife,—young voices
that are here ;

Young faces round our fire that make their mother's
yet more dear ;

Young loving hearts your care each day makes yet
more like to you,

More like the loving heart made mine when this old
ring was new.

The past is dear, its sweetness still our memories treas-
ure yet ;

The griefs we've borne, together borne, we would not
now forget.

Whatever, wife, the future brings, heart unto heart still
true,

We'll share as we have shared all else since this old
ring was new.

And if God spares us 'mongst our sons and daughters
to grow old,

We know His goodness will not let your heart or mine
grow cold.

Your aged eyes will see in mine all they've still shown
to you,

And mine in yours all they have seen since this old
ring was new.

And O, when death shall come at last to bid me to my
rest,

May I die looking in those eyes, and resting on that
breast ;

O, may my parting gaze be blessed with the dear sight
of you,

Of those fond eyes,—fond as they were when this old
ring was new !

WILLIAM COX BENNETT.

FILIAL LOVE.

HERE is a dungeon in whose dim drear light
What do I gaze on ? Nothing : look again !
Two forms are slowly shadowed on my sight,—
Two insulated phantoms of the brain :

It is not so ; I see them full and plain,—
An old man and a female young and fair,
Fresh as a nursing mother, in whose vein
The blood is nectar : but what doth she there,
With her unmantled neck, and bosom white and bare ?

Full swells the deep pure fountain of young life,
Where *on* the heart and *from* the heart we took
Our first and sweetest nurture, when the wife,

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Blest into mother, in the innocent look,
 Or even the piping cry of lips that brook
 No pain and small suspense, a joy perceives
 Man knows not, when from out its cradled nook
 She sees her little bud put forth its leaves—
 What may the fruit be yet? I know not—Cain was
 Eve's.

But here youth offers to old age the food,
 The milk of his own gift; it is her sire
 To whom she renders back the debt of blood
 Born with her birth. No! he shall not expire
 While in those warm and lovely veins the fire
 Of health and holy feeling can provide
 Great Nature's Nile, whose deep stream rises higher
 Than Egypt's river;—from that gentle side
 Drink, drink and live, old man! Heaven's realm holds
 no such tide.

The starry fable of the milky-way
 Has not thy story's purity; it is
 A constellation of a sweeter ray,
 And sacred Nature triumphs more in this
 Reverse of her decree, than in the abyss
 Where sparkle distant worlds:—O, holiest nurse!
 No drop of that clear stream its way shall miss
 To thy sire's heart, replenishing its source
 With life, as our freed souls rejoin the universe.

LORD BYRON.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,
 When we were first acquent,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was brent;
 But now your brow is beld, John,
 Your locks are like the snaw;
 But blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither;
 And monie a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither.
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go:
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.

ROBERT BURNS.

AFFECTIONS OF HOME.

Ever household affections and loves are graceful things, they are graceful in the poor. The ties that bind the wealthy and the proud to home, may be forged on earth, but those which link the poor man to his humble hearth, are of the true metal, and bear the stamp of heaven. The man of high descent may love the halls and lands of his inheritance as a part of himself, as trophies of his

birth and power; the poor man's attachment to the tenement he holds, which strangers have held before, and may to-morrow occupy again, has a worthier root, struck deep into a purer soil. His household gods are of flesh and blood, with no alloy of silver, gold, or precious stones; he has no property but in the affections of his own heart; and when they endear bare floors and walls, despite of toil and scanty meals, that man has his love of home from God, and his rude hut becomes a solemn place.

CHARLES DICKENS.

O, LAY THY HAND IN MINE, DEAR!



LAY thy hand in mine, dear!
 We're growing old;
 But Time hath brought no sign, dear,
 That hearts grow cold.
 'Tis long, long since our new love
 Made life divine;
 But age enricheth true love,
 Like noble wine.

And lay thy cheek to mine, dear,
 And take thy rest;
 Mine arms around thee twine, dear,
 And make thy nest.
 A many cares are pressing
 On this dear head;
 But Sorrow's hands in blessing
 Are surely laid.

O, lean thy life on mine, dear!
 'T will shelter thee.
 Thou wert a winsome vine, dear,
 On my young tree:
 And so, till boughs are leafless,
 And songbirds flown,
 We'll twine, then lay us, griefless,
 Together down.

GERALD MASSEY.

THE ABSENT ONES.




SHALL leave the old house in the autumn,
 To traverse its threshold no more;
 Ah! how shall I sigh for the dear ones
 That meet me each morn at the door!
 I shall miss the "good nights" and the kisses,
 And the gush of their innocent glee,
 The group on its green, and the flowers
 That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at even,
 Their song in the school and the street;
 I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
 And the tread of their delicate feet.
 When the lessons of life are all ended,
 And death says, "The school is dismissed!"
 May the little ones gather around me,
 To bid me good night and be kissed!

CHARLES M. DICKINSON.


A PICTURE.

 HE farmer sat in his easy-chair,
 Smoking his pipe of clay,
 While his hale old wife, with busy care,
 Was clearing the dinner away;
 A sweet little girl, with fine blue eyes,
 On her grandfather's knee was catching flies.
 The old man laid his hand on her head,
 With a tear on his wrinkled face;
 He thought how often her mother, dead,
 Had sat in the self-same place.
 As the tear stole down from his half-shut eye,
 "Don't smoke!" said the child; "how it makes you
 cry!"

The house-dog lay stretched out on the floor,
 Where the shade after noon used to steal;
 The busy old wife, by the open door,
 Was turning the spinning-wheel;
 And the old bras clock on the mantel-tree
 Had plodded along to almost three.


Still the farmer sat in his easy-chair,
 While close to his heaving breast
 The moistened brow and the cheek so fair
 Of his sweet grandchild were pressed;
 His head, bent down, on her soft hair lay:
 Fast asleep were they both, that summer day!
 CHARLES GAMAGE EASTMAN.

THE POET'S SONG TO HIS WIFE.

 OW many summers, love,
 Have I been thine?
 How many days, thou dove,
 Hast thou been mine?
 Time, like the winged wind
 When 't bends the flowers,
 Hath left no mark behind,
 To count the hours!
 Some weight of thought, though loath,
 On thee he leaves;
 Some lines of care round both
 Perhaps he weaves;
 Some fears,—a soft regret
 For joys scarce known;
 Sweet looks we half forget;—
 All else is flown!
 Ah!—With what thankless heart
 I mourn and sing!
 Look, where our children start,
 Like sudden spring!
 With tongues all sweet and low
 Like a pleasant rhyme,
 They tell how much I owe
 To thee and time!


BRYAN WALLER PROCTER (*Barry Cornwall*.)

HOMESICK.

 OME to me, O my Mother! come to me,
 Thine own son slowly dying far away!
 Through the moist ways of the wide ocean,
 blown
 By great invisible winds, come stately ships
 To this calm bay for quiet anchorage;
 They come, they rest awhile, they go away,
 But, O my Mother, never comest thou!
 The snow is round thy dwelling, the white snow,
 That cold soft revelation pure as light,
 And the pine-spire is mystically fringed.
 Why am I from thee, Mother, far from thee?
 Far from the frost enchantment, and the woods
 Jewelled from bough to bough? O home, my home!
 O river in the valley of my home,
 With mazy-winding motion intricate,
 Twisting thy deathless music underneath
 The polished ice-work—must I nevermore
 Behold thee with familiar eyes, and watch
 Thy beauty changing with the changeful day,
 Thy beauty constant to the constant change?


DAVID GRAY.

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

 HE is a winsome wee thing,
 She is a handsome wee thing,
 She is a bonnie wee thing,
 This sweet wee wife o' mine.
 I never saw a fairer,
 I never lo'ed a dearer,
 And neist my heart I'll wear her,
 For fear my jewel tine.
 She is a winsome wee thing,
 She is a handsome wee thing,
 She is a bonnie wee thing,
 This sweet wee wife o' mine.
 The world's wrack we share o't,
 The warstle and the care o't:
 Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,
 And think my lot divine.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE RECONCILIATION.

 S through the land at eve we went,
 And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,
 We fell out, my wife and I,—
 Oh, we fell out, I know not why,
 And kiss'd again with tears.
 For when we came where lies the child
 We lost in other years,
 There above the little grave,
 Oh, there above the little grave,
 We kiss'd again with tears.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

I KNEW BY THE SMOKE THAT SO GRACE-
FULLY CURLED.

I KNEW by the smoke that so gracefully curled
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
And I said, "If there's peace to be found in the
world,
A heart that is humble might hope for it here!"

It was noon, and on flowers that languished around
In silence reposed the voluptuous bee;
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound
But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree.

And "Here in this lone little wood," I exclaimed,
"With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,
Who would blush when I praised her, and weep if I
blamed,
How blest could I live, and how calm could I die!"

"By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips
In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,
And to know that I sighed upon innocent lips,
Which had never been sighed on by any but mine!"

THOMAS MOORE.

ADAM TO EVE.

FAIREST of creation, last and best
Of all God's works, creature in whom ex-
celled

Whatever can to sight or thought be formed,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost,
Defaced, deflowered, and now to death devote!
Rather, how hast thou yielded to transgress
The strict forbiddance, how to violate
The sacred fruit forbidden! Some cursèd fraud
Of enemy hath beguiled thee, yet unknown,
And me with thee hath ruined, for with thee
Certain my resolution is to die.

How can I live without thee, how forego
Thy sweet converse, and love so dearly joined,
To live again in these wild woods forlorn?
Should God create another Eve, and I
Another rib afford, yet loss of thee
Would never from my heart; no, no, I feel
The link of nature draw me: flesh of flesh,
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.

However, I with thee have fixed my lot,
Certain to undergo like doom; if death
Consort with thee, death is to me as life;
So forcible within my heart I feel
The bond of nature draw me to my own,
My own in thee, for what thou art is mine;
Our state cannot be severed, we are one,
One flesh; to lose thee were to lose myself.

JOHN MILTON.

A WISH.

WINE be a cot beside the hill;
A beehive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willow brook that turns the mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch,
Shalt twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew,
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village-church among the trees,
When first our marriage vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze
And point with taper spire to heaven.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

THE OLD LOG CABIN.

IT is only shallow-minded pretenders who either
make distinguished origin a matter of personal
merit, or obscure origin a matter of personal re-
proach. Taunt and scoffing at the humble con-
dition of early life affect nobody in America but those
who are foolish enough to indulge in them; and they
are generally sufficiently punished by public rebuke.
A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be
ashamed of his early condition. It did not happen to
me to be born in a log cabin; but my elder brothers
and sisters were born in a log cabin, raised among the
snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early,
that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney
and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar
evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the
settlements on the rivers of Canada.

Its remains still exist. I make to it an annual visit.
I carry my children to it, to teach them the hardships
endured by the generations which have gone before
them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the
kindred ties, the early affections, and the touching nar-
ratives and incidents which mingle with all I know of
this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none
of those who inhabited it are now among the living;
and if ever I am ashamed of it, or if ever I fail in affec-
tionate veneration for him who reared it, and defended
it against savage violence and destruction, cherished
all the domestic virtues beneath its roof, and, through
the fire and blood of a seven years' revolutionary war,
shrunk from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice, to serve
his country, and to raise his children to a condition
better than his own, may my name, and the name of
my posterity, be blotted forever from the memory of
mankind!

DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE HAPPY MAN.

H E'S not the Happy Man to whom is given
 A plenteous fortune by indulgent Heaven;
 Whose gilded roofs on shining columns rise,
 And painted walls enchant the gazer's eyes;
 Whose table flows with hospitable cheer,
 And all the various bounty of the year;
 Whose valleys smile, whose gardens breathe the spring,
 Whose carved mountains bleat, and forests sing;
 For whom the cooling shade in Summer twines,
 While his full cellars give their generous wines;
 From whose wide fields unbounded Autumn pour
 A golden tide into his swelling stores;
 Whose winter laughs; for whom the liberal gales
 Stretch the big sheet, and toiling commerce sails;
 When yielding crowds attend, and pleasure serves;
 While youth, and health, and vigor string his nerves.
 Ev'n not all these, in one rich lot combined,
 Can make the Happy Man, without the mind;
 When Judgment sits clear-sighted, and surveys
 The chain of Reason with unerring gaze;
 Where Fancy lives, and to the brightening eyes,
 His fairer scenes and bolder figures rise;
 Where social Love exerts her soft command,
 And plays the passions with a tender hand,
 Whence every virtue flows, in rival strife,
 And all the moral harmony of life.

JAMES THOMPSON.

MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

M Y mother, when I learned that thou wast
 dead,
 Say, was thou conscious of the tears I
 shed?
 Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son—
 Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
 I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day;
 I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away;
 And, turning from my nursery-window, drew
 A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
 But was it such? It was. Where thou art gone,
 Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown;
 May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
 The parting word shall pass my lips no more.
 Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
 Oft gave me promise of thy quick return;
 What ardently I wished, I long believed,
 And, disappointed still, was still deceived—
 By expectation every day beguiled,
 Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
 Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
 Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent,
 I learned at last submission to my lot;
 But though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.
 Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more;
 Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
 And where the gardener Robin, day by day,

Drew me to school along the public way—
 Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped
 In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap,—
 Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours
 When, playing with thy vesture's tissue flowers—
 The violet, the pink, the jessamine—
 I pricked them into paper with a pin,
 (And thou wast happier than myself the while—
 Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and smile,)
 Could those few pleasant days again appear,
 Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
 But no! What here we call our life is such,
 So little to be loved, and thou so much,
 That I should ill require thee to constrain
 Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

WILLIAM COWPER.

CHRISTMAS TIME.

H EAP on more wood!—the wind is chill;
 But let it whistle as it will,
 We'll keep our Christmas merry still
 Each age has deemed the new-born year
 The fittest time for festal cheer:
 And well our Christian sires of old
 Loved when the year its course had rolled,
 And brought blithe Christmas back again,
 With all his hospitable train.
 Domestic and religious rite
 Gave honor to the holy night:
 On Christmas eve the bells were rung;
 On Christmas eve the mass was sung;
 That only night, in all the year,
 Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
 The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;
 The hall was dressed with holly green;
 Forth to the wood did merry-men go,
 To gather in the mistletoe.
 Then opened wide the baron's hall
 To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;
 Power laid his rod of rule aside,
 And Ceremony doffed his pride.
 The heir, with roses in his shoes,
 That night might village partner choose;
 The lord, underogating, share
 The vulgar game of "post and pair."
 All hailed, with uncontrolled delight
 And general voice, the happy night
 That to the cottage, as the crown,
 Brought tidings of salvation down.
 The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
 Went roaring up the chimney wide;
 The huge hall-table's oaken face,
 Scrubbed till it shone the day to grace,
 Bore then upon its massive board
 No mark to part the squire and lord.
 Then was brought in the lusty brawn,
 By old blue-coated serving-man;

Then the grim boar's head frowned on high,
 Crested with bays and rosemary,
 Well can the green-garbed ranger tell
 How, when and where the monster fell;
 What dogs before his death he tore,
 And all the baiting of the boar.
 The wassail round, in good brown bowls,
 Garnished with ribbons, blithely trowls.
 There the huge sirloin reeked; hard by
 Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie;
 Nor failed old Scotland to produce,
 At such high-tide, her savory goose.
 Then came the merry maskers in,
 And carols roared with blithesome din;
 If unmelodious was the song,
 It was a hearty note, and strong.
 Who lists may in their mumming see
 Traces of ancient mystery;
 White skirts supplied the masquerade,
 And smutted cheeks the visors made:
 But, O, what maskers richly dight
 Can boast of bosoms half so light!
 England was merry England, when
 Old Christmas brought his sports again.
 'T was Christmas broached the mightiest ale;
 'T was Christmas told the merriest tale;
 A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
 The poor man's heart through half the year.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE OLD HEARTHSTONE.

MY son, thou wilt dream the world is fair,
 And thy spirit will sigh to roam,
 And thou must go; but never, when there,
 Forget the light of home!

Though pleasure may smile with a ray more bright,
 It dazzles to lead astray;
 Like the meteor's flash, 'twill deepen the night
 When treading thy lonely way:—

But the hearth of home has a constant flame,
 And pure as vestal fire—
 'Twill burn, 'twill burn forever the same,
 For nature feeds the pyre.

The sea of ambition is tempest-toss'd,
 And thy hopes may vanish like foam—
 When sails are shiver'd and compass lost,
 Then look to the light of home!

And there, like a star through midnight cloud,
 Thou'lt see the beacon bright;
 For never, till shining on thy shroud,
 Can be quench'd its holy light.

The sun of fame may guild the name,
 But the heart ne'er felt its ray;
 And fashion's smiles, that rich ones claim,
 Are beams of a wintry day:

How cold and dim those beams would be,
 Should life's poor wanderer come!—
 My son, when the world is dark to thee,
 Then turn to the light of home.

SARAH J. HALE.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

WAY down upon de Swanee Ribber,
 Far, far away—
 Dare's wha my heart is turning ebber—
 Dare's wha de old folks stay.
 All up and down de whole creation,
 Sadly I roam;
 Still longing for de old plantation,
 And for de old folks at home.
 All de world am sad and dreary,
 Eb'rywhere I roam;
 Oh, darkeys, how my heart grows weary,
 Far from de old folks at home.

All round de little farm I wandered,
 When I was young;
 Den many happy days I squandered,
 Many de songs I sung.
 When I was playing wid my brudder,
 Happy was I;
 Oh! take me to my kind old mudder!
 Dare let me live and die!

One little hut among de bushes—
 One dat I love—
 Still sadly to my memory rushes,
 No matter where I rove.
 When will I see de bees a-humming,
 All round de comb?
 When will I hear de banjo tumming
 Down in my good old home?

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

RIGHT flag at yonder tapering mast,
 Fling out your field of azure blue;
 Let star and stripe be westward cast,
 And point as Freedom's eagle flew!
 Strain home! O lithe and quivering spars!
 Point home my country's flag of stars!
 My mother, in thy prayer to-night
 There come new words and warmer tears;
 On long, long darkness breaks the light,
 Comes home the loved, the lost for years.
 Sleep safe, O wave-worn mariner!
 Fear not to-night, or storm or sea:
 The ear of Heaven bends low to her!
 He comes to shore who sails with me.
 The wind-tossed spider needs no token
 How stands the tree when lightning's blaze;
 And, by a thread from heaven unbroken,
 I know my mother lives and prays.

NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

REMEMBER, I remember
 The house where I was born,
 The little window where the sun
 Came peeping in at morn.
 He never came a wink too soon,
 Nor brought too long a day;
 But now I often wish the night
 Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
 The roses, red and white,
 The violets, and the lily-cups—
 Those flowers made of light!
 The lilacs where the robin built,
 And where my brother set
 The laburnum on his birthday—
 The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
 Where I was used to swing,
 And thought the air must rush as fresh
 To swallows on the wing;
 My spirit flew in feathers then,
 That is so heavy now,
 And summer pools could hardly cool
 The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
 The fir-trees dark and high;
 I used to think their slender tops
 Were close against the sky.
 It was a childish ignorance,
 But now 'tis little joy
 To know I'm farther off from heaven
 Than when I was a boy.

THOMAS HOOD.

THE PATTTER OF LITTLE FEET.

UP with the sun in the morning,
 Away to the garden he hies,
 To see if the sleeping blossoms
 Have begun to open their eyes.

Running a race with the wind,
 With a step as light and fleet,
 Under my window I hear
 The patter of little feet.

Now to the brook he wanders,
 In swift and noiseless flight,
 Splashing the sparkling ripples
 Like a fairy water-sprite.

No sand under fabled river
 Has gleams like his golden hair,
 No pearly sea-shell is fairer
 Than his slender ankles bare.

From a broad window my neighbor,
 Looks down on our little cot,
 And watches the "poor man's blessing"—
 I cannot envy his lot.

He has pictures, books, and music,
 Bright fountains, and noble trees,
 Rare store of blossoming roses,
 Birds from beyond the seas.

But never does childish laughter
 His homeward footsteps greet;
 His stately halls ne'er echo
 To the tread of innocent feet.

This child is our "sparkling picture,"
 A birdling that chatters and sings,
 Sometimes a sleeping cherub,
 (Our other one has wings.)

When the glory of sunset opens
 The highway by angles trod,
 And seems to unbar the city
 Whose builder and maker is God—

Close to the crystal portal,
 I see by the gates of pearl,
 The eyes of our other angel—
 A twin-born little girl.

And I ask to be taught and directed
 To guide his footsteps aright;
 So to live that I may be ready
 To walk in sandals of light—

And hear, amid songs of welcome,
 From messengers trusty and fleet,
 On the starry floor of heaven,
 The patter of little feet.

THE FIRESIDE.

IF solid happiness we prize,
 Within our breast this jewel lies;
 And they are fools who roam:
 The world has nothing to bestow;
 From our own selves our joys must flow,
 And that dear place—our home.

Our portion is not large, indeed;
 But then how little do we need!
 For nature's calls are few:
 In this the art of living lies,
 To want no more than may suffice,
 And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content
 Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
 Nor aim beyond our power;
 For, if our stock be very small,
 'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
 Nor lose the present hour.

To be resigned when ills betide,
Patient when favors are denied,
And pleased with favors given;
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part;
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

Thus, hand in hand, through life we'll go;
Its chequered paths of joy and wo
With cautious steps we'll tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead:

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel, whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

NATHANIEL COTTON.

THE HAPPY MARRIAGE.

NOW blest has my time been! what joys have I
known,
Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessy my
own!

So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.

Through walks grown with woodbines, as often we
stray,

Around us our boys and girls frolic and play:
How pleasing their sport is! the wanton ones see,
And borrow their looks from my Jessy and me.

To try her sweet temper, oftentimes am I seen,
In revels all day with the nymphs on the green;
Though painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,
And meets me at night with complacence and smiles.

What though on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,
Her wit and good humor bloom all the year through;
Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare,
And cheat, with false vows, the too credulous fair;
In search of true pleasure, how vainly you roam!
To hold it for life, you must find it at home.

EDWARD MOORE.

BE KIND.

BE kind to thy father, for when thou wast young,
Who loved thee as fondly as he?
He caught the first accents that fell from thy
tongue,

And joined in thine innocent glee.

Be kind to thy father, for now he is old,
His locks intermingled with gray,

His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold;
Thy father is passing away.

Be kind to thy mother, for, lo! on her brow
May traces of sorrow be seen:
Oh, well may'st thou cherish and comfort her now,
For loving and kind hath she been.
Remember thy mother, for thee will she pray
As long as God giveth her breath;
With accents of kindness then cheer her lone way,
E'en to the dark valley of death.

Be kind to thy brother, his heart will have dearth,
If the smile of thy love be withdrawn;
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth,
If the dew of affection be gone.
Be kind to thy brother, wherever you are,
The love of a brother shall be
An ornament, purer and richer by far,
Than pearls from the depths of the sea

Be kind to thy sister, not many may know
The depth of true sisterly love;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.
Thy kindness shall bring to thee many sweet hours,
And blessings thy pathway to crown,
Affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers,
More precious than wealth or renown.

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-
days;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women;
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;
Like an ingrate I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood;
Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert thou not born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

CHARLES LAMB.

THE WIFE.

ALL day, like some sweet bird, content to sing
 In its small cage, she moveth to and fro—
 And ever and anon will upward spring
 To her sweet lips, fresh from the fount below,
 The murmur'd melody of pleasant thought,
 Unconscious utter'd, gentle-toned and low.
 Light household duties, evermore inwrought
 With placid fancies of one trusting heart
 That lives but in her smile, and turns
 From life's cold seeming and the busy mart,
 With tenderness, that heavenward ever yearns
 To be refresh'd where one pure altar burns.
 Shut out from hence the mockery of life,
 Thus liveth she content, the meek, fond, trusting wife.

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

HOUSEHOLD treasures, household treasures,
 Gems of worth, say, what are they?
 Walls of jasper, doors of cedar,
 Arras of superb array?
 Caskets of the costliest jewels,
 Cabinets of ancient store,
 Shrines where Art her incense offers,
 Volumes of profoundest lore?

Household treasures, home's true jewels,
 Deem I better far than those:
 Prattling children, blithe and ruddy
 As the dew-bespangled rose,
 Tempt me not with gold of Ophir,
 Wreath the not gems to deck my head;
 Winsome hearthlings, home's fond angels,
 Are the things I crave instead.

Household treasures, household treasures,
 Gems of worth, say, what are they?
 All that wealth or grandeur proffer,
 Soon, alas! must know decay;
 But, 'midst amaranths unfading,
 With the rose-stain'd cherubim,
 Happy children, gone before us,
 Swell the everlasting hymn.

THOMAS GREET.

A HOME IN THE HEART.

ASK not a home in the mansions of pride,
 Where marble shines out in the pillars
 and walls;
 Though the roof be of gold, it is brilliantly
 cold,
 And joy may not be found in its torch-lighted halls.
 But seek for a bosom all honest and true,
 Where love, once awaken'd, will never depart:

Turn, turn to that breast like the dove to its nest,
 And you'll find there's no home like a home in the
 heart.

Oh! link but one spirit that's warmly sincere,
 That will heighten your pleasure and solace your
 care;
 Find a soul you may trust as the kind and the just,
 And be sure the wide world holds no treasure so
 rare.

Then the frowns of Misfortune may shadow our lot,
 The cheek, searing tear-drops of Sorrow may start;
 But a star never dim sheds a halo for him
 Who can turn for repose to a home in the heart.

ELIZA COOK.

FARMER GRAY'S PHOTOGRAPH.

WANT you to take a picter o' me and my old
 woman here,
 Jest as we be, if you please, sir—wrinkles, gray
 hairs and all;

We never was vain at our best, and we're going on
 eighty year,

But we've got some boys to be proud of, straight an'
 handsome and tall;

They are coming home this summer, the nineteenth
 day of July,

Tom wrote me, (Tom's a lawyer in Boston since
 forty-eight);

So we're going to try and surprise 'em, my old wife
 and I—

Tom, Harry, Zay and Elisha, and the two girls, Jen-
 nie and Kate.

I guess you've hearn of Elisha—he preaches in Middle-
 town,

I'm a Methody myself, but he's 'Piscopal, he says;
 Don't s'pose it makes much difference, only he wears
 a gown;

An' I couldn't abide (bein' old and set) what I call
 them Popish ways.

But he's good, for I brought him up, and the others—
 Harry 'n' Zay,

They're merchants down to the city, an' don't forget
 mother 'n' me;

They'd give us the fat of the land if we'd only come
 that way.

And Jennie and Kate are hearty off, for they married
 rich, you see.

Well, lud, that's a cur'us fix, sir. Do you screw it into
 the head?

I've hearn of this photography, an' I reckon it's scary
 work.

Do you take the picters by lightnin'? La, yes; so the
 neighbors said;

It's the sun that does it, old woman; 'n' he never
 was known to shirk.

Wall, yes, I'll be readin' the Bible; old woman, what'll
 you do?

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Jest sit on the other side o' me, 'n' I'll take hold o' your hand.
 That's the way we courted, mister, if it's all the same to you;
 And that's the way we're a-goin', please God, to the light o' the better land.
 I never could look that thing in the face, if my eyes was as good as gold.
 'Tain't over? Do say! What, the work is done!
 Old woman, that beats the Dutch.
 Jest think! we've got our picters took, and we nigh eighty year old;
 There ain't many couples in our town of our age that can say as much.
 You see on the nineteenth of next July our golden wedding comes on—
 For fifty year in the sun and rain we've pulled at the same old cart;
 We've never had any trouble to speak of, only our poor son John
 Went wrong, an' I drove him off, 'n' it about broke the old woman's heart—
 There's a drop of bitter in every sweet. And my old woman and me
 Will think of John when the rest come home. Would I forgive him, young sir?
 He was only a boy, and I was a fool for bein' so hard, you see;
 If I could jist git him atween these arms, I'd stick to him like a burr.
 And what's to pay for the sunshine that's painted my gray old phiz?
 Nothin'? That's cur'us! You don't work for the pleasure of working, hey?
 Old woman, look here! there's Tom in that face—I'm blest if the chin isn't his!
 Good God! *she* knows him—it's our son John, the boy that we drove away!

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

THEY grew in beauty, side by side,
 They fill'd one home with glee;
 Their graves are sever'd, far and wide,
 By mount, and stream, and sea.
 The same fond mother bent at night
 O'er each fair sleeping brow;
 She had each folded flower in sight—
 Where are those dreamers now?
 One, 'midst the forest of the west,
 By a dark stream is laid—
 The Indian knows his place of rest,
 Far in the cedar shade.
 The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,
 He lies where pearls lie deep;
 He was the loved of all, yet none
 O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dress'd
 Above the noble slain;
 He wrapt his colors round his breast,
 On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
 Its leaves, by soft winds fann'd;
 She faded 'midst Italian flowers—
 The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who play'd
 Beneath the same green tree;
 Whose voices mingled as they pray'd
 Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
 And cheer'd with song the hearth—
 Alas! for love, if thou wert all,
 And nought beyond on earth!

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

LOVE it, I love it; and who shall dare
 To chide me for loving that old arm-chair;
 I've treasured it long as a sainted prize;
 I've bedew'd it with tears, and embalm'd it with sighs.

'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my hearth;
 Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
 Would ye learn the spell?—a mother sat there;
 And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
 The hallow'd seat with listening ear;
 And gentle words that mother would give;
 To fit me to die, and teach me to live.
 She told me shame would never betide,
 With truth for my creed and God for my guide?
 She taught me to hush my earliest prayer;
 As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watch'd her many a day,
 When her eye grew dim, and her locks were gray;
 And I almost worshipp'd her when she smiled,
 And turn'd from her Bible, to bless her child.
 Years roll'd on; but the last one sped—
 My idol was shatter'd; my earth-star fled;
 I learnt how much the heart can bear,
 When I saw her die in that old arm chair.

'T is past, 't is past, but I gaze on it now
 With quivering breath and throbbing brow;
 'T was there she nursed me, 't was there she died;
 And memory flows with lava tide.
 Say it is folly; and deem me weak,
 While the scalding drops start down my cheek;
 But I love it, I love it; and cannot tear
 My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

ELIZA COOK.

THE STREAM OF LIFE.



STREAM descending to the sea,
Thy mossy banks between,
The flow'rets blow the grasses grow
The leafy trees are green.

In garden plots the children play,
The fields the laborers till,
The houses stand on either hand,
And thou descendest still.

O life descending into death,
Our waking eyes behold,
Parent and friend thy lapse attend,
Companions young and old.

Strong purposes our minds possess,
Our hearts affections fill,
We toil and earn, we seek and learn,
And thou descendest still.

O end to which our currents tend,
Inevitable sea,
To which we flow, what do we know,
What shall we guess of thee?

A roar we hear upon thy shore,
As we our course fulfil;
Scarce we divine a sun shall shine
And be above us still.

WIFE, CHILDREN, AND FRIENDS.



HEN the black-lettered list to the gods was
presented,
(The list of what Fate for each mortal in-
tends),

At the long string of ills a kind goddess relented,
And slipped in three blessings—wife, children and
friends.

In vain surly Pluto maintained he was cheated,
For justice divine could not compass its ends;
The scheme of man's penance he swore was defeated,
For earth becomes heaven with—wife, children and
friends.

If the stock of our bliss is in stranger hands vested,
The fund, ill secured, oft in bankruptcy ends;
But the heart issues bills which are never protested,
When drawn on the firm of—wife, children and
friends.

Though valor still glows in his life's dying embers,
The death-wounded tar, who his colors defends,
Drops a tear of regret as he dying remembers
How blessed was his home with—wife, children and
friends.

The soldier, whose deeds live immortal in story,
Whom duty to far distant latitudes sends,
With transport would barter whole ages of glory
For one happy day with—wife, children, and friends.

Though spice-breathing gales on his caravan hover,
Though for him all Arabia's fragrance ascends,
The merchant still thinks of the woodbines that cover
The bower where he sat with—wife, children and
friends.

The dayspring of youth, still unclouded by sorrow,
Alone on itself for enjoyment depends;
But drear is the twilight of age, if it borrow
No warmth from the smile of—wife, children and
friends.

Let the breath of renown ever freshen and nourish
The laurel which o'er the dead favorite bends;
O'er me wave the willow, and long may it flourish,
Bedewed with the tears of—wife, children and friends.

Let us drink, for my song, growing graver and graver,
To subjects too solemn insensibly tends;
Let us drink, pledge me high, love and virtue shall flavor
The glass which I fill to—wife, children and friends.

WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER.

HOME VOICES.

AM so home-sick in this summer weather!
Where is my home upon this weary earth?
The maple trees are bursting into freshness
Around the pleasant place that gave me birth.

But dearer far, a grave for me is waiting,
Far up among the pine trees' greener shade;
The willow boughs the hand of love has planted,
Wave o'er the hillock where my dead are laid.

Why go without me—oh, ye loved and loving?
What has earth left of happiness or peace?
Let me come to you, where the heart grows calmer;
Let me lie down where life's wild strugglings cease.

Earth has no home for hearts so worn and weary;
Life has no second spring for such a year;
Oh! for the day that bids me come to meet you!
And, life in gladness, in that summer hear!

HOME OF THE WORKINGMAN.

RESOLVE—and tell your wife of your good reso-
lution. She will aid it all she can. Her step
will be lighter and her hand will be busier all
day, expecting the comfortable evening at
home when you return. Household affairs will have
been well attended to. A place for everything, and
everything in its place, will, like some good genius, have
made even an humble home the scene of neatness,
arrangement and taste. The table will be ready at
the fireside. The loaf will be one of that order which
says, by its appearance, You may cut and come again.
The cups and saucers will be waiting for supplies.
The kettle will be singing; and the children, happy
with fresh air and exercise, will be smiling in their
glad anticipation of that evening meal when father is
at home, and of the pleasant reading afterwards.

MY LITTLE WIFE.



OUR table is spread for two, to-night—
No guests our bounty share;
The damask cloth is snowy white,
The services elegant and bright,
Our china quaint and rare;
My little wife presides,
And perfect love abides.

The bread is sponge, the butter gold,
The muffins nice and hot,
What though the winds without blow cold?
The walls a little world in fold,
And the storm is soon forgot;
In the fire-light's cheerful glow,
Beams a paradise below.

A fairer picture who has seen?
Soft lights and shadows blend;
The central figure of the scene,
She sits, my wife, my queen—
Her head a little bent;
And in her eyes of blue
I read my bliss anew.

I watch her as she pours the tea,
With quiet, gentle grace;
With fingers deft, and movements free,
She mixes in the cream for me,
A bright smile on her face;
And, as she sends it up,
I pledge her in my cup.

Was ever man before so blest?
I secretly reflect,
The passing thought she must have guessed,
For now dear lips on mine are pressed,
An arm is round my neck,
Dear treasure of my life—
God bless her—little wife.

GOOD BYE, OLD HOUSE.



GOOD bye, old house I the hurry and the bustle
Smothered till now all thought of leaving
you;
But the last load has gone, and I've a mo-
ment,
All by myself, to say a last adieu.

Good bye, old house! I shall not soon forget you,
The witness of so much eventful time—
And walls have ears they say, I beg you cherish
Each secret that you may have heard of mine.

Strange faces will come in and gaze upon you,
Irreverent and careless of each spot

That held in sacred keeping household treasures,
Ah, well, you need not mind—it matters not.

They'll wonder why that nail was driven yonder
In reach of Freddy's hand, at Christmas time,
That he might hang, himself, his little stocking.
That notch marked Willie's height when he was
nine.

These marks that I have not the heart to trouble,
Johnny put there before he went away,
Wishing, meanwhile, that he might make them
double;

They meant the days he had at home to stay

Dear child! it was that corner held his coffin
When trouble, toil and pain for him were done;
And in that corner, too, I have knelt daily,
Striving to find the way that he has won.

'Twas in that corner Margaret was married,
And that white spot upon the smoky wall
Is where her picture hung,—those three nails yon-
der
Were driven to hold her sack, and scarf, and
shawl.

And so, old house, you have for every blemish
A strange, peculiar story of your own;
As our poor bodies do when we have left them,
And powerless alike to make it known.

Good bye, good bye, old house! the night is fall-
ing,
They'll think I've wandered from the path, I
guess.

One more walk through the rooms, ah! how they
echo!

How strange and lonely is their emptiness!
MILLIE C. POMEROY.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.



HEN barren doubt like a late-coming snow
Made an unkind December of my spring,
That all the pretty flowers did droop for
woe,

And the sweet birds their love no more would sing;
Then the remembrance of thy gentle faith,
Mother beloved, would steal upon my heart;
Fond feeling saved me from that utter scathe,
And from thy hope I could not live apart.

Now that my mind hath passed from wintry gloom,
And on the calmed waters once again
Ascendant faith circles with silver plume,
That casts a charmed shade, not now in pain,
Thou child of Christ, in joy I think of thee,
And mingle prayers for what we both may be.

ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM.

THE WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

LINGER not long. Home is not home without thee:
 Its dearest tokens do but make me mourn.
 O, let its memory, like a chain about thee,
 Gently compel and hasten thy return!

Linger not long. Though crowds should woo thy staying,
 Bethink thee, can the mirth of friends, though dear,
 Compensate for the grief thy long delaying
 Costs the fond heart that sighs to have thee here?

Linger not long. How shall I watch thy coming,
 As evening shadows stretch o'er moor and dell,
 When the wild bee hath ceased her busy humming,
 And silence hangs on all things like a spell!

How shall I watch for thee, when fears grow stronger,
 As night grows dark and darker on the hill!
 How shall I weep, when I can watch no longer!
 Ah! art thou absent, art thou absent still?

Yet I should grieve not, though the eye that seeth me
 Gazeth through tears that make its splendor dull;
 For O, I sometimes fear when thou art with me
 My cup of happiness is all too full.

Haste, haste thee home unto thy mountain dwelling,
 Haste, as a bird unto its peaceful nest!
 Haste, as a skiff, through tempests wide and swelling,
 Flies to its haven of securest rest!

THANKSGIVING DAY.

THE white moon peeps thro' my window-blind
 As I'm sitting alone to-night,
 Thinking of days I've left behind
 In the years that have taken flight.
 My heart is full of a nameless thrill
 That my life has been so sweet,
 And I fain would hurry to Zion's hill
 And bow at the Giver's feet.

The year just going has brought me boon
 As rich as the years gone by;
 The skies were clear as the harvest moon
 When the golden crops were dry;

The grain was garnered abundantly then,
 For the wintry days ahead,
 And I thank the Giver of good to men
 For supplies of daily bread.

No fell disease with ghastly shrouds
 Has come in grim disguise;
 No war has spread its baleful clouds
 Athwart my azure skies;
 But the dove of peace—the white-winged dove—
 Has built in my own roof-tree,
 And the breezes have floated the banner of love
 O'er all my land and sea.

So now I sing as best I can
 My glad Thanksgiving song,
 To Him who holds me by the hand,
 And leads me safe along;
 I am not worthy his smallest gift,
 But He giveth large and free,
 And so a song of praise I lift
 For His goodness unto me.

THOMAS BERRY SMITH.

THE THREE DEAREST WORDS.

HERE are three words that sweetly blend,
 That on the heart are graven;
 A precious, soothing balm they lend—
 They're mother, home and heaven!

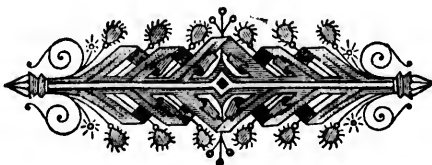
They twine a wreath of beauteous flowers,
 Which, placed on memory's urn,
 Will e'en the longest, gloomiest hours
 To golden sunlight turn!

They form a chain whose every link
 Is free from base alloy;
 A stream where whosoever drinks
 Will find refreshing joy!

They build an altar where each day
 Love's offering is renewed;
 And peace illumines with genial ray
 Life's darkened solitude!

If from our side the first has fled,
 And home be but a name,
 Let's strive the narrow path to tread,
 That we the last may gain!

MARY J. MUCKLE.



NARRATIVES AND BALLADS.

VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.



THE king was on his throne,
The satraps thronged the hall;
A thousand bright lamps
shone
O'er that high festival.
A thousand cups of gold,
In Judah deemed divine,
Jehovah's vessels hold
The godless heathen's wine!

In that same hour and hall,
The fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall,
And wrote as if on sand:
The fingers of a man;—
A solitary hand

Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw, and shook,
And bade no more rejoice;
All bloodless waxed his look,
And tremulous his voice.

"Let the men of lore appear,
The wisest of the earth,
And expound the words of fear,
Which mar our royal mirth."

Chaldaea's seers are good,
But here they have no skill;
And the unknown letters stood,
Untold and awful still.
And Babel's men of age
Are wise and deep in lore;
But now they were not sage,
They saw,—but knew no more.

A captive in the land,
A stranger and a youth,—
He heard the king's command,
He saw that writing's truth.
The lamps around were bright,
The prophecy in view:
He read it on that night,—
The morrow proved it true.

"Belshazzar's grave is made,
His kingdom passed away,
He in the balance weighed,
Is light and worthless clay.
The shroud, his robe of state;
His canopy, the stone;
The Mede is at his gate!
The Persian on his throne!"

LORD BYRON.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp and black and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,—
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school,
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from the threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach;
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

YOUNG LOCHINVAR.



YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the West,
Through all the wide Border his steed was
the best ;
And save his good broadsword he weapon
had none,

He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar !

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Esk River where ford there was none ;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late :
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
'Mong bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all !
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,—
For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,—
" O, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar ?"
" I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied :
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide !
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine !
There be maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar !"

The bride kissed the goblet ; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup !
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
" Now tread we a measure !" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace !
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and
plume,
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'T were better by
far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochin-
var !"

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood
near,
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung.
" She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur ;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow !" quoth young
Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Grames of the Netherby
clan ;
Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they
ran ;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lea,

But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see !
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar ?
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.



FT in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me ;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken ;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken !
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends, so linked together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed !
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

THOMAS MOORE.

AULD LANG SYNE



HOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min' ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne ?
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne !

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu't the gowans fine ;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne,
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne !

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
Frae mornin' sun till dine ;
But seas between us braid hae roared,
Sin' auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne !

And here's a hand, my trusty fere,
And gie's a hand o' thine,
And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught,
For auld lang syne.


For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne !

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
As sure as I'll be mine ;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne,

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne !

ROBERT BURNS.

THE NANTUCKET SKIPPER.

 ANY a long, long year ago,
Nantucket skippers had a plan
Of finding out, though "lying low,"
How near New York their schooners ran.

They greased the lead before it fell,
And then by sounding, through the night,
Knowing the soil that stuck so well,
They always guessed their reckoning right.

A skipper gray, whose eyes were dim,
Could tell, by tasting, just the spot,
And so below he'd "douse the glim,"—
After of course, his "something hot."

Snug in his berth, at eight o'clock,
This ancient skipper might be found ;
No matter how his craft would rock,
He slept,—for skippers' naps are sound.

The watch on deck would now and then
Run down and wake him, with the lead ;
He'd up, and taste, and tell the men
How many miles they went ahead.

One night 'twas Jotham Marden's watch.
A curious wag,—the pedlar's son ;
And so he mused, (the wanton wretch !)
"To-night I'll have a grain of

"We're all a set of stupid fools,
To think the skipper knows, by tasting,
What ground he's on ; Nantucket schools
Don't teach such stuff, with all their basting !"

And so he took the well-greased lead,
And rubbed it o'er a box of earth

That stood on deck,—a parsnip bed,
And then he sought the skipper's berth.


"Where are we now, sir? Please to taste "
The skipper yawned, put out his tongue,
And opened his eyes in wondrous haste,
And then upon the floor he sprang !

The skipper stormed, and tore his hair,
Thrust on his boots, and roared to Marden,
"Nantucket's sunk, and here we are
Right over old Marm Hackett's garden !"

JAMES THOMAS FIELDS.

ON THE FUNERAL OF CHARLES I.

AT NIGHT IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

 HE castle clock had toll'd midnight,
With mattock and with spade—
And silent, by the torches' light—
His corpse in earth we laid.

The coffin bore his name ; that those
Of other years might know,
When earth its secret should disclose,
Whose bones were laid below.

"Peace to the dead !" no children sung,
Slow pacing up the nave ;
No prayers were read, no knell was rung,
As deep we dug his grave.

We only heard the winter's wind,
In many a sullen gust,
As o'er the open grave inclined,
We murmured, "Dust to dust !"

A moonbeam from the arch's height,
Stream'd, as we placed the stone,
The long aisles started into light
And all the windows shone.

We thought we saw the banners then
That shook along the walls,
Whilst the sad shades of mailed men
Were gazing on the stalls.

'T is gone !—Again on tombs defaced
Sits darkness more profound ;
And only by the torch we traced
The shadows on the ground.

And now the chilling, freezing air
Without blew long and loud ;
Upon our knees we breathed one prayer,
Where he slept in his shroud.

We laid the broken marble floor,—
No name, no trace appears !
And when we closed the sounding door,
We thought of him with tears.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

THE PAINTER WHO PLEASSED NOBODY AND EVERYBODY.

EST men suspect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view.
The traveler, leaping o'er those bounds,
The credit of his book confounds.
Who with his tongue hath armies routed
Makes even his real courage doubted :
But flattery never seems absurd ;
The flattered always takes your word :
Impossibilities seem just ;
They take the strongest praise on trust.
Hyperboles, though ne'er so great,
Will still come short of self-conceit.
So very like a painter drew,
That every eye the picture knew ;
He hit complexion, feature, air,
So just, the life itself was there.
No flattery with his colors laid,
To bloom restored the faded maid ;
He gave each muscle all its strength,
The mouth, the chin, the nose's length.
His honest pencil touched with truth,
And marked the date of age and youth.
He lost his friends, his practice failed ;
Truth should not always be revealed ;
In dusty piles his pictures lay,
For no one sent the second pay.
Two bustos, fraught with every grace,
A Venus' and Apollo's face,
He placed in view ; resolved to please,
Whoever sat, he drew from these,
From these corrected every feature,
And spirited each awkward creature.
All things were set ; the hour was come,
His pallet ready o'er his thumb.
My lord appeared ; and seated right
In proper attitude and light,
The painter looked, he sketched the piece,
Then dipped his pencil, talked of Greece,
Of Titian's tints, of Guido's air ;
"Those eyes, my lord, the spirit there
Might well a Raphael's hand require,
To give them all their native fire ;
The features fraught with sense and wit,
You'll grant are very hard to hit ;
But yet with patience you shall view
As much as paint and art can do.
Observe the work." My lord replied :
"Till now I thought my mouth was wide ;
Besides, my nose is somewhat long ;
Dear sir, for me, 't is far too young."
"Oh ! pardon me," the artist cried,
"In this the painters must decide.
The piece even common eyes must strike,
I warrant it extremely like."

My lord examined it anew ;
No looking-glass seemed half so true.
A lady came ; with borrowed grace
He from his Venus formed her face.
Her lover praised the painter's art ;
So like the picture in his heart !
To every age some charm he lent ;
Even beauties were almost content.
Through all the town his art they praised ;
His custom grew, his price was raised.
Had he the real likeness shown,
Would any man the picture own ?
But when thus happily he wrought,
Each found the likeness in his thought.

JOHN GAY.

LITTLE NELL'S FUNERAL.

AND now the bell—the bell
She had so often heard by night and day,
And listened to with solemn pleasure,
E'en as a living voice—
Rung its remorseless toll for her,
So young, so beautiful, so good.
Decrepit age, and vigorous life,
And blooming youth, and helpless infancy,
Poured forth—on crutches, in the pride of strength
And health, in the full blush
Of promise, the mere dawn of life—
To gather round her tomb. Old men were there,
Whose eyes were dim
And senses failing—
Grandames, who might have died ten years ago,
And still been old—the deaf, the blind, the lame,
The palsied,
The living dead in many shapes and forms,
To see the closing of this early grave.
What was the death it would shut in,
To that which still could crawl and keep above it !
Along the crowded path they bore her now ;
Pure as the new fallen snow
That covered it ; whose day on earth
Had been as fleeting.
Under that porch, where she had sat when Heaven
In mercy brought her to that peaceful spot,
She passed again, and the old church
Received her in its quiet shade.
They carried her to one old nook,
Where she had many and many a time sat musing,
And laid their burden softly on the pavement.
The light streamed on it through
The colored window—a window where the boughs
Of trees were ever rustling
In the summer, and where the birds
Sang sweetly all day long.

CHARLES DICKENS.

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COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE.



IN a body meet a body
Comin' through the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?
Every lassie has her laddie—
Ne'er a ane hae I;
Yet a' the lads they smile at me
When comin' through the rye.

Amang the train there is a swain
I dearly lo'e myself;
But whaur his hame, or what his name,
I dinna care to tell.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' frae the town,
Gin a body greet a body,
Need a body frown?
Every lassie has her laddie—
Ne'er a ane hae I;
Yet a' the lads they smile at me
When comin' through the rye.

THE VAGABONDS.



WE are two travelers, Roger and I.
Roger's my dog—come here, you scamp!
Jump for the gentlemen—mind your eye!
Over the table—look out for the lamp!—
The rogue is growing a little old;
Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,
And slept out-doors when nights were cold,
And ate and drank—and starved together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you!
A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow!
The paw he holds up there's been frozen.)
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle,
(This out-door business is bad for strings.)
Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,
And Roger and I set up for kings!

No, thank ye, sir—I never drink;
Roger and I are exceedingly moral—
Aren't we, Roger?—see him wink!
Well, something hot, then—we won't quarrel.
He's thirsty, too—see him nod his head?
What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk!
He understands every word that's said—
And he knows good milk from water-and-chalk.

The truth is, sir, now I reflect,
I've been so sadly given to grog,
I wonder I've not lost the respect
(Here's to you, sir,!) even of my dog.
But he sticks by, through thick and thin;
And this old coat, with its empty pockets,

And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living
Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,
To such a miserable, thankless master!
No, sir!—see him wag his tail and grin!
By George! it makes my old eyes water!
That is, there's something in this gin
That chokes a fellow. But no matter!

We'll have some music, if you're willing,
And Roger (hem! what a plague a cough is, sir!)
Shall march a little—Start, you villain!
Stand straight! 'Bout face! Salute your officer!
Put up that paw! Dress! Take your rifle!
(Some dogs have arms, you see!) Now hold your
Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle,
To aid a poor old patriot soldier!

March! Halt! Now show how the rebel shakes
When he stands up to hear his sentence.
Now tell us how many drams it takes
To honor a jolly new acquaintance.
Five yelps—that's five; he's mighty knowing!
The night's before us, fill the glasses!—
Quick, sir! I'm ill—my brain is going!
Some brandy!—thank you!—there!—it passes!

Why not reform? That's easily said;
But I've gone through such wretched treatment,
Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
And scarce remembering what meat meant,
That my poor stomach's past reform;
And there are times when, mad with thinking,
I'd sell out heaven for something warm
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?
At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends,
A dear girl's love—but I took to drink;—
The same old story; you know how it ends.
If you could have seen these classic features—
You needn't laugh, sir; they were not then
Such a burning libel on God's creatures;
I was one of your handsome men.

If you had seen her, so fair and young,
Whose head was happy on this breast!
If you could have heard the songs I sung
When the wine went round, you wouldn't have
guessed
That ever I, sir, should be straying
From door to door, with fiddle and dog,
Ragged and penniless, and playing
To you to-night for a glass of grog!

She's married since—a parson's wife:
'Twas better for her that we should part—
Better the soberest, prosiest life
Than a blasted home and a broken heart.

I have seen her? Once: I was weak and spent,
On the dusty road, a carriage stopped:
But little she dreamed, as on she went,
Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped!


You've set me talking, sir; I'm sorry;
It makes me wild to think of the change!
What do you care for a beggar's story?
Is it amusing? you find it strange?
I had a mother so proud of me!
'Twas well she died before—Do you know
If the happy spirits in heaven can see
The ruin and wretchedness here below?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden
This pain; then Roger and I will start.
I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden,
Aching thing, in place of a heart?
He is sad sometimes, and would weep, if he could,
No doubt remembering things that were—
A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,
And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now; that glass was warming,—
You rascal! limber your lazy feet!
We must be fiddling and performing
For supper and bed, or starve in the street.—
Not a very gay life to lead, you think?
But soon we shall go where lodgings are free.
And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink;—
The sooner, the better for Roger and me!

JOHN T. TROWBRIDGE.

OVER THE HILL TO THE POOR-HOUSE.

 OVER the hill to the poor-house I'm trudgin'
my weary way—
I, a woman of seventy, and only a trifle
gray—
I, who am smart an' chipper, for all the years I've
told,
As many another woman, that's only half as old.

Over the hill to the poor-house—I can't make it quite
clear!
Over the hill to the poor-house—it seems so horrid
queer!
Many a step I've taken a-toilin' to and fro,
But this is a sort of journey I never thought to go.

What is the use of heapin' on me a pauper's shanie?
Am I lazy or crazy? am I blind or lame?
True, I am not so supple, nor yet so awful stout,
But charity ain't no favor, if one can live without.

I am willin' and anxious an' ready any day,
To work for a decent livin', an' pay my honest way;
For I can earn my victuals, an' more to, I'll be bound,
If any body only is willin' to have me round.

Once I was young and han'some—I was, upon my
soul—
Once my cheeks were roses, my eyes as black as coal;
And I can't remember, in them days, of hearin' peo-
ple say,
For any kind of reason, that I was in their way.

'Taint no use of boastin', or talkin' over free,
But many a house an' home was open then to me;
Many a han'some offer I had from likely men,
And nobody ever hinted that I was a burden then.

And when to John I was married, sure he was good
and smart,
But he and all the neighbors would own I done my
part;
For life was all before me, an' I was young an' strong,
And I worked the best that I could in tryin' to get
along.

And so we worked together: and life was hard but
gay,
With now an' then a baby, for to cheer us on our
way;
Till we had half a dozen, an' all growed lean an' neat,
An' went to school like others, an' had enough to eat.

So we worked for the child'r'n, and raised 'em every
one;
Worked for 'em summer and winter, just as we ought
to 've done,
Only perhaps we humored 'em, which some good
folks condemn,
But every couple's child'r'n's a heap the best to them.

Strange how much we think of our blessed little
ones!—
I'd have died for my daughters, I'd have died for my
sons;
And God He made that rule of love; but when we're
old and gray,
I've noticed it sometimes somehow fails to work the
other way.

Strange, another thing; when our boys an' girls was
grown,
And when, exceptin' Charley, they'd left us there
alone;
When John he nearer an' nearer come, an' dearer
seemed to be,
The Lord of Hosts he came one day an' took him
away from me.

Still I was bound to struggle; an' never to cringe or
fall—
Still I worked for Charley, for Charley was now my
all;
And Charley was pretty good to me, with scarce a
word or frown,
Till at last he went a courtin', and brought a wife
from town.

She was somewhat dressy, an' hadn't a pleasant smile—

She was quite conceity, and carried a heap o' style :
But if ever I tried to be friends, I did with her, I know ;

But she was hard and proud, an' I couldn't make it go.

She had an edication, an' that was good for her ;
But when she twitted me on mine 'twas carryin' things too fur :

An' told her once 'fore company (an' it almost made her sick),

That I never swallowed a grammar, or 'et a 'rith-metic.

So 'twas only a few days before the thing was done—
They was a family of themselves, and I another one ;
And a very little cottage for one family will do,
But I have never seen a house that was big enough for two.

An' I never could speak to suit her, never could please her eye,

An' it made me independent, an' then I didn't try ;
But I was terribly staggered, an' felt it like a blow,
When Charley turned ag'in me, an' told me I could go.

I went to live with Susan, but Susan's house was small,

And she was always a-hintin' how snug it was for us all ;

And what with her husband's sister, and what with child'rn three,

'Twas easy to discover that there wasn't room for me.

An' then I went to Thomas, the oldest son I've got,
For Thomas' buildings 'd cover the half of an acre lot ;

But all the child'rn was on me—I couldn't stand their sauce—

And Thomas said I needn't think I was comin' there to boss.

An' then I wrote to Rebecca—my girl who lives out West,

And to Isaac, not far from her—some twenty miles at best ;

And one of 'em said twas too warm there, for any one so old,

And t'other had an opinion the climate was too cold.

So they have shirk'd and slighted me, an' shifted me about—

So they have well nigh soured me, an' wore my old heart out ;

But still I've borne up pretty well, an' wasn't much put down,

Till Charley went to the poor master, an' put me on the town.

Over the hill to the poor-house—my child'rn dear, good-bye !

Many a night I've watched you when only God was nigh ;

And God 'll judge between us ; but I will al'ays pray

That you shall never suffer the half I do to-day.

WILL M. CARLETON.

SONG.



LADY, leave thy silken thread

And flowery tapestry—

There 's living roses on the bush,

And blossoms on the tree.

Stoop where thou wilt, thy careless hand

Some random bud will meet ;

Thou canst not tread but thou wilt find

The daisy at thy feet.

'T is like the birthday of the world,

When earth was born in bloom ;

The light is made of many dyes,

The air is all perfume ;

There 's crimson buds, and white and blue—

The very rainbow showers

Have turned to blossoms where they fell,

And sown the earth with flowers.

There 's fairy tulips in the east—

The garden of the sun ;

The very streams reflect the hues,

And blossom as they run ;

While morn opes like a crimson rose,

Still wet with pearly showers ;

Then, lady, leave the silken thread

Thou twinest into flowers.

THOMAS HOOD.

IN THE SUMMER TWILIGHT.



IN the summer twilight,

While yet the dew was hoar,

I went plucking purple pansies

Till my love should come to shore.

The fishing-lights their dances

Were keeping out at sea,

And, "Come," I sang, "my true love,

Come hasten home to me !"

But the sea it fell a-moaning,

And the white gulls rocked thereon,

And the young moon dropped from heaven,

And the lights hid, one by one.

All silently their glances

Slipped down the cruel sea,

And, "Wait," cried the night and wind
and storm—

"Wait till I come to thee."

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"

"O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight:
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready;
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady.

"And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry:
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still, as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men—
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O, haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her—
When, O, too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her!

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullan reached that fatal shore;
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover;
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water;
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!—O, my daughter!"

"T was vain;—the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing;
The waters wild went o'er his child:
And he was left lamenting.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

S TOP! for thy tread is on an empire's dust;
An earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below;
Is the spot marked with no colossal bust?
Nor column trophied for triumphal show?

None; but the moral's truth tells simpler so.
As the ground was before, thus let it be.

How that red rain hath made the harvest grow
And this all the world has gained by thee,
Thou first and last of fields, king-making victory?

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry; and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men:
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose, with its voluptuous swell,

Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell,
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street:
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined!
No sleep till morn when youth and pleasure meet

To chase the glowing hours with flying feet!—
But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;

And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before.
Arm! arm! it is, it is the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amid the festival,

And caught its tone with death's prophetic ear:
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well

Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell;
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;

And the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar,
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning-star ;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips, "The foe ! they come !
they come !"

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,
The morn the marshaling in arms—the day
Battle's magnificently stern array !
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial blent !

LORD BYRON.

THE PEBBLE AND THE ACORN

" I AM a pebble ! and yield to none !"
Were the swelling words of a tiny stone ;—
" Nor time nor seasons can alter me ;
I am abiding, while ages flee.

The pelting hail and the drizzling rain
Have tried to soften me, long, in vain ;
And the tender dew has sought to melt
Or touch my heart ; but it was not felt.
There's none can tell about my birth,
For I'm old as the big, round earth.
The children of men arise, and pass
Out of the world, like the blades of grass ;
And many a foot on me has trod,
That's gone from sight, and under the sod.
I am a Pebble ! but who art thou,
Rattling along from the restless bough !"

The Acorn was shock'd at this rude salute,
And lay for a moment abash'd and mute ;
She never before had been so near
This gravelly ball, the mundane sphere ;
And she felt for a time at a loss to know
How to answer a thing so coarse and low.
But to give reproof of a nobler sort
Than the angry look, or the keen retort,
At length she said, in a gentle tone,
" Since it has happen'd that I am thrown
From the lighter element where I grew,
Down to another so hard and new,
And beside a personage so august,
Abased, I will cover my head with dust,
And quickly retire from the sight of one
Whom time, nor season, nor storm, nor sun,
Nor the gentle dew, nor the grinding heel,
Has ever subdued, or made to feel !"
And soon in the earth she sank away
From the comfortless spot where the Pebble lay.

But it was not long ere the soil was broke
By the peering head of an infant oak !
And, as it arose, and its branches spread,

The Pebble looked up, and, wondering, said,
" A modest Acorn—never to tell
What was enclosed in its simple shell !
That the pride of the forest was folded up
In the narrow space of its little cup !
And meekly to sink in the darksome earth,
Which proves that nothing could hide her worth !
And, oh ! how many will tread on me,
To come and admire the beautiful tree,
Whose head is towering toward the sky,
Above such a worthless thing as I !
Useless and vain, a cumberer here,
I have been idling from year to year.
But never from this shall a vaunting word
From the humbled Pebble again be heard,
Till something without me or within
Shall show the purpose for which I've been ?"
The Pebble its vow could not forget,
And it lies there wrapt in silence yet.

HANNAH F. GOULD.

A HUNTING WE WILL GO.

HE dusky night rides down the sky,
And ushers in the morn :
The hounds all join in glorious cry,
The huntsman winds his horn,
And a hunting we will go.

The wife around her husband throws
Her arms to make him stay ;
" My dear, it rains, it hails, it blows ;
You cannot hunt to-day."
Yet a hunting we will go.

Away they fly to 'scape the rout,
Their steeds they soundly switch ;
Some are thrown in, and some thrown out,
And some thrown in the ditch.
Yet a hunting we will go.

Sly Reynard now like lightning flies,
And sweeps across the vale ;
And when the hounds too near he spies,
He drops his bushy tail.
Then a hunting we will go.

At last his strength to faintness worn,
Poor Reynard ceases flight ;
Then hungry, homeward we return,
To feast away the night,
When a hunting we did go.

Ye jovial hunters, in the morn
Prepare then for the chase ;
Rise at the sounding of the horn
And health with sport embrace,
When a hunting we do go.

HENRY FIELDING.

MAUD MULLER.

MAUD Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.
Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin-cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her briar-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah, me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!"

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay:

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle, and song of birds,
And health, and quiet, and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go:

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain,
"Ah, that I were free again!

Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls ;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral turned ;

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge !

God pity them both, and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall ;

For all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these : "It might have been !"

Ah, well ! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes ;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away !

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There 'vas lack of woman's nursing, there
was dearth of woman's tears ;

But a comrade stood beside him, while his
life-blood ebbed away,

And bent, with pitying glances to hear what he might
say.

The dying soldier faltered, and he took that com-
rade's hand,

And he said, "I nevermore shall see my own, my na-
tive land ;

Take a message, and a token, to some distant friends
of mine,

For I was born at Bingen—fair Bingen on the
Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet
and crowd around

To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard
ground,

That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day
was done,

Full many a corpse lay ghastly pale beneath the set-
ting sun ;

And, mid the dead and dying, were some grown old
in wars—

The death-wounds on their gallant breasts, the last of
many scars ;

And some were young, and suddenly beheld life's
morn decline—

And one had come from Bingen—fair Bingen on the
Rhine.

"Tell my mother that her other son shall comfort her
old age ;

For I was still a truant bird, that thought his home a
cage,

For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles
fierce and wild ;

And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty
hoard,

I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my
father's sword ;

And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light
used to shine,

On the cottage wall at Bingen—calm Bingen on the
Rhine.

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with
drooping head,

When troops come marching home again with glad
and gallant tread,

But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and
steadfast eye,

For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to
die ;

And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my
name,

To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame,
And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's
sword and mine),

For the honor of old Bingen—dear Bingen on the
Rhine.

"There's another—not a sister ; in the happy days
gone by

You'd have known her by the merriment that spark-
led in her eye ;

Too innocent for coquetry—too fond for idle scorn-
ing—

O friend ! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes
heaviest mourning !

Tell her the last night of my life (for, ere the moon be
risen,

My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of
prison)

I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sun-
light shine

On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen on the
Rhine.

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along ; I heard, or
seemed to hear,

The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet
and clear ;

And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting
hill,

The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening
 calm and still ;
 And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed,
 with friendly talk,
 Down many a path beloved of yore, and well remem-
 bered walk !
 And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine,—
 But we'll meet no more at Bingen—loved Bingen on
 the Rhine."

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse, his grasp
 was childish weak—
 His eyes put on a dying look—he sighed, and ceased
 to speak ;
 His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had
 fled—
 The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land is dead !
 And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she
 looked down
 On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses
 strewn ;
 Yes, calmly on the dreadful scene her pale light
 seemed to shine,
 As it shown on distant Bingen—fair Bingen on the
 Rhine.

CAROLINE ELIZABETH NORTON.

THE SANDS OF DEE.

"MARY, go and call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home,
 Across the sands of Dee ;"
 The western wind was wild and dark wi' foam,
 And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the sand,
 And o'er and o'er the sand,
 And round and round the sand,
 As far as eye could see.
 The rolling mist came down and hid the land,—
 And never home came she.

"O, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
 A tress o' golden hair,
 A drowned maiden's hair
 Above the nets at sea ?
 Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
 Among the stakes on Dee."

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
 The cruel crawling foam,
 The cruel hungry foam,
 To her grave beside the sea ;
 But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
 Across the sands of Dee !

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

A NAME IN THE SAND.

ALONE I walk'd the ocean strand ;
 A pearly shell was in my hand :
 I stoop'd and wrote upon the sand
 My name—the year—the day.
 As onward from the spot I pass'd,
 One lingering look behind I cast :
 A wave came rolling high and fast,
 And wash'd my lines away.

And so, methought, 'twill shortly be
 With every mark on earth from me :
 A wave of dark oblivion's sea
 Will sweep across the place
 Where I have trod the sandy shore
 Of Time, and been to be no more,
 Of me—my day—the name I bore,
 To leave nor track nor trace.

And yet, with Him who counts the sands.
 And holds the waters in his hands,
 I know a lasting record stands,
 Inscribed against my name,
 Of all this mortal part has wrought ;
 Of all this thinking soul has thought :
 And from these fleeting moments caught
 For glory or for shame.

HANNAH F. GOULD.

OVER THE HILLS FROM THE POOR-HOUSE.

[Sequel to "Over the Hill to the Poor-House."]

OVER the hills to the poor-house sad paths have
 been made to-day,
 For sorrow is near, such as maketh the heads
 of the young turn gray,
 Causing the heart of the careless to throb with a fevered
 breath—
 The sorrow that leads to the chamber whose light has
 gone out in death.

To Susan, Rebecca and Isaac, to Thomas and Charley,
 word sped
 That mother was ill and fast failing, perhaps when they
 heard, might be dead ;
 But e'en while they wrote she was praying that some of
 her children might come
 To hear from her lips their last blessing before she
 should start for her home.

To Susan, poor Susan ! how bitter the agony brought
 by the call,
 For deep in her heart for her mother wide rooms had
 been left after all ;
 And now, that she thought, by her fireside one place
 had been vacant for years—
 And while "o'er the hills she was speeding her
 path might be traced by her tears,

Rebecca? she heard not the tidings, but those who
bent over her knew
That led by the Angel of Death, near the waves of
the river she drew;
Delirious, ever she told them her mother was cooling
her head,
While, weeping, they thought that ere morning both
mother and child might be dead.

And, kneeling beside her, stern Isaac was quiv'ring
in aspen-like grief,
While waves of sad mem'ry surged o'er him like bil-
lows of wind o'er the leaf;
"Too late," were the words that had humbled his
cold, haughty pride to the dust,
And Peace, with her olive-boughs laden, crowned
loving forgiveness with trust.

Bowed over his letters and papers, sat Thomas, his
brow lined by thought,
But little he heeded the markets or news of his gains
that they brought;
His lips grew as pale as his cheek, but new purpose
seemed born in his eye,
And Thomas went "over the hills," to the mother
that shortly must die.

To Charley, her youngest, her pride, came the
mother's message that morn,
And he was away "o'er the hills" ere the sunlight
blushed over the corn;
And, strangest of all, by his side, was the wife he had
"brought from the town,"
And silently wept, while her tears strung with
diamonds her plain mourning gown.

For each had been thinking, of late, how they missed
the old mother's sweet smile,
And wond'ring how they could have been so blind
and unjust all that while;
They thought of their harsh, cruel words, and longed
to atone for the past,
When swift o'er the heart of vain dreams swept the
presence of death's chilling blast.

So into the chamber of death, one by one, these sad
children had crept,
As they, in their childhood, had done, when mother
was tired and slept—
And peace, rich as then, came to each, as they drank
in her blessing, so deep,
That, breathing into her life, she fell back in her last
blessed sleep.

And when "o'er the hills from the poor-house," that
mother is tenderly borne,
The life of her life, her loved children, tread softly,
and silently mourn,
For theirs is no rivulet sorrow, but deep as the ocean
is deep,
And into our lives, with sweet healing, the balm of
their bruising may creep.

For swift come the flashings of temper, and torrents
of words come as swift,
Till out 'mong the tide-waves of anger, how often we
thoughtlessly drift!

And heads that are gray with life's ashes, and feet
that walk down 'mong the dead,
We send "o'er the hills to the poor-house" for love,
and, it may be, for bread.

Oh! when shall we value the living while yet the
keen sickle is stayed,
Nor slight the wild flower in its blooming, till all its
sweet life is decayed?

Yet often the fragrance is richest, when poured from
the bruised blossom's soul,
And "over the hills from the poor-house" the rarest
of melodies roll.

MAY MIGNONETTE.

MONA'S WATERS.



H! 'Mona's waters are blue and bright
When the sun shines out like a gay young
lover;

But Mona's waves are dark as night
When the face of heaven is clouded over.
The wild wind drives the crested foam
Far up the steep and rocky mountain,
And booming echoes drown the voice,
The silvery voice, of Mona's fountain.

Wild, wild against that mountain's side
The wrathful waves were up and beating,
When stern Glenvarloch's chieftain came;
With anxious brow and hurried greeting
He bade the widowed mother send
(While loud the tempest's voice was raging)
Her fair young son across the flood,
Where winds and waves their strife were waging.

And still that fearful mother prayed,
"Oh! yet delay, delay till morning,
For weak the hand that guides our bark,
Though brave his heart, all danger scorning."
Little did stern Glenvarloch heed;
"The safety of my fortress tower
Depends on tidings he must bring
From Fairlee bank, within the hour.

"See'st thou, across the sullen wave,
A blood-red banner wildly streaming?
That flag a message brings to me
Of which my foes are little dreaming.
The boy *must* put his boat across,
(Gold shall repay his hour of danger,)
And bring me back, with care and speed,
Three letters from the light-browed stranger."

The orphan boy leaped lightly in;
Bold was his eye and brow of beauty,
And bright his smile as thus he spoke.

"I do but pay a vassal's duty;

Fear not for me, O mother dear !
 See how the boat the tide is spurning ;
 The storm will cease, the sky will clear,
 And thou wilt watch me safe returning."

His bark shot on—now up, now down,
 Over the waves—the snowy-crested ;
 Now like a dart it sped along,
 Now like a white-winged sea bird rested ;
 And ever when the wind sank low,
 Smote on the ear that woman's wailing,
 As long she watched, with streaming eyes,
 That fragile bark's uncertain sailing.

He reached the shore—the letters claimed ;
 Triumphant, heard the stranger's wonder
 That one so young should brave alone
 The heaving lake, the rolling thunder.
 And once again his snowy sail
 Was seen by her—that mourning mother ;
 And once she heard his shouting voice—
 That voice the waves were soon to smother.

Wind burst the wind, wide flapped the sail,
 A crashing peal of thunder followed ;
 The gust swept o'er the water's face,
 And caverns in the deep lake hollowed.
 The gust swept past, the waves grew calm,
 The thunder died along the mountain ;
 But where was he who used to play,
 On sunny days, by Mona's fountain ?

His cold corpse floated to the shore,
 Where knelt his lone and shrieking mother ;
 And bitterly she wept for him,
 The widow's son, who had no brother !
 She raised his arm—the hand was closed ;
 With pain his stiffened fingers parted,
 And on the sand three letters dropped !—
 His last dim thought—the faithful-hearted.

Glenvarloch gazed, and on his brow
 Remorse with pain and grief seemed blending ;
 A purse of gold he flung beside
 That mother, o'er her dead child bending.
 Oh ! wildly laughed that woman then,
 "Glenvarloch ! would ye dare to measure
 The holy life that God has given
 Against a heap of golden treasure ?

"Ye spurned my prayer, for we were poor ;
 But know, proud man, that God hath power
 To smite the king on Scotland's throne,
 The chieftain in his fortress tower.
 Frown on ! frown on ! I fear ye not ;
 We've done the last of chieftain's bidding,
 And cold he lies, for whose young sake
 I used to bear your wrathful chiding.

"Will gold bring back his cheerful voice,
 That used to win my heart from sorrow ?
 Will silver warm the frozen blood,
 Or make my heart less lone to-morrow ?

Go back and seek your mountain home,
 And when ye kiss your fair-haired daughter,
 Remember him who died to-night
 Beneath the waves of Mona's water."

Old years rolled on, and new ones came—
 Foes dare not brave Glenvarloch's tower ;
 But naught could bar the sickness out
 That stole within fair Annie's bower.
 The o'erblown floweret in the sun
 Sinks languid down, and withers daily,
 And so she sank—her voice grew faint,
 Her laugh no longer sounded gaily.

Her step fell on the old oak floor
 As noiseless as the snow-shower's drifting ;
 And from her sweet and serious eyes
 They seldom saw the dark lid lifting.
 "Bring aid ! Bring aid !" the father cries ;
 "Bring aid !" each vassal's voice is crying ;
 "The fair-haired beauty of the isles,
 Her pulse is faint—her life is flying !"

He called in vain ; her dim eyes turned
 And met his own with parting sorrow,
 For well she knew, that fading girl,
 That he must weep and wail the morrow.
 Her faint breath ceased ; the father bent
 And gazed upon his fair-haired daughter.
 What thought he on ? The widow's son,
 And the stormy night by Mona's water.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

† T was the schooner *Hesperus*,
 † That sail'd the wintry sea ;
 † And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
 To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
 Her cheeks like the dawn of day ;
 And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
 That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
 With his pipe in his mouth,
 And watched how the veering flaw did blow
 The smoke, now west, now south.

Then up, and spake an old sailor,
 Had sail'd the Spanish Main—
 "I pray thee, put into yonder port,
 For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
 And to-night no moon we see,"
 The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
 And a scornful laugh laugh'd he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
 A gale from the northeast ;
 The snow fell hissing in the brine,
 And the billows froth'd like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength ;
She shudder'd, and paused, like a frighted steed,
Then leap'd her cable's length.

Come hither, come hither, my little daughter,
And do not tremble so ;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapp'd her warm in his seaman's coat,
Against the stinging blast ;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father, I hear the church-bells ring !
O say, what may it be ?"
"Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast,"
And he steer'd for the open sea.

"O father, I hear the sound of guns !
O say, what may it be ?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea !"

"O father, I see a gleaming light !
O say, what may it be ?"
But the father answer'd never a word—
A frozen corpse was he !

Lash'd to the helm all stiff and stark,
With his face to the skies,
The lantern gleam'd thro' the gleaming snow
On his fix'd and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasp'd her hands and prayed,
That sav'd she might be ;
And she thought of Christ, who still'd the waves,
On the lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept,
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever, the fitful gusts between,
A sound came from the land ;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks, and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew,
Like icicles, from her deck.

She struck, where the white and fleecy waves
Look'd soft as carded wool ;
But the cruel rocks they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheath'd in ice,
With the masts, went by the board ;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank—
Ho ! ho ! the breakers roar'd.

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lash'd close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes ;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the *Hesperus*,
In the midnight, and the snow ;
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe ;

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

AFTER BLENHEIM.

† T was a summer evening,
† Old Kaspar's work was done,
† And he before his cottage door
† Was sitting in the sun ;
† And by him sported on the green
† His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found ;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by ;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
"Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory."

"I find them in the garden,
For there's many hereabout ;
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out,
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries ;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes ;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout ;
But what they fought each other for
I could not well make out.
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory."

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by ;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly ;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then
And newborn baby died ;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won ;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun ;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene."

"Why 'twas a very wicked thing !"
Said little Wilhelmine.

"Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

"And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win."

"But what good came of it at last ?"
Quoth little Peterkin.

"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory."

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

ALONZO THE BRAVE AND THE FAIR IMOGINE.

A WARRIOR so bold, and a virgin so bright,
Conversed as they sat on the green ;
They gazed on each other with tender delight :
Alonzo the Brave was the name of the knight—
The maiden's, the Fair Imogene.

"And, oh !" said the youth, "since to-morrow I go
To fight in a far distant land,
Your tears for my absence soon ceasing to flow,
Some other will court you, and you will bestow
On a wealthier suitor your hand !"

"Oh ! hush these suspicions," Fair Imogene said,
"Offensive to love and to me ;
For, if you be living, or if you be dead,
I swear by the Virgin that none in your stead
Shall husband of Imogene be.

"If e'er I, by lust or by wealth led aside,
Forget my Alonzo the Brave,
God grant that, to punish my falsehood and pride,
Your ghost at the marriage may sit by my side,
May tax me with perjury, claim me as bride,
And bear me away to the grave !"

To Palestine hasten'd the hero so bold,
His love she lamented him sore ;
But scarce had a twelvemonth elapsed, when, behold !
A baron, all cover'd with jewels and gold,
Arrived at Fair Imogene's door.

His treasures, his presents, his spacious domain,
Soon made her untrue to her vows ;
He dazzled her eyes, he bewilder'd her brain ;
He caught her affections, so light and so vain,
And carried her home as his spouse.

And now had the marriage been blest by the priest ;
The revelry now was begun ;
The tables they groan'd with the weight of the feast,
Nor yet had the laughter and merriment ceased,
When the bell at the castle toll'd—one.

Then first with amazement Fair Imogene found,
A stranger was placed by her side :
His air was terrific ; he utter'd no sound—
He spake not, he moved not, he look'd not around—
But earnestly gazed on the bride.

His vizor was closed, and gigantic his height,
His armor was sable to view ;
All pleasure and laughter were hush'd at his sight ;
The dogs, as they eyed him, drew back in affright ;
The lights in the chamber burn'd blue !

His presence all bosoms appear'd to dismay ;
The guests sat in silence and fear ;
At length spake the bride—while she trembled—"I
pray
Sir knight, that your helmet aside you would lay,
And deign to partake of our cheer."

The lady is silent ; the stranger complies—
His vizor he slowly unclosed ;
Oh, God ! what a sight met Fair Imogene's eyes !
What words can express her dismay and surprise
When a skeleton's head was exposed !

All present then utter'd a terrified shout,
All turn'd with disgust from the scene ;
The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept
out,
And sported his eyes and his temples about,
While the spectre address'd Imogene :

"Behold me, thou false one, behold me !" he cried,
"Remember Alonzo the Brave !
God grants that, to punish thy falsehood and pride,
My ghost at thy marriage should sit by thy side ;
Should tax thee with perjury, claim thee as bride,
And bear thee away to the grave !"

Thus saying, his arms round the lady he wound,
While loudly she shriek'd in dismay ;
Then sunk with his prey through the wide-yawning
ground,
Nor ever again was Fair Imogene found
Or the spectre that bore her away.


Not long lived the baron ; and none, since that time,
To inhabit the castle presume ;
For chronicles tell that, by order sublime,
There Imogene suffers the pain of her crime,
And mourns her deplorable doom.

At midnight, four times in each year does her sprite,
When mortals in slumber are bound,
Array'd in her bridal apparel of white,
Appear in the hall with the skeleton knight,
And shriek as he whirls her around !

While they drink out of skulls newly torn from the
grave,
Dancing round them the spectres are seen ;
Their liquor is blood, and this horrible stave
They howl : "To the health of Alonzo the Brave,
And his consort, the Fair Imogene !"

MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS.

OLD GRIMES.

 OLD Grimes is dead, that good old man—
We ne'er shall see him more ;
He used to wear a long black coat,
All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,
His feelings all were true ;
His hair was some inclined to gray—
He wore it in a queue.

Where'er he heard the voice of pain,
His breast with pity burned ;
The large round head upon his cane
From ivory was turned.

Kind words he ever had for all ;
He knew no base design ;
His eyes were dark and rather small,
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true ;
His coat had pocket-holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes
He passed securely o'er,
And never wore a pair o' boots
For thirty years or more.

But good Old Grimes is now at rest,
Nor fears misfortune's frown ;
He wore a double-breasted vest—
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert ;
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse—
Was sociable and gay ;
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view,
Nor make a noise town-meeting days,
As many people do.


His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to fortune's chances,
But lived (as all his brothers do)
In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturbed by anxious cares .
His peaceful moments ran ;
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

ALBERT G. GREENE.

THE SLEEPING SENTINEL.

The incidents here woven into verse relate to William Scott, a young soldier from the State of Vermont, who, while on duty as a sentinel at night, fell asleep, and, having been condemned to die, was pardoned by the President. They form a brief record of his humble life at home and in the field, and of his glorious death.

 WAS in the sultry summer-time, as war's red
records show,
When patriot armies rose to meet a fratri-
cidal foe—

When, from the North and East and West, like the up-
heaving sea,
Swept forth Columbia's sons, to make our country
truly free.

Within a prison's dismal walls, where shadows veiled
decay—
In fetters, on a heap of straw, a youthful soldier lay ;
Heart-broken, hopeless, and forlorn, with short and
feverish breath,
He waited but the appointed hour to die a culprit's
death.

Yet, but a few brief weeks before, untroubled with a
care,
He roamed at will, and freely drew his native moun-
tain air—
Where sparkling streams leap mossy rocks, from many
a woodland font,
And waving elms, and grassy slopes, give beauty to
Vermont.

Where, dwelling in a humble cot, a tiller of the soil—
Encircled by a mother's love, he shared a father's
toil—

Till, borne upon the wailing winds, his suffering coun-
try's cry
Fired his young heart with fervent zeal, for her to live
or die ;

Then left he all : a few fond tears, by firmness half concealed,
 A blessing, and a parting prayer, and he was in the field—
 The field of strife, whose dews are blood, whose breezes war's hot breath,
 Whose fruits are garnered in the grave, whose husbandman is death !

Without a murmur, he endured a service new and hard ;
 But, wearied with a toilsome march, it chanced one night, on guard,
 He sank, exhausted, at his post, and the gray morning found
 His prostrate form—a sentinel asleep upon the ground.

So in the silence of the night, aweary, on the sod,
 Sank the disciples, watching near the suffering Son of God ;
 Yet, Jesus, with compassion moved, beheld their heavy eyes,
 And though betray'd to ruthless foes, forgiving, bade them rise.

But God is love—and finite minds can faintly comprehend
 How gentle mercy, in His rule, may with stern justice blend ;
 And this poor soldier, seized and bound, found none to justify,
 While war's inexorable law decreed that he must die.

'Twas night.—In a secluded room, with measured tread, and slow,
 A statesman of commanding mien paced gravely to and fro ;
 Oppressed, he pondered on a land by civil discord rent ;
 On brothers armed in deadly strife :—it was the President.

The woes of thirty millions filled his burdened heart with grief,
 Embattled hosts, on land and sea, acknowledged him their chief ;
 And yet, amid the din of war, he heard the plaintive cry
 Of that poor soldier, as he lay in prison, doomed to die.

'Twas morning.—On a tented field, and through the heated haze,
 Flashed back, from lines of burnished arms, the sun's effulgent blaze ;
 While, from a sombre prison-house, seen slowly to emerge
 A sad procession, o'er the sward, moved to a muffled dirge.

And in the midst, with faltering steps, and pale and anxious face,
 In manacles, between two guards, a soldier had his place,
 A youth—led out to die ;—and yet, it was not death, but shame
 That smote his gallant heart with dread, and shook his manly frame.

Still on, before the marshal'd ranks, the train pursued its way
 Up to the designated spot, whereon a coffin lay—
 His coffin ; and with reeling brain, despairing—desolate—
 He took his station by its side, abandoned to his fate.

Then came across his wavering sight strange pictures in the air ;
 He saw his distant mountain home ; he saw his mother there ;
 He saw his father bowed in grief, thro' fast-declining years ;
 He saw a nameless grave ; and then, the vision closed—in tears.

Yet once again. In double file advancing, then, he saw
 Twelve comrades sternly set apart to execute the law—
 But saw no more, his senses swam—deep darkness settled round—
 And, shuddering, he awaited now the fatal volley's sound.

Then suddenly was heard the noise of steed and wheels approach,
 And, rolling through a cloud of dust, appeared a stately coach,
 On, past the guards, and through the field, its rapid course was bent,
 Till, halting, 'mid the lines was seen the nation's President.

He came to save that stricken soul, now waking from despair ;
 And from a thousand voices rose a shout which rent the air ;
 The pardoned soldier understood the tones of jubilee,
 And, bounding from his fetters, blessed the hand that made him free.

'Twas spring—within a verdant vale, where Warwick's crystal tide
 Reflected, o'er its peaceful breast, fair fields on either side—
 Where birds and flowers combined to cheer a sylvan solitude—
 Two threatening armies, face to face, in fierce defiance stood.

Two threatening armies ! One invoked by injured
Liberty—

Which bore above its patriot ranks the Symbol of the
Free ;

And one, a rebel horde, beneath a flaunting flag of
bars,

A fragment, torn by traitorous hands, from Freedom's
Stripes and Stars.

A sudden shock which shook the earth, 'mid vapor
dense and dun,

Proclaimed, along the echoing hills, the conflict had
begun ;

And shot and shell, athwart the stream with fiendish
fury sped,

To strew among the living lines the dying and the
dead.

Then, louder than the roaring storm, pealed forth the
stern command,

" Charge ! soldiers, charge ! " and, at the word, with
shouts, a fearless band,

Two hundred heroes from Vermont, rushed onward,
through the flood,

And upward o'er the rising ground, they marked their
way in blood.

The smitten foe before them fled, in terror, from his
post—

While, unsustained, two hundred stood, to battle with
a host !

Then turning as the rallying ranks, with murd'rous
fire replied,

They bore the fallen o'er the field, and through the
purple tide.

The fallen ! And the first who fell in that unequal
strife,

Was he whom mercy sped to save when justice claimed
his life—

The pardon'd soldier ! And while yet the conflict
ragged around,

While yet his life-blood ebbed away through every
gaping wound—

While yet his voice grew tremulous, and death be-
dimmed his eye—

He called his comrades to attest he had not feared to
die ;

And in his last expiring breath, a prayer to heaven
was sent,

That God, with His unfailing grace, would bless our
President.

FRANCIS DE HAES JANVIER.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

HAMELIN Town's in Brunswick.
By famous Hanover City ;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side .

A pleasanter spot you never spied,
But when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townfolk suffer so
From vermin was a pity.

Rats !

They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking :
" 'Tis clear," cried they, " our Mayor's a noddy ;
And as for our Corporation—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin ! "
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sate in council—

At length the Mayor broke silence :
" For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell ;
I wish I were a mile hence !
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
O for a trap, a trap, a trap ! "
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap ?
" Bless us," cried the Mayor, " what's that ? "
" Come in ! "—the Mayor cried, looking bigger ;
And in did come the strangest figure ;
He advanced to the council-table ;
And, " Please your honor," said he, " I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep or swim or fly or run,
After me so as you never saw !
Yet," said he, " poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarm of gnats ;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats ;
And as for what your brain bewilders—
If I can rid your town of rats,
Will you give me a thousand guilders ? "
" One? fifty thousand ! " was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the piper stept,

Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while ;

Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled ;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered ;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling ;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling ;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers ;

Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished
Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary,
Which was : "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press's gripe—

And a moving away of pickle-tub boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks ;
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, "O rats, rejoice !
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery !
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon !
And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
Already staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, 'Come, bore me !'—
I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple ;
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles !
Poke out the nests and block up the holes !
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats !"—when suddenly, up the face
Of the piper perked in the market place,
With a "First if you please, my thousand guilders !"
A thousand guilders ! the Mayor looked blue ;
So did the Corporation too.

To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow !
"Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink ;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something to drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke ;
But as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty ;
A thousand guilders ! Come, take fifty !"

The piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trilling ! I can't wait ! beside,
I've promised to visit by dinner time
Bagdat, and accept the prime
Of the head cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor—
With him I proved no bargain-driver ;
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver !
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion."

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d' ye think I'll brook
Being worse treated than a cook ?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald ?
You threaten us, fellow ? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst !"

Once more he stept into the street ;
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth, straight cane ;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet,
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling ;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering ;
And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is
scattering,

Out came the children running :
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat

As the piper turned from the High street
 To where the Weser rolled its waters
 Right in the way of their sons and daughters !*
 However, he turned from south to west,
 And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
 And after him the children pressed ;
 Great was the joy in every breast.
 " He never can cross that mighty top !
 He's forced to let the piping drop,
 And we shall see our children stop !"
 When lo, as they reached the mountain's side,
 A wondrous portal opened wide,
 As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed ;
 And the piper advanced and the children followed ;
 And when all were in, to the very last,
 The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
 Did I say ali? No ! One was lame,
 And could not dance the whole of the way ;
 And in after years, if you would blame
 His sadness, he was used to say,
 " It's dull in our town since my playmates left,
 I can't forget that I'm bereft
 Of all the pleasant sights they see,
 Which the piper also promised me ;
 For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
 Joining the town and just at hand,
 Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
 And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
 And everything was strange and new ;
 The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
 And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
 And honey-bees had lost their stings,
 And horses were born with eagles' wings ,
 And just as I became assured
 My lame foot would be speedily cured,
 The music stopped and I stood still,
 And found myself outside the Hill,
 Left alone against my will,
 To go now limping as before,
 And never hear of that country more !"

ROBERT BROWNING.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

↑ SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris and he ;
 * I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all
 three ;
 " Good speed ! " cried the watch as the gate-bolts
 undrew,
 " Speed ! " echoed the wall to us galloping through ;
 Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
 And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other : we kept the great pace
 Neck and neck, stride by stride, never changing our
 place.

I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
 Then shortened each stirrup and set the pique right,
 Re-buckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit ;
 Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting, but while we drew near
 Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight dawned clear ;
 At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see,
 At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be ;
 And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half
 chime ;
 So Joris broke silence with " Yet there is time."

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
 And against him the cattle stood black every one
 To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
 And I saw my stout galloper, Roland, at last,
 With resolute shoulders each butting away
 The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent
 back
 For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track ;
 And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance
 O'er its white edge at me, its own master, askance !
 And the thick heavy spume-flakes, which aye and
 anon

His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned, and cried Joris, " Stay
 spur !

Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
 We'll remember at Aix ; "—for one heard the quick
 wheeze

Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering
 knees,

And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
 As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
 Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky ;
 The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
 'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like
 chaff,

Till over by Dalhelm a dome-spire sprang white,
 And " Gallop," gasped Joris, " for Aix is 'n sight !"

" How they'll greet us ! "—and all in a moment his
 roan

Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone,
 And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
 Of the news which alone could save Aix from her
 fate,

With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
 And with circles of red for his eye-sockets rim.

Then I cast loose my buff coat, each holster let fall,
 Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
 Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
 Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without
 peer ;

Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise bad
or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.
And all I remember, is friends flocking round,
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the
ground,
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measures of
wine,
Which, (the burgesses voted by common consent,)
Was no more than his due who brought good news
from Ghent.

ROBERT BROWNING.

CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT.

SLOWLY England's sun was setting o'er the hill-
tops far away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of
one sad day,
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and
maiden fair—
He with footsteps slow and weary, she with sunny
floating hair;
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful, she with lips
all cold and white,
Struggling to keep back the murmur—
"Curfew must not ring to-night."
"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the
prison old,
With its turrets tall and gloomy, with its walls dark,
damp and cold,
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to
die,
At the ringing of the Curfew, and no earthly help is
nigh—
Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her lips grew
strangely white
As she breathed the husky whisper—
"Curfew must not ring to-night."
"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton—every word pierced
her young heart
Like the piercing of an arrow, like a deadly poisoned
dart—
"Long, long years I've rung the Curfew from that
gloomy, shadowed tower,
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight
hour;
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,
Now I'm old I will not falter—
Curfew, it must ring to-night."
Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white
her thoughtful brow,
As within her secret bosom Bessie made a solemn vow.
She had listened while the judges read without a tear or
sigh:

"At the ringing of the Curfew, Basil Underwood must
die."

And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes
grew large and bright;
In an undertone she murmured:—

"Curfew must not ring to-night."

With quick step she bounded forward, sprung within
the old church door,
Left the old man threading slowly paths so oft he'd
trod before;

Not one moment paused the maiden, but with eye and
cheek aglow

Mounted up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung
to and fro,

As she climbed the dusty ladder on which fell no ray
of light,

Up and up—her white lips saying:—

"Curfew must not ring to-night."

She has reached the topmost ladder: o'er her hangs
the great, dark bell;

Away is the gloom beneath her, like the pathway down
to hell.

Lo, the ponderous tongue is swinging—'tis the hour of
Curfew now,

And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her
breath, and paled her brow.

Shall she let it ring? No, never! flash her eyes with
sudden light,

As she springs, and grasps it firmly—

"Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

Out she swung—far out, the city seemed a speck of
light below,

There 'twixt heaven and earth suspended as the bell
swung to and fro,

And the sexton at the bell-rope, old and deaf, heard
not the bell,

Sadly thought, "That twilight Curfew rang young
Basil's funeral knell."

Still the maiden clung more firmly, and with trembling
lips so white,

Said to hush her heart's wild throbbing:—

"Curfew shall not ring to-night."

It was o'er, the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden
stepped once more

Firmly on the dark old ladder where for hundred years
before

Human foot had not been planted. The brave deed
that she had done

Should be told long ages after, as the rays of setting
sun

Crimson all the sky with beauty; aged sires, with
heads of white,

Tell the eager, listening children.

"Curfew did not ring that night."

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell ; Bessie sees him,
and her brow,
Lately white with fear and anguish, has no anxious
traces now.
At his feet she tells her story, shows her hands all
bruised and torn ;
And her face so sweet and pleading, yet with sorrow
pale and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eyes with
misty light :
"Go ! your lover lives," said Cromwell,
"Curfew shall not ring to-night."

Wide they flung the massive portal ; led the prisoner
forth to die—
All his bright young life before him. 'Neath the dark-
ening English sky
Bessie comes with flying footsteps, eyes aglow with
love-light sweet :
Kneeling on the turf beside him, lays his pardon at his
feet,
In his brave, strong arms he clasped her, kissed the
face upturned and white,
Whispered, "Darling, you have saved me—
Curfew will not ring to-night !"

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

THE MISER WHO LOST HIS TREASURE.

IT'S use that constitutes possession wholly ;
I ask those people who've a passion
For heaping gold on gold, and saving solely,
How they excel the poorest man in any fashion?
Diogenes is quite as rich as they,
True misers live like beggars, people say ;
The man with hidden treasure Æsop drew
Is an example of the thing I mean.
In the next life he might be happy, true ;
But very little joy in this he knew ;
By gold the miser was so little blessed.
Not its possessor, but by it possessed ;
He buried it a fathom underground ;
His heart was with it ; his delight
To ruminate upon it day and night ;
A victim to the altar ever bound.
He seemed so poor, yet not one hour forgot
The golden grave, the concentrated spot ;
Whether he goes or comes, or eats or drinks,
Of gold, and gold alone, the miser thinks.
At last a ditcher marks his frequent walks,
And muttering talks,
Scents out the place, and clears the whole,
Unseen by any spies.
On one fine day the miser came, his soul
Glowing with joy ; he found the empty nest ;
Burst into tears, and sobs, and cries,
He frets, and tears his thin gray hair ;
He's lost what he had loved the best.
A startled peasant passing there

Inquires the reason of his sighs.
"My gold ! my gold ! they've stolen all."
"Your treasure ? what was it, and where ?"
"Why, buried underneath this stone."
(A moan !)
"Why, man, is this a time of war ?
Why should you bring your gold so far ?
Had you not better much have let
The wealth lie in a cabinet,
Where you could find it any hour
In your own power ?"
"What ! every hour ? a wise man knows
Gold comes, but slowly, quickly goes ;
I never touched it." "Gracious me !"
Replied the other, "why, then, be
So wretched ? for if you say true,
You never touched it, plain the case ;
Put back that stone upon the place,
'Twill be the very same to you."

THE DEATH OF NAPOLEON.

The fifth of May came amid wind and rain. Napoleon's passing
spirit was deliciously engaged in a strife more terrible than the
elements around. The words "*tête d'armée*," (head of the army,) the last which escaped from his lips, intimated that his thoughts
were watching the current of a heavy fight. About eleven minutes
before six in the evening, Napoleon expired.



ILD was the night, yet a wilder night
Hung round the soldier's pillow ;
In his bosom there waged a fiercer fight
Than the fight on the wrathful billow.

A few fond mourners were kneeling by,
The few that his stern heart cherished ;
They knew, by his glazed and unearthly eye,
That life had nearly perished.

They knew by his awful and kingly look,
By the order hastily spoken,
That he dreamed of days when the nations shook,
And the nations' hosts were broken.

He dreamed that the Frenchman's sword still slew,
And triumphed the Frenchman's "eagle ;"
And the struggling Austrian fled anew,
Like the hare before the beagle.

The bearded Russian he scourged again,
The Prussian's camp was routed,
And again, on the hills of haughty Spain,
His mighty armies shouted.

Over Egypt's sands, over Alpine snows,
At the pyramids, at the mountain,
Where the wave of the lordly Danube flows,
And by the Italian fountain,

On the snowy cliffs, where mountain-streams
Dash by the Switzer's dwelling,
He led again, in his dying dreams,
His hosts, the broad earth quelling.

Again Marengo's field was won,
And Jena's bloody battle;
Again the world was overrun,
Made pale at his cannoons' rattle.

He died at the close of that darksome day,
A day that shall live in story;
In the rocky land they placed his clay,
"And 'eft him alone with his glory."

ISAAC McLELLAN.

FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY.

BEN BATTLE was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms;
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms!

Now as they bore him off the field,
Said he, "Let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg,
And the Forty-second Foot!"

The army-surgeons made him limbs:
Said he—"They're only pegs;
But there's as wooden members quite
As represent my legs!"

Now Ben he loved a pretty maid,
Her name was Nelly Gray!
So he went to pay her his devours
When he'd devoured his pay.

But when he called on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff;
And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off!

"O Nelly Gray! O Nelly Gray!
Is this your love so warm?
The love that loves a scarlet coat,
Should be more uniform!"

Said she, "I loved a soldier once,
For he was blithe and brave;
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave!"

"Before you had those timber toes,
Your love I did allow,
But then you know, you stand upon
Another footing now!"

"O Nelly Gray! O Nelly Gray!
For all your cheering speeches,
At duty's call I left my legs
In Badajos's *breaches*!"

"Why, then," said she, "you've lost the feet
Of legs in war's alarms,
And now you cannot wear your shoes
Upon your feats of arms!"

"O, false and fickle Nelly Gray;
I know why you refuse:—
Though I've no feet—some other man
Is standing in my shoes!"

"I wish I n'er had seen your face;
But, now, a long farewell!
For you will be my death:—alas!
You will not be my *Nell*!"

Now when he went from Nelly Gray,
His heart so heavy got—
And life was such a burthen grown,
It made him take a knot!

So round his melancholy neck
A rope he did entwine,
And, for his second time in life,
Enlisted in the Line!


One end he tied around a beam,
And then removed his pegs,
And, as his legs were off—of course,
He soon was off his legs!

And there he hung till he was dead
As any nail in town—
For though distress had cut him up,
It could not cut him down!

A dozen men sat on his corpse,
To find out why he died—
And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,
With a *stake* in his inside!

THOMAS HOOD.

THE MISER'S WILL.

 HIS tale is true, for so the records show;
'Twas in Germany, not many years ago:
Young Erfurth loved. But ere the wedding
day

His dearest friend stole with his bride away,
The woman false that he had deemed so true,
The friend he trusted but an ingrate, too;
What wonder that, his love to hatred grown,
His heart should seem to all mankind a stone?
All kindred ties he broke, himself he banned,
And sought a solitude in stranger land.

Grief finds relief in something found to do,
The mind must find some object to pursue;
And so, ere long, his being was controlled
By sole, debasing, longing greed for gold.
How soon his little multiplied to much!
His hand seemed gifted with a Midas touch;
Yet still he kept himself unto himself,
None seeing but for increase of his pelf.

Death came at last; discovering ere he died,
His heart had yet one spot unpetrified;
For, on his bed, his hand upon it still,
There, open, lay the poor old miser's will.

The will was read; there to his brothers three
He left to each a thousand marks; and he,
The friend who caused him all his grief and shame,
Was, with his free forgiveness, left the same;
But none of these, to whom such wealth he gave
Should follow his remains unto the grave
On pain of forfeit. 'Neath his pillow pressed
Was found a letter, sealed; and thus addressed:
"To my dear native city of Berlin."


The brothers heard, and thought it was no sin
To stay away; besides, his absence long
Had quenched the love not ever over-strong.
What did the faithless friend? He knelt in tears,
Looked back in anguish o'er the vanished years,
Saw once again their happy boyhood's time,
Their manhood's friendship, his repented crime.
"Oh, my wronged Erfurth, now in death so cold,
I've your forgiveness, care I for your gold?"
And, at the funeral, striving to atone,
The single mourner there, he walked alone.

The letter, opened at the Mayor's will,
Was found to hold the miser's codicil,
Wherein he gave his hoarded gold and lands
To him that disobeyed the will's commands.
Should such there be—whose heart knew love or
pity—
Or, failing, all went to his native city.

And so the friend who stole his bride away;
Who turned to night his joyous morn of day,
Humbly repentant, when his victim died,
Received his pardon and his wealth beside.


GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

THE TALE OF A TRAMP.

ET me sit down a moment;
A stone's got into my shoe.
Don't you commence your cussin'—
I ain't done nothin' to you.
Yes, I'm a tramp—what of it?
Folks say we ain't no good—
Tramps have got to live, I reckon,
Though people don't think we should.
Once I was young and handsome;
Had plenty of cash and clothes—
That was before I got to tipplin',
And gin got in my nose.
Way down in the Lehigh Valley
Me and my people grew;
I was a blacksmith, Captain,
Yes, and a good one, too.

Me and my wife, and Nellie—
Nellie was just sixteen,
And she was the pootiest etretur
The Valley had ever seen.
Beaux! Why she had a dozen,
Had 'em from near and fur;
But they was mostly farmers—
None o' them suited her.
But there was a city chap,
Handsome, young and tall—
Ah! curse him! I wish I had him
To strangle against yonder wall!
He was the man for Nellie—
She didn't know no ill;
Mother, she tried to stop it,
But you know young girls' will.
Well, it's the same old story—
Common enough, you say—
But he was a soft-tongued devil,
And got her to run away.
More than a month, or later,
We heard from the poor young thing—
He had run away and left her
Without any weddin'-ring!
Back to her home we brought her,
Back to her mother's side;
Filled with a ragin' fever,
She fell at my feet and died!
Frantic with shame and sorrow,
Her mother began to sink,
And died in less than a fortnight;
That's when I took to drink.
Come, give me a glass now, Colonel,
And I'll be on my way,
And I'll tramp till I catch that scoundrel,
If it takes till the judgment day.

LITTLE GOLDEN-HAIR.

ITTLE Golden-hair was watching, in the win-
dow broad and high,
For the coming of her father, who had gone
the foe to fight;
He had left her in the morning, and had told her not
to cry,
But to have a kiss all ready when he came to her
at night.

She had wandered, all the day,
In her simple childish way,
And had asked, as time went on,
Where her father could have gone.

She had heard the muskets firing, she had counted
every one,
Till the number grew so many that it was too great
a load;

Then the evening fell upon her, clear of sound of
shot or gun,
And she gazed with wistful waiting down the dusty
Concord road.

Little Golden-hair had listened, not a single week be-
fore,
While the heavy sand was falling on her mother's
coffin-lid;
And she loved her father better for the loss that then
she bore,
And thought of him and yearned for him, whatever
else she did.

So she wondered all the day
What could make her father stay,
And she cried a little too,
As he told her not to do.

And the sun sunk slowly downward and went grand-
ly out of sight,
And she had the kiss all ready on his lips to be be-
stowed;
But the shadows made one shadow, and the twilight
grew to night,
And she looked, and looked, and listened, down
the dusty Concord road.

Then the night grew light and lighter, and the moon
rose full and round,
In the little sad face peering, looking piteously and
mild;
Still upon the walks of gravel there was heard no
welcome sound,
And no father came there, eager for the kisses of
his child.

Long and sadly did she wait,
Listening at the cottage-gate;
Then she felt a quick alarm,
Lest he might have come to harm.

With no bonnet but her tresses, no companion but
her fears,
And no guide except the moonbeams that the path-
way dimly showed,
With a little sob of sorrow, quick she threw away her
tears,
And alone she bravely started down the dusty Con-
cord road.

And for many a mile she struggled, full of weariness
and pain,
Calling loudly for her father, that her voice he might
not miss;
Till at last, among a number of the wounded and the
slain,
Was the white face of the soldier, waiting for his
daughter's kiss.

Softly to his lips she crept,
Not to wake him as he slept;
Then, with her young heart at rest,
Laid her head upon his breast.

And upon the dead face smiling, with the living one
near by,
All the night a golden streamlet of the moonbeams
gently flowed!
One to live a lonely orphan, one beneath the sod to
lie—
They found them in the morning on the dusty Con-
cord road.

WILL M. CARLETON.

THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS SHAY."

HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it—Ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened, without delay—
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits—
Have you ever heard of that, I say?
Seventeen hundred and fifty-five,
Georgius Secundus was then alive—
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
That was the year when Lisbon town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible earthquake-day
That the deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now, in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always, somewhere, a weakest spot—
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace—lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will—
Above or below, or within or without—
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise breaks down, but does'n't wear out.

But the deacon swore—(as deacons do,
With an "I dew vum" or an "I tell yeou,")—
He would build one shay to beat the town
'N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it couldn' break daown :—
"Fur," said the deacon, "'t's mighty plain
That the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain
'N' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
To make that place uz strong uz the rest."
So the deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That could n't be split, nor bent, nor broke—

That was for spokes, and floor, and sills ;
 He sent for lancewood, to make the thills ;
 The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees ;
 The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
 But lasts like iron for things like these ;
 The hubs from logs from the "Settler's ellum,"
 Last of its timber—they couldn't sell 'em—
 Never an ax had seen their chips,
 And the wedges flew from between their lips,
 Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips ;
 Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
 Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
 Steel of the finest, bright and blue ;
 Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide ;
 Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide,
 Found in the pit where the tanner died.
 That was the way he "put her through."
 "There!" said the deacon, "naow she'll dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
 She was a wonder, and nothing less!
 Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
 Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
 Children and grandchildren—where were they?
 But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay,
 As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

Eighteen hundred—it came, and found
 The deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
 Eighteen hundred, increased by ten—
 "Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
 Eighteen hundred and twenty came—
 Running as usual—much the same.
 Thirty and forty at last arrive ;
 And then came fifty—and fifty-five.
 Little of all we value here
 Wakes on the morn of its hundreth year
 Without both feeling and looking queer.
 In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
 So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
 (This is a moral that runs at large :
 Take it.—You're welcome.—No extra charge.)

First of November—the earthquake day.—
 There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
 A general flavor of mild decay—
 But nothing local, as one may say.
 There couldn't be—for the Deacon's art
 Had made it so like in every part
 That there wasn't a chance for one to start.

For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
 And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
 And the panels just as strong as the floor,
 And the whipple-tree neither less nor more,
 And the back crossbar as strong as the fore,
 And spring, and axle, and hub *encore*.
 And yet, as a whole, it is past a doubt
 In another hour it will be worn out!

First of November, 'Fifty-five!
 This morning the parson takes a drive.
 Now, small boys, get out of the way!
 Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
 Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
 "Huddup!" said the parson.—Off went they.

The parson was working his Sunday text—
 Had got to "fifthly," and stopped perplexed
 At what the—Moses—was coming next.
 All at once the horse stood still,
 Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
 —First a shiver, and then a thrill,
 Then something decidedly like a spill—
 And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
 At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock—
 Just the hour of the earthquake shock!

What do you think the parson found,
 When he got up and stared around!
 The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
 As if it had been to the mill and ground!
 You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
 How it went to pieces all at once—
 All at once, and nothing first—
 Just as bubbles do when they burst.—
 End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
 Logic is logic. That's all I say.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE DRUMMER-BOY'S BURIAL.

ALL day long the storm of battle through the
 startled valley swept ;
 All night long the stars in heaven o'er the
 slain sad vigils kept.

O, the ghastly upturned faces gleaming whitely through
 the night!
 O, the heaps of mangled corpses in that dim sepulchral
 light!

One by one the pale stars faded, and at length the
 morning broke,
 But not one of all the sleepers on that field of death
 awoke.

Slowly passed the golden hours of that long bright
 summer day,
 And upon that field of carnage still the dead unburied
 lay.

Lay there stark and cold, but pleading with a dumb,
 unceasing prayer,
 For a little dust to hide them from the staring sun and
 air.

But the foeman held possession of the hard-won battle-
 plain,
 In unholy wrath denying even burial to our slain.

Once again the night dropped round them—night so
holy and so calm
That the moonbeams hushed the spirit, like the sound
of prayer or psalm.

On a couch of trampled grasses, just apart from all the
rest,

Lay a fair young boy, with small hands meekly folded
on his breast.

Death had touched him very gently, and he lay as if
in sleep;

E'en his mother scarce had shuddered at that slumber
calm and deep.

For a smile of wondrous sweetness lent a radiance to
the face,

And the hand of cunning sculptor could have added
naught of grace

To the marble limbs so perfect in their passionless re-
pose,

Robbed of all save matchless purity by hard, un pitying
foes.

And the broken drum beside him all his life's short
story told:

How he did his duty bravely till the death-tide o'er him
rolled.

Midnight came with ebon garments and a diadem of
stars,

While right upward in the zenith hung the fiery planet
Mars.

Hark! a sound of stealthy footsteps and of voices
whispering low,

Was it nothing but the young leaves, or the brooklet's
murmuring flow?

Clinging closely to each other, striving never to look
round,

As they passed with silent shudder the pale corpses on
the ground,

Came two little maidens—sisters—with a light and
hasty tread,

And a look upon their faces, half of sorrow, half of
dread.

And they did not pause nor falter till, with throbbing
hearts, they stood

Where the drummer-boy was lying in that partial soli-
tude.

They had brought some simple garments from their
wardrobe's scanty store,

And two heavy iron shovels in their slender hands they
bore.

Then they quickly knelt beside him, crushing back the
pitying tears,

For they had no time for weeping, nor for any girlish
fears.

And they robbed the icy body, while no glow of maiden
shame

Changed the pallor of their foreheads to a flush of lam-
bent flame.

For their saintly hearts yearned o'er it in that hour of
sorest need,

And they felt that Death was holy, and it sanctified the
deed.

But they smiled and kissed each other when their new
strange task was o'er,

And the form that lay before them its unwonted gar-
ments wore.

Then with slow and weary labor a small grave they
hollowed out,

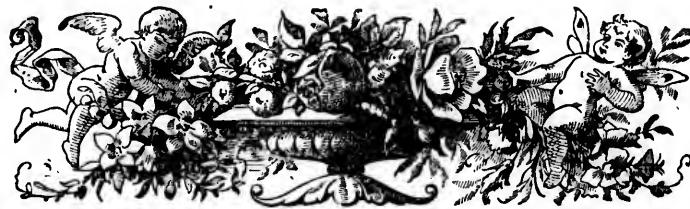
And they lined it with the withered grass and leaves
that lay about.

But the day was slowly breaking ere their holy work
was done,

And in crimson pomp the morning heralded again the
sun.

Gently then those little maidens—they were children of
our foes—

Laid the body of our drummer-boy to undisturbed re-
pose.



LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

THOU'RT ALL THE WORLD TO ME.



HEAVEN hath its crown
of stars, the earth
Her glory-robe of
flowers—
The sea its gems—the
grand old woods
Their songs and
greening showers:
The birds have homes,
where leaves and
blossoms
In beauty wreath above;
High yearning heart, their
rainbow-dream—
And we, sweet! we have
love.

We walk not with the jewell'd great,
Where love's dear name is sold;
Yet have we wealth we would not give
For all their world of gold!
We revel not in corn and wine,
Yet have we from above
Manna divine, and we'll not pine,
While we may live and love.

Cherubim, with clasping wings,
Ever about us be,
And, happiest of God's happy things,
There's love for you and me!
Thy lips, that kiss to death, have turn'd
Life's water into wine;
The sweet life melting through thy looks,
Hath made my life divine.

All love's dear promise hath been kept,
Since thou to me wert given;
A ladder for my soul to climb,
And summer high in heaven.
I know, dear heart! that in our lot
May mingle tears and sorrow:
But, love's rich rainbow's built from tears
To-day, with smiles to-morrow.

The sunshine from our sky may die,
The greenness from life's tree,
But ever, 'mid the warring storm,
Thy nest shall shelter'd be.
The world may never know, dear heart!
What I have found in thee;
But, though naught to the world, dear heart!
Thou'rt all the world to me.

GERALD MASSEY.

THE QUEEN.

YES, wife, I'd be a thronéd king,
That you might share my royal seat,
That titled beauty I might bring,
And princes' homage to your feet.
How quickly, then, would nobles see
Your courtly grace, your regal mien;
Even duchesses all blind should be
To flaw or speck in you, their queen.

Poor wish! O, wife, a queen you are,
To those feet many a subject brings
A truer homage, nobler far
Than bends before the thrones of kings.
You rule a realm, wife, in this heart,
Where not one rebel fancy's seen,
Where hopes and smiles, how joyous! start
To own the sway of you, their queen.

How loyal are my thoughts by day!
How faithful is each dream of night!
Not one but lives but to obey
Your rule—to serve you, it's delight;
My hours—each instant—every breath
Are, wife, as all have ever been,
Your slaves, to serve you unto death;
O wife, you are indeed a queen!

WILLIAM COX BENNETT.

THE VALE OF AVOCA.

HERE is not in this wide world a valley so
sweet
As that vale, in whose bosom the bright
waters meet;
O, the last ray of feeling and life must depart
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart!

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill—
O, no! it was something more exquisite still.


'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were
near,
Who made ev'ry dear scene of enchantment more
dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet Vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best;
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world
should cease,

And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

THOMAS MOORE.

ANNABEL LEE.

 T was many and many a year ago,
 In a kingdom by the sea,
 That a maiden there lived, whom you may know
 By the name of Annabel Lee;
 And this maiden she lived with no other thought
 Than to love, and be loved by me.

I was a child, and she was a child,
 In this kingdom by the sea;
 But we loved with a love that was more than love,
 I and my Annabel Lee—
 With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
 Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
 In this kingdom by the sea,
 A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
 My beautiful Annabel Lee;
 So that her high-born kinsmen came
 And bore her away from me,
 To shut her up in a sepulchre
 In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
 Went envying her and me,
 Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
 In this kingdom by the sea)
 That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
 Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.


But our love it was stronger by far than the love
 Of those who were older than we,
 Of many far wiser than we;
 And neither the angels in heaven above,
 Nor the demons down under the sea,
 Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
 And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
 And so all the night-time, I lie down by the side
 Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride
 In the sepulchre there by the sea,
 In her tomb by the sounding sea.

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Composed by Burns on the anniversary of the day on which he heard of the death of his early love, Mary Campbell.

 HOU lingering star, with lessening ray,
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.
 O Mary! dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?


That sacred hour can I forget—
 Can I forget the hallowed grove,
 Where by the winding Ayr we met
 To live one day of parting love?
 Eternity will not efface
 Those records dear of transports past;
 Thy image at our last embrace;
 Ah! little thought we 't was our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild woods, thickening green;
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
 Twined amorous round the raptured scene;
 The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
 The birds sang love on every spray—
 Till soon, too soon, the glowing west
 Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care!
 Time but the impression stronger makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear.
 My Mary! dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

ROBERT BURNS.

THE SAILOR'S FAREWELL.

 HE topsails shiver in the wind,
 The ship she casts to sea;
 But yet my soul, my heart, my mind,
 Are, Mary, moor'd by thee:
 For though thy sailor's bound afar;
 Still love shall be his leading star.

Should landmen flatter when we're sailed,
 O doubt their artful tales;
 No gallant sailor eved fail'd,
 If Cupid fill'd his sails:
 Thou art the compass of my soul,
 Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

Sirens in ev'ry port we meet,
 More fell than rocks and waves;
 But sailors of the British fleet
 Are lovers, and not slaves:
 No foes our courage shall subdue,
 Although we've left our hearts with you.

These are our cares; but if you're kind,
 We'll scorn the dashing main,
 The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
 The powers of France and Spain.
 Now Britain's glory rests with you,
 Our sails are full—sweet girls, adieu!

EDWARD THOMPSON.

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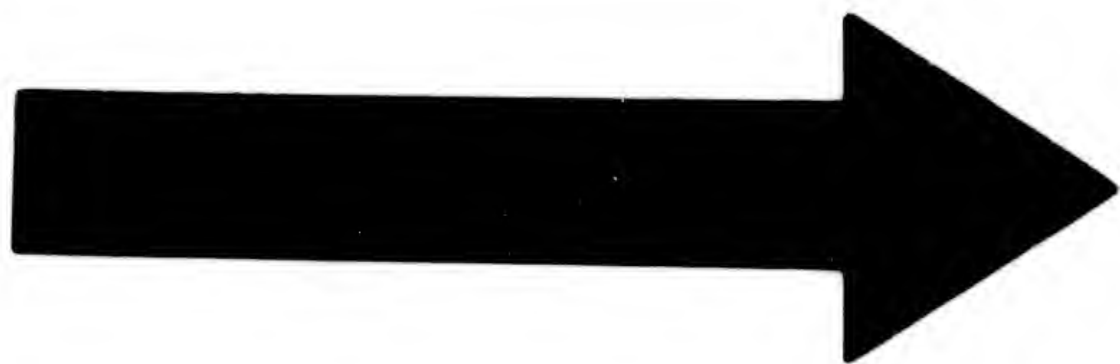
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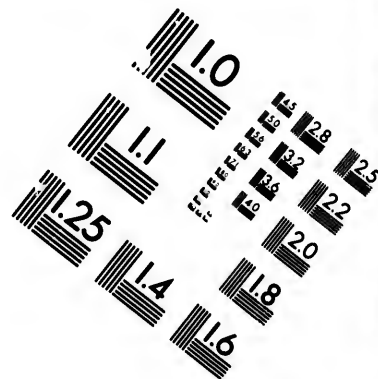
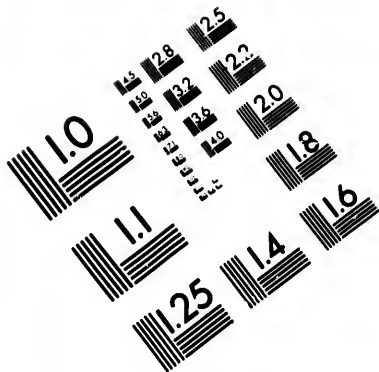
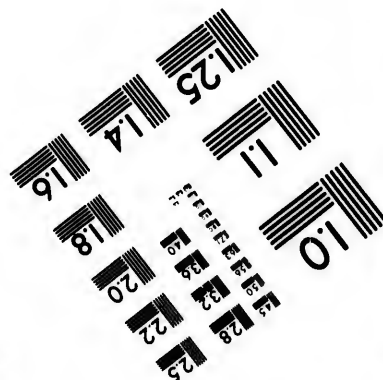
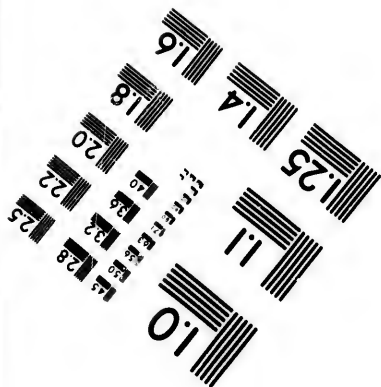
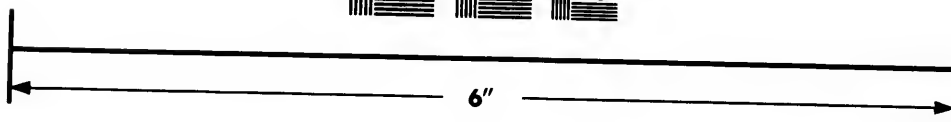
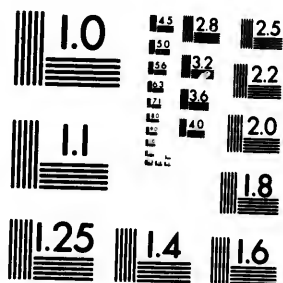


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YES OR NO?



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APOSTROPHE TO LOVE.

HAIL, holy love, thou word that sums all bliss,
 Gives and receives all bliss, fullest when most
 Thou givest! spring-head of all felicity,
 Deepest when most is drawn! emblem of God!
 Mysterious, infinite, exhaustless love!
 On earth mysterious, and mysterious still
 In Heaven! sweet chord that harmonizes all
 The harps of Paradise!
 Hail, love! first love, thou word that sums all bliss!
 The sparkling cream of all time's blessedness;
 The silken down of happiness complete!
 Discerner of the ripest grapes of joy,
 She gathereth, and selecteth with her hand,
 All finest relishes, all fairest sights,
 All rarest odors, all divinest sounds,
 All thoughts, all feelings dearest to the soul;
 And brings the holy mixture home, and fills
 The heart with all superlatives of bliss.

ROBERT POLLOK.

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

LOOSE every sail to the breeze,
 The course of my vessel improve;
 I've done with the toils of the seas,
 Ye sailors, I'm bound to my love.

Since Emma is true as she's fair,
 My griefs I fling all to the wind:
 'Tis a pleasing return for my care,
 My mistress is constant and kind.

My sails are all fill'd to my dear;
 What tropic bird swifter can move?
 Who, cruel shall hold his career
 That returns to the nest of his love?

Hoist every sail to the breeze,
 Come, shipmates, and join in the song;
 Let's drink, while the ship cuts the seas,
 To the gale that may drive her along.

EDWARD THOMPSON.

YES OR NO.

"YES," I answered you last night;
 "No," this morning, sir, I say.
 Colors seen by candle-light
 Will not look the same by day.

When the viols played their best,
 Lamps above, and laughs below,
 "Love me" sounded like a jest,
 Fit for "yes" or fit for "no."

Call me false or call me free,
 Vow, whatever light may shine,
 No man on your face shall see
 Any grief for change on mine.

Yet the sin is on us both;
 Time to dance is not to woo;
 Wooing light makes fickle troth,
 Scorn of me recoils on you.

Learn to win a lady's faith
 Nobly, as the thing is high,
 Bravely, as for life and death,
 With a loyal gravity.

Lead her from the festive boards,
 Point her to the starry skies,
 Guard her, by your truthful words,
 Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true,
 Ever true, as wives of yore;
 And her "yes," once said to you,
 Shall be yes forevermore.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE HEART'S DEVOTION.

CELL him, for years I never nursed a thought
 That was not his;—that on his wandering way
 Daily and nightly, poured a mourner's prayers.
 Tell him ev'n now that I would rather share
 His lowliest lot—walk by his side, an outcast—
 Work for him, beg with him—live upon the light
 Of one kind smile from him, than wear the crown
 The Bourbon lost.

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

NOT OURS THE VOWS.

NOT ours the vows of such as plight
 Their troth in sunny weather,
 While leaves are green, and skies are bright,
 To walk on flowers together.

But we have loved as those who tread
 The thorny path of sorrow,
 With clouds above, and cause to dread
 Yet deeper gloom to-morrow.

That thorny path, those stormy skies,
 Have drawn our spirits nearer;
 And rendered us, by sorrow's ties,
 Each to the other dearer.

Love, born in hours of joy and mirth,
 With mirth and joy may perish;
 That to which darker hours gave birth
 Still more and more we cherish.

It looks beyond the clouds of time,
 And through death's shadow portal;
 Made by adversity sublime,
 By faith and hope immortal.

BERNARD BARTON.

HAD I A HEART FOR FALSEHOOD FRAMED.

HAD I a heart for falsehood framed,
 I ne'er could injure you ;
 For though your tongue no promise claimed,
 Your charms would make me true :
 To you no soul shall bear deceit,
 No stranger offer wrong ;
 But friends in all the aged you'll meet,
 And lovers in the young.

For when they learn that you have blest
 Another with your heart,
 They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
 And act a brother's part.
 Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
 Nor fear to suffer wrong ;
 For friends in all the aged you'll meet,
 And brothers in the young.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

THE MINSTREL'S SONG IN ELLA.

SING unto my roundelay !
 O, drop the briny tear with me !
 Dance no more at holiday,
 Like a running river be.
 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed,
 All under the willow-tree.

Black his hair as the winter night,
 White his neck as the summer snow,
 Ruddy his face as the morning light ;
 Cold he lies in the grave below.
 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed,
 All under the willow-tree.

Sweet his tongue as throstle's note,
 Quick in dance as thought was he ;
 Deft his tabor, cudgel stout ;
 O, he lies by the willow-tree !
 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed,
 All under the willow-tree.

Hark ! the raven flaps his wing
 In the briered dell below ;
 Hark ! the death-owl loud doth sing
 To the nightmares as they go.
 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed,
 All under the willow-tree.

See ! the white moon shines on high ;
 Whiter is my true-love's shroud,
 Whiter than the morning sky,
 Whiter than the evening cloud.

My love is dead,
 Gone to his death bed,
 All under the willow-tree.

Here, upon my true-love's grave,
 Shall the garish flowers be laid,
 Nor one holy saint to save
 All the sorrows of a maid.
 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed,
 All under the willow-tree.

Come with acorn cup and thorn,
 Drain my heart's blood all away ;
 Life and all its good I scorn,
 Dance by night, or feast by day.
 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed,
 All under the willow-tree.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

THE HARE-BELL.

BY sylvan waves that westward flow
 A hare-bell bent its beauty low,
 With slender waist and modest brow,
 Amidst the shades descending.
 A star look'd from the paler sky—
 The hare-bell gazed, and with a sigh
 Forgot that love may look too high,
 And sorrow without ending.

By casement hid, the flowers among,
 A maiden lean'd and listen'd long ;
 It was the hour of love and song,
 And early night-birds calling :
 A barque across the river drew—
 The rose was glowing through and through
 The maiden's cheek of trembling hue,
 Amidst the twilight falling.

She saw no star, she saw no flower—
 Her heart expanded to the hour ;
 She reck'd not of her lowly dower
 Amidst the shades descending.
 With love thus fix'd upon a height,
 That seem'd so beauteous to the sight,
 How could she think of wrong and blight,
 And sorrow without ending.

The hare-bell droop'd beneath the dew,
 And closed its eye of tender blue ;
 No sun could e'er its life renew,
 Nor star, in music calling.
 The autumn leaves were early shed ;
 But earlier on her cottage bed
 The maiden's loving heart lay dead,
 Amidst the twilight falling !

CHARLES SWAIN.

FORSAKEN.

NEVER any more,
While I live,
Need I hope to see his face
As before.
Once his love grown chill,
Mine may strive—
Bitterly we reëmbbrace,
Single still.

Was it something said,
Something done,
Vexed him? was it touch of hand,
Turn of head?
Strange! that very way
Love begun.
I as little understand
Love's decay.

When I sewed or drew,
I recall
How he looked as if I sang
—Sweetly too.
If I spoke a word,
First of all
Up his cheek the color sprang,
Then he heard.

Sitting by my side,
At my feet,
So he breathed the air I breathed,
Satisfied I
I, too, at love's brim
Touched the sweet.
I would die if death bequeathed
Sweet to him.

"Speak—I love thee best!"
He exclaimed—
"Let thy love my own foretell."
I confessed:
"Clasp my heart on thine
Now unblamed,
Since upon thy soul as well
Hangeth mine!"

Was it wrong to own,
Being truth?
Why should all the giving prove
His alone?
I had wealth and ease,
Beauty, youth—
Since my lover gave me love,
I gave these.

That was all I meant,
—To be just,
And the passion I had raised
To content.
Since he chose to change
Gold for dust,

If I gave him what he praised,
Was it strange?

Would he lov'd me yet,
On and on,
While I found some way undreamed
—Paid my debt!
Gave more life and more,
Till, all gone,
He should smile—"She never seemed
Mine before.

"What—she felt the while,
Must I think?
Love's so different with us men,"
He should smile.
"Dying for my sake—
White and pink!
Can't we touch these bubbles then,
But they break?"

Dear, the pang is brief.
Do thy part,
Have thy pleasure. How perplex
Grows belief!
Well, this cold clay clod
Was man's heart.
Crumble it—and what comes next?
Is it God?

ROBERT BROWNING.

ABSENT STILL.

DAY, in melting purple dying;
Blossoms, all around me sighing;
Fragrance, from the lilies straying;
Zephyr, with my ringlets playing;
Ye but waken my distress;
I am sick of loneliness!

Thou, to whom I love to hearken,
Come, ere night around me darken;
Though thy softness but deceive me,
Say thou'rt true, and I'll believe thee;
Veil, if ill, thy soul's intent,
Let me think it innocent!

Save thy toiling, spare thy treasure;
All I ask is friendship's pleasure;
Let the shining ore lie darkling—
Bring no gem in lustre sparkling;
Gifts and gold are naught to me,
I would only look on thee!

Absent still! Ah! come and bless me.
Let these eyes again caress thee.
Once in caution, I could fly thee;
Now, I nothing could deny thee.
In a look if death there be,
Come, and I will gaze on thee!

MARIA GOWEN BROOKS.

THE SMACK IN SCHOOL

Q DISTRICT school, not far away
 'Mid Berkshire hills, one winter's day,
 Was humming with its wonted noise
 Of three-score mingled girls and boys,
 Some few upon their tasks intent,
 But more on furtive mischief bent.
 The while the master's downward look
 Was fastened on a copy-book ;
 When suddenly, behind his back,
 Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack !
 As 'twere a battery of bliss
 Let off in one tremendous kiss !
 "What's that?" the startled master cries ;
 "That, thir," a little imp replies,
 "Wath William Willith, if you pleathe—
 I thaw him kith Thuthanna Peathe !"
 With frown to make a statue thrill,
 The master thundered, "Hither, Will !"
 Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,
 With stolen chattels on his back,
 Will hung his head in fear and shame,
 And to the awful presence came—
 A great, green, bashful simpleton,
 The butt of all good-natured fun.
 With smile suppressed, and birch upraised,
 The threatener faltered—"I'm amazed
 That you, my biggest pupil, should
 Be guilty of an act so rude !
 Before the whole set school to boot—
 What evil genius put you to't?"
 "'Twas she herself, sir," sobbed the lad,
 "I did not mean to be so bad ;
 But when Susannah shook her curls,
 And whispered I was 'fraid of girls,
 And dursn't kiss a baby's doll,
 I couldn't stand it, sir, at all,
 But up and kissed her on the spot !
 I know—boo-hoo—I ought to not,
 But, somehow, from her looks—boo-hoo—
 I thought she kind o' wished me to !"

W. P. PALMER.

FLY TO THE DESERT, FLY WITH ME.

FLY to the desert, fly with me,
 Our Arab tents are rude for thee ;
 But oh ! the choice what heart can doubt
 Of tents with love or thrones without ?

Our rocks are rough, but smiling there
 The acacia waves her yellow hair,
 Lonely and sweet, nor loved the less
 For flowering in a wilderness.

Our sands are bare, but down their slope
 The silvery-footed antelope
 As gracefully and gayly springs
 As o'er the marble courts of kings.

Then come—thy Arab maid will be
 The loved and lone acacia-tree,
 The antelope, whose feet shall bless
 With their light sound thy loneliness.

Oh ! there are looks and tones that dart
 An instant sunshine through the heart,
 As if the soul that minute caught
 Some treasure it though life had sought ;

As if the very lips and eyes
 Predestined to have all our sighs,
 And never be forgot again,
 Sparkled and spoke before as then.

So came thy very glance and tone,
 When first on me they breathed and shone ;
 New, as if brought from other spheres,
 Yet welcome as if loved for years.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE QUIVER.

FESTUS. Lady ! I will not forget my trust.
 (*Apart*) The breeze which curls the lakes's
 bright lip but lifts

A purer, deeper, water to the light :
 The ruffling of the wild bird's wing but wakes
 A warmer beauty and a downier depth.
 That startled shrink, that faintest blossom-blush
 Of constancy alarmed !—Love ! if thou hast
 One weapon in shining armory,
 The quiver on thy shoulder, where thou keep'st
 Each arrowy eye-beam feathered with a sigh ;—
 If from that bow, shaped so like Beauty's lip,
 Strung with its string of pearls, thou wilt twang forth
 But one dart, fair into the mark I mean—
 Do it, and I will worship thee for ever :
 Yea, I will give thee glory and a name
 Known, sunlike in all nations. Heart be still !

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

OTHELLO'S DEFENCE.

MOST potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
 My very noble and approved good masters,
 That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
 ter,

It is most true ; true, I have married her ;
 The very head and front of my offending
 Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
 And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace.
 For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
 Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
 Their dearest action in the tented field :
 And little of this great world can I speak,
 More than pertains to feats of broil and battle ;
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause
 In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
 I will a round unvarnished tale deliver

Of my whole course of love ; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceeding I am charged withal,) I won his daughter with.

Her father loved me, oft invited me ;
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From year to year ; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have passed.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it ;
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood and field ;
Of hairbreadth 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach ;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history :
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch
heaven,

It was my hint to speak, such was the process :
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to
hear

Would Desdemona seriously incline :
But still the house affairs would draw her thence ;
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse : which, I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intently : I did consent ;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :
Sheswore—in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange,
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful :—
She wished she had not heard it ; yet she wished
That heaven had made her such a man ; she thank'd
me ;

And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake :
She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used :
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

FRIENDSHIP.

ENVIOUS grave!—how dost thou rend in sunder
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one!
A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.
Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul ;

Sweetener of life, and solder of society,
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserved from me
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I proved the labors of thy love,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart,
Anxious to please.—Oh ! when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
In grateful errors through the underwood,
Sweet murmuring : methought the shrill-tongued thrush
Mended his song of love ; the sooty blackbird
Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note :
The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
Assumed a dye more deep ; whilst every flower
Vied with its fellow plant in luxury
Of dress—Oh ! then, the longest summer's day
Seem'd too, too much in haste ; still the full heart
Had not imparted half : 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance !

ROBERT BLAIR.

EUPHROSUNE.

MUST not say that thou wert true,
Yet let me say that thou wert fair.
And they that lovely face who view,
They will not ask if truth be there.

Truth—what is truth ! Two bleeding hearts
Wounded by men, by fortune tried,
Outwearied with their lonely parts,
Vow to beat henceforth side by side.

The world to them was stern and drear :
Their lot was but to weep and moan.
Ah, let them keep their faith sincere,
For neither could subsist alone !

But souls whom some benignant breath
Has charm'd at birth from bloom and care,
These ask no love—these plight no faith,
For they are happy as they are.


The world to them may homage make,
And garlands for their forehead weave,
And what the world can give, they take—
But they bring more than they receive.

They smile upon the world ; their ears
To one demand alone are coy.
They will not give us love and tears—
They bring us light, and warmth, and joy.

On one she smiled and he was blest !
She smiles elsewhere—we make a din !
But 'twas not love that heaved his breast,
Fair child ! it was the bliss within.


MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THEY SIN WHO TELL US LOVE CAN DIE.


 HEY sin who tell us love can die
 With life all other passions fly—
 All others are but vanity.
 In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
 Nor avarice in the vaults of hell :
 Earthly, these passions of the earth,
 They perish where they had their birth ;
 But love is indestructible.
 Its holy flame for ever burneth ;
 From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.
 Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
 At times deceived, at times oppressed,
 It here is tried and purified,
 Then hath in heaven its perfect rest.
 It soweth here with toil and care,
 But the harvest-time of love is there.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

TO HIS WIFE.


 H ! hadst thou never shared my fate,
 More dark that fate would prove,
 My heart were truly desolate
 Without thy soothing love.

But thou hast suffer'd for my sake,
 Whilst this relief I found,
 Like fearless lips that strive to take
 The poison from a wound.

My fond affection thou hast seen,
 Then judge of my regret,
 To think more happy thou hadst been
 If we had never met.

And has that thought been shared by thee ?
 Ah, no ! that smiling cheek
 Proves more unchanging love for me
 Than labor'd words could speak.

But there are true hearts which the sight
 Of sorrow summons forth ;
 Though known in days of past delight,
 We know not half their worth.


How unlike some who have profess'd
 So much in friendship's name,
 Yet calmly pause to think how best
 They may evade her claim.

But ah ! from them to thee I turn,
 They'd make me loathe mankind,
 Far better lessons I may learn
 From thy more holy mind.

The love that gives a charm to home,
 I feel they cannot take ;
 We'll pray for happier years to come,
 For one-another's sake.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.


 'M sitting on the stile, Mary,
 Where we sat side by side
 On a bright May morning, long ago,
 When first you were my bride ;
 The corn was springing fresh and green,
 And the lark sang loud and high ;
 And the red was on your lip, Mary,
 And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
 The day as bright as then ;
 The lark's loud song is in my ear,
 And the corn is green again ;
 But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
 And your breath warm on my cheek ;
 And I still keep listening for the words
 You never more will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
 And the little church stands near—
 The church where we were wed, Mary ;
 I see the spire from here.
 But the graveyard lies between them, Mary,
 And my step might break your rest—
 For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
 With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
 For the poor make no new friends :
 But, oh ! they love the better still
 The few our Father sends !
 And you were all I had, Mary—
 My blessing and my pride ;
 There's nothing left to care for now,
 Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
 That still kept hoping on,
 When the trust in God had left my soul,
 And my arm's young strength was gone ;
 There was comfort ever on your lip,
 And the kind look on your brow—
 I bless you, Mary, for that same,
 Tho' you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile
 When your heart was fit to break—
 When the hunger pain was gnawing there,
 And you did it for my sake ;
 I bless you for the pleasant word,
 When your heart was sad and sore—
 Oh ! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
 Where grief can't reach you more !

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
 My Mary—kind and true !
 But I'll not forget you darling,
 In the land I'm going to ;

They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there—
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair.

And often in those grand old woods
I'll sit and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies ;
And I'll think I see the little stile
Where we sat side by side,
And the springing corn, and the bright May morn
When first you were my bride.

HELEN SELINA SHERIDAN.

THE FICKLENESS OF PHYLLIS.

PE shepherds, give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep ;
They have nothing to do but to stray ;
I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove ;
She was fair—and my passion begun ;
She smiled—and I could not but love ;
She is faithless—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought :
Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
That a nymph so complete would be sought,
By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah ! love every hope can inspire ;
It banishes wisdom the while ;
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone ;
Ye that witness the woes I endure,
Let reason instruct you to shun
What it cannot instruct you to cure.
Beware how you loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of a higher degree :
It is not for me to explain
How fair, and how fickle they be.

Alas ! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes ?
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repose.
Yet time may diminish the pain :
The flower, and the shrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
The sound of a murmuring stream,
The peace which from solitude flows,
Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.
High transports are shown to the sight,
But we are not to find them our own ;
Fate never bestow'd such delight,
As I with my Phyllis had known.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace ;
To your deepest recesses I fly ;
I would hide with the beasts of the chase ;
I would vanish from every eye.
Yet my reed shall resound through the grove
With the same sad complaint it begun ;
How she smiled—and I could not but love ;
Was faithless—and I am undone !

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

THE days are gone, when beauty bright
My heart's chain wove ;
When my dream of life, from morn till
night,
Was love, still love.

New hope may bloom,
And days may come,
Of milder, calmer beam ;
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.

THOMAS MOORE.

MAID OF ATHENS.

MAID of Athens, ere we part,
Give, O, give me back my heart !
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest !
Hear my vow before I go.

By those tresses unconfined,
Woo'd by each Aegean wind ;
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge ;
By those wild eyes like the roe ;

By that lip I long to taste ;
By that zone-encircled waist ;
By all the token-flowers that tell
What words can never speak so well ;
By love's alternate joy and woe.

Maid of Athens ! I am gone,
Think of me, sweet, when alone.
Though I fly to Istambol,
Athens holds my heart and soul.
Can I cease to love thee ? No !

LORD BYRON.

FIRST LOVE'S RECOLLECTIONS.

FIRST-LOVE will with the heart remain
When its hopes are all gone by ;
As frail rose blossoms still retain
Their fragrance when they die :
And joy's first dreams will haunt the mind
With the shades 'mid which they sprang,
As summer leaves the stems behind
On which spring's blossoms hung.

JOHN CLARE.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

THE birds, when winter shades the sky,
Fly o'er the seas away,
Where laughing isles in sunshine lie,
And summer breezes play ;

And thus the friends that flutter near
While fortune's sun is warm
Are startled if a cloud appear,
And fly before the storm.

But when from winter's howling plains
Each other warbler's part,
The little snow bird still remains,
And chirrups midst the blast.

Love, like that bird, when friendship's throng
With fortune's sun depart,
Still lingers with its cheerful song,
And nestles on the heart.

WILLIAM LEGGETT.

THE HEAVENLY FLAME.

LOVE is the root of creation ; God's essence.
Worlds without number
Lie in his bosom like children : He made them
for His purpose only—

Only to love and to be loved again. He breathed forth
His spirit

Into the slumbering dust, and upright standing, it
laid its

Hand on its heart, and felt it was warm with a flame
out of heaven ;

Quench, O quench not that flame ! it is the breath of
your being.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

BILL MASON'S BRIDE.

HALF an hour till train time, sir,
An' a fearful dark time, too ;
Take a look at the switch lights, Tom,
Fetch in a stick when you're through.

"On time?" well, yes, I guess so—
Left the last station all right—
She'll come round the curve a flyin' ;
Bill Mason comes up to-night.

You know Bill? No! He's engineer,
Been on the road all his life—
I'll never forget the mornin'

He married his chuck of a wife.
'Twas the summer the mill hands struck—
Just off work, every one ;
They kicked up a row in the village
And killed old Donevan's son.

Bill hadn't been married mor'n an hour,
Up comes a message from Kress,

Orderin' Bill to go up there,
And bring down the night express.
He left his gal in a hurry,
And went up on Number One,
Thinking of nothing but Mary,
And the train he had to run.

And Mary sat down by the window
To wait for the night express ;
And, sir, if she hadn't a' done so,
She'd been a widow, I guess.
For it must a' been nigh midnight
When the mill hands left the Rldge—
They come down—the drunken devils !
Tore up a rail from the bridge.
But Mary heard 'em a workin'
And guessed there was somethin' wrong—
And in less than fifteen minutes,
Bill's train it would be along.

She couldn't come here to tell us.
A mile—it wouldn't a' done—
So she just grabbed up a lantern,
And made for the bridge alone.
Then down came the night express, sir,
And Bill was makin' her climb !
But Mary held the lantern,
A-swingin' it all the time.

Well ! by Jove ! Bill saw the signal,
And he stopped the night express,
And he found his Mary cryin',
On the track, in her wedding dress ;
Cryin' an' laughin' for joy, sir,
An' holdin' on to the light—
Hello ! here's the train—good-bye, sir,
Bill Mason's on time to-night.

F. BRET HARTE.

BEDOUIN SONG.

FROM the desert I come to thee
On a stallion shod with fire ;
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry :
I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold !


Look from thy window and see
My passion and my pain ;
I lie on the sands below,
And I faint in thy disdain.
Let the night-winds touch thy brow
With the heat of my burning sigh,
And melt thee to hear the vow

Of a love that shall not die
 Till the sun grows cold,
 And the stars are old,
 And the leaves of the judgment
 Book unfold !

My steps are nightly driven,
 By the fever in my breast,
 To hear from thy lattice breathed
 The word that shall give me rest.
 Open the door of thy heart,
 And open thy chamber door,
 And my kisses shall teach thy lips
 The love that shall fade no more
 Till the sun grows cold,
 And the stars are old,
 And the leaves of the judgment
 Book unfold !

BAYARD TAYLOR.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.


 IS the last rose of summer
 Left blooming alone ;
 All her lovely companions
 Are faded and gone ;
 No flower of her kindred,
 No rosebud is nigh,
 To reflect back her blushes,
 Or give sigh for sigh !

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
 To pine on the stem ;
 Since the lovely are sleeping,
 Go, sleep thou with them.
 Thus kindly I scatter
 Thy leaves o'er the bed
 Where thy mates of the garden
 Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
 When friendships decay,
 And from love's shining circle
 The gems drop away !
 When true hearts lie wither'd,
 And fond ones are flown,
 Oh ! who would inhabit
 This bleak world alone ?

THOMAS MOORE.


GENTLEST GIRL.

 NTLEST girl,
 Thou wert a bright creation of my thought,
 In earliest childhood—and my seeking soul
 Wander'd ill-satisfied, till one blest day
 Thine image pass'd athwart it—thou wert then
 A young and happy child, sprightly as life ;
 Yet not so bright or beautiful as that
 Mine inward vision ;—but a whispering voice

Said softly—This is she whom thou didst choose ;
 And thenceforth ever, through the morn of life,
 Thou wert my playmate—thou my only joy,
 Thou my chief sorrow when I saw thee not.—
 And when my daily consciousness of life
 Was born and died—thy name the last went up,
 Thy name the first, before our Heavenly Guide,
 For favor and protection. All the flowers
 Whose buds I cherish'd, and in summer heats
 Fed with mock showers, and proudly show'd their
 bloom,
 For thee I rear'd, because all beautiful
 And gentle things reminded me of thee :
 Yea, and the morning, and the rise of sun,
 And the fall of evening, and the starry host,
 If aught I loved, I loved because thy name
 Sounded about me when I look'd on them.

DEAN ALFORD.

THE PARTING KISS.


 NE kind wish before we part,
 Drop a tear and bid adieu :
 Though we sever, my fond heart,
 Till we meet, shall pant for you.

Yet, yet weep not so, my love,
 Let me kiss that falling tear ;
 Though my body must remove,
 All my soul will still be here.

All my soul, and all my heart,
 And every wish shall pant for you ;
 One kind kiss, then, ere we part,
 Drop a tear, and bid adieu.

ROBERT DODSLEY.

NO HEART WITHOUT ITS MATE.

 HE bard has sung, God never form'd a soul
 Without its own peculiar mate, to meet
 Its wandering half, when ripe to crown the
 whole
 Bright plan of bliss, most heavenly, most complete !

But thousand evil things there are that hate
 To look on happiness : these hurt, impede,
 And, leagued with time, space, circumstance and fate,
 Keep kindred heart from heart, to pine, and pant,
 and bleed.

And as the dove to far Palmyra flying
 From where her native founts of Antioch beam,
 Weary, exhausted, longing, panting, sighing,
 Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream ;

So many a soul, o'er life's dreary desert faring,
 Love's pure congenial spring unfound, unquaff'd,
 Suffers, recoils, then, thirsty, and despairing
 Of what it would, descends and sips the nearest
 draught.

MARIA BROOKS.

ON AN OLD WEDDING-RING

THE DEVICE.—Two hearts united.

THE MOTTO.—Dear love of mine, my heart is thine.

LIKE that ring—that ancient ring,
Of massive form, and virgin gold,
As firm, as free from base alloy
As were the sterling hearts of old.
I like it—for it wafts me back,
Far, far along the stream of time,
To other men, and other days,
The men and days of deeds sublime.

But most I like it, as it tells
The tale of well-requited love ;
How youthful fondness persevered,
And youthful faith disdain'd to rove—
How warmly *he* his suit preferr'd,
Though *she*, un pitying, long denied,
Till, soften'd and subdued at last,
He won his "fair and blooming bride."—

How, till the appointed day arrived,
They blamed the lazy-footed hours—
How, then, the white-robed maiden train
Strew'd their glad way with freshest flowers—
And how, before the holy man,
They stood, in all their youthful pride,
And spoke those words, and vow'd those vows,
Which bind the husband to his bride :

All this it tells ; the plighted troth—
The gift of every earthly thing—
The hand in hand—the heart in heart—
For this I like that ancient ring.
I like its old and quaint device ;
"Two blended hearts"—though time may wear
them,
No mortal change, no mortal chance,
"Till death," shall e'er in sunder tear them.

Year after year, 'neath sun and storm,
Their hope in heaven, their trust in God,
In changeless, heartfelt, holy, love,
These two the world's rough pathway trod.
Age might impair their youthful fires,
Their strength might fail, 'mid life's bleak weather,
Still, hand in hand, they travell'd on—
Kind souls ! they slumber now together.

I like its simple poesy, too,
"Mine own dear love, this heart is thine !"
Thine, when the dark storm howls along,
As when the cloudless sunbeams shine,
"This heart is thine, mine own dear love !"
Thine, and thine only, and forever :
Thine, till the springs of life shall fail ;
Thine, till the cords of life shall sever.
Remnant of days departed long,
Emblem of plighted troth unbroken,

Pledge of devoted faithfulness,
Of heartfelt, holy love, the token :
What varied feelings round it cling !—
For these, I like that ancient ring.

GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE.

EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

“URN, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow ;
Where wilds immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go.”

“Forbear, my son,” the hermit cries,
“To tempt the dangerous gloom ;
For yonder phantom only flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

Here, to the houseless child of want,
My door is open still ;
And though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows ;
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

No flocks that range the valley free,
To slaughter I condemn ;
Taught by that power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.

But from the mountain's grassy side,
A guiltless feast I bring ;
A scrip, with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring.

Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;
All earth-born cares are wrong :
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.”

Soft, as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell ;
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure,
The lonely mansion lay ;
A refuge to the neighboring poor,
And strangers led astray.

Around, in sympathetic mirth,
Its tricks the kitten tries ;
The cricket cherubs in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart,
To soothe the stranger's woe ;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spied,
With answering care oppress :
" And whence, unhappy youth," he cried,
" The sorrows of thy breast ?

From better habitations spurn'd,
Reluctant dost thou rove ?
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love ?

Alas ! the joys that fortune bring,
Are trifling and decay ;
And those who prize the paltry things
More trifling still than they.

And what is friendship but a name :
A charm that lulls to sleep !
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep.

And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair-one's jest,
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex," he said :
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surprised, he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view,
Like colors o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms ;
The lovely stranger stands confess'd
A maid in all her charms.

" And ah ! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn," she cried,
" Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
Where heaven and you reside.

But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray :
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

My father lived beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he ;
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine ;
He had but only me.

To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumber'd suitors came ;

Who praised me for imputed charms,
And felt, or feign'd, a flame.

Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove ;
Amongst the rest young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.

In humblest, simplest habit clad,
No wealth nor power had he :
Wisdom and worth were all he had ;
But these were all to me.

The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refined,
Could naught of purity display,
To emulate his mind.

The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
With charms inconstant shine ;
Their charms were his ; but woe to me,
Their constancy was mine.

For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain ;
And while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain.

Till quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride ;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he died !

But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay :
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

And there, forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die :
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I."

" Forbid it, Heaven !" the hermit cried,
And clasp'd her to his breast :
The wondering fair one turn'd to chide :
'Twas Edwin's self that prest !


" Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restored to love and thee.

Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign ;
And shall we never, never part,
My life—my all that's mine ?

No, never from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true ;
The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
Shall break thy Edwin's too."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

ALL FOR LOVE.

 TALK not to me of a name great in story ;
The days of our youth are the days of our
glory ;
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-
twenty
Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is
wrinkled ?


'Tis but as a dead flower with May-dew besprinkled :
Then away with all such from the head that is hoary—
What care I for the wreaths that can only give glory ?

O Fame !—if I e'er took delight in thy praises,
'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases,
Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover
She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

There chiefly I sought thee, there only I found thee ;
Her glance was the best of the rays that surround thee ;
When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my story,
I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.

LORD BYRON.

LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

 VER the mountains,
And under the waves,
Over the fountains,
And under the graves,
Under floods which are deepest,
Which Neptune obey,
Over rocks which are steepest,
Love will find out the way.


Where there is no place
For the glow-worm to lie,
Where there is no place
For the receipt of a fly,
Where the gnat dares not venture,
Lest herself fast she lay,
If Love come he will enter,
And find out the way.

If that he were hidden,
And all men that are,
Were strictly forbidden
That place to declare :
Winds that have no abidings,
Pitying their delay,
Would come and bring him tidings,
And direct him the way.

If the earth should part him,
He would gallop it o'er ;
If the seas should o'erthwart him,
He would swim to the shore,
Should his love become a swallow,
Through the air to stray,
Love will lend wings to follow,
And will find out the way.

There is no striving
To cross his intent,
There is no contriving
His plots to prevent ;
The letter his heart's vows stating,
No closed gates delay
From the hand that is waiting ;
Love will find out the way.

WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER.


 E have been friends together,
In sunshine and in shade ;
Since first beneath the chestnut trees
In infancy we play'd.
But coldness dwells within thy heart—
A cloud is on thy brow ;
We have been friends together—
Shall a light word part us now ?

We have been gay together ;
We have laugh'd at little jests ;
For the fount of hope was gushing,
Warm and joyous, in our breasts.
But laughter now hath fled thy lip,
And sullen glooms thy brow ;
We have been gay together—
Shall a light word part us now ?

We have been sad together—
We have wept, with bitter tears,
O'er the grass-grown graves, where slumber'd
The hopes of early years.
The voices which are silent there
Would bid thee clear thy brow ;
We have been sad together—
O ! what shall part us now ?

CAROLINE ELIZABETH NORTON.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

 F all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land,
Is half so sweet as Sally :
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
And through the streets does cry 'em,
Her mother she sells laces long,
To such as please to buy 'em :
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally !
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
Of all the days that's in the week,
I dearly love but one day ;

And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm dress'd all in my best,
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
And after am I blamed,
Because I leave him in the lurch,
As soon as text is named:
I leave the church in sermon time,
And slink away to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

HENRY CAREY.

AMYNTA.

MY sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook;
No more for Amynta fresh garland I wove;
For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.

Oh, what had my youth with ambition to do?
Why left I Amynta? Why broke I my vow?
Oh, give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook re-
store,
And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And bid the wide ocean secure me from love!
Oh, fool! to imagine that aught could subdue
A love so well-founded, a passion so true!

Alas! 'tis too late at thy feet to repine;
Poor shepherd, Amynta can never be thine:
Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
The moments neglected return not again.

SIR GILBERT ELLIOT.

BEN BOLT.

DON'T you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?
Sweet Alice whose hair was so brown,
Who wept with delight when you gave her a
smile,

And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the old churchyard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so grey,
And Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain in the noonday shade,
And listen'd to Appleton's mill:
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet which crawls round the walls as you gaze,
Has follow'd the olden din.

Do you mind the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
At the edge of the pathless wood,
And the button-ball tree with its motley limbs,
Which nigh by the door-step stood?
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
The tree you would seek in vain;
And where once the lords of the forest waved,
Grows grass and the golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
With the master so cruel and grim,
And the shaded nook in the running brook,
Where the children went to swim?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys who were schoolmates then,
There are only you and I.

There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt,
They have changed from the old to the new;
But I feel in the depths of my spirit the truth,
There never was change in you.
Twelvemonths twenty have passed, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends—yet I hail
Thy presence a blessing, thy friendship a truth,
Ben Bolt, of the salt-sea gale.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

LUCY.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways,
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye;
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh,
The difference to me!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

PEARLY TEARS.

NOT what the chemists say they be,
Are pearls—they never grew;
They come not from the hollow sea,
They come from heaven in dew.

Down in the Indian Sea it slips,
Through green and briny whirls,
Where great shells catch it in their lips,
And kiss it into pearls.

If dew can be so beauteous made,
Oh, why not tears, my girl?
Why not your tears? Be not afraid—
I do but kiss a pearl.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

THE TIME OF ROSES.

T was not in the winter
 Our loving lot was cast ;
 It was the time of roses—
 We plucked them as we passed !
 That churlish season never frowned
 On early lovers yet ;
 Oh no !—the world was newly crowned
 With flowers when first we met.
 'Twas twilight, and I bade you go,
 But still you held me fast ;
 It was the time of roses—
 We plucked them as we passed !
 What else could peer my glowing cheek,
 That tears began to stud ?
 And when I asked the like of love,
 You snatched a damask bud—
 And oped it to the dainty core,
 Still blowing to the last ;
 It was the time of roses—
 We plucked them as we passed !

THOMAS HOOD.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

HE fountains mingle with the river,
 And the rivers with the ocean,
 The winds of heaven mix forever
 With a sweet emotion ;
 Nothing in the world is single,
 All things by a law divine
 In one another's being mingle—
 Why not I with thine ?
 See the mountains kiss high heaven,
 And the waves clasp one another ;
 No sister-flower would be forgiven
 If it disdained its brother ;
 And the sunlight clasps the earth,
 And the moonbeams kiss the sea—
 What are all these kissings worth,
 If thou kiss not me ?

PERCY BYSSIE SHELLEY.

NO JEWELLED BEAUTY IS MY LOVE.

NO jewelled beauty is my love,
 Yet in her earnest face
 There's such a world of tenderness,
 She needs no other grace.
 Her smiles and voice around my life
 In light and music twine,
 And dear, oh ! very dear to me
 Is this sweet love of mine.
 Oh joy ! to know there's one fond heart
 Beats ever true to me ;

It sets mine leaping like a lyre,
 In sweetest melody ;
 My soul up-springs, a deity !
 To hear her voice divine ;
 And dear, oh ! very dear to me
 Is this sweet love of mine.

If ever I have sighed for wealth,
 'Twas all for her, I trow ;
 And if I win fame's victor-wreath,
 I'll twine it on her brow.
 There may be forms more beautiful,
 And souls of sunnier shine,
 But none, oh ! none so dear to me
 As this sweet love of mine.

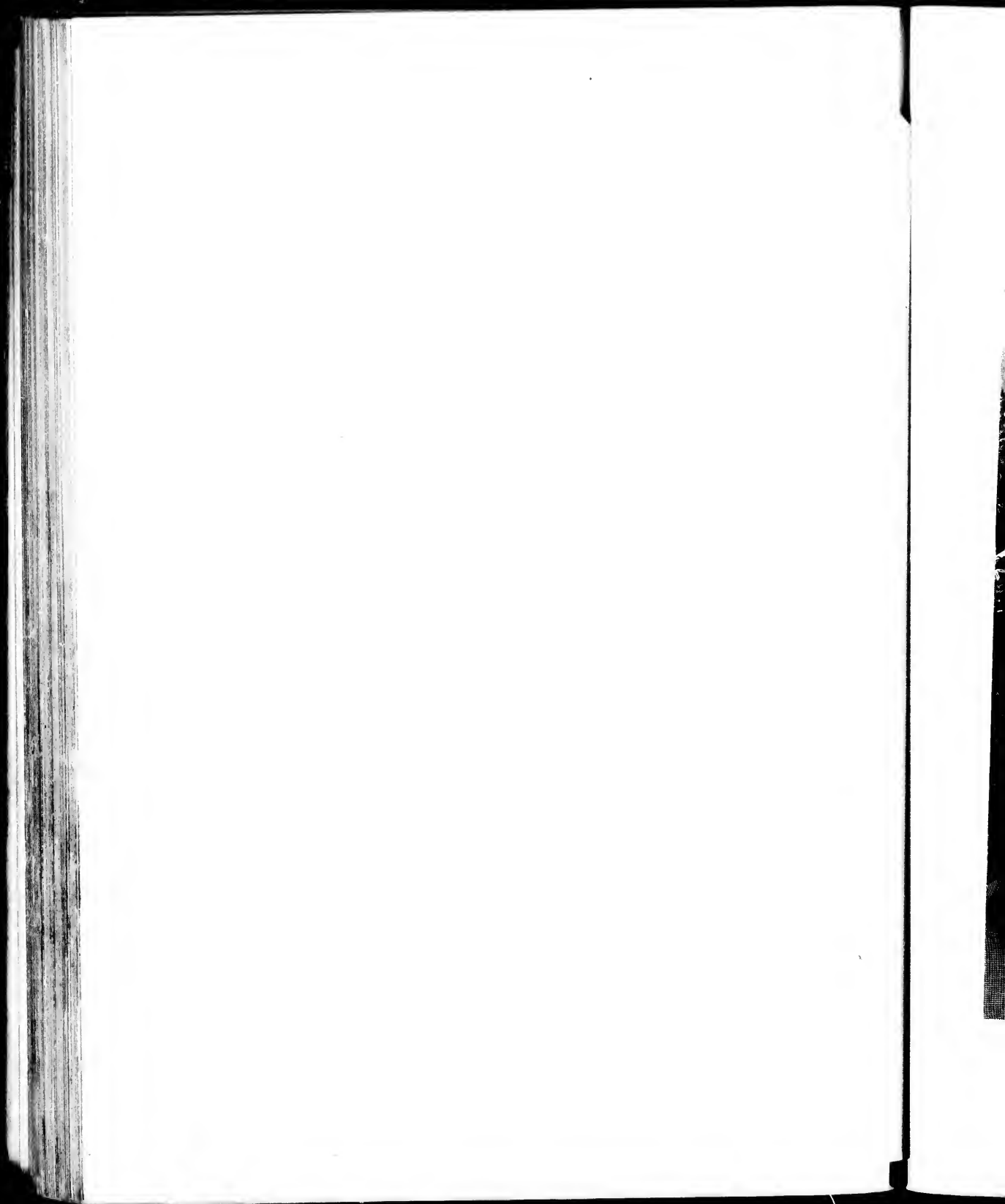
GERALD MASSEY.

THE LOW-BACKED CAR.

WHEN first I saw sweet Peggy,
 'Twas on a market day :
 A low-backed car she drove, and sat
 Upon a truss of hay ;
 But when that hay was blooming grass,
 And decked with flowers of spring,
 No flower was there that could compare
 With the blooming girl I sing.
 As she sat in the low-backed car,
 The man at the turnpike bar
 Never asked for the toll,
 But just rubbed his owld poll,
 And looked after the low-backed car.
 In battle's wild commotion,
 The proud and mighty Mars
 With hostile scythes demands his tithes
 Of death in warlike cars ;
 While Peggy, peaceful goddess,
 Has darts in her bright eye,
 That knock men down in the market town
 As right and left they fly ;
 While she sits in her low-backed car,
 Than battle more dangerous far—
 For the doctor's art
 Cannot cure the heart
 That is hit from that low-backed car.
 Sweet Peggy round her car, sir,
 Has strings of ducks and geese,
 But the scores of hearts she slaughters
 By far outnumber these ;
 While she among her poultry sits,
 Just like a turtle-dove,
 Well worth the cage, I do engage,
 Of the blooming god of love !
 While she sits in her low-backed car,
 The lovers come near and far,
 And envy the chicken
 That Peggy is pickin',
 As she sits in her low-backed car.

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EST. F. M. A. I.

O, I'd rather own that car, sir,
 With Peggy by my side,
 Than a coach and four, and gold galore,
 And a lady for my bride;
 For the lady would sit forinst me,
 On a cushion made with taste—
 While Peggy would sit beside me,
 With my arm around her waist,
 While we drove in the low-backed car,
 To be married by Father Mahar;
 O, my heart would beat high
 At her glance and her sigh—
 Though it beat in a low-backed car!

SAMUEL LOVER.

IF I HAD KNOWN.

† F I had known, oh, loyal heart,
 When, hand to hand, we said farewell,
 How for all time our paths would part,
 What shadow o'er our friendship fell,
 I should have clasped your hands so close
 In the warm pressure of my own,
 That memory still would keep its grasp—
 If I had known.

If I had known, when far and wide
 We loitered through the summer land,
 What Presence wandered by our side,
 And o'er you stretched its awful hand,
 I should have hushed my careless speech,
 To listen, dear, to every tone
 That from your lips fell low and sweet—
 If I had known.

If I had known, when your kind eyes
 Met mine in parting, true and sad—
 Eyes gravely tender, gently wise,
 And earnest, rather, more than glad—
 How soon the lids would lie above,
 As cold and white as sculptured stone,
 I should have treasured every glance—
 If I had known.

If I had known how, from the strife
 Of fears, hopes, passions, here below,
 Unto a purer, higher life
 That you were called, oh I friend, to go,
 I should have stayed my foolish tears,
 And hushed each idle sigh and moan,
 To bid you last a long godspeed—
 If I had known.

If I had known to what strange place,
 What mystic, distant, silent shore,
 You calmly turned your steadfast face,
 What time your footsteps left my door,
 I should have forged a golden link
 To bind the hearts so constant grown,
 And kept it constant ever there—
 If I had known.

(6)

If I had known that until Death
 Shall with his finger touch my brow,
 And still the quickening of the breath
 That stirs with life's full meaning now,
 So long my feet must tread the way
 Of our accustomed paths alone,
 I should have prized your presence more—
 If I had known.

If I had known how soon for you
 Drew near the ending of the fight,
 And on your vision, fair and new,
 Eternal peace dawned into sight,
 I should have begged, as love's last gift,
 That you, before God's great white throne,
 Would pray for your poor friend on earth—
 If I had known.

WHEN SPARROWS BUILD.

W HEN sparrows build and the leaves break
 forth,
 My old sorrow wakes and cries.
 For I know there is dawn in the far, far
 north,

And a scarlet sun doth rise;
 Like a scarlet fleece the snow-field spreads,
 And the icy fount runs free;
 And the bergs begin to bow their heads,
 And plunge and sail in the sea.

Oh, my lost love, and my own, own love,
 And my love that loved me so I
 Is there never a chink in the world above
 Where they listen for words from below?
 Nay, I spoke once, and I grieved thee sore;
 I remembered all that I said;
 And thou wilt hear me no more—no more
 Till the sea gives up her dead.

Thou didst set thy foot on the ship, and sail
 To the ice-fields and the snow;
 Thou wert sad, for thy love did not avail,
 And the end I could not know.
 How could I tell I should love thee to-day,
 Whom that day I held not dear?
 How could I tell I should love thee away
 When I did not love thee a-neighbor?

We shall walk no more through the sodden plain,
 With the faded bents o'erspread;
 We shall stand no more by the seething main
 While the dark wrack drives o'erhead;
 We shall part no more in the wind and rain
 Where thy last farewell was said;
 But perhaps I shall meet thee and know thee again
 When the sea gives up her dead.

JEAN INGELow.

SEVERED FRIENDSHIP.

QUAS! they had been friends in youth;
 But whispering tongues can poison truth;
 And constancy lives in realms above;
 And life is thorny; and youth is vain,
 And to be wroth with one we love,
 Doth work like madness in the brain.
 And thus it chanced, as I divine,
 With Roland and Sir Leoline.
 Each spake words of high disdain
 And insult to his heart's best brother:
 They parted—ne'er to meet again!
 But never either found another
 To free the hollow heart from paining—
 They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
 Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
 A dreary sea now flows between;
 But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
 Shall wholly do away, I ween,
 The marks of that which once hath been.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

RORY O'MORE;

OR, ALL FOR GOOD LUCK.

YOUNG Rory O'More courted Kathleen bawn—
 He was bold as a hawk, she as soft as the dawn;
 He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,

And he thought the best way to do that was to tease.
 "Now, Rory, be aisy!" sweet Kathleen would cry,
 Reproof on her lips, but a smile in her eye—

"With your tricks, I don't know, in troth, what I'm about;

Faith! you've tazed me till I've put on my cloak inside out."

"Och! jewel," says Rory, "That same is the way
 Ye've thrated my heart for this many a day;
 And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?
 For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,
 For I half gave a promise to soothing Mike:
 The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound—"
 "Faith!" says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground."

"Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go;
 Sure I dream every night that I'm hating you so!"
 "Och!" says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,
 For dhramas always go by contraries, my dear.
 So, jewel, keep dhraming that same till ye die,
 And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie!
 And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure!
 Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've tazed me enough;
 Sure I've thrashed, for your sake, Dinny Grimes and
 Jim Duff;

And I've made myself, drinking your health, quite a baste—

So I think, after that, I may talk to the praste."

Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,
 So soft and so white, without freckle or speck;
 And he looked in her eyes, that were beaming with light,
 And he kissed her sweet lips—don't you think he was right?

"Now, Rory, leave off, sir—you'll hug me no more—

That's eight times to day that you've kissed me before."

"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure!
 For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

SAMUEL LOVER.

THE PLEDGE OF LOVE.

ROMEO—If I profane with my unworthy hand
 [To Juliet.

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this—
 My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand,

To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Juliet—Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,

Which mannerly devotion shows in this;

For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
 And palm to palm is holy palmer's kiss.

Romeo—Have not saints lips, and holy palmer's too?

Juliet—Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Romeo—O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Juliet—Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

Romeo—Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.

Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purg'd.

[Kissing her.

Juliet—Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Romeo—Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!

Give me my sin again.

Juliet—You kiss by the book.

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,

And young affection gapes to be his heir;

That fair, which love groan'd for, and would die,

With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.

Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,

Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;

But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,

And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:

Being held a foe, he may not have access

To breathe such vows as lovers used to swear;

And she as much in love, her means much less

To meet her new-beloved any where:

But passion lends them power, time means to meet,

Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet.

A MILKMAID'S SONG.

PULL, pull ! and the pail is full,
 And milking's done and over.
 Who would not sit here under the tree?
 What a fair, fair thing's a green field to see !

Brim, brim, to the rim, ah me !
 I have set my pail on the daisies !
 It seems so light—can the sun be set?
 The dews must be heavy, my cheeks are wet,
 I could cry to have hurt the daisies !
 Harry is near, Harry is near,
 My heart's as sick as if he were here,
 My lips are burning, my cheeks are wet,
 He hasn't uttered a word as yet,
 But the air's astir with his praises.
 My Harry !
 The air's astir with your praises.

He has scaled the rock by the pixy's stone,
 He's among the kingcups—he picks me one,
 I love the grass that I tread upon
 When I go to my Harry !
 He has jumped the brook, he has climbed the knoll,
 There's never a faster foot I know,
 But still he seems to tarry.
 O Harry ! O Harry ! my love, my pride,
 My heart is leaping, my arms are wide !
 Roll up, roll up, you dull hillside,
 Roll up, and bring my Harry !
 They may talk of glory over the sea,
 But Harry's alive, and Harry's for me.
 My love, my lad, my Harry !
 Come spring, come winter, come sun, come snow,
 What cares Dolly, whether or no,
 While I can milk and marry ?
 Right or wrong, and wrong or right,
 Quarrel who quarrel, and fight who fight,
 But I'll bring my pail home every night
 To love, and home, and Harry !
 We'll drink our can, we'll eat our cake,
 There's beer in the barrel, there's bread in the bake,
 The world may sleep, the world may wake,
 But I shall milk and marry,
 And marry,
 I shall milk and marry.

SYDNEY DOBELL.

FETCHING WATER FROM THE WELL.

EARLY on a sunny morning, while the lark was
 singing sweet,
 Came, beyond the ancient farm-house, sounds
 of lightly tripping feet.

'Twas a lowly cottage maiden going—why, let young
 hearts tell—

With her homely pitcher laden, fetching water from the
 well.

Shadows lay athwart the pathway, all along the quiet
 lane,

And the breezes of the morning moved them to and fro
 again.

O'er the sunshine, o'er the shadow, passed maiden of
 the farm,

With a charmed heart within her, thinking of no ill
 nor harm.

Pleasant, surely, were her musings, for the nodding
 leaves in vain

Sought to press their brightening image on her ever-
 busy brain.

Leaves and joyous birds went by her, like a dim, half-
 waking dream ;

And her soul was only conscious of life's gladdest sum-
 mer gleam.

At the old lane's shady turning lay a well of water
 bright,

Singing, soft, its hallelujah to the gracious morning
 light.

Fern-leaves, broad and green, bent o'er it where its
 silvery droplets fell,

And the fairies dwelt beside it, in the spotted foxglove
 bell.

Back she bent the shading fern-leaves, dipt the pitcher
 in the tide—

Drew it, with the dripping waters flowing o'er its glazed
 side.

But before her arm could place it on her shiny, wavy
 hair,

By her side a youth was standing !—Love rejoiced to
 see the pair !

Tones of tremulous emotion trailed upon the morning
 breeze,

Gentle words of heart-devotion whispered 'neath the
 ancient trees.

But the holy, blessed secrets it becomes me not to tell :
 Life had met another meaning, fetching water from the
 well !

Down the rural lane they sauntered. He the burden-
 pitcher bore ;

She, with dewy eyes down-looking, grew more beau-
 teous than before !

When they neared the silent homestead, up he raised
 the pitcher light ;

Like a fitting crown he placed it on her hair of wave-
 lets bright :

Emblems of the coming burdens that for love of him
 she'd bear,

Calling every burden blessed, if his love but lighted
 there.

Then, still waving benedictions, further, further off he
 drew,

While his shadow seemed a glory that across the path-
 way grew,

Now about her household duties silently the maiden
 went,

And an ever-radiant halo o'er her daily life was blent.
 Little knew the aged matron as her feet like music fell,

What abundant treasure found she fetching water from
 the well !

KITTY OF COLERAINE.

A beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping
 With a pitcher of milk, from the fair of
 Coleraine,
 When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher
 it tumbled,
 And all the sweet buttermilk watered the plain.
 "O, what shall I do now—'t was looking at you now!
 Sure, sure, such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet again!
 'Twas the pride of my dairy: O Barney M'Cleary!
 You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine."
 I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,
 That such a misfortune should give her such pain.
 A kiss then I gave her; and ere I did leave her,
 She vowed for such pleasure she'd break it again.
 'Twas hay-making season—I can't tell the reason—
 Misfortunes will never come single, 't is plain;
 For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster
 Not a buttermilk pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

SWEET MEETING OF DESIRES.

I GREW assured, before I asked,
 That she'd be mine without reserve,
 And in her unclaimed graces basked
 At leisure, till the time should serve—
 With just enough of dread to thrill
 The hope, and make it trebly dear:
 Thus loath to speak the word, to kill
 Either the hope or happy fear.
 Till once, through lanes returning late,
 Her laughing sisters lagged behind;
 And ere we reached her father's gate,
 We paused with one prescient mind;
 And in the dim and perfumed mist
 Their coming stayed, who, blithe and free,
 And very women, loved to assist
 A lover's opportunity.
 Twice rose, twice died, my trembling word;
 To faint and frail cathedral chimes
 Spake time in music, and we heard
 The chafers rustling in the limes.
 Her dress, that touched me where I stood;
 The warmth of her confided arm;
 Her bosom's gentle neighborhood;
 Her pleasure in her power to charm;
 Her look, her love, her form, her touch!
 The last seemed most by blissful turn—
 Blissful but that it pleased too much,
 And taught the wayward soul to yearn.
 It was as if a harp with wires
 Was traversed by the breath I drew;
 And O, sweet meeting of desires!
 She, answering, owned that she loved too.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

THE LOVER'S COMING.

I LEANED out of window, I smelt the white clover,
 Dark, dark was the burden, I saw not the gate;
 "Now, if there be footsteps, he comes, my one
 lover—
 Hush, nightingale, hush! O sweet nightingale, wait
 Till I listen and hear
 If a step draweth near,
 For my love he is late!
 "The skies in the darkness stoop nearer and nearer,
 A cluster of stars hangs like fruit in the tree,
 The fall of the water comes sweeter, comes clearer:
 To what art thou listening, and what dost thou see?
 Let the star-clusters glow,
 Let the sweet waters flow,
 And cross quickly to me.
 "Your night-moths that hover where honey brims over
 From sycamore blossoms, or settle or sleep;
 You glow-worms, shine out, and the pathway discover
 To him that comes darkling along the rough steep.
 Ah, my sailor, make haste,
 For the time runs to waste,
 And my love lieth deep—
 "Too deep for swift telling; and yet, my one lover,
 I've conned thee an answer, it waits thee to-night."
 By the sycamore passed he, and through the white
 clover;
 Then all the sweet speech I had fashioned took flight;
 But I'll love him more, more
 Than e'er wife loved before,
 Be the days dark or bright.

JEAN INGELOW.

SUMMER DAYS.

IN summer, when the days were long,
 We walked together in the wood;
 Our heart was light, our step was strong;
 Sweet flutterings were there in our blood,
 In summer, when the days were long.
 We strayed from morn till evening came;
 We gathered flowers, and wove us crowns;
 We walked mid poppies red as flame,
 Or sat upon the yellow downs;
 And always wished our life the same.
 In summer, when the days were long,
 We leaped the hedge-row, crossed the brook;
 And still her voice flowed forth in song,
 Or else she read some graceful book,
 In summer, when the days were long.
 And then we sat beneath the trees,
 With shadows lessening in the noon;
 And in the sunlight and the breeze,
 We feasted, many a gorgeous June,
 While larks were singing o'er the leas.

In summer, when the days were long,
On dainty chicken, snow-white bread,
We feasted, with no grace but song ;
We plucked wild strawberries, ripe and red,
In summer, when the days were long.

We loved, and yet we knew it not—
For loving seemed like breathing then ;
We found a heaven in every spot ;
Saw angels, too, in all good men ;
And dreamed of God in grove and grot.

In summer, when the days are long,
Alone I wander, muse alone.
I see her not ; but that old song
Under the fragrant wind is blown,
In summer, when the days are long.

Alone I wander in the wood ;
But one fair spirit hears my sighs ;
And half I see, so glad and good,
The honest daylight of her eyes,
That charmed me under earlier skies.

In summer, when the days are long,
I love her as we loved of old.
My heart is light, my step is strong ;
For love brings back those hours of gold,
In summer, when the days are long.

MEETING.

THE gray sea, and the long black land ;
And the yellow half-moon large and low ;
And the startled little waves, that leap
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed in the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm, sea-scented beach ;
Three fields to cross, till a farm appears ;
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
And blue spurt of a lighted match,
And a voice less loud, through its joys and fears,
Than the two hearts, beating each to each.

ROBERT BROWNING.

WHEN WE TWO PARTED.

WHEN we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted,
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss ;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my brow—
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.

Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame ;
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear ;
A shudder comes o'er me—
Why wert thou so dear ?
They know not I knew thee,
Who knew thee too well,
Long, long, shall I rue thee
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met—
In silence I grieve,
That thy heart could forget,
Thy spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee
After long years,
How should I greet thee ?—
In silence and tears.

LORD BYRON.

FORGET THEE?

FORGET thee?—If to dream by night, and
muse on thee by day,
If all the worship, deep and wild, a poet's
heart can pay,
If prayers in absence breathed for thee to Heaven's
protecting power,
If winged thoughts that flit to thee—a thousand in an
hour,
If busy fancy blending thee with all my future lot—
If this thou call'st "forgetting," thou indeed shalt be
forgot !

"Forget thee?"—Bid the forest-birds forget their
sweetest tune ;
"Forget thee?"—Bid the sea forget to swell beneath
the moon ;
Bid the thirsty flowers forget to drink the eve's re-
freshing dew ;
Thyself forget thine "own dear land," and its
"mountains wild and blue ;"
Forget each old familiar face, each long-remembered
spot ;—
When these things are forgot by thee, then thou shalt
be forgot !

Keep, if thou wilt, thy maiden peace, still calm and
fancy-free,
For God forbid thy gladsome heart should grow less
glad for me ;
Yet, while that heart is still unwon, O, bid not mine to
rove,
But let it nurse its humble faith and uncomplaining love ;
If these, preserved for patient years, at last avail me not,
Forget me then ;—but ne'er believe that thou canst be
forgot !

JOHN MOULTRIE.

GENEVIEVE.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
 Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
 All are but ministers of Love,
 And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
 Live o'er again that happy hour,
 When midway on the mount I lay
 Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine stealing o'er the scene
 Had blended with the lights of eve;
 And she was there, my hope, my joy,
 My own dear Genevieve!

She leaned against the armèd man,
 The statue of the armèd knight;
 She stood and listened to my lay,
 Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
 My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
 She loves me best whene'er I sing
 The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
 I sang an old and moving story—
 An old rude song, that suited well
 That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
 With downcast eyes and modest grace;
 For well she knew, I could not choose
 But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
 Upon his shield a burning brand;
 And that for ten long years he wooed
 The lady of the land.

I told her how he pined; and ah!
 The deep, the low, the pleading tone
 With which I sang another's love
 Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
 With downcast eyes and modest grace;
 And she forgave me that I gazed
 Too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn
 That crazed that bold and lovely knight,
 And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
 Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
 And sometimes from the darksome shade,
 And sometimes starting up at once
 In green and sunny glade,

There came and looked him in the face
 An angel beautiful and bright;
 And that he knew it was a fiend,
 This miserable knight!

And that unknowing what he did,
 He leaped amid a murderous band,
 And saved from outrage worse than death
 The lady of the land;

And how she wept, and clasped his knees;
 And how she tended him in vain;
 And ever strove to expiate
 The scorn that crazed his brain;

And that she nursed him in a cave,
 And how his madness went away,
 When on the yellow forest-leaves
 A dying man he lay;

—His dying words—but when I reached
 That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
 My faltering voice and pausing harp
 Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
 Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve;
 The music and the doleful tale,
 The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
 An undistinguishable throng,
 And gentle wishes long subdued,
 Subdued and cherished long.

She wept with pity and delight,
 She blushed with love, and virgin shame;
 And like a murmur of a dream,
 I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved,—she stepped aside,
 As conscious of my look she stepped—
 Then suddenly, with timorous eye
 She fled to me and wept.

She half-enclosed me with her arms,
 She pressed me with a meek embrace;
 And bending back her head, looked up,
 And gazed upon my face.

'T was partly love, and partly fear,
 And partly 't was a bashful art
 That I might rather feel than see
 The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
 And told her love with virgin pride;
 And so I won my Genevieve,
 My bright and beauteous bride.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE COURTIN'.

GOD makes sech nights, all white an' still
 Fur 'z you can look or listen,
 Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
 All silence an' all gliste
 Zekel crep' quite unbeknown
 An' peeked in thru' the winder,

An' there sot Huldry all alone,
'Ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side
With half a cord o' wood in--
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the pootiest, bless her!
An' leetle flames danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
An' in among 'em rusted
The old queen's-arm thet gran'ther Young
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
Seem'd warm from floor to ceilin';
An' she looked full ez rosy agin,
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come to look
On such a blessed creetur,
A dogrose blushin' to a brook
Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A 1,
Clean grit an' human natur';
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton
Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
He'd squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells—
All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
All crinkly like curled maple,
The side she breshed felt full o'sun
Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
Ez hisn in the choir;
My! when he made "Ole Hundred" ring,
She knowed the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlet, right in prayer,
When her new meetin' bunnet
Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
O' blue eyes sot upon it.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,
A raspin' on the scraper—
All-ways to once her feelin' flew
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtf'le o' the sekle,
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
Ez though she wished him furrer,

An' on her apples kep' to work,
Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
"Wall . . . no . . . I come designin'—"
"To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals act so or so,
Or don't 'ould be presumin';
Mebby to mean yes an' say no
Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he f'lt the wust
He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin;"
Says she "Think likely, Mister;"
That last word pricked him like a pin,
An' . . . Wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
Huldry sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose natures never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snowhid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
Too tight for all expressin',
Till mother see how metters stood,
And gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
An' all I know is, they was cried
In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

CONSTANCY

AT setting day and rising morn,
With soul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of Heaven thy safe return,
With all that can improve thee.
I'll visit aft the birken bush,
Where first thou kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid thy blush,
Whilst round thou didst infold me
To all our haunts I will repair,
By greenwood shaw or fountain;
Or where the summer day I'd share
With thee upon yon mountain;
There will I tell the trees and flowers,
From thoughts unfeigned and tender,
By vows you're mine, by love is yours
A heart which cannot wander.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

GONE BEFORE.

F still they kept their earthly place,
 The friends I held in my embrace,
 And gave to death, alas!
 Could I have learned that clear, calm faith
 That looks beyond the bounds of death,
 And almost longs to pass?

Sometimes I think, the things we see
 Are shadows of the things to be;
 That what we plan we build;
 That every hope that hath been crossed,
 And every dream we thought was lost,
 In heaven shall be fulfilled;

That even the children of the brain
 Have not been born and died in vain,
 Though here unclothed and dumb!
 But on some brighter, better shore,
 They live, embodied evermore,
 And wait for us to come.

And when on that last day we rise,
 Caught up between the earth and skies,
 Then shall we hear our Lord
 Say, Thou hast done with doubt and death,
 Henceforth, according to thy faith,
 Shall be thy faith's reward.

PICERRE CARV.

HAPPY MATCHES.

SAY, mighty Love, and teach my song,
 To whom thy sweetest joys belong,
 And who the happy pairs
 Whose yielding hearts, and joining hands,
 Find blessings twisted with their bands,
 To soften all their cares.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains
 That thoughtless fly into thy chains
 As custom leads the way:
 If there be bliss without design,
 Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
 And be as blest as they.

Not sordid souls of earthly mould,
 Who, drawn by kindred charms of gold,
 To dull embraces move:
 So two rich mountains of Peru
 May rush to wealthy marriage too,
 And make a world of love.

Not the mad tribe that hell inspires
 With wanton flames; those raging fires
 The purer bliss destroy;
 On Ætna's top let furies wed,
 And sheets of lightning dress the bed
 T' improve the burning joy.

Nor the dull pairs whose marble forms
 None of the melting passions warms,
 Can mingle hearts and hands:

Logs of green wood that quench the coals
 Are married just like Stoic souls,
 With osiers for their bands.

Not minds of melancholy strain,
 Still silent, or that still complain,
 Can the dear bondage bless;
 As well may heavenly concerts spring
 From two old lutes with ne'er a string,
 Or none besides the bass.

Nor can the soft enchantments hold
 Two jarring souls of angry mould,
 The rugged and the keen:
 Samson's young foxes might as well
 In bonds of cheerful wedlock dwell,
 With firebrands tied between.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind
 A gentle to a savage mind;
 For love abhors the sight:
 Loose the fierce tiger from the deer,
 For native rage and native fear
 Rise and forbid delight.

Two kindest souls alone must meet,
 'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,
 And feeds their mutual loves:
 Bright Venus on her rolling throne
 Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,
 And cupids yoke the doves.

ISAAC WATTS.

THE DEAD FRIEND.

THE path by which we twain did go,
 Which led by tracts that pleased us well,
 Through four sweet years arose and fell,
 From flower to flower, from snow to snow.

But where the path we walked began
 To slant the fifth autumnal slope,
 As we descended, following hope,
 There sat the shadow feared of man;

Who broke our fair companionship,
 And spread his mantle dark and cold,
 And wrapped thee formless in the fold,
 And dulled the murmur on thy lip.

When each by turns was guide to each,
 And fancy light from fancy caught,
 And thought leapt out to wed with thought
 Ere thought could wed itself with speech;

And all we met was fair and good,
 And all was good that time could bring,
 And all the secret of the Spring
 Moved in the chambers of the blood;

I know that this was life—the track
 Whereon with equal feet we fared;
 And then, as now, the day prepared
 The daily burden for the back.

But this it was that made me move
 As light as carrier-birds in air ;
 I loved the weight I had to bear
 Because it needed help of love.
 Nor could I weary, heart or limb,
 When mighty love would cleave in twain
 The lading of a single pain,
 And part it, giving half to him.
 But I remained, whose hopes were dim.
 Whose life, whose thoughts were little worth,
 To wander on a darkened earth,
 Where all things round me breathed of him.
 O friendship, equal-poised control,
 O heart, with kindest motion warm,
 O sacred essence, other form,
 O solemn ghost, O crownèd soul !
 Yet none could better know than I
 How much of act at human hands
 The sense of human will demands,
 By which we dare to live or die.
 Whatever way my days decline,
 I felt and feel, though left alone,
 His being working in mine own,
 The footsteps of his life in mine.
 My pulses therefore beat again
 For other friends that once I met ;
 Nor can it suit me to forget
 The mighty hopes that make us men.
 I woo your love : I count it crime
 To mourn for any overmuch ;
 I, the divided half of such
 A friendship as had mastered time ;
 Which masters time, indeed, and is
 Eternal, separate from fears :
 The all-assuming months and years
 Can take no part away from this.
 O days and hours, your work is this,
 To hold me from my proper place
 A little while from his embrace,
 For fuller gain of after bliss.
 That out of distance might ensue
 Desire of nearness doubly sweet ;
 And unto meeting when we meet,
 Delight a hundred-fold accrue.
 The hills are shadows, and they flow
 From form to form, and nothing stands ;
 They melt like mists, the solid lands,
 Like clouds they shape themselves and go.
 But in my spirit will I dwell,
 And dream my dream, and hold it true ;
 For though my lips may breathe adieu,
 I cannot think the thing farewell.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

A BENEDICTION.

GOD'S love and peace be with thee, where
 Soe'er this soft autumnal air
 Lifts the dark tresses of thy hair !
 Whether through city casements comes
 Its kiss to thee, in crowded rooms,
 Or, out among the woodland blooms,
 It freshens o'er thy thoughtful face,
 Imparting, in its glad embrace,
 Beauty to beauty, grace to grace !
 Fair nature's book together read,
 The old wood-paths that knew our tread,
 The maple shadows overhead—
 The hills we climbed, the river seen
 By gleams along its deep ravine—
 All keep thy memory fresh and green.
 If, then, a fervent wish for thee
 The gracious heavens will heed from me,
 What should, dear heart, its burden be ?
 The sighing of a shaken reed—
 What can I more than meekly plead
 The greatness of our common need ?
 God's love—unchanging, pure and true—
 The Paraclete white-shining through
 His peace—the fall of Hermon's dew !
 With such a prayer, on this sweet day.
 As thou mayst hear and I may say,
 I greet thee, dearest, far away !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

TO A FRIEND.

A RUDDY drop of manly blood
 The surging sea outweighs ;
 The world uncertain comes and goes,
 The lover rooted stays.
 I fancied he was fled—
 And, after many a year,
 Glowed unexhausted kindness,
 Like daily sunrise there.
 My careful heart was free again ;
 O friend, my bosom said,
 Through thee alone the sky is arched,
 Through thee the rose is red ;
 All things through thee take nobler form,
 And look beyond the earth ;
 The mill-round of our fate appears
 A sun-path in thy worth.
 Me too thy nobleness has taught
 To master my despair ;
 The fountains of my hidden life
 Are through thy friendship fair.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

JEWISH HYMN IN BABYLON.



'ER Judah's land thy thunders broke, O Lord!
The chariots rattled o'er her sunken gate,
Her sons were wasted by the Assyrian's
sword,

Even her foes wept to see her fallen state;
And heaps her ivory palaces became,
Her princes wore the captive's garb of shame,
Her temples sank amid the smouldering flame,
For thou didst ride the tempest cloud of fate.
O'er Judah's land thy rainbow, Lord, shall beam,
And the sad city lift her crownless head,
And songs shall wake and dancing footsteps gleam
In streets where broods the silence of the dead.
The sun shall shine on Salem's gilded towers,
On Carmel's side our maidens cull the flowers
To deck at blushing eve their bridal bowers,
And angel feet the glittering Sion tread.
The born in sorrow shall bring forth in joy;
Thy mercy, Lord, shall lead thy children home;
He that went forth a tender prattling boy
Yet, ere he die, to Salem's streets shall come;
And Canaan's vines for us their fruit shall bear,
And Hermon's bees their honeyed stores prepare,
And we shall kneel again in thankful prayer,
Where o'er the cherub-seated God full blazed the
irradiate dome.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

ANNE HATHAWAY.



WOULD ye be taught, ye feathered throng,
With love's sweet notes to grace your
song,

To pierce the heart with thrilling lay,
Listen to mine Anne Hathaway!
She hath a way to sing so clear,
Phœbus might wondering stop to hear.
To melt the sad, make blithe the gay,
And nature charm, Anne hath a way;
She hath a way,
Anne Hathaway;
To breathe delight Anne hath a way.

When envy's breath and rancorous tooth
Do soil and bite fair worth and truth,
And merit to distress betray,
To soothe the heart Anne hath a way;
She hath a way to chase despair,
To heal all grief, to cure all care,
Turn foulest night to fairest day.
Thou know'st, fond heart, Anne hath a way;
She hath a way,
Anne Hathaway;
To make grief bliss, Anne hath a way.

Talk not of gems, the orient list,
The diamond, topaz, amethyst,

The emerald mild, the ruby gay;
Talk of my gem, Anne Hathaway!
She hath a way, with her bright eye,
Their various lustres to defy—
The jewels she, and the foil they,
So sweet to look Anne hath a way!
She hath a way,
Anne Hathaway;
To shame bright gems, Anne hath a way.

THE WIDOW'S WOOER.



E woos me with those honeyed words
That women love to hear,
Those gentle flatteries that fall
So sweet on every ear.
He tells me that my face is fair,
Too fair for grief to shade:
My cheek, he says, was never meant
In sorrow's gloom to fade.
He stands beside me, when I sing
The songs of other days,
And whispers, in love's thrilling tones,
The words of heartfelt praise;
And often in my eyes he looks,
Some answering love to see—
In vain! he there can only read
The faith of memory.

He little knows what thoughts awake
With every gentle word;
How, by his looks and tones, the founts
Of tenderness are stirred,
The visions of my youth return,
Joys far too bright to last;
And while he speaks of future bliss,
I think but of the past.
Like lamps in eastern sepulchres,
Amid my heart's deep gloom,
Affection sheds its holiest light
Upon my husband's tomb.
And, as those lamps, if brought once more
To upper air, grow dim,
So my soul's love is cold and dead.
Unless it glow for him.

EMMA C. EMBURY.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.



GREEN be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.
Tears fell, when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep,
And long, where thou art lying,
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts, whose truth was proven,
Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven
To tell the world their worth.

And I, who woke each morrow
To clasp thine hand in mine,
Who shared the joy and sorrow,
Whose weal and wo were thine—

It should be mine to braid it
Around thy faded brow;
But I've in vain essayed it,
And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
Nor thoughts nor words are free,
The grief is fixed too deeply
That mourns a man like thee.

FITZ GREENE HALLECK.

THE MEMORY OF THE HEART.

† F stores of dry and learned lore we gain,
† We keep them in the memory of the brain;
† Names, things, and facts—whate'er we knowledge
call—

There is the common ledger for them all;
And images on this cold surface traced
Make slight impression, and are soon effaced.
But we've a page, more glowing and more bright,
On which our friendship and our love to write;
That these may never from the soul depart,
We trust them to the memory of the heart.
There is no dimming, no effacement there;
Each new pulsation keeps the record clear;
Warm, golden letters all the tablet fill,
Nor lose their lustre till the heart stands still.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

ROBIN ADAIR.

WHAT'S this dull town to me?
Robin's not near—
He whom I wished to see,
Wished for to hear;
Where's all the joy and mirth
Made life a heaven on earth,
O, they're all fled with thee,
Robin Adair!

What made the assembly shine?
Robin Adair:
What made the ball so fine?
Robin was there:
What, when the play was o'er,
What made my heart so sore?
O, it was parting with
Robin Adair!

But now thou art far from me,
Robin Adair;
But now I never see
Robin Adair;
Yet him I loved so well
Still in my heart shall dwell
O, I can ne'er forget
Robin Adair!

Welcome on shore again,
Robin Adair!
Welcome once more again,
Robin Adair!
I feel thy trembling hand;
Tears in thy eyelids stand,
To greet thy native land,
Robin Adair.

Long I ne'er saw thee, love,
Robin Adair;
Still I prayed for thee, love,
Robin Adair;
When thou wert far at sea,
Many made love to me,
But still I thought on thee,
Robin Adair.

Come to my heart again,
Robin Adair;
Never to part again,
Robin Adair;
And if thou still art true,
I will be constant too,
And will wed none but you,
Robin Adair!

LADY CAROLINE KEPPEL.

THE MAID'S REMONSTRANCE.

NEVER wedding, ever wooing,
Still a lovelorn heart pursuing,
Read you not the wrong you're doing
In my cheek's pale hue?
All my life with sorrow strewing,
Wed, or cease to woo.

Rivals banished, bosoms plighted
Still our days are disunited;
Now the lamp of hope is lighted,
Now half quenched appears,
Damped and wavering and benighted
Midst my sighs and tears.

Charms you call your dearest blessing,
Lips that thrill at your caressing,
Eyes a mutual soul confessing,
Soon you'll make them grow
Dim, and worthless your possessing,
Not with age, but woe!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

NO TIME LIKE THE OLD TIME.



HERE is no time like the old time, when you
and I were young,
When the buds of April blossomed, and the
birds of springtime sung!

The garden's brightest glories by summer suns are
nursed,
But, oh, the sweet, sweet violets, the flowers that opened
first!

There is no place like the old place where you and I
were born!
Where we lifted first our eyelids on the splendors of
the morn,
From the milk-white breast that warmed us, from the
clinging arms that bore,
Where the dear eyes glistened o'er us that will look on
us no more!

There is no friend like the old friend who has shared
our morning days,
No greeting like his welcome, no homage like his
praise;
Fame is the scentless sunflower, with gaudy crown of
gold,
But friendship is the breathing rose, with sweets in
every fold.

There is no love like the old love that we courted in
our pride;
Though our leaves are falling, falling, and we're fading
side by side,
There are blossoms all around us with the colors of
our dawn,
And we live in borrowed sunshine when the light of
day is gone.

There are no times like the old times—they shall never
be forgot!
There is no place like the old place—keep green the
dear old spot!
There are no friends like our old friends—may Heaven
prolong their lives!
There are no loves like our old loves—God bless our
loving wives!

THE MAIDEN SAT AT HER BUSY WHEEL.



HE maiden sat at her busy wheel,
Her heart was light and free,
And ever in cheerful song broke forth
Her bosom's harmless glee:
Her song was in mockery of love,
And oft I heard her say,
"The gathered rose and the stolen heart
Can charm but for a day."

I looked on the maiden's rosy cheek,
And her lip so full and bright,

And I sighed to think that the traitor love
Should conquer a heart so light:
But she thought not of the future days of woe,
While she carolled in tones so gay—
"The gathered rose and the stolen heart
Can charm but for a day."

A year passed on, and again I stood
By the humble cottage door;
The maiden sat at her busy wheel,
But her look was blithe no more;
The big tear stood in her downcast eye,
And with sighs I heard her say,
"The gathered rose and the stolen heart
Can charm but for a day."

Oh, well I knew what had dimmed her eye
And made her cheek so pale:
The maid had forgotten her early song,
While she listened to love's soft tale;
She had tasted the sweets of his poisoned cup,
It had wasted her life away—
And the stolen heart, like the gathered rose,
Had charmed but for a day.

EMMA C. ENBURY.

AFTON WATER.



LOW gently, sweet Afton, among thy green
braes;
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy
praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echoesounds through the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear;
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,
Far marked with the courses of clear-winding rills!
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.


How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow!
There oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As, gathering sweet flowerets, she stems thy clear wave!

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes;
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE WAKEFUL HEART.

 READ lightly, love, when over my head,
Beneath the daisies lying,
And tenderly press the grassy bed
Where the fallen rose lies dying.

Dreamless I sleep in the quiet ground,
Save when, your foot-fall hearing,
My heart awakes to the old-loved sound
And beats to the step that's nearing.

Bright shone the moon, last eve, when you came—
Still dust for dust hath feeling—
The willow-roots whispered low the name
Of him who weeps while kneeling.


The lily-cup holds the falling tears,
The tears you shed above me;
And I know through all these silent years
There's some one still to love me.

Oh, softly sigh; for I hear the sound
And grieve me o'er your sorrow:
But leave a kiss in the myrtle mound—
I'll give it back to-morrow.

Whisper me, love, as in moments fled,
While I dream your hand mine taketh;
For the stone speaks false that says, "She's dead;"
"I sleep, but my heart awaketh."

DENNAR STEWART.

MINNIE ADAIR.

 I thought her so pretty and called her my
own,
As the rich sunlight played in and out of
her curls,

As her little white feet 'mid the violets shone,
And her clear laughter rippled through rubies and
pearls.

Through June's golden mazes
Of pansies and daisies

We wandered and warbled our songs on the air;
O, the birds, a whole tree full,
Were never more gleeful

Than I and my sweet little Minnie Adair!

They come now and tell me that you're to be wed,
That rank has encircled your brow with its rays,
But when in your beautiful palace you tread,


With many to flatter you, many to praise,
Shall June's golden mazes
Of pansies and daisies,

And the bare-footed playmate who thought you so
fair—

Who wept at your sadness,
And shared in your gladness—
Be lost in their splendor, O Minnie Adair?

LYMAN GOODMAN.


SMILE AND NEVER HEED ME.

 HOUGH, when other maids stand by,
I may deign thee no reply,
Turn not then away, and sigh—
Smile and never heed me!
If our love indeed, be such,
As must thrill at every touch,
Why should others learn as much?—
Smile, and never heed me!

Even if, with maiden pride,
I should bid thee quit my side,
Take this lesson for thy guide—
Smile, and never heed me!
But when stars and twilight meet,
And the dew is falling sweet,
And thou hear'st my coming feet—
Then—thou then—mayst heed me!

CHARLES SWAIN.

THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.

 N Richmond Hill there lives a lass
More bright than May-day morn,
Whose charms all other maids surpass—
A rose without a thorn.


This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,
Has won my right good-will;
I'd crowns resign to call her mine,
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill.

Ye zephyrs gay, that fan the air,
And wanton through the grove,
O, whisper to my charming fair,
I die for her I love.

How happy will the shepherd be
Who calls this nymph his own?
O, may her choice be fixed on me!
Mine's fixed on her alone.

JAMES UPTON.

UNITED LIVES.


 SAD are they who know not love,
But, far from passion's tears and smiles,
Drift down a moonless sea, and pass
The silver coasts of fairy isles.

And sadder they whose longing lips
Kiss empty air, and never touch
The dear warm mouth of those they love,
Waiting, wasting, suffering much!

But clear as amber, sweet as musk,
Is life to those whose lives unite;
They walk in Allah's smile by day,
And nestle in his heart by night.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

OH! TELL ME NOT OF LOFTY FATE.

 H! tell me not of lofty fate,
Of glory's deathless name;
The bosom love leaves desolate
Has naught to do with fame.


Vainly philosophy would soar—
Love's height it may not reach;
The heart soon learns a sweeter lore
Than ever sage could teach.

Man's sterner nature turns away
To seek ambition's goal!
Wealth's glittering gifts, and pleasure's ray,
May charm his weary soul;

But woman knows one only dream—
That broken, all is o'er;
For on life's dark and sluggish stream
Hope's sunbeam rests no more.

EMMA C. EMBURY.

SOMEBODY.

 OMEBODY'S courting somebody,
Somewhere or other to night;
Somebody's whispering to somebody,
Somebody's listening to somebody,
Under this clear moonlight.

Near the bright river's flow,
Running so still and slow,
Talking so soft and low,
She sits with somebody.

Pacing the ocean's shore,
Edged by the foaming roar,
Words never used before
Sound sweet to somebody.

Under the maple-tree,
Deep though the shadow be,
Plain enough they can see,
Bright eyes has somebody.


No one sits up to wait,
Though she is out so late,
All know she's at the gate,
Talking with somebody.

Tiptoe to parlor door;
Two shadows on the floor!
Moonlight, reveal no more—
Susy and somebody.

Two, sitting side by side,
Float with the ebbing tide,
"Thus, dearest, may we glide
Through life," says somebody.

Somewhere, somebody
Makes love to somebody,
To-night.


THOUGH LOST TO SIGHT TO MEMORY DEAR.

 WEETHEART, good bye! That flut'ring sail
Is spread to waft me far from thee;
And soon, before the farth'ring gale
My ship shall bound upon the sea.
Perchance, all des'late and forlorn,
These eyes shall miss thee many a year;
But unforgotten every charm—
Though lost to sight, to memory dear.

Sweetheart, good bye! one last embrace!
Oh, cruel fate, two souls to sever!
Yet in this heart's most sacred place
Thou, thou alone, shalt dwell forever;
And still shall recollection trace,
In fancy's mirror, ever near,
Each smile, each tear, that form, that face—
Though lost to sight, to memory dear.

THOMAS MOORE.

EVENING SONG.


 OOK off, dear Love, across the fallow sands,
And mark yon meeting of the sun and sea;
How long they kiss in sight of all the lands—
Ah! longer, longer we.

Now in the sea's red vintage melts the sun,
As Egypt's pearl dissolved in rosy wine,
And Cleopatra night drinks all. 'Tis done.
Love, lay thine hand in mine.

Come forth, sweet stars, and comfort heaven's heart;
Glimmer, ye waves, round else unlighted sands:
O night! divorce our sun and sky apart—
Never our lips, our hands.

SIDNEY LANIER.

A MAIDEN'S IDEAL OF A HUSBAND.

 ENTEEL in personage,
Conduct and equipage,
Noble by heritage,
Generous and free:
Brave, not romantic;
Learned, not pedantic;
Frolic, not frantic;
This must he be.

Honor maintaining,
Meanness disdaining,
Still entertaining,
Engaging and new.
Neat, but not finical;
Sage, but not cynical;
Never tyrannical,
But ever true.

HENRY CAREY.

NEW LOVELINESS.

TH E stars that look at me to-night,
 How beautiful you seem !
 For I have found my spirit's light,
 The seraph of my dream.
 Oh ! never half so bright before
 Have I beheld you shine,
 For heaven itself looks lovelier,
 To lover's eyes like mine !
 Alas ! I fear when midnight waits
 To catch my voice, in vain
 The list'ners at your golden gates
 Will hear some other twain,
 Whose hearts like ours, in melody,
 Will sadly throb and sigh,
 To see how calmly you behold
 E'en lovers kiss, and—die !

EDWARD POLLOCK.

SWEET AND LOW.

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
 Wind of the western sea,
 Low, low, breathe and blow,
 Wind of the western sea !
 Over the rolling waters go,
 Come from the dying moon and blow,
 Blow him again to me ;
 While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.
 Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon :
 Rest, rest on mother's breast,
 Father will come to thee soon ;
 Father will come to his babe in the nest,
 Silver sails all out of the west,
 Under the silver moon ;
 Sleep, my little one, sleep my pretty one, sleep.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

TO A SISTER.

TES, dear one, to the envied train
 Of those around thy homage pay ;
 But wilt thou never kindly deign
 To think of him that's far away ?
 Thy form, thine eye, thine angel smile,
 For many years I may not see ;
 But wilt thou not sometimes the while,
 My sister dear, remember me ?
 But not in fashion's brilliant hall,
 Surrounded by the gay and fair,
 And thou the fairest of them all—
 O, think not, think not of me there.
 But when the thoughtless crowd is gone,
 And hushed the voice of senseless glee,
 And all is silent, still and lone,
 And thou art sad, remember me.

Remember me—but, loveliest, ne'er
 When, in his orbit fair and high,
 The morning's glowing charioteer
 Rides proudly up the blushing sky ;
 But when the waning moonbeam sleeps
 At moonlight on that lonely lea,
 And nature's pensive spirit weeps
 In all her dews, remember me.

Remember me—but choose not, dear,
 The hour when, on the gentle lake,
 The sportive wavelets, blue and clear,
 Soft rippling, to the margin break ;
 But when the deaf'ning billows foam
 In madness o'er the pathless sea,
 Then let thy pilgrim fancy roam
 Across them, and remember me.

Remember me—but not to join
 If haply some thy friends should praise ;
 'Tis far too dear, that voice of thine
 To echo what the stranger says.
 They know us not—but shouldst thou meet
 Some faithful friend of me and thee,
 Softly, sometimes, to him repeat
 My name, and then remember me.

Remember me—not, I entreat,
 In scenes of festal week-day joy,
 For then it were not kind or meet,
 Thy thought thy pleasure should alloy,
 But on the sacred, solemn day,
 And, dearest, on thy bended knee,
 When thou for those thou lovest dost pray,
 Sweet spirit, then remember me.

EDWARD EVERETT.

THE RING'S MOTTO.

A LOVER gave the wedding-ring
 Into a goldsmith's hand.
 "Grave me," he said, "a tender thought
 Within the golden band."
 The goldsmith graved
 With careful art—
 "Till death us part."

The wedding-bells rang gladly out.
 The husband said, "O wife,
 Together we shall share the grief,
 The happiness of life.
 I give to thee
 My hand, and heart,
 Till death us part."

'Twas she that lifted now his hand,
 (O love, that this should be !)
 Then on it placed the golden band,
 And whispered tenderly ;
 "Till death us join,
 Lo, thou art mine
 And I am thine !

"And when death joins we never more
 Shall know an aching heart,
 The bridal of that better love
 Death has no power to part;
 That troth will be
 For thee and me
 Eternity."

So up the hill and down the hill
 Through fifty changing years,
 They shared each other's happiness,
 They dried each other's tears.

Alas! Alas!
 That death's cold dart
 Such love can part!

But one sad day—she stood alone
 Beside his narrow bed;
 She drew the ring from off her hand,
 And to the goldsmith said:

"Oh, man who graved
 With careful art,
 'Till death us part,'

"Now grave four other words for me—
 'Till death us join.'" He took
 The precious golden band once more,
 With solemn, wistful look,
 And wrought with care,
 For love, not coin,
 "Till death us join."

TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON.

WHEN love with unconfined wings
 Hovers within my gates,
 And my divine Althea brings
 To whisper at my grates;
 When I lie tangled in her hair
 And fettered with her eye,
 The birds that wanton in the air
 Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups pass swiftly round
 With no allaying Thames,
 Our careless heads with roses crowned,
 Our hearts with loyal flames;
 When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
 When healths and draughts go free,
 Fishes that tinkle in the deep
 Know no such liberty.

When, linnet-like confined,
 With shriller throat shall sing
 The mercy, sweetness, majesty
 And glories of my King;
 When I shall voice aloud how good
 He is, how great should be,
 The enlarged winds that curl the flood,
 Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
 Nor iron bars a cage;
 Minds innocent and quiet take
 That for a hermitage:
 If I have freedom in my love,
 And in my soul am free,
 Angels alone, that soar above,
 Enjoy such liberty.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

THE DAY IS FIXED.

AT last the happy day is named,
 For hearts to be united,
 And on that day will be fulfilled
 The vows that have been plighted;
 The letter comes with eager haste,
 To give the information,
 And underneath the broken seal
 Is found an invitation.

Three maidens fair the message scan—
 Its lines with meaning freighted—
 And, more than outward looks suggest,
 Their breasts are agitated;
 Each hoped to win that promised hand,
 And change her single station,
 And each who sought receives at last,
 Receives—the invitation!

HENRY DAVENPORT.

THE SHEPHERD'S LAMENT.

OH, the poor shepherd's mournful fate,
 When doomed to love and doomed to languish,
 To bear the scornful fair one's hate,
 Nor dare disclose his anguish!
 Yet eager looks and dying sighs
 My secret soul discover,
 While rapture, trembling through mine eyes,
 Reveals how much I love her.
 The tender glance, the reddening cheek,
 O'erspread with rising blushes,
 A thousand various ways they speak
 A thousand various wishes.

For, oh! that form so heavenly fair,
 Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
 That artless blush and modest air,
 So fatally beguiling;
 Thy every look, and every grace,
 So charm, when'er I view thee,
 Till death o'ertake me in the chase,
 Still will my hopes pursue thee.
 Then, when my tedious hours are past,
 Be this last blessing given,
 Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
 And die in sight of heaven.

WILLIAM HAMILTON.

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LADY BARBARA.

EARL GAWAIN wooed the Lady Barbara,
High-thoughted Barbara, so white and cold!
'Mong broad-branched beeches in the summer
shaw,

In soft green light his passion he has told.
When rain-beat winds did shriek across the wold,
The Earl to take her fair reluctant ear
Framed passion-trembled ditties manifold;
Silent she sat his amorous breath to hear,
With calm and steady eyes; her heart was elsewhere.

He sighed for her through the summer weeks;
Sitting beneath a tree whose fruitful boughs
Bore glorious apples with smooth, shining cheeks,
Earl Gawain came and whispered, "Lady, rouse!
Thou art no vestal held in holy vows;
Out with our falcons to the pleasant heath."
Her father's blood leapt up into her brows—
He who, exulting on the trumpet's breath,
Came charging like a star across the lists of death,

Trembled, and passed before her high rebuke:
And then she sat, her hands clasped round her knee:
Like one far-thoughted was the lady's look,
For in a morning cold as misery
She saw a lone ship sailing on the sea;
Before the north 't was driven like a cloud;
High on the poop a man sat mournfully:
The wind was whistling through mast and shroud,
And to the whistling wind thus did he sing aloud:—

"Didst look last night upon my native vales,
Thou Sun! that from the drenching sea hast clomb?
Ye demon winds! that glut my gaping sails,
Upon the salt sea must I ever roam,
Wander forever on the barren foam?
O, happy are ye, resting mariners!
O Death, that thou wouldst come and take me home!
A hand unseen this vessel onward steers,
And onward I must float through slow, moon-measured
years.

"Ye winds! when like a curse ye drove us on,
Frothing the waters, and along our way,
Nor cape nor headland through red mornings shone,
One wept aloud, one shuddered down to pray,
One howled, 'Upon the deep we are astray.'
On our wild hearts his words fell like a blight,
In one short hour my hair was stricken gray,
For all the crew sank ghastly in my sight,
And we went driving on through the cold, starry night.

"Madness fell on me in my loneliness,
The sea foamed curses, and the reeling sky
Became a dreadful face which did oppress
Me with the weight of its unwinking eye.
It fled, when I burst forth into a cry—
A shoal of fiends came on me from the deep;
I hid, but in all corners they did pry,

(7)

And dragged me forth, and round did dance and leap;
They mouthed on me in dream, and tore me from
sweet sleep.

"Strange constellations burned above my head,
Strange birds around the vessel shrieked and flew,
Strange shapes, like shadows, through the clear sea fled,
As our lone ship, wide-winged, came rippling through,
Angering to foam the smooth and sleeping blue."
The lady sighed, "Far, far upon the sea,
My own Sir Arthur, could I die with you!
The wind blows shrill between my love and me."
Fond heart! the space between was but the apple-tree.

There was a cry of joy; with seeking hands
She fled to him, like worn bird to her nest;
Like washing water on the figured sands,
His being came and went in sweet unrest,
As from the mighty shelter of his breast
The Lady Barbara her head uprears
With a wan smile, "Methinks I'm but half blest:
Now when I've found thee, after weary years,
I cannot see thee, love! so blind I am with tears."

ALEXANDER SMITH.

ATALANTA'S RACE.

ATALANTA VICTORIOUS.

AND there two runners did the sign abide
Foot set to foot—a young man slim and fair,
Crisp-haired, well knit, with firm limbs often
tried

In places where no man his strength may spare;
Dainty his thin coat was, and on his hair
A golden circlet of renown he wore,
And in his hand an olive garland bore.

But on this day with whom shall he contend?
A maid stood by him like Diana clad
When in the woods she lists her bow to bend,
Too fair for one to look on and be glad,
Who scarcely yet has thirty summers had,
If he must still behold her from afar;
Too fair to let the world live free from war.

She seemed all earthly matters to forget;
Of all tormenting lines her face was clear,
Her wide gray eyes upon the goal were set,
Calm and unmoved as though no soul were near:
But her feet trembled as a man in fear,
Nor from her loveliness one moment turned
His anxious face with fierce desire that burned.

Now through the hush there broke the trumpet's
clang,
Just as the setting sun made eventide.
Then from light feet a spurt of dust there sprang,
And swiftly were they running side by side;
But silent did the thronging folk abide
Until the turning-post was reached at last,
And round about it still abreast they passed.

But when the people saw how close they ran,
When half-way to the starting-point they were,
A cry of joy broke forth, whereat the man
Headed the white-foot runner, and drew near
Unto the very end of all his fear;
And scarce his straining feet the ground could feel,
And bliss unhop'd for o'er his heart did steal.

But midst the loud victorious shouts he heard
Her footsteps drawing nearer, and the sound
Of fluttering raiment, and thereat afraid
His flushed and eager face he turned around,
And even then he felt her past him bound.
Fleet as the wind, but scarcely saw her there
Till on the goal she laid her fingers fair.

There stood she breathing like a little child
Amid some warlike clamor laid asleep,
For no victorious joy her red lips smiled,
Her cheek its wonted freshness did but keep;
No glance lit up her clear gray eyes and deep,
Though some divine thought softened all her face
As once more rang the trumpet through the place.

But her late foe stopped short amidst his course,
One moment gazed upon her piteously,
Then with a groan his lingering feet did force
To leave the spot whence he her eyes could see;
And, changed like one who knows his time must be
But short and bitter, without any word
He knelt before the bearer of the sword;

Then high rose up the gleaming deadly blade,
Bared of its flowers, and through the crowded place
Was silence now, and midst of it the maid
Went by the poor wretch at a gentle pace,
And he to hers upturned his sad white face;
Nor did his eyes behold another sight
Ere on his soul there fell eternal night.

ATALANTA CONQUERED.

Now has the lingering month at last gone by,
Again are all folk round the running place,
Nor other seems the dismal pageantry
Than heretofore, but that another face
Looks o'er the smooth course ready for the race;
For now, beheld of all, Milanion
Stands on the spot he twice has looked upon.

But yet—what change is this that holds the maid?
Does she indeed see in his glittering eye
More than disdain of the sharp shearing blade,
Some happy hope of help and victory?
The others seemed to say, "We come to die,
Look down upon us for a little while,
That dead, we may bethink us of thy smile."

But he—what look of mastery was this
He cast on her? why were his lips so red?
Why was his face so flushed with happiness?
So looks not one who deems himself but dead,

E'en if to death he bows a willing head;
So rather looks a god well pleased to find
Some earthly damsel fashioned to his mind.

Why must she drop her lids before his gaze,
And even as she casts adown her eyes
Redden to note his eager glance of praise,
And wish that she were clad in other guise?
Why must the memory to her heart arise
Of things unnoticed when they first were heard,
Some lover's song, some answering maiden's word?

What makes these longings, vague, without a
name,
And this vain pity never felt before,
This sudden languor, this contempt of fame,
This tender sorrow for the time past o'er,
These doubts that grow each minute more and more?
Why does she tremble as the time grows near.
And weak defeat and woful victory fear?

But while she seemed to hear her beating heart,
Above their heads the trumpet blast rang out,
And forth they sprang; and she must play her part;
Then flew her white feet, knowing not a doubt,
Though slackening once, she turned her head about,
But then she cried aloud and faster fled
Than e'er before, and all men deemed him dead.

But with no sound he raised aloft his hand,
And thence what seemed a ray of light there flew
And past the maid rolled on along the sand;
Then trembling she her feet together drew,
And in her heart a strong desire there grew
To have the toy; some god she thought had given
That gift to her, to make of earth a heaven.

Then from the course with eager steps she ran,
And in her colorless bosom laid the gold,
But when she turned again the great-limbed man
Now well ahead she failed not to behold,
And mindful of her glory waxing cold,
Sprang up and followed him in hot pursuit.
Though with one hand she touched the golden fruit.

Note, too, the bow that she was wont to bear,
She laid aside to grasp the glittering prize,
And o'er her shoulder from the quiver fair,
Three arrows fell and lay before her eyes
Unnoticed, as amidst the people's cries
She sprang to head the strong Milanion,
Who now the turning-post had well nigh won.

Just as he sets his mighty hand on it,
White fingers underneath his own were laid,
And white limbs from his dazzled eyes did flit.
Then he the second fruit cast by the maid;
But she ran on awhile, then as afraid
Wavered and stopped, and turned and made no
stay
Until the globe with its bright fellow lay.

Then, as a troubled glance she cast around,
Now far ahead the Argive could she see,
And in her garment's hem one hand she wound
To keep the double prize, and strenuously
Sped o'er the course, and little doubt had she
To win the day, though now but scanty space
Was left betwixt him and the winning place.

Short was the way unto such winged feet,
Quickly she gained upon him till at last
He turned about her eager eyes to meet,
And from his hand the third fair apple cast.
She wavered not, but turned and ran so fast
After the prize that should her bliss fulfil,
That in her hand it lay ere it was still.

Nor did she rest, but turned about to win
Once more, an unblest, woful victory—
And yet—and yet—why does her breath begin
To fail her, and her feet drag heavily?
Why fails she now to see if far or nigh
The goal is? Why do her gray eyes grow dim?
Why do these tremors run through every limb?

She spreads her arms abroad some stay to find,
Else must she fall, indeed, and findeth this,
A strong man's arms about her body twined.
Nor may she shudder now to feel his kiss,
So wrapped she is in new, unbroken bliss:
Made happy that the foe the prize hath won,
She weeps glad tears for all her glory done.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

PLACE YOUR HAND IN MINE, WIFE.

IS five-and-twenty years to-day,
Since we were man and wife—
And that's a tidy slice, I say,
From anybody's life.
And if we want, in looking back,
To feel how time has flown,
There's Jack, you see, our baby Jack,
With whiskers of his own.
Place your hand in mine, wife—
We've loved each other true;
And still, in shade or shine, wife,
There's love to help us through.

It's not been all smooth sailing, wife—
Not always laughing May;
Sometimes it's been a weary strife
To keep the wolf away.
We've had our little tiffs, my dear;
We've often grieved and sighed;
One lad has cost us many a tear;
Our little baby died.

But, wife, your love along the road
Has cheered the roughest spell;
You've borne your half of every load,
And often mine as well.

I've rued full many a foolish thing
Ere well the step was ta'en;
But, oh! I'd haste to buy the ring
And wed you o'er again.

'Twas you who made me own the Hand
That's working all along,
In ways we cannot understand,
Still bringing right from wrong,
You've kept me brave, and kept me true;
You've made me trust and pray;
My gentle evening star were you,
That blessed the close of day.

Place your hand in mine, wife—
We've loved each other true;
And still, in shade or shine, wife,
There's love to help us through.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

THE LITTLE MILLINER.

A girl hath violet eyes and yellow hair,
A soft hand, like a lady's, small and fair,
A sweet face pouting in a white straw bonnet,

A tiny foot, and little boot upon it;
And all her finery to charm beholders
Is the gray shawl drawn tight around her shoulders,
The plain stuff-gown and collar white as snow,
And sweet red petticoat that peeps below.
But gladly in the busy town goes she,
Summer and winter, fearing nobody;
She pats the pavement with her fairy feet,
With fearless eyes she charms the crowded street;
And in her pocket lie, in lieu of gold,
A lucky sixpence and a thimble old.

We lodged in the same house a year ago:
She on the topmost floor, I just below—
She, a poor milliner, content and wise,
I, a poor city clerk, with hopes to rise;
And, long ere we were friends, I learnt to love
The little angel on the floor above.
For, every morn, ere from my bed I stirred,
Her chamber door would open, and I heard—
And listening, blushing, to her coming down,
And palpitated with her rustling gown,
And tingled while her foot went downward slow,
Creaked like a cricket, passed, and died below;
Then peeping from the window, pleased and sly,
I saw the pretty shining face go by,
Healthy and rosy, fresh from slumber sweet—
A sunbeam in the quiet morning street.

And every night when in from work she tript,
Red to the ears I from my chamber slipt,
That I might hear upon the narrow stair
Her low "Good evening," as she passed me there.
And when her door was closed, below sat I,
And hearkened stilly as she stirred on high—

Watched the red firelight shadows in the room,
Fashioned her face before me in the gloom,
And heard her close the window, lock the door,
Moving about more lightly than before,
And thought, "She is undressing now!" and, oh!
My cheeks were hot, my heart was in a glow!
And I made pictures of her—standing bright
Before the looking-glass in bed-gown white,
Unbinding in a knot her yellow hair,
Then kneeling timidly to say a prayer;
Till, last, the floor creaked softly overhead,
'Neath bare feet tripping to the little bed—
And all was hushed. Yet still I hearkened on,
Till the faint sounds about the streets were gone;
And saw her slumbering with lips apart,
One little hand upon her little heart,
The other pillowing a face that smiled
In slumber like the slumber of a child,
The bright hair shining round the small white ear,
The soft breath stealing visible and clear,
And mixing with the moon's, whose frosty gleam
Made round her rest a vaporous light of dream.

How free she wandered in the wicked place,
Protected only by her gentle face!
She saw bad things—how could she choose but see?—
She heard of wantonness and misery;
The city closed around her night and day,
But lightly, happily, she went her way.
Nothing of evil that she saw or heard
Could touch a heart so innocently stirred—
By simple hopes that cheered it through the storm,
And little flutterings that kept it warm.
No power had she to reason out her needs,
To give the whence and wherefore of her deeds;
But she was good and pure amid the strife
By virtue of the joy that was her life.
Here, where a thousand spirits daily fall,
Where heart and soul and senses turn to gall,
She floated, pure as innocent could be,
Like a small sea-bird on a stormy sea,
Which breasts the billows, wafted to and fro,
Fearless, uninjured, while the strong winds blow,
While the clouds gather, and the waters roar,
And mighty ships are broken on the shore.
All winter long, witless who peeped the while,
She sweetened the chill mornings with her smile,
When the soft snow was falling dimly white,
Shining among it with a child's delight,
Bright as a rose, though nipping winds might blow,
And leaving fairy footprints in the snow!

'Twas when the spring was coming, when the snow
Had melted, and fresh winds began to blow,
And girls were selling violets in the town,
That suddenly a fever struck me down.
The world was changed, the sense of life was pained,
And nothing but a shadow-land remained;
Death came in a dark mist and looked at me,
I felt his breathing, though I could not see,

But heavily I lay and did not stir,
And had strange images and dreams of her.
Then came a vacancy; with feeble breath,
I shivered under the cold touch of death,
And swooned among strange visions of the dead,
When a voice called from heaven, and he fled;
And suddenly I awakened, as it seemed,
From a deep sleep wherein I had not dreamed.

And it was night, and I could see and hear,
And I was in the room I held so dear,
And unaware, stretched out upon my bed,
I hearkened for a footstep overhead.

But all was hushed. I looked around the room,
And slowly made out shapes amid the gloom.
The wall was reddened by a rosy light,
A faint fire flickered, and I knew 't was night,
Because below there was a sound of feet
Dying away along the quiet street—
When, turning my pale face and sighing low,
I saw a vision in the quiet glow:
A little figure in a cotton gown,
Looking upon the fire and stooping down,
Her side to me, her face illumed, she eyed
Two chestnuts burning slowly, side by side—
Her lips apart, her clear eyes strained to see,
Her little hands clasped tight around her knee,
The firelight gleaming on her golden head,
And tinting her white neck to rosy red,
Her features bright, and beautiful, and pure,
With childish fear and yearning half demure.

O sweet, sweet dream! I thought and strained mine
eyes,
Fearing to break the spell with words and sighs.

Softly she stooped, her dear face sweetly fair,
And sweeter since a light like love was there,
Brightening, watching, more and more elate,
As the nuts glowed together in the grate,
Crackling with little jets of fiery light,
Till side by side they turned to ashes white—
Then up she leapt, her face cast off its fear
For rapture that itself was radiance clear,
And would have clapped her little hands in glee.
But, pausing, bit her lips and peeped at me,
And met the face that yearned on her so whitely,
And gave a cry and trembled, blushing brightly,
While, raised on elbow, as she turned to flee,
"Polly!" I cried—and grew as red as she!

It was no dream! for soon my thoughts were
clear,
And she could tell me all, and I could hear:
How in my sickness friendless I had lain;
How the hard people pitied not my pain;
How, in despite of what bad people said,
She left her labors, stopped beside my bed,
And nursed me, thinking sadly I would die;
How, in the end, the danger passed me by;

How she had sought to steal away before
The sickness passed, and I was strong once more.
By fits she told the story in mine ear,
And troubled at the telling with a fear
Lest by my cold man's heart she should be chid,
Lest I should think her bold in what she did;
But, lying on my bed, I dared to say,
How I had watched and loved her many a day,
How dear she was to me, and dearer still
For that strange kindness done while I was ill,
And how I could but think that Heaven above
Had done it all to bind our lives in love.
And Polly cried, turning her face away,
And seemed afraid, and answered "yea" nor "nay;"
Then stealing close, with little pants and sighs,
Looked on my pale thin face and earnest eyes,
And seemed in act to fling her arms about
My neck; then, blushing, paused, in fluttering doubt;
Last, spring upon my heart, sighing and sobbing—
That I might feel how gladly hers was throbbing.

Ah! ne'er shall I forget until I die,
How happily the dreamy days went by,
While I grew well, and lay with soft heart-beats,
Harkening the pleasant murmur from the streets,
And Polly by me like a sunny beam,
And life all changed, and love a drowsy dream!
'Twas happiness enough to lie and see
The little golden head bent droopingly
Over its sewing, while the still time flew,
And my fond eyes were dim with happy dew!
And then, when I was nearly well and strong,
And she went back to labor all day long,
How sweet to lie alone with half-shut eyes,
And hear the distant murmurs and the cries,
And think how pure she was from pain and sin—
And how the summer days were coming in!
Then, as the sunset faded from the room,
To listen for her footstep in the gloom,
To pant as it came stealing up the stair,
To feel my whole life brighten unaware
When the soft tap came to the door, and when
The door was open for her smile again!
Best, the long evenings!—when, till late at night,
She sat beside me in the quiet light,
And happy things were said and kisses won,
And serious gladness found its vent in fun.
Sometimes I would draw close her shining head,
And pour her bright hair out upon the bed,
And she would laugh, and blush, and try to scold,
While "here," I cried, "I count my wealth in gold!"

Once, like a little sinner for transgression,
She blushed upon my breast, and made confession:
How, when that night I woke and looked around,
I found her busy with a charm profound—
One chestnut was herself, my girl confessed,
The other was the person she loved best,
And if they burned together side by side,
He loved her, and she would become his bride;

And burn indeed they did, to her delight—
And had the pretty charm not proven right?
Thus much, and more, with timorous joy, she said,
While her confessor, too, grew rasy red—
And close together pressed two blissful faces,
As I absolved the sinner, with embraces.

And here is winter come again, winds blow,
The houses and the streets are white with snow;
And in the long and pleasant eventide,
Why, what is Polly making at my side?
What but a silk gown, beautiful and grand,
We bought together lately in the Strand!
What but a dress to go to church in soon,
And wear right queenly 'neath a honeymoon!
And who shall match her with her new straw bonnet,
Her tiny foot and little boot upon it;
Embroidered petticoat and silk gown new,
And shawl she wears as few fine ladies do?
And she will keep, to charm away all ill,
The lucky sixpence in her pocket still;
And we will turn, come fair or cloudy weather,
To ashes, like the chestnuts, close together!

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

THE EXCHANGE.



We pledged our hearts, my love and I—
I in my arms the maiden clasping;
I could not tell the reason why,
But, O, I trembled like an aspen!

Her father's love she bade me gain;
I went, and shook like any reed!
I strove to act the man—in vain!

We had exchanged our hearts indeed.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.



T is the miller's daughter,
And she is grown so dear, so dear,
That I would be the jewel
That trembles at her ear:
For, hid in ringlets day and night,
I'd touch her neck so warm and white.

And I would be the girdle
About her dainty, dainty waist,
And her heart would beat against me
In sorrow and in rest:
And I should know if it beat right,
I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

And I would be the necklace,
And all day long to fall and rise
Upon her balmy bosom,
With her laughter or her sighs:
And I would lie so light, so light,
I scarce should be unclasped at night.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE LOVE-KNOT.

TYING her bonnet under her chin,
 She tied her raven ringlets in,
 But not alone in the silken snare
 Did she catch her lovely floating hair,
 For, tying her bonnet under her chin,
 She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the hill,
 Where the wind came blowing merry and chill;
 And it blew the curls a frolicsome race,
 All over the happy peach-colored face.
 Till scolding and laughing, she tied them in,
 Under her beautiful, dimpled chin.

And it blew a color, bright as the bloom
 Of the pinkest fuchsia's tossing plume,
 All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl
 That ever imprisoned a romping curl,
 Or, in tying her bonnet under her chin,
 Tied a young man's heart within.

Steeper and steeper grew the hill,
 Madder, merrier, chiller still,
 The western wind blew down, and played
 The wildest tricks with the little maid,
 As, tying her bonnet under her chin,
 She tied a young man's heart within.

O western wind, do you think it was fair
 To play such tricks with her floating hair?
 To gladly, gleefully, do your best
 To blow her against the young man's breast,
 Where he has gladly folded her in,
 And kissed her mouth and dimpled chin?

O Ellery Vane, you little thought,
 An hour ago, when you besought
 This country lass to walk with you,
 After the sun had dried the dew,
 What terrible danger you'd be in,
 As she tied her bonnet under her chin.

NORA PERRY.

A SPINSTER'S STINT.

SIX skeins and three, six skeins and three!
 Good mother, so you stinted me,
 And here they be—ay, six and three!

Stop, busy wheel! stop, noisy wheel!
 Long shadows down my chamber steal,
 And warn me to make haste and reel.

'T is done—the spinning work complete,
 O heart of mine, what makes you beat
 So fast and sweet, so fast and sweet?

I must have wheat and pinks, to stick
 My hat from brim to ribbon, thick—
 Slow hands of mine, be quick, be quick!

One, two, three stars along the skies
 Begin to wink their golden eyes—
 I'll leave my threads all knots and ties.

O moon, so red! O moon, so red!
 Sweetheart of night, go straight to bed;
 Love's light will answer in your stead.

A-tiptoe, beckoning me, he stands—
 Stop trembling, little foolish hands,
 And stop the bands, and stop the bands!

ALICE CARY.

O, DO NOT WANTON WITH THOSE EYES.

DO not wanton with those eyes,
 Lest I be sick with seeing;
 Nor cast them down, but let them rise,
 Lest shame destroy their being.

O, be not angry with those fires,
 For then their threats will kill me;
 Nor look too kind on my desires,
 For then my hopes will spill me.

O, do not steep them in thy tears,
 For so will sorrow slay me;
 Nor spread them as distract with fears;
 Mine own enough betray me.

BEN JONSON.

A NYMPH'S REPLY.

IF all the world and love were young,
 And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
 These pretty pleasures might me move
 To live with thee, and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
 When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;
 And Philomel becometh dumb,
 The rest complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
 To wayward winter reckoning yields;
 A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
 Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
 Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
 Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
 In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
 Thy coral clasps and amber studs;
 All these in me no means can move
 To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
 Had joys no date, nor age no need,
 Then these delights my mind might move
 To live with thee and be thy love.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

BLEST AS THE IMMORTAL GODS.

BLEST as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

'T was this deprived my soul of rest,
And raised such tumults in my breast :
For while I gazed, in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glowed ; the subtle flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame ;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung ;
My ears with hollow murmurs rung ;

In dewy damps my limbs were chilled ;
My blood with gentle horrors thrilled :
My feeble pulse forgot to play—
I fainted, sunk, and died away.

From the Greek of SAPHO,
by AMBROSE PHILLIPS.

THE WHISTLE.

"YOU have heard," said a youth to his sweet-
heart, who stood,
While he sat on a corn-sheaf, at day-
light's decline—

"You have heard of the Danish boy's whistle of
wood ?

I wish that the Danish boy's whistle were mine."

"And what would you do with it?—tell me," she
said,

While an arch smile played over her beautiful face.

"I would blow it," he answered ; "and then my fair
maid

Would fly to my side, and would here take her
place."

"Is that all you wish it for? That may be yours
Without any magic," the fair maiden cried :

"A favor so slight one's good nature secures ;"
And she playfully seated herself by his side.

"I would blow it again," said the youth, "and the
charm

Would work so, that not even modesty's check
Would be able to keep from my neck your fine
arm ;"

She smiled—and she laid her fine arm round his
neck.

"Yet once more would I blow, and the music divine
Would bring me the third time an exquisite bliss ;
You would lay your fair cheek to this brown one of
mine,

And your lips, stealing past it, would give me a
kiss."

The maiden laughed out in her innocent glee,
"What a fool of yourself with your whistle you'd
make !

For only consider, how silly 't would be
To sit there and whistle for—what you might
take !"

ROBERT STORY.

A MAIDEN WITH A MILKING-PAIL.

WHAT change has made the pastures sweet,
And reached the daisies at my feet,
And cloud that wears a golden hem ?
This lovely world, the hills, the sward—
They all look fresh, as if our Lord
But yesterday had finished them.

And here's the field with light aglow :
How fresh its boundary lime-trees show !
And how its wet leaves trembling shine !
Between their trunks come through to me
The morning sparkles of the sea,
Below the level browsing line.

I see the pool more clear by half
Than pools where other waters laugh,
Up at the breasts of coot and rail.

There, as she passed it on her way,
I saw reflected yesterday
A maiden with a milking-pail.

There, neither slowly nor in haste,
One hand upon her slender waist,
The other lifted to her pail—
She, rosy in the morning light,
Among the water-daisies white,
Like some fair sloop appeared to sail.

Against her ankles as she trod
The lucky buttercups did nod :
I leaned upon the gate to see.
The sweet thing looked, but did not speak ;
A dimple came in either cheek,
And all my heart was gone from me.

Then, as I lingered on the gate,
And she came up like coming fate,
I saw my picture in her eyes—
Clear dancing eyes, more black than sloes !
Cheeks like the mountain pink, that grows
Among white-headed majesties !

I said, "A tale was made of old
That I would fain to thee unfold."
Ah ! let me—let me tell the tale."

But high she held her comely head :
"I cannot heed it now," she said,
"For carrying of the milking-pail."

She laughed. What good to make ado ?
I held the gate, and she came through,
And took her homeward path anon.

From the clear pool her face had fled ;
It rested on my heart instead,

Reflected when the maid was gone.

With happy youth, and work content,
So sweet and stately, on she went,
Right careless of the untold tale.
Each step she took I loved her more,
And followed to her dairy door
The maiden with the milking-pail.

II.

For hearts where wakened love doth lurk,
How fine, how blest a thing is work !

For work does good when reasons fail—
Good ; yet the axe at every stroke
The echo of a name awoke—

Her name is Mary Martindale.

I'm glad that echo was not heard
Aright by other men. A bird
Knows doubtless what his own notes tell ;
And I know not—but I can say
I felt as shamefaced all that day
As if folks heard her name right well.

And when the west began to glow
I went—I could not choose but go—
To that same dairy on the hill ;
And while sweet Mary moved about
Within, I came to her without,
And leaned upon the window-sill.


The garden border where I stood
Was sweet with pinks and southernwood.
I spoke—her answer seemed to fail.
I smelt the pinks—I could not see.
The dusk came down and sheltered me,
And in the dusk she heard my tale.

And what is left that I should tell ?
I begged a kiss—I pleaded well :
The rosebud lips did long decline ;
But yet, I think—I think 't is true—
That, leaned at last into the dew,
One little instant they were mine !

O life ! how dear thou hast become !
She laughed at dawn, and I was dumb !
But evening counsels best prevail.
Fair shine the blue that o'er her spreads,
Green be the pastures where she trends,
The maiden with the milking-pail !

JEAN INGELOW.

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES.

 T. AGNES' EVE—ah, bitter chill it was !
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold ;
The hare limped trembling through the frozen
grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold :
Numb were the beadsman's fingers while he told

His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seemed taking flight for heaven without a death,
Past the sweet virgin's picture, while his prayer he
saith.

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man ;
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan,
Along the chapel isle by slow degrees ;
The sculptured dead on each side seemed to freeze,
Emprisoned in black, purgatorial rails ;
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,
He passeth by ; and his weak spirit fails
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

Northward he turneth through a little door,
And scarce three steps, ere music's golden tongue
Flattered to tears this aged man and poor ;
But no—already had his death-bell rung ;
The joys of all his life were said and sung :
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve :
Another way he went, and soon among
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to grieve.

That ancient beadsman heard the prelude soft ;
And so it chanced, for many a door was wide,
From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,
The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide ;
The level chambers, ready with their pride,
Were glowing to receive a thousand guests :
The carved angels, ever eager eyed,
Stared, where upon their heads the cornice rests,
With hair blown back, and wings put crosswise on
their breasts.

At length burst in the argent revelry,
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
Numerous as shadows haunting fairily
The brain, new-stuffed, in youth, with triumphs gay
Of old romance. These let us wish away ;
And turn, sole-thoughted, to one lady there,
Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,
On love, and winged St. Agnes' saintly care,
As she had heard old dames full many times declare.

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' eve,
Young virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adorings from their loves receive
Upon the honeyed middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did aright ;
As, supperless to bed they must retire,
And couch supine their beauties, lily white ;
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
Of heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline ;
The music, yearning like a god in pain,
She scarcely heard ; her maiden eyes divine,
Fixed on the floor, saw many a sweeping train

Pass by—she heeded not at all ; in vain
Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,
And back retired, not cooled by high disdain.
But she saw not ; her heart was elsewhere ;
She sighed for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the
year.

She danced along with vague, regardless eyes,
Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short ;
The hallowed hour was near at hand ; she sighs
Amid the timbrels, and the thronged resort
Of whisperers in anger, or in sport ;
Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn,
Hoodwinked with fairy fancy ; all amorn
Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,
And all the bliss to be before to-morrow morn.

So, purposing each moment to retire,
She lingered still. Meantime, across the moors,
Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire
For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,
Buttressed from moonlight, stands he, and implores
All saints to give him sight of Madeline,
But for one moment in the tedious hours,
That he might gaze and worship all unseen ;
Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss—in sooth such
things have been.

He ventures in : let no buzzed whisper tell :
All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords
Will storm his heart, love's feverous citadel ;
For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes,
Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,
Whose very dogs would execrations howl
Against his lineage ; not one breast affords
Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,
Save one old beldame, weak in body and in soul.

Ah, happy chance ! the aged creature came,
Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,
To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame,
Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond
The sound of merriment and chorus bland.
He startled her ; but soon she knew his face,
And grasped his fingers in her palsied hand,
Saying, "Mercy, Porphyro ! hie thee from this place ;
They are all here to-night, the whole bloodthirsty race !

"Get hence ! get hence ! there's dwarfish Hildebrand ;
He had a fever late, and in the fit
He cursed thee and thine, both house and land ;
Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit
More tame for his gray hairs—alas me ! flit !
Flit like a ghost away !" "Ah, gossip dear,
We're safe enough ; here in this arm-chair sit,
And tell me how—" "Good saints ! not here, not
here ;
Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy bier."

He followed through a lowly archèd way,
Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume ;
And as she muttered, "Well-a—well-away !"

He found him in a little moonlight room,
Pale, latticed, chill, and silent as a tomb.
"Now tell me where is Madeline," said he,
"O, tell me, Angela, by the holy loom
Which none but secret sisterhood may see,
When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously."

"St. Agnes ! Ah ! it is St. Agnes' Eve—
Yet men will murder upon holy days ;
Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,
And be liege-lord of all the elves and fays,
To venture so. It fills me with amaze
To see thee, Porphyro !—St. Agnes' eve !
God's help ! my lady fair the conjurer plays
This very night ; good angels her deceive !
But let me laugh awhile, I've nickle time to grieve."

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,
While Porphyro upon her face doth look,
Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone
Who keepeth closed a wondrous riddle-book,
As spectacted she sits in chimney nook.
But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told
His lady's purpose ; and he scarce could brook
Tears, at the thought of those enchantments cold,
And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,
Flushing his brow, and in his painèd heart
Made purple riot ; then doth he propose
A stratagem, that makes the beldame start :
"A cruel man and impious thou art !
Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep and dream
Alone with her good angels, far apart
From wicked men like thee. Go, go ! I deem
Thou canst not surely be the same that thou didst seem."

"I will not harm her, by all saints I swear !"
Quoth Porphyro ; "O, may I ne'er find grace
When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,
If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
Or look with ruffian passion in her face :
Good Angela, believe me by these tears ;
Or I will, even in a moment's space,
Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's ears,
And beard them, though they be more fanged than
wolves and bears."

"Ah ! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul ?
A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, churchyard thing,
Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll ;
Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,
Were never missed." Thus plaining, doth she bring
A gentler speech from burning Porphyro ;
So woful, and of such deep sorrowing,
That Angela gives promise she will do
Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe.

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,
Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide
Him in a closet, of such privacy
That he might see her beauty unespied,

And win perhaps that night a peerless bride,
While legioned fairies paced the coverlet,
And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed.
Never on such a night have lovers met,
Since Merlin paid his demon all the monstrous debt.

"It shall be as thou wishest," said the dame;
"All cates and dainties shall be storèd there
Quickly on this feast-night; by the tambour frame
Her own lute thou wilt see; no time to spare,
For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare
On such a catering trust my dizzy head.
Wait here, my child, with patience kneel in prayer
The while. Ah! thou must needs the lady wed,
Or may I never leave my grave among the dead."

So saying, she hobbled off with busy fear.
The lover's endless minutes slowly passed:
The dame returned, and whispered in his ear
To follow her; with aged eyes aghast
From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,
Through many a dusky gallery, they gain
The maiden's chamber, silken, hushed and chaste;
Where Porphyro took covert, pleased amain.
His poor guide hurried back with agues in her brain.

Her faltering hand upon the balustrade,
Old Angela was feeling for the stair,
When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmed maid,
Rose, like a missioned spirit, unaware;
With silver taper's light, and pious care,
She turned, and down the aged gossip led
To a safe level matting. Now prepare,
Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed!
She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove, frayed
and fled.

Out went the taper as she hurried in;
Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died;
She closed the door, she panted, all akin
To spirits of the air, and visions wide;
No uttered syllable, or, woe betide!
But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side;
As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled in her dell.

A casement high and triple-arched there was,
All garlanded with carven imageries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded 'scutcheon blushed with blood of queens
and kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;

Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint;
She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven. Porphyro grew faint:
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

Anon his heart revives; her vespers done,
Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees:
Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one;
Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees;
Half hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplexed she lay,
Until the popped warmth of sleep oppressed
Her soothéd limbs, and soul fatigued away;
Flown like a thought, until the morrow-day;
Blissfully havened both from joy and pain;
Clasped like a missal where swart Paynim pray;
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

Stolen to this paradise, and so entranced,
Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,
And listened to her breathing, if it chanced
To wake into a slumberous tenderness:
Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,
And breathed himself; then from the closet crept,
Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,
And over the hushed carpet, silent, stept,
And 'tween the curtains peeped, where, lo!—how fast
she slept.

Then by the bedside, where the faded moon
Made a dim, silver twilight soft he set
A table, and, half anguished, threw thereon
A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet:—
O for some drowsy morphean amulet!
The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarionet,
Affray his ears, though but in dying tone:—
The hall-door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
In blanchéd linen, smooth, and lavendered;
While he from forth the closet brought a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd;
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrups, tinct with cinamon;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferred
From Fez; and spiced dainties, every one,
From silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon.

These delicacies he heaped with glowing hand
On golden dishes and in baskets bright
Of wreathéd silver. Sumptuous they stand
In the retired quiet of the night,

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Porphy

Filling the chilly room with perfume light,—
 "And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake !
 Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite ;
 Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,
 Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache."

Thus whispering, his warm, unnervèd arm
 Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream
 By the dusk curtains :—'twas a midnight charm
 Impossible to melt as icèd stream :
 The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam ;
 Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies ;
 It seemed he never, never could redeem
 From such a steadfast spell his lady's eyes ;
 So mused awhile, entoiied in woofèd phantasies.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute—
 Tumultuous—and, in chords that tenderest be,
 He played an ancient ditty, long since mute,
 In Provence called "La belle dame sans merci ;"
 Close to her ear touching the melody :—
 Wherewith disturbed, she uttered a soft moan :
 He ceased ; she panted quick—and suddenly
 Her blue affrayèd eyes wide open shone :
 Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured
 stone.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
 Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep.
 There was a painful change that night expelled
 The blisses of her dream so pure and deep ;
 At which fair Madeline began to weep,
 And moan forth witless words with many a sigh ;
 While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep ;
 Who knelt with joinèd hands and piteous eye,
 Fearing to move or speak, she looked so dreamingly.

"Ah, Porphyro !" she said, "but even now
 Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,
 Made tunable with every sweetest vow ;
 And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear ;
 How changed thou art ! how pallid, chill, and drear !
 Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
 Those looks immortal, those complainings dear !
 O, leave me not in this eternal woe,
 For if thou diest, my love, I know not where to go."

Beyond a mortal man impassioned far
 At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
 Ethereal, flushed, and like a throbbing star
 Seen mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose ;
 Into her dream he melted, as the rose
 Blendeth its odor with the violet—
 Solution sweet ; meantime the frost-wind blows
 Like love's alarm pattering the sharp sleet
 Against the window panes : St. Agnes' moon hath set.

'Tis dark ; quick pattereth the flau-blown sleet :
 "This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline !"
 'Tis dark ; the icèd gusts still rave and beat :
 "No dream ? alas ! alas ! and woe is mine !
 Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine.

Cruel ! what traitor could thee hither bring ?
 I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,
 Though thou forsakest a deceivèd thing ;—
 A dove forlorn and lost, with sick, unpruned wing."

"My Madeline ! sweet dreamer ! lovely bride !
 Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest ?
 Thy beauty's shield, heart-shaped and vermeil dyed ?
 Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest
 After so many hours of toil and quest,
 A famished pilgrim—saved by miracle.
 Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest,
 Saving of thy sweet self ; if thou think'st well
 To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.

"Hark ! 't is an elfin storm from faery land,
 Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed !
 Arise, arise ! the morning is at hand ;—
 The bloated wassailers will never heed :
 Let us away, my love, with happy speed ;
 There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see—
 Drowned all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead :
 Awake, arise, my love, and fearless be,
 For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee."

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,
 For there were sleeping dragons all around,
 At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears ;
 Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found,
 In all the house was heard no human sound.
 A chain drooped lamp was flickering by each door ;
 The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound,
 Fluttered in the besieging wind's uproar ;
 And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall !
 Like phantoms to the hon porch they glide,
 Where lay the porter, in uneasy sprawl,
 With a huge empty flagon by his side :
 The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,
 But his sagacious eye an inmate owns ;
 By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide ;
 The chains lie silent on the footworn stones ;
 The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans ;

And they are gone ! ay, ages long ago
 These lovers fled into the storm.

That night the baron dreamt of many a woe,
 And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form
 Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,
 Were long be nightmared. Angela, the old,
 Died palsy-twitched, with meagre face deform ;
 The beadsman, after thousand aves told,
 For aye unsought-for slept among his ashes cold.

JOHN KEATS.

FAREWELL TO HIS WIFE.

FARE thee well ! and if forever,
 Still forever, fare thee well ;
 • Even though unforgiving, never
 'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before thee
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While the placid sleep came o'er thee
Which thou ne'er canst know again:

Would that breast, by thee glanced over,
Every inmost thought could show !
Then thou wouldst at last discover
'T was not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this commend thee—
Though it smile upon the blow,
Even its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's woe :

Though my many faults defaced me,
Could no other arm be found
Than the one which once embraced me,
To inflict a cureless wound ?

Yet, O, yet thyself deceive not ;
Love may sink by slow decay ;
But by sudden wrench, believe not
Hearts can thus be torn away :

Still thine own life retain thou—
Still must mine, though bleeding beat ;
And the undying thought which paineth
Is—that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow
Than the wail above the dead ;
Both shall live, but every morrow
Wake us from a widowed bed.

And when thou wouldst solace gather,
When our child's first accents flow,
Wilt thou teach her to say " Father !"
Though his care she must forego !

When her little hands shall press thee,
When her lip to thine is pressed,
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee,
Think of him thy love had blessed !

Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou nevermore mayst see,
Then thy heart will softly tremble
With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults perchance thou knowest,
All my madness none can know ;
All my hopes, whene'er thou goest,
Whither, yet with thee they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken ;
Pride, which not a world could bow,
Bows to thee—by thee forsaken,
Even my soul forsakes me now ;

But 't is done ; all words are idle—
Words from me are vainer still ;
But the thoughts we cannot bridle
Force their way without the will.

Fare thee well !—thus disunited,
Torn from every nearer tie,
Seared in heart and lone, and blighted,
More than this I scarce can die.

LORD BYRON.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moored,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came aboard ;
" O, where shall I my true love find ?

Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true
If my sweet William sails among the crew."

William, who high upon the yard
Rocked with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard
He sighed, and cast his eyes below :
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her nest :—
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

" O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain ;
Let me kiss off that falling tear ;
We only part to meet— heart shall be
Change as ye list, ye win—
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

" Believe not what the landmen say
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind :
They'll tell thee, sailors when away,
In every port a mistress find :
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For Thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

" If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

" Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye."

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread ;
No longer must she stay aboard :
They kissed, she sighed, he hung his head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land ;
" Adieu !" she cried ; and waved her lily hand.

JOHN GAY.

THE BLOOM WAS ON THE ALDER AND THE
TASSEL ON THE CORN.

I HEARD the bob-white whistle in the dewy
breath of morn ;
The bloom was on the alder and the tassel on
the corn.

I stood with beating heart beside the babbling Mac-o-
chee,
To see my love come down the glen to keep her tryst
with me.

I saw her pace, with quiet grace, the shaded path
along,
And pause to pluck a flower, or hear the thrush's song.
Denied by her proud father as a suitor to be seen,
She came to me, with loving trust, my gracious little
queen.

Above my station, heaven knows, that gentle maiden
shone,
For she was belle and wide beloved, and I a youth
unknown.
The rich and great about her thronged, and sought
on bended knee
For love this gracious princess gave, with all her
heart, to me.

So like a startled fawn before my longing eyes she
stood,
With all the freshness of a girl in flush of woman-
hood.
I trembled as I put my arm about her form divine,
And stammered, as in awkward speech, I begged her
to be mine.

'Tis sweet to hear the pattering rain, that lulls a dim-
lit dream—
'Tis sweet to hear the song of birds, and sweet the
rippling stream ;
'Tis sweet amid the mountain pines to hear the south
winds sigh,
More sweet than these and all beside was the loving,
low reply.

The little hand I held in mine held all I had of life,
To mold its better destiny and soothe to sleep its
strife.
'Tis said that angels watch o'er men, commissioned
from above ;
My angel walked with me on earth, and gave to me
her love.

Ah! dearest wife, my heart is stirred, my eyes are
dim with tears—
I think upon the loving faith of all these bygone
years,
For now we stand upon this spot, as in that dewy
morn,
With the bloom upon the alder and the tassel on the
corn.

DON PIATT.

LAMENT

OF THE YOUNG HIGHLANDER SUMMONED FROM THE SIDE OF HIS
BRIDE BY THE "FERRY CROSS" OF RODERICK DHU.

HE heath this night must be my bed,
The bracken curtain for my head,
My lullaby the warder's tread,
Far, far from love and thee, Mary ;
To-morrow eve, more stilly laid
My couch may be my bloody plaid,
My vesper song, thy wail, sweet maid !
It will not waken me, Mary !

I may not, dare not, fancy now
The grief that clouds thy lovely brow,
I dare not think upon thy vow,
And all it promised me, Mary.
No fond regret must Norman know ;
When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,
His heart must be like bender bow,
His foot like arrow free, Mary.

A time will come with feeling fraught !
For, if I fall in battle fought,
Thy hapless lover's dying thought
Shall be a thought on thee, Mary.
And if returned from conquered foes,
How blithely will the evening close,
How sweet the linnets sing repose,
To my young bride and me, Mary !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WE PARTED IN SILENCE

WE parted in silence, we parted by night,
On the banks of that lonely river ;
Where the fragrant limes their boughs
unite,

We met—and we parted forever !
The night-bird sung, and the stars above
Told many a touching story,
Of friends long passed to the kingdom of love,
Where the soul wears its mantle of glory.

We parted in silence—our cheeks were wet
With the tears that were past controlling ;
We vowed we would never, no, never forget,
And those vows at the time were consoling ;
But those lips that echoed the sounds of mine
Are as cold as that lonely river ;
And that eye, that beautiful spirit's shrine,
Has shrouded its fires forever.

And now on the midnight sky I look,
And my heart grows full of weeping ;
Each star is to me a sealed book,
Some tale of that loved one keeping.
We parted in silence—we parted in tears,
On the banks of that lonely river ;
But the odor and bloom of those bygone years
Shall hang o'er its waters forever.

JULIA CRAWFORD.

LOVE AND TIME.



TWO pilgrims from the distant plain
Come quickly o'er the mossy ground.
One is a boy, with locks of gold
Thick curling round his face so fair;
The other pilgrim, stern and old,
Has snowy beard and silver hair.

The youth with many a merry trick
Goes singing on his careless way;
His old companion walks as quick,
But speaks no word by night or day.
Where'er the old man treads, the grass
Fast fadeth with a certain doom;
But where the beauteous boy doth pass
Unnumbered flowers are seen to bloom.

And thus before the sage, the boy
Trips lightly o'er the blooming lands,
And proudly bears a pretty toy—
A crystal glass with diamond sands.
A smile o'er any brow would pass
To see him frolic in the sun—
To see him shake the crystal glass,
And make the sands more quickly run.

And now they leap the streamlet o'er,
A silver thread so white and thin,
And now they reach the open door,
And now they lightly enter in:
"God save all here"—that kind wish flies
Still sweeter from his lips so sweet;
"God save you kindly," Norah cries:
"Sit down, my child, and rest and eat."

"Thanks, gentle Norah, fair and good,
We'll rest awhile our weary feet;
But though this old man needeth food,
There's nothing here that he can eat.
His taste is strange, he eats alone,
Beneath some ruined cloister's cope,
Or on some tottering turret's stone,
While I can only live on—hope!"

"A week ago, ere you were wed—
It was the very night before—
Upon so many sweets I fed
While passing by your mother's door—
It was that dear, delicious hour
When Owen here the nosegay brought,
And found you in the woodbine bower—
Since then, indeed, I've needed naught."

A blush steals over Norah's face,
A smile comes over Owen's brow,
A tranquil joy illumines the place,
As if the moon were shining now;
The boy beholds the pleasing pain,
The sweet confusion he has done,
And shakes the crystal glass again,
And makes the sands more quickly run.

"Dear Norah, we are pilgrims, bound
Upon an endless path sublime;
We pace the green earth round and round,
And mortals call us LOVE and TIME;
He seeks the many, I the few;
I dwell with peasants, he with kings.
We seldom meet; but when we do,
I take his glass, and he my wings.

"And thus together on we go,
Where'er I chance or wish to lead;
And time, whose lonely steps are slow,
Now sweeps along with lightning speed.
Now on our bright predestined way
We must to other regions pass;
But take this gift, and night and day
Look well upon its truthful glass.

"How quick or slow the bright sands fall
Is hid from lovers' eyes alone,
If you can see them move at all,
Be sure your heart has colder grown.
'Tis coldness makes the glass grow dry,
The icy hand, the freezing brow;
But warm the heart and breathe the sigh,
And then they'll pass you know not how."

She took the glass where love's warm hands
A bright impervious vapor cast,
She looks, but cannot see the sands,
Although she feels they're falling fast.
But cold hours came, and then, alas!
She saw them falling frozen through,
Till love's warm light suffused the glass,
And hid the loosening sands from view!

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

HERO TO LEANDER.



GO not yet my love,
The night is dark and vast;
The white moon is hid in her heaven above
And the waves climb high and fast.

O, kiss me, kiss me, once again,
Lest thy kiss should be the last.
O, kiss me ere we part;
Grow closer to my heart.

My heart is warmer surely than the bosom of the main.
O joy! O bliss of blisses!

My heart of hearts art thou.
Come, bathe me with thy kisses,
My eyelids and my brow.

Hark how the wild rain hisses,
And the loud sea roars below.

Thy heart beats through thy rosy limbs,
So gladly doth it stir;
Thy eye in drops of gladness swims.
I have bathed thee with the pleasant myrrh;
Thy locks are dripping balm;
Thou shalt not wander hence to-night,

I'll stay thee with my kisses.
To-night the roaring brine
Will rend thy golden tresses;
The ocean with the morrow light
Will be both blue and calm ;
And the billow will embrace thee with a kiss as soft
as mine.

No western odors wander
On the black and moaning sea,
And when thou art dead, Leander,
My soul must follow thee !
O, go not yet, my love,
Thy voice is sweet and low ;
The deep salt wave breaks in above
Those marble steps below.
The turret stairs are wet
That lead into the sea.
Leander ! go not yet.
The pleasant stars have set :
O, go not, go not yet,
Or I will follow thee.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

FAREWELL ! BUT WHENEVER.

FAREWELL ! but whenever you welcome the
hour
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your
bower,
Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,

And forgot his own griefs, to be happy with you.
His griefs may return—not a hope may remain
Of the few that have brightened his pathway of
pain—
But he ne'er can forget the short vision that threw
Its enchantment around him while lingering with
you !

And still on that evening when pleasure fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends, will be with you that night ;
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me, beaming all o'er with your
smiles—

Too blest if it tell me that, mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice has murmured, "I wish he were
here !"

Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot de-
stroy ;
Which come, in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features which joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories filled !
Like the vase in which roses have once been dis-
tilled—

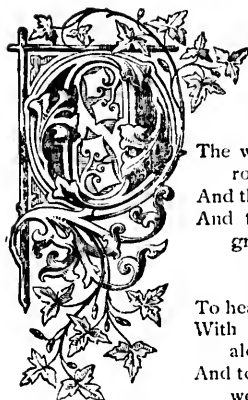
You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

THOMAS MOORE.



BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

THE GREENWOOD.



WHEN 'tis summer
weather,
And the yellow bee, with
fairy sound,
The waters clear is humming
round,
And the cuckoo sings unseen
And the leaves are waving
green—
O, then 't is sweet,
In some retreat,
To hear the murmuring dove,
With those whom on earth
alone we love,
And to wind through the green-
wood together.

But when 't is winter weather,
And crosses grieve,
And friends deceive,
And rain and sleet
The lattice beat—
O, then 't is sweet
To sit and sing
Of the friends with whom, in the days of spring,
We roamed through the greenwood together.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

THANATOPSIS.

O him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice—yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist

Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements;
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor could'st thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man! The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, traverse Barca's desert sands,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there!
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone!
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men—
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The bowed with age, the infant in the smiles
And beauty of its innocent age cut off—
Shall one by one, be gathered to thy side
By those who in their turn shall follow thee.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take

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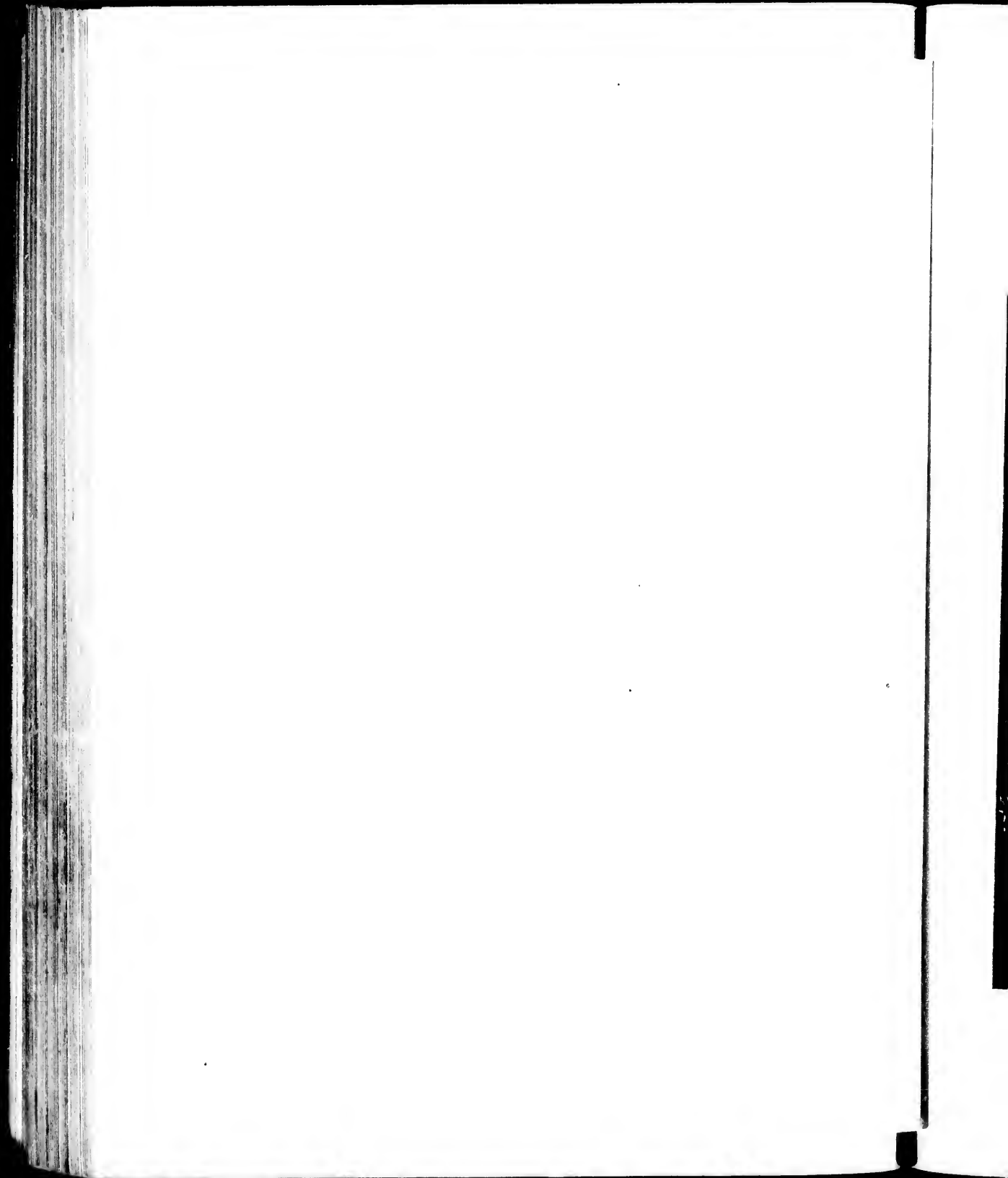
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His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

ODE ON THE SPRING.

 O! where the rosy-bosomed hours,
Fair Venus' train appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of spring:
While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
Cool zephyrs through the clear blue sky,
Their gathered fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader, browner shade;
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beach
O'er-canopies the glade,
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclined in rustic state)
How vain the ardor of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of care:
The panting herds repose:
Yet hark, how through the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!
The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honeyed spring,
And float amid the liquid noon:
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some show their gayly-gilded trim
Quick glancing to the sun.

To contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of man:
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter through life's little day,
In fortune's varying colors drest;
Brushed by the hand of rough mischance;
Or chilled by age, their airy dance
They leave in dust to rest.


Methinks I hear in accents low
The sportive kind reply;
"Poor moralist! and what art thou?
A solitary fly!
Thy joys no glittering female meets,

(S)

No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display:
On hasty wings thy youth is flown:
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
We frolic while 't is May."

THOMAS GRAY.

THE LATE SPRING.

 HE stood alone amidst the April fields—
Brown, sodden fields, all desolate and bare.
"The spring is late," she said, "the faithless
spring,
That should have come to make the meadows fair.

"Their sweet South left too soon, among the trees
The birds, bewildered, flutter to and fro;
For them no green boughs wait—their memories
Of last year's April had deceived them so."


She watched the homeless birds, the slow, sad
spring,

The barren fields, and shivering, naked trees.
"Thus God has dealt with me, his child," she said:
"I wait my spring-time, and am cold like these.
"To them will come the fulness of their time;
Their spring, though late, will make the meadows
fair;

Shall I, who wait like them, like them be blessed?
I am His own—doth not my Father care?"


LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

GOD'S FIRST TEMPLES.

 HE groves were God's first temples. Ere man
learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems—in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest, solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences,
That, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks, that, high in heaven,
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless power
And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why
Should we, in the world's ripper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised! Let me, at least,
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn—thrice happy, if it find
Acceptance in his ear.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

IN JUNE.

 O sweet, so sweet the roses in their blowing,
 So sweet the daffodils, so fair to see ;
 So blithe and gay the humming-bird agoing
 From flower to flower, a hunting with the
 bee.

So sweet, so sweet 'he calling of the thrushes,
 The calling, cooing, wooing, everywhere ;
 So sweet the water's song through reeds and rushes,
 The plover's piping note, now here, now there.

So sweet, so sweet from off the fields of clover,
 The west-wind blowing, blowing up the hill ;
 So sweet, so sweet with news of some one's lover,
 Fleet footsteps, ringing nearer, nearer still.

So near, so near, now listen, listen, thrushes ;
 Now plover, blackbird, cease, and let me hear ;
 And, water, hush your song through reeds and
 rushes,
 That I may know whose lover cometh near.

So loud, so loud the thrushes kept their calling,
 Plover or blackbird never heeding me ;
 So loud the mill-stream too kept fretting, falling,
 O'er bar and bank, in brawling, boisterous glee.


So loud, so loud ; yet blackbird, thrush, nor plover,
 Nor noisy mill stream, in its fret and fall,
 Could drown the voice, the low voice of my lover,
 My lover calling through the thrushes' call.

"Come down, come down !" he called, and straight
 the thrushes
 From mate to mate sang all at once, "Come down !"
 And while the water laughed through reeds and rushes,
 The blackbird chirped, the plover piped, "Come
 down !"

Then down and off, and through the fields of clover,
 I followed, followed, at my lover's call ;
 Listening no more to blackbird, thrush, or plover,
 The water's laugh, the mill-stream's fret and fall.

NORA PERRY.

MAY-EVE, OR KATE OF ABERDEEN

 HE silver moon's enamoured beam
 Steals softly through the night,
 To wanton with the winding stream,
 And kiss reflected light.
 To beds of state go balmy sleep
 ('Tis where you've seldom been),
 May's vigil while the shepherds keep
 With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
 In rosy chaplets gay,
 Till morn unhbars her golden gate,
 And gives the promised May.


Methinks I hear the maids declare,
 The promised May, when seen,
 Not halt so fragrant, halt so fair,
 As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
 We'll rouse the nodding grove ;
 The nested birds shall raise their throats,
 And hail the maid I love.
 And see—the matin lark mistakes,
 He quits the tufted green :
 Fond bird ! 'tis not the morning breaks,
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
 Where midnight fairies rove,
 Like them the jocund dance we'll lead,
 Or tune the reed to love :
 For see, the rosy May draws nigh ;
 She claims a virgin queen ;
 And hark ! the happy shepherds cry,
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM

MARCH

 HE stormy March is come at last,
 With wind, and cloud, and changing skies
 I hear the rushing of the blast
 That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah ! passing few are they who speak,
 Wild, stormy month, in praise of thee ;
 Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
 Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou to northern lands again,
 The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
 And thou hast joined the gentle train,
 And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

And, in thy reign of blast and storm,
 Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day,
 When the changed winds are soft and warm,
 And heaven puts on the blue of May.

Then sing aloud the gushing rills
 And the full springs, from frost set free,
 That, brightly leaping down the hills,
 Are just set out to meet the sea.

The years departing beauty hides
 Of wintry storms the sullen threat :
 But in thy sternest frown abides
 A look of kindly promise yet.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies
 And that soft time of sunny showers,
 When the wide bloom, on earth that lies,
 Seems of a brighter world than ours.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THEY COME ! THE MERRY SUMMER MONTHS.



HEY come ! the merry summer months of beauty, song and flowers ;
They come ! the gladsome months that bring thick leafiness to bowers.

Up, up, my heart ! and walk abroad ; sling cark and care aside ;

Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peaceful waters glide ;

Or, underneath the shadows vast of patriarchal tree,

Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky in rapt tranquillity.

The grass is soft, its velvet touch is grateful to the hand ;

And, like the kiss of maiden love, the breeze is sweet and bland ;

The daisy and the buttercup are nodding courteously ;

It stirs their blood with kindest love, to bless and welcome thee :

And mark how with thine own thin locks—they now are silvery gray—

That blissful breeze is wantoning, and whispering, " Be gay ! "

There is no cloud that sails along the ocean of yon sky But hath its own wing'd mariners to give it melody :

Thou seest their glittering fans outspread, all gleaming like red gold ;

And hark ! with shrill pipe musical, their merry course they hold.

God bless them all, those little ones, who, far above this earth,

Can make a scoff of its mean joys, and vent a nobler mirth.

Good Lord ! it is a gracious boon for thought-crazed wight like me,

To smell again these summer flowers beneath this summer tree !

To suck once more in every breath their little souls away,

And feed my fancy with fond dreams of youth's bright summer day,

When, rushing forth like untamed colt, the reckless, truant boy

Wandered through greenwoods all day long, a mighty heart of joy !

I'm sadder now—I have had cause ; but O ! I'm proud to think

That each pure joy-fount, loved of yore, I yet delight to drink ;—

Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream, the calm, unclouded sky,

Still mingle music with my dreams, as in the days gone by.

When summer's loveliness and light fall round me dark and cold,

I'll bear indeed life's heaviest curse—a heart that hath waxed old !

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

APRIL.



HEN the warm sun, that brings Seed-time and harvest, has returned again, 'Tis sweet to visit the still wood, where springs

The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,
When forest glades are teeming with bright forms,
Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretell
The coming-in of storms.

From the earth's loosened mould
The sapling draws its sustenance, and thrives :
Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold,
The drooping tree revives.

The softly-warbled song
Comes through the pleasant woods, and colored wings
Are glancing in the golden sun, along
The forest openings.

And when bright sunset fills
The silvery woods with light, the green slope throws
Its shadows in the hollows of the hills,
And wide the upland glows.

And when the day is gone,
In the blue lake, the sky, o'erreaching far,
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips her horn,
And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide
Stand the gray rocks, and trembling shadows throw,
And the fair trees look over, side by side,
And see themselves below.

Sweet April, many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed ;
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE VERNAL SEASON.



OW let me sit beneath the whitening thorn,
And mark thy spreading tints steal o'er the dale ;

And watch with patient eye
Thy fair unfolding charms.

O nymph, approach ! while yet the temperate sun
With bashful forehead, through the cool moist air

Throws his young maiden beams,
And with chaste kisses woos

The earth's fair bosom ; while the streaming veil
Of lucid clouds, with kind and frequent shade,
Protects thy modest blooms
From his severer blaze.

Sweet is thy reign, but short : the red dog-star
Shall scorch thy tresses, and the mower's scythe
Thy greens, thy flowerets all,
Remorseless shall destroy.

Reluctant shall I bid thee then farewell ;
For O ! not all that autumn's lap contains,
Nor summer's ruddiest fruits,
Can aught for thee atone.

Fair spring ! whose simplest promise more delights
Then all their largest wealth, and through the heart
Each joy and new-born hope
With softest influence breathes.

ANNA L. BARBAULD.

THE WATER ! THE WATER !



HE water ! the water !
The joyous brook for me,
That tuneth through the quiet night
Its ever-living glee.
The water ! the water !
That sleepless, merry heart,
Which gurgles on unstintedly,
And loveth to impart
To all around it, some small measure
Of its own most perfect pleasure.

The water ! the water !
The gentle stream for me,
That gushes from the old gray stone
Beside the alder-tree.
The water ! the water !
That ever-bubbling spring
I loved and looked on while a child,
In deepest wondering—
And asked it whence it came and went,
And when its treasures would be spent.

The water ! the water !
Where I have shed salt tears,
In loneliness and friendliness,
A thing of tender years.
The water ! the water !
Where I have happy been,
And showered upon its bosom flowers
Culled from each meadow green ;
And idly hoped my life would be
So crowned by love's idolatry.

The water ! the water !
My heart yet burns to think
How cool thy fountain sparkled forth,

For parchéd lip to drink.
The water ! the water !
Of mine own native glen—
The gladsome tongue I oft have heard,
But ne'er shall hear again,
Though fancy fills my ear for aye
With sounds that live so far away !

The water ! the water !
The mild and glassy wave,
Upon whose broomy banks I've longed
To find my silent grave.
The water ! the water !
O, blest to me thou art !
Thus sounding in life's solitude
The music of my heart,
And filling it, despite of sadness,
With dreamings of departed gladness.

The water ! the water !
The mournful, pensive tone
That whispered to my heart how soon
This weary life was done.
The water ! the water !
That rolled so bright and free,
And bade me mark how beautiful
Was its soul's purity ;
And how it glanced to heaven its wave,
As wandering on, it sought its grave.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

MAY.

FEEL a newer life in every gale ;
The winds that fan the flowers,
And with their welcome breathings fill the sail,
Tell of serener hours—
Of hours that glide unfelt away
Beneath the sky of May.

The spirit of the gentle south-wind calls
From his blue throne of air,
And where his whispering voice in music falls,
Beauty is budding there ;
The bright ones of the valley break
Their slumbers, and awake.

The waving verdure rolls along the plain,
And the wide forest weaves,
To welcome back its playful mates again,
A canopy of leaves,
And from its darkening shadows floats
A gush of trembling notes.

Fairer and brighter spreads the reign of May ;
The tresses of the woods,
With the light dallying of the west-wind play ;
And the full-brimming floods,
As gladly to their goal they run,
Hail the returning sun.

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

THE SUMMER.

IN all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by the most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.
And with childlike, credulous affection,
We behold their tender buds expand,
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE MIDNIGHT WIND.

MOURNFULLY! O, mournfully
This midnight wind doth sigh,
Like some sweet, plaintive melody
Of ages long gone by!
It speaks a tale of other years,
Of hopes that bloomed to die,
Of sunny smiles that set in tears,
And loves that mouldering lie!

Mournfully! O, mournfully
This midnight wind doth moan!
It stirs some chord of memory
In each dull, heavy tone;
The voices of the much-loved dead
Seem floating thereupon—
All, all my fond heart cherished
Ere death had made it lone.

Mournfully! O, mournfully
This midnight wind doth swell
With its quaint, pensive minstrelsy—
Hope's passionate farewell
To the dreamy joys of early years,
Ere yet grief's canker fell
On the heart's bloom—ay! well may tears
Start at that parting knell!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

WILD FLOWERS.

BEAUTIFUL flowers! to me ye fresher seem
From the Almighty hand that fashioned all,
Than those that flourish by a garden-wall;
And I can image you as in a dream,
Fair, modest maidens, nursed in hamlets small:—
I love ye all!

Beautiful gems! that on the brow of earth
Are fixed, as in a queenly diadem;
Though lowly ye, and most without a name,
Young hearts rejoice to see your buds come forth,
As light erewhile into the world came:—
I love ye all!

Beautiful things ye are, where'er ye grow!
The wild red rose—the speedwell's peeping eyes—
Our own bluebell—the daisy, that doth rise

Wherever sunbeams fall or winds do blow;
And thousands more, of blessed forms and dyes:—
I love ye all!

Beautiful nurslings of the early dew!
Fanned in your loveliness, by every breeze,
And shaded o'er by green and arching trees;
I often wish that I were one of you,
Dwelling afar upon the grassy leas:—
I love ye all!

Beautiful watchers! day and night ye wake!
The evening star grows dim and fades away,
And morning comes and goes, and then the day
Within the arms of night its rest doth take;
But ye are watchful wheresoe'er we stray:—
I love ye all!

Beautiful objects of the wild-bee's love!
The wild-bird joys your opening bloom to see,
And in your native woods and wilds to be.
All hearts, to nature true, ye strangely move;
Ye are so passing fair—so passing free:—
I love ye all!

Beautiful children of the glen and dell—
The dingle deep—the moorland stretching wide,
And of the mossy mountain's sedgy side!
Ye o'er my heart have thrown a lovesome spell;
And, though the worldling, scorning, may deride:—
I love ye all!

ROBERT NICOLL.

TO THE DANDELION.


DEAR common flower, that grow'st beside the
way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with
thee;

The sight of thee calls back the robin's song
Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
And I, secure in childish piety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven, which he did bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears,
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE IVY GREEN.

 H! a dainty plant is the ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
On right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The wall must be crumbled, the stone decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim;
And the mouldering dust that years have made,
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.


Fast he stealth on though he wears no wings,
And a staunch old heart has he;
How closely he twineth, how close he clings,
To his friend the huge oak tree!
And sliely he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
As he joyously hugs and crawlth round
The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where grim death has been,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,
And nations have scattered been;
But the stout old ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days
Shall fatten on the past:
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the ivy's food at last.

Creeping on where time has been,
A rare old plant is the ivy green!

CHARLES DICKENS.

TO A DAISY.

 HERE is a flower, a little flower
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field,
In gay but quick succession shine;
Race after race their honors yield,
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses run,
Enwreathes the circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

The purple heath and golden broom,
On moory mountains catch the gale;
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round
It shares the sweet carnation's bed;
And blooms on consecrated ground
In honor of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem;
The wild bee murmurs on its breast;
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem,
Light o'er the skylark's nest.


'Tis Flora's page—in every place,
In every season, fresh and fair;
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms everywhere.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The rose has but a summer reign;
The daisy never dies!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE CHANGING WORLD.


WRITTEN WHILE A PRISONER IN ENGLAND.

 HE time hath laid his mantle by
Of wind and rain and icy chill,
And dons a rich embroidery
Of sunlight poured on lake and hill.
No beast or bird in earth or sky,
Whose voice doth not with gladness thrill,
For time hath laid his mantle by
Of wind and rain and icy chill.

River and fountain, brook and rill,
Bespangled o'er with livery gay
Of silver droplets, wind their way.
All in their new apparel vie,
For time hath laid his mantle by.

CHARLES OF ORLEANS.

ON A SPRIG OF HEATH

 LOWER of the waste! the heath fowl shuns
For thee the brake and tangled wood—
To thy protecting shade she runs,
Thy tender buds supply her food;
Her young forsake her downy plumes,
To rest upon thy opening blooms.

Flower of the desert though thou art!
The deer that range the mountain free,
The graceful doe, the stately hart,
Their food and shelter seek from thee;
The bee thy earliest blossom greets,
And draws from thee her choicest sweets.

Gem of the heath! whose modest bloom
Sheds beauty o'er the lonely moor;
Though thou dispense no rich perfume,
Nor yet with splendid tints allure,
Both valor's crest and beauty's bower
Oft has thou decked, a favorite flower.

Flower of the wild ! whose purple glow
Adorns the dusky mountain's side,
Not the gay hues of Iris' bow,
Nor garden's artful varied pride,
With all its wealth of sweets could cheer,
Like thee, the hardy mountaineer.

Flower of his heart ! thy fragrance mild
Of peace and freedom seem to breathe ;
To pluck thy blossoms in the wild,
And deck his bonnet with the wreath,
Where dwelt of old his rustic sires,
Is all his simple wish requires.

Flower of his dear-loved native land !
Alas, when distant far more dear !
When he from some cold foreign strand,
Looks homeward through the blinding tear,
How must his aching heart deplore,
That home and thee he sees no more !

MARIAN GRANT.

WILLOW SONG.

WILLOW ! in thy breezy moan
I can hear a deeper tone ;
Through thy leaves come whispering low
Faint sweet sounds of long ago—
Willow, sighing willow !

Many a mournful tale of old
Heart-sick love to thee hath told
Gathering from thy golden bough
Leaves to cool his burning brow—
Willow, sighing willow !

Many a swan-like song to thee
Hath been sung, thou gentle tree ;
Many a lute its last lament
Down thy moonlight stream hath sent—
Willow, sighing willow !

Therefore, wave and murmur on,
Sigh for sweet affections gone,
And for tuneful voices fled,
And for love, whose heart hath bled,
Ever, willow, willow !

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

THE WANDERING WIND.

WHE wind, the wandering wind
Of the golden summer eve—
Whence is the thrilling magic
Of its tones amongst the leaves ?
Oh ! is it from the waters,
Or from the long, tall grass ?
Or is it from the hollow rocks
Through which its breathings pass ?
Or is it from the voices
Of all in one combined,
That it wins the tone of mastery !
The wind, the wandering wind !

No, no ! the strange, sweet accents
That with it come and go,
They are not from the osiers,
Nor the fir-trees whispering low.

They are not of the waters,
Nor of the caverned hill ;
'Tis the human love within us
That gives them power to thrill ;
They touch the links of memory
Around our spirits twined,
And we start, and weep, and tremble,
To the wind, the wandering wind !

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

THE ROSE.

NOW fair is the rose ! that beautiful flower,
The glory of April and May ;
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
Above all the flowers of the field ;
When its leaves are all dead, and its fine colors lost,
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield !

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
Though they bloom and look gay like the rose ;
But all our fond care to preserve them is vain,
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth nor my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade ;
But gain a good name by well-doing my duty ;
This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.

ISAAC WATTS.

CHORUS OF FLOWERS

WE are the sweet flowers,
Born of sunny showers,
(Think, whenc'er you see us, what our
beauty saith ;)
Utterance mute and bright,
Of some unknown delight,

We fill the air with pleasure, by our simple breath :
All who see us love us—

We befit all places ;
Unto sorrow we give smiles—and unto graces, graces.

Who shall say that flowers
Dress not heaven's own bowers ?
Who its love without us, can fancy—or sweet floor ?
Who shall even dare
To say we sprang not there—
And came not down, the Lord might bring one piece
of heaven the more ?

O ! pray believe that angels
From those blue dominions
Brought us in their white laps down, 'twixt their gol-
den pinions.

LEIGH HUNT.

MAY DAY.

THE daisies peep from every field,
And violets sweet their odor yield ;
And purple blossom paints the thorn,
And streams reflect the blush of morn,
Then lads and lasses all, be gay,
For this is nature's holiday.

Let lusty labor drop his flail,
Nor woodman's hook a tree assail ;
The ox shall cease its neck to bow,
And Clodden yield to rest the plough.

Behold the lark in ether float,
While rapture swells the liquid note !
What warbles he, with merry cheer ?
" Let love and pleasure rule the year ! "

Lo ! Sol looks down with radiant eye,
And throws a smile around his sky ;
Embracing hill, and vale, and stream,
And warming nature with his beam.

The insect tribes in myriads pour,
And kiss with zephyr every flower ;
Shall these our icy hearts reprove,
And tell us what are foes to love ?

Then lads and lasses all, be gay,
For this is nature's holiday.

JOHN WOLCOT.

TO THE BRAMBLE FLOWER.

HY fruit full well the schoolboy knows,
Wild bramble of the brake !
So put thou forth thy small white rose ;
I love it for his sake,
Though woodbines flaunt and roses glow
O'er all the fragrant bowers,
Thou need'st not be ashamed to show
Thy satin-threaded flowers ;
For dull the eye, the heart is dull,
That cannot feel how fair,
Amid all beauty beautiful,
Thy tender blossoms are !
How delicate thy gauzy frill !
How rich thy branchy stem !
How soft thy voice when woods are still,
And thou sing'st hymns to them :
When silent showers are falling slow,
And 'mid the general hush,
A sweet air lifts the little bough,
Lone whispering through the bush !
The primrose to the grave is gone ;
The hawthorn flower is dead ;
The violet by the moss'd grey stone
Hath laid her weary head ;

But thou, wild bramble ! back dost bring,
In all their beauteous power,
The fresh green days of life's fair spring,
And boyhood's blossomy hour.
Scorned bramble of the brake ! once more
Thou bidd'st me be a boy,
To gad with thee the woodlands o'er,
In freedom and in joy.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

A DAY IN JUNE.

AND what is so rare as a day in June ?
Then, if ever, come perfect days ;
Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays :
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten ;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers ;
The flush of light may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys ;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf or a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace ;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atit like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives ;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings ;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest—
In the nice ear of nature, which song is the best ?

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE PRIMEVAL FOREST.

HIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring
pines and hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green,
Indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.
This is the forest primeval ; but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman ?

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.



ILD offspring of a dark and sullen sire !
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,
Was nursed in whirling storms.
And cradled in the winds.

Thee, when young spring first questioned winter's sway
And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight,
Thee on this bank he threw
To mark his victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,
Serene, thou openest to the nipping gale,
Unnoticed and alone,
Thy tender elegance.

So virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms
Of chill adversity ; in some lone walk
Of life she rears her head,
Obscure and unobserved ;

While every bleaching breeze that on her blows,
Chastens her spotless purity of breast,
And hardens her to bear
Serene the ills of life.

HARRY KIRKE WHITE.

THE LILY.



OW withered, perished seems the form
Of yon obscure unsightly root !
Yet from the blight of wintry storm,
It hides secure the precious fruit.

The careless eye can find no grace,
No beauty in the scaly folds,
Nor see within the dark embrace
What latent loveliness it holds.
Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales,
The lily wraps her silver vest,
Till vernal suns and vernal gales
Shall kiss once more her fragrant breast.

Yes, hide beneath the mouldering heap
The undelighting slighted thing ;
There in the cold earth buried deep,
In silence let it wait the spring.

Oh ! many a stormy night shall close
In gloom upon the barren earth,
While still, in undisturbed repose,
Uninjured lies the future birth.

Sweet smile of hope, delicious tear !
The sun, the shower indeed shall come,
The promised verdant shoot appear,
And nature bid her blossoms bloom.

And thou, O virgin queen of spring !
Shalt, from thy dark and lowly bed,
Bursting thy green sheath's silken string,
Unveil thy charms and perfume shed ;

Unfold thy robes of purest white,
Unsullied from their darksome grave,
And thy soft petals' silvery light
In the mild breeze unfettered wave.

So faith shall seek the lowly dust
Where humble sorrow loves to lie,
And bid her thus her hopes intrust,
And watch with patient, cheerful eye ;

And bear the long, cold wintry night,
And bear her own degraded doom ;
And wait till heaven's reviving light,
Eternal spring ! shall burst the gloom.

MARY TIGHE.

THE BRAVE OLD OAK.



SONG to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in the greenwood long ;
Here's health and renown to his broad green
crown,

And his fifty arms so strong.
There's fear in his frown when the sun goes down,
And the fire in the west fades out ;
And he showeth his might on a wild midnight,
When the storms through his branches shout.

Then here's to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who stands in his pride alone ;
And still flourish he, a hale green tree,
When a hundred years are gone !

In the days of old, when the spring with cold
Had brightened his branches gray,
Through the grass at his feet crept maidens sweet,
To gather the dew of May.
And on that day to the rebeck gay
They frolicked with lovesome swains ;
They are gone, they are dead, in the churchyard laid,
But the tree it still remains.

He saw the rare times when the Christmas chimes
Were a merry sound to hear,
When the squire's wide hall and the cottage small
Were filled with good English cheer.
Now gold hath the sway we all obey,
And a ruthless king is he ;
But he never shall send our ancient friend
To be tossed on the stormy sea.

HENRY FOTHERGILL CHORLEY.

THE CLOUD.



BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams ;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.

From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.

I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
 And whiten the green plains under;
 And then again I dissolve it in rain,
 And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
 And their great pines grown aghest;
 And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
 While I sleep in the arms of the blast.

Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
 Lightning, my pilot, sits;
 In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
 It struggles and howls at fits;
 Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
 'This pilot is guiding me,
 Lured by the love of the geni that move
 In the depths of the purple sea;
 Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
 Over the lakes and the plains,
 Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
 The spirit he loves, remains;
 And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
 Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
 And his burning plumes outspread,
 Leaps on the back of my sailing rack
 When the morning star shines dead,
 As on the jag of a mountain crag,
 Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
 An eagle alit, one moment may sit
 In the light of its golden wings;
 And when sunset may breathe from the lit sea be-
 neath,
 Its ardors of rest and of love,
 And the crimson pall of eve may fall
 From the depth of heaven above,
 With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
 As still as a brooding dove.

That orb'd maiden with white fire laden,
 Whom mortals call the moon,
 Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
 By the midnight breezes strewn;
 And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
 Which only the angels hear,
 May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
 The stars peep behind her and peer;
 And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
 Like a swarm of golden bees,
 When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
 Till the calm river, lakes, and seas,
 Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
 Are each paved with the moon and thee.

I bind the sun's throng with a burning zone,
 And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
 The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
 When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
 From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
 Over a torrent sea,

Sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof,
 The mountains its columns be.
 The triumphal arch through which I march,
 With hurricane, fire, and snow,
 When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
 Is the million-colored bow;
 The sphere-fire above, its soft colors wove,
 While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of the earth and water,
 And the nursling of the sky;
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores -
 I change, but I cannot die.

For after the rain, when, with never a stain,
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,
 And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex
 gleams,
 Build up the blue dome of air,
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
 And out of the caverns of rain,
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the
 tomb,
 I rise and upbuild it again.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

COME TO THESE SCENES OF PEACE.

COME to these scenes of peace,
 Where, to rivers murmuring,
 The sweet birds all the summer sing,
 Where cares, and toil, and sadness cease
 Stranger, does thy heart deplore
 Friends whom thou wilt see no more?
 Does thy wounded spirit prove
 Pangs of hopeless severed love?
 Thee, the stream that gushes clear—
 Thee, the birds that carol near
 Shall soothe, as silent thou dost lie
 And dream of their wild lullaby;
 Come to bless these scenes of peace,
 Where cares, and toil, and sadness cease.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

SONG OF THE SUMMER WINDS.

DOWN the glen, across the mountain,
 O'er the yellow heath we roam,
 Whirling round about the fountain,
 Till its little breakers foam.

Bending down the weeping willows,
 While our vesper hymn we sigh;
 Then unto our rosy pillows
 On our weary wings we hie.

There of idlenesses dreaming,
 Scarce from waking we refrain,
 Moments long as ages deeming
 Till we're at our play again.

GEORGE DARLEY.

DAFFODILS.

WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd—
A host of golden daffodils
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay :
Ten thousand saw I, at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee ;
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company ;
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude ;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

DAY-STARS! that ope your eyes with morn to
twinkle
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dew-drops on her lonely altars sprinkle
As a libation!

Ye matin worshippers! who bending lowly
Before the uprisen sun—God's lidless eye—
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
Incense on high!

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath planned,

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply—
Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder,
Its dome the sky.

There—as in solitude and shade I wander
Through the green aisles, or, stretched upon the sod,
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God—

Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers,
From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles! that in dewy splendor
"Weep without woe, and blush without a crime,"
O may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender
Your lore sublime!

"Thou wert not, Solomon! in all thy glory,
Arrayed," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours;
How vain your grandeur! ah, how transitory
Are human flowers!"

In the sweet-scented pictures, heavenly artist!
With which thou paintest nature's wide-spread hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all.

Not useless are ye, flowers! though made for pleasure:
Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night,
From every source your sanction bids me treasure
Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary
For such a world of thought could furnish scope?
Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,
Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!
Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection,
And second birth.

Were I, O God, in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers or divines,
My soul would find, in flowers of thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines!
HORACE SMITH.

AMERICAN SKIES.

THE sunny Italy may boast
The beauteous tints that flush her skies,
And lovely, round the Grecian coast,
May thy blue pillars rise :—
I only know how fair they stand
About my own beloved land.

And they are fair: a charm is theirs,
That earth—the proud, green earth—has not,
With all the hues, and forms, and airs,
That haunt her sweetest spot.
We gaze upon thy calm, pure sphere,
And read of heaven's eternal year.

Oh! when, amid the throng of men,
The heart grows sick of hollow mirth,
How willingly we turn us then,
Away from this cold earth,
And look into thy azure breast,
For seats of innocence and rest.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

FLOWERS—THE GEMS OF NATURE.

GEMS of the changing autumn, how beautiful ye are!
 Shining from your glossy stems like many a golden star;
 Peeping through the long grass, smiling on the down,
 Lighting up the dusky bank, just where the sun goes down;
 Yellow flowers of autumn, how beautiful ye are!
 Shining from your glossy stems like many a golden.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ENGLISH SCENERY.

HAUNTS of my youth!
 Scenes of fond day-dreams, I behold ye yet!
 Where 'twas so pleasant by thy northern slopes,
 To climb the winding sheep-path, aided oft
 By scattered thorns, whose spiny branches bore
 Small woolly tufts, spoils of the vagrant lamb,
 There seeking shelter from the noon-day sun;
 And pleasant, seated on the short soft turf,
 To look beneath upon the hollow way,
 While heavily upward moved the laboring wain,
 And stalking slowly by, the sturdy hind,
 To ease his panting team, stopped with a stone
 The grating wheel.

Advancing higher still,

The prospect widens, and the village church
 But little o'er the lofty roofs around
 Rears its gray belfry and its simple vane;
 Those lowly roofs of thatch are half concealed
 By the rude arms of trees, lovely in spring;
 When on each bough the rosy tintured bloom
 Sits thick, and promises autumnal plenty.
 For even those orchards round the Norman farms,
 Which, as their owners marked the promised fruit,
 Console them, for the vineyards of the South
 Surpass not these.

Where woods of ash and beech,

And partial copses fringe the green hill foot,
 The upland shepherd rears his modest home;
 There wanders by a little nameless stream
 That from the hill wells forth, bright now and clear,
 Or after rain with chalky mixture gray,
 But still refreshing in its shallow course
 The cottage garden; most for use designed,
 Yet not of beauty destitute. The vine
 Mantles the little casement, yet the briar
 Drops fragrant dew among the July flowers;
 And pansies rayed, and freaked, and mottled pinks,
 Grow among balm and rosemary and rue;
 There honeysuckles flaunt, and roses blow
 Almost uncultured; some with dark green leaves
 Contrast their flowers of pure unsullied white,
 Others like velvet robes of regal state

Of richest crimson; while, in thorny moss
 Enshrined and cradled, the most lovely wear
 The hues of youthful beauty's glowing cheek.
 With fond regret I recollect e'en now
 In spring and summer, what delight I felt
 Among these cottage gardens, and how much
 Such artless nosegays, knotted with a rush
 By village housewife or her ruddy maid,
 Were welcome to me; soon and simply pleased.
 An early worshipper at nature's shrine,
 I loved her rudest scenes—warrens, and heaths,
 And yellow commons, and birch-shaded hollows,
 And hedgerows bordering unfrequented lanes,
 Bowered with wild roses and the clasping woodbine.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

THE GRAPE-VINE SWING.

WITHE and long as the serpent train,
 Springing and clinging from tree to tree,
 Now darting upward, now down again,
 With a twist and a twirl that are strange to see;
 Never took serpent a deadlier hold,
 Never the cougar a wilder spring,
 Strangling the oak with the boa's fold,
 Spanning the beach with the condor's wing.
 Yet no foe that we fear to seek—
 The boy leaps wild to thy rude embrace;
 Thy bulging arms bear as soft a cheek
 As ever on lover's breast found place;
 On thy waving train is a playful hold
 Thou shalt never to lighter grasp persuade;
 While a maiden sits in thy drooping fold,
 And swings and sings in the noonday shade!

O giant strange of our southern woods!
 I dream of thee still in the well-known spot,
 Though our vessel strains o'er the ocean floods,
 And the northern forest beholds thee not;
 I think of thee still with a sweet regret,
 As the cordage yields to my playful grasp—
 Dost thou spring and cling in our woodlands yet?
 Does the maiden still swing in thy giant clasp?

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

MY HEART LEAPS UP.

MY heart leaps up when I behold
 A rainbow in the sky.
 So was it when my life began,
 So is it now I am a man,
 So be it when I shall grow old,
 Or let me die!
 The child is father of the man;
 And I could wish my days to be
 Bound each to each by natural piety.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE CLOSE OF SPRING.

THE garlands fade that spring so lately wove ;
Each simple flower, which she had nursed
in dew,

Anemonies that spangled every grove,
The primrose wan, and harebell mildly blue.
No more shall violets linger in the dell,
Or purple orchis variegates the plain,
Till spring again shall call forth every bell,
And dress with humid hands her wreaths again.

Ah, poor humanity ! so frail, so fair
Are the fond visions of thy early day,
Till tyrant passion and corrosive care
Bid all thy fairy colors fade away !
Another May new buds and flowers shall bring ;
Ah ! why has happiness no second spring ?

Should the lone wanderer, fainting on his way,
Rest for a moment of the sultry hours,
And, though his path through thorns and roughness
lay,

Pluck the wild rose or woodbine's gadding flowers ;
Weaving gay wreaths beneath some sheltering tree,
The sense of sorrow he a while may lose ;
So have I sought thy flowers, fair poesy !
So charmed my way with friendship and the muse.
But darker now grows life's unhappy day,
Dark with new clouds of evil yet to come ;
Her pencil sickening fancy throws away,
And weary hope reclines upon the tomb,
And points my wishes to that tranquil shore,
Where the pale spectre care pursues no more !

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

THE WOOD-NYMPH.

WHY should I, with a mournful, morbid spleen,
Lament that here, in this half desert scene,
My lot is placed ?

At least the poet-winds are bold and loud—
At least the sunset glorifies the cloud,
And forests old and proud
Rustle their verdurous banners o'er the waste.

Nature, though wild her forms, sustains me still ;
The founts are musical—the barren hill
Glow with strange lights ;

Through solemn pine-groves the small rivulets fleet
Sparkling, as if a naiad's silvery feet.

In quick and coy retreat,
Glanced through the star-beams on calm summer
nights ;

And the great sky, the royal heaven above,
Darkens with storms or melts in hues of love ;

While far remote,
Just where the sunlight smites the woods with fire,
Wakens the multitudinous sylvan choir,

Their innocent love's desire
Poured in a rill of song from each harmonious throat.

NATURE'S CHAIN.

LOOK round our world ; behold the chain of love
Combining all below and all above,
See plastic nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place,
Formed and impelled its neighbor to embrace.
See matter next, with various life endued,
Press to one centre still, the general good.
See dying vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving vegetate again :
All forms that perish other forms supply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die) ;
Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
Nothing is foreign ; parts relate to whole ;
One all-extending, all-preserving soul
Connects each being, greatest with the least ;
Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast ;
All served, all serving ; nothing stands alone ;
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.

ALEXANDER POPE.

THE LITTLE BEACH BIRD.

THOU little bird, thou dweller by the sea,
Why takest thou its melancholy voice ?
Why with that hoding cry
O'er the waves dost thou fly ?
O, rather, bird, with me
Through the fair land rejoice !

Then turn thee, little bird, and take thy flight
Where the complaining sea shall sadness bring
Thy spirit nevermore.
Come, quit with me the shore,
For gladness and the light,
Where birds of summer sing.

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

THE SWALLOW.

COME summer visitant, attach
To my reed-roof thy nest of clay,
And let my ear thy music catch,
Low twittering underneath the thatch,
At the gray dawn of day.

As fables tell, an Indian sage,
The Hindustani woods among,
Could in his desert hermitage,
As if 't were marked in written page,
Translate the wild bird's song.

I wish I did his power possess,
That I might learn, fleet bird, from thee,
What our vain systems only guess,
And know from what wild wilderness
Thou camest o'er the sea.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

MERRILY swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name :
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat ;
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note :
Bob o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there never was a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings :
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Brood, kind creature ; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she,
One weak chirp is her only note,
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat :
Bob o'-link, bob o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Never was I afraid of man ;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight !
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might :
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house with a frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell
Six wide mouths are open for food ;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seed for the hungry brood.
Bob o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care :
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink :
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes ; the children are grown ;
Fun and frolic no more he knows ;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone ;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes :
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

MAY TO APRIL.

WITHOUT your showers
I breed no flowers ;
Each field a barren waste appears ;
If you don't weep,
My blossoms sleep,
They take such pleasure in your tears.
PHILIP FRENAU.

SONG OF WOOD-NYMPHS.

COME here, come here, and dwell
In forest deep !
Come here, come here, and tell
Why thou dost weep !
Is it for love (sweet pain !)
That thus thou dar'st complain
Unto our pleasant shades, our summer leaves,
Where nought else grieves ?

Come here, come here, and lie
By whispering stream !
Here no one dares to die
For love's sweet dream ;
But health all seek, and joy,
And shun perverse annoy,
And race along green paths till close of day,
And laugh—alway !

Or else, through half the year,
On rushy floor,
We lie by waters clear,
While sky larks pour
Their songs into the sun !
And when bright day is done,
We hide 'neath bells of flowers or nodding corn,
And dream—till morn !

BRYAN WALLER PROCTOR (*Darby Cornwall*).

ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION.

DO you ask what the birds say? The sparrow,
the dove,
The linnet, and thrush say, "I love, and I
love!"

In the winter they're silent, the wind is so strong;
What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud song.
But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm
weather,
And singing and loving—all come back together.
But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings, and forever sings he,
"I love my love, and my love loves me."

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE BOBOLINK.

GAYEST songster of the spring!
Thy melodies before me bring
Visions of some dream-built land,
Where, by constant zephyrs fanned,
I might walk the livelong day,
Embosomed in perpetual May.
Nor care nor fear thy bosom knows,
For thee a tempest never blows;
But when our northern summer's o'er,
By Delaware or Schuylkill's shore
The wild rice lifts its airy head,
And royal feasts for thee are spread.
And when the winter threatens there,
Thy tireless wings yet own no fear,
But bear thee to more southern coasts,
Far beyond the reach of frosts.
Bobolink! still may thy gladness
Take from me all taints of sadness!

THOMAS HILL.

THE KATYDID.

I LOVE to hear thine earnest voice,
Wherever thou art hid,
Thou testy little dogmatist,
Thou pretty Katydid!
Thou mindest me of gentlefolks—
Old gentlefolks are they—
Thou sayest an undisputed thing
In such a solemn way.
Thou art a female, Katydid!
I know it by the trill
That quivers through thy piercing notes,
So petulant and shrill.
I think there is a knot of you
Beneath the hollow tree—
A knot of spinster Katydids—
Do Katydids drink tea?
O, tell me where did Katy live,
And what did Katy do?

And was she very fair and young,
And yet so wicked too?
Did Katy love a naughty man,
Or kiss more cheeks than one?
I warrant Katy did no more
Than many a Kate has done.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET poet of the woods, a long adieu!
Farewell soft minstrel of the early year!
Ah! 'twill be long ere thou shalt sing anew,
And pour thy music on the night's dull ear.
Whether on spring thy wandering flights await,
Or whether silent in our groves you dwell,
The pensive muse shall own thee for her mate,
And still protect the song she loves so well.
With cautious step the love-lorn youth shall glide
Through the lone brake that shades thy mossy nest;
And shepherd girls from eyes profane shall hide
The gentle bird who sings of pity best:
For still thy voice shall soft affections move,
And still be dear to sorrow and to love!

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

ADDRESS TO THE BUTTERFLY.

CHILD of the sun! pursue thy rapturous flight,
Mingling with her thou lovest in fields of light,
And where the flowers of paradise unfold,
Quaff fragrant nectar from their cups of gold:
There shall thy wings, rich as an evening sky,
Expand and shut with silent ecstasy:
Yet wert thou once a worm—a thing that crept
On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb and slept.
And such is man!—soon from his cell of clay
To burst a seraph in the blaze of day.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

THE REDBREAST.

WHEN that the fields put on their gay attire,
Thou silent sittest near brake or river's brim,
Whilst the gay thrush sings loud from covert
dim;
But when pale winter lights the social fire,
And meads with sline are sprent and ways with mire,
Thou charimest us with thy soft and solemn hymn,
From battlement, or barn, or hay-stack trim;
And now not seldom tunest, as if for hire,
Thy thrilling pipe to me, waiting to catch
The pittance due to thy well-warbled song:
Sweet bird, sing on! for oft near lonely hatch,
Like thee, myself have pleased the rustic throng,
And oft for entrance 'neath the peaceful thatch,
Full many a tale have told and ditty long.

JOHN BAMPFYLDE.


THE SKYLARK.

BIRD of the wilderness,
 Blithesome and cumberless,
 Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling-place—
 O to abide in the desert with thee!
 Wild is thy lay and loud,
 Far in the downy cloud,
 Love gives it energy, love gave it birth;
 Where, on thy dewy wing,
 Where art thou journeying?
 Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
 O'er moor and mountain green,
 O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
 Over the cloudlet dim,
 Over the rainbow's rim,
 Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!
 Then, when the gloaming comes,
 Low in the heather blooms,
 Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling-place—
 O to abide in the desert with thee!

JAMES HOGG.

THE CUCKOO.

 BLITHE new-comer! I have heard,
 I hear thee and rejoice:
 O cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
 Or but a wandering voice?

While I am lying on the grass
 Thy twofold shout I hear;
 From hill to hill it seems to pass,
 At once far off and near.

Though babbling only to the vale
 Of sunshine and of flowers,
 Thou bringest unto me a tale
 Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the sp
 Even yet thou art to me
 No bird, but an invisible thing
 A voice, a mystery.

To seek thee did I often rove
 Through woods and on the green;
 And thou wert still a hope, a love;
 Still longed for, never seen!

And I can listen to thee yet;
 Can lie upon the plain
 And listen, till I do beget
 That golden time again.

WILLIAM WARDSWORTH.

NIGHT BIRDS.


HIGH overhead the stripe-winged nightkawk
 soars,
 With loud responses to his distant love;
 And while the air for insects he explores,
 In frequent swoop descending from above,
 Startles, with whizzing sound, the fearful wight,
 Who wanders lonely in the silent night.

Around our heads the bat, on leathern wings,
 In airy circles wheels his sudden flight;
 The whippoorwill, in distant forest, sings
 Her loud, unvaried song; and o'er the night
 The hoding owl, upon the evening gale,
 Sends forth her wild and melancholy wail.

The first sweet hour of gentle evening flies,
 On downy pinions to eternal rest;
 Along the vale the balmy breezes rise,
 Fanning the languid boughs; while in the west
 The last faint streaks of daylight die away,
 And night and silence close the summer day.

ALONZO LEWIS.

THE MOCKING BIRD CALLING HER MATE.

 throat! O trembling throat!
 Sound clearer through the atmosphere!
 Pierce the woods, the earth;
 Somewhere listening to catch you, must be
 the one I want.

Shake out, carols!
 Solitary here—the night's carols!
 Carols of lonesome love! Death's carols!
 Carols under that lagging, yellow, waning moon!
 O, under that moon, where she droops almost down
 into the sea!
 O reckless, despairing carols!

But soft! sink low;
 Soft! let me just murmur;
 And do you wait a moment, you husky-noised sea;
 For somewhere I believe I heard my mate responding
 to me,
 So faint—I must be still, be still to listen;
 But not altogether still, for then she might not come
 immediately to me.

Hither, my love!
 Here I am! Here!
 With this just-sustained note I announce myself to you:
 This gentle call is for you, my love, for you.

Do not be decoyed elsewhere!
 That is the whistle of the wind—it is not my voice;
 That is the fluttering, the fluttering of the spray;
 Those are the shadows of leaves.

O darkness! O in vain!
 O, I am very sick and sorrowful.

WALT WHITMAN.

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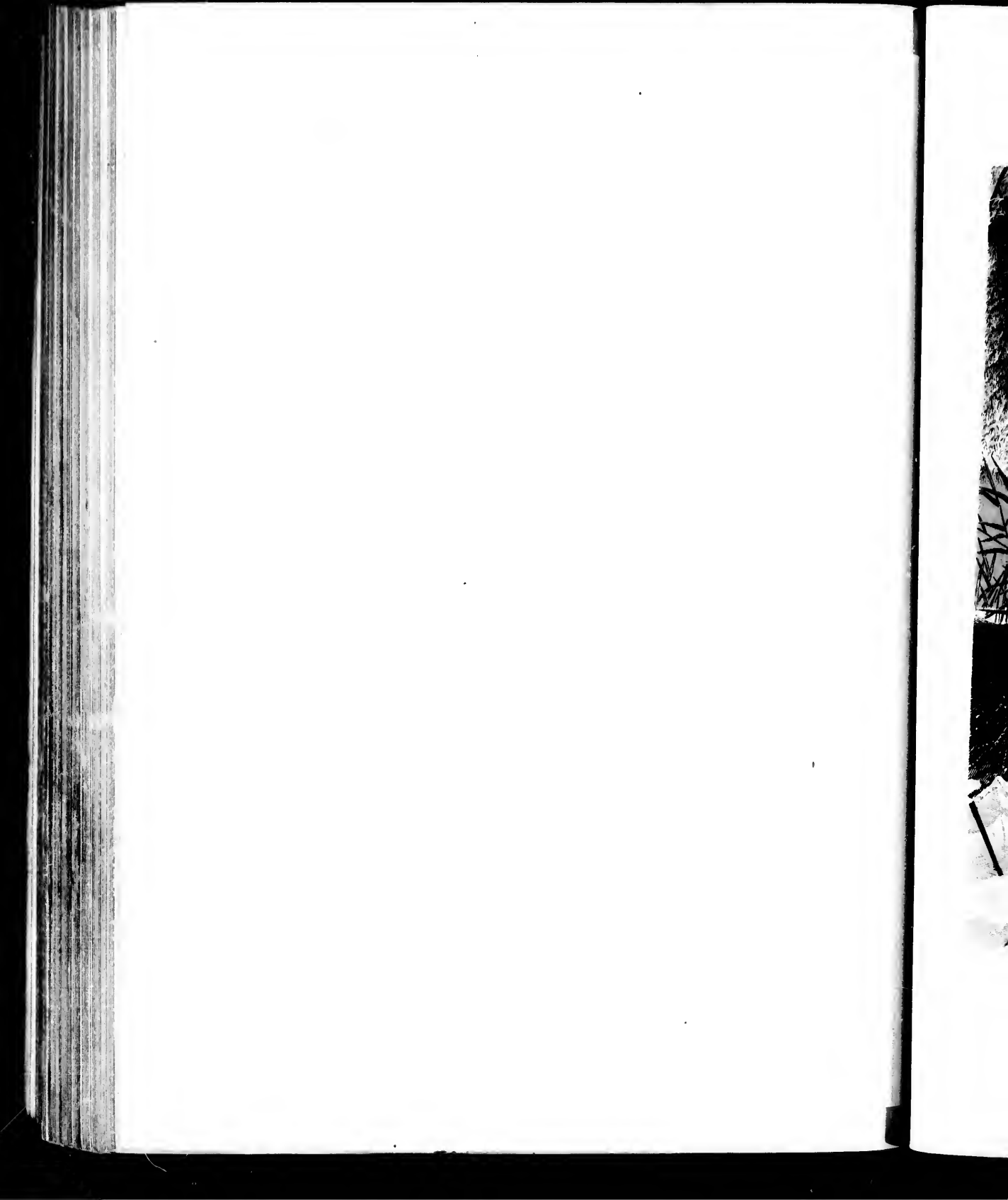
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THE STORMY PETREL.


 HE lark sings for joy in her own loved land,
In the furrowed field, by the breezes fanned ;
And so revel we
In the furrowed sea,
As joyous and glad as the lark can be.

On the placid breast of the inland lake
The wild duck delights her pastime to take ;
But the petrel braves
The wild ocean waves,
His wing in the foaming billow he laves.

The halcyon loves in the noontide beam
To follow his sport on the tranquil stream ;
He fishes at ease
In the summer breeze,
But we go angling in stormiest seas.

No song-note have we but a piping cry,
That blends with the storm when the wind is high.
When the land-birds wail
We sport in the gale,
And merrily over the ocean we sail.

THE THRUSH'S NEST.


 WITHIN a thick and spreading hawthorn bush
That overhung a molehill large and round,

I heard from morn to morn a merry thrush
Sing hymns of rapture, while I drank the sound
With joy—and oft an unintruding guest,
I watched her secret toils from day to day ;
How true she wraped the moss to form her nest,
And modelled it within with wood and clay.

And by and by, like heath-bells gilt with dew,
There lay her shining eggs as bright as flowers,
Ink-spotted over, shells of green and blue ;
And there I witnessed, in the summer hours,
A brood of nature's minstrels chirp and fly,
Glad as the sunshine and the laughing sky.

JOHN CLARE.

TO A WATERFOWL.

 HITHER, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps
of day,
Far, through the rosy depths, dost thou
pursue
Thy solitary way.

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

(9)

Seekest thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side ?

There is a Power, whose care
Teaches the way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere ;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.


And soon that toil shall end ;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone ; the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He, who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.


THE BARN OWL.

 HILE moonlight, silvering all the walls,
Through every opening crevice falls,
Tipping with white his powdery plume,
As shades or shifts the changing gloom ;
The owl that, watching in the barn,

Sees the mouse creeping in the corn,
Sits still, and shuts his round blue eyes
As if he slept—until he spies
The little beast within his stretch—
Then starts, and seizes on the wretch !


SAMUEL BUTLER.

THE SQUIRREL.

 RAWN from his refuge in some lonely elm,
That age or injury has hollowed deep,
Where, on his bed of wool and matted leaves,
He has outslept the winter, ventures forth,
To frisk a while and bask in the warm sun,
The squirrel, flippant, pert and full of play ;
He sees me, and at once, swift as a bird,
Ascends the neighboring beech, there whisks his
brush,
And perks his ears, and stamps and cries aloud,
With all the prettiness of feigned alarm,
And anger insignificantly fierce.

WILLIAM COWPER.

TO THE CUCKOO.

 HE schoolboy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay.
Starts, the new voice of spring to hear,
And imitates the lay.


What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest thy vocal vail,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another spring to hail!

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring.

JOHN LOGAN.

THE BELFRY PIGEON.

 N the cross-beam under the Old South bell,
The nest of a pigeon is builded well.
In summer and winter that bird is there,
Out and in with the morning air;

I love to see him track the street,
With his wary eye and active feet;
And I often watch him as he springs,
Circling the steeple with easy wings,
Till across the dial his shade has passed,
And the belfry edge is gained at last;
'T is a bird I love, with its brooding note,
And the trembling throb in its mottled throat;
There's a human look in its swelling breast,
And the gentle curve of its lowly crest;
And I often stop with the fear I feel—
He runs so close to the rapid wheel.

Whatever is rung on that noisy bell—
Chime of the hour, or funeral knell—
The dove in the belfry must hear it well.
When the tongue swings out to the midnight moon,
When the sexton cheerly rings for noon,
When the clock strikes clear at morning light,
When the child is waked with "nine at night,"
When the chimes play soft in the Sabbath air,
Filling the spirit with tones of prayer—
Whatever tale in the bell is heard,
He broods on his folded feet unstirred,
Or, rising half in his rounded nest,
He takes the time to smooth his breast,
Then drops again, with film'd eyes,
And sleeps as the last vibration dies.


Sweet bird! I would that I could be
A hermit in the crowd like thee!
With wings to fly to wood and glen,
Thy lot, like mine, is cast to men;
And daily, with unwilling feet,

I tread, like thee, the crowded street,
But, unlike me, when day is o'er,
Thou canst dismiss the world, and soar;
Or, at a half-felt wish for rest,
Canst smooth the feathers on thy breast,
And drop, forgetful, to thy nest.

I would that in such wings of gold
I could my weary heart upfold;
I would I could look down unmoved
(Unloving as I am unloved),
And while the world throngs on beneath,
Smooth down my cares and calmly breathe;
And, never sad with others' sadness,
And, never glad with others' gladness,
Listen, unstirred, to knell or chime,
And, lapped in quiet, bide my time.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

THE EAGLE.

 IRD of the broad and sweeping wing,
Thy home is high in heaven,
Where wide the storms their banners fling,
And the tempest clouds are driven.
Thy throne is on the mountain top;
Thy fields, the boundless air;
And hoary peaks, that proudly prop
The skies, thy dwellings are.

Thou sittest like a thing of light,
Amid the noontide blaze:
The midway sun is clear and bright;
It cannot dim thy gaze.
Thy pinions, to the rushing blast,
O'er the bursting billow, spread,
Where the vessel plunges, hurry past,
Like an angel of the dead.

Thou art perched aloft on the beetling crag,
And the waves are white below,
And on, with a haste that cannot lag,
They rush in an endless flow.

Again thou hast plumed thy wing for flight
To lands beyond the sea,
And away, like a spirit wreathed in light,
Thou hurriest, wild and free.
Lord of the boundless realm of air,
In thy imperial name,
The heart of the bold and ardent dare
The dangerous path of fame.
Beneath the shade of thy golden wings,
The Roman legions bore,
From the river of Egypt's cloudy springs,
Their pride, to the polar shore.

And where was then thy fearless flight?
O'er the dark, mysterious sea,
To the lands that caught the setting light,
The cradle of liberty.

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

THE LION'S RIDE.



HE lion is the desert's king; through his domain
so wide

Right swiftly and right royally this night he
means to ride.

By the sedgy brink, where the wild herds drink, close
crouches the grim chief;

The trembling sycamore above whispers with every leaf.

At evening, on the Table Mount, when ye can see no
more

The changeful play of signals gay; when the gloom is
speckled o'er

With kral fires; when the Caffre wends home through
the lone karroo;

When the boshbok in the thicket sleeps, and by the
stream the gnu;

Then bend your gaze across the waste—what see ye?

The giraffe,

Majestic, stalks towards the lagoon, the turbid lymph
to quaff;

With outstretched neck and tongue adust, he kneels
him down to cool

His hot thirst with a welcome draught from the foul
and brackish pool.

A rustling sound, a roar, a bound—the lion sits astride
Upon his giant courser's back. Did ever king so ride?
Had ever king a steed so rare, caparisons of state
To match the dappled skin whereon that rider sits
elate?

In the muscles of the neck his teeth are plunged with
ravenous greed;

His tawny mane is tossing round the withers of the
steed.

Up leaping with a hollow yell of anguish and surprise,
Away, away, in wild dismay, the cameleopard flies.

His feet have wings; see how he springs across the
moonlit plain!

As from their sockets they would burst, his glaring eye-
balls strain;

In thick black streams of purling blood, full fast his life
is fleeing;

The stillness of the desert hears his heart's tumultuous
beating.

Like the cloud that, through the wilderness, the path
of Israel traced—

Like an airy phantom, dull and wan, a spirit of the
waste—

From the sandy sea uprising, as the water-spout from
ocean,

A whirling cloud of dust keeps pace with the courser's
fiery motion.

Croaking companion of their flight, the vulture whirs
on high;

Below, the terror of the fold, the panther fierce and sly,

And hyenas foul, round graves that prowl, join in the
horrid race;

By the footprints wet with gore and sweat, their mon-
arch's course they trace.

They see him on his living throne, and quake with
fear, the while

With claws of steel he tears piecemeal his cushion's
painted pile.

On! on! no pause, no rest, giraffe, while life and
strength remain!

The steed by such a rider backed may madly plunge
in vain.

Reeling upon the desert's verge, he falls, and breathes
his last;

The courser, stained with dust and foam, is the rider's
fell repast.

O'er Madagascar, eastward far, a faint flush is descried:
Thus nightly, o'er his broad domain, the king of beasts
doth ride.

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.

LAMBS AT PLAY.



AY, ye that know, ye who have felt and seen
Spring's morning smiles, and soul enlivening
green—

Say, did you give that thrilling transport way,
Did your eye brighten, when young lambs at play
Leaped o'er your path with animated pride,
Or gazed in merry clusters by your side?

Ye who can smile—to wisdom no disgrace—

At the arch meaning of a kitten's face;

If spotless innocence and infant mirth

Excites to praise, or gives reflection birth;

In shades like these pursue your favorite joy,

Midst nature's revels, sports that never cloy.

A few begin a short but vigorous race,

And indolence, abashed, soon flies the place:

Thus challenged forth, see thither, one by one,

From every side assembling playmates run;

A thousand wily antics mark their stay,

A starting crowd, impatient of delay;

Like the fond dove from fearful prison freed,

Each seems to say, "Come, let us try our speed;"

Away they scour, impetuous, ardent, strong,

The green turf trembling as they bound along

Adown the slope, then up the hillock climb,

Where every mole-hill is a bed of thyme,

Then, panting, stop; yet scarcely can refrain—

A bird, a leaf, will set them off again:

Or, if a gale with strength unusual blow,

Scattering the wild-brier roses into snow,

Their little limbs increasing efforts try;

Like the thorn flower, the fair assemblage fly.

Ah, fallen roses! sad emblem of their doom;

Frail as thyself, they perish while they bloom!

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

A SONG IN THE GROVE.



NIGHTINGALE, best poet of the grove,
That plaintive strain can ne'er belong to
thee,
Blest in the full possession of thy love :
O lend that strain, sweet nightingale, to me !

'Tis mine, alas ! to mourn my wretched fate :
I love a maid who all my bosom charms,
Yet lose my days without this lovely mate ;
Inhuman fortune keeps her from my arms.

You, happy birds ! by nature's simple laws
Lead your soft lives, sustained by nature's fare ;
You dwell wherever roving fancy draws,
And love and song is all your pleasing care :

But we, vain slaves of interest and of pride,
Dare not be blest lest envious tongues should blame :
And hence, in vain I languish for my bride :
O mourn with me, sweet bird, my hapless flame.

JAMES THOMSON.

SUMMER LONGINGS.



AH ! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May—
Waiting for the pleasant rambles
Where the fragrant hawthorn-brambles,
With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.
Ah ! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May.

Ah ! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May—
Longing to escape from study
To the young face fair and ruddy,
And the thousand charms belonging
To the summer's day.
Ah ! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May.

Ah ! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May—
Sighing for their sure returning,
When the summer beams are burning,
Hopes and flowers that, dead or dying,
All the winter lay.
Ah ! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May.

Ah ! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the May—
Throbbing for the seaside billows,
Or the water wooing willows ;
Where, in laughing and in sobbing,
Glide the streams away.

Ah ! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
Throbbing for the May.

Waiting sad, dejected, weary,
Waiting for the May ;
Spring goes by with wasted warnings—
Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings—
Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
Life still ebbs away ;
Man is ever weary, weary,
Waiting for the May !

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

ON A GOLDFINCH.



TIME was when I was free as air,
The thistle's downy seed my fare,
My drunk the morning dew ;
I perched at will on every spray,
My form genteel, my plumage gay,
My strains forever new.

But gaudy plumage, sprightly strain,
And form genteel, were all in vain,
And of a transient date ;
For caught and caged, and starved to death,
In dying sighs my little breath
Soon passed the wiry grate.

Thanks, gentle swain, for all my woes,
And thanks for this effectual close
And cure of every ill !
More cruelty could none express ;
And I, if you had shown me less,
Had been your prisoner still.

WILLIAM COWPER.

THE ROBIN.



SEE yon robin on the spray ;
Look ye ! how his tiny form
Swells, as when his merry lay
Gushes forth amid the storm.

Though the snow is falling fast,
Specking o'er his coat with white—
Though loud roars the chilly blast,
And the evening's lost in night—

Yet from out the darkness dreary
Cometh still that cheerful note ;
Praiseful aye, and never weary,
Is that little warbling throat.

Thank him for his lesson's sake,
Thank God's gentle minstrel there,
Who, when storms make others quake,
Sings of days that brighter were.

HARRISON WEIR.

THE BLOOD HORSE.

GAMARRA is a dainty steed,
Strong, black, and of a noble breed,
Full of fire, and full of bone,
With all his line of fathers known ;
Fine his nose, his nostrils thin,
But blown abroad by the pride within !
His mane is like a river flowing,
And his eyes like embers glowing
In the darkness of the night,
And his pace as swift as light.

Look—how round his straining throat
Grace and shifting beauty float ;
Sinewy strength is in his reins,
And the red blood gallops through his veins :
Richer, redder, never ran
Through the boasting heart of man.
He can trace his lineage higher
Than the Bourbon dare aspire—
Douglas, Guzman, or the Guelph,
Or O'Brien's blood itself !

He, who hath no peer, was born
Here, upon a red March morn.
But his famous fathers dead
Were Arabs all, and Arab-bred,
And the last of that great line
Trook nke one of a race divine !
And yet—he was but friend to one
Who fed him at the set of sun
By some lone fountain fringed with green ;
With him, a roving Bedouin,
He lived (none else would he obey
Through all the hot Arabian day),
And died untamed upon the sands
Where Balkh amidst the desert stands.

BRYAN W. PROCTER (*Barry Cornwall*).

SEPTEMBER RAIN.

PATTER—patter—
Listen how the rain-drops clatter,
Falling on the shingle roof ;
How they rattle,
Like the rifle's click in battle,
Or the charger's iron hoof !

Cool and pleasant
Is the evening air at present,
Gathering freshness from the rain ;
Languor chasing,
Muscle, thaw, and sinew bracing,
And enlivening the brain.

Close together
Draw the bands of love in weather
When the sky is overcast ;
Eyeballs glisten—

Thankfully we sit and listen
To the rain that's coming fast.

Dropping—dropping
Like dissolving diamonds—popping
'Gainst the crystal window-pane,
As it seeking
Entrance—welcome, and bespeaking
Our affection for the rain.

Quick, and quicker
Come the droppings—thick and thicker,
Pour the hasty torrents down :
Rushing—rushing—
From the leaden spouts a-gushing,
Cleansing all the streets in town.

Darkness utter
Gathers round ;—we close the shutter ;
Singly sheltered let us keep.
Still unceasing
Falls the rain ; but oh ! 'tis pleasing
'Neath such lullaby to sleep.

How I love it !
Let the miser money covet—
Let the soldier seek the fight ;
Give me only,
When I lie awake and lonely,
Music made by rain at night.

THOMAS MACKELLER.

NO !

NO sun—no moon !
No morn—no noon—
No dawn—no dust—no proper time of day—
No sky—no earthly view—
No distance looking blue—
No road—no street—no "t'other side the way"—
No end to any row—
No indications where the crescents go—
No top to any steeple—
No recognitions of familiar people—
No courtesies for showing 'em—
No knowing 'em !
No traveling at all—no locomotion,
No inkling of the way—no notion—
"No go"—hy land or ocean—
No mail—no post—
No news from any foreign coast—
No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—
No company—no nobility—
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,
November !

THOMAS HOOD.

AUTUMN.



HE autumn is old ;
The sear leaves are flying ;
He hath gathered up gold,
And now he is dying ;
Old age, begin sighing !

The vintage is ripe ;
The harvest is heaping ;
But some that have sowed
Have no riches for reaping—
Poor wretch, fall a-weeping !

The year's in the wane ;
There is nothing adorning ;
The night has no eve,
And the day has no morning ;
Cold winter gives warning.

The rivers run chill ;
The red sun is sinking ;
And I am grown old,
And life is fast shrinking ;
Here's enow for sad thinking !

THOMAS HOOD.

WOODS IN WINTER



HEN winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the white-thorn blows the
gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill,
That over brows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert woods,
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,
And gladden these deep solitudes.

On the gray maple's crusted bark
Its tender shoots the hoar-frost nips ;
Whilst in the frozen fountain—hark !—
His piercing beak the bittern dips.

Where, twisted round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clung,
And summer winds the stillness broke—
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs
Pour out the river's gradual tide,
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas ! how changed from the fair scene,
When birds sang out their mellow lay ;
And winds were soft, and woods were green,
And the song ceased not with the day !

But still wild music is abroad,
Pale, desert woods, within your crowd ;
And gathered winds, in hoarse accord,
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs, and wintry winds, my ear
Has grown familiar with your song ;
I hear it in the opening year—
I listen, and it cheers me long.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

SEPTEMBER.



HE cricket chirps all day,
"O fairest summer, stay !"
The squirrel eyes askance the chestnuts
browning ;
The wild fowl fly afar
Above the foamy bar,
And hasten southward ere the skies are frowning.

Now comes a fragrant breeze
Through the dark cedar trees,
And round about my temples fondly lingers,
In gentle playfulness,
Like to the soft caress
Bestowed in happier days by loving fingers.

Yet, though a sense of grief
Comes with the falling leaf,
And memory makes the summer doubly pleasant,
In all my autumn dreams
A future summer gleams,
Passing the fairest glories of the present !

GEORGE ARNOLD.

WINTER.



N all thy trees, on every bough,
Thousands of crystals sparkle now,
Where'er our eyes alight ;
Firm on the spotless robe we tread,
Which o'er thy beauteous form is spread,
With glittering hoar-frost bright.

Our Father kind, who dwells above,
For thee this garment pure hath wove ;
He watches over thee.
Therefore in peace thy slumber take,
Our Father will the weary wake,
New strength, new light to see.

Soon to the breath of spring's soft sighs,
Delighted thou again wilt rise,
In wondrous life so fair.
I feel those sighs breathe o'er the plain,
Dear nature, then rise up again
With flower-wreaths in thy hair.

FRIEDRICH W. KRUMMACHER.

MAY MORNING.

NOW the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her

The flowery May, who from her green lap
throws

The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

Hail, beauteous May ! that doth inspire

Mirth and youth and warm desire ;

Woods and groves are of thy dressing,

Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.

Thus we salute thee with our early song,

And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

JOHN MILTON.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of
the year,

Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and mea-
dows brown and sere.

Heap'd in the hollows of the grove, the wither'd leaves
lie dead ;

They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's
tread.

The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrub
the jay,

And from the wood-top calls the crow, through all the
gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that
lately sprung and stood

In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sister-
hood ?

Alas ! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of
flowers

Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of
ours.

The rain is falling where they lie ; but the cold Novem-
ber rain

Calls not, from out the gloomy earth, the lovely ones
again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the wild-rose and the orchis died amid the sum-
mer glow :

But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the
wood,

And the yellow sun-flower by the brook in autumn
beauty stood,

Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven, as falls
the plague on men,

And the brightness of their smile was gone from up-
land, glade and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day, as still such
days will come,

To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter
home

When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all
the trees are still,

And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose frag-
rance late he bore,

And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream
no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my
side :

In the cold moist earth we laid her when the forest cast
the leaf,

And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so
brief ;

Yet not unmeet it was, that one, like that young friend
of ours

So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the
flowers.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

NOVEMBER.

THE mellow year is hasting to its close

The little birds have almost sung their last,

Their small notes twitter in the dreary blast—

That shrill-piped harbinger of early snows ;

The patient beauty of the scentless rose,

Oft with the morn's hoar crystal quaintly glassed,

Hangs, a pale mourner for the summer past,

And makes a little summer where it grows.

In the chill sunbeam of the faint brief day

The dusky waters shudder as they shine ;

The russet leaves obstruct the straggling way

Of oozy brooks, which no deep banks define ;

And the gaunt woods, in ragged, scant array,

Wrap their old limbs with sombre ivy twine.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

WHAT THE WINDS BRING.

WHICH is the wind that brings the cold ?

The north-wind, Freddy, and all the snow ;

And the sheep will scamper into the fold

When the north begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the heat ?

The south-wind, Katy ; and corn will grow,

And peaches redden for you to eat,

When the south begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the rain ?

The east-wind, Arty ; and farmers know

That cows come shivering up the lane,

When the east begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the flowers ?

The west-wind, Bessy ; and soft and low

The birdies sing in the summer hours

When the west begins to blow.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

THE SNOWDROP.

PRETTY firstling of the year!
Herald of the host of flowers!
Hast thou left thy cavern drear,
In the hope of summer hours?
Back unto thy earthen bowers!
Back to thy warm world below,
Till the strength of suns and showers
Quell the now relentless snow!

Art still here?—alive and blithe?
Though the stormy night hath fled,
And the frost hath passed his scythe
O'er thy small, unsheltered head?
Ah! some lie amidst the dead,
(Many a giant, stubborn tree—
Many a plant, its spirit shed),
That were better nursed than thee.

What hath saved thee? Thou wast not
'Gainst the arrowy winter furred—
Armed in scale—but all forgot
When the frozen winds were stirred.
Nature, who doth clothe the bird,
Should have hid thee in the earth,
Till the cuckoo's song was heard,
And the Spring let loose her mirth.

Nature—deep and mystic word!
Mighty mother, still unknown!
Thou didst sure the snowdrop gird
With an armor all thine own!
Thou, who sent'st it forth alone
To the cold and sullen season,
(Like a thought at random thrown),
Sent it thus for some grave reason!

If 'twere but to pierce the mind
With a single, gentle thought,
Who shall deem thee harsh or blind,
Who that thou hast vainly wrought?
Hoard the gentle virtue caught
From the snowdrop—reader wise!
Good is good, wherever taught,
On the ground or in the skies!
BRYAN W. PROCTER, (*Barry Cornwall*.)

THE SNOW STORM.

ANNOUNCED by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river and the
heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveler stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fire-place, enclosed

In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Conic see the north-wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild world
So fanciful, so savage, nought cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Maugre the farmer's sighs, and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

IT SNOWS.

"IT snows!" cries the schoolboy—"Hurrah!"
and his shout
Is ringing through the parlor and hall,
While swift as the wing of a swallow, he's
out,

And his playmates have answered his call:
It makes the heart leap but to witness their joy—
Proud wealth has no pleasures, I trow,
Like the rapture that throbs in the pulse of the boy,
As he gathers his treasures of snow;
Then lay not the trappings of gold on thine heirs,
While health and the riches of nature are theirs.

"It snows!" sighs the imbecile—"Ah!" and his
breath
Comes heavy, as clogged with a weight;
While from the pale aspect of nature in death,
He turns to the blaze of his grate:
And nearer, and nearer, his soft-cushioned chair
Is wheeled tow'ards the life-giving flame—
He dreads a chill puff of the snow-burdened air,
Lest it wither his delicate frame:
Oh, small is the pleasure existence can give,
When the fear we shall die only proves that we live!

"It snows!" cries the traveler—"Ho!" and the
word
Has quickened his steed's lagging pace;
The wind rushes by, but its howl is unheard—
Unfelt the sharp drift in his face;
For bright through the tempest his own home ap-
peared—
Ay, though leagues intervened, he can see;
There's the clear, glowing hearth, and the table pre-
pared,
And his wife with their babes at her knee.

Blest thought ! how it lightens the grief-laden hour,
That those we love dearest are safe from its power !

"It snows !" cries the belle—"Dear, how lucky !"
and turns

From her mirror to watch the flakes fall ;
Like the first rose of summer, her dimpled cheek burns,
While musing on sleigh-ride and ball :
There are visions of conquest, of splendor, and mirth,
Floating over each drear winter's day ;
But the tintings of hope, on this storm-beaten earth,
Will melt, like the snow-flakes, away ;
Turn, turn thee to heaven, fair maiden, for bliss ;
That world has a fountain ne'er opened in this.

"It snows !" cries the widow—"O God !" and her
sighs

Have stifled the voice of her prayer ;
Its burden ye'll read in her tear-swollen eyes,
On her cheek, sunk with fasting and care.
'Tis night—and her fatherless ask her for bread—
But "He gives the young ravens their food,"
And she trusts, till her dark heart adds horror to
dread,

And she lays on her last chip of wood.
Poor sufferer ! that sorrow thy God only knows—
'Tis a pitiful lot to be poor when it snows !

SARAH JOSEPHA HALE.

THE CRICKETS.

P IPE, little minstrels of the waning year,
In gentle concert pipe !

Pipe the warm noons ; the mellow harvest
near ;

The apples dropping ripe ;

The tempered sunshine, and the softened shade ;
The trill of lonely bird ;

The sweet, sad hush on nature's gladness laid ;
The sounds through silence heard !

Pipe tenderly the passing of the year ;

The summer's brief reprieve ;

The dry husk rustling round the yellow ear ;
The chill of morn and eve !

Pipe the untroubled trouble of the year ;

Pipe low the painless pain ;

Pipe your unceasing melancholy cheer ;
The year is in the wane.

HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL.

SNOW-FLAKES.

U T of the bosom of the air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments
shaken,

Over the woodlands brown and bare,

Over the harvest-fields forsaken,

Silent and soft and slow

Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take
Suddenly shape in some divine expression,
Even as the troubled heart doth make
In the white countenance confession,
The troubled sky reveals
The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,
Slowly in silent syllables recorded ;
This is the secret of despair,
Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,
Now whispered and revealed
To wood and field.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE SLEIGH RIDE.

I N January, when down the dairy the cream and
clabber freeze,

When snow-drifts cover the fences over, we
farmers take our ease.

At night we rig the team, and bring the cutter out ;
Then fill it, fill it, fill it, fill it, and heap the furs
about.

Here friends and cousins dash up by dozens, and
sleighs at least a score ;

There John and Molly, behind, are jolly—Nell rides
with me, before.

All down the village street we range us in a row :
Now jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle, and over the crispy
snow !

The windows glisten, the old folks listen to hear the
sleigh-bells pass ;

The fields grow whiter, the stars are brighter, the
road as smooth as glass,

Our muffled faces burn, the clear north wind blows
cold,

The girls all nestle, nestle, nestle, each in her lover's
hold.

Through bridge and gateway we're shooting straight-
way, their toll-man was too slow !

He'll listen after our song and laughter as over the
hill we go.

The girls cry, "Fie ! for shame !" their cheeks and
lips are red,

And so with kisses, kisses, kisses, they take the toll
instead.

Still follow, follow ! across the hollow the tavern
fronts the road.

Whoa, now ! all steady ! the host is ready—he knows
the country mode !

The irons are in the fire, the hissing flip is got ;
So pour and sip it, sip it, sip it, and sip it while
'tis hot.

Push back the tables, and from the stables bring Tom,
the fiddler, in ;

All take your places, and make your graces, and let
the dance begin.
The girls are beating time to hear the music sound;
Now foot it, foot it, foot it, foot it, and swing your
partners round.

Last couple toward the left! all forward! cotillion's
through, let's wheel:

First tune the fiddle, then down the middle in old Vir-
ginia reel.

Play monkey musk to close, then take the "long
chassé,"

While in to supper, supper, supper, the landlord leads
the way.

The bells are ringing, the hostlers bringing the cutters
up anew;

The beasts are neighing, too long we're staying, the
night is half way through.

Wrap close the buffalo robes, we're all: oard once
more;

Now jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle, away from the tav-
ern door.

So follow, follow, by hill and hollow, and swiftly
homeward glide.

What midnight splendor! how warm and tender the
maiden by your side!

The sleighs drop far apart, her words are soft and
low;

Now, if you love her, love her, love her, 'tis safe to
tell her so.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

CHRISTMAS IN THE WOODS.

FROM under the boughs in the snow-clad wood
The merle and the mavis are peeping,
Alike secure from the wind and the flood,
Yet a silent Christmas keeping.

Still happy are they,
And their looks are gay,
And they frisk it from bough to bough;
Since berries bright red
Hang over their head,
A right goodly feast, I trow.

There, under the boughs, in their wintry dress,
Haps many a tender greeting;
Blithe hearts have met, and the soft caress
Hath told the delight of meeting.

Though winter hath come
To his woodland home,
There is mirth with old Christmas cheer,
For 'neath the light snow
Is the fruit-fraught bough,
And each to his love is near.

Yes! under the boughs, scarce seen, nestle they,
Those children of song together—

As blissful by night, as joyous by day,
'Mid the snows and the wintry weather.

For they dream of spring,
And the songs they'll sing,
When the flowers bloom again in the mead;
And mindful are they
Of those blossoms gay,
Which have brought them to-day
Such help in their time of need!

HARRISON WEIR.

MORNING.

IN the barn the tenant cock,
Close to partlet perched on high,
Briskly crows (the shepherd's clock!)
Jocund that the morning's nigh.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
Shadows, nursed by night, retire:
And the peeping sunbeam now,
Paints with gold the village spire.

Philomel forsakes the thorn,
Plaintive where she prates at night,
And the lark, to meet the morn,
Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

From the balmy sweets, uncloyed,
(Restless till her task be done),
Now the busy bee's employed
Sipping dew before the sun.

Trickling through the creviced rock,
Where the limpid stream distils,
Sweet refreshment waits the flock
When 'tis sun-drove from the hills.

Colin's for the promised corn
(Ere the harvest hopes are ripe),
Anxious;—whilst the huntsman's horn,
Boldly sounding, drowns his pipe.

Sweet, O sweet, the warbling throng
On the white emblossomed spray!
Nature's universal song
Echoes to the rising day.


JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

A CALM EVE.

LOOK on these waters, with how soft a kiss
They woo the pebbled shore! then steal away,
Like wanton lovers—but to come again,
And die in music! There, the bending skies
See all their stars—and the beach-loving trees,
Osiers and willows, and the watery flowers,
That wreath their pale roots round the ancient stones,
Make pictures of themselves!

GEORGE CROLY.


CELESTIAL LIGHT.

HUS with the year
 Seasons return, but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
 But cloud, instead, and ever-during dark,
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men.

Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
 So much the rather thou, celestial light,
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
 Irradiate; there plant eyes, all mist from thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

JOHN MILTON.

THE TWO APRIL MORNINGS.

E walked along, while bright and red
 Uprose the morning sun;
 And Matthew stopped, he looked, and said
 "The will of God be done!"

A village schoolmaster was he,
 With hair of glittering gray;
 As blithe a man as you could see
 On a spring holiday.

And on that morning, through the grass
 And by the steaming rills,
 We traveled merrily, to pass
 A day among the hills.

"Our work," said I, "was well begun;
 Then, from thy breast what thought,
 Beneath so beautiful a sun,
 So sad a sigh has brought?"

A second time did Matthew stop;
 And fixing still his eye
 Upon the eastern mountain-top,
 To me he made reply:

"Yon cloud with that long purple cleft
 Brings fresh into my mind
 A day like this, which, I have left
 Full thirty years behind.

And just above yon slope of corn
 Such colors, and no other,
 Were in the sky that April morn
 Of this the very brother.

With rod and line I sued the sport
 Which that sweet season gave,
 And coming to the church stopped short
 Beside my daughter's grave.

Nine summers had she scarcely seen,
 The pride of all the vale;
 And then she sang:—she would have been
 A very nightingale.

Six feet in earth my Emma lay;
 And yet I loved her more—
 For so it seemed—than till that day
 I e'er had loved before.

And turning from her grave, I met
 Beside the churchyard yew
 A blooming girl, whose hair was wet
 With points of morning dew.

A basket on her head she bare;
 Her brow was smooth and white:
 To see a child so very fair,
 It was a pure delight!


No fountain from its rocky cave
 E'er tripped with foot so free;
 She seemed as happy as a wave
 That dances on the sea.

There came from me a sigh of pain
 Which I could ill confine;
 I looked at her, and looked again:
 And did not wish her mine!"

—Matthew is in his grave, yet now
 Methinks I see him stand,
 As at that moment, with a bough
 Of wilding in his hand.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

DAY IS DYING.

AY is dying! Float, O song,
 Down the westward river,
 Requiem chanting to the day—
 Day, the mighty giver.

Pierced by shafts of time he bleeds,
 Melted rubies sending
 Through the river and the sky,
 Earth and heaven blending;

All the long-drawn earthly banks
 Up to cloud-land lifting:
 Slow between them drifts the swan,
 'Twixt two heavens drifting.

Wings half open, like a flower
 Inly deeper flushing,
 Neck and breast as virgin's pure—
 Virgin proudly blushing.

Day is dying! Float, O swan,
 Down the ruby river;
 Follow, song, in requiem
 To the mighty giver.

MARIAN EVANS LEWES CROSS (*George Eliot*).

ADVANCING MORN.

AS when, to one, who long hath watched the morn

Advancing, slow forewarns th' approach of day

(What time the young and flowery-kirtled May
Decks the green hedge, and dewy grass unshorn
With cowslips pale, and many a whitening thorn);
And now the sun comes forth, with level ray
Gilding the high-wood top, and mountain gray;
And, as he climbs, the meadows 'gins adorn;

The rivers glisten to the dancing beam,
The awakened birds begin their amorous strain,
And hill and vale with joy and fragrance teem;
Such is the sight of thee; thy wished return
To eyes, like mine, that long have waked to mourn,
That long have watched for light, and wept in vain!

JOHN BAMPFYLDE.

A WINTER LANDSCAPE.

THROUGH the hushed air the whit'ning shower descends,

At first thin-wavering, till at last the flakes
Fall broad and wide, and fast, dimming the day

With a continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white:
'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar head; and ere the languid sun,
Faint from the west, emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one white dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the laborer-ox
Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets, leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half afraid, he first
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family asance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is:
Till more familiar grown, the table crumbs
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares and dogs,
And more un pitying men, the garden seeks,
Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kine
Eye the bleak heaven, and next, the glist'ning earth,
With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispersed,

Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow.

As thus the snows arise, and foul and fierce
All winter drives along the darkened air,
In his own loose revolving fields the swain
Disastered stands; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow, and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain;
Nor finds the river nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray,
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home

Rush on his nerves, and call their vigor forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
What black despair, what horror, fills his heart!
When for the dusky spot which fancy feigned,
His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track and blessed abode of man;
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest howling o'er his head
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then through the busy shapes into his mind,
Of covered pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost;
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge
Smoothed up with snow; and what is land unknown,
What water of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps, and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mixed with the tender anguish nature shoots
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends, unseen.
In vain for him the officious wife prepares
The fire fair blazing, and the vestment warm:
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
Nor wife nor children more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly winter seizes, shuts up sense,
And o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows a stiffened corse,
Stretched out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

JAMES THOMSON.

A HYMN TO THE SEASONS.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart, is joy.

Then comes thy glory in the summer months,
 With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
 Shoots full perfection through the swelling year :
 And out thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks ;
 And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
 By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
 Thy bounty shines in autumn unconfined,
 And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
 In winter awful thou ! with clouds and storms
 Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled,
 Majestic darkness ! on the whirlwind's wing,
 Riding sublime, thou bidst the world adore,
 And humblest nature with thy northern blast.
 Mysterious round ! what skill, what force divine,
 Deep felt, in these appear ! a simple train,
 Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind art,
 Such beauty and beneficence combined ;
 Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade ;
 And all so forming an harmonious whole ;
 That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
 But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
 Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty Hand,
 That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres ;
 Works in the secret deep ; shoots, steaming, thence
 The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring :
 Flings from the sun direct the flaming day ;
 Feeds every creature ; hurls the tempests forth ;
 And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
 With transport touches all the springs of life.

JAMES THOMSON.

THE ADVENT OF EVENING.

THE fire-flies freckle every spot
 With fickle light that gleams and dies ;
 The bat, a wavering, soundless blot,
 The cat, a pair of prowling eyes.

Still the sweet, fragrant dark o'erflows
 The deepening air and darkening ground ;
 By its rich scent I trace the rose,
 The viewless beetle by its sound.

The cricket scrapes its rib-like bars ;
 The tree-toad purrs in whirring tone ;
 And now the heavens are set with stars,
 And night and quiet reign alone.

ALFRED B. STREET.

MOONRISE.

WHAT stands upon the highland ?
 What walks across the rise,
 As though a starry island
 Were sinking down the skies ?

What makes the trees so golden !
 What decks the mountain side,

Like a veil of silver folden
 Round the white brow of a bride ?

The magic moon is breaking,
 Like a conqueror, from the east,
 The waiting world awaking
 To a golden fairy feast.

She works, with touch ethereal,
 By changes strange to see,
 The cypress, so funereal,
 To a lightsome fairy tree ;

Black rocks to marble turning,
 Like palaces of kings ;
 On ruin windows burning,
 A festal glori- flings ;

The desert halls uplighting,
 While falling shadows glance,
 Like courtly crowds uniting
 For the banquet or the dance ;

With ivory wand she numbers
 The stars along the sky ;
 And breaks the billows' slumbers
 With a love-glance of her eye ;

Along the cornfields dances,
 Brings bloom upon the sheaf ;
 From tree to tree she glances,
 And touches leaf by leaf ;

Wakes birds that sleep in shadows ;
 Through their half-closed eyelids gleams ;
 With her white torch through the meadows
 Lights the shy deer to the streams.

The magic moon is breaking,
 Like a conqueror, from the east,
 And the joyous world partaking
 Of her golden fairy feast.

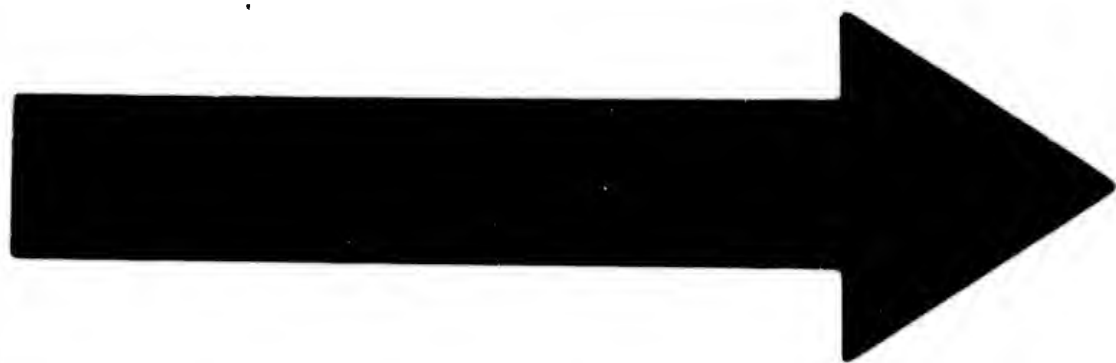
ERNEST JONES.

DOVER CLIFF.

COME on, sir ; here's the place : stand still ! How
 fearful
 And dizzy 't is, to cast one's eyes so low !
 The crows and choughs that wing the midway
 air

Show scarce so gross as beetles : half-way down
 Hangs one that gathers samphire,—dreadful trade !
 Methinks he seems no bigger than his head :
 The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
 Appear like mice ; and yon tall anchoring bark,
 Diminished to her cock ; her cock, a buoy
 Almost too small for sight : the murmuring surge,
 That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,
 Cannot be heard so high.—I'll look no more ;
 Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
 Topple down headlong.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



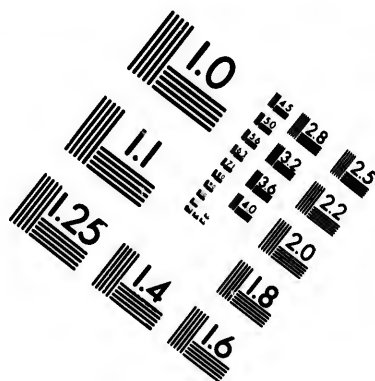
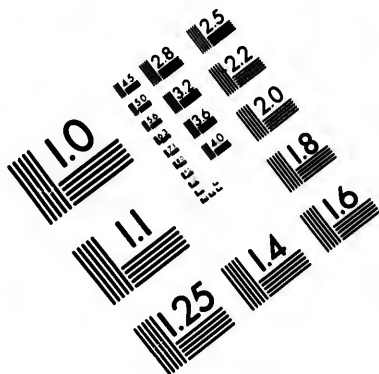
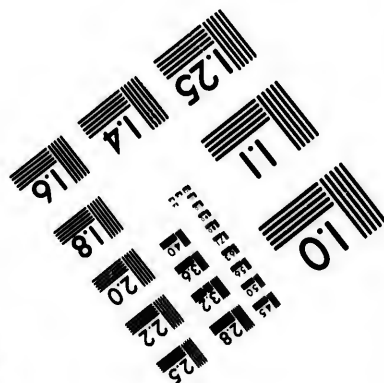
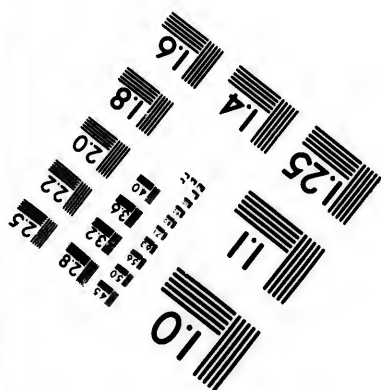
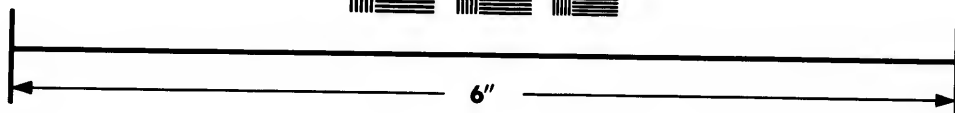
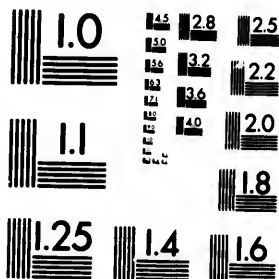


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A LOWERING EVE.

HERE is a gloomy grandeur in the sun,
That levels his last light along the shore ;
The clouds are rolling downwards, stern and
dun :

The long, slow wave is streaked with red, like gore
On some vast field of battle ; and the roar
Of wave and wind comes like the battle's sound.

And now the sun sinks deeper ; and the clouds,
In folds of sullen fire, still heavier lower,
Till the whole storm the shore and ocean shrouds.

GEORGE CROLY.

THE TEMPESTUOUS EVENING.

HERE'S grandeur in this sounding storm,
That drives the hurrying clouds along,
That on each other seem to throng,
And mix in many a varied form ;
While, bursting now and then between,
The moon's dim misty orb is seen,
And casts faint glimpses on the green.

Beneath the blast the forests bend,
And thick the branchy ruin lies,
And wide the shower of foliage flies ;
The lake's black waves in tumult blend,
Revolving o'er and o'er and o'er,
And foaming on the rocky shore,
Whose caverns echo to their roar.

The sight sublime enrapt my thought,
And swift along the past it strays,
And much of strange event surveys.
What history's faithful tongue has taught,
Or fancy formed, whose plastic skill
The page with fabled change can fill
Of ill to good, or good to ill.

But can my soul the scene enjoy,
That rends another's breast with pain ?
O hapless he, who near the main,
Now sees its billowy rage destroy !
Beholds the foundering bark descend,
Nor knows but that its fate may end
The moments of his dearest friend !

JOHN SCOTT.

THE MOON WAS A-WANING.

HE moon was a-waning,
The tempest was over ;
Fair was the maiden,
And fond was the lover ;
But the snow was so deep
That his heart it grew weary ;

And he sunk down to sleep,
In the moorland so dreary.

Soft was the bed
She had made for her lover,
White were the sheets
And embroidered the cover ;
But his sheets are more white,
And his canopy grander ;
And sounder he sleeps
Where the hill-foxes wander.

Alas, pretty maiden,
What sorrows attend you !
I see you sit shivering,
With lights at your window ;
But long may you wait
Ere your arms shall enclose him ;
For still, still he lies,
With a wreath on his bosom !

How painful the task
The sad tidings to tell you !
An orphan you were
Ere this misery befel you ;
And far in yon wild,
Where the dead-tapers hover,
So cold, cold and wan,
Lies the corpse of your lover !

JAMES HOGG.

NIGHT.

THESE thoughts, O night ! are thine ;
From thee they came like lovers' secret
sighs,
While others slept. So Cynthia, poets feign,
In shadows veiled, soft, sliding from her sphere,
Her shepherd cheered ; of her enamored less
Than I of thee, And art thou still unsung,
Beneath whose brow, and by whose aid, I sing ?
Immortal silence ! where shall I begin ?
Were end ? or how steal music from the spheres
To soothe their goddess ?

O majestic night !
Nature's great ancestor ! day's elder-born !
And fated to survive the transient sun !
By mortals and immortals seen with awe !
A starry crown thy raven brow adorns,
An azure zone thy waist ; clouds, in heaven's loom
Wrought through varieties of shape and shade,
In ample folds of drapery divine,
Thy flowing mantle form, and, heaven throughout,
Voluminously pour thy pompous train ;
Thy gloomy grandeur—nature's most august,
Inspiring aspect !—claim a grateful verse ;
And, like a sable curtain starred with gold,
Drawn o'er my labors past, shall clothe the scene.

WARD YOUNG.

TO A STAR.

THOU brightly glittering star of even,
Thou gem upon the brow of heaven !
Oh ! were this fluttering spirit free,
How quick 'twould spread its wings to thee !

How calmly, brightly, dost thou shine,
Like the pure lamp in virtue's shrine !
Sure the fair world which thou may'st boast
Was never ransomed, never lost.

There, beings pure as heaven's own air,
Their hopes, their joys, together share ;
While hovering angels touch the string,
And seraphs spread the sheltering wing.

There, cloudless days and brilliant nights,
Illumed by heaven's refulgent lights ;
There, seasons, years, unnoticed roll,
And unregretted by the soul.

Thou little sparkling star of even,
Thou gem upon an azure heaven !
How swiftly will I soar to thee,
When this imprisoned soul is free !

LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON.

THE NIGHT-FLOWERING CEREUS.

The night-flowering cereus is one of our most splendid hot-house plants, and is a native of Jamaica and some other of the West India Islands. Its stem is creeping, and thickly set with spines. The flower is white, and very large, sometime nearly a foot in diameter. The most remarkable circumstance with regard to the flower, is the short time which it takes to expand, and the rapidity with which it decays. It begins to open late in the evening, flourishes for an hour or two, then begins to droop, and before morning is completely dead.

NOW departs day's gairish light—
Beauteous flower, lift thy head !
Rise upon the brow of night !
Haste, thy transient lustre shed !

Night has dropped her dusky veil—
All vain thoughts be distant far,
While, with silent awe, we hail
Flora's radiant evening star.

See to life her beauties start ;
Hail ! thou glorious, matchless flower !
Much thou sayest to the heart,
In the solemn, fleeting hour.

Ere we have our homage paid,
Thou wilt bow thine head and die ;
Thus our sweetest pleasures fade,
Thus our brightest blessings fly.

Sorrow's rugged stem, like thine,
Bears a flower thus purely bright ;
Thus, when sunny hours decline,
Friendship sheds her cheering light.

Religion, too, that heavenly flower,
That joy of never-fading worth,
Waits, like thee, the darkest hour,
Then puts all her glories forth.

Then thy beauties are surpassed,
Splendid flower, that bloom'st to die ;
For friendship and religion last,
When the morning beams on high.

ON RECROSSING THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

LONG years ago I wandered here,
In the midsummer of the year,—
Life's summer too ;
A score of horsemen here we rode,
The mountain world its glories showed,
All fair to view.

These scenes in glowing colors drest,
Mirrored the life within my breast,
Its world of hopes ;
The whispering woods and fragrant breeze
That stirred the grass in verdant seas
On billowy slopes.

And glistening crag in sunlit sky,
Mid snowy clouds piled mountains high,
Were joys to me ;
My path was o'er the prairie wide,
Or here on grander mountain-side,
To choose, all free.

The rose that waved in morning air,
And spread its dewy fragrance there
In careless bloom,
Gave to my heart its ruddiest hue,
O'er my glad life its color threw
And sweet perfume.

The buoyant hopes and busy life
Have ended all in hateful strife,
And thwarted aim.
The world's rude contact killed the rose,
No more its radiant color shows
False roads to fame.

Backward, amidst the twilight glow
Some lingering spots yet brightly show
On hard roads won,
Where still some grand peaks mark the way
Touched by the light of parting day
And memory's sun.

But here thick clouds the mountains hide,
The dim horizon bleak and wide
No pathway shows,
And rising gusts, and darkening sky,
Tell of "the night that cometh," nigh,
The brief day's close.

JOHN C. FREMONT.

THE EVENING STAR.

HOW sweet thy modest light to view,
Fair star, to love and lovers dear!
While trembling on the falling dew,
Like beauty shining through a tear.

Or, hanging o'er that mirror-stream,
To mark that image trembling there,
Thou seem'st to smile with softer gleam,
To see thy lovely face so fair.

Though, blazing o'er the arch of night,
The moon thy timid beams outshine,
As far as thine each starry light;—
Her rays can never vie with thine.

Thine are the soft enchanting hours,
When twilight lingers on the plain,
And whispers to the closing flowers
That soon the sun will rise again.

Thine is the breeze that, murmuring bland
As music, wafts the lover's sigh,
And bids the yielding heart expand
In love's delicious ecstasy.

Fair star! though I be doomed to prove
That rapture's tears are mixed with pain,
Ah, still I feel 'tis sweet to love!
But sweeter to be loved again.

JOHN LEYDEN.

THE SCENES OF BOYHOOD.

IS past! no more the summer blooms!
Ascending in the rear,
Behold congenial autumn comes,
The sabbath of the year!

What time thy holy whispers breathe,
The pensive evening shade beneath,
And twilight consecrates the floods;
While nature strips her garment gay,
And wears the vesture of decay,
O let me wander through the sounding woods!

Ah! well-known streams!—ah! wonted groves,
Still pictured in my mind!
Oh! sacred scene of youthful loves,
Whose image lives behind!
While sad I ponder on the past,
The joys that must no longer last;

The wild-flower strown on summer's bier,
The dying music of the grove,
And the last elegies of love,
Dissolve the soul, and draw the tender tear!
Companions of the youthful scene,
Endeared from earliest days!
With whom I sported on the green,
Or roved the woodland maze!
Long-exiled from your native clime,
Or by the thunder-stroke of time
Snatched to the shadows of despair;

I hear your voices in the wind,
Your forms in every walk I find;
I stretch my arms: ye vanish into air!

My steps, when innocent and young,
These fairy paths pursued;
And wandering o'er the wild, I sung
My fancies to the wood.

I mourned the linnet-lover's fate,
Or turtle from her murdered mate,
Condemned the widowed hours to wail:
Or while the mournful vision rose,
I sought to weep for imaged woes,
And sorrowed o'er the plaintive tragic tale!

Yet not unwelcome waves the wood
That hides me in its gloom,
While lost in melancholy mood

I muse upon the tomb.
Their chequered leaves the branches shed;
Whirling in eddies o'er my head,
They sadly sigh that winter's near:
The warning voice I hear behind,
That shakes the wood without a wind,
And solemn sounds the death-bell of the year.

Nor will I court Lethæan streams,
The sorrowing sense to steep;
Nor drink oblivion of the themes
On which I love to weep.

Belated oft by fabled rill,
While nightly o'er the hallowed hill
Aërial music seems to mourn;
I'll listen autumn's closing strain;
Then woo the walks of youth again,
And pour my sorrows o'er the untimely urn!

JOHN LOGAN.

THE SHEPHERD-SWAIN.


HERE lived in Gothic days, as legends tell,
A shepherd-swain a man of low degree,
Whose sires, perchance, in fairyland might
dwell,

Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady;
But he, I ween, was of the north countrie;
A nation famed for song, and beauty's charms;
Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;
Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms;
Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms.

The shepherd-swain, of whom I mention made,
On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock;
The sickle, scythe, or plough, he never swayed;
An honest heart was almost all his stock;
His drink the living water from the rock;
The milky dams supplied his board, and lent
Their kindly fleece to baffle winters shock;
And he, though oft with dust and sweat besprent,
Did guide and guard their wanderings, whereso'er
they went.

JAMES BEATTIE.

ALPINE HEIGHTS.

 N Alpine heights the love of God is shed;
He paints the morning red,
The flowerets white and blue,
And feeds them with his dew,
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights, o'er many a fragrant heath,
The loveliest breezes breathe;
So free and pure the air,
His breath seems floating there.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights, beneath his mild blue eye,
Still vales and meadows lie;
The soaring glacier's ice
Gleams like a paradise.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.


Down Alpine heights the silvery streamlets flow!
There the bold chamois go;
On giddy crags they stand,
And drink from his own hand.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights, in troops all white as snow,
The sheep and wild goats go;
There, in the solitude,
He fills their hearts with food.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights the herdsman tends his herd;
His Shepherd is the Lord;
For he who feeds the sheep
Will sure his offspring keep.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

FREDERICK W. KRUMMACHER.

TO A COMET.

 OW lovely is this wildered scene,
As twilight from her vaults so blue
Steals soft o'er Yarrow's mountains green,
To sleep embalmed in midnight dew!

All hail, ye hills, whose towering height,
Like shadows, scoops the yielding sky!
And thou, mysterious guest of night,
Dread traveler of immensity!

Stranger of heaven! I bid thee hail!
Shred from the pall of glory riven,
That flarest in celestial gale,
Broad pennon of the King of heaven!

Art thou the flag of woe and death,
From angel's ensign-staff unfurled?
Art thou the standard of his wrath
Waved o'er a sordid sinful world?

No, from that pure pellucid beam,
That erst o'er plains of Bethlehem shone,
(10)

No latent evil we can deem,
Bright herald of the eternal throne!

Whate'er portends thy front of fire,
Thy streaming locks so lovely pale—
Or peace to man, or judgments dire,
Stranger of heaven, I bid thee hail!

Where hast thou roamed these thousand years?
Why sought these polar paths again,
From wilderness of glowing spheres,
To fling thy vesture o'er the wain?

And when thou scalest the milky way,
And vanishest from human view,
A thousand worlds shall hail thy ray
Through wilds of yon empyreal blue!

Oh! on that rapid prow to glide!
To sail the boundless skies with thee,
And plow the twinkling stars aside,
Like foam-bells on a tranquil sea!


To brush the embers from the sun,
The icicles from off the pole;
Then far to other systems run,
Where other moons and planets roll!

Stranger of heaven! O let thine eye
Smile on a rapt enthusiast's dream;
Eccentric as thy course on high,
And airy as thine ambient beam!

And long, long may thy silver ray
Our northern arch at eve adorn;
Then, wheeling to the east away,
Light the gray portals of the morn!

JAMES HOGG.

THE PUMPKIN.


 FRUIT loved by boyhood! tho old days re-
calling;
When wood-grapes were purpling and
brown nuts were falling!

When wild, ugly faces were carved in its skin,
Glaring out through the dark with a candle within!
When we laughed round the corn-heap, with hearts
all in tune,

Our chair a broad pumpkin, our lantern the moon,
Telling tales of the fairy who traveled like steam
In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats for her team!
Then thanks for thy present!—none sweeter or better
E'er smoked from an oven or circled a platter!
Fairer hands never wrought a pastry more fine,
Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking, than thine!
And the prayer, which my mouth is too full to express,
Swells my heart that thy shadow may never be less,
That the days of thy lot may be lengthened below,
And the fame of thy worth like a pumpkin-vine grow,
And thy life be as sweet, and its last sunset sky
Golden-tinted and fair as thy own pumpkin-pie!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

TO SENECA LAKE.

 thy fair bosom, silver lake,
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,
And round his breast the ripples break,
As down he bears before the gale.

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream,
The dipping paddle echoes far,
And flashes in the moonlight gleam,
And bright reflects the polar star.


The waves along thy pebbly shore,
As blows the north-wind, heave their foam,
And curl around the dashing oar,
As late the boatman hies his home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view
Thy golden mirror spreading wide,
And see the mist of mantling blue
Float round the distant mountain's side.

At midnight hour, as shines the moon,
A sheet of silver spreads below,
And swift she cuts, at highest noon,
Like clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
O, could I ever sweep the oar,
When early birds at morning wake,
And evening tells us toil is o'er!
JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

 OW does the water
Come down at Lodore!"
My little boy asked me
Thus, once on a time;
And moreover he tasked me
To tell him in rhyme.
Anon at the word,
There first came one daughter,
And then came another,
To second and third
The request of their brother,
And to hear how the water
Comes down at Lodore,
With its rush and its roar,
As many a time
They had seen it before.
So I told them in rhyme,
For of rhymes I had store;
And 't was in my vocation
For their recreation
That so I should sing;
Because I was laureate
To them and the King.
From its sources which well
In the tarn on the fell;
From its fountains
In the mountains,

Its rills and its gills;
Through moss and through brake,
It runs and it creeps
For a while, till it sleeps
In its own little lake.
And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds,
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood-shelter,
Among crags in its flurry,
Helter-skelter,
Hurry-skurry.
Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Now smoking and frothing
Its tumult and wrath in,
Till, in this rapid race
On which it is bent,
It reaches the place
Of its steep descent.
The cataract strong
Then plunges along,
Striking and raging
As if a war waging
Its caverns and rocks among;
Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and sweeping,
Showering and springing.
Flying and flinging,
Writhing and ringing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting,
Around and around
With endless rebound:
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.
Collecting, projecting,
Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and going,

And running and stunning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dinnings and spinning,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And moaning and groaning ;

And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hurrying and kurring,
And thundering and floundering ;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riding and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering ;

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beam-
ing,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jump-
ing,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing ;
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions forever and ever are blending
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar—
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE RHINE.

THE castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strewed a scene, which I should see
With double joy, wert *thou* with me.

And peasant-girls with deep-blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise ;
Above, the frequent feudal towers

Through green leaves lift their walls of gray,
And many a rock which steeply lowers,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers ;
But one thing want these banks of Rhine—
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine !

I send the lilies given to me,
Though long before thy hand they touch
I know that they must withered be—
But yet reject them not as such ;
For I have cherished them as dear,
Because they yet may meet thine eye,
And guide thy soul to mine e'en here,
When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
And knowest them gathered by the Rhine,
And offered from my heart to thine !

The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round :
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here ;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy clear eyes in following mine
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine !

LORD BYRON.

SONG OF THE RIVER

LEAR and cool, clear and cool,
By laughing shallow and dreaming pool ;
Cool and clear, cool and clear,
By shining shingle and foaming weir ;
Under the crag where the onzel sings,
And the ivied wall where the church-bell rings,
Undefiled for the undefiled ;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child !
Dank and foul, dank and foul,
By the smoky town in its murky cowl ;
Foul and dank, foul and dank,
By wharf, and sewer, and slimy bank ;
Darker and darker the further I go,
Baser and baser the richer I grow ;
Who dare sport with the sin-defiled ?
Shrink from me, turn from me, mother and child !
Strong and free, strong and free,
The flood-gates are open, away to the sea :
Free and strong, free and strong,
Cleansing my streams as I hurry along
To the golden sands and the leaping bar,
And the taintless tide that awaits me afar,
And I lose myself in the infinite main,
Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned again,
Undefiled for the undefiled ;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child !

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

TWEEDSIDE.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose !
 How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed !
 Yet Mary's, still sweeter than those,
 Both nature and fancy exceed.
 Nor daisy, nor sweet-blushing rose,
 Not all the gay flowers of the field,
 Not Tweed gliding gently through those,
 Such beauty and pleasure does yield.
 The warblers are heard in the grove,
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
 The blackbird, and sweet-cooing dove,
 With music enchant every bush.
 Come, let us go forth to the mead,
 Let us see how the primroses spring ;
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
 And love while the feathered folks sing.
 How does my love pass the long day ?
 Does Mary not tend a few sheep ?
 Do they never carelessly stray,
 While happily she lies asleep ?
 Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest ;
 Kind nature indulging my bliss,
 To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.
 'Tis she does the virgins excel,
 No beauty with her may compare :
 Love's graces around her do dwell ;
 She's fairest where thousands are fair.
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray,
 Oh ! tell me at noon where they feed ;
 Shall I seek them on smooth-winding Tay
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed ?

WILLIAM CRAWFORD.

NIAGARA.

FLOW on forever, in thy glorious robe
 Of terror and of beauty. Yes, flow on,
 Unfathomed and resistless. God hath set
 His rainbow on thy forehead, and the cloud
 Mantled around thy feet.—And he doth give
 Thy voice of thunder power to speak of him
 Eternally,—bidding the lip of man
 Keep silence, and upon thy rocky altar pour
 Incense of awe-struck praise.

The morning stars,
 When first they sang o'er young creation's birth,
 Heard thy deep anthem,—and those wrecking fires
 That wait the archangel's signal to dissolve
 The solid earth, shall find Jehovah's name
 Graven, as with a thousand diamond spears,
 On thine unfathomed page.—Each leafy bough
 That lifts itself within thy proud domain,
 Doth gather greenness from thy living spray,
 And tremble at the baptism.—Lo ! yon birds
 Do venture boldly near, bathing their wing

Amid thy foam and mist.—'Tis meet for them
 To touch thy garment's hem—or lightly stir
 The snowy leaflets of thy vapor wreath—
 Who sport unharmed upon the fleecy cloud,
 And listen at the echoing gate of heaven,
 Without reproof.—But as for us—it seems
 Scarce lawful with our broken tones to speak
 Familiarly of thee.—Methinks, to tint
 Thy glorious features with our pencil's point,
 Or woo thee to a tablet of a song,
 Were profanation.

Thou dost make the soul
 A wondering witness of thy majesty ;
 And while it rushes with delicious joy
 To tread thy vestibule, dost chain its step,
 And check its rapture with the humbling view
 Of its own nothingness, bidding it stand
 In the dread presence of the Invisible,
 As if to answer to its God through thee.


LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

THE FOUNTAIN.

INTO the sunshine,
 Full of light,
 Leaping and flashing
 From morn to night !
 Into the moonlight,
 Whiter than snow,
 Waving so flower-like
 When the winds blow !
 Into the starlight,
 Rushing in spray,
 Happy at midnight,
 Happy by day !
 Ever in motion,
 Blithesome and cheery,
 Still climbing heavenward
 Never a-weary !
 Glad of all weathers,
 Still seeming best,
 Upward or downward
 Motion thy rest ;
 Full of a nature
 Nothing can tame,
 Changed every moment,
 Ever the same ;—
 Ceaseless, aspiring ;
 Ceaseless, content ;
 Darkness or sunshine
 Thy element.
 Glorious fountain !
 Let my heart be
 Fresh, changeeful, constant,
 Upward, like thee !

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.


THE FALL OF NIAGARA.

 HE thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain,
While I look upward to thee. It would seem
As if God poured thee from his hollow hand,
And hung his bow upon thine awful front ;
And spoke in that loud voice, which seemed to him
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,
The sound of many waters ; and had bade
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
And notch His ages in the eternal rocks.

Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,
That hear the question of that voice sublime ?
O, what are the notes that ever rung
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side ?
Yea, what is all the riot man can make
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar ?
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him
Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains?—a light wave,
That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's night.

JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.

INVOCATION TO RAIN IN SUMMER.


 GENTLE, gentle summer rain,
Let not the silver lily pine,
The drooping lily pine in vain
To feel that dewy touch of thine—
To drink thy freshness once again,
O gentle, gentle summer rain !

In heat the landscape quivering lies ;
The cattle pant beneath the tree ;
Through parching air and purple skies
The earth looks up, in vain, for thee ;
For thee—for thee, it looks in vain,
O gentle, gentle summer rain.

Come thou, and brim the meadow streams,
And soften all the hills with mist,
O falling dew ! from burning dreams
By thee shall herb and flower be kissed,
And earth shall bless thee yet again,
O gentle, gentle summer rain.

WILLIAM COX BENNETT.

THE BROOK-SIDE.

 WANDERED by the brook-side,
I wandered by the mill ;
I could not hear the brook flow—
The noisy wheel was still ;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.


I sat beneath the elm-tree ;
I watched the long, long shade,
And, as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid ;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not—no, he came not—
The night came on alone—
The little stars sat one by one,
Each on his golden throne ;
The evening wind passed by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirred—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind ;
A hand was on my shoulder—
I knew its touch was kind :
It drew me nearer—nearer—
We did not speak one word,
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

LORD HOUGHTON.

ODE TO LEVEN-WATER.

 N Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love,
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod the Arcadian plain.

Pure stream ! in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave ;
No torrents stain thy limpid source,
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polished pebbles spread ;
While, lightly poised, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood ;
The springing trout in speckled pride,
The salmon, monarch of the tide ;
The ruthless pike, intent on war,
The silver eel, and mottled par.
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,
And edges flowered with eglantine.

Still on thy banks so gaily green,
May numerous herds and flocks be seen :
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale ;
And ancient faith that knows no guile,
And industry embrowned with toil ;
And hearts resolved, and hands prepared,
The blessings they enjoy to guard !

T. GEORGE SMOLLETT.

THE LATTER RAIN.

THE latter rain—it falls in anxious haste
Upon the sun-dried fields and branches bare,
Looseening with searching drops the rigid
waste

As if it would each root's lost strength repair;
It pierces chestnut-burr and walnut-shell;
The furrowed fields disclose the yellow crops;
Each bursting pod of talents used can tell;
And all that once received the early rain
Declare to man it was not sent in vain.

JONES VERY.

SONG OF THE BROOK.

COME from haunts of coot and hern;
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges;
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling;

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel,
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel;

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots;
I slide by hazel covers;

I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

LITTLE STREAMS.

LITTLE streams are light and shadow,
Flowing through the pasture meadow,
Flowing by the green way-side,
Through the forest dim and wide,
Through the hamlet still and small—
By the cottage, by the hall,
By the ruined abbey still;
Turning here and there a mill,
Bearing tribute to the river—
Little streams, I love you ever.

Summer music is there flowing—
Flowering plants in them are growing;
Happy life is in them all,
Creatures innocent and small;
Little birds come down to drink,
Fearless of their leafy brink;
Noble trees beside them grow,
Glooming them with branches low;
And between, the sunshine, glancing,
In their little waves, is dancing.

Little streams have flowers a many,
Beautiful and fair as any;
Typha strong, and green bur-reed;
Willow-herb, with cotton-seed;
Arrow-head, with eye of jet;
And the water-violet.
There the flowering-rush you meet,
And the plummy meadow-sweet;
And, in places deep and stilly,
Marble-like, the water-lily.

Little streams, their voices cheery,
Sound forth welcomes to the weary,
Flowing on from day to day,
Without stint and without stay;
Here, upon their flowery bank,
In the old time pilgrims drank—

Here have seen, as now, pass by,
King-fisher, and dragon-fly;
Those bright things that have their dwelling,
Where the little streams are welling.

Down in valleys green and lowly,
Murmuring not and gliding slowly;
Up in mountain-hollows wild,
Fretting like a peevish child;
Through the hamlet, where all day
In their waves the children play;
Running west, or running east,
Doing good to man and beast—
Always giving, weary never,
Little streams, I love you ever.

MARY HOWITT.

THE CATARACT AND THE STREAMLET.

NOBLE the mountain stream,
Bursting in grandeur from its vantage-ground;
Glory is in its gleam
Of brightness—thunder in its deafening sound!

Mark, how its foamy spray,
Tinged by the sunbeams with reflected dyes,
Mimics the bow of day
Arching in majesty the vaulted skies;

Thence, in a summer-shower,
Steeping the rocks around—O! tell me where
Could majesty and power
Be clothed in forms more beautifully fair?

Yet lovelier, in my view,
The streamlet flowing silently serene;
Traced by the brighter hue,
And livelier growth it gives—itsself unseen!

It flows through flowery meads,
Gladdening the herds which on its margin browse;
Its quiet beauty feeds
The alders that o'ershade it with their boughs.

Gently it murmurs by
The village churchyard: its low, plaintive tone,
A dirge-like melody,
For worth and beauty modest as its own.

More gaily now it sweeps
By the small school-house in the sunshine bright;
And o'er the pebbles leaps,
Like happy hearts by holiday made light.

May not its course express,
In characters which they who run may read,
The charms of gentleness,
Were but its still small voice allowed to plead

What are the trophies gained
By power, alone, with all its noise and strife,
To that meek wreath, unstained,
Won by the charities that gladden life?

Niagara's streams might fail,
And human happiness be undisturbed;
But Egypt would turn pale,
Were her still Nile's o'erflowing bounty curbed!

BERNARD BARTON.

SHOWERS IN SPRING.

HE north-east spends his rage; he now, shut up
Within his iron cave, the effusive south
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of
heaven

Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distant.
At first, a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining ether, but by swift degrees,
In heaps on heaps the doubled vapor sails
Along the loaded sky, and, mingling deep,
Sits on the horizon round, a settled gloom;
Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope, of every joy,
The wish of nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm, that not a breath
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many twinkling leaves
Of aspen tall. The uncurling floods diffused
In glassy breadth, seem, through delusive lapse,
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and, mute-implore, eye
The falling verdure. Hushed in short suspense,
The plummy people streak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off,
And wait the approaching sign, to strike at once
Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
And forests, seem impatient to demand
The promised sweetness. Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise
And looking lively gratitude. At last
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields,
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow
In large effusion o'er the freshened world.
The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard
By such as wander through the forest walks,
Beneath the umbrageous multitude of leaves.

JAMES THOMSON.

THE ANGLER'S SONG.

"There is no life more pleasant than the life of the well-governed angler."—*Isaac Walton.*

WHEN first the flame of day
Crimsons the sea-like mist,
And from the valley rolls away
The haze, by the sunbeam kissed,
Then to the lonely woods I pass,
With angling rod and line,
While yet the dew drops in the grass
Like flashing diamonds shine.

How vast the mossy forest-halls,
 Silent, and full of gloom !
 Through the high roof the daybeam falls,
 Like torch-light in a tomb.
 The old trunks of trees rise round
 Like pillars in a church or old,
 And the wind fills them with a sound
 As if a bell were tolled.

Where falls the noisy stream,
 In many a bubble bright,
 Along whose grassy margin gleam
 Flowers gaudy to the sight,
 There silently I stand,
 Watching my angle play,
 And eagerly draw to the land
 My speckled prey.

Oft, ere the carrion bird has left
 His cryic, the dead tree,
 Or ere the eagle's wing hath cleft
 The cloud in heaven's blue sea,
 Or ere the lark's swift pinion speeds
 To meet the misty day,
 My foot hath shaken the bending reeds,
 My rod sought out its prey.

And when the twilight, with a blush
 Upon her cheek, goes by,
 And evening's universal hush
 Fills all the darkened sky,
 And steadily the tapers burn
 In villages far away,
 Then from the lonely stream I turn
 And from the forests gray.

ISAAC McLELLAN.

HYMN OF NATURE.

GOD of the earth's extended plains !
 The dark green fields contented lie :
 The mountains rise like holy towers,
 Where the man might commune with the
 sky :

The tall cliff challenges the storm
 That lowers on the vale below,
 Where the shaded fountains send their streams,
 With joyous music in their flow.

God of the light and viewless air !
 Where the summer breezes sweetly flow,
 Or, gathering in their angry might,
 The fierce and wintry tempests blow ;
 All—from the evening's plaintive sigh,
 That hardly lifts the drooping flower,
 To the wild whirlwind's midnight cry—
 Bring forth the language of Thy power.

God of the fair and open sky !
 How gloriously above us springs

The tented dome, of heavenly blue,
 Suspended on the rainbow's rings !
 Each brilliant star, that sparkles through,
 Each gilded cloud, that wanders free
 In evening's purple radiance, gives
 The beauty of its praise to Thee.

God of the rolling orbs above !
 Thy name is written clearly bright
 In the warm day's unvarying blaze,
 Or evening's golden shower of light.
 For every fire that fronts the sun,
 And every spark that walks alone
 Around the utmost verge of heaven,
 Were kindled at Thy burning throne.

God of the world ! the hour must come
 And nature's self to dust return ;
 Her crumbling altars must decay ;
 Her incense-fires shall cease to burn ;
 But still her grand and lovely scenes
 Have made man's warmest praises flow ;
 For hearts grow holier as they trace
 The beauty of the world below.

WILLIAM B. PEABODY.

SIGNS OF RAIN.

FORTY REASONS FOR NOT ACCEPTING AN INVITATION OF A FRIEND
 TO MAKE AN EXCURSION WITH HIM.

THE hollow winds begin to blow ;
 2 The clouds look black, the glass is low,
 3 The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
 4 And spiders from their cobwebs peep.
 5 Last night the sun went pale to bed,
 6 The moon in halos hid her head ;
 7 The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
 8 For see, a rainbow spans the sky !
 9 The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
 10 Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel.
 11 Hark how the chairs and table crack !
 12 Old Betty's nerves are on the rack ;
 13 Loud quacks the duck, the peacocks cry,
 14 The distant hills are seeming nigh,
 15 How restless are the snorting swine !
 16 The busy flies disturb the kine,
 17 Low o'er the grass the swallow wings,
 18 The cricket, too, how sharp he sings !
 19 Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
 20 Sits wiping o'er her whiskered jaws ;
 21 Through the clear streams the fishes rise,
 22 And nimbly catch the incautious flies.
 23 The glow-worms, numerous and light,
 24 Illumed the dewy dell last night ;
 25 At dusk the squalid toad was seen,
 26 Hopping and crawling o'er the green ;
 27 The whirling dust the wind obeys,
 28 And in the rapid eddy plays ;

29 The frog has changed his yellow vest,
30 And in a russet coat is dressed.
31 Though June, the air is cold and still,
32 The mellow blackbird's voice is shrill ;
33 My dog, so altered in his taste,
34 Quits mutton-bones on grass to feast ;
35 And see yon rooks, how odd their flight !
36 They imitate the gliding kite,
37 And seem precipitate to fall,
38 As if they felt the piercing ball.
39 'T will surely rain ; I see with sorrow
40 Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.

EDWARD JENNER.

BEFORE THE RAIN.

WE knew it would rain, for all the morn,
A spirit on slender ropes of mist
Was lowering its golden buckets down
Into the vapory amethyst

Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens—
Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,
Dipping the jewels out of the sea,
To sprinkle them over the land in showers.

We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
The white of their leaves, the amber grain
Shrunk in the wind—and the lightning now
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

AFTER THE RAIN.

THE rain has ceased, and in my room
The sunshine pours an airy flood ;
And on the church's dizzy vane
The ancient cross is bathed in blood.

From out the dripping ivy-leaves,
Antiquely carven, gray and high,
A dormer, facing westward, looks
Upon the village like an eye :

And now it glimmers in the sun,
A square of gold, a disk, a speck :
And in the belfry sits a dove
With purple ripples on her neck.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

THE ANGLER'S WISH.

IN these flowery meads would be,
These crystal streams should solace me ;
To whose harmonious bubbling noise,
I with my angle would rejoice,
Sit here, and see the turtle-dove,
Court his chaste mate to acts of love :

Or on that bank, feel the west wind
Breathe health and plenty, please my mind
To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,
And then wash off by April showers :

Here, hear my Kenna sing a song,
There, see a blackbird feed her young,

Or a laverock build her nest ;
Here give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low-pitched thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love :

Thus free from lawsuits, and the noise
Of princes' courts, I would rejoice :

Or with my Bryan and a book,
Loiter long days near Shawford Brook ;
There sit by him, and eat my meat,
There see the sun both rise and set ;
There bid good-morning to next day ;
There meditate my time away ;
And angle on, and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

ISAAC WALTON.

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

HERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar ;
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore ; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own ;
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan—
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole ; or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving ; boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, ocean ! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy
I wanted with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

LORD BYRON.

SUNSET AT NORHAM CASTLE

DAY set on Norham's castled steep,
 And Tweed's fair river broad and deep,
 And Cheviot's mountains lone;
 The battled towers, the donjon keep,
 The loop-hole grates where captives weep,
 The flanking walls that round it sweep,
 In yellow lustre shone.

The warriors on the turrets high,
 Moving athwart the evening sky,
 Seemed forms of giant height;
 Their armor, as it caught the rays,
 Flashed back again the western blaze
 In lines of dazzling light.

St. George's banner, broad and gay,
 Now faded, as the fading ray
 Less bright, and less, was flung;
 The evening gale had scarce the power
 To wave it on the donjon tower,
 So heavily it hung.

The scouts had parted on their search,
 The castle gates were barred;
 Above the gloomy portal arch,
 Timing his footsteps to a march,
 The warder kept his guard,
 Low humming, as he paced along,
 Some ancient border-gathering song.

A distant tramping sound he hears;
 He looks abroad and soon appears,
 O'er Horncliff hill, a plump of spears
 Beneath a pennon gay;
 A horseman, darting from the crowd,
 Like lightning from a summer cloud,
 Spurs on his mettled courser proud,
 Before the dark array.

Beneath the sable palisade,
 That closed the castle barricade,
 His bugle-horn he blew;
 The warder hasted from the wall,
 And warned the captain in the hall,
 For well the blast he knew;
 And joyfully that knight did call
 To sewer, squire, and seneschal.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE ICEBERG.

WAS night—our anchored vessel slept
 Out on the glassy sea;
 And still as heaven the waters kept,
 And golden bright—as he,
 The setting sun, went sinking slow
 Beneath the eternal wave;
 And the ocean seemed a pall to throw
 Over the monarch's grave.

There was no motion of the air
 To raise the sleeper's tress,
 And no wave-building winds were there
 On ocean's loveliness;
 But ocean mingled with the sky
 With such an equal hue,
 That vainly strove the 'wilder'd eye
 To part their gold and blue.

And ne'er a ripple of the sea
 Came on our steady gaze,
 Save when some timorous fish stole out
 To bathe in the woven blaze—
 When, flouting in the light that played
 All over the resting main,
 He would sink beneath the wave, and dart
 To his deep, blue home again.

Yet, while we gazed, that sunny eve,
 Across the twinkling deep,
 A form came ploughing the golden wave,
 And rending its holy sleep;
 It blushed bright red, while growing on
 Our fixed, half-fearful gaze;
 But it wandered down with its glow of light,
 And its robe of sunny rays.

It seemed like molten silver, thrown
 Together in floating flame;
 And as we looked, we named it then,
 The fount whence all colors came:
 There were rainbows furled with a careless grace,
 And the brightest red that glows;
 The purple amethyst there had place,
 And the hues of a full-blown rose.

And the vivid green, as the sun-lit grass
 Where the pleasant rain hath been;
 And the ideal hues, that, thought-like, pass
 Through the minds of fanciful men;
 They beamed full clear—and that form moved on,
 Like one from a burning grave;
 And we dared not think it a real thing,
 But for the rustling wave.

The sun just lingered in our view,
 From the burning edge of ocean,
 When by our bark that bright one passed
 With a deep, disturbing motion:
 The far down waters shrank away,
 With a gurgling rush upheaving,
 And the lifted waves grew pale and sad,
 Their mother's bosom leaving.

Yet, as it passed our bending stern,
 In its throne-like glory going,
 It crushed on a hidden rock, and turned
 Like an empire's overthrowing.
 The upturn waves rolled hoar—and, huge,
 The far-thrown undulations
 Swelled out in the sun's last, lingering smile,
 And fell like battling nations.

J. O. ROCKWELL.

MOUNT WASHINGTON; THE LOFTIEST PEAK
OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

MOUNT of the clouds, on whose Olympian height
The tall rocks brighten in the ether air,
And spirits from the skies come down at night,

To chant immortal songs to freedom there !
Thine is the rock of other regions ; where
The world of life which blooms so far below
Sweeps a wide waste : no gladdening scenes appear,
Save where, with silvery flash, the waters flow
Beneath the far off mountain, distant, calm, and slow.

Thine is the summit where the clouds repose,
Or, eddying wildly, round thy cliffs are borne ;
When tempest mounts his rushing car, and throws
His billowy mist amid the thunder's home !
Far down the deep ravines the whirlwinds come,
And how the forests as they sweep along ;
While, roaring deeply from their rocky womb,
The storms come forth—and, hurrying darkly on,
Amid the echoing peaks, the revelry prolong !

And, when the tumult of the air is fled,
And quenched in silence all the tempest flame,
There come the dim forms of the mighty dead,
Around the steep which bears the hero's name.
The stars look down upon them—and the same
Pale orb that glistens o'er his distant grave,
Gleams on the summit that enshrines his fame,
And lights the cold tear of the glorious brave—
The richest, purest tear, that memory ever gave !

Mount of the clouds, when winter round thee throws
The hoary mantle of the dying year,
Sublime, amid thy canopy of snows,
Thy towers in bright magnificence appear !
'Tis then we view thee with a chilling fear
Till summer robes thee in her tints of blue ;
When, lo ! in softened grandeur, far, yet clear,
Thy battlements stand clothed in heaven's own hue,
To swell as freedom's home on man's unbounded view.

GRENVILLE MELLEEN.

PALESTINE.

NOW, upon Syria's land of roses
Softly the light of eve reposes,
And, like a glory, the broad sun
Hangs over sainted Lebanon,
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer, in a vale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

To one who looked from upper air
O'er all the enchanted regions there,

How beauteous must have been the glow,
The life, how sparkling from below !
Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks
Of golden melons on their banks,
More golden where the sunlight falls ;
Gay lizards, glittering on the walls
Of ruined shrines, busy and bright
As they were all alive with light ;
And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks
Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,
With their rich, restless wings, that gleam
Variously in the crimson beam
Of the warm west—as if inlaid
With brilliants from the mine, or made
Of tearless rainbows, such as span
The unclouded skies of Peristan !
And then, the mingling sounds that come,
Of shepherd's ancient reed, with hum
Of the wild bees of Palestine,
Banqueting, through the flowery vales ;—
And, Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,
And woods, so full of nightingales !

THOMAS MOORE.

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

TO claim the Arctic came the sun
With banners of the burning zone.
Unrolled upon their airy spars,
They froze beneath the light of stars ;
And there they float, those streamers old,
Those northern lights, forever cold !

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN TAYLOR.

THE SUPERNATURAL.

SHOULD fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous
climes,

Rivers unknown to song ; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles : 'tis nought to me ;
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste, as in the city full ;
And where he vital breathes, there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey : there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing : I cannot go
Where universal love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns ;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in him, in light ineffable ;
Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise,

JAMES THOMSON.

HYMN ON SOLITUDE.

FAIL, mildly pleasing solitude,
Companion of the wise and good,
But, from whose holy, piercing eye,
The herd of fools and villains fly.
Oh ! how I love with thee to walk,
And listen to thy whispered talk,
Which innocence and truth imparts,
And melts the most obdurate hearts.
A thousand shapes you wear with ease,
And still in every shape you please.
Now rapt in some mysterious dream,
A lone philosopher you seem ;
Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
And now you sweep the vaulted sky ;
A shepherd next, you haunt the plain,
And warble forth your oaten strain.

Thine is the balmy breath of morn,
Just as the dew-bent rose is born ;
And while meridian fervors beat,
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat ;
But chief, when evening scenes decay,
And the faint landscape swims away,
Thine is the doubtful soft decline,
And that best hour of musing thine.

Descending angels bless thy train,
The virtues of the sage, and swain ;
Plain innocence, in white arrayed,
Before thee lifts her fearless head :
Religion's beams around thee shine,
And cheer thy glooms with light divine :
About thee sports sweet liberty ;
And rapt Urania sings to thee.

Oh, let me pierce thy secret cell !
And in thy deep recesses dwell ;
Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,
When meditation has her fill,
I just may cast my careless eyes
Where London's spiry turrets rise,
Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,
Then shield me in the woods again.

JAMES THOMSON.

TO A WILD DEER.

IT couch of repose for a pilgrim like thee !
Magnificent prison inclosing the free !
With rock-wall encircled—with precipice
crowned—

Which, awoke by the sun, thou canst clear at a bound.
'Mid the fern and the heather, kind nature doth keep
One bright spot of green for her favorite's sleep ;
And close to that covert, as clear as the skies
When their blue depths are cloudless, a little lake lies,
Where the creature at rest can his image behold,
Looking up through the radiance, as bright and as bold !
How lonesome ! how wild ! yet the wildness is rife
With the stir of enjoyment—the spirit of life.

The glad fish leaps up in the heart of the lake,
Whose depths, at the sullen plunge, sullenly quake !
As if in his soul the bold animal smiled
To his friends of the sky, the joint-heirs of the wild.

Yes ! fierce looks thy nature, e'en hushed in repose—
In the depths of thy desert regardless of foes,
Thy bold antlers call on the hunter afar,
With a haughty defiance to come to the war !
No outrage is war to a creature like thee !
The bugle-horn fills thy wild spirit with glee,
As thou barest thy neck on the wings of the wind,
And the laggardly gaze hound is toiling behind.
In the beams of thy forehead that glitter with death—
In feet that draw power from the touch of the heath—
Elate on the fern-branch the grasshopper sings,
And away in the midst of his roundelay springs ;
'Mid the flowers of the heath, not more bright than
himself,

The wild-bee is busy, a musical elf—
Then starts from his labor, unwearied and gay,
And circling his antlers, booms far, far away.
While high up the mountains, in silence remote,
The cuckoo unseen is repeating his note ;
The mellowing echo, on watch in the skies,
Like a voice from the loftier climate replies.
With wide-spreading antlers, a guard to his breast,
There lies the wild creature, e'en stately in rest !
'Mid the grandeur of nature, composed and serene,
And proud in his heart of the mountainous scene,
He lifts his calm eye to the eagle and raven,
At noon sinking down on smooth wings to their haven,
In the wide-raging torrent that lends thee its roar—
In the cliff that, once trod, must be trodden no more—
Thy trust, 'mid the dangers that threaten thy reign !
But what if the stag on the mountain be slain ?
On the brink of the rock—lo ! he standeth at bay,
Like a victor that falls at the close of the day :
While hunter and hound in their terror retreat
From the death that is spurned from his furious feet ;
And his last cry of anger comes back from the skies,
As nature's fierce son in the wilderness dies.

JOHN WILSON.

THE SIERRAS.

LIKE fragments of an uncompleted world,
From bleak Alaska, bound in ice and spray,
To where the peaks of Darien lie curled
In clouds, the broken lands loom bold and
gray ;

The seamen nearing San Francisco Bay
Forget the compass here ; with sturdy hand
They seize the wheel, look up, then bravely lay
The ship to shore by rugged peaks that stand,
The stern and proud patrician fathers of the land.

They stand white stairs of heaven—stand a line
Of lifting, endless, and eternal white ;

They look upon the far and flashing brine,
Upon the boundless plains, the broken height
Of Kamiakin's battlements. The flight
Of time is underneath their untopped towers ;
They seem to push aside the moon at night,
To jostle and to lose the stars. The flowers
Of heaven fall about their brows in shining showers.

They stand a line of lifted snowy isles,
High held above a tossed and tumbled sea—
A sea of wood in wild unmeasured miles ;
White pyramids of faith where man is free ;
White monuments of hope that yet shall be
The mounts of matchless and immortal song.
I look far down the hollow days ; I see
The bearded prophets, simple-souled and strong,
That strike the sounding harp and thrill the heeding
through.

Serene and satisfied ! supreme ! as lone
As God, they loom like God's archangels churled :
They look as old as kings upon a throne ;
The mantling wings of night are crushed and
curled

As feathers curl. The elements are hurled
From off their bosoms, and are bidden go,
Like evil spirits, to an under-world ;
They stretch from Cariboo to Mexico,
A line of battle-tents in everlasting snow.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

THE SEA BREEZE AND THE SCARF.

HUNG on the casement that loo' ed o'er the main,
Fluttered a scarf of blue ;
And a gay, bold breeze paused to flatter and
tease

This trifle of delicate hue ;
"You are lovelier far than the proud skies are,"
He said, with a voice that sighed ;
"You are fairer to me than the beautiful sea ;
Oh, why do you stay here and hide ?

"You are wasting your life in this dull, dark room ;"
And he fondled her silken folds.
"O'er the casement lean but a little, my queen,
And see what the great world holds !
How the wonderful blue of your matchless hue,
Cheapens both sea and sky !
You are far too bright to be hidden from sight ;
Come, fly with me, darling, fly !"

Tender his whisper and sweet his caress,
Flattered and pleased was she,
The arms of her lover lifted her over
The casement out to sea ;
Close to his breast she was fondly pressed,
Kissed once by his laughing mouth ;
Then dropped to her grave in the cruel wave,
While the wind went whistling south.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

UNDER THE LEAVES.

HAVE I walked these woodland paths,
Without the blest foreknowing
That underneath the withered leaves
The fairest buds were growing.

To-day the south wind sweeps away
The types of autumn's splendor,
And shows the sweet arbutus flowers,
Spring's children, pure and tender.

O prophet-flowers !—with lips of bloom,
Outvying in your beauty
The pearly tints of ocean shells—
Ye teach me faith and duty !

"Walk life's dark ways," ye seem to say,
"With love's divine foreknowing,
That where man sees but withered leaves,
God sees sweet flowers growing."

ALBERT LAIGHTON.

TO THE SKYLARK.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit !
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire ;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the setting sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run ;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight ;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is over-
flowed.

What thou art we know not :
 What is most like thee ?
 From rainbow clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright to see,
 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
 Singing hymns unbidden,
 Till the world is wrought
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not ;

Like a high-born maiden
 In a palace tower,
 Soothing her love-laden
 Soul in secret hour
 With music sweet as love, which overflows her
 bower ;

Like a glow-worm golden
 In a dell of dew,
 Scattering unbidden
 Its aerial hue
 Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the
 view ;

Like a rose embowered
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflowered,
 Till the scent it gives
 Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged
 thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,
 Rain-awakened flowers,
 All that ever was
 Joyous and fresh and clear thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, spite of bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine ;
 I have never heard
 Praise of love or wine
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
 Or triumphant chant,
 Matched with thine, would be all
 But an empty vaunt—
 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
 Of thy happy strain ?
 What fields, or waves, or mountains ?
 What shapes of sky or plain ?
 What love of thine own kind ? What ignorance of
 pain ?

With thy clear, keen joyance
 Languor cannot be ;
 Shadow of annoyance
 Never come near thee :
 Thou lovest : but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
 Thou of death must deem
 Things more true and deep
 Than we mortals dream,
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream ?

We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not ;
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught ;
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest
 thought.

Yet if we could scorn
 Hate and pride and fear,
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
 I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound,
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found,
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow,
 The world should listen then as I am listening now.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

WHEN THE HOUNDS OF SPRING.



WHEN the hounds of spring are on winter's
 traces,

The mother of months in meadow or plain
 Fills the shadows and windy places
 With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain ;
 And the brown bright nightingale amorous
 Is half assuaged for Itylus,
 For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces
 The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,
 Maiden most perfect, lady of light,
 With a noise of winds and many rivers,
 With a clamor of waters, and with might ;
 Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,
 Over the splendor and speed of thy feet !
 For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,
 Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,
 Fold our hands round her knees and cling ?
 O that man's heart were as fire and could spring to her,
 Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring !
 For the stars and the winds are unto her
 As raiment, as songs of the harp-player ;
 For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,
 And the southwest-wind and the west-wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,
 And all the season of snows and sins !
 The days dividing lover and lover,
 The light that loses, the night that wins ;
 And time remembered its grief forgotten,
 And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
 And in green underwood and cover
 Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,
 Ripe grasses trammel a traveling foot,
 The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes
 From leaf to flower and flower to fruit ;
 And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,
 And the oat is heard above the lyre,
 And the hoofed heel of a satyr crushes
 The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root.

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,
 Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,
 Follows with dancing and fills with delight
 The Maenad and the Bassarid ;
 And soft as lips that laugh and hide,
 The laughing leaves of the trees divide,
 And screen from seeing and leave in sight
 The god pursuing, the maiden hid.

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair
 Over her eyebrows shading her eyes ;
 The wild vine slipping down leaves bare
 Her bright breast shortening into sighs ;
 The wild vine slips with the weight of its leaves,
 But the berried ivy catches and cleaves
 To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare
 The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

REMONSTRANCE WITH THE SNAILS.

TH E little snails,
 With slippery tails,
 Who noiselessly travel
 Along this gravel,
 By a silvery path of slime unsightly,
 I learn that you visit my pea-rows nightly.
 Felonious your visit, I guess !
 And I give you this warning,
 That, every morning,
 I'll strictly examine the pods ;
 And if one I hit on,
 With slaver or spit on,
 Your next meal will be with the gods.

I own you're a very ancient race,
 And Greece and Babylon were amid ;
 You have tenanted many a royal dome,
 And dwelt in the oldest pyramid ;
 The source of the Nile !—O, you have been there !

In the ark was your floodless bed ;
 On the moonless night of Marathon
 You crawled o'er the mighty dead ;
 But still, though I reverence your ancestries,
 I don't see why you should nibble my peas.

The meadows are yours—the hedgerow and brook,
 You may bathe in their dews at morn ;
 By the aged sea you may sound your shells,
 On the mountains erect your horn ;
 The fruits and the flowers are your rightful dowers,
 Then why—in the name of wonder—
 Should my six pea-rows be the only cause
 To excite your midnight plunder ?

I have never disturbed your slender shells ;
 You have hung round my aged walk ;
 And each might have sat, till he died in his fat,
 Beneath his own cabbage-stalk ;
 But now you must fly from the soil of your sires ;
 Then put on your liveliest crawl,
 And think of your poor little snails at home,
 Now orphans or emigrants all.

Utensils domestic and civil and social
 I give you an evening to pack up ;
 But if the moon of this night does not rise on your
 flight,

To-morrow I'll hang each man Jack up.
 You'll think of my peas and your thievish tricks,
 With tears of slime, when crossing the *Syrr*.

ALMOND BLOSSOM.

BLOSSOM of the almond-trees,
 April's gifts to April's bees,
 Birthday ornament of spring,
 Flora's fairest daughterling ;—
 Coming when no flowerets dare
 Trust the cruel outer air,
 When the royal king-cup bold
 Dares not don his coat of gold,
 And the sturdy blackthorn spray
 Keeps his silver for the May ;—
 Coming when no flowerets would,
 Save thy lowly sisterhood,
 Early violets, blue and white,
 Dying for their love of light.
 Almond blossom, sent to teach us
 That the spring days soon will reach us,
 Lest, with longing over-tried,
 We die as the violets died—
 Blossom, clouding all the tree
 With thy crimson broidery,
 Long before a leaf of green
 On the bravest bough is seen—
 Ah ! when winter winds are swinging
 All thy red bells into ringing,
 With a bee in every bell,
 Almond bloom, we greet thee well !

EDWIN ARNOLD.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.

THE poetry of earth is never dead ;
 When all the birds are faint with the hot sun
 And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
 From hedge to hedge about the new-mown
 mead,

That is the grasshopper's—he takes the lead
 In summer luxury—he has never done
 With his delights ; for, when tired out with fun,
 He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
 The poetry of earth is ceasing never.
 On a lone winter evening, when the frost
 Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
 The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
 And seems, to one in drowsiness half lost,
 The grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

JOHN KEATS.

THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE-TREE.

COME, let us plant the apple-tree.
 Cleave the tough greensward with the spade ;
 Wide let its hollow bed be made ;
 There gently lay the roots, and there
 Sift the dark mould with kindly care,
 And press it o'er them tenderly,
 As round the sleeping infant's feet
 We softly fold the cradle-sheet ;
 So plant we the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree ?
 Buds, which the breath of summer days
 Shall lengthen into leafy sprays ;
 Boughs where the thrush with crimson breast
 Shall haunt, and sing, and hide her nest ;

We plant, upon the sunny lea,
 A shadow for the noontide hour,
 A shelter from the summer's shower,
 When we plant the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree ?
 Sweets for a hundred flowery springs
 To load the May-wind's restless wings,
 When, from the orchard row, he pours
 Its fragrance through our open doors ;
 A world of blossoms for the bee,
 Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
 For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
 We plant with the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree ?
 Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
 And redden in the August noon,
 And drop, when gentle airs come by,
 That fan the blue September sky,
 While children come, with cries of glee,
 And seek them where the fragrant grass
 Betrays their bed to those who pass,
 At the foot of the apple-tree.

And when, above this apple-tree,
 The winter stars are quivering bright,
 And winds go howling through the night,
 Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth,
 Shall peel its fruit by cottage hearth,
 And guests in prouder homes shall see,
 Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine
 And golden orange of the line,
 The fruit of the apple-tree.

The fruitage of this apple-tree
 Winds and our flag of stripe and star
 Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
 Where men shall wonder at the view,
 And ask in what fair groves they grew ;
 And sojourners beyond the sea
 Shall think of childhood's careless day
 And long, long hours of summer play,
 In the shade of the apple-tree.

Each year shall give this apple-tree
 A broader flush of roseate bloom,
 A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,
 And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,
 The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.

The years shall come and pass, but we
 Shall hear no longer, where we lie,
 The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,
 In the boughs of the apple-tree.

And time shall waste this apple-tree.
 O, when its aged branches throw
 Thin shadows on the ground below,
 Shall fraud and force and iron will
 Oppress the weak and helpless still ?

What shall the tasks of mercy be,
 Amid the toils, the stripes, the tears
 Of those who live when length of years
 Is wasting this apple-tree ?

"Who planted this old apple-tree ?"
 The children of that distant day
 Thus to some aged man shall say ;
 And, gazing on its mossy stem,
 The gray-haired man shall answer them :
 "A poet of the land was he,
 Born in the rude but good old times ;
 'Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes
 On planting the apple-tree."

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE MAIZE.

"That precious seed into the furrow cast
 Earliest in spring-time crowns the harvest last."

PHOEBE CARV.

a SONG for the plant of my own native west,
 Where nature and freedom reside,
 By plenty still crowned, and by peace ever
 blest,
 To the corn ! the green corn of her pride !

In climes of the east has the olive been sung,
And the grape been the theme of their lays;
But for thee shall a harp of the backwoods be strung,
Thou bright, ever beautiful maize!

Afar in the forest the rude cabins rise,
And send up their pillars of smoke,
And the tops of their columns are lost in the skies,
O'er the heads of the cloud-kissing oak;
Near the skirt of the grove, where the sturdy arm
swings

The axe till the old giant sways,
And echo repeats every blow as it rings,
Shoots the green and the glorious maize!

There buds of the buckeye in spring are the first,
And the willow's gold hair then appears,
And snowy the cups of the dogwood that burst
By the red bud, with pink-tinted tears.
And striped the bolls which the poppy holds up
For the dew, and the sun's yellow rays,
And brown is the pawpaw's shade-blossoming cup,
In the wood, near the sun-loving maize!

When through the dark soil the bright steel of the
plough

Turns the mould from its unbroken bed
The ploughman is cheered by the finch on the bough,
And the blackbird doth follow his tread.
And idle, afar on the landscape desried,
The deep-lowing kine slowly graze,
And nibbling the grass on the sunny hillside
Are the sheep, hedged away from the maize.

With spring-time and culture, in martial array
It waves its green broadswords on high,
And fights with the gale, in a fluttering fray,
And the sunbeams, which fall from the sky;
It strikes its green blades at the zephyrs at noon,
And at night at the swift-flying fays,
Who ride through the darkness the beams of the
moon,

Through the spears and the flags of the maize!

When the summer is fierce still its banners are green,
Each warrior's long beard groweth red,
His emerald-bright sword is sharp-pointed and keen,
And golden his tassel-plumed head.
As a host of armed knights set a monarch at naught,
That defy the day-god to his gaze,
And, revived every morn from the battle that's fought,
Fresh stand the green ranks of the maize!

But brown comes the autumn, and sear grows the
corn,

And the woods like a rainbow are dressed,
And but for the cock and the noontide horn
Old time would be tempted to rest.
The humming bee fans off a shower of gold
From the mullein's long rod as it sways,
And dry grow the leaves which protecting infold
The ears of the well-ripened maize!

At length Indian summer, the lovely, doth come,
With its blue frosty nights, and days still,
When distinctly clear sounds the waterfall's hum,
And the sun smokes ablaze on the hill!
A dim veil hangs over the landscape and flood,
And the hills are all mellowed in haze,
While Fall, creeping on like a monk 'neath his hood,
Plucks the thick-rustling wealth of the maize.

And the heavy wains creak to the barns large and gray,
Where the treasure securely we hold,
Housed safe from the tempest, dry-sheltered away,
Our blessing more precious than gold!
And long from this manna that springs from the sod
Shall we gratefully give him the praise,
The source of all bounty, our Father and God,
Who sent us from heaven the maize!

WILLIAM W. FOSDICK.

WINTER PICTURES.

DOWN swept the chill wind from the mountain
peak,
From the snow five thousand summers old;
On open wold and hill-top bleak

It had gathered all the cold,
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek;
It carried a shiver everywhere
From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare;
The little brook heard it and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
He groined his arches and matched his beams;
Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trim the stars:
He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight;
Sometimes his tinkling waters slept
Down through a frost-leaved forest-crypt,
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees,
Bending to counterfeit a breeze;
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here
He had caught the nodding bulrush tops
And hung them thickly with diamond drops,
Which crystallised the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one.

Within the hall are song and laughter,
The cheeks of Christmas grow red and jolly,
And sprouting is every corbel and rafter
With the lightsome green of ivy and holly;
Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
Wallows the yule-log's roaring tide;
The broad flame-pennons droop and flap
And belly and tug as a flag in the wind;

Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
Hunted to death in its galleries blind ;
And swift little troops of silent sparks,
Now pausing now scattering away as in fear,
Go threading the soot-forest's tangled darks
Like herds of startled deer.

But the wind without was eager and sharp,
Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a harp,
And rattles and rings
The icy strings,
Singing, in dreary monotone,
A Christmas carol of its own,
Whose burden still, as he might guess,
Was—" Shelterless, shelterless, shelterless !"
The voice of the seneschal flared like a torch
As he shouted the wanderer away from the porch,
And he sat in the gateway and saw all night
The great hall-fire, so cheery and bold,
Through the window slits of the castle old,
Build out its piers of ruddy light
Against the drift of the cold.

There was never a leaf on bush or tree,
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly ;
The river was dumb and could not speak,
For the weaver winter its shroud had spun ;
A single crow on the tree-top bleak
From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun ;
Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,
As if her veins were sapless and old,
And she rose up decrepitley
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE MIDNIGHT OCEAN.

It is the midnight hour:—the beauteous sea,
Calm as the cloudless heaven, the heaven dis-
closes,
While many a sparkling star, in quiet glee,
Far down within the watery sky reposes.
As if the ocean's heart were stirred
With inward life, a sound is heard,
Like that of dreamer murmuring in his sleep ;
'Tis partly the billow, and partly the air,
That lies like a garment floating fair
Above the happy deep.
The sea, I ween, cannot be fanned
By evening freshness from the land,
For the land it is far away ;
But God hath willed that the sky-born breeze
In the centre of the loneliest seas
Should ever sport and play.
The mighty moon she sits above,
Encircled with a zone of love,
A zone of dim and tender light
That makes her wakeful eye more bright :
She seems to shine with a sunny ray,
And the night looks like a mellowed day !

The gracious mistress of the main
Hath now an undisturbed reign,
And from her silent throne looks down,
As upon children of her own,
On the waves that lend their gentle breast
In gladness for her couch of rest !

JOHN WILSON.

SPRING IN THE SOUTH.

SPRING, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair,
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again.

Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns
Its fragrant lamps, and turns
Into a royal court with green festoons
The banks of dark lagoons.

In the deep heart of every forest tree
The blood is all aglee,
And there's a look about the leafless bowers,
As if they dreamed of flowers.

Yet still on every side we trace the hand
Of winter in the land,
Save where the maple reddens on the lawn,
Flushed by the season's dawn ;

Or where, like those strange semblances we find
That age to childhood bind,
The elm puts on, as if in nature's scorn,
The brown of autumn corn.

As yet the turf is dark, although you know
That, not a span below,
A thousand germs are groping through the gloom,
And soon will burst their tomb.

In gardens you may note amid the dearth
The crocus breaking earth :
And near the snow-drop's tender white and green,
The violet in its screen.

But many gleams and shadows needs must pass
Along the budding grass,
And weeks go by, before the enamored south
Shall kiss the rose's mouth.

Still there's sense of blossoms yet unborn
In the sweet airs of morn ;
One almost looks to see the very street
Grow purple at his feet.

At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await
Before a palace gate

Some wondrous pageant ; and you scarce would start,
If from a beech's heart
A blue-eyed Dryad, stepping forth, should say,
" Behold me ! I am May !"

HENRY TIMROD.

THREE SUMMER STUDIES.

MORNING.



THE cock has crowed. I hear the doors un-
barred;
Down to the grass-grown porch my way I
take,

And hear, beside the well within the yard,
Full many an ancient, quacking, splashing drake,
And gabbling goose, and noisy brood-hen—all
Responding to yon strutting gobbler's call.

The dew is thick upon the velvet grass,
The porch-rails hold it in translucent drops,
And as the cattle from the enclosure pass,
Each one, alternate, slowly halts and crops
The tall, green spears, with all their dewy load,
Which grow beside the well-known pasture road.

A humid polish is on all the leaves—
The birds flit in and out with varied notes,
The noisy swallows twitter 'neath the eaves,
A partridge whistle through the garden floats,
While yonder gaudy peacock harshly cries,
As red and gold flush all the eastern skies.

Up comes the sun! Through the dense leaves a spot
Of splendid light drinks up the dew; the breeze
Which late made leafy music, dies; the day grows hot.
And slumbrous sounds come from marauding bees:
The burnished river like a sword-blade shines,
Save where 't is shadowed by the solemn pines.

NOON.

Over the farm is brooding silence now—
No reaper's song, no raven's clangor harsh,
No bleat of sheep, no distant low of cow,
No croak of frogs within the spreading marsh,
No bragging cock from littered farmyard crows,—
The scene is steeped in silence and repose.

A trembling haze hangs over all the fields—
The panting cattle in the river stand,
Seeking the coolness which its wave scarce yields;
It seems a Sabbath through the drowsy land;
So hushed is all beneath the summer's spell,
I pause and listen for some faint church-bell.

The leaves are motionless, the song-birds mute;
The very air seems somnolent and sick:
The spreading branches with o'er-ripened fruit
Show in the sunshine all their clusters thick,
While now and then a mellow apple falls
With a dull thud within the orchard's walls.

The sky has but one solitary cloud
Like a dark island in a sea of light;
The parching furrows 'twixt the corn-rows ploughed
Seem fairly dancing in my dazzled sight,
While over yonder road a dusty haze
Grows luminous beneath the sun's fierce blaze.

EVENING.

That solitary cloud grows dark and wide,
While distant thunder rumbles in the air—
A fitful ripple break's the river's tide—
The lazy cattle are no longer there,
But homeward come, in long procession slow,
With many a bleat and many a plaintive low.

Darker and wider spreading o'er the west,
Advancing clouds, each in fantastic form,
And mirrored turrets on the river's breast,
Tell in advance the coming of a storm—
Closer and brighter glares the lightning's flash,
And louder, nearer sounds the thunder's crash.

The air of evening is intensely hot,
The breeze feels heated as it fans my brows—
Now sullen rain-drops patter down like shot,
Strike in the grass, or rattle mid the boughs.
A sultry hush, and then a gust again—
And now I see the thick advancing rain!

It fairly hisses as it drives along,
And where it strikes breaks up in silvery spray
As if 't were dancing to the fitful song
Made by the trees, which twist themselves and sway
In contest with the wind, that rises fast
Until the breeze becomes a furious blast.

And now, the sudden, fitful storm has fled,
The clouds lie piled up in the splendid west,
In massive shadow tipped with purplish red,
Crimson or gold. The scene is one of rest;
And on the bosom of yon still lagoon
I see the crescent of the pallid moon.

JAMES BARRON HOPE.

A SNOW-STORM.

SCENE IN A VERMONT WINTER.



IS a fearful night in the winter time,
As cold as it ever can be;
The roar of the blast is heard like the chime
Of the waves on an angry sea.
The moon is full; but her silver light
The storm dashes out with its wings to-night;
And over the sky from south to north
Not a star is seen, as the wind comes forth
In the strength of a mighty glee.

All day had the snow come down—all day
As it never came down before;
And over the hills, at sunset, lay
Some two or three feet, or more;
The fence was lost, and the wall of stone;
The windows blocked and the well-curbs gone;
The haystack had grown to a mountain lift,
And the wood-pile looked like a monster drift,
As it lay by the farmer's door.

The night sets in on a world of snow,
 While the air grows sharp and chill,
 And the warning roar of a fearful blow
 Is heard on the distant hill;
 And the norther, see! on the mountain peak
 In his breath how the old trees writhe and shriek!
 He shouts on the plain, ho-ho! ho-ho!
 He drives from his nostrils the blinding snow,
 And growls with a savage will.

Such a night as this to be found abroad,
 In the drifts and the freezing air,
 Sits a shivering dog, in the field, by the road,
 With the snow in his shaggy hair.
 He shuts his eyes to the wind and growls;
 He lifts his head, and moans and howls;
 Then crouching low, from the cutting sleet,
 His nose is pressed on his quivering feet—
 Pray, what does the dog do there?

A farmer came from the village plain—
 But he lost the traveled way;
 And for hours he trod with might and main
 A path for his horse and sleigh;
 But colder still the cold winds blew,
 And deeper still the deep drifts grew,
 And his mare, a beautiful Morgan brown,
 At last in her struggles floundered down,
 Where a log in a hollow lay.

In vain, with a neigh and a frenzied snort,
 She plunged in the drifting snow,
 While her master urged, till his breath grew short,
 With a word and a gentle blow;
 But the snow was deep, and the tugs were tight;
 His hands were numb and had lost their might;
 So he wallowed back to his half-filled sleigh,
 And strove to shelter himself till day,
 With his coat and the buffalo.

He has given the last faint jerk of the rein,
 To rouse up his dying steed;
 And the poor dog howls to the blast in vain,
 For help in his master's need.
 For a while he strives with a wistful cry
 To catch a glance from his drowsy eye,
 And wags his tail if the rude winds flap
 The skirt of the buffalo over his lap,
 And whines when he takes no heed.

The wind goes down and the storm is o'er—
 'T is the hour of midnight, past;
 The old trees writhe and bend no more
 In the whirl of the rushing blast.
 The silent moon with her peaceful light
 Looks down on the hills with snow all white,
 And the giant shadow of Camel's Hump,
 The blasted pine and the ghostly stump,
 Afar on the plain are cast.

But cold and dead by the hidden log
 Are they who came from the town—
 The man in his sleigh, and his faithful dog,
 And his beautiful Morgan brown—
 In the wide snow desert, far and grand,
 With his cap on his head and the reins in his hand—
 The dog with his nose on his master's feet,
 And the mare half seen through the crusted sleet,
 Where she lay when she floundered down.

CHARLES GAMAGE EASTMAN.

VIEW FROM THE EUGANEAN HILLS,* NORTH ITALY.

MANY a green isle needs must be
 In the deep wide sea of misery,
 Or the mariner, worn and wan,
 Never thus could voyage on
 Day and night, and night and day,
 Drifting on his dreary way,
 With the solid darkness black
 Closing round his vessel's track;
 Whilst above, the sunless sky,
 Big with clouds, hangs heavily,
 And behind, the tempest fleet
 Hurries on with lightning feet,
 Riving sail and cord and plank
 Till the ship has almost drank
 Death from the o'erbrimming deep;
 And sinks down, down, like that sleep
 When the dreamer seems to be
 Weltering through eternity;
 And the dim low line before
 Of a dark and distant shore
 Still recedes, as, ever still,
 Longing with divided will,
 But no power to seek or shun,
 He is ever drifted on
 O'er the unrepining wave
 To the haven of the grave.

Ay, many flowering islands lie
 In the waters of wide agony:
 To such a one this morn was led
 My bark, by soft winds piloted.
 —Mid the mountains Euganean
 I stood listening to the pean
 With which the legions rooks did hail
 The sun's uprise majestic:
 Gathering round with wings all hoar,
 Through the dewy mist they soar
 Like gray shades, till the eastern heaven
 Bursts, and then, as clouds of even,
 Flecked with fire and azure, lie
 In the unfathomable sky,
 So their plumes of purple grain,
 Starred with drops of golden rain,

* The lonely mountains which surround what was once the retreat, and is now the sepulchre, of Petrarch.

Gleam above the sunlight woods,
 As in silent multitudes
 On the morning's fitful gale,
 Through the broken mist they sail ;
 And the vapors cloven and gleaming
 Follow, down the dark steep streaming,
 Till all is bright and clear and still
 Round the solitary hill.
 Beneath is spread like a green sea
 The waveless plain of Lombardy,
 Bounded by the vaporous air,
 Islanded by cities fair ;
 Underneath day's azure eyes.
 Ocean's nursling, Venice, lies—
 A peopled labyrinth of walls,
 Amphitrite's destined halls,
 Which her hoary sire now paves
 With his blue and beaming waves.
 Lo! the sun upsprings behind,
 Broad, red, radiant, half reclined
 On the level quivering line
 Of the waters crystalline ;
 And before that chasm of light,
 As within a furnace bright,
 Column, tower, and dome, and spire
 Shine like obelisks of fire,
 Pointing with inconstant motion
 From the altar of dark ocean
 To the sapphire-tinted skies ;
 As the flames of sacrifice
 From the marble shrines did rise,
 As to pierce the dome of gold
 Where Apollo spoke of old.

Sun-girt city ! thou hast been
 Ocean's child, and then his queen ;
 Now is come a darker day,
 And thou soon must be his prey,
 If the power that raised thee here
 Hallow so thy watery bier.
 A less drear ruin than than now,
 With thy conquest-branded brow
 Stooping to the slave of slaves
 From thy throne among the waves,
 Wilt thou be when the sea-mew
 Flies, as once before it flew,
 O'er thine isles depopulate,
 And all is in its ancient state,
 Save where many a palace-gate
 With green sea-flowers overgrown
 Like a rock of ocean's own,
 Topples o'er the abandoned sea
 As the tides change sullenly.
 The fisher on his watery way
 Wandering at the close of day
 Will spread his sail and seize his oar
 Till he pass the gloomy shore,
 Lest thy dead should, from their sleep
 Bursting o'er the starlight deep,

Lead a rapid mask of death
 O'er the waters of his path.

Noon descends around me now :
 'T is the noon of autumn's glow,
 When a soft and purple mist,
 Like a vaporous amethyst,
 Or an air-dissolved star,
 Mingling light and fragrance, far
 From the curved horizon's bound
 To the point of heaven's profound,
 Fills the overflowing sky ;
 And the plains that silent lie
 Underneath ; the leaves unsolden
 Where the infant frost has trodden
 With his morning-winged feet,
 Whose bright print is gleaming yet ;
 And the red and golden vines,
 Piercing with their trellised lines
 The rough, dark-skirted wilderness ;
 The dun and bladed grass no less,
 Pointing from this hoary tower
 In the windless air ; the flower
 Glimmering at my feet ; the line
 Of the olive-sandalled Apennine
 In the south dimly islanded ;
 And the Alps, whose snows are spread
 High between the clouds and sun ;
 And of living things each one ;
 And my spirit, which so long
 Darkened this swift dream of song—
 Interpenetrated lie
 By the glory of the sky ;
 Be it love, light, harmony,
 Odor, or the soul of all
 Which from heaven like dew doth fall,
 Or the mind which feeds this verse
 Peopling the lone universe.

Noon descends, and after noon
 Autumn's evening meets me soon,
 Leading the infantine moon
 And that one star, which to her
 Almost seems to minister
 Half the crimson light she brings
 From the sunset's radiant springs ;
 And the soft dreams of the morn
 (Which like winged winds had borne
 To that silent isle, which lies
 Mid remembered agonies,
 The frail bark of this lone being)
 Pass, to other sufferers fleeing,
 And its ancient pilot, pain,
 Sits beside the helm again.

Other flowering isles must be
 In the sea of life and agony ;
 Other spirits float and flee
 O'er that gulf ; even now, perhaps,
 On some rock the wild wave wraps,

With folding winds they waiting sit
 For my bark, to pilot it
 To some calm and blooming cove,
 Where for me, and those I love,
 May a windless bower be built,
 Far from passion, pain, and guilt,
 In a dell mid lawny hills,
 Which the wild sea-murmur fills,
 And soft sunshine, and the sound
 Of old forests echoing round,
 And the light and smell divine
 Of all flowers that breathe and shine.
 —We may live so happy there,
 That the spirits of the air,
 Envyng us, may even entice
 To our healing paradise
 The polluting multitude;
 But their rage would be subdued
 By that clime divine and calm,
 And the winds whose wings rain balm
 On the uplifted soul, and leaves
 Under which the bright sea heaves;
 While each breathless interval
 In their whisperings musical
 The inspired soul supplies
 With its own deep melodies;
 And the love which heals all strife,
 Circling, like the breath of life,
 All things in that sweet abode
 With its own mild brotherhood.
 They, not it, would change; and soon
 Every sprite beneath the moon
 Would repent its envy vain,
 And the earth grow young again!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE WINGED WORSHIPPERS.

ADDRESSED TO TWO SWALLOWS THAT FLEW INTO
 CHURCH DURING DIVINE SERVICE.

AY, guiltless pair,
 What seek ye from the fields of heaven?
 Ye have no need of prayer;
 Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,
 Where mortals to their Maker bend?
 Can your pure spirits fear
 The God ye never could offend?

Ye never knew
 The crimes for which we come to weep.
 Penance is not for you,
 Blessed wanderers of the upper deep.

To you 'tis given
 To wake sweet nature's untaught lays;
 Beneath the arch of heaven
 To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing
 Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,
 And join the choirs that sing
 In yon blue dome not reared with hands.

Or, if ye stay,
 To note the consecrated hour,
 Teach me the niry way,
 And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowd
 On upward wings could I but fly,
 I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,
 And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'T were heaven indeed
 Through fields of trackless light to soar,
 On nature's charms to feed,
 And nature's own great God adore.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

O WINTER! WILT THOU NEVER GO?

WINTER! wilt thou never, never go?
 O summer! but I weary for thy coming,
 Longing once more to hear the Luggie
 flow,

And frugal bees laboriously humming.
 Now the east-wind diseases the infirm,
 And must crouch in corners from rough weather;
 Sometimes a winter sunset is a charm—
 When the fired clouds, compacted, blaze together,
 And the large sun dips red behind the hills.
 I, from my window, can behold this pleasure;
 And the eternal moon, what time she fills
 Her orb with argent, treading a soft ineasure,
 With queenly motions of a bridal mood,
 Through the white spaces of infinitude.

DAVID GRAY.

THE HEATH-CKOCK.

GOOD morrow to thy sable beak
 And glossy plumage dark and sleek,
 Thy crimson moon and azure eye,
 Cock of the heath, so wildly shy:
 I see thee slyly cowering through
 That wiry web of silvery dew,
 That twinkles in the morning air,
 Like casements of my lady fair.

A maid there is in yonder tower,
 Who, peeping from her early bower,
 Half shows, like thee, her simple wile,
 Her braided hair and morning smile.
 The rarest things, with wayward will,
 Beneath the covert hide them still;
 The rarest things to break of day
 Look shortly forth, and shrink away.

A fleeting moment of delight
 I sunned me in her cheering sight;
 As short, I ween, the time will be
 That I shall parley hold with thee,
 Through Snowden's mist red beams the day,
 The climbing herd-boy chants his lay,
 The gnat-flies dance their sunny ring—
 Thou art already on the wing.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

MOONLIGHT ON THE PRAIRIE.

FROM "EVANGELINE."

BEAUTIFUL was the night. Behind the black
 wall of the forest,
 Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon,
 On the river

Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous
 gleam of the moonlight,

Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and de-
 vious spirit.

Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of
 the garden

Poured out their souls in odors, that were their prayers
 and confessions

Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthu-
 sian.

Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shad-
 ows and night-dews,

Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the
 magical moonlight

Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,
 As, through the garden gate, and beneath the shade of

the oak-trees,
 Passed she along the path to the edge of the measure-
 less prairie.

Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies
 Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite
 numbers.

Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the
 heavens,

Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel
 and worship,

Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of
 that temple,

As if a hand had appeared and written upon them,
 "Upharsin."

And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the
 fire-flies,

Wandered alone, and she cried, "O Gabriel! O my
 beloved!

Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold
 thee?

Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not
 reach me?

Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prae-
 rie!

Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the wood-
 lands around me!

Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labor,
 Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in
 thy slumbers.

When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded
 about thee?"

Loud and sudden and near the note of a whip-poor-
 will sounded

Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the
 neighboring thickets,

Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into
 silence.

"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular cav-
 erns of darkness;

And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded,
 "To-morrow!"

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

GOD EVERYWHERE IN NATURE.

NOW desolate were nature, and how void
 Of every charm, how like a naked waste
 Of Africa, were not a present God
 Beheld employing, in its various scenes,

His active might to animate and adorn!

What life and beauty, when, in all that breathes,

Or moves, or grows, his hand is viewed at work?

When it is viewed unfolding every bud,

Each blossom tingeing, shaping every leaf,

Wafting each cloud that passes o'er the sky,

Rolling each billow, moving every wing

That fans the air, and every warbling throat

Heard in the tuneful woodlands! In the least

As well as in the greatest of his works

Is ever manifest his presence kind;

As well in swarms of glittering insects, seen

Quick to and fro within a foot of air,

Dancing a merry hour, then seen no more,

As in the systems of resplendent worlds,

Through time revolving in unbounded space.

His eye, while comprehending in one view

The whole creation fixes full on me;

As on me shines the sun with his full blaze,

While o'er the hemisphere he spreads the same.

His hand, while holding oceans in its palm,

And compassing the skies, surrounds my life,

Guards the poor rushlight from the blast of death.

CARLOS WILCOX.

HEROISM AND ADVENTURE.

THE PILOT.



JOHN MAYNARD was well known in the Lake district as a God-fearing, honest, and intelligent man. He was pilot on a steam-boat from Detroit to Buffalo. One summer afternoon—at that time those steamers seldom carried boats—smoke was seen ascending from below; and the captain called out, "Simpson, go below and see what the matter is down there."

Simpson came up with his face as pale as ashes, and said, "Captain, the ship is on fire!"

Then "Fire! fire! fire!" on shipboard.

All hands were called up; buckets of water were dashed on the fire, but in vain. There were large quantities of rosin and tar on board, and it was found useless to attempt to save the ship. The passengers rushed forward and inquired of the pilot, "How far are we from Buffalo?"

"Seven miles."

"How long before we can reach there?"

"Three quarters of an hour at our present rate of steam."

"Is there any danger?"

"Danger! Here, see the smoke bursting out!—go forward, if you would save your lives!"

Passengers and crew—men, women, and children—crowded the forward part of the ship. John Maynard stood at the helm. The flames burst forth in a sheet of fire; clouds of smoke arose.

The captain cried out through his trumpet, "John Maynard!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Are you at the helm?"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"How does she head?"

"South-east by east, sir."

"Head her south-east, and run her on shore," said the captain. Nearer, nearer, yet nearer, she approached the shore. Again the captain cried out, "John Maynard!"

The response came feebly this time, "Ay, ay, sir!" "Can you hold on five minutes longer, John?" he said.

"By God's help, I will!"

The old man's hair was scorched from the scalp; one hand was disabled;—his knee upon the stanchion, his teeth set, his other hand upon the wheel, he stood firm as a rock. He beached the ship; every man, woman and child was saved, as John Maynard dropped, and his spirit took its flight to God.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

LOST IN THE SNOW.

THE cold winds swept the mountain's height,
And pathless was the dreary wild,
And, 'mid the cheerless hours of night,
A mother wandered with her child.
As through the drifted snows she pressed,
The babe was sleeping on her breast.

And colder still the winds did blow,
And darker hours of night came on,
And deeper grew the drifts of snow—
Her limbs were chilled, her strength was gone—
"O God, she cried, in accents wild,
"If I must perish, save my child!"

She stripped her mantle from her breast,
And bared her bosom to the storm,
And round the child she wrapped the vest,
And smiled to think her babe was warm.
With one cold kiss, one tear she shed,
And sunk upon a snowy bed.

At dawn, a traveler passed by:
She lay beneath a snowy veil;
The fro t of death was in her eye;
Her cheek was cold, and hard, and pale—
He moved the robe from off the child;
The babe looked up, and sweetly smiled.

JOHN MAYNARD.

WAS on Lake Erie's broad expanse,
One bright midsummer day,
The gallant steamer Ocean Queen
Swept proudly on her way.
Bright faces clustered on the deck,
Or leaning o'er the side,
Watched carelessly the feathery foam,
That flecked the rippling tide.
Ah, who beneath that cloudless sky,
That smiling bends serene,
Could dream that danger, awful, vast,
Impended o'er the scene—
Could dream that ere an hour had sped,
That frame of sturdy oak
Would sink beneath the lake's blue waves,
Blackened with fire and smoke?

A seaman sought the captain's side,
A moment whispered low;
The captain's swarthy face grew pale,
He hurried down below.
Alas, too late! Though quick and sharp
And clear his orders came,
No human efforts could avail
To quench the insidious flame.

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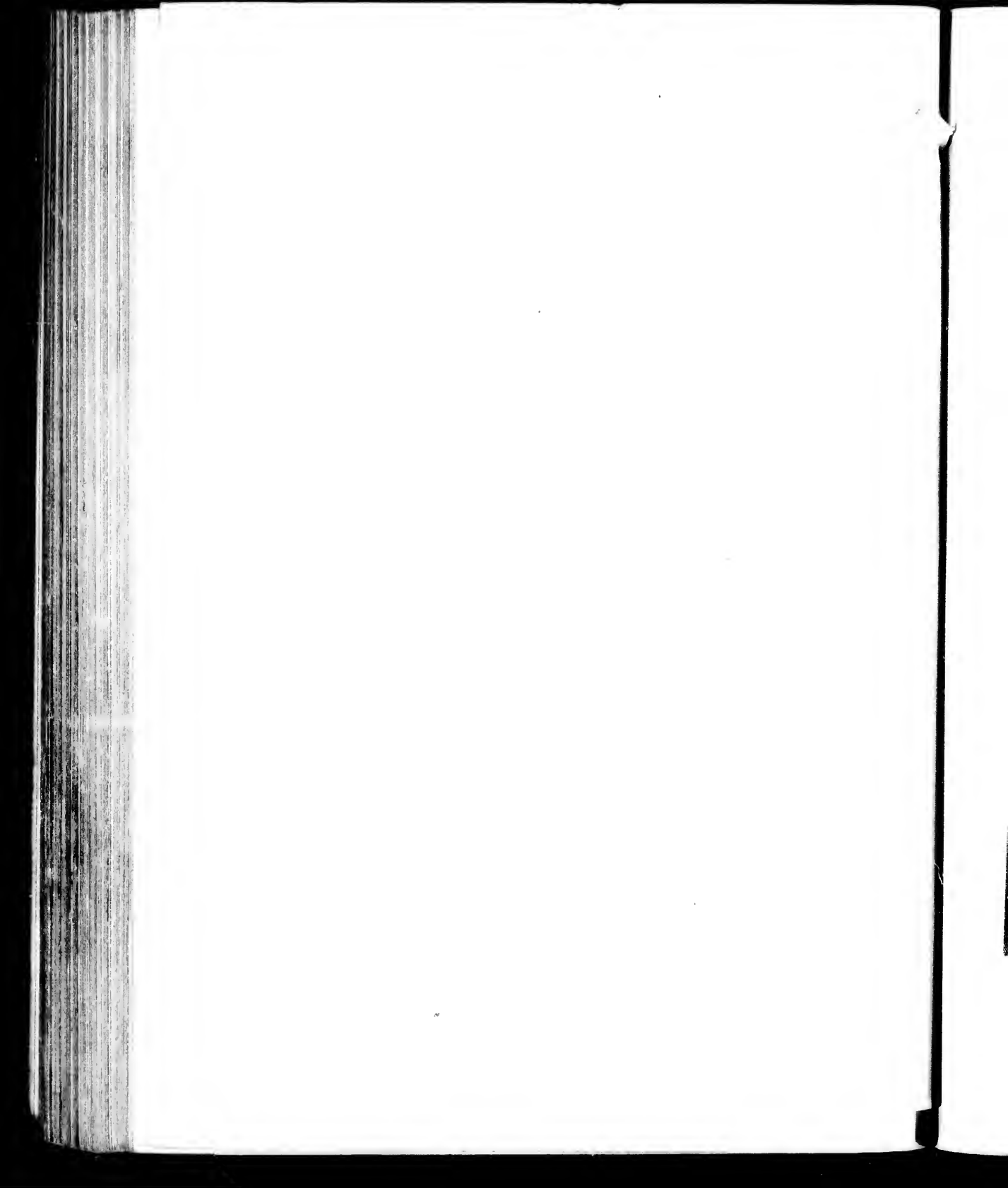
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The bad news quickly reached the deck,
It sped from lip to lip,
And ghastly faces everywhere
Looked from the doomed ship.
"Is there no hope—no chance of life?"
A hundred lips implore;
"But one," the captain made reply,
"To run the ship on shore."

A sailor, whose heroic soul
That hour should yet reveal—
By name John Maynard, eastern born—
Stood calmly at the wheel.
"Head her south-east!" the captain shouts,
Above the smothered roar,
"Head her south-east without delay!
Make for the nearest shore!"

No terror pales the helmsman's cheek,
Or clouds his dauntless eye,
As in a sailor's measured tone
His voice responds, "Ay, Ay!"
Three hundred souls—the steamer's freight—
Crowd forward wild with fear,
While at the stern the dreadful flames
Above the deck appear.

John Maynard watched the nearing flames,
But still, with steady hand
He grasped the wheel, and steadfastly
He steered the ship to land.
"John Maynard," with an anxious voice,
The captain cries once more,
"Stand by the wheel five minutes yet,
And we will reach the shore."
Through flames and smoke that dauntless heart
Responded firmly, still
Unawed, though face to face with death,
"With God's good help I will!"

The flames approach with giant strides,
They scorch his hands and brow;
One arm disabled seeks his side,
Ah, he is conquered now!
But no, his teeth are firmly set,
He crushes down the pain—
His knee upon the stanchion pressed,
He guides the ship again.

One moment yet! one moment yet!
Brave heart, thy task is o'er!
The pebbles grate beneath the keel,
The steamer touches shore.
Three hundred grateful voices rise,
In praise to God, that He
Hath saved them from the fearful fire,
And from the engulfing sea.

But where is he, that helmsman bold?
The captain saw him reel—
His nerveless hands released their task,
He sunk beside the wheel.

The wave received his lifeless corpse,
Blackened with smoke and fire.
God rest him! Hero never had
A nobler funeral pyre!

HORATIO ALGER, JR.

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear;
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again ;

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came ; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down stairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he—"yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So fair and softly, John he cried,
But John he cried in vain ;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, which never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought ;
Away went hat and wig ;
He little dreamt when he set out
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung ;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all ;
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around ;
He carries weight! he rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound!

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced ;
For all might see the bottle necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house!"—
They all aloud did cry ;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired!"
Said Gilpin—"So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there ;
For why ? his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong ;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song,

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbor in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him :

"What news ? what news ? your tidings tell—
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all ?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke ;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke :

"I came because your horse would come ;
And, if I well forbode,
My hat and wig will soon be here—
They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in.

Whence straight he came with hat and wig ;
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit,
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face ;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding day,
And all the world would stare
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said,
"I am in haste to dine ;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine."

Ah, luckless speech and bootless boast,
For which he paid full dear ;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear.

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig ;
He lost them sooner than at first ;
For why ?—they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down,
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half a-crown ;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back again !
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein ;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away,
Went post-boy at his heels,
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry :—

"Stop thief ! stop thief ! a highwayman !"
Not one of them was mute ;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space ;
The tollmen thinking as before
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town ;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, "Long live the king,
And Gilpin, long live he ;
And, when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see !"

WILLIAM COWPER.

FALL OF TECUMSEH.

WHAT heavy-hoofed coursers the wilderness
roam,
To the war-blast indignantly tramping?

Their mouths are all white, as if frosted
with foam,

The steel-bit impatiently champing.

'Tis the hand of the mighty that grasps the rein,
Conducting the free and the fearless.

Ah! see them rush forward, with wild disdain,
Through paths unfrequented and cheerless.

From the mountains had echoed the charge of death,
Announcing the chivalrous sally;
The savage was heard, with untrembling breath,
To pour his response to the valley.

One moment, and nought but the bugle was heard,
And nought but the war-whoop given;
The next, and the sky seemed convulsively stirred,
As if by the lightning riven.

The din of the steed, and the sabred stroke,
The blood-stilled gasp of the dying,
Were screened by the curling sulphur-smoke,
That upward went wildly flying.

In the mist that hung over the field of blood,
The chief of the horsemen contended;
His rowels were bathed in the purple flood,
That fast from his charger descended.

That steed reeled, and fell, in the van of the fight,
But the rider repressed not his daring,
Till met by a savage, whose rank and might
Were shown by the plume he was wearing.

The moment was fearful; a mightier foe
Had ne'er swung a battle-axe o'er him;
But hope nerved his arm for a desperate blow,
And Tecumseh fell prostrate before him.

O ne'er may the nations again be cursed
With conflict so dark and appalling!—
Foe grappled with foe, till the life blood burst
From their agonized bosoms in falling.

Gloom, silence, and solitude, rest on the spot
Where the hopes of the red man perished;
But the fame of the hero who fell shall not,
By the virtuous, cease to be cherished.

He fought, in defence of his kindred and king,
With a spirit most loving and loyal;
And long shall the Indian warrior sing
The deeds of Tecumseh, the royal.

The lightning of intellect flashed from his eye,
In his arm slept the force of the thunder,
But the bolt passed the suppliant harmlessly by,
And left the freed captive to wonder.

Above, near the path of the pilgrim, he sleeps,
With a rudely-built tumulous o'er him;
And the bright-blossomed Thames, in its majesty,
sweeps

By the mound where his followers bore him.

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

NO, children, my trips are over,
The engineer needs rest;
My hand is shaky; I'm feeling
A tugging pain in my breast;
But here, as the twilight gathers,
I'll tell you a tale of the road,
That'll ring in my head forever,
Till it rests beneath the sod.

We were lumbering along in the twilight,
The night was dropping her shade,
And the "Gladiator" labored—
Climbing the top of the grade;
The train was heavily laden,
So I let my engine rest,
Climbing the grading slowly,
Till we reached the upland's crest.

I held my watch to the lamplight—
Ten minutes behind the time!
Lost in the slackened motion
Of the up-grade's heavy climb;
But I knew the miles of the prairie
That stretched a level track,
So I touched the gauge of the boiler,
And pulled the lever back.

Over the rails a-gleaming,
Thirty an hour, or so,
The engine leaped like a demon,
Breathing a fiery glow;
But to me—ahold of the lever—
It seemed a child away,
Trustful and always ready
My lightest touch to obey.

I was proud, you know, of my engine,
Holding it steady that night,
And my eye on the track before us,
Ablaze with the Drummond light.
We neared a well-known cabin,
Where a child of three or four,
As the up train passed, oft called me,
A playing around the door.

My hand was firm on the throttle
As we swept around the curve,
When something afar in the shadow,
Struck fire through every nerve.
I sounded the brakes, and crashing
The reverse lever down in dismay,
Groaning to Heaven—eighty paces
Ahead was the child at its play!

One instant—one, awful and only,
 The world flew round in my brain,
 And I smote my hand hard on my forehead
 To keep back the terrible pain ;
 The train I thought flying forever,
 With mad irresistible roll,
 While the cries of the dying, the night wind
 Swept into my shuddering soul.

Then I stood on the front of the engine—
 How I got there I never could tell—
 My feet planted down on the crossbar,
 Where the cow-catcher slopes to the rail,
 One hand firmly locked on the coupler,
 And one held out in the night,
 While my eye gauged the distance, and measured
 The speed of our slackening flight.

My mind, thank the Lord ! it was steady ;
 I saw the curls of her hair,
 And the face that, turning in wonder,
 Was lit by the deadly glare.
 I know little more—but I heard it—
 The groan of the anguished wheels,
 And remember thinking—the engine
 In agony trembles and reels.

One rod ! To the day of my dying
 I shall think the old engine reared back,
 And as it recoiled, with a shudder
 I swept my hand over the track ;
 Then darkness fell over my eyelids,
 But I heard the surge of the train,
 And the poor old engine creaking,
 As racked by a deadly pain.

They found us, they said, on the gravel,
 My fingers enmeshed in her hair,
 And she on my bosom a-climbing,
 To nestle securely there.
 We are not much given to crying—
 We men that run on the road—
 But that night, they said, there were faces,
 With tears on them, lifted to God.

For years in the eve and the morning
 As I neared the cabin again,
 My hand on the lever pressed downward
 And slackened the speed of the train.
 When my engine had blown her a greeting,
 She always would come to the door ;
 And her look with a fullness of heaven
 Blesses me evermore.

THE MAIN TRUCK, OR A LEAP FOR LIFE.



L.D Ironsides at anchor lay,
 In the harbor of Mahon ;
 A dead calm rested on the bay—
 The waves to sleep had gone ;

When little Hal, the captain's son,
 A lad both brave and good,
 In sport, up shroud and rigging ran,
 And on the main truck stood !
 A shudder shot through every vein—
 All eyes were turned on high !
 There stood the boy, with dizzy brain,
 Between the sea and sky ;
 No hold had he above, below ;
 Alone he stood in air :
 To that far height none dared to go—
 No aid could reach him there.

We gazed, but not a man could speak,
 With horror all aghast—
 In groups, with pallid brow and cheek,
 We watched the quivering mast.
 The atmosphere grew thick and hot,
 And of a lurid hue ;—
 As riveted unto the spot,
 Stood officers and crew.

The father came on deck :—he gasped,
 "Oh, God ; thy will be done !"
 Then suddenly a rille grasped,
 And aimed it at his son.
 "Jump, far out, boy, into the wave !
 Jump, or I fire," he said ;
 "That only chance your life can save ;
 Jump, jump, boy !" He obeyed.

He sunk—he rose—he lived—he moved—
 And for the ship struck out.
 On board we hailed the lad beloved,
 With many a manly shout.
 His father drew, in silent joy,
 Those wet arms round his neck,
 And folded to his heart his boy—
 Then fainted on the deck.

C. C. COLTON.

THE FATE OF VIRGINIA.

"WHY is the Forum crowded? What means
 this stir in Rome?"
 "Claimed as a slave, a free-born maid is
 dragged here from her home.
 On fair Virginia, Claudius has cast his eye of blight ;
 The tyrant's creature, Marcus, asserts an owner's right,
 Oh, shame on Roman manhood ! Was ever plot more
 clear?
 But look ! the maiden's father comes ! Behold Vir-
 ginus here !"

Straightway Virginus led the maid a little space aside,
 To where the reeking shambles stood, piled up with
 horn and hide.
 Hard by, a butcher on a block had laid his whittle
 down—
 Virginus caught the whittle up, and hid it in his gown.

And then his eyes grew very dim, and his throat began to swell,
 And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake, "Farewell, sweet child, farewell!
 The house that was the happiest within the Roman walls—
 The house that envied not the wealth of Capua's marble halls,
 Now, for the brightness of thy smile, must have eternal gloom,
 And for the music of thy voice, the silence of the tomb.
 "The time is come. The tyrant points his eager hand this way;
 See how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a kite's upon the prey;
 With all his wit he little deems that, spurned, betrayed, bereft,
 Thy father hath, in his despair, one fearful refuge left;
 He little deems that in this hand, I clutch what still can save
 Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the portion of the slave;
 Yea, and from nameless evil, that passeth taunt and blow—
 Foul outrage, which thou knowest not—which thou shalt never know.
 Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me one more kiss;
 And now, mine own dear little girl, there is no way but this!"
 With that, he lifted high the steel, and smote her in the side,
 And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob she died.
 Then, for a little moment, all people held their breath;
 And through the crowded Forum was stillness as of death;
 And in another moment break forth from one and all
 A cry as if the Volscians were coming o'er the wall;
 Till, with white lips and bloodshot eyes, Virginius tottered nigh,
 And stood before the judgment seat, and held the knife on high:
 "O dwellers in the nether gloom, avengers of the slain,
 By this dear blood I cry to you, do right between us twain;
 And e'en as Appius Claudius hath dealt by me and mine,
 Deal you by Appius Claudius and all the Claudian line!"
 So spake the slayer of his child, and turned, and went his way;
 But first he cast one haggard glance to where the body lay,
 And writhed, and groaned a fearful groan, and then, with steadfast feet,
 Strode right across the market-place unto the Sacred street.

Then up sprang Appius Claudius: "Stop him, alive or dead!
 Ten thousand pounds of copper to the man who brings his head!"
 He looked upon his clients—but none would work his will;
 He looked upon his lictors—but they trembled and stood still.
 And as Virginius through the press his way in silence cleft,
 Ever the mighty multitude fell back to right and left;
 And he hath passed in safety unto his woful home,
 And there taken horse to tell the camp what deeds are done in Rome.

LORD MACAULAY.

GOFFE, THE REGICIDE.

IN the course of Philip's war, which involved almost all the Indian tribes in New England, and among others those in the neighborhood of Hadley, the inhabitants thought it proper to observe the 1st of September, 1675, as a day of fasting and prayer. While they were in the church, and employed in their worship, they were surprised by a band of savages. The people instantly betook themselves to their arms,—which, according to the custom of the times, they had carried with them to the church,—and, rushing out of the house, attacked their invaders. The panic under which they began the conflict was, however, so great, and their number was so disproportioned to that of their enemies, that they fought doubtfully at first, and in a short time began evidently to give way. At this moment an ancient man, with hoary locks, of a most venerable and dignified aspect, and in a dress widely differing from that of the inhabitants, appeared suddenly at their head, and with a firm voice and an example of undaunted resolution, reanimated their spirits, led them again to the conflict, and totally routed the savages. When the battle was ended, the stranger disappeared; and no person knew whence he had come, or whither he had gone. The relief was so timely, so sudden, so unexpected, and so providential; the appearance and the retreat of him who furnished it were so unaccountable; his person was so dignified and commanding, his resolution so superior, and his interference so decisive, that the inhabitants, without any uncommon exercise of credulity, readily believed him to be an angel sent by Heaven for their preservation. Nor was this opinion seriously controverted until it was discovered, several years afterward, that Goffe and Whalley had been lodged in the house of Mr. Russell. Then it was known that their deliverer was Goffe, Whalley having become superannuated some time before the event took place.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

JOHNNY BARTHOLOMEW.



His journals this morning are full of a tale
Of a terrible ride through a tunnel by rail;
And people are called on to note and admire

How a hundred or more, through the smoke-cloud
and fire,

Were borne from all peril to limbs and to lives—
Mothers saved to their children, and husbands to
wives,

But of him who performed such a notable deed
Quite little the journalist gives us to read.

In truth, of this hero so plucky and bold,
There is nothing except, in few syllables told,

His name, which is Johnny Bartholomew.

Away in Nevada—they don't tell us where,
Nor does it much matter—a railway is there,
Which winds in and out through the cloven ravines,
With glimpses at times of the wildest of scenes—
Now passing a bridge seeming fine as a thread,
Now shooting past cliffs that impend o'er the head,
Now plunging some black-throated tunnel within,
Whose darkness is roused at the clatter and din;
And ran every day with its train o'er the road,
An engine that steadily dragged on its load,

And was driven by Johnny Bartholomew.

With throttle-valve down, he was slowing the train,
While the sparks fell around and behind him like
rain,

As he came to a spot where a curve to the right
Brought the black, yawning mouth of a tunnel in
sight,

And peering ahead with a far-seeing ken,
Felt a quick sense of danger come over him then.
Was a train on the track? No! A peril as dire—
The further extreme of the tunnel on fire!

And the volume of smoke as it gathered and rolled,
Shook fearful dismay from each dun-colored fold,
But daunted not Johnny Bartholomew.

Beat faster his heart, though its current stood still,
And his nerves felt a jar but no tremulous thrill;
And his eyes keenly gleamed through their partly
closed lashes,

And his lips—not with fear—took the color of ashes.

"If we falter, these people behind us are dead!

So close the doors, firemen—we'll send her ahead!

Crowd on the steam till she rattles and swings!

Open the throttle-valve! Give her her wings!"

Shouted he from his post in the engineer's room,

Driving onward perchance to a terrible doom,

This man they call Johnny Bartholomew.

Firm grasping the bell-rope and holding his breath,
On, on through the Vale of the Shadow of Death,
On, on through that horrible cavern of hell,
Through flames that arose and through timbers that
fell,

Through the eddying smoke and the serpents of fire
That writhed and that hissed in their anguish and
ire,

With a rush and a roar like a wild tempest's blast,
To the free air beyond them in safety they passed!
While the clang of the bell and the steam pipe's shrill
yell,

Told the joy at escape from that underground hell,
Of the man they called Johnny Bartholomew.

Did the passengers get up a service of plate?

Did some oily-tongued orator at the man prate?

Women kiss him? Young children cling fast to his
knees?

Stout men in their rapture his brown fingers squeeze?

And where was he born? Is he handsome? Has he

A wife for his bosom, a child for his knee?

Is he young? Is he old? Is he tall? Is he short?

Well, ladies, the journals tell naught of the sort,

And all that they give us about him to day,

After telling the tale in a commonplace way,

Is—the man's name is Johnny Bartholomew.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

THE FRENCH ARMY RETREATING FROM
MOSCOW.

Magnificence of ruin! what has time

In all it ever gazed upon of war,

Of the wild rage of storm, or deadly clime,

Seen, with that battle's vengeance to com-
pare?

How glorious shone the invader's pomp afar!

Like pampered lions from the spoil they came;

The land before them silence and despair,

The land behind them massacre and flame;

Blood will have tenfold blood. What are they now?

A name.

Homeward by hundred thousands, column-deep,

Broad square, loose squadron, rolling like the flood,

When mighty torrents from their channels leap,

Rushed through the land the haughty multitude,

Billow on endless billow; on through wood,

O'er rugged hill, down sunless, marshy vale,

The death-devoted moved, to clangor rude

Of drum and horn, and dissonant clash of mail,

Glancing disastrous light before that sunbeam pale.

Again they reached thee, Borodino! still

Upon the loaded soil the carnage lay,

The human harvest, now stark, stiff, and chill,

Friend, foe, stretched thick together, clay to clay;

In vain the startled legions burst away;

The land was all one naked sepulchre;

The shrinking eye still glanced on grim decay,

Still did the hoof and wheel their passage tear,

Through cloven helmets and arms, and corpses mould-
ering drear.

GEORGE CROLY.

JIM BLUDSO.

W ALL, no! I can't tell where he lives,
Because he don't live, you see:
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.

Whar have you been for the last three years
That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks,
The night of the "Prairie Belle?"

He warn't no salnt—they engineers
Is all pretty much alike—
One wife of Natchez under the-I fill,
And another one here, in Pike.
A careless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward man in a row—
But he never pinked, and he never lied,
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had—
To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river;
To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the "Prairie Belle" took fire,
A thousand times he swore
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississipp',
And her day came at last—
The "Movastar" was a better boat,
But the "Belle," she wouldn't be passed,
And so came tarin' along that night,
The oldest craft on the line,
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
And her furnaces crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she cleared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned, and made
For that willer-bank on the right.
There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out
Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore!"

Thro' the hot, black breath of the burning boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And knowed he would keep his word.
And sure's you're born, they all got off
Afore the smoke-stacks fell,
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the "Prairie Belle."

He warn't no saint—but at judgment
I'd run my chance with Jim
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shook hands with him.

He'd seen his duty a dead sure thing,
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't n'going to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

JOHN HAY.

RAMON.

D RUNK and senseless in his place,
Prone and sprawling on his face,
More like brute than any man
Alive or dead—
By his great pump out of gear,
Lay the peon engineer,
Waking only just to hear,
Overhead,
Angry tones that called his name,
Outs and cries of bitter-blame—
Woke to hear all this, and waking, turned and fled!

"To the man who'll bring to me,"
Cried Intendant Harry Lee—
Harry Lee, the English foreman of the mine—
"Bring the sot alive or dead,
I will give to him," he said,
"Fifteen hundred pesos down,
Just to set the rascal's crown
Underneath this heel of mine:
Since but death

Deserves the man whose deed,
Be it vice or want of heed,
Stops the pumps that give us breath—
Stops the pumps that suck the death
From the poisoned lower levels of the mine!"

No one answered, for a cry
From the shaft rose up on high;
And shuffling, scrambling, tumbling from below
Came the miners each, the bolder
Mounting on the weaker's shoulder,
Grappling, clinging to their hold or
Letting go,
As the weaker gasped and fell
From the ladder to the well—
To the poisoned pit of hell
Down below!

"To the man who sets them free,"
Cried the foreman, Harry Lee—
Harry Lee, the English foreman of the mine—
"Brings them out and sets them free,
I will give that man," said he,
"Twice that sum, who with a rope
Face to face with death shall cope.
Let him come who dares to hope!"
"Hold your peace!" some one replied,
Standing by the foreman's side;
"There has one already gone, whoe'er he be!"

Then they held their breath with awe,
Pulling on the rope, and saw

Fainting figures re-appear,
On the black rope swinging clear,
Fastened by some skillful hand from below ;
Till a score the level gained,
And but one alone remained—
He the hero and the last,
He whose skillful hand made fast
The long line that brought them back to hope and
cheer!

Haggard, gasping, down dropped he
At the feet of Harry Lee—
Harry Lee, the English foreman of the mine ;
"I have come," he gasped, "to claim
Both rewards. Señor, my name
Is Ramon !
I'm the drunken engineer—
I'm the coward, Señor—" Here
He fell over, by that sign
Dead as stone !

BRET HARTE.

DEATH OF GAUDENTIS.

The following inscription was found in the Catacombs upon the tomb of the Architect of the Coliseum :

Thus thou keepest thy promises, O Vespasian ! the rewarding
with death of him, the crown of thy glory in Rome. Do rejoice,
O Gaudentis ! the cruel tyrant promised much, but Christ gave
thee all, who prepared thee such a mansion.

BEFORE Vespasian's regal throne
Skillful Gaudentis stood ;
"Build me," the haughty monarch cried,
"A theatre for blood.

I know thou'rt skilled in mason's work,
Thine is the power to frame
Rome's Coliseum vast and wide,
An honor to thy name.

"Over seven acres spread thy work,
And by the gods of Rome,
Thou shalt hereafter by my side
Have thy resplendent home.
A citizen of Roman rights,
Silver and golden store,
These shall be thine ; let Christian blood
But stain the marble floor."

So rose the Amphitheatre,
Tower and arch and tier ;
There dawned a day when martyrs stood
Within that ring of fear.
But strong their quenchless trust in God,
And strong their human love,
Their eyes of faith, undimmed, were fixed
On temples far above.

And thousands gazed, in brutal joy,
To watch those Christians die—
But one beside Vespasian leaned,
With a strange light in his eye.

(12)

What thoughts welled up within his breast,
As on that group he gazed,
What gleams of holy light from heaven,
Upon his dark soul blazed !

Had he by password gained access
To the dark Catacomb,
And learned the hope of Christ's beloved,
Beyond the rack, the tomb?
The proud Vespasian o'er him bends,
"My priceless architect,
To-day I will announce to all
Thy privilege elect—

A free-made citizen of Rome."
Calmly Gaudentis rose,
And folding, o'er his breast, his arms,
Turned to the Saviour's foes ;
And in a strength not all his own,
With life and death in view,
The fearless architect exclaimed,
"I am a Christian too."

Only a few brief moments passed,
And brave Gaudentis lay
Within the Amphitheatre,
A lifeless mass of clay.
Vespasian promised him the rights
Of proud Imperial Rome ;
But Christ with martyrs crowned him king,
Beneath heaven's cloudless dome.

THE BATTLE OF IVRY.

NOW glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all
glories are !
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King
Henry of Navarre !

Now let there be the merry sound of music and the
dance,

Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vales, O
pleasant land of France !

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of
the waters,

Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning
daughters ;

As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold and stiff and still are they who wrought thy
walls annoy.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! a single field hath turned the chance
of war.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! for Ivry and King Henry of Na-
varre !

Oh, how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of
day,

We saw the army of the League drawn out in long ar-
ray ;

With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish
spears !

There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land!
 And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand;
 And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's em-
 purpled flood,
 And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
 And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate
 of war,
 To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King has come to marshal us, in all his armor
 drest,
 And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gal-
 lant crest.
 He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
 He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern
 and high.
 Right graciously, he smiled on us, as rolled from wing
 to wing,
 Down all our line, in deafening shout, "God save our
 lord, the King!"
 "And if my standard-bearer fall—as fall full well he
 may,
 For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray—
 Press where ye see my white plume shine, amid the
 ranks of war,
 And be your oriflamme, to-day, the helmet of Na-
 varre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled
 din
 Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring
 culverin!
 The fiery Duke is pricking fast across St André's plain,
 With all the hurling chivalry of Guelders and Al-
 mayne.
 Now, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of
 France,
 Charge for the golden lilies now—upon them with the
 lance!
 A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears
 in rest,
 A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-
 white crest.
 And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a
 guiding star,
 Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Na-
 varre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath
 turned his rein,
 D'Aumale hath cried for quarter—the Flemish Count
 is slain;
 Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Bis-
 cay gale;
 The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and
 cloven mail.

And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our
 van,
 "Remember St. Bartholomew!" was passed from man
 to man;
 But out spake gentle Henry, then—"No Frenchman is
 my foe;
 Down, down with every foreigner! but let your breth-
 ren go."
 Oh, was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in
 war,
 As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Na-
 varre?

Ho! maidens of Vienna! Ho! matrons of Lucerne!
 Weep, weep and rend your hair for those who never
 shall return!
 Ho! Philip, send for charity thy Mexican pistoles,
 That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor
 spearmen's souls.
 Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your
 arms be bright!
 Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward
 to-night;
 For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath
 raised the slave,
 And mocked the counsel of the wise and the valor of
 the brave.
 Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are!
 And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Na-
 varre!

LORD MACAULAY.

THE DRAW-BRIDGE KEEPER.

History and poetry celebrate no sublimer act of devotion than
 that of Albert G. Drecker, the watchman of the Passaic River
 draw-bridge, on the New York and Newark Railroad. The train
 was due, and he was closing the draw when his little child fell
 into the deep water. It would have been easy enough to rescue
 him, if the father could have taken the time, but already the
 thundering train was at hand. It was a cruel agony. His child
 could be saved only at the cost of other lives committed to his
 care. The brave man did his duty, but the child was drowned.
 The pass at Thermopylae was not more heroically kept.

DRECKER, the draw-bridge keeper opened
 wide

The dangerous gate to let the vessel
 through;

His little son was standing by his side,
 Above Passaic river, deep and blue;
 While in the distance, like a moan of pain,
 Was heard the whistle of the coming train.

At once brave Drecker worked to swing it back—
 The gate-like bridge, that seems a gate of death;
 Nearer and nearer, on the slender track,
 Came the swift engine, puffing its white breath.
 Then, with a shriek, the loving father saw
 His darling boy fall headlong from the draw.

Either at once down in the stream to spring
 And save his son, and let the living freight

Rush on to death, or to his work to cling,
And leave his boy unhelped to meet his fate ;
Which shou'd he do ? Were you, as he was tried,
Would not your love outweigh all else beside ?

And yet the child to him was full as dear
As yours may be to you—the light of eyes,
A presence like a brighter atmosphere,
The household star that shone in love's mildskies—
Yet side by side with duty, stern and grim,
Even his child became as nought to him.

For Drecker, being great of soul, and true,
Held to his work, and did not aid his boy,
Who in the deep, dark water sank from view.
Then from the father's life went forth all joy ;
But, as he fell back, pallid with his pain,
Across the bridge, in safety, passed the train.

And yet the man was poor, and in his breast
Flowed no ancestral blood of king or lord ;
True greatness needs no title and no crest
To win from men just honor and reward ;
Nobility is not of rank, but mind—
And is inborn, and common in our kind.

He is most noble whose humanity
Is least corrupted. To be just and good
The birthright of the lowest born may be ;
Say what we can, we are one brotherhood,
And rich, or poor, or famous or unknown,
True hearts are noble, and true hearts alone.

HENRY ABBEY.

ON BOARD THE CUMBERLAND, MARCH, 7, 1862.

“STAND to your guns, men !” Morris cried ;
Small need to pass the word ;
Our men at quarters ranged themselves
Before the drum was heard.

And then began the sailors' jests :
“What thing is that, I say ?”
“A 'long-shore meeting-house adrift
A standing down the bay ?”

“So shot your guns and point them straight :
Before this day goes by,
We'll try of what her metal's made.”
A cheer was our reply.

“Remember, boys, this flag of ours
Has seldom left its place ;
And where it falls, the deck it strikes
Is covered with disgrace.

“I ask but this ; or sink or swim,
Or live or nobly die,

My last sight upon earth may be
To see that ensign fly !”

Meanwhile the shapeless iron mass
Came moving o'er the wave,
As gloomy as a passing hearse,
As silent as the grave.

Her ports were closed ; from stem to stern
No sign of life appeared :
We wondered, questioned, strained our eyes,
Joke!—every thing, but feared.

She reached our range. Our broadside rang ;
Our heavy pivots roared ;
And shot and shell, a fire of hell,
Against her side we poured.

God's mercy ! from her sloping roof
The iron tempest glanced,
As hail bounds from a cottage-thatch,
And round her leaped and danced ;

Or when against her dusky hull
We struck a fair, full blow,
The mighty, solid iron globes
Were crumbled up like snow.

On, on, with fast increasing speed,
The silent monster came,
Though all our starboard battery
Was one long line of flame.

She heeded not ; no guns she fired ;
Straight on our bows she bore ;
Through riving plank and crashing frame
Her furious way she tore.

Alas ! our beautiful, keen bow,
That in the fiercest blast
So gently folded back the seas,
They hardly felt we passed.

Alas ! alas ! my Cumberland,
That ne'er knew grief before,
To be so gored, to feel so deep
The tusk of that sea-boar !

Once more she backward drew apace ;
Once more our side she rent,
Then, in the wantonness of hate,
Her broadside through us sent.

The dead and dying round us lay,
But our foemen lay abeam ;
Her open port-holes maddened us,
We fired with shout and scream.

We felt our vessel settling fast ;
We knew our time was brief :
“Ho ! man the pumps !” But they who worked
And fought not, wept with grief.

From captain down to powder-boy,
No hand was idle then :
Two soldiers, but by chance aboard,
Fought on like sailor men.

And when a gun's crew lost a hand,
Some bold marine stepped out,
And jerked his braided jacket off,
And hauled the gun about.

Our forward magazine was drowned,
And up from the sick-bay
Crawled out the wounded, red with blood,
And round us gasping lay ;—

Yes, cheering, calling us by name,
Struggling with failing breath
To keep their shipmates at the post
Where glory strove with death.

With decks afloat and powder gone,
The last broadside we gave
From the guns' heated iron lips
Burst out beneath the wave.

So sponges, rammers, and handspikes—
As men-of-war's men should—
We placed within their proper racks,
And at our quarters stood.

"Up to the spar deck ! save yourselves !"
Cried Selfridge. "Up, my men !
God grant that some of us may live
To fight yon ship again !"

We turned : we did not like to go ;
Yet staying seemed but vain,
Knee-deep in water ; so we left ;
Some swore, some groaned with pain.

We reached the deck. There Randall stood :
"Another turn, men—so !"
Calmly he aimed his pivot gun :
"Now, Tenny, let her go !"

It did our sore hearts good to hear
The song our pivot sang,
As rushing on from wave to wave
The whirring bomb-shell sprang.

Brave Randall leaped upon the gun,
And waved his cap in sport ;
"Well done ! well aimed ! I saw that shell
Go through an open port !"

It was our last, our deadliest shot ;
The deck was overflown ;
The poor ship staggered, lurched to port,
And gave a living groan.

Down, down, as headlong through the waves
Our gallant vessel rushed ;

A thousand gurgling watery sounds
Around my senses gushed.

Then I remember little more ;
One look to heaven I gave,
Where, like an angel's wing, I saw
Our spotless ensign wave.

I tried to cheer. I cannot say
Whether I swam or sank ;
A blue mist closed around my eyes,
And everything was blank.

When I awoke, a soldier lad,
All dripping from the sea,
With two great tears upon his cheeks,
Was bending over me.

I tried to speak. He understood
The wish I could not speak.
He turned me. There, thank God ! the flag
Still fluttered at the peak !

And there, while thread shall hang to thread,
Oh, let that ensign fly !
The noblest constellation set
Against the northern sky—

A sign that we who live may claim
The peerage of the brave ;
A monument that needs no scroll,
For those beneath the wave.

GEORGE H. BOKER.

COLUMBUS FIRST DISCOVERS LAND IN THE NEW WORLD.

THE breeze had been fresh all day, with more sea than usual, and they had made great progress. At sunset they had stood again to the west, and were ploughing the waves at a rapid rate, the Pinta keeping the head, from her superior sailing. The greatest animation prevailed throughout the ships: not an eye was closed that night. As the evening darkened, Columbus took his station on the top of the castle or cabin on a high poop of his vessel, ranging his eye along the dusky horizon, and maintaining an intense and unrelenting watch. About ten o'clock, he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a great distance. Fearing his eager hopes might deceive him, he called to Pedro Gutierrez, gentleman of the king's bedchamber, and inquired whether he saw such a light; the latter replied in the affirmative. Doubtful whether it might not yet be some delusion of the fancy, Columbus called Rodrigo Sanchez, of Segovia, and made the same inquiry. By the time the latter had ascended the round-house, the light had disappeared. They saw it once or twice afterwards in sudden and passing

gleams, as if it were a torch in the bark of a fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves, or in the hand of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house. So transient and uncertain were these gleams, that few attached any importance to them; Columbus, however, considered them as certain signs of land, and, moreover, that the land was inhabited.

They continued their course until in the morning, when a gun from the Pinta gave the joyful signal of land. It was first descried by a mariner named Rodrigo de Triana; but the reward was afterwards adjudged to the admiral for having previously perceived the light. The land was now clearly seen about two leagues distant; whereupon they took in sail, and lay to, waiting impatiently for the dawn.

The thoughts and feelings of Columbus in this little space of time must have been tumultuous and intense. At length, in spite of every difficulty and danger, he had accomplished his object. The great mystery of the ocean was revealed; his theory, which had been the scoff of sages, was triumphantly established; he had secured to himself a glory durable as the world itself.

It is difficult to conceive the feelings of such a man at such a moment, or the conjectures which must have thronged upon his mind, as to the land before him, covered with darkness. That it was fruitful was evident from the vegetables which floated from its shores. He thought, too, that he perceived the fragrance of aromatic groves. The moving light he had beheld proved it the residence of man. But what were its inhabitants? Were they like those of the other parts of the globe; or were they some strange and monstrous race, such as the imagination was prone in those times to give to all remote and unknown regions? Had he come upon some wild island far in the Indian Sea; or was this the famed Cipango itself, the object of his golden fancies? A thousand speculations of the kind must have swarmed upon him, as, with his anxious crews, he waited for the night to pass away, wondering whether the morning light would reveal a savage wilderness, or dawn upon spicy groves, and glittering fanes, and gilded cities, and all the splendor of oriental civilization.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE GREAT DISCOVERY.

STEER on, bold sailor; wit may mock thy soul
that sees the land,
And hopeless, at the helm, may droop the
weak and weary hand;

Yet ever, ever to the west, for there the coast must
lie,

And dim it dawns, and glimmery dawns, before thy
reason's eye;

Yea, trust the guiding God, and go along the float-
ing graves;

Though hid till now, yet now behold the new world
o'er the seas!

With genius, nature stands in solemn union still,
And ever what the one foretells, the other shall ful-
fill.

FREDERIC SCHILLER.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

UP from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight.
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth;
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed, and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assailing their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind,
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;
What was done—what to do—a glance told him both,
And striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,


He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, be-
cause

The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray ;
By the flash of his eye, and his red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down, to save the day."

Hurrah, hurrah for Sheridan !
Hurrah, hurrah for horse and man !
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky—
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame,
There with the glorious General's name,
Be it said in letters both bold and bright :
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester—twenty miles away !"

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ


NORVAL.

Y name is Norval : on the Grampian hill
My father feeds his flocks a frugal swain,
Whose constant care was to increase his
store,

And keep his only son, myself, at home.
For I had heard of battles, and I longed
To follow to the field some warlike lord :
And Heaven soon granted what my sire denied.
This moon which rose last night, round as my shield,
Had not yet filled her horns, when, by her light
A band of fierce barbarians, from the hills,
Rushed like a torrent down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled
For safety and for succor. I alone,
With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
Hovered about the enemy, and marked
The road he took, then hastened to my friend:
Whom with a troop of fifty chosen men,
I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
Till we o'ertook the spoil encumbered foe.
We fought and conquered. Ere a sword was drawn
An arrow from my bow had pierced their chief,
Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
R. turning home in triumph, I disdained
The shepherd's slothful life; and having heard
That our good king had summoned his bold peers
To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
I left my father's house, and took with me
A chosen servant to conduct my steps—
Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master.
Journeying with this intent, I passed these towers
And, Heaven-directed, came this day to do
The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

JOHN HOME.

THE RIDE OF PAUL VENAREZ.

AUL VENAREZ heard them say, in the frontier
town, that day,
That a band of Red Plume's warriors was
upon the trail of death ;
Heard them tell of murder done—three men killed at
Rocky Run.
"They're in danger up at Crawford's," said Venarez,
under breath.

"Crawford's"—thirty miles away—was a settlement,
that lay
In a green and pleasant valley of the mighty wilder-
ness ;
Half a score of homes was there, and in one a maiden
fair
Held the heart of Paul Venarez—"Paul Venarez' lit-
tle Bess."

So no wonder he grew pale when he heard the settler's
tale
Of the men he had seen murdered yesterday, at
Rocky Run.
"Not a soul will dream," he said, "of the danger that's
ahead ;
By my love for little Bessie, I must see that some-
thing's done."

Not a moment he delayed, when his brave resolve was
made.
"Why, my man," his comrades told him when they
knew his daring plan,
"You are going straight to death." But he answered,
"Save your breath,
I may fail to get to Crawford's but I'll do the best I
can."

O'er the forest rail he sped, and his thoughts flew on
ahead
To the little band at Crawford's, thinking not of dan-
ger near.
"Oh, God help me save," cried he, "little Bess !" And
fast and free
Trusty Nell bore on the hero of the far-away frontier.

Low and lower sank the sun. He drew rein at Rocky
Run ;
"Here these men met death, my Nellie," and he
stroked his horse's mane :
"So will they we go to warn, ere the breaking of the
morn,
If we fail, God help us, Nellie !" Then he gave his
horse the rein.

Sharp and keen a rifle-shot woke the echoes of the spot.
"Oh, my Nellie, I am wounded," cried Venarez with a
moan,
And the warm blood from his side spurted out in a red
tide,
And he trembled in the saddle, and his face had ashy
grown.

"I will save them yet," he cried. "Bessie Lee shall know I died
For her sake." And then he halted in the shelter of
a hill:

From his buckskin shirt he took, with weak hands a
little book;
And he tore a blank leaf from it. "This," said he
"shall be my will."

From a branch a twig he broke, and he dipped his pen
of oak
In the red blood that was dripping from the wound
below the heart.

"Rouse," he wrote, "before too late. Red Plume's
warriors lie in wait.

Good-by, Bess! God bless you always." Then he
felt the warm tears start.

Then he made his message fast, love's first letter, and
its last;
To his saddle-bow he tied it, while his lips were white
with pain.

"Bear my message, if not me, safe to little Bess," said
he.

Then he leaned down in the saddle, and clutched
hard the sweaty mane.

Just at dusk, a horse of brown, flecked with foam, came
panting down
To the settlement at Crawford, and she stopped at
Bessie's door.

But her rider seemed asleep. Ah, his slumber was so
deep
Bessie's voice could never wake him, if she called
forever more.

You will hear the story told by the young and by the
old
In the settlement at Crawford's, of the night when
Red Plume came;

Of the sharp and bloody fight; how the chief fell, and
the flight
Of the panic-stricken warriors. Then they speak
Venarez' name

In an awed and reverent way, as men utter "Let us
pray,"
As we speak the name of heroes, thinking how they
lived and died;

So his memory is kept green, while his face and heaven
between
Grow the flowers Bessie planted, ere they laid her by
his side.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.



THAT last day in Lucknow fort!
We knew that it was the last;
That the enemy's lines crept surely on,
And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe meant worse than death;
And the men and we all worked on;
It was one day more of smoke and roar,
And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife,
A fair, young, gentle thing,
Wasted with fever in the siege,
And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground, in her Scottish plaid,
And I took her head on my knees;
"When my father comes hame frae the pleugh," she
said,

"Oh! then please wauken me."

She slept like a child on her father's floor,
In the flocking of woodbine-shade,
When the house-dog sprawls by the open door,
And the mother's wheel is stayed.

It was smoke and roar and powder-stench,
And hopelessly waiting for death;
And the soldier's wife, like a full-tired child,
Seemed scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep; and I had my dream
Of an English village-lane,
And wall and garden;—but one wild scream
Brought me back to the roar again.

There Jessie Brown stood listening
Till a sudden gladness broke
All over her face; and she caught my hand
And drew me near as she spoke:—

"The Hielanders! O, dinna ye hear
The slogan far awa?

The McGregor's—O, I ken it weel;
It's the grandest o' them a'!

"God bless the bonny Hielanders!
We're saved! we're saved!" she cried;
And fell on her knees; and thanks to God
Flowed forth like a full flood tide.

Along the battery-line her cry
Had fallen among the men,
And they started back;—they were there to die;
But was life so near them, then?

They listened for life; the rattling fire
Far off, and the far-off roar,
Were all; and the colonel shook his head,
And they turned to their guns once more.

But Jessie said, "The slogan's done;
But winna ye hear it noo?
The Campbells are comin'! It's no a dream
Our succors hae broken through!"

We heard the roar and the rattle afar,
But the pipes we could not hear;
So the men plied their work of hopeless war,
And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it made its way—
A thrilling, ceaseless sound ;
It was no noise from the strife afar,
Or the sappers under ground,

It was the pipes of the Highlanders !
And now they played *Auld Lang Syne* !
It came to our men like the voice of God,
And they shouted along the line.

And they wept, and shook one-another's hands,
And the women sobbed in a crowd ;
And every one knelt down where he stood,
And we all thanked God aloud.

That happy time, when we welcomed them,
Our men put Jessie first ;
And the general gave her his hand, and cheers
Like a storm from the soldiers burst.

And the pipers' ribbons and tartan streamed,
Marching round and round our line ;
And our joyful cheers were broken with tears,
As the pipes played *Auld Lang Syne*.

ROBERT T. S. LOWELL.

BY THE ALMA RIVER.

WILLIE, fold your little hands ;
Let it drop—that "soldier" toy :
Look where father's picture stands—
Father, that here kissed his boy
Not a month since—father kind,
Who this night may (never mind
Mother's sob, my Willie dear)
Cry out loud that He may hear
Who is God of battles—cry,
"God keep father safe this day
By the Alma River !"

Ask no more, child. Never heed
Either Russ, or Frank, or Turk ;
Right of nations, trampled creed,
Chance-poised victory's bloody work ;
Any flag i' the wind may roll
On thy heights, Sebastopol !
Willie, all to you and me
Is that spot, whate'er it be,
Where he stands—no other word—
Stands—God sure the child's prayers heard—
Near the Alma River.

Willie, listen to the bells
Ringing in the town to-day ;
That's for victory. No knell swells
For the many swept away—
Hundreds, thousands. Let us weep,
We, who need not—just to keep
Reasclear in thought and brain
Till the morning comes again ;

Till the third dread morning tell
Who they were that fought and—fell
By the Alma River.

Come, we'll lay us down, my child ;
Poor the bed is—poor and hard ;
But thy father, far exiled,
Sleeps upon the open sward,
Dreaming of us two at home ;—
Or, beneath the starry dome,
Digs out trenches in the dark,
Where he buries—Willie, mark !—
Where he buries those who died
Fighting—fighting at his side—
By the Alma River.

Willie, Willie, go to sleep ;
God will help us, O my boy !
He will make the dull hours creep
Faster, and send news of joy ;
When I need not shrink to meet
Those great placards in the street,
That for weeks will ghastly stare
In some eyes—child, say that prayer
Once again—a different one—
Say, "O God ! Thy will be done
By the Alma River."

DINAH MARIA MULLOCK CRAIK.

THE TROOPER'S DEATH.

THE weary night is o'er at last !
We ride so still, we ride so fast !
We ride where death is lying.
The morning wind doth coldly pass,
Landlord ! we'll take another glass,
Ere dying.

Thou, springing grass, that art so green,
Shalt soon be rosy red, I ween,
My blood the hue supplying !
I drink the first glass, sword in hand,
To him who for the Fatherland
Lies dying !

Now quickly comes the second draught,
And that shall be to freedom quaffed
While freedom's foes are flying !
The rest, O land, our hope and faith !
We'd drink to thee with latest breath,
Though dying !

My darling !—ah, the glass is out !
The bullets ring, the riders shout—
No time for wine or sighing !
There ! bring my love the shattered glass—
Charge ! on the foe ! no joys surpass
Such dying !

From the German. Translation of
R. W. RAYMOND.

BALAKLAVA.



THE charge at Balaklava !
 O that rash and fatal charge !
 Never was a fiercer, braver,
 Than that charge at Balaklava,
 On the battle's bloody marge !
 All the day the Russian columns,
 Fortress huge, and blazing banks,
 Poured their dread destructive volumes
 On the French and English ranks—
 On the gallant allied ranks !
 Earth and sky seemed rent asunder
 By the loud incessant thunder !
 When a strange but stern command—
 Needless, heedless, rash command—
 Came to Lucan's little band—
 Scarce six hundred men and horses
 Of those vast contending forces :—
 "England's lost unless you save her !
 Charge the pass at Balaklava !"
 O that rash and fatal charge,
 On the battle's bloody marge !
 Far away the Russian eagles
 Soar o'er smoking hill and dell,
 And their hordes, like howling beagles,
 Dense and countless, round them yell !
 Thundering cannon, deadly mortar,
 Sweep the field in every quarter !
 Never, since the days of Jesus,
 Trembled so the Chersonesus !
 Here behold the Gallic Lilies—
 Stout St. Lotis' golden Lilies—
 Float as erst at old Ramillies !
 And beside them, lo ! the Lion !
 With her trophied cross, is flying !
 Glorious standards !—shall they waver
 On the field of Balaklava ?
 No, by heavens ! at that command—
 Sudden, rash, but stern command—
 Charges Lucan's little band !
 Brave six hundred ! lo ! they charge,
 On the battle's bloody marge !
 Down yon deep and skirted valley,
 Where the crowded cannon play—
 Where the Czar's fierce cohorts rally,
 Cossack, Calmuck, savage Kalli—
 Down that gorge they swept away !
 Down that new Thermopylæ,
 Flashing swords and helmets see !
 Underneath the iron shower,
 To the brazen cannon's jaws,
 Heedless of their deadly power,
 Press they without fear or pause—
 To the very cannon's jaws !
 Gallant Noland, brave as Roland
 At the field of Roncesvalles,
 Dashes down the fatal valley,

Dashes on the bolt of death,
 Shouting with his latest breath,
 "Charge, then, gallants ! do not waver,
 Charge the pass at Balaklava !"
 O that rash and fatal charge,
 On the battle's bloody marge !

Now the bolts of volleyed thunder
 Rend that little band asunder,
 Steed and rider wildly screaming,
 Screaming wildly, sink away ;
 Late so proudly, proudly gleaming,
 Now but lifeless clods of clay—
 Now but bleeding clods of clay !
 Never, since the days of Jesus,
 Saw such sight the Chersonesus !
 Yet your remnant, brave six hundred,
 Presses onward, onward, onward,
 Till they storm the bloody pass—
 Till, like brave Leonidas,
 They storm the deadly pass,
 Sabring Cossack, Calmuck, Kalli,
 In that wild shot-rended valley—
 Drenched with fire and blood, like lava,
 Awful pass at Balaklava !
 O that rash and fatal charge,
 On the battle's bloody marge !

For now Russia's rallied forces,
 Swarming hordes of Cossack horses,
 Trampling o'er the reeking corpses,
 Drive the thinned assailants back,
 Drive the feeble remnant back,
 O'er their late heroic track !
 Vain, alas ! now rent and sundered,
 Vain your struggles, brave two hundred !
 Thrice your number lie asleep,
 In that valley dark and deep.
 Weak and wounded you retire
 From that hurricane of fire—
 That tempestuous storm of fire—
 But no soldiers, firmer, braver,
 Ever trod the field of fame,
 Than the Knights of Balaklava—
 Honor to each hero's name !
 Yet their country long shall mourn
 For her rank so rashly shorn—
 So gallantly, but madly shorn
 In that fierce and fatal charge,
 On that battle's bloody marge.

ALEXANDER BEAUFORT MEEK.

CAVALRY SONG.



OUR good steeds snuff the evening air,
 Our pulses with their purpose tingle ;
 The foeman's fires are twinkling there ;
 He leaps to hear our sabres jingle !

HALT!

Each carbine send its whizzing ball :
Now, cling ! clang ! forward all,
Into the fight !

Dash on beneath the smoking dome ;
Through level lightnings gallop nearer !
One look to heaven ! No thoughts of home :
The guidons that we bear are dearer.

CHARGE !

Cling ! clang ! forward all !
Heaven help those whose horses fall ·
Cut left and right !

They flee before our fierce attack !
They fall ! they spread in broken surges.
Now, comrades, bear our wounded back
And leave the foeman to his dirges.


WHEEL !

The bugles sound the swift recall :
Cling ! clang ! backward all !

Home, and good-night !

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

THE NOBLEMAN AND THE PENSIONER.

“ LD man, God bless you ! does your pipe
taste sweetly ?
A beauty, by my soul !
A red-clay flower-pot, rimmed with gold
so neatly !
What ask you for the bowl ? ”

“ O, sir, that bowl for worlds I would not part with ;
A brave man gave it me,
Who won it—now what think you ?—of a bashaw
At Belgrade's victory.

“ There, sir, ah ! there was booty worth the showing—
Long life to Prince Eugene !
Like after-grass you might have seen us mowing
The Turkish ranks down clean.”

“ Another time I'll hear your story ;—
Come, old man, be no fool ;
Take these two ducats—gold for glory—
And let me have the bowl ! ”

“ I'm a poor churl, as you may say, sir ;
My pension's all I'm worth :
Yet I'd not give that bowl away, sir,
For all the gold on earth.

“ Just hear now ! Once, as we hussars, all merry,
Hard on the foe's rear pressed,
A blundering rascal of a janizary
Shot through our captain's breast.

“ At once across my horse I hove him—
The same would he have done—
And from the smoke and tumult drove him
Safe to a nobleman.

“ I nursed him, and, before his end, bequeathing
His money and this bowl
To me, he pressed my hand, just ceased his breathing,
And so he died, brave soul !

“ The money thou must give mine host—so thought I—
Three plunderers suffered he :
And, in remembrance of my old friend, brought I
The pipe away with me.

“ Henceforth in all campaigns with me I bore it,
In flight or in pursuit ;
It was a holy thing, sir, and I wore it
Safe-sheltered in my boot.

“ This very limb, I lost it by a shot, sir,
Under the walls of Prague :
First at my precious pipe, be sure, I caught, sir,
And then picked up my leg.”

“ You move me even to tears, old sire :
What was the brave man's name ?
Tell me, that I, too, may admire,
And venerate his fame.”

“ They called him only the brave Walter ;
His farm lay near the Rhine.”—
“ God bless your old eyes ! 't was my father,
And that same farm is mine.


“ Come, friend, you've seen some stormy weather,
With me is now your bed ;
We'll drink of Walter's grapes together,
And eat of Walter's bread.”

“ Now—done ! I march in, then, to-morrow ;
You're his true heir, I see ;
And when I die, your thanks, kind master,
The Turkish pipe shall be.”

*From the German of PFEFFEL. Translation of
CHARLES T. BROOKS*

MY WIFE AND CHILD.

[Written in the year 1845, in Mexico, the author being at that time Colonel of the 1st Regiment Georgia Volunteers.]

“ HE tattoo beats—the lights are gone,
The camp around in slumber lies,
The night with solemn pace moves on,
The shadows thicken o'er the skies ;
But sleep my weary eyes hath flown,
And sad, uneasy thoughts arise.

I think of thee, O darling one,
Whose love my early life hath blest—
Of thee and him—our baby son—
Who slumbers on thy gentle breast.
God of the tender, frail, and lone,
O, guard the tender sleeper's rest !

And hover gently, hover near
To her whose watchful eye is wet—
To mother, wife—the doubly dear,

In whose young heart have freshly met
Two streams of love so deep and clear,
And cheer her drooping spirits yet.

Now, while she kneels before thy throne,
O, teach her, Ruler of the skies,
That, while by thy behest alone
Earth's mightiest powers fall or rise,
No tear is wept to Thee unknown,
No hair is lost, no sparrow dies!

That Thou canst stay the ruthless hand
Of dark disease, and soothe its pain;
That only by Thy stern commands
The battle's lost, the soldier's slain;
That from the distant sea or land
Thou bring'st the wanderer home again.

And when upon her pillow lone
Her tear-wet cheek is sadly pressed,
May happier visions beam upon
The brightening current of her breast,
No frowning look or angry tone
Disturb the Sabbath of her rest!

Whatever fate these forms may show,
Loved with a passion almost wild,
By day, by night, in joy or woe,
By fears oppressed, or hopes beguiled,
From every danger, every foe,
O God, protect my wife and child!

HENRY R. JACKSON.

MONTEREY.

WE were not many—we who stood
Before the iron sleet that day;
Yet many a gallant spirit would
Give half his years if but he could
Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot it hailed
In deadly drifts of fiery spray,
Yet not a single soldier quailed
When wounded comrades round them wailed
Their dying shout at Monterey.

And on, still on our column kept,
Through walls of flame, its withering way;
Where fell the dead, the living slept,
Still charging on the guns which swept
The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast,
When, striking where he strongest lay,
We swooped his flanking batteries past,
And, braving full their murderous blast,
Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on those turrets wave,
And there our evening bugles play;
Where orange boughs above their grave,
Keep green the memory of the brave
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many—we who pressed
Beside the brave who fell that day;
But who of us has not confessed
He'd rather share their warrior rest
Than not have been at Monterey?

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

THE HEART OF THE BRUCE.

IT was upon an April morn,
While yet the frost lay hoar,
We heard Lord James's bugle-horn
Sound by the rocky shore.

Then down we went, a hundred knights,
All in our dark array,
And flung our armor in the ships
That rode within the bay.

We spoke not as the shore grew less,
But gazed in silence back,
Where the long billows swept away
The foam behind our track.

And aye the purple hues decayed
Upon the fading hill,
And but one heart in all that ship
Was tranquil, cold, and still.

The good Lord Douglas paced the deck,
And O, his face was wan!
Unlike the flush it used to wear
When in the battle-van.

"Come hither, come hither, my trusty knight,
Sir Simon of the Lee,
There is a freit lies near my soul
I fain would tell to thee.

"Thou know'st the words King Robert spoke
Upon his dying day:
How he bade take his noble heart
And carry it far away;

"And lay it in the holy soil
Where once the Saviour trod,
Since he might not bear the blessed Cross,
Nor strike one blow for God.

"Last night as in my bed I lay,
I dreamed a dreary dream:—
Methought I saw a pilgrim stand
In the moonlight's quivering beam.

"His robe was of the azure dye,
Snow-white his scattered hairs,
And even such a cross he bore
As good St. Andrew bears.

" 'Why go ye forth, Lord James,' he said,
'With spear and belted brand?
Why do you take its dearest pledge
From this our Scottish land?

"The sultry breeze of Galilee
Creeps through its groves of palm,
The olives on the Holy Mount
Stand glittering in the calm;

"But 't is not there that Scotland's heart
Shall rest, by God's decree,
Till the great angel calls the dead
To rise from earth and sea!

"Lord James of Douglas, mark my re-
That heart shall pass once more
In fiery fight against the foe,
As it was wont of yore.

"And it shall pass beneath the Cross,
And save King Robert's vow;
But other hands shall bear it back,
Not, James of Douglas, thou!"

"Now, by thy knightly faith, I pray,
Sir Simon of the Lee—
For truer friend had never man
Than thou hast been to me—

"If ne'er upon the Holy Land
'T is mine in life to tread,
Bear thou to Scotland's kindly earth
The relics of her dead."

The tear was in Sir Simon's eye
As he wrung the warrior's hand—

"Betide me weal, betide me woe,
I'll hold by thy command.

"But if in battle-front, Lord James,
'T is ours once more to ride,
Nor force of man, nor craft of fiend,
Shall cleave me from thy side!"

And aye we sailed and aye we sailed
Across the weary sea,
Until one morn the coast of Spain
Rose grimly on our lee.

And as we rounded to the port,
Beneath the watch-tower's wall,
We heard the clash of the atabals,
And the trumpet's wavering call.

"Why sounds yon eastern music here
So wantonly and long,
And whose the crowd of armed men
That round yon standard throng?"

"The Moors have come from Africa
To spoil and waste and slay,
And King Alonzo of Castile
Must fight with them to-day."

"Now shame it were," cried good Lord James,
"Shall never be said of me
That I and mine have turned aside
From the Cross in jeopardy!"

"Have down, have down, my merry men all—
Have down unto the plain,
We'll let the Scottish lion loose
Within the fields of Spain!"

"Now welcome to me, noble lord,
Thou and thy stalwart power,
Dear is the sight of a Christian knight,
Who comes in such an hour!

"Is it for bond or faith you come,
Or yet for golden fee?
Or bring ye France's lilies here,
Or the flower of Burgundie?"

"God greet thee well, thou valiant king,
Thee and the belted peers—
Sir James of Douglas am I called,
And these are Scottish spears.

"We do not fight for bond or plight,
Nor yet for golden fee;
But for the sake of our blessed Lord,
Who died upon the tree.

"We bring our great King Robert's heart
Across the weltering wave,
To lay it in the holy soil
Hard by the Saviour's grave

"True pilgrims we, by land or sea,
Where danger bars the way,
And therefore are we here, Lord King,
To ride with thee this day!"

The King has bent his stately head,
And the tears were in his eyes—

"God's blessing on thee, noble knight,
For this brave thought of thine!"

"I know thy name full well, Lord James;
And honored may I be,
That those who fought beside the Bruce
Should fight this day for me!"

"Take thou the leading of the van,
And charge the Moors amain,
There is not such a lance as thine
In all the host of Spain!"

The Douglas turned towards us then,
O, but his glance was high!—

"There is not one of all my men
But is as bold as I.

"There is not one of all my knights
But bears as true a spear—
Then onward, Scottish gentlemen,
And think King Robert's here!"

The trumpets blew, the cross-bolts flew,
The arrows flashed like flame,
As spur in side, and spear in rest,
Against the foe we came.

And many a bearded Saracen
Went down, both horse and man;
For through their ranks we rode like corn,
So furiously we ran!

But in behind our path they closed,
Though fain to let us through,
For they were forty thousand men,
And we were wondrous few.

We might not see a lance's length,
So dense was their array,
But the long fell sweep of the Scottish blade
Still held them hard at bay.

"Make in! make in!" Lord Douglas cried—
"Make in, my brethren dear!
Sir William of St. Clair is down;
We may not leave him here!"

But thicker, thicker grew the swarm,
And sharper shot the rain,
And the horses reared amid the press,
But they would not charge again.

"Now Jesus help thee," said Lord James,
"Thou kind and true St. Clair!
And if I may not bring thee off,
I'll die beside thee there!"

Then in his stirrups up he stood,
So lion-like and bold,
And held the precious heart aloft,
All in its case of gold.

He flung it from him, far ahead,
And never spake he more,
But—"Pass thou first, thou dauntless heart,
As thou wert wont of yore!"

The roar of fight rose fiercer yet,
And heavier still the stour,
Till the spears of Spain came shivering in,
And swept away the Moor.

"Now praised be God, the day is won!
They fly, o'er flood and fell—
Why dost thou draw the rein so hard,
Good knight, that fought so well?"

"O, ride ye on, Lord King!" he said,
"And leave the dead to me,
For I must keep the dreariest watch
That ever I shall dree!"

"There lies, above his master's heart,
The Douglas, stark and grim;
And woe is me I should be here,
Not side by side with him!"

"The world grows cold, my arm is old,
And thin my lyart hair,
And all that I loved best on earth
Is stretched before me there.

"O Bothwell banks, that bloom so bright
Beneath the sun of May!
The heaviest clond that ever blew,
Is bound for you this day.

"And Scotland! thou mayst veil thy head
In sorrow and in pain,
The sorest stroke upon thy brow
Hath fallen this day in Spain!

"We'll bear them back unto our ship,
We'll bear them o'er the sea,
And lay them in the hallowed earth
Within our own countrie.

"And be thou strong of heart, Lord King,
For this I tell thee sure,
The sod that drank the Douglas' blood
Shall never bear the Moor!"

The King he lighted from his horse,
He flung his brand away,
And took the Douglas by the hand,
So stately as he lay.

"God give thee rest, thou valiant soul!
That fought so well for Spain;
I'd rather half my land were gone,
So thou wert here again!"

We bore the good Lord James away,
And the priceless heart we bore,
And heavily we steered our ship
Towards the Scottish shore.

No welcome greeted our return,
Nor clang of martial tread,
But all were dumb and hushed as death
Before the mighty dead.

We laid our chief in Douglas Kirk,
The heart in fair Melrose;
And woful men were we that day—
God grant their souls repose!

WILLIAM EDMUNDSTONE AYTOUN.

HUDIBRAS' SWORD AND DAGGER.

HIS puissant sword unto his side,
Near his undaunted heart was tied,
With basket hilt that would hold broth,
And serve for fight and dinner both.
In it he melted lead for bullets
To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets,
To whom he bore so fell a grutch
He ne'er gave quarter to any such.
The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting was grown rusty,
And ate into itself, for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack.
The peaceful scabbard, where it dwelt,
The rancor of its edge had felt;

For of the lower end two handful
It had devoured, it was so manful;
And so much scorned to lurk in case,
As if it durst not show its face.

This sword a dagger had, his page,
That was but little for his age,
And therefore waited on him so
As dwarfs unto knight-errants do.
It was a servicable dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging.
When it had stabbed or broke a head,
It would scrape trenchers or chip bread,
Toast cheese or bacon, though it were
To bait a mouse-trap 't would not care;
'T would make clean shoes, and in the earth
Set leeks and onions, and so-forth:
It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
Where this and more it did endure;
But left the trade, as many more
Have lately done on the same score.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

FLODDEN FIELD.

[The battle was fought in September, 1513, between the forces of England and Scotland. The latter were worsted, and King James slain with eight thousand of his men. Lord Surrey commanded the English troops.]

A MOMENT then Lord Marmion stayed,
And breathed his steed, his men arrayed,
Then forward moved his band,
Until, Lord Surrey's rear-guard won,
He halted by a cross of stone,
That on a hillock standing lone,
Did all the field command.

Hence might they see the full array
Of either host for deadly fray;
Their marshalled lines stretched east and west,
And fronted north and south,
And distant salutation past
From the loud cannon-mouth;
Not in the close successive rattle
That breathes the voice of modern batt'-le
But slow and far between.—

The hillock gained, Lord Marmion stayed:
"Here, by this cross," he gently said,
"You well may view the scene;
Here shalt thou tarry, lovely Clare:
O, think of Marmion in thy prayer!—
Thou wilt not?—well—no less my care
Shall, watchful, for thy weal prepare—
You, Blount and Eustace, are her guard,
With ten picked archers of my train;
With England if the day go hard,
To Berwick speed amain—
But, if we conquer, cruel maid,
My spoils shall at your feet be laid,
When here we meet again."

He waited not for answer there,
And would not mark the maid's despair,
Nor heed the discontented look
From either squire; but spurred amain,
And, dashing through the battle-plain,
His way to Surrey took.

Blount and Fitz-Eustace rested still
With Lady Clare upon the hill;
On which (for far the day was spent)
The western sunbeams now were bent.
The cry they heard, its meaning knew,
Could plain their distant comrades view:
Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,
"Unworthy office here to stay!
No hope of gilded spurs to-day.—
But, see! look up—on Flodden bent
The Scottish foe has fired his tent."

And sudden, as he spoke,
From the sharp ridges of the hill,
All downward to the banks of Till

Was wreathed in sable smoke.
Volumed and vast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,

As down the hill they broke;
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announced their march; their tread alone,
At times their warning trumpet blown,

At times a stifled hum,
Told England from his mountain-throne
King James did rushing come—
Scarce could they hear—see their foes,
Until at weapon-point—lose.

They close in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway and with lance's thrust;

And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth
And fiends in upper air:

O, life and death were in the shout,
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
And triumph and despair.

Long looked the anxious squires; their eye
Could in the darkness naught descry.

At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast;
And, first, the ridge of mangled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears;
And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the bright sea-mew.
Then marked they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And plumed crests of chieftains brave
Floating like foam upon the wave;

But naught distinct they see:
Wide raged the battle on the plain;
Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain;
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;

Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,
Wild and disorderly.

Amid the scene of tumult, high
They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly:
And stainless Tun-stall's banner white,
And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
Still bear them bravely in the fight;
Although against them come
Of gallant Gordons many a one,
And many a stubborn Highlandman,
And many a rugged Border clan,
With Huntley and with Home.

Far on the left, unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle;
Though there the western mountaineer
Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,
And flung the feeble target aside,
And with both hands the broadsword plied,
'T was vain:—but fortune, on the right,
With fickle smile, cheered Scotland's fight.
Then fell that spotless banner white,
The Howard's lion fell;
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle-yell.

The Border slogan rent the sky!
A Home! a Gordon! was the cry:
Loud were the clanging blows;
Advanced—forced back—now low, now high,
The pennon sunk and rose;

As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
It wavered mid the foes.

No longer Blount the view could bear:—
"By heaven and all its saints, I swear,
I will not see it lost!

Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare
May bid your beads, and patter prayer—
I gallop to the host."

And to the fray he rode amain,
Followed by all the archer train.
The fiery youth, with desperate charge,
Made, for a space, an opening large—

The rescued banner rose,
But darkly closed the war around,
Like pine-tree, rooted from the ground,
It sunk among the foes.

Then Eustace mounted too;—yet stayed,
As loath to leave the helpless maid,

When, fast as shaft can fly,
Bloodshot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
The loose rein dangling from his head,
Housing and saddle bloody red,

Lord Marmion's steed rushed by;
And Eustace, maddening at the sight,
A look and sign to Clara cast,
To mark he would return in haste,
Then plunged into the fight.

Ask me not what the maiden feels,
Left in that dreadful hour alone:
Perchance her reason stoops or reels;
Perchance a courage, not her own,
Braces her mind to desperate tone,—
The scattered van of England wheels;—
She only said, as loud in air
The tumult roared, "Is Wilton there?"—
They fly, or, maddened by despair,
Fight but to die—"Is Wilton there?"
With that, straight up the hill there rode
Two horsemen drenched with gore,
And in their arms, a helpless load,
A wounded knight they bore.
His hand still strained the broken brand;
His arms were smeared with blood and sand.
Dragged from among the horses' feet,
With dinted shield, and helmet beat,
The falcon-crest and plumage gone,
Can that be haughty Marmion! . . .
Young Blount his armor did unlace,
And, gazing on his ghastly face,
Said—"By St. George, he's gone!
That spear-wound has our master sped—
And see the deep cut on his head!
Good-night to Marmion."—
"Unnurtured Blount! thy brawling cease:
He opes his eyes," said Eustace, "peace!"

When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare:—
"Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!
Redeem my pennon—charge again!
Cry—'Marmion to the rescue!'—vain!
Last of my race, on battle-plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again!
Yet my last thought is England's:—fly,
To Dacre bear my signet-ring:
'Tell him his squadrons up to bring:—
Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie;
Trunstall lies dead upon the field,
His life-blood stains the spotless shield:
Edmund is down;—my life is left;—
The Admiral alone is left,
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire—
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland's central host,
Or victory and England's lost.
Must I bid twice?—hence, varlets! fly!
Leave Marmion here alone—to die."
They parted, and alone he lay:
Clare drew her from the sight away,
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
And half he murmured—"Is there none,
Of all my halls have nursed,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring,
Of blessed water from the spring,
To slake my dying thirst?"

O woman ! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made ;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou !
Scarce were the pitying accents said,
When, with the Baron's casque, the maid
To the nigh stream 'et ran ;
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears ;
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
'Sees but the dying man.

She stooped her by the runnel's side,
But in abhorrence backward drew ;
For, oozing from the mountain's side,
Where waged the war, a dark-red tide
Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
Where shall she turn ! behold her mark
A little fountain cell,
Where water, clear as diamond-spark,
In a stone basin fell.

Above, some half-worn letters say,
'Drink, weary pilgrim, drink and pray
For the kind soul of Sybil Grey,
Who built this cross and well.'

She filled the helm, and back she hied,
And with surprise and joy espied

A monk supporting Marmion's head ;
A pious man whom duty brought
To dubious verge of battle fought,
To shrive the dying, bless the dead.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
And, as she stooped his brow to lave—
"Is it the hand of Clare," he said,
"Or injured Constance, bathes my head ?"
Then, as remembrance rose—

'Speak not to me of shrift or prayer !
I must redress her woes.
Short space, few words are mine to spare ;
Forgive and listen, gentle Clare !"—

"Alas !" she said, "the while—
O, think of your immortal weal !
In vain for Constance is your zeal ;
She—died at Holy Isle."

Lord Marmion started from the ground,
As light as if he felt no wound ;
Though in the action burst the tide
In torrents from his wounded side.

"Then it was truth !" he said,—"I knew
That the dark presage must be true.—
I would the fiend, to whom belongs
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,

Would spare me but a day !
For wasting fire, and dying groan,
And priests slain on the altar stone,
Might bribe him for delay.

It may not be !—this dizzy trance—
Curse on yon base marauder's lance,

And doubly cursed my failing brand !
A sinful heart makes feeble hand."
Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,
Supported by the trembling monk.

With fruitless labor, Clara bound,
And strove to stanch the gushing wound :
The monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the Church's prayers.
Ever, he said, that, close and near,
A lady's voice was in his ear,
And that the priest he could not hear,

For that she ever sung,
"In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's ratt'c with groans of the
dying !"

So the notes rung :—
"Avoid thee, fiend !—with cruel hand,
Shake not the dying sinner's sand !—
O, look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine :
O, think on faith and bliss :—
By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen,
But never aught like this."

The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,

And—STANLEY ! was the cry :—
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye :

With dying hand above his head
He took the fragment of his blade,
And shouted "Victory !"—
Charge, Chester, charge ! On, Stanley, on !"
Were the last words of Marmion.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

NASEBY.

BY OBADIAH BIND-THEIR-KINGS-IN-CHAINS-AND-THEIR-NOBLES-
WITH-LINKS-OF-IRON ; SERGEANT IN IRETON'S REGIMENT.



WHEREFORE come ye forth, in triumph
from the North,
With your hands and your feet and your
raiment all red ?

And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous
shout ?

And whence be the grapes of the wine-press that ye
tread ?

O, evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod ;
For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the
strong,

Who sat in the high places and slew the saints of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day in June,
That we saw their banners dance and their cuirasses
shine,

And the man of blood was there, with his long essenced hair,
And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,
The General rode along us to form us to the fight;
When a murmuring sound broke out, and swelled into a shout
Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right.

And hark! like the roar of the billows on the shore,
The cry of battle rises along their charging line!
For God! for the cause!—for the church! for the laws!
For Charles, king of England, and Rupert of the Rhine!

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,
His braves of Alsatia, and pages of Whitehall;
They are bursting on our flanks. Grasp your pikes!
Close your ranks!
For Rupert never comes but to conquer, or to fall.

They are here! They rush on! We are broken! We are gone!
Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast,
O Lord, put forth thy might! O Lord, defend the right!
Stand back to back, in God's name! and fight it to the last!

Stout Skippon hath a wound; the centre hath given ground:
Hark! hark! what means the trampling of horsemen on our rear?
Whose banner do I see, boys? 'T is he! thank God!
't is he, boys!
Bear up another minute! Brave Oliver is here.

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dikes,
Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the accurst,
And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.

Fast, fast the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide
Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple Bar;
And he—he turns, he flies:—shame on those cruel eyes
That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war!

Ho! comrades, scour the plain; and, ere ye strip the slain,
First give another stab to make your search secure;
Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broadpieces
and lockets,
The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.

(13)

Fools! your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts were gay and bold,
When you kissed your lily hands to your lemans to-day;
And to-morrow shall the fox, from her chambers in the rocks,
Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

Where be your tongues that late mocked at heaven, hell and fate?
And the fingers that once were so busy with your blades,
Your perfumed satin clothes, your catches and your oaths!
Your stage-plays and your sonnets, your diamonds and your spades?

Down! down! forever down, with the mitre and the crown!
With the Belial of the court, and the Mammon of the Pope!
There is woe in Oxford halls; there is wail in Durham's stalls;
The Jesuit smites his bosom; the bishop rends his cope.

And she of the Seven Hills shall mourn her children's ills,
And tremble when she thinks on the edge of England's sword;
And the kings of earth in fear shall shudder when they hear
What the hand of God hath wrought for the Houses and the Word!

LORD MACAULAY.

BANNOCKBURN.

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

§ COTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled;
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lower;
See approach proud Edward's power:
Chains and slavery!


Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa'?
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains !
By your sons in servile chains !
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free !

Lay the proud usurpers low !
Tyrants fall in every foe !
Liberty's in every blow !
Let us do, or die !
ROBERT BURNS.

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

 Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on—

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine ,
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line ;
It was ten of April morn by the chime :
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death ;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene ;
And her van the fleetest rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak," our captains cried ; when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again ! again ! again !
And the havoc did not slack,
Till the feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back ;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom ;—
Then cease—and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail ;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.

Outspoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave,
"Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
And we conquer but to save :—
So peace instead of death let us bring.
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king."


Then Denmark blest our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose ;
And the sounds of joy and grief,
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day ;
While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, old England, raise !
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine cup shines in light ;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore !

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died—
With the gallant good Riou :
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave !
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave !

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

A COURT LADY.

ER hair was tawny with gold, her eyes with purple were dark,
Her cheeks' pale opal burnt with a red and restless spark.

Never was lady of Milan nobler in name and in race
Never was lady of Italy fairer to see in the face.

Never was lady on earth more true as woman and wife,
Larger in judgment and instinct, prouder in manners
and life.

She stood in the early morning, and said to her maidens, "Bring
That silken robe made ready to wear at the court of
the king.

"Bring me the clasps of diamond, lucid, clear of the
mote,
Clasp me the large at the waist, and clasp me the
small at the throat.

"Diamonds to fasten the hair, and diamonds to fasten
the sleeves,
Laces to drop from their rays, like a powder of snow
from the eaves."

Gorgeous she entered the sunlight which gathered her
up in a flame,
While straight, in her open carriage, she to the hospi-
tal came.

In she went at the door, and gazing, from end to end,
"Many and low are the pallets, but each is the place
of a friend."

Up she passed through the wards, and stood at a
young man's bed :
Bloody the band on his brow, and livid the droop of
his head.

"Art thou a Lombard, my brother? Happy art thou!"
she cried,
And smiled like Italy on him: he dreamed in her face
and died.

Pale with his passing soul, she went on still to a second :
He was a grave, hard man, whose years by dungeons
were reckoned.

Wounds in his body were sore, wounds in his life were
sorer.

"Art thou a Romagnole?" Her eyes drove lightnings
before her.

"Austrian and priest had joined to double and tighten
the cord
Able to bind thee, O strong one—free by the stroke of
a sword.

"Now he grave for the rest of us, using the life over-
cast
To ripen our wine of the present (too new) in glooms
of the past."

Down she stepped to a pallet where lay a face like a
girl's,
Young, and pathetic with dying—a deep black hole in
the curls.

"Art thou from Tuscany, brother? and seest thou,
dreaming in pain,
Thy mother stand in the piazza, searching the list of
the slain?"

Kind as a mother herself, she touched his cheeks with
her hands :
"Blessed is she who has borne thee, although she
should weep as she stands."

On she passed to a Frenchman, his arm carried off by
a ball :
Kneeling, . . "O more than my brother! how shall I
thank you for all?"

"Each of the heroes around us has fought for his
land and line,
But thou has fought for a stranger, in hate of a wrong
not thine.

"Happy are all free peoples, too strong to be dis-
possessed :
But blessed are those among nations who dare to be
strong for the rest!"

Ever she passed on her way, and came to a couch
where pined
One with a face from Venetia, white with a hope out
of mind.

Long she stood and gazed, and twice she tried at the
name,
But two great crystal tears were all that faltered and
came.

Only a tear for Venice?—she turned as in passion and
loss,
And stooped to his forehead and kissed it, as if she
were kissing the cross.

Faint with that strain of heart, she moved on to
another,
Stern and strong in his death. "And dost thou suf-
fer, my brother?"

Holding his hands in hers :—"Out of the Piedmont
lion
Cometh the sweetness of freedom! sweetest to live
or to die on."

Holding his cold, rough hands—"Well, O, well have
ye done
In noble, noble Piedmont, who would not be noble
alone."

Back he fell while she spoke. She rose to her feet
with a spring—

"That was a Piedmontese! and this is the court of
the king."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

BATTLE OF WYOMING AND DEATH OF GERTRUDE.

HEAVEN'S verge extreme
Reverberates the bomb's descending star—
And sounds that mingled laugh, and shout,
and scream,

To freeze the blood, in one discordant jar,
Rung to the pealing thunderbolts of war.
Whoop after whoop with rack the ear assailed,
As if unearthly fiends had burst their bar ;
While rapidly the marksman's shot prevailed,
And ay, as if for death, some lonely trumpet wailed.

Then looked they to the hills, where fire o'erhung
The bandit groups in one Vesuvian glare ;
Or swept, far seen, the tower, whose clock unrun,
Told legible that midnight of despair.
She faints—she falters not—the heroic fair,
As he the sword and plume in haste arrayed.

One short embrace—he clasped his dearest care;
But hark! what nearer war-drum shakes the glade!
Joy, joy! Columbia's friends are trampling through
the shade!

They came of every race the mingled swarm.
Far rung the groves and gleamed the midnight grass
With flambeau, javelin, and naked arm;
As warriors wheeled their culverins of brass,
Sprung from the woods, a bold athletic mass,
Whom virtue fires, and liberty combines;
And first the wild Moravian yagers pass,
His plumed host the dark Iberian joins;
And Scotia's sword beneath the Highland thistle
shines.

And in the buskined hunters of the deer
To Albert's home with shout and cymbal throng,
Roused by their warlike ponip, and mirth, and cheer,
Old Outalissi woke his battle-song,
And, beating with his war-club cadence strong,
Tells how his deep-stung indignation smarts;
Of them that wrapt his house in flames, erelong
To whet a dagger on their stony hearts,
And smile avenged ere yet his eagle spirit parts.

Calm, opposite the Christian father rose;
Pale on his venerable brow its rays
Of martyr-light the conflagration throws;
One hand upon his lovely child he lays,
And one the uncovered crowd to silence sways;
While, though the battle-flash is faster driven
Unaved, with eye unstartled by the blaze,
He for his bleeding country prays to Heaven,
Prays that the men of blood themselves may be for-
given.

Short time is now for gratulating speech:
And yet, beloved Gertrude, ere began
Thy country's flight yon distant towers to reach,
Looked not on thee the rudest partisan
With brow relaxed to love? And murmurs ran,
As round and round their willing ranks they drew,
From beauty's sight to shield the hostile van.
Grateful on them a placid look she threw,
Nor wept, but as she bade her mother's grave adieu!

Past was the flight and welcome seemed the tower,
That like a giant standard bearer frowned
Defiance on the roving Indian power.
Beneath each bold and promontory mound
With embrazure cmbossed and armor crowned,
And arrowy frize, and wedged ravelin,
Wove like a diadem its tracery round
The lofty summit of that mountain green;
Here stood secure the group, and eyed a distant scene,

A scene of death! where fires beneath the sun,
And blended arms, and white pavilions glow;
And for the business of destruction done,
Its requiem the war-horn seemed to blow:

There, sad spectatress of her country's wo!
The lovely Gertrude, safe from present harm,
Had laid her cheek, and clasped her hands of snow
On Waldegrave's shoulder, half within his arm
Enclosed, that felt her heart, and hushed its wild alarm!

But short that contemplation—sad and short
The pause to bid each much-loved scene adieu!
Beneath the very shadow of the fort,
Where friendly swords were drawn, and banners flew;
Ah! who could deem that foot of Indian crew
Was near?—yet there, with lust of murderous deeds,
Gleamed like a basilisk, from woods in view,
The ambushed foe's eye—his volley speeds,
And Albert, Albert falls! the dear old father bleeds!

And tranced in giddy horror, Gertrude swooned;
Yet, while she clasps him lifeless to her zone,
Say, burst they, borrowed from her father's wound,
These drops? Oh God! the life-blood is her own:
And faltering, on her Waldegrave's bosom thrown—
"Weep not, O love!" she cries, "to see me bleed;
Thee, Gertrude's sad survivor, thee alone
Heaven's peace commiserate; for scarce I heed
These wounds; yet thee to leave is death, is death in-
deed!

Clasp me a little longer on the brink
Of fate! while I can feel thy dear caress;
And when this heart hath ceased to beat—oh! think,
And let it mitigate thy wo's excess,
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
And friend to more than human friendship just.
Oh! by that retrospect of happiness,
And by the hopes of an immortal trust,
God shall assuage thy pangs—when I am laid in dust!

Go, Henry, go not back, when I depart,
The scene thy bursting tears too deep will move,
Where my dear father took thee to his heart,
And Gertrude thought it ecstasy to rove
With thee, as with an angel, through the grove
Of peace, imagining her lot was cast
In heaven; for ours was not like earthly love.
And must this parting be our very last?

No! I shall love thee still, when death itself is past.

Half could I bear, methinks, to leave this earth,
And thee, more loved than aught beneath the sun,
If I had lived to smile but on the birth
Of one dear pledge. But shall there then be none,
In future times—no gentle little one
To clasp thy neck, and look, resembling me?
Yet seems it, even while life's last pulses run,
A sweetness in the cup of death to be,
Lord of my bosom's love! to die beholding thee!"

Hushed were his Gertrude's lips! but still their bland
And beautiful expression seemed to melt
With love that could not die! and still his hand
She presses to the heart no more that felt.

Ah, heart! where once each fond affection dwelt,
And features yet that spoke a soul more fair.
Mute, gazing, agonizing as he knelt—
Of them that stood encircling his despair
He heard some friendly words; but knew not what
they were.

For now to mourn their judge and child arrives
A faithful band. With solemn rites between
'T was sung how they were lovely in their lives,
And in their deaths had not divided been.
Touched by the music and the melting scene,
Was scarce one tearless eye amidst the crowd—
Stern warriors, resting on their swords, were seen
To veil their eyes, as passed each much-loved shroud—
While woman's softer soul in woe dissolved aloud.

Then mournfully the parting bugle bid
Its farewell o'er the grave of worth and truth;
Prone to the dust afflicted Waldegrave hid
His face on earth; him watched, in gloomy ruth,
His woodland guide: but words had none to soothe
The grief that knew not consolation's name;
Casting his Indian mantle o'er the youth,
He watched, beneath its folds, each burst that came,
Convulsive, ague-like, across the shuddering frame!

"And I could weep," the Oneida chief
His descendant wildly thus begun;
"But that I may not stain with grief
The death-song of my father's son,
Or bow this head in woe!
For, by my wrongs, and by my wrath,
To-morrow Areouski's breath,
That fires yon heaven with storms of death,
Shall light us to the foe:
And we shall share, my Christian boy,
The foeman's blood, the avenger's joy!"

But thee, my flower, whose breath was given
By milder genii o'er the deep,
The spirits of the white man's heaven
Forbid not thee to weep:
Nor will the Christian host,
Nor will thy father's spirit grieve,
To see thee, on the battle's eve,
Lamenting, take a mournful leave
Of her who loved thee most:
She was the rainbow to thy sight!
Thy sun—thy heaven—of lost delight!
To-morrow let us do or die.
And when the bolt of death is hurled,
Ah! whither then with thee to fly,
Shall Outalissi roam the world?
Seek we thy once-loved home?
The hand is gone that cropt its flowers;
Unheard their clock repeats its hours;
Cold is the hearth within their bowers:
And should we thither roam,
Its echoes and its empty tread
Would sound like voices from the dead!

Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,
Whose streams my kindred nation quaffed,
And by my side, in battle true,
A thousand warriors drew the shaft?
Ah! there, in desolation cold,
The desert serpent sleeps alone,
Where grass o'ergrows each mouldering bone,
And stones themselves to ruin grown,
Like me, are death-like old.
Then seek we not their camp; for there
The silence dwells of my despair!

But hark, the trump! to-morrow thou
In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears:
Even from the land of shadows now
My father's awful ghost appears
Amidst the clouds that round us roll;
He bids my soul for battle thirst—
He bids me dry the last—the first—
The only tears that ever burst
From Outalissi's soul;
Because I may not stain with grief
The death-song of an Indian chief!"

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

CADYOW CASTLE.

WHEN princely Hamilton's abode
Ennobled Cadyow's Gothic towers,
The song went round, the goblet flowed,
And revel sped the laughing hours.

Then thrilling to the harp's gay sound,
So sweetly rung each vaulted wall,
And echoed light the dancer's bound,
As mirth and music cheered the hall.

But Cadyow's towers, in ruins laid,
And vaults by ivy mantled o'er,
Thrill to the music of the shade,
Or echo Evan's hoarser roar.

Yet still of Cadyow's faded fame
You bid me tell a minstrel tale,
And tune my harp of Border frame
On the wild banks of Evandale.

For thou, from scenes of courtly pride,
From pleasure's lighter scenes can turn,
To draw oblivion's pall aside,
And mark the long-forgotten urn.

Then, noble maid, at thy command
Again the crumbled walls shall rise;
Lo, as on Evan's bank we stand,
The past returns—the present flies.

Where, with the rocks' wood-covered side,
Were blended late the ruins green,
Rise turrets in fantastic pride,
And feudal banners flaunt between:

Where the rude torrent's brawling course
Was shagged with thorn and tangling sloe,
The ashler buttress braves its force,
And ramparts frown in battled row.

'Tis night—the shades of keep and spire
Obscurely dance on Evan's stream;
And on the wave the warder's fire
Is chequering the moonlight beam.

Fades slow their light: the East is gray;
The weary warder leaves his tower;
Steeds snort; uncoupled stag-hounds bay,
And merry hunters quit the bower.

The drawbridge falls—they hurry out—
Clatters each plank and swinging chain,
As, dashing o'er, the jovial rout
Urge the shy steed and slack the rein.

First of his troop the chief rode on;
His shouting merry-men shout behind;
The steed of princely Hamilton
Was fleetest than the mountain wind.

From the thick copse the roebucks bound,
The startled red deer scuds the plain,
For the hoarse bugle's warrior-sound
Has roused their mountain haunts again.

Through the huge oaks of Evandale,
Whose limbs a thousand years have worn,
What sullen roar comes down the gale,
And drowns the hunter's pealing horn?

Mightiest of all the beasts of chase
That roam in woody Caledon,
Crashing the forest in his race,
The mountain bull comes thundering on.

Fierce on the hunter's quivered hand
He rolls his eyes of swarthy glow,
Spurns, with black hoof and horn, the sand,
And tosses high his mane of snow.

Aimed well, the chieftain's lance has flown
Struggling in blood the savage lies;
His roar is sunk in hollow groan—
Sound, merry huntsmen, sound the pryse

'Tis noon—against the knotted oak
The hunters rest the idle spear;
Curls through the trees the slender smoke,
Where yeomen dight the woodland cheer.

Proudly the chieftain marked his clan,
On greenwood lap all careless thrown,
Yet missed his eye the boldest man
That bore the name of Hamilton.

"Why fills not Bothwellhaugh his place,
Still wont our weal and woe to share?
Why comes he not our sport to grace?
Why shares he not our hunter's fare?"

Stern Claude replied, with darkening face,
(Grey Paisley's haughty lord was he),
"At merry feast or buxom chase
No more the warrior wilt thou see.

"Few suns have set since Woodhouselee
Saw Bothwellhaugh's bright goblets foam,
When to his hearths, in social glee,
The war-worn soldier turned him home.

"There, wan from her maternal throes,
His Margaret, beautiful and mild,
Sat in her bower, a pallid rose,
And peaceful nursed her new-born child.

"Oh, change accursed! passed are those days;
False Murray's ruthless spoilers came,
And, for the hearth's domestic blaze,
Ascends destruction's volumed flame.

"What sheeted phantom wanders wild,
Where mountain Esk through woodland flows,
Her arms enfold a shadowy child—
Oh! is it she, the pallid rose?

"The wildered traveler sees her glide,
And hears her feeble voice with awe—
'Revenge,' she cries, 'on Murray's pride,
And woe for injured Bothwellhaugh!'"

He ceased—and cries of rage and grief
Burst mingling from the kindred band,
And half arose the kindling chief,
And half unsheathed his Arran brand.

But who, o'er bush, o'er stream, and rock,
Rides headlong with resistless speed,
Whose bloody poniard's frantic stroke
Drives to the leap his jaded steed;

Whose cheek is pale, whose eyeballs glare,
As one some visioned sight that saw;
Whose hands are bloody, loose his hair?—
'Tis he, 'tis he, 'tis Bothwellhaugh!

From gory sell and reeling steed
Sprung the fierce horseman with a bound;
And, reeking from the recent deed,
He dashed his carbine on the ground.

Sternly he spoke—" 'Tis sweet to hear
In good greenwood the bugle blown,
But sweeter to revenge's ear
To drink a tyrant's dying groan.

"Your slaughtered quarry proudly trode
At dawning morn o'er dale and down,
But prouder base-born Murray rode
Through old Linlithgow's crowded town.

"From the wild border's humbled side
In haughty triumph marched he;
While Knox relaxed his bigot pride,
And smiled the traitorous pomp to see.

"But can stern power with all her vaunt,
Or pomp, with all her courtly glare,
The settled heart of vengeance daunt,
Or change the purpose of despair?"

"With hackbut bent, my secret stand,
Dark as the purposed deed, I chose;
And marked where, mingling in his band,
Trooped Scottish pikes and English bows.

"Dark Morton, girt with many a spear,
Murder's foul minion, led the van;
And clashed their broadswords in the rear
The wild Macfarlane's plaided clan.

"Glencairn and stout Parkhead were nigh,
Obsequious at their regent's rein,
And haggard Lindsay's iron eye,
That saw fair Mary weep in vain.

"Mid pennoned spears, a steely grove,
Proud Murray's plumage floated high;
Scarce could his trampling charger move,
So close the minions crowded nigh.

"From the raised vizor's shade his eye,
Dark rolling, glanced the ranks along;
And his steel truncheon, waved on high,
Seemed marshaling the iron throng.

"But yet his saddened brow confessed
A passing shade of doubt and awe;
Some fiend was whispering in his breast—
Beware of injured Bothwellhaugh.

"The death-shot parts—the charger springs—
Wild rises tumult's startling roar!
And Murray's plumed helmet rings—
Rings on the ground—to rise no more.

"What joy the raptured youth can feel
To hear her love the loved one tell—
Or he who broaches on his steel
The wolf by whom his infant fell!

"But dearer to my injured eye
To see in dust proud Murray roll;
And mine was ten times trebled joy
To hear him groan his felon soul.

"My Margaret's spectre glided near,
With pride her bleeding victim saw,
And shrieked in his death-deafened ear,
Remember injured Bothwellhaugh!

"Then speed thee, noble Chatlerault!
Spread to the wind thy bannered tree!
Each warrior bend his Clydesdale bow!
Murray is fallen and Scotland free!"

Vaults every warrior to his steed;
Loud bugles join their wild acclaim—
"Murray is fallen, and Scotland freed!
Couch, Arran, couch thy spear of flame!"

But see, the minstrel vision fails—
The glimmering spears are seen no more;
The shouts of war die on the gales,
Or sink in Evan's lonely roar.

For the loud bugle, pealing high,
The blackbird whistles down the vale,
And sunk in ivied ruins lie
The bannered towers of Evandale.

For chiefs, intent on bloody deed,
And vengeance shouting o'er the slain,
Lo! high-born beauty rules the steed,
Or graceful guides the silken rein.

And long may peace and pleasure own
The maids who list the minstrel's tale;
Nor e'er a ruder guest be known;
On the fair banks of Evandale.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

JAMES FITZ-JAMES AND ELLEN.

A FOOTSTEP struck her ear,
And Snowdoun's graceful Knight was near.
She turned the hastier, lest again
The prisoner should renew his strain.

"O welcome, brave Fitz-James!" she said;
How may an almost orphan maid
Pay the deep debt—"O, say not so!
To me no gratitude you owe.
Not mine, alas! the boon to give,
And bid thy noble father live;
I can but be thy guide, sweet maid,
With Scotland's King thy suit to aid.
No tyrant he, though ire and pride
May lead his better mood aside.
Come, Ellen, come; 't is more than time,
He holds his court at morning prime."
With beating heart and bosom wrung,
As to a brother's arm she clung,
Gently he dried the falling tear,
And gently whispered hope and cheer;
Her faltering steps half led, half stayed,
Through gallery fair and high arcade,
Till, at his touch, its wings of pride
A portal arch unfolded wide.

Within 't was brilliant all and light,
A thronging scene of figures bright;
It glowed on Ellen's dazzled sight,
As when the setting sun has given
Ten thousand hues to summer eve
And from their tissue fancy frames
Aërial knights and fairy dames.
Still by Fitz-James her footing stayed;
A few faint steps she forward made,
Then slow her drooping head she raised,
And fearful round the presence gazed:

For him she sought who owned this state,
The dreaded prince whose will was fate !
She gazed on many a princely port
Might well have ruled a royal court ;
On many a splendid garb she gazed—
Then turned bewildered and amazed,
For all stood bare ; and in the room
Fitz James alone wore cap and plume.
To him each lady's look was lent,
On him each courtier's eye was bent,
Midst furs and silks and jewels sheen
He stood, in simple Lincoln green,
The centre of the glittering ring—
And Snowdown's Knight is Scotland's King !

As wreath of snow, on mountain breast,
Slides from the rock that gave it rest,
Poor Ellen glided from her stay,
And at the Monarch's feet she lay ;
No word her choking voice commands :
She showed the ring, she clasped her hands.
O, not a moment could he brook,
The generous prince, that suppliant look !
Gently he raised her, and the while
Checked with a glance the circle's smile ;
Graceful, but grave, her brow he kissed,
And bade her terrors be dismissed :—
" Yes, fair ; the wandering poor Fitz-James
The fealty of Scotland claims.
To him thy woes, thy wishes bring ;
He will redeem his signet-ring.
Ask naught for Douglas ; yester even
His prince and he have much forgiven ;
Wrong hath he had from slanderous tongue,
I, from his rebel kinsman, wrong.
We would not to the vulgar crowd
Yield what they craved with clamor loud ;
Calmly we heard and judged his cause,
Our council aided and our laws.
I stanch'd thy father's death-feud stern,
With stout De Vaux and gray Glencairn ;
And Bothwell's Lord henceforth we own
The friend and bulwark of our throne.
But, lovely infidel, how now ?
What cloud's thy misbelieving brow ?
Lord James of Douglas, lend thine aid ;
Thou must confirm this doubting maid."

Then forth the noble Douglas sprung,
And on his neck his daughter hung.
The monarch drank, that happy hour,
The sweetest, holiest draught of power—
When it can say, the godlike voice,
Arise, sad virtue, and rejoice !
Yet would not James the general eye
On nature's raptures long should pry :
He stepped between—" Nay, Douglas, nay,
Steal not my proselyte away !
The riddle 't is my right to read,
That brought this happy chance to speed.

Yes, Ellen, when disguised I stray
In life's more low, but happier way,
'T is under name which veils my power,
Nor falsely veils, for Stirling's tower
Of yore the name of Snowdown claims,
And Normans call me James Fitz-James.
Thus watch I o'er insulted laws,
Thus learn to right the injured cause."
Then, in a tone apart and low,
" Ah, little trait'ress ! none must know
What idle dream, what lighter thought,
What vanity full dearly bought,
Joined to thine eye's dark witchcraft, drew
My spell-bound steps to Benvenue,
In dangerous hour, and all but gave
Thy monarch's life to mountain glaive !"
Aloud he spoke—" Thou still dost hold
That little talisman of gold,
Pledge of my faith, Fitz-James's ring :
What seeks fair Ellen of the King ?"

Full well the conscious maiden guessed,
He probed the weakness of her breast ;
But with that consciousness there came
A lightening of her fears for Græme,
And more she deemed the monarch's ire
Kindled 'gainst him, who, for her sire,
Rebellious broadsword boldly drew ;
And, to her generous feeling true,
She craved the grace of Roderick Dhu.
" Forbear thy suit ; the King of kings
Alone can stay life's parting wings.
I know his heart, I know his hand,
Have shared his cheer, and proved his brand.
My fairest earldom would I give
To bid Clan-Alpine's chieftain live !—
Hast thou no other boon to crave ?
No other captive friend to save ?"
Blushing, she turned her from the king,
And to the Douglas gave the ring,
As if she wished her sire to speak
The suit that stained her glowing cheek.
" Nay, then, my pledge has lost its force,
And stubborn justice holds her course.
Malcolm, come forth !"—And, at the word
Down knelt the Græme to Scotland's lord.
" For thee, rash youth, no suppliant sues,
From thee may vengeance claim her dues,
Who, nurtured underneath our smile,
Hast paid our care by treacherous wile,
And sought, amid thy faithful clan,
A refuge for an outlawed man,
Dishonoring thus thy royal name—
Fetters and warder for the Græme !"
His chains of gold the king unstrung,
The links o'er Malcolm's neck he flung,
Then gently drew the glittering band,
And laid the clasp on Ellen's hand.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE SEA-CAVE.

YOUNG Neuha plunged into the deep, and he
Followed: her track beneath her native sea,
Was as a native's of the element,
So smoothly, bravely, brilliantly she went,
Leaving a streak of light behind her heel,
Which struck and flashed like an amphibious steel.
Closely, and scarcely less expert to trace
The depths where divers hold the pearl in chase,
Torquil, the nursling of the Northern seas,
Pursued her liquid steps with art and ease.
Deep—deeper for an instant Neuha led
The way—then upward soared—and, as she spread
Her arms, and flung the foam from off her locks,
Laughed, and the sound was answered by the rocks.
They had gained a central realm of earth again,
But looked for tree, and field, and sky, in vain.

Around she pointed to a spacious cave,
Whose only portal was the keyless wave,
(A hollow archway by the sun unseen,
Save through the billows' glassy veil of green,
In some transparent ocean holiday,
When all the finny people are at play),
Wiped with her hair the brine from Torquil's eyes,
And clapped her hands with joy at his surprise.
Forth from her bosom the young savage drew
A pine torch, strongly girded with gnatoo;
A plantain leaf o'er all, the more to keep
Its latent sparkle from the sapping deep.
This mantle kept it dry; then from a nook
Of the same plantain leaf, a flint she took,
A few shrunk, withered twigs, and from the blade
Of Torquil's knife struck fire, and thus arrayed
The grot with torchlight. Wide it was and high,
And showed a self-born Gothic canopy;
The arch upreared by nature's architect,
The architrave some earthquake might erect;
The buttress from some mountain's bosom hurled,
When the poles crashed and water was the world;
There, with a little tinge of phantasy,
Fantastic faces moped and mowed on high,
And then a mitre or a shrine would fix
The eye upon its seeming crucifix.
Then nature played with the stalactites,
And built herself a chapel of the seas.

And Neuha took her Torquil by the hand,
And waved along the vault her kindled brand,
And led him into each recess, and showed
The secret places of their new abode.
Nor these alone, for all had been prepared
Before, to soothe the lover's lot she shared;
The mat for rest; for dress the fresh gnatoo,
The sandal-oil to fence against the dew;
For food the cocoa-nut, the yam, the bread
Born of the fruit; for board the plantain spread
With its broad leaf, or turtle-shell which bore
A banquet in the flesh if covered o'er;

The gourd with water recent from the rill,
The ripe banana from the mellow hill;
A pine torch pile to keep undying light;
And she herself as beautiful as night,
To fling her shadowy spirit o'er the scene,
And make their subterranean world serene.
She had foreseen, since first the stranger's sail
Drew to their isle, that force or flight might fail,
And formed a refuge of the rocky den
For Torquil's safety from his countrymen.
Each dawn had wafted there her light canoe,
Laden with all the golden fruits that grew;
Each eve had seen her gliding through the hour
With all could cheer or deck their sparry bower;
And now she spread her little store with smiles,
The happiest daughter of the loving isles.

'Twas morn; and Neuha, who by dawn of day
Swam smoothly forth to catch the rising ray,
And watch if aught approached the amphibious lair
Where lay her lover, saw a sail in air:
It flapped, it filled, then to the growing gale
Bent its broad arch: her breath began to fail
With fluttering fear, her heart beat thick and high,
While yet a doubt sprung where its course might lie:
But no! it came not; fast and far away,
The shadow lessened as it cleared the bay.
She gazed, and flung the sea-foam from her eyes,
To watch as for a rainbow in the skies.
On the horizon verged the distant deck,
Diminished, dwindled to a very speck—
Then vanished. All was ocean, all was joy!

LORD BYRON.

BRISTOWE TRAGEDY; OR, THE DEATH OF
SIR CHARLES BAWDIN.

THE feathered songster chanticleer
Had wound his bugle horn,
And told the early villager
The coming of the morn.

King Edward saw the ruddy streaks
Of light eclipse the gray;
And heard the raven's croaking throat
Proclaim the fated day.

"Thou'rt right," quoth he, "for, by the God
That sits enthroned on high!
Charles Bawdin, and his fellows twain,
To-day shall surely die."

Then with a jug of nappy ale
His knights did on him wait.
"Go tell the traitor, that to-day
He leaves this mortal state."

Sir Canterlone then bended low,
With heart brimful of woe;
He journeyed to the castle-gate,
And to Sir Charles did go.

But when he came, his children twain,
And eke his loving wife,
With briny tears did wet the floor,
For good Sir Charles' life.

"O good Sir Charles!" said Canterlone,
"Bad tidings do I bring."
"Speak boldly, man," said brave Sir Charles,
"What says thy traitor king?"

"I grieve to tell, before yon sun
Does from the welkin fly,
He hath upon his honor sworn,
That thou shalt surely die."

"We all must die," quoth brave Sir Charles,
"Of that I'm not affeared;
What boots to live a little space?
Thank Jesus, I'm prepared;

"But tell thy king, for mine he's not,
I'd sooner die to-day
Than live his slave, as many are,
Though I should live for aye."

Then Canterlone he did go out,
To tell the mayor straight
To get all things in readiness
For good Sir Charles's fate.

Then Master Canning sought the king,
And fell down on his knee:

"I'm come," quoth he, "unto your grace
To move your clemency."

Then quoth the king, "Your tale speak out,
You have been much our friend;
Whatever your request may be,
We will to it attend."

"My noble liege: all my request
Is for a noble knight,
Who, though mayhap he has done wrong,
He thought it still was right:

"He has a spouse and children twain,
All ruined are for aye,
If that you are resolved to let
Charles Bawdin die to-day."

"Speak not of such a traitor vile,
The king in fury said;
"Before the evening star doth shine,
Bawdin shall lose his head.

"Justice does loudly for him call,
And he shall have his meed;
Speak, Master Channing! What thing else
At present do you need?"

"My noble liege," good Channing said,
"Leave justice to our God,
And lay the iron rule aside;
Be thine the olive rod.

"Was God to search our hearts and reins,
The best were sinners great;
Christ's vicar only knows no sin,
In all this mortal state.

"Let mercy rule thine infant reign,
"I'll fast thy crown full sure;
From race to race thy family
All sovereigns shall endure:

"But if with blood and slaughter thou
Begin thy infant reign,
Thy crown upon thy children's brows
Will never long remain."

"Canning, away! this traitor vile
Has spurned my power and me;
How canst thou then for such a man
Intreat my clemency?"

"My noble liege! the truly brave
Will val'rous actions prize,
Respect a brave and noble mind,
Although in enemies."

"Canning, away! By God in heaven,
That did my being give,
I will not taste a bit of bread
Whilst this Sir Charles doth live.

"By Mary and all saints in heaven,
This sun shall be his last;"
Then Canning dropped a briny tear,
And from the presence passed.

With heart brimful of gnawing grief,
He to Sir Charles did go,
And sat him down upon a stool,
And tears began to flow.

"We all must die," quoth brave Sir Charles;
"What boots it how or when;
Death is the sure, the certain fate
Of all us mortal men.

"Say, why, my friend, thy honest soul
Runs over at thine eye;
Is it for my most welcome doom
That thou dost child-like cry?"

Quoth godly Canning, "I do weep,
That thou so soon must die,
And leave thy sons and helpless wife;
'Tis this that wets mine eye."

"Then dry the tears that out thine eye
From godly fountains spring;
Death I despise, and all the power
Of Edward, traitor king.

"When through the tyrant's welcome means
I shall resign my life,
The God I serve will soon provide
For both my sons and wife.

"Before I saw the lightsome sun,
This was appointed me;
Shall mortal man repine or grudge
What God ordains to be?

"How oft in battle have I stood,
When thousands died around;
When smoking streams of crimson blood
Imbrued the fattened ground:

"How did I know that every dart
That cut the airy way,
Might not find passage to my heart,
And close mine eyes for aye?

"And shall I now, for fear of death,
Look wan and be dismayed!
No! from my heart fly childish fear,
Be all the man displayed.

"Ah! Godlike Henry! God forbend,
And guard thee and thy son,
If 'tis His will; but if 'tis not,
Why then His will be done.

"My honest friend, my fault has been
To serve God and my prince;
And that I no time-server am,
My death will soon convince.

"In London city was I born,
Of parents of great note;
My father did a noble arms
Emblazon on his coat:

"I make no doubt but he is gone
Where soon I hope to go;
Where we forever shall be blest,
From out the reach of woe:

"He taught me justice and the laws
With pity to unite;
And eke he taught me how to know
The wrong cause from the right:

"He taught me with a prudent hand,
To feed the hungry poor,
Nor let my servant drive away
The hungry from my door:

"And none can say but all my life
I have his wordys kept;
And summed the actions of the day
Each night before I slept.

"I have a spouse, go ask of her,
If I defiled her bed?
I have a king, and none can lay
Black treason on my head.

"In Lent, and on the holy eve,
From flesh I did refrain;
Why should I then appear dismayed
To leave this world of pain?

"No! hapless Henry! I rejoice
I shall not see thy death;
Most willingly in thy just cause
Do I resign my breath.

"O, fickle people! ruined land!
Thou wilt ken peace nae mae;
While Richard's sons exalt themselves,
Thy brooks with blood will flow.

"Say, were ye tired of godly peace,
And godly Henry's reign,
That you did chop your easy days
For those of blood and pain?

"What though I on a sled be drawn,
And mangled by a hind?
I do defy the traitor's power,
He cannot harm my mind;

"What though, uphoisted on a pole,
My limbs shall rot in air,
And no rich monument of brass
Charles Bawdin's name shall bear;

"Yet in the holy book above,
Which time can't eat away,
There with the servants of the Lord
My name shall live for aye.

"Then welcome death! for life eterne
I leave this mortal life,
Farewell, vain world, and all that's dear,
My sons and loving wife!

"Now death as welcome to me comes,
As e'er the month of May;
Nor would I even wish to live,
With my dear wife to stay."

Quoth Canning, "'Tis a goodly thing
To be prepared to die;
And from this world of pain and grief
To God in heaven to fly."

And now the bell began to toll,
And clarions to sound;
Sir Charles he heard the horses' feet
A prancing on the ground:

And just before the officers,
His loving wife came in,
Weeping unfeigned tears of woe,
With loud and dismal din.

"Sweet Florence! now I pray, forbear—
In quiet let me die;
Pray God that every Christian soul
May look on death as I.

"Sweet Florence! why these briny tears?
They wash my soul away,
And almost make me wish for life,
With thee, sweet dame, to stay.

" 'Tis but a journey I shall go
Unto the land of bliss ;
Now, as a proof of husband's love,
Receive this holy kiss."

Then Florence faltering in her say
Trembling these wordys spoke,
"Ah, cruel Edward ! bloody king !
My heart is well nigh broke :

"Ah, sweet Sir Charles ! why wilt thou go,
Without thy loving wife !
The cruel axe that cuts thy neck,
It eke shall end my life."

And now the officers came in
To bring Sir Charles away,
Who turned to his loving wife,
And thus to her did say :

"I go to life, and not to death,
Trust thou in God above,
And teach thy sons to fear the Lord,
And in their hearts Him love :

"Teach them to run the noble race
That I their father run :
Florence ! should death thee take—adieu !
Ye officers, lead on."

Then Florence raved as any mad,
And did her tresses tear ;

"Oh ! stay, my husband ! lord ! and life !" —
Sir Charles then dropped a tear,

Till tired out with raving loud,
She fell on the floor ;
Sir Charles exerted all his might,
And marched from out the door.

Upon a sled he mounted then,
With looks full brave and sweet ;
Looks that enshone no more concern
Than any in the street.

Before him went the council-men,
In scarlet robes and gold,
And tassels spangling in the sun,
Much glorious to behold ;

The friars of Saint Augustine next
Appearèd to the sight,
All clad in homely russet weeds,
Of godly monkish plight :

In different parts a godly psalm
Most sweetly did they chant ;
Behind their backs six minstrels came,
Who tuned the strung bataunt.

Then five and twenty archers came ;
Each one the bow did bend,
From rescue of King Henry's friends
Sir Charles for to defend.

Bold as a lion came Sir Charles,
Drawn on a cloth-laid sled,
By two black steeds in trappings white,
With plumes upon their head :

Behind him five and twenty more
Of archers strong and stout,
With bended bow each one in hand,
Marchèd in goodly rout :

Saint James's friars marchèd next,
Each one his part did chant ;
Behind their backs six minstrels came,
Who tuned the strung bataunt :

Then came the mayor and aldermen,
In cloth and scarlet decked ;
And their attending-men each one,
Like eastern princes trickt.

And after them a multitude
Of citizens did throng ;
The windows were all full of heads,
As he did pass along.

And when he came to the high cross,
Sir Charles did turn and say,
"O Thou, that savest man from sin,
Wash my soul clean this day !"

At the great minster window sat
The king in mickle state,
To see Charles Bawdin go along
To his most welcome fate.

Soon as the sled drew nigh enough,
That Edward he might hear,
The brave Sir Charles he did stand up,
And thus his words declare :

"Thou seest me, Edward ! traitor vile !
Exposed to infamy ;
But, be assured, disloyal man !
I'm greater now than thee.

"By foul proceedings, murder, blood,
Thou wearest now a crown ;
And hast appointed me to die,
By power not thine own.

"Thou thinkest I shall die to-day ;
I have been dead till now,
And soon shall live to wear a crown
For aye upon my brow ;

"Whilst thou, perhaps, for some few years,
Shall rule this fickle land,
To let them know how wide the rule
"Twixt king and tyrant hand ;

"Thy power unjust, thou traitor slave !
Shall fall on thy own head"—
From out of hearing of the king
Departed then the sled.

King Edward's soul rushed to his face,
He turned his head away,
And to his brother Gloucester
He thus did speak and say :

"To him that so-much dreaded death
No ghastly terrors bring;
Behold the man ! he spake the truth
He's greater than a king !"

"So let him die !" Duke Richard said ;
"And may each one our foes
Bend down their necks to bloody axe,
And feed the carrion crows."

And now the horses gently drew
Sir Charles up the high hill ;
The axe did glisten in the sun,
His precious blood to spill.

Sir Charles did up the scaffold go,
As up a gilded car
Of victory, by val'rous chiefs
Gained in the bloody war :

And to the people he did say,
"Behold you see me die,
For serving loyally my king,
My king most rightfully.

"As long as Edward rules this land,
No quiet will you know ;
Your sons and husbands shall be slain,
And brooks with blood shall flow.

"You leave your good and lawful king,
When in adversity ;
Like me, unto the true cause stick,
And for the true cause die."

Then he, with priests, upon his knees,
A prayer to God did make,
Beseeching Him unto Himself
His parting soul to take.

Then, kneeling down, he laid his head,
Most seemly on the block ;
Which from his body fair at once
The able headsman stroke ;

And out the blood began to flow,
And round the scaffold twine ;
And tears enough, to wash't away,
Did flow from each man's eyne.

The bloody axe his body fair
Into four partés cut ;
And every part and eke his head,
Upon a pole was put.

One part did rot on Kynwulf-hill,
One on the minster tower,
And one from off the castle-gate
The crowen did devour ;

The other on St. Powle's good gate,
A dreary spectacle ;
His head was placed on the high cross,
In high-street most nobel.

Thus was the end of Bawdin's fate :
God prosper long our king,
And grant he may, with Bawdin's soul,
In heaven God's mercy sing !

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

COME, see the Dolphin's anchor forged—'tis at
a white heat now :

The bellows ceased, the flames decreased,
though on the forge's brow
The little flames still fitfully play through the sable
mound,

And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking
round,

All clad in leather panoply, their broad hands only
bare—

Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the
windlass there.

The windlass strains the tackle chains, the black mound
heaves below,
And red and deep a hundred veins burst out at every
throe :

It rises, roars, rends all outright—O Vulcan, what a
glow !

'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright—the high sun
shines not so !

The high sun sees not, on the earth, such a fiery fear-
ful show ;

The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the ruddy
lurid row

Of smiths that stand, an ardent band, like men before
the foe.

As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the sailing
monster, slow

Sinks on the anvil ;—all about the faces fiery grow.

"Hurrah !" they shout, "leap out—leap out ;" bang,
bang, the sledges go ;

Hurrah ! the jetted lightnings are hissing high and
low ;—

A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squashing
blow,

The leathern mail rebounds the hail, the rattling cin-
ders strew

The ground around ; at every bound the sweltering
fountains flow,

And thick and loud the swinking crowd at every stroke
pant, "Ho !"

Leap out, leap out, my masters ; leap out, and lay on
load !

Let's forge a goodly anchor ;—a bower thick and
broad ;

For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode,
 And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road—
 The low reef roaring on her lee—the roll of ocean
 poured
 From stem to stern, sea after sea; the mainmast by the
 board;
 The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats stove
 at the chains!
 But courage still, brave mariners! the bower yet re-
 mains,
 And not an inch to flinch he deigns, save when ye
 pitch sky high;
 Then moves his head, as though he said, "Fear noth-
 ing—here am I."
 Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand keep
 time:
 Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's
 chime.
 But while you sling your sledges, sing—and let the
 burthen be,
 The anchor is the anvil king, and royal craftsmen we!
 Strike in, strike in—the sparks begin to dull their rust-
 ling red;
 Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will
 soon be sped.
 Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array,
 For a hammock at the roaring bows, on an oozy couch
 of clay;
 Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry crafts-
 men here,
 For the yeo-heave-o', and the heave-away, and the
 sighing seaman's cheer;
 When, weighing slow, at eve they go—far, far from
 love and home;
 And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean
 foam.
 In livid and obdurate gloom he darkens down at last;
 A shapely one he is, and strong, as e'er from cat
 was cast.
 O trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like
 me,
 What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the
 deep green sea!
 O deep sea-liver, who might then behold such sights
 as thou?
 The hoary monster's palaces! methinks what joy 'twere
 now
 To go plumb plunging down amid the assembly of the
 whales,
 And feel the churned sea round me boil beneath their
 scourging tails!
 Then deep in tangle-weeds to fight the fierce sea-uni-
 corn,
 And send him foiled and bellowing back, for all his
 ivory horn;
 To leave the subtle sworder-fish of bony blade forlorn;
 And for the ghastly-grinning shark to laugh his jaws to
 scorn;

To leap down on the kraken's back, where 'mid Nor-
 wegian isles
 He lies, a lubber anchorage for sudden shallowed miles;
 Till snorting, like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls;
 Meanwhile to swing, a-buffeting the far astonished
 shoals
 Of his back-browsing ocean-calves; or, happily in a cove,
 Shell-strewn, and consecrate of old to some Undin's
 love,
 To find the long-haired maidens; or, hard by icy lands,
 To wrestle with the sea-serpent, upon cerulean sands.
 O broad-armed fisher of the deep, whose sports can
 equal thine?
 The dolphin weighs a thousand tons, that tugs thy ca-
 ble line;
 And night by night, 'tis thy delight, thy glory day by
 day,
 Through sable sea and breaker white, the giant game
 to play—
 But shamer of our little sports! forgive the name I
 gave—
 A fisher's joy is to destroy—thine office is to save.
 O lodger in the sea-king's halls! couldst thou but un-
 derstand
 Whose be the white bones by thy side—or who that
 dripping band,
 Slow swaying in the heaving wave, that round about
 thee bend,
 With sounds like breakers in a dream, blessing their
 ancient friend;—
 O, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger
 steps round thee,
 Thine iron side would swell with pride—thou'dst leap
 within the sea!
 Give honor to their memories who left the pleasant
 strand
 To shed their blood so freely for the love of father-
 land—
 Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy church-
 yard grave
 So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave!
 O, though our anchor may not be all I have fondly
 sung,
 Honor him for their memory whose bones he goes
 among!

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

THE BATTLE OF ALEXANDRIA.

HARP of Memnon! sweetly strung
 To the music of the spheres;
 While the hero's dirge is sung,
 Breathe enchantment to our ears.

Let thy numbers, soft and slow,
 O'er the plain with carnage spread
 Soothe the dying while they flow
 To the memory of the dead.

Lashed to madness by the wind,
As the Red Sea surges roar,
Leave a gloomy gulf behind,
And devour the shrinking shore.

Thus, with overwhelming pride,
Gallia's brightest, boldest boast,
In a deep and dreadful tide,
Rolled upon the British host.

Now the veteran chief drew nigh,
Conquest towering on his crest,
Valor beaming from his eye,
Pity bleeding on his breast.

On the whirlwind of the war
High he rode in vengeance dire ;
To his friends a leading star ;
To his foes consuming fire.

Charged with Abercrombie's doom,
Lightning winged a cruel ball :
'Twas the herald of the tomb,
And the hero felt the call—

Felt—and raised his arms on high ;
Victory well the signal knew,
Darted from his awful eye,
And the force of France o'erthrew.

Harp of Memnon ! sweetly strung
To the music of the spheres ;
While the hero's dirge is sung,
Breathe enchantment to our ears.

Let thy numbers, soft and slow,
O'er the plain with carnage spread,
Soothe the dying while they flow
To the memory of the dead.

Then thy tones triumphant pour,
Let them pierce the hero's grave ;
Life's tumultuous battle o'er,
O, how sweetly sleep the brave !

From the dust their laurels bloom,
High they shoot and flourish free ;
Glory's temple is the tomb ;
Death is immortality.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE BALLAD OF AGINCOURT.

FAIR stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry ;
But putting to the main,
At Kause, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,

Marched toward Agincourt
In happy hour ;
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French general lay
With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
To the king sending ;
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet, with an angry smile,
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then :
Though they to one be ten,
Be not amazed ;
Yet have we well begun,
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
By fame been raised.

And for myself, quoth he,
This my full rest shall be ;
England ne'er mourn for me
Nor more esteem me.
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain ;
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.

Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell
Under our swords they fell.
No less our skill is
Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
Lopped the French lilies.

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vaward led ;
With the main Henry sped
Amongst his henchmen.
Excester had the rear,
A braver man not there ;
O Lord ! how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen.

They now to fight are gone ;
Armor on armor shone ;
Drum now to drum did groan,
To hear was wonder ;
That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake,
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham !
Which did the signal aim
To our hid forces ;
When, from a meadow by
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
Struck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather ;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilboes drew,
And on the French they flew,
Not one was tardy :
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent ;
Down the French peasants went ;
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
His broad sword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
As to o'erwhelm it ;
And many a deep wound rent
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent,
Bruised his helmet.

Glo'ster, that duke so good
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
With his brave brother
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
Still as they ran up.
Suffolk his axe did ply ;
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
To England to carry.
O, when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry ?

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Mariners of England
That guard our native seas ;
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze,
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe,
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave ;
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave :
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Brittannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow ;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn ;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors,
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow ;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE UNRETURNING BRAVE.

AND Ardennes waves above them her green
leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear drops, as they pass
Grieving. If aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave ;—alas !
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and
low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
 Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay;
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
 The morn the marshaling in arms—the day
 Battle's magnificently stern array!
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
 The earth is covered thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
 Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial blent!

Their praise is hymned by loftier harps than mine;
 Yet one I would select from that proud throng,
 Partly because they blend me with his line,
 And partly that I did his sire some wrong,
 And partly that bright names will hallow song,
 And his was of the bravest, and when showered
 The death-bolts deadliest the thinned files along,
 Even where the thickest of war's tempest lowered,
 They reached no nobler breast than thine, young, gal-
 lant Howard!

There have been tears and breaking hearts for thee,
 And mine were nothing, had I such to give;
 But when I stood beneath the fresh green tree,
 Which living waves where thou didst cease to live,
 And saw around me the wide field revive
 With fruits and fertile promise, and the spring
 Come forth her work of gladness to contrive
 With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
 I turned from all she brought, to those she could not
 bring.

LORD BYRON.

ALFRED THE HARPER.

DARK fell the night, the watch was set,
 The host was idly spread,
 The Danes around their watchfires met,
 Caroused, and fiercely fed.

The chiefs beneath a tent of leaves,
 And Guthrum, king of all,
 Devoured the flesh of England's beesves,
 And laughed at England's fall.
 Each warrior proud, each Danish earl,
 In mail and wolf-skin clad,
 Their bracclets white with plundered pearl,
 Their eyes with triumph mad.

From Huber-land to Severn-land,
 And on to Tamar stream,
 Where Thames makes green the towery strand,
 Where Medway's waters gleam—
 With hands of steel and mouths of flame
 They raged the kingdom through;
 And where the Norseman sickle came,
 No crop but hunger grew.

They loaded many an English horse
 With wealth of cities fair;
 They dragged from many a father's corse
 The daughter by her hair.

(14)

And English slaves, and gems, and gold,
 Were gathered round the feast;
 Till midnight in their woodland hold,
 Oh! ne'er that riot ceased.

In stalked a warrior tall and rude
 Before the strong sea-kings;
 "Ye lords and earls of Odin's brood,
 Without a harper sings.
 He seems a simple man and poor,
 But well he sounds the lay;
 And well, ye Norseman chiefs, be sure,
 Will ye the song repay."

In trod the bard with keen cold look,
 And glanced along the board,
 That with the shout and war-cry shook
 Of many a Danish lord.
 But thirty brows, inflamed and stern,
 Soon bent on him their gaze,
 While calm he gazed, as if to learn
 Who chief deserved his praise.

Loud Guthrum spake—"Nay, gaze not thus,
 Thou harper weak and poor!
 By Thor! who bandy looks with us
 Must worse than looks endure.
 Sing high the praise of Denmark's host,
 High praise each dauntless earl;
 The brave who stun this English coast
 With wars unceasing whirl."

The harper slowly bent his head,
 And touched aloud the string;
 Then raised his face, and boldly said,
 "Hear thou my lay, O king!
 High praise from every mouth of man
 To all who boldly strive,
 Who fall where first the fight began,
 And ne'er go back alive.

"Fill high your cups, and swell the shout,
 At famous Regnar's name!
 Who sank his host in bloody rout,
 When he to Humber came.
 His men were chased, his sons were slain,
 And he was left alone.
 They bound him in an iron chain
 Upon a dungeon stone.

"With iron links they bound him fast;
 With snakes they filled the hole,
 That made his flesh their long repast,
 And bit into his soul.

"Great chiefs, why sink in gloom your eyes?
 Why champ your teeth in pain?
 Still lives the song though Regnar dies!
 Fill high your cups again.
 Ye too, perchance, O Norsemen lords!
 Who fought and swayed so long,
 Shall soon but live in minstrel words,
 And owe your names to song.

"This land has graves by thousands more
Than that where Regnar lies.
When conquests fade, and rule is o'er,
The sod must close your eyes.
How soon, who knows? Not chief, nor bard;
And yet to me 'tis given,
To see your foreheads deeply scarred,
And guess the doom of heaven.

"I may not read or when or how,
But, earls and kings, be sure
I see a blade o'er every brow,
Where pride now sits secure.
Fill high the cups, raise loud the strain!
When chief and monarch fall,
Their names in song shall breathe again,
And thrill the feastful hall."

Grim sat the chiefs; one heaved a groan,
And one grew pale with dread,
His iron mace was grasped by one,
By one his wine was shed.
And Guthrum cried, "Nay, bard, no more
We hear thy boding lay;
Make drunk the song with spoil and gore!
Light up the joyous fray!"

"Quick throbs my brain"—so burst the song—
"To hear the strife once more.
The mace, the axe, they rest too long;
Earth cries, 'My thirst is sore!'
More blithely twang the strings of bows
Than strings of harps in glee;
Red wounds are lovelier than the rose,
Or rosy lips to me.

"Oh! fairer than a field of flowers,
When flowers in England grew,
Would be the battle's marshaled powers,
The plain of carnage new.
With all its deaths before my soul
The vision rises fair;
Raise loud the song, and drain the bowl!
I would that I were there!"

Loud rang the harp, the minstrel's eye
Rolled fiercely round the throng;
It seemed two crashing hosts were nigh,
Whose shock aroused the song.
A golden cup King Guthrum gave
To him who strongly played;
And said, "I won it from the slave
Who once o'er England swayed."

King Guthrum cried, "'Twas Alfred's own;
Thy song befits the brave:
The king who cannot guard his throne
Nor wine nor song shall have."
The minstrel took the goblet bright,
And said, "I drink the wine
To him who owns by justest right
The cup thou bid'st be mine.

"To him, your Lord, oh shout ye all!
His meed be deathless praise!
The king who dares not nobly fall,
Dies basely all his days."

"The praise thou speakest," Guthrum said,
"With sweetness fills mine ear;
For Alfred swift before me fled,
And left me monarch here.
The royal coward never dared
Beneath mine eye to stand.
Oh, would that now this feast he shared,
And saw me rule his land!"

Then stern the minstrel rose, and spake,
And gazed upon the king—
"Not now the golden cup I take,
Nor more to thee I sing.
Another day, a happier hour,
Shall bring me here again:
The cup shall stay in Guthrum's power
Till I demand it then."

The harper turned and left the shed,
Nor bent to Guthrum's crown;
And one who marked his visage said
It wore a ghastly frown.
The Danes ne'er saw that harper more,
For soon as morning rose,
Upon their camp King Alfred bore,
And slew ten thousand foes.

JOHN STERLING.

THE WILD HUNTSMAN.



HE Wildgrave winds his bugle-horn,
To horse, to horse! halloo, halloo!
His fiery courser snuffs the morn,
And thronging serfs their lord pursue.

The eager pack, from couples freed,
Dash through the bush, the brier, the brake;
While answering hound, and horn, and steed,
The mountain echoes startling wake.

The beams of God's own hallowed day
Had painted yonder spire with gold,
And, calling sinful man to pray,
Loud, long, and deep the bell had tolled:

But still the Wildgrave onward rides;
Halloo, halloo! and, hark again!
When, spurring from opposing sides,
Two stranger horsemen join the train.

Who was each stranger, left and right,
Well may I guess, but dare not tell;
The right-hand steed was silver white,
The left, the swarthy hue of hell.

The right-hand horseman, young and fair,
His smile was like the morn of May;

The left, from eye of tawny glare,
Shot midnight lightning's lurid ray.

He waved his huntsman's cap on high,
Cried, "Welcome, welcome, noble lord!
What sport can earth, or sea, or sky,
To match the princely chase, afford?"

"Cease thy loud bugle's clanging knell,"
Cried the fair youth, with silver voice;
"And for devotion's choral swell,
Exchange the rude unhallowed noise

"To-day the ill-omened chase forbear,
Yon bell yet summons to the fane;
To-day the warning spirit hear,
To-morrow thou mayst mourn in vain."

"Away, and sweep the glades along!"
The sable hunter hoarse replies;
"To muttering monks leave matin-song,
And bells, and books, and mysteries."

The Wildgrave spurred his ardent steed,
And, launching forward with a bound,
"Who, for thy drowsy priestlike rede,
Would leave the jovial horn and hound?

"Hence if our manly sport offend!
With pious fools go chant and pray!—
Well hast thou spoke, my dark-browed friend;
Halloo, halloo! and, hark away!"

The Wildgrave spurred his courser light,
O'er moss and moor; o'erholt and hill;
And on the left, and on the right,
Each stranger horseman followed still.

Up springs from yonder tangled thorn,
A stag more white than mountain snow;
And louder rung the Wildgrave's horn,
"Hark, forward, forward! holla, ho!"

A heedless wretch has crossed the way;
He gasps the thundering hoofs below;—
But, live who can, or die who may,
Still, "Forward, forward!" on they go.

See where yon simple fences meet,
A field with autumn's blessings crowned;
See, prostrate at the Wildgrave's feet,
A husbandman with toil embrowned:

"O mercy, mercy, noble lord!
'Spare the poor's pittance," was his cry,
"Earned by the sweat these brows have poured
In scorching hour of fierce July,"

Earnest the right-hand stranger pleads,
The left still cheering to the prey;
The impetuous Earl no warning heeds,
But furious holds the onward way.

"Away, thou hound! so basely born,
Or dread the scourge's echoing blow!"—
Then loudly rung his bugle-horn,
"Hark forward, forward! holla, ho!"

So said, so done:—A single bound
Clears the poor laborer's humble pale;
Wild follows man, and horse, and hound,
Like dark December's stormy gale.

And man and horse, and hound and horn,
Destructive sweep the field along;
While, joying o'er the wasted corn,
Fell famine marks the maddening throng.

Again uproused, the timorous prey
Scours moss and moor, andholt and hill;
Hard run, he feels his strength decay,
And trusts for life his simple skill.

Too dangerous solitude appeared;
He seeks the shelter of the crowd;
Amid the flock's domestic herd
His harmless head he hopes to shroud.

O'er moss and moor, andholt and hill,
His track the steady bloodhounds trace;
O'er moss and moor, unwearied still,
The furious Earl pursues the chase.

Full lowly did the herdsman fall;—
"O spare, thou noble Baron, spare
These herds, a widow's little all;
These flocks, an orphan's fleecy care!"

Earnest the right-hand stranger pleads,
The left still cheering to the prey;
The Earl nor prayer nor pity heeds,
But furious keeps the onward way.

"Unmannered dog! to stop my sport,
Vain were thy cant and beggar whine,
Though human spirits, of thy sort,
Were tenants of these carrion kine!"

Again he winds his bugle-horn,
"Hark, forward, forward, holla, ho!"
And through the herd, in ruthless scorn,
He cheers his furious hounds to go.

In heaps the throttled victims fall;
Down sinks their mangled herdsman near;
The murderous cries the stag appal—
Again he starts, new-nerved by fear.

With blood besmeared, and white with foam,
While big the tears of anguish pour,
He seeks, amid the forest's gloom,
The humble hermit's hallowed bower.

But man and horse, and horn and hound,
Fast rattling on his traces go;
The sacred chapel rung around
With, "Hark away! and holla, ho!"

All mild, amid the rout profane,
The holy hermit poured his prayer :
"Forbear with blood God's house to stain ;
Revere his altar, and forbear !

"The meanest brute has rights to plead,
Which, wronged by cruelty or pride,
Draw vengeance on the ruthless head :
Be warned at length, and turn aside."

Still the fair horseman anxious pleads ;
The black, wild whooping, points the prey :
Alas ! the Earl no warning heeds,
But frantic keeps the forward way.

"Holy or not, or right or wrong,
Thy altar, and its rites, I spurn ;
Not sainted martyrs' sacred song,
Not God himself, shall make me turn !"

He spurs his horse, he winds his horn,
"Hark forward, forward ! holla, ho !"
But off, on whirlwind's pinions borne,
The stag, the hut, the hermit, go.

And horse and man, and horn and hound,
And clamor of the chase, were gone ;
For hoofs, and howls, and bugle sound,
A deadly silence reigned alone.

Wild gazed the affrighted Earl around ;
He strove in vain to wake his horn,
In vain to call : for not a sound
Could from his anxious lips be borne.

He listens for his trusty hounds ;
No distant baying reached his ears ;
His courser, rooted to the ground,
The quickening spur unmindful bears.

Still dark and darker frown the shades,
Dark as the darkness of the grave ;
And not a sound the still invades,
Save what a distant torrent gave.

High o'er the sinner's humbled head
At length the solemn silence broke ;
And from a cloud of swarthy red,
The awful voice of thunder spoke.

"Oppressor of creation fair !
Apostate Spirit's hardened tool !
Scourer of God ! Scourge of the poor !
The measure of thy cup is full.

"Be chased forever through the wood ;
Forever roam the affrighted wild ;
And let thy fate instruct the proud,
God's meanest creature is his child."

'Twas hushed : one flash of sombre glare,
With yellow tinged the forests brown ;
Up rose the Wildgrave's bristling hair,
And horror chilled each nerve and bone.

Cold poured the sweat in freezing rill ;
A rising wind began to sing ;
And louder, louder, louder still,
Brought storm and tempest on its wing.

Earth heard the call ;—her entrails rend ;
From yawning rifts, with many a yell,
Mixed with sulphureous flames, ascend
The misbegotten dogs of hell.

What ghastly huntsman next arose,
Well may I guess, but dare not tell ;
His eye like midnight lightning glows,
His steed the swarthy hue of hell.

The Wildgrave flies o'er bush and thorn,
With many a shriek of helpless woe ;
Behind him hound, and horse, and horn,
And, "Hark away, and holla, ho !"

With wild despair's reverted eye,
Close, close behind he marks the throng,
With bloody fangs, and eager cry ;
In frantic fear he scours along.—

Still, still shall last the dreadful chase,
Till time itself shall have an end ;
By day, they scour earth's caverned space,
At midnight's witching hour ascend.

This is the horn, and hound and horse,
That oft the lated peasant hears ;
Appalled he signs the frequent cross,
When the wild din invades his ears.

The wakeful priest oft drops a tear
For human pride, for human woe,
When, at his midnight mass, he hears
The infernal cry of "Holla, ho !"

*Translation from BÜRGER, by
SIR WALTER SCOTT.*

THE OLD SERGEANT.

"COME a little nearer, doctor—thank you ; let
me take the cup ;
Draw your chair up—draw it closer ; just
another little sup !

May be you may think I'm better ; but I'm pretty well
used up—
Doctor, you've done all you could do, but I'm just a-
going up !

"Feel my pulse, sir ; if you want to, but it ain't much
use to try"—

"Never say that," said the surgeon, as he smothered
down a sigh ;

"It will never do, old comrade, for a soldier to say
die !"

"What you say will make no difference, doctor, when
you come to die."

"Doctor, what has been the matter?" "You were very faint, they say ;

You must try to get to sleep now." "Doctor, have I been away?"

"Not that anybody knows of!" "Doctor—doctor, please to stay!

There is something I must tell you, and you won't have long to stay!

"I have got my marching orders, and I'm ready now to go ;

Doctor, did you say I fainted?—but it couldn't have been so,

For as sure as I'm a sergeant, and was wounded at Shiloh,

I've this very night been back there, on the old field of Shiloh!

"This is all that I remember: The last time the lighter came,

And the lights had all been lowered, and the noises much the same,

He had not been gone five minutes before something called my name:

'ORDERLY SERGEANT—ROBERT BURTON!'—just that way it called my name.

"And I wondered who could call me so distinctly and so slow,

Knew it couldn't be the lighter, he could not have spoken so,

And I tried to answer, 'Here, sir!' but I couldn't make it go ;

For I couldn't move a muscle and I couldn't make it go.

"Then I thought: It's all a nightmare, all a humbug and a bore ;

Just another foolish fancy—and it won't come any more ;

But it came, sir, notwithstanding, just the same way as before:

'ORDERLY SERGEANT—ROBERT BURTON!'—even louder than before.

"That is all that I remember, till a sudden burst of light,

And I stood beside the river, where we stood that Sunday night,

Waiting to be ferried over to the dark bluffs opposite,

When the river was perdition, and all hell was opposite!

"And the same old palpitation came again in all its power,

And I heard a bugle sounding, as from some celestial tower ;

And the same mysterious voice said: 'IT IS THE ELEVENTH HOUR!

ORDERLY SERGEANT—ROBERT BURTON—IT IS THE ELEVENTH HOUR!'

"Dr. Austin!—what *day* is this?" "It is Wednesday night, you know."

"Yes—to-morrow will be New Year's, and a right good time below!

What time is it, Dr. Austin?" "Nearly twelve."

"Then don't you go!

Can it be that all this happened—all this—not an hour ago!

"There was where the gunboats opened on the dark opposing host ;

And where Webster semi-circled his last guns upon the coast ;

There were still the two log-houses, just the same, or else their ghost—

And the same old transport came and took me over—or its ghost!

"And the old field lay before me, all deserted, far and wide ;

There was where they fell on Prentiss—there McClernand met the tide ;

There was where stern Sherman rallied, and where Hurlbut's heroes died—

Lower down, where Wallace charged them, and kept charging till he died.

"There was where Lew Wallace showed them he was of the canny kin,

There was where old Nelson thundered, and where Rousseau waded in ;

There McCook sent 'em to breakfast, and we all began to win—

There was where the grape-shot took me, just as we began to win.

"Now, a shroud of snow and silence over everything was spread ;

And but for this old blue mantle and the old hat on my head,

I should not have even doubted, to this moment, I was dead—

For my footsteps were as silent as the snow upon the dead!

"Death and silence!—Death and silence! all around me as I sped!

And behold, a mighty tower, as if builded to the dead,

To the heaven of the heavens lifted up its mighty head,

Till the stars and stripes of heaven all seemed waving from its head!

"Round and mighty based it towered up into the infinite—

And I knew no mortal mason could have built a shaft so bright ;

For it shone like solid sunshine ; and a winding stair of light

Wound around it and around it till it wound clear out of sight!

"And, behold, as I approached it—with a rapt and dazzled stare—
Thinking that I saw old comrades just ascending the great stair—
Suddenly the solemn challenge broke of—"Halt!" and
"Who goes there!"
"I'm a friend," I said, "if you are!" "Then advance, sir, to the stair!"
"I advanced! That sentry, Doctor, was Elijah Ballantyne!
First of all to fall on Monday, after we had formed the line!
"Welcome, my old Sergeant, welcome! Welcome by that countersign!"
And he pointed to the scar there, under this old cloak of mine.
"As he grasped my hand I shuddered, thinking only of the grave;
But he smiled and pointed upward, with a bright and bloodless glaive:
"That's the way, sir, to Headquarters." "What Headquarters?" "Of the Brave!"
"But the great tower?" "That was builded of the great deeds of the brave!"
"Then a sudden shame came o'er me at his uniform of light:
At my own so old and battered, and at his so new and bright;
"Ah!" said he, "you have forgotten the new uniform to-night!
"Hurry back—you must be here at just twelve o'clock to-night!"
"And the next thing I remember, you were sitting *there* and I——
Doctor—did you hear a footstep? Hark!—God bless you all! Good bye!
Doctor, please to give my musket and my knapsack, when I die,
To my son—my son that's coming—he won't get here till I die!
"Tell him his old father blessed him—as he never did before—
And to carry that old musket" ——Hark! a knock is at the door!——
"Till the Union" ——See! it opens! ——"Father! father! speak once more!"
"Bless you"——gasped the old gray sergeant. And he lay and said no more!

FORCEYTHE WILLSON.

WRECK OF "THE GRACE OF SUTHERLAND."

"**H**IS a rare man,
Our parson; half a head above us all."
"That's a great gift, and notable," said I.
"Ay, Sir; and when he was a younger man
He went out in the life-boat very oft,

Before 'The Grace of Sunderland' was wrecked,
He's never been his own man since that hour;
For there were thirty men aboard of her,
Anigh as close as you are now to me,
And ne'er a one was saved.

"They're lying now,
With two small children, in a row: the church
And yard are full of seamen's graves, and few
Have any names.

"She bumped upon the reef;
Our parson, my young son, and several more
Were lashed together with a two-inch rope,
And crept along to her: their mates ashore
Ready to haul them in. The gale was high,
The sea was all a boiling seething froth,
And God Almighty's guns were going off,
And the land trembled.

"When she took the ground,
She went to pieces like a lock of hay
Tossed from a pitchfork. Ere it came to that,
The captain reeled on deck with two small things,
One in each arm—his little lad and lass.
Their hair was long and blew before his face,
Or else we thought he had been saved; he fell,
But held them fast. The crew, poor luckless souls!
The breakers licked them off, and some were crushed,
Some swallowed in the yeast, some flung up dead,
The dear breath beaten out of them: not one
Jumped from the wreck upon the reef to catch
The hands that strained to reach, but tumbled back
With eyes wide open. But the captain lay
And clung—the only man alive. They prayed—
'For God's sake, captain, throw the children here!'
'Throw them!' our parson cried; and then she struck:
And then he threw one, a pretty two years' child,
But the gale dashed him on the slippery verge,
And down he went. They say they heard him cry.

"Then he rose up and took the other one,
And all our men reached out their hungry arms,
And cried out, 'Throw her, throw her!' and he did.
He threw her right against the parson's breast,
And all at once a sea broke over them,
And they that saw it from the shore have said
It struck the wreck, and piecemeal scattered it,
Just as a woman might the lump of salt
That 'twixt her hands into the kneading-pan
She breaks and crumbles on her rising bread.

"We hauled our men in: two of them were dead—
The sea had beaten them, their heads hung down.
Our parson's arms were empty, for the wave
Had torn away the pretty, pretty lamb;
We often see him stand beside her grave:
But 'twas no fault of his, no fault of his."

JEAN INGELow.

GEORGE NIDIVER.

MEN have done brave deeds,
And bards have sung them well :
I of good George Nidiver
Now a tale will tell.

In Californian mountains
A hunter bold was he :
Keen his eye and sure his aim
As any you should see.

A little Indian boy
Followed him everywhere,
Eager to share the hunter's joy,
The hunter's meal to share.

And when the bird or deer
Fell by the hunter's skill,
The boy was always near
To help with right good-will.

One day as through the cleft
Between two mountains steep,
Shut in both right and left,
Their questing way to keep,

They see two grizzly bears,
With hunger fierce and fell,
Rush at them unawares
Right down the narrow dell.

The boy turned round with screams,
And ran with terror wild :
One of the pair of savage beasts
Pursued the shrieking child.

The hunter raised his gun—
He knew one charge was all—

And through the boy's pursuing foe
He sent his only ball.

The other on George Nidiver
Came on with dreadful pace :
The hunter stood unarmed,
And met him face to face.

I say unarmed he stood :
Against those frightful paws
The rifle butt, or club of wood,
Could stand no more than straws.

George Nidiver stood still,
And looked him in the face :
The wild beast stopped amazed,
Then came with slackening pace.

Still firm the hunter stood,
Although his heart beat high :
Again the creature stopped,
And gazed with wondering eye.

The hunter met his gaze,
Nor yet an inch gave way ;
The bear turned slowly round,
And slowly moved away.

What thoughts were in his mind
It would be hard to spell :
What thoughts were in George Nidiver,
I rather guess than tell.

But sure that rifle's aim,
Swift choice of generous part,
Showed in its passing gleam
The depths of a brave heart.



SEA PICTURES.

HOW'S MY BOY?



O, sailor of the sea!
How's my boy—my
boy?"

"What's your boy's
name, good wife,
And in what ship sailed
he?"

"My boy John—
He that went to sea—
What care I for the ship,
sailor?

My boy's my boy to me.

"You come back from
sea,

And not know my John?

I might as well have asked some landsman,
Yonder down in the town.
There's not a soul in all the parish
But knows my John.

"How's my boy—my boy?
And unless you let me know
I'll swear you are no sailor,
Blue jacket or no—

"Brass buttons or no, sailor,
Anchor and crown or no—
Sure his ship was the 'Jolly Briton'"—
"Speak low, woman, speak low!"

"And why should I speak low, sailor,
About my own boy John?
If I was loud as I am proud
I'd sing him over the town!
Why should I speak low, sailor?"—
"That good ship went down."

"How's my boy—my boy?
What care I for the ship, sailor—
I was never aboard her.
Be she afloat or be she aground,

"Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound
Her owners can afford her!
I say, how's my John?"—

"Every man on board went down,
Every man aboard her."

"How's my boy—my boy?
What care I for the men, sailor?
I'm not their mother—
How's my boy—my boy?
Tell me of him and no other!
How's my boy—my boy?"

SYDNEY DOBELL.

ALL'S WELL.

DESERTED by the waning moon,
When skies proclaim night's cheerless noon,
On tower, or fort, or tented ground
The sentry walks his lonely round;
And should a footstep haply stray
Where caution marks the guarded way,
"Who goes there? Stranger, quickly tell!"
"A friend!" "The word?" "Good-night;" all's
well.

Or, sailing on the midnight deep,
When weary messmates soundly sleep,
The careful watch patrols the deck,
To guard the ship from foes or wreck;
And while his thoughts oft homewards veer,
Some friendly voice salutes his ear—
What cheer? Brother, quickly tell;
Above—below." "Good-night;" all's well.

THOMAS DIBDIN.

THE SEA-BIRD'S SONG.

ON the deep is the mariner's danger,
On the deep is the mariner's death;
Who to fear of the tempest a stranger
Sees the last bubble burst of his breath?
'Tis the sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,
Lone looker on despair;
The sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,
The only witness there.

Who watches their course who so mildly
Careen to the kiss of the breeze?
Who lists to their shrieks who so wildly
Are clasped in the arms of the seas?

Who hovers on high o'er the lover,
And her who has clung to his neck?
Whose wing is the wing that can cover
With its shadow the foundering wreck?

My eye in the light of the billow,
My wing on the wake of the wave,
I shall take to my breast for a pillow
The shroud of the fair and the brave.

My foot on the iceberg has lighted,
When hoarse the wild winds veer about;
My eye when the bark is benighted,
Sees the lamp of the light house go out.
I'm the sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,
Lone looker on despair,
The sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,
The only witness there.

JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.

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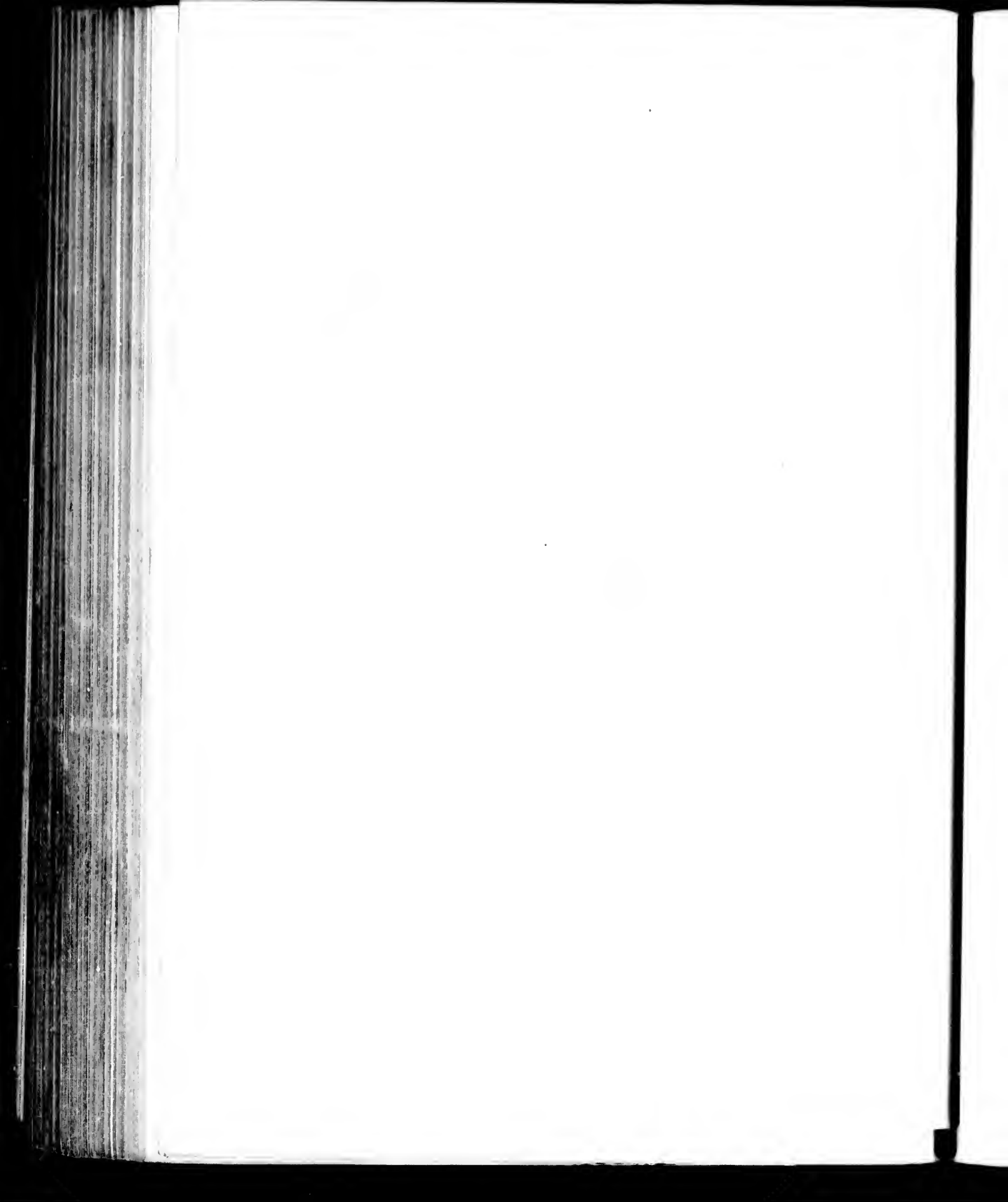
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THE MARINER'S DREAM.

N slumbers of midnight the sailor boy lay;
 His hammock swung loose at the sport of
 the wind;
 But watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
 And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

He dreamt of his home, of his dear native bowers,
 And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn;
 While memory each scene gaily covered with flowers,
 And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.

Then Fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
 And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise;
 Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,
 And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamine clammers in flower o'er the thatch,
 And the swallow chips sweet from her nest in the
 wall;
 All trembling with transport, he raises the latch,
 And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight;
 His cheek is bedewed with a mother's warm tear;
 And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
 With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds
 dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast;
 Joy quickens his pulses—his hardships seem o'er;
 And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest—
 "O God! thou hast blest me,—I ask for no more."

Ah! whence is that flame which now glares on his
 eye?
 Ah! what is that sound which now bursts on his
 ear?
 'Tis the lightning's red gleam, painting hell on the
 sky!
 'Tis the crashing of thunders, the groan of the
 sphere!

He springs from his hammock,—he flies to the deck;
 Amazement confronts him with images dire;
 Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck;
 The masts fly in splinters, the shrouds are on fire.

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell;
 In vain the lost wretch calls on Mercy to save;
 E'en hands of spirits are ringing his knell;
 And the death-angel flaps his broad wing o'er the
 wave!

O sailor boy, woe to thy dream of delight!
 In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss;
 Where now is the picture that Fancy touched bright,—
 Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's honeyed
 kiss?

O sailor boy! sailor boy! never again
 Shall home, love or kindred thy wishes repay;
 Unblessed and unhonored, down deep in the main,
 Full many a fathom, thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,
 Or redeem form or fame from the merciless surge;
 But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet
 be,
 And winds in the midnight of winter thy dirge!

On a bed of green sea-flowers thy limbs shall be
 laid,—
 Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow;
 Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,
 And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages shall circle away,
 And still the vast waters above thee shall roll;
 Frail, short-sighted mortals their doom must obey—
 O sailor boy! sailor boy! peace to thy soul!

WILLIAM DIMOND.

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

WHAT hidest thou in thy treasure-caves and
 cells,
 Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious
 main?

Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-colored shells,
 Bright things which gleam unrecked of and in vain.
 Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea!
 We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more! What wealth un-
 told,
 Far down, and shining through their stillness, lies!
 Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
 Won from ten thousand royal argosies.
 Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main!
 Earth chains not these again!

Yet more, the depths have more! Thy waves have
 rolled
 Above the cities of a world gone by!
 Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,
 Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry!
 Dash o'er them, Ocean! in thy scornful play,
 Man yields them to decay!

Yet more! the billows and the depths have more!
 High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast!
 They hear not now the booming waters roar—
 The battle thunders will not break their rest.
 Keep thy red gold and gems thou stormy grave!
 Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely! Those for whom
 The place was kept at board and hearth so long

The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song!
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown—
But all is not thine own!

To thee the love of woman hath gone down;
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery crown!
Yet must thou hear a voice—"Restore the dead!
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee!—
Restore the dead, thou Sea!"


FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

TO CERTAIN GOLDEN FISHES.

RESTLESS forms of living light,
Quivering on your lucid wings,
Cheating still the curious sight
With a thousand shadowings;
Various as the tints of even,
Gorgeous as the hues of heaven,
Reflected on your native streams
In flitting, flashing, billowy gleams.
Harmless warriors clad in mail
Of silver breastplate, golden scale;
Mail of nature's own bestowing,
With peaceful radiance mildly glowing
Keener than the Tartar's arrow,
Sport ye in your sea so narrow.
Was the sun himself your sire?
Were ye born of vital fire?
Or of the shade of golden flowers,
Such as we fetch from eastern bowers
To mock this murky cline of ours?
Upward, downward, now ye glance,
Weaving many a mazy dance;
Seeming still to grow in size,
When ye would elude our eyes.
Pretty creatures! we might deem
Ye were happy as ye seem,
As gay, as gamesome, and as blithe,
As light, as loving, and as lithe,
As gladly earnest in your play,
As when ye gleamed in fair Cathay;
And yet, since on this hapless earth
There's small sincerity in mirth,
And laughter oft is but an art
To drown the outcry of the heart,
It may be, that your ceaseless gambols,
Your wheelings, dartings, divings, rambles,
Your restless roving round and round
The circuit of your crystal bound,
Is but the task of weary pain,
An endless labor, dull and vain;
And while your forms are gaily shining,
Your little lives are inly pining!
Nay—but still I fain would dream
That ye are happy as ye seem.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.


OUR BOAT TO THE WAVES.

 UR boat to the waves go free,
By the bending tide, where the curled wave
breaks,
Like the track of the wind on the white
snow-flakes:
Away, away! 'T is a path o'er the sea.

Blasts may rave,—spread the sail,
For our spirits can wrest the power from the wind,
And the gray clouds yield to the sunny mind,
Fear not we the whirl of the gale.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

THE SEA.

 HE sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence whereso'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the south-west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was, and is, to me;
For I was born on the open sea.

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean-child;

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers, a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend and a power to range,
But never have sought nor sighed for change;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea!

BRYAN W. PROCTER. (*Barry Cornwall.*)

THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

THE scene was more beautiful far to the eye,
 Than if day in its pride had arrayed it :
 The land-breeze blew mild, and the azure-
 arched sky
 Looked pure as the spirit that made it :
 The murmur rose soft, as I silently gazed
 On the shadowy waves' playful motion,
 From the dim distant hill, 'till the light-house blazed
 Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joy of the sailor-boy's breast
 Was heard in his wildly-breathed numbers ;
 The sea-bird had flown to her wave-girdled nest,
 The fisherman sunk to his slumbers :
 One moment I looked from the hill's gentle slope,
 All hushed was the billows' commotion,
 And o'er them the light-house looked lovely as hope—
 That star of life's tremulous ocean.

The time is long past, and the scene is afar,
 Yet when my head rests on its pillow,
 Will memory sometimes rekindle the star,
 That blazed on the breast of the billow :
 In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies,
 And death stills the heart's last emotion ;
 Oh, then may the seraph of mercy arise,
 Like a star on eternity's ocean !

THOMAS MOORE.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
 A wind that follows fast,
 And fills the white and rustling sail,
 And bends the gallant mast ;
 And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
 While, like the eagle free,
 Away the good ship flies, and leaves
 Old England on the lee.

Oh, for a soft and gentle wind !
 I heard a fair one cry ;
 But give to me the snoring breeze,
 And white waves heaving high ;
 And white waves heaving high, my boys,
 The good ship tight and free—
 The world of waters is our home,
 And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
 And lightning in yon cloud ;
 And hark the music, mariners !
 The wind is piping loud :
 The wind is piping loud, my boys,
 The lightning flashing free—
 While the hollow oak our palace is,
 Our heritage the sea.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THE MINUTE-GUN.

WHEN in the storm on Albion's coast,
 The night-watch guards his weary post,
 From thoughts of danger free,
 He marks some vessel's dusky form,
 And hears, amid the howling storm,
 The minute-gun at sea.

Swift on the shore a hardy few
 The life-boat man with a gallant crew
 And dare the dangerous wave ;
 Through the wild surf they cleave their way,
 Lost in the foam, nor know dismay,
 For they go the crew to save.

But O, what rapture fills each breast
 Of the hopeless crew of the ship distressed !
 Then, landed safe, what joy to tell
 Of all the dangers that befell !
 Then is heard no more,
 By the watch on shore,
 The minute-gun at sea.

R. S. SHARPE.

TWILIGHT AT SEA.

THE twilight hours, like birds, flew by,
 As lightly and as free,
 Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
 Ten thousand on the sea ;
 For every wave, with dimpled face,
 That leaped upon the air,
 Had caught a star in its embrace,
 And held it trembling there.

AMELIA B. WELBY.

OCEAN.

THE GREAT Ocean ! strongest of creation's sons,
 Unconquerable, unrepoused, untired,
 That rolled the wild, profound, eternal bass
 In nature's anthem, and made music such
 As pleased the ear of God ! original,
 Unmarred, unfaded work of Deity !
 And unburlesqued by mortal's puny skill ;
 From age to age enduring, and unchanged,
 Majestical, inimitable, vast,
 Loud uttering satire, day and night, on each
 Succeeding race, and little pompous work
 Of man ; unfallen, religious, holy sea !
 Thou bowedst thy glorious head to none, fearedst
 none,
 Heardst none, to none didst honor, but to God !
 Thy Maker, only worthy to receive
 Thy great obeisance.

ROBERT POLLOK.

THE TEMPEST.

WE were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep—
It was midnight on the waters
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence—
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talked with death.

As thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy in his prayers,
"We are lost!" the captain shouted
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
"Is n't God upon the ocean
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbor
When the morn was shining clear.

JAMES THOMAS FIELDS.

THE BAY OF BISCAY.

LOUD roared the dreaded thunder,
The rain a deluge showers,
The clouds were rent asunder
By lightning's vivid powers;
The night both drear and dark,
Our poor devoted bark,
Till next day, there she lay,
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Now dashed upon the billow,
Her opening timbers creak,
Each fears a watery pillow,
None stops the dreadful leak;
To cling to slippery shrouds
Each breathless seaman crowds,
As she lay, till the day,
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

At length the wished-for morrow
Broke through the hazy sky,
Absorbed in silent sorrow,
Each heaved a bitter sigh;
The dismal wreck to view
Struck horror to the crew,
As she lay, on that day,
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Her yielding timbers sever,
Her pitchy seams are rent,
When Heaven, all bounteous ever,
Its boundless mercy sent—
A sail in sight appears!
We hail her with three cheers;
Now we sail, with the gale,
From the Bay of Biscay, O!

ANDREW CHERRY.

THE SEA-LIMITS.

CONSIDER the sea's listless chime;
Time's self it is made audible,—
The murmur of the earth's own shell,
Secret continuance sublime
Is the era's end. Our sight may pass
No farlong farther. Since time was,
This sound hath told the lapse of time.

No quiet which is death's,—it hath
The mournfulness of ancient life,
Enduring always at dull strife.
As the world's heart of rest and wrath,
Its painful pulse is on the sands.
Lost utterly, the whole sky stands
Gray and not known along its path:

Listen alone beside the sea,
Listen alone among the woods;
Those voices of twin solitudes
Shall have one sound alike to thee.
Hark where the murmurs of thronged men
Surge and sink back and surge again,—
Still the one voice of wave and tree.

Gather a shell from the sifewn beach,
And listen at its lips; they sigh
The same desire and mystery,
The echo of the whole sea's speech.
And all mankind is thus at heart
Not anything but what thou art;
And earth, sea, man, are all in each.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

GRANDEUR OF THE OCEAN.

THE most fearful and impressive exhibitions of
power known to our globe, belong to the ocean.
The volcano, with its ascending flame and fall-
ing torrents of fire, and the earthquake, whose
footstep is on the ruin of cities, are circumscribed in
the desolating range of their visitations. But the ocean,
when it once rouses itself in its chainless strength,
shakes a thousand shores with its storm and thunder.
Navies of oak and iron are tossed in mockery from its
crest, and armaments, manned by the strength and
courage of millions, perish among its bubbles.

The avalanche, shaken from its glittering steep, if it roll to the bosom of the earth, melts away, and is lost in vapor; but if it plunge into the embrace of the ocean, this mountain mass of ice and hail is borne about for ages in tumult and terror; it is the drifting monument of the ocean's dead. The tempest on land is impeded by forests, and broken by mountains; but on the plain of the deep it rushes unresisted; and when its strength is at last spent, ten thousand giant waves still roll its terrors onward.

The mountain lake and the meadow stream are inhabited only by the timid prey of the angler; but the ocean is the home of the leviathan—his ways are in the mighty deep. The glittering pebble and the rainbow-tinted shell, which the returning tide has left on the shore, and the watery gem which the pearl-diver reaches at the peril of his life, are all that man can fetch from the treasures of the sea. The groves of coral which wave over its pavements, and the halls of amber which glow in its depths, are beyond his approaches, save when he goes down there to seek, amid their silent magnificence, his burial monument.

The islands, the continents, the shores of civilized and savage realms, the capitals of kings, are worn by time, washed away by the wave, consumed by the flame, or sunk by the earthquake; but the ocean still remains, and still rolls on in the greatness of its unabated strength. Over the majesty of its form and the marvel of its might, time and disaster have no power. Such as creation's dawn beheld, it rolleth now.

The vast clouds of vapor which roll up from its bosom, float away to encircle the globe; on distant mountains and deserts they pour out their watery treasures, which gather themselves again in streams and torrents, to return, with exulting bounds, to their parent ocean. These are the messengers which proclaim in every land the exhaustless resources of the sea; but it is reserved for those who go down in ships, and who do business on the great waters, to see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep.

Let one go up upon deck in the middle watch of a still night, with naught above him but the silent and solemn skies, and naught around and beneath him but an interminable waste of waters, and with the conviction that there is but a plank between him and eternity, a feeling of loneliness, solitude, and desertion, mingled with a sentiment of reverence for the vast, mysterious and unknown, will come upon him with a power, all unknown before, and he might stand for hours entranced in reverence and tears.

Man, also, has made the ocean the theatre of his power. The ship in which he rides that element, is one of the highest triumphs of his skill. At first, this floating fabric was only a frail bark, slowly urged by the laboring oar. The sail, at length, arose and spread its wings to the wind. Still he had no power to direct his course when the lofty promontory sunk from sight, or the orbs above him were lost in clouds. But the secret of the magnet is, at length, revealed to him, and

his needle now settles, with a fixedness which love has stolen as the symbol of its constancy, to the polar star.

Now, however, he can dispense even with sail, and wind, and flowing wave. He constructs and propels his vast engines of flame and vapor, and, through the solitude of the sea, as over the solid land, goes thundering on his track. On the ocean, too, thrones have been lost and won. On the fate of Actium was suspended the empire of the world. In the gulf of Salamis, the pride of Persia found a grave; and the crescent set forever in the waters of Navarino; while, at Trafalgar and the Nile, nations held their breath

"As each gun

From its adamant lips,
Spread a death-shade round the ships
Like the hurricane's eclipse
Of the sun."

But, of all the wonders appertaining to the ocean, the greatest, perhaps, is its transforming power on man. It unravels and weaves anew the web of his moral and social being. It invests him with feelings, associations, and habits, to which he has been an entire stranger. It breaks up the sealed fountain of his nature, and lifts his soul into features prominent as the cliffs which beetle over its surge.

Once the adopted child of the ocean, he can never bring back his entire sympathies to land. He will still move in his dreams over that vast waste of waters, still bound in exultation and triumph through its foaming billows. All the other realities of life will be comparatively tame, and he will sigh for his tossing element, as the caged eagle for the roar and arrowy light of his mountain cataract.

WALTER COLTON.

THE GREAT DEEP.

BEAUTIFUL, sublime, and glorious;
Mild, majestic, foaming, free—
Over time itself victorious,
Image of eternity!

Sun and moon and stars shine o'er thee,
See thy surface ebb and flow,
Yet attempt not to explore thee
In thy soundless depths below.

Whether morning's splendors steep thee
With the rainbow's glowing grace,
Tempests rouse, or navies sweep thee,
'Tis but for a moment's space.

Earth—her valleys and her mountains,
Mortal man's behests obey;
The unfathomable fountains
Scoff his search and scorn his sway.

Such art thou, stupendous ocean!
But, if overwhelmed by thee,
Can we think, without emotion,
What must thy Creator be?

BERNARD BARTON.

ON THE BEACH.

THE sun is low, as ocean's flow
Heaves to the strand in breakers white ;
And sea-birds seek their wild retreat
Where cliffs reflect the fading light.

The billow gleams in parting beams,
And sighs upon the lonely shore ,
Whilst childhood stands upon the sands
To greet the coming fisher's oar.

Swift to my heart the waves impart
Another dream of restless life ,
As some proud mind the fierce fates bind,
Or doom to vain and endless strife.

The waves are bright with peace to-night,
And gladly bound 'neath summer's reign ;
I tread the verge of the shelving surge,
To muse upon its wild refrain.

O deep ! thy winds, in murmuring chimes
Sweet to my ear, my love implore ,
Thou dost enthrall with siren call,
And tempt me from thy peaceful shore !

Yes, o'er thy graves, thy heaving waves,
A stern delight with danger dwells ;
There's buoyant life amid thy strife,
And rapture in thy lonely dells.

E'en in thy wrath, thy surging path
Hath peril's joy beyond thy shores !
Amid the glare of thy despair,
The soul above thy terror soars.

But 'neath thy smile there's death and wile,
The dark abyss, the waiting grave !
Thy surges close o'er human woes
On distant strand, in secret cave !

Insatiate sea ! oh, where is she
Who trod in love thy gathered sands ?
Thou gavest her back as wreck and wrack,
Pallid, to sad, imploring hands !

And where is he, O sea ! O sea !
Who dared thy treacherous crests to ride ?
The quick command, the hastening hand,
Were vain to rescue from thy tide !

Yet not in woe the plaint should go
Against thee for the storm's behest ;
Thou'rt but the slave when wild winds rave
And tyrant tempests lash thy breast.

Doomed in thy keep the fates to meet,
Thou dost obey a mightier wrath !
Imperious sway commands thy way,
And riots in its reckless path.

Shall time's swift flight e'er stay thy might
That dooms us to thy caves unblest !

Or God's right arm thy tides disarm,
And soothe to peace thy long unrest ?

No ! still thy waves with moaning staves
Shall heave thy gray sands to the shore,
And thou shalt roll o'er depth and shoal
Forever and forevermore !

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD

BY THE SEA

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free ,
The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration ; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity ;

The gentleness of heaven is on the sea ;
Listen ! the mighty being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.

Dear child ! dear girl ! that walk'st with me here,
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought
Thy nature is not therefore less divine :

Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year,
And worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

ON THE LOSS OF "THE ROYAL GEORGE"

WRITTEN WHEN THE NEWS ARRIVED - 1782

OLL for the brave—
The brave that are no more !
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore.

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset.
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave !
Brave Kempenfelt is gone ,
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle ;
No tempest gave the shock ;
She sprang no fatal leak ;
She ran upon no rock

His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes !
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone;
His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more.

WILLIAM COWPER.

THE SHIPWRECK.

IN vain the cords and axes were prepared,
For now the audacious seas insult the yard;
High o'er the ship they throw a horrid shade
And o'er her burst in terrible cascade.
Uplifted on the surge, to heaven she flies,
Her shattered top half buried in the skies,
Then headlong plunging thunders on the ground;
Earth groans! air trembles! and the deeps resound!
Her giant-bulk the dread concussion feels,
And quivering with the wound in torment reels.
So reels, convulsed with agonizing throes,
The bleeding bull beneath the murderer's blows.
Again she plunges! hark! a second shock
Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock:
Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries,
The fated victims, shuddering, roll their eyes
In wild despair; while yet another stroke,
With deep convulsion, rends the solid oak;
Till like the mine, in whose infernal cell
The lurking demons of destruction dwell,
At length asunder torn her frame divides,
And, crashing, spreads in ruin o'er the tides.

O, were it mine with tuneful Maro's art
To wake to sympathy the feeling heart;
Like him the smooth and mournful verse to dress
In all the pomp of exquisite distress,
Then too severely taught by cruel fate,
To share in all the perils I relate,
Then might I with unrivalled strains deplore
The impervious horrors of a leeward shore!

As o'er the surge the stooping mainmast hung,
Still on the rigging thirty seamen clung;
Some, struggling, on a broken crag were cast,
And there by oozy tangles grappled fast.
Awhile they bore the o'erwhelming billows' rage,
Unequal combat with their fate to wage;
Till, all benumbed and feeble, they forego
Their slippery hold, and sink to shades below.
Some, from the main-yard arm impetuous thrown
On marble ridges, die without a groan.
Three with Palemon on their skill depend,

And from the wreck on oars and rafts descend.
Now on the mountain wave on high they ride,
Then downward plunge beneath the involving tide,
Till one, who seems in agony to strive,
The whirling breakers heave on shore alive;
The rest a speedier end of anguish knew,
And pressed the stony beach, a lifeless crew!

WILLIAM FALCONER.

THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION.

ONE night came on a hurricane,
The sea was mountains rolling.
When Barney Buntline turned his quid,
And said to Billy Bowling:
"A strong nor'wester's blowing, Bill;
Hark! don't ye hear it roar now?
Lord help 'em, how I pities them
Unhappy folks on shore now!

"Foolhardy chaps who live in towns,
What danger they are all in,
And now lie quaking in their beds,
For fear the roof shall fall in:
Poor creatures! how they envies us,
And wishes, I've a notion,
For our good luck, in such a storm,
To be upon the ocean!

"And as for them who're out all day
On business from their houses,
And late at night are coming home,
To cheer their babes and spouses,—
While you and I, Bill, on the deck
Are comfortably lying,
My eyes! what tiles and chimney-pots
Above their heads are flying!

"And very often have we heard
How men are killed and undone
By overturns of carriages,
By thieves and fires in London.
We know what risks all landmen run,
From noblemen to tailors;
Then, Bill, let us thank Providence
That you and I are sailors."

WILLIAM PITT.

THE DISAPPOINTED LOVER.

WILL go back to the great sweet mother—
Mother and lover of men, the sea.
I will go down to her, I and none other,
Close with her, kiss her, and mix her with me;
Cling to her, strive with her, hold her fast.
O fair white mother, in days long past
Born without sister, born without brother,
Set free my soul as thy soul is free.

O fair green-girdled mother of mine,
 Sea, that art clothed with the sun and the rain,
 Thy sweet hard kisses are strong like wine,
 Thy large embraces are keen like pain.
 Save me and hide me with all thy waves,
 Find me one grave of thy thousand graves,
 Those pure cold populous graves of thine—
 Wrought without hand in a world without stain.

I shall sleep, and move with the moving ships,
 Change as the winds change, veer in the tide;
 My lips will feast on the foam of thy lips,
 I shall rise with thy rising, with thee subside;
 Sleep, and not know if she be, if she were—
 Filled full with life to the eyes and hair,
 As a rose is full filled to the rose-leaf tips
 With splendid summer and perfume and pride.

This woven raiment of nights and days,
 Were it once cast off and unwound from me,
 Naked and glad would I walk in thy ways,
 Alive and aware of thy waves and thee;
 Clear of the whole world, hidden at home,
 Clothed with the green, and crowned with the foam,
 A pulse of the life of thy straits and bays,
 A vein in the heart of the streams of the sea.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

THE LONG VOYAGE.

THE mackerel boats sailed slowly out
 Into the darkening sea,
 But the gray gull's flight was landward,
 The kestrel skimmed the lea.

Strange whisperings were in the air;
 And though no leaflet stirred,
 The echo of the distant storm,
 The moaning sough, was heard.

It came—the swift-winged hurricane—
 Bursting upon the shore,
 Till the wild bird's nest and the fisher's cot
 All trembled at its roar.

And women wept, and watched and wept,
 And prayed for the night to wane;
 And watched and prayed, though the setting sun
 Lit up the window pane.

"A sail!" That sail is not for you;
 It slowly fades away.
 The sun may set; the moon may rise;
 The night may turn to day;

Slow years roll by, and the solemn stars
 Glide on—but all in vain!
 They have sailed away on a long, long voyage;
 They'll never come back again.

SAM SLICK, JR.

DOVER BEACH.

THE sea is calm to-night,
 The tide is full, the moon lies fair
 Upon the Straits;—on the French coast, the
 light
 Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
 Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
 Come to the window; sweet is the night air!
 Only from the long line of spray
 Where the ebb meets the moon-blanch'd sand,
 Listen! you hear the grating roar
 Of pebbles which the waves suck back, and fling,
 At their return upon the high strand.
 Begin and cease, and then again begin,
 With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
 The eternal note of sadness in.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.

THOU vast ocean! ever sounding sea!
 Thou symbol of a drear immensity?
 Thou thing that windest round the solid
 world

Like a huge animal, which, downward hurled
 From the black clouds, lies weltering and alone,
 Lashing and writhing till its strength be gone!
 Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep
 Is as a giant's slumber, loud and deep,
 Thou speakest in the East and in the West
 At once, and on thy heavily laden breast
 Fleets come and go, and shapes that have no life
 Or motion, yet are moved and meet in strife.
 The earth has naught of this: no chance or change
 Ruffles its surface, and no spirits dare
 Give answer to the tempest wakened air;
 But o'er its wastes the weakly tenants range
 At will, and wound its bosom as they go;
 Ever the same, it hath no ebb, no flow:
 But in their stated rounds the seasons come,
 And pass like visions to their wonted home;
 And come again, and vanish; the young Spring
 Looks ever bright with leaves and blossoming;
 And Winter always winds his sullen horn,
 When the wild Autumn, with a look forlorn,
 Dies in his stormy manhood; and the skies
 Weep, and flowers sicken, when the summer flies.
 O, wonderful thou art, great element,
 And fearful in thy spleeny humors bent,
 And lovely in repose! thy summer form
 Is beautiful, and when thy silver waves
 Make music in earth's dark and winding caves,
 I love to wander on thy pebbled beach,
 Marking the sunlight at the evening hour,
 And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach,—
 Eternity—eternity—and power.

BRYAN W. PROCTER (*Larry Cornwall*).

THE SEA-SHORE.

I HAVE seen a curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell
To which in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy; for from within were heard
Murmurings whereby the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea.
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith; and there are times,
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things;
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power;
And central peace, subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE CORAL GROVE.

DEEP in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold fish rove;
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine
Far down in the green and glassy brine.
The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,
And the pearl shells spangle the flinty snow;
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow;
The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and the waves are absent there.
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air;
There with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter:
There with a light and easy motion
The fan coral sweeps through the clear deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea;
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the waves his own:
And when the ship from his fury flies,
When the myriad voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the wreck on the shore,
Then, far below, in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

NO stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was as still as she could be,
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape bell.

The good old Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surges' swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous Rock,
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled round
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape bell was seen
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck
And fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the priest of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sank the bell, with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away,
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They cannot see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand
So dark it is they see no land.

Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Can'st hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore;
Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape bell."

They hear no sound, the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock:
Cried they, "It is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
He curst himself in his despair;
The waves rush in on every side,
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,
A sound as if with the Inchcape bell,
The fiends below were ringing his knell.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

TO SEA!

O sea! to sea! the calm is o'er,
The wanton water leaps in sport,
And rattles down the pebbly shore,
The dolphin wheels, the sea-cows snort,
And unseen mermaid's pearly song
Comes bubbling up, the weeds among.
Fling broad the sail, dip deep the oar:
To sea! to sea! the calm is o'er.

To sea! to sea! our white-winged bark
Shall billowing cleave its watery way,
And with its shadow, fleet and dark,
Break the caved Triton's azure day,
Like mountain eagle soaring light
O'er antelopes on Alpine height.
The anchor heaves! The ship swings free,
Our sails swell full! To sea! to sea!

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

SONG OF THE EMIGRANTS IN BERMUDA.

HERE the remote Bermudas ride
In the ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat that rowed along
The listening winds received this song:
"What should we do but sing His praise
That led us through the watery maze
Where he the huge sea monsters wracks,
That lift the deep upon their backs,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms, and prelate's rage;
He gave us this eternal spring
Which here enamels everything,

And sends the fowls to us in care
On daily visits through the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows:
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet;
But apples, plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice.
With cedars chosen by his hand
From Lebanon he stores the land;
And makes the hollow seas that roar
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast;
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound his name;
O, let our voice his praise exalt
Till it arrive at heaven's vault,
Which then perhaps rebounding may
Echo beyond the Mexique bay!"—
Thus sung they in the English boat
A holy and a cheerful note;
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

ANDREW MARVELL.

STANZAS ON THE SEA.

II! I shall not forget until memory depart,
When first I beheld it, the glow of my heart:
The wonder, the awe, the delight that stole
O'er me,

When its billowy boundlessness opened before me.
As I stood on its margin, or roamed on its strand,
I felt new ideas within me expand,
Of glory and grandeur, unknown till that hour,
And my spirit was mute in the presence of power!
In the surf-beaten sands that encircled it round,
In the billow's retreat, and the breakers rebound,
In its white-drifted foam, and its dark-heaving green,
Each moment I gazed, some fresh beauty was seen,
And thus, while I wandered on ocean's bleak shore,
And surveyed its vast surface, and heard its waves
roar,

I seemed wrapt in a dream of romantic delight,
And haunted by majesty, glory and might!

BERNARD BARTON.

SEA-WEED.

WEARY weed, tossed to and fro,
Dreadfully drenched in the ocean brine,
Soaring high and sinking low,
Lashed along without will of mine;
Sport of the spume of the surging sea,
Flung on the foam, afar and auncer,
Mark my manifold mystery—
Growth and grace in their place appear.

I bear round berries, gray and red,
Kootless and rover though I be;
My spangled leaves, when nicely spread
Arboresce as a trunkless tree;
Corals curious coat me o'er,
White and hard in apt array;
Mid the wild waves' rude uproar
Gracefully grow I, night and day.

Hearts there are on the sounding shore,
Something whispers soft to me,
Restless and roaming forevermore,
Like this weary weed of the sea;
Bear they yet on each beating breast
The eternal type of the wondrous whole,
Growth unfolding amidst unrest,
Grace informing with silent soul.

CORNELIUS GEORGE FENNER.

THE TAR FOR ALL WEATHERS.

SAILED from the Downs in the "Nancy,"
My jib how she smacked through the breeze!
She's a vessel as tight to my fancy
As ever sailed on the salt seas.

So adieu to the white cliffs of Britain,
Our girls and our dear native shore!
For if some hard rock we should split on,
We shall never see them any more.
But sailors were born for all weathers,
Great guns let it blow, high or low,
Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
And where the gale drives we must go.

When we entered the Straits of Gibraltar
I verily thought she'd have sunk,
For the wind began so far to alter,
She yawed just as tho' she was drunk,
The squall tore the mainsail to shivers,
Hail a weather, the hoarse boatswain cries;
Brace the foresail athwart, see she quivers,
As through the rough tempest she flies.
But sailors were born for all weathers,
Great guns let it blow, high or low,
Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
And where the gale drives we must go.

The storm came on thicker and faster,
As black just as pitch was the sky,
When truly a doleful disaster
Befel three poor sailors and I.
Ben Buntline, Sam Shroud and Dick Handsail,
By a blast that came furious and hard,
Just while we were furling the mainsail,
Were every soul swept from the yard.
But sailors were born for all weathers,
Great guns let it blow, high or low,
Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
And where the gale drives we must go.

Poor Ben, Sam, and Dick cried "peccavi,"
As for I, at the risk of my neck—
While they sank down in peace to old Davy—
Caught a rope, and so landed on deck.
Well, what would you have? We were stranded,
And out of a fine jolly crew
Of three hundred that sailed, never landed
But I and, I think, twenty-two.

But sailors were born for all weathers,
Great guns let it blow, high or low,
Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
And where the gale drives we must go.

CHARLES DIRDIN.

THE "ATLANTIC."

The good steamship "Atlantic" was wrecked on the coast of Newfoundland, and several hundred lives were lost.

AY, build her long and narrow and deep!
She shall cut the sea with a scimitar's sweep,
Whatever betides and whoever may weep!

Bring out the red wine! Lift the glass to the lip!
With a roar of great guns, and a "Hip! hip!
Hurrah!" for the craft, we will christen the ship!

Dash a draught on the bow! Ah, the spar of white
wood

Drips into the sea till it colors the flood
With the very own double and symbol of blood!

Now out with the name of the monarch gigantic
That shall queen it so grandly when surges are frantic!
Child of fire and of iron, God save the "Atlantic!"

All aboard, my fine fellows! "Up anchor!" the
word—

Ah, never again shall that order be heard,
For two worlds will be mourning you gone to a third!

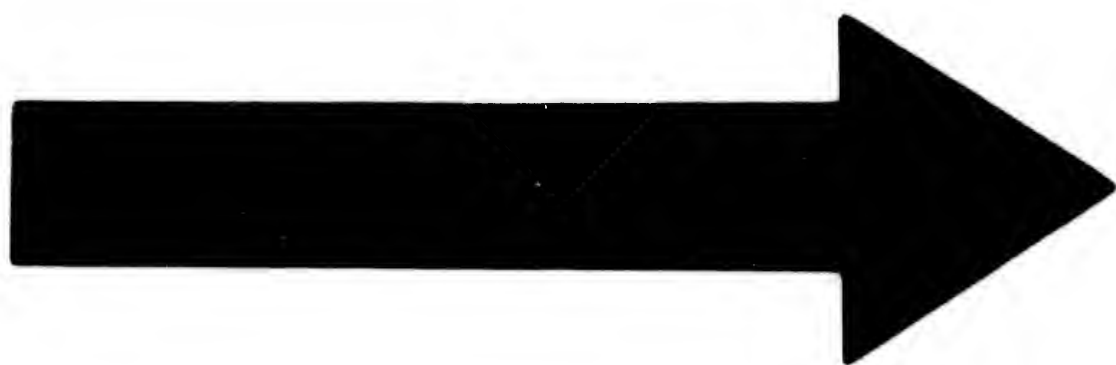
To the trumpet of March wild gallops the sea;
The white-crested troopers are under the lee—
Old World and New World and Soul-World are three.

Great garments of rain wrap the desolate night;
Sweet heaven disastered is lost to the sight;
"Atlantic," crash on in the pride of thy might!
With thy look-out's dim cry, "One o'clock, and all
right!"

Ho, down with the hatches! The seas come aboard!
All together they come, like a passionate word,
Like pirates that put every soul to the sword!

Their black flag all abroad makes murky the air,
But the ship parts the night as a maiden her hair—
Through and through the thick gloom, from land here
to land there,
Like the shuttle that weaves for a mourner to wear!

Good-night, proud "Atlantic!" One tick of the clock,
And a staggering crunch and a shivering shock—
'Tis the flint and the steel! 'Tis the ship and the rock!



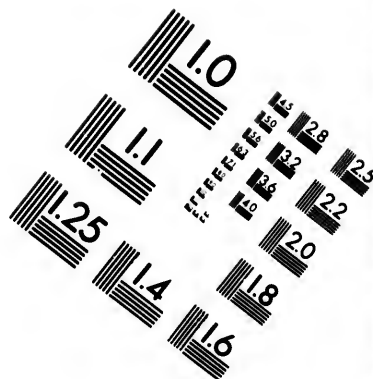
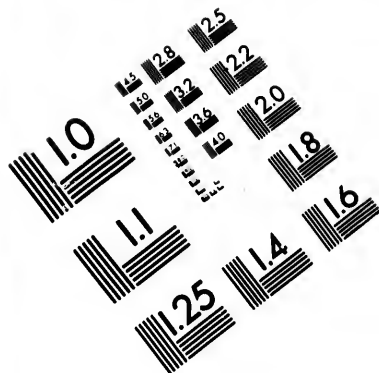
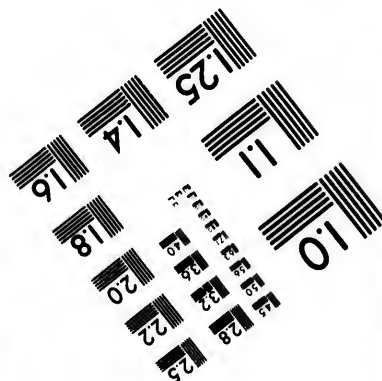
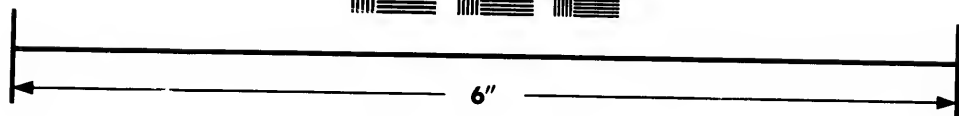
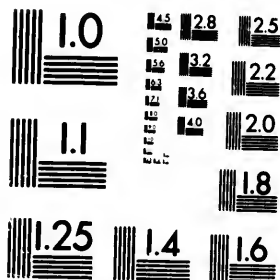


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Deathless sparks are struck out from the bosoms of girls,
From the stout heart of manhood, in scintillant whirls,
Like the stars of the flag when the banner unfurls !


What hundreds went up unto God in their sleep !
What hundreds in agony baffled the deep—
Nobody to pray and nobody to weep !

Alas for the flag of the single "White Star,"
With light pale and cold as the woman's hands are
Who, froze in the shrouds, flashed her jewels afar,
Lost her hold on the world, and then clutched at a spar !

God of mercy and grace ! How the bubbles come up
With souls from the revel, who stayed not to snip ;
Death drank the last toast, and then shattered the cup !

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.


THE SHIPWRECKED SAILORS.

 HE floods are raging, and the gales blow high,
Low as a dungeon-roof impends the sky ;
Prisoners of hope, between the clouds and waves,

Six fearless sailors man yon boat that braves
Peril redoubling upon peril past ;
—From childhood nurslings of the wayward blast,
Aloft as o'er a buoyant arch they go,
Whose keystone breaks—as deep they plunge below ;
Unyielding, though the strength of man be vain ;
Struggling, though borne like surf along the main ;
In front, a battlement of rocks ; in rear,
Billow on billow bounding ; near, more near,
They verge to ruin ;—life and death depend
On the next impulse—shricks and prayers ascend.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE BEACON LIGHT.

 ARKNESS was deepening o'er the seas,
And still the hulk drove on ;
No sail to answer to the breeze,—
Her masts and cordage gone :
Gloomy and drear her course of fear,—
Each looked but for a grave,—
When, full in sight, the beacon-light
Came streaming o'er the wave.

And gayly of the tale they told,
When they were safe on shore ;
How hearts had sunk, and hopes grown cold,
Amid the billows' roar ;
When not a star had shone from far,
By its pale beam to save,
Then, full in sight, the beacon-light
Came streaming o'er the wave.


Then wildly rose the gladdening shout
Of all that hardy crew ;

Boldly they put the helm about,
And through the surf they flew.
Storm was forgot, toil heeded not,
And loud the cheer they gave,
As, full in sight, the beacon-light
Came streaming o'er the wave.

Thus, in the night of nature's gloom,
When sorrow bows the heart,
When cheering hopes no more illumine,
And comforts all depart ;
Then from afar shines Bethlehem's star,
With cheering light to save ;
And, full in sight, its beacon-light
Comes streaming o'er the grave.

JULIA PARDOE.

AT SEA.

 HE night is made for cooling shade,
For silence, and for sleep ;
And when I was a child, I laid
My hands upon my breast, and prayed,
And sank to slumbers deep :
Childlike as then I lie to-night,
And watch my lonely cabin-light.

Each movement of the swaying lamp
Shows how the vessel reels :
As o'er her deck the billows tramp,
And all her timbers strain and cramp
With every shock she feels.
It starts and shudders, while it burns,
And in its hinged socket turns.

Now swinging slow and slanting low,
It almost level lies ;
And yet I know, while to and fro
I watch the seaming pendule go
With restless fall and rise,
The steady shaft is still upright,
Poising its little globe of light.

O hand of God ! O lamp of peace !
O promise of my soul !
Though weak, and tossed, and ill at ease,
Amid the roar of smiting seas,
The ship's convulsive roll,
I own with love and tender awe
Yon perfect type of faith and law.

A heavenly trust my spirit calms,
My soul is filled with light :
The Ocean sings his solemn psalms,
The wild winds chant : I cross my palms,
Happy as if to-night
Under the cottage roof again
I heard the soothing summer rain.

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

PART I.

An Ancient
Mariner
meeteth
three gal-
lants hidden
to a wed-
ding feast,
and detain-
eth one.

‘T is an Ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
“By thy long gray beard and glittering
eye,

Now wherefore stoppest thou me?

The bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set—
Mayst hear the merry din.”

He holds him with a skinny hand:
“There was a ship,” quoth he.
“Hold off! unhand me, graybeard loon!”
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

The Wed-
ding-Guest
is so be-
bound by
the eye of
the old sea-
faring man,
and con-
strained to
hear his
tale.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still;
He listens like a three years' child;
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone—
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner:

“The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared;
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the light-house top.

The Mari-
ner tells
how the
ship sailed
southward,
with a good
wind and
fair weather
till it
reached the
line.

The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he;
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea;

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The Wed-
ding-Guest
marries
the bride;
but the Mariner
continues
his tale.

The Bride hath paced into the hall—
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner:

The ship
driven by a
storm to-
ward the
south pole.

“And now the Storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong;
He struck with his o’ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow—
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head—

The ship drove fast; loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy cliffs
Did send a dismal sheen;
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around;
It cracked and growled, and roared and
howled,
Like noises in a swound!

At length did cross an Albatross—
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew,
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play
Came to the mariners' hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke
white,
Glimmered the white moonshine.”

“God save thee, Ancient Mariner!
From the fiends, that plague thee thus!—
Why look'st thou so?”—“With my cross-
bow
I shot the Albatross.

PART II.

THE sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo!

And I had done an evilish thing,
And it would work 'em woe;
For all averred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

The land of
ice and of
fearful
sounds
where no
living thing
was to be
seen.

Till a great
sea-bird,
called the
Albatross
came
through
the snow-
fog, and was
received
with great
joy and hos-
pitality.

And lo! the
Albatross
proveh a
bird of good
omen, and
followeth
the ship as it
returned
northward
through fog
and floating
ice.

The Ancient
Mariner in-
hospitably
killeth the
pious bird of
good omen.

His ship-
mates cry
out against
the Ancient
Mariner, for
killing the
bird of good
luck.

But when
the fog
cleared off,
they justify
the same,
and thus
make them-
selves ac-
complices in
the crime.

The fair
breeze con-
tinues; the
ship enters
the Pacific
Ocean, and
sails north-
ward, even
till it reach-
es the line.

The ship
hath been
suddenly
becalmed;

and the
Albatross
begins to
be avenged.

A Spirit
had fol-
lowed them;
one of
the invis-
ible inhabi-
tants of this
planet,
neither de-
parted souls
nor angels.
They are
very numer-
ous, and
there is no
climate or
element
without one
or more.

The ship-
mates, in
their sore
distress,
would fain
throw the
whole guilt
on the An-
cient Mari-
ner; in sign
whereof
they hang
the dead
sea-bird
round his
neck.

The Ancient
Mariner be-
holds a
sign in the
element afar
off.

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head
The glorious sun uprist;
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt
down—

'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea.

All in a hot and copper sky
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck—nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot; O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea!

About, about, in reel and rout,
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

And some in dreams assurèd were
Of the Spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART III.

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye—
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye!—
When, looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist—

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared;
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could not laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, 'A sail! a sail!'

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call;
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

'See! see!' I cried, 'she tacks no more!'
Hither to work us well—
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!'

The western wave was all a-flame;
The day was well nigh done;
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright sun,
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the sun.

And straight the sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

Alas! thought I—and my heart beat loud—
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the sun,
Like restless gossamers?

Are those her ribs through which the sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that woman all her crew?
Is that a death? and are there two?
Is Death that woman's mate?

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold;
Her skin was as white as leprosy:
The night-mare, Life-in-Death, was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice:
'The game is done. I've won! I've won!'
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The sun's rim dips; the stars rush out;
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

At its near-
er approach
it seemeth
him to be a
ship; and as
a fear ran
somewhat
freeth his
speech from
the bands of
thirst.

A flash of
light.

And horror
follows, for
can it be a
ship that
comes on-
ward with-
out wind or
tide?

It seemeth
him but the
skeleton of
a ship.

And its ribs
are seen as
bars on the
face of the
setting sun.
The spec-
tre-woman
and her
death-mate,
and no other
on board the
skeleton
ship.
Like vessel,
like crew!

Death and
Life-in-
Death have
diced for the
ship's crew,
and she (the
latter) win-
neth the An-
cient Mari-
ner.

No twilight
within the
courts of the
sun.

At the rising
of the moon,

We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed
white;

From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clombe above the eastern bar,
The horned moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

one after
another,

One after one, by the star-dogged moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

his ship-
mates drop
down dead.

Four times fifty living men
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan,)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

But Life-in-
Death be-
gins her
work on the
Ancient
Mariner.

The souls did from their bodies fly—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!"

PART IV.

The Wed-
ding-Guest
saith that
a spirit is
talking to
him;

"I fear thee, Ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand so brown."

but the An-
cient Mari-
ner assured
him of his
bodily life,
and pro-
cesseth to
relate his
horrible
penance.

"Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!
This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

He despi-
seth the
creatures of
the calm;

The many men so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

and evi-
dently that
they should
live,
and so many
be dead.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But, or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and
the sky,

Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is a curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

The moving moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemoaned the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay
The charmed water burnt alway,
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watched the water-snakes;
They moved in tracks of shining white;
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire—
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare;
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware—
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

The selfsame moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

PART V.

O SLEEP! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I awoke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams
And still my body drank.

But the
curse liveth
for him in
the eye of
the dead
man.

In his
loneliness
and head-
ness he
yearneth
towards the
journeying
moon, and
the stars
that still
sojourn, yet
still move
onward.

By the light
of the moon
he behold-
eth God's
creatures of
the great
calm.

Their beau-
ty and their
happiness.

He blesseth
them in his
heart.

The spell
begins to
break.

By grace of
the holy
Mother, the
Ancient
Mariner is
refreshed
with rain.

At its near-
er approach
it seemeth
him to be a
ship; and at
a dear sea-
son he
freeth his
speech from
the boards of
thirst.

A flash of
light.

And horror
follows. For
can it be a
ship that
comes on-
ward with-
out wind or
tide?

It seemeth
him but the
skeleton of
a ship.

And its ribs
are seen as
bars on the
face of the
setting sun.
The spec-
tre-woman
and her
death-mate,
and no other
on board the
skeleton
ship.
Like vessel,
like crew!

Death and
Life-in-
Death have
dined for the
ship's crew,
and she the
latter wine
with the An-
cient Mari-
ner.

No twilight
within the
courts of the
sun.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs—
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

He heareth
sounds and
seeth
strange
lights and
commotions
in the sky
and the ele-
ments.

And soon I heard a roaring wind—
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life;
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about;
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black
cloud—
The moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The moon was at its side;
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag—
A river steep and wide.

The bodies
of the ship's
crew are in-
spired, and
the ship
moves on;

The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the moon
The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose—
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on;
Yet never a breeze up blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

The Body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee:
The Body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said naught to me."

but not by
the souls of
the men, not
by demons
of earth or
middle air,
but by a
blessed
troop of
angelic spir-
its, sent
down by the
invocation
of the guar-
dian saint.

"I fear thee, Ancient Mariner!"
"Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!
'T was not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corpses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

For when it dawned—they dropped their
arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their
mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky,
I heard the skylark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 't was like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The Spirit slid: and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The lone,
some spirit
from the
south pole
carries on
the ship as
far as the
line, in obe-
dience to
the angelic
troop, but
still requir-
eth ven-
geance.

The sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean:
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length,
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound:
It flung the blood into my head
And I fell down in a swoond.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard, and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

The Polar
Spirit's tel-
low-de-
mons, the
invisible in-
habitants of
the element,
take part in
his wrong,
and two of
them relate,
one to the
other, that
penance
long and
heavy for
the Ancient
Mariner
hath been
accorded to
the Polar
Spirit, who
returneth
southward.

'Is it he?' quoth one, 'Is this the man?
By Him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross!

The Spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.'

The
bas-
tra-
the
po-
eth
sel
nur-
fash-
but
com-
dur-

The
ba-
tion
tard
Mar-
a-
his
legi-
anc-

The
for
Polar

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew :
Quoth he, 'The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.'

PART VI.

FIRST VOICE.

'But tell me, tell me ! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast ?
What is the ocean doing ?'

SECOND VOICE.

'Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast ;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go ;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see ! how graciously
She looketh down on him.'

FIRST VOICE.

'But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind ?'

SECOND VOICE.

'The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly ! more high, more high !
Or we shall be belated ;
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated.'

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather ;
'Twas night, calm night—the moon was high ;
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter ;
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away ;
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt ; once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And, having once turned round, walks on,
And turns no more his head ;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made ;
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek,
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mungled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too ;
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

O dream of joy ! is this indeed
The light-house top I see ?
Is this the hill ? is this the kirk ?
Is this mine own countree ?

We drifted o'er the harbor-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God !
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbor-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn !
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less
That stands above the rock ;
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colors came.

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were :
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
O Christ ! what saw I there !

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood !
A man all light, a seraph man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand :
It was a heavenly sight !
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light ;

This seraph band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart—
No voice ; but oh ! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the pilot's cheer ;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The Mariner
has been
cast into a
trance ; for
the angelic
power causes
eth the ves-
sel to drive
northward
faster than
human life
could en-
dure.

The super-
natural mo-
tion is re-
tarded ; the
Mariner
awakes, and
his penance
begins
again.

The curse is
for the ex-
pelled.

The lone-
some spirit
from the
south pole
carries on
the ship as
far as the
line, in obe-
dience to
the angelic
troop, but
still requir-
eth ven-
geance.

The Polar
Spirit's tel-
low-de-
mons, the
invisible in-
habitants of
the elements,
take part in
his wrong ;
and two of
them relate,
one to the
other, that
penance
long and
heavy for
the Ancient
Mariner
hath been
accorded to
the Polar
Spirit, who
returneth
southward.

And the An-
cient Mari-
ner behold-
eth his na-
tive country.

The angelic
spirits leave
the dead
bodies.

and appear
in their own
forms of
light.

The pilot and the pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast ;
Dear Lord in Heaven ! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice—
It is the hermit good !
He singeth loud his Godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrivee my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross' blood.

PART VII.

The hermit
of the wood

This hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears !
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump ;
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared : I heard them talk,
'Why, this is strange, I trow !
Where are those lights so many and fair
That signal made but now ?'

Approacheth
the ship
with wonder.

'Strange, by my faith !' the hermit said—
'And they answered not our cheer !
The planks looked warped ! and see those
sails
How thin they are and sere !
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along ;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owl whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young.'

'Dear Lord ! it hath a fiendish look
(The pilot made reply)—
I am a-feared.'—'Push on, push on !'
Said the hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred ;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

The ship
suddenly
sinketh.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread :
It reached the ship, it split the bay ;
The ship went down like lead.

The Ancient
Mariner is
saved in the
pilot's boat.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat ;

But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl where sank the ship
The boat span round and round ;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit ;
The holy hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars ; the pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long ; and all the while
His eyes went to and fro :
'Ha ! ha !' quoth he, 'full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row.'

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land !
The hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

'O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man !'—
The hermit crossed his brow :
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou ?'

The Ancient
Mariner cur-
iously en-
ters the
hermit's
shrine and
an-
ticipates
the
fall of his
soul.

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woeful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale—
And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns ;
And till my ghastly tale is told
This heart within me burns.

And ever
and anon
throughout
his future
life an ago-
ny con-
straineth
him to travel
from land to
land.

I pass, like night, from land to land ;
I have strange power of speech ;
That moment that his face I see
I know the man that must hear me—
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door !
The wedding-guests are there ;
But in the garden-bower the Bride
And bride-maids singing are ;
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer !

O Wedding-Guest ! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea—
So lonely 't was, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'T is sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company !—

To walk together to the kirk, •
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends—
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

and to teach
by his own
example,
love and
reverence to
all things,
that God
made and
loveth.

Farewell! farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone. And now the Wedding-Guest
Turned from the Bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn;
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

POOR JACK.

O, patter to lubbers and swabs, do ye see,
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
A tight-water boat and good sea-room give
me,

And it a'n't to a little I'll strike.
Though the tempest topgallant-masts smack smooth
should smite,

And shiver each splinter of wood,
Clear the deck, stow the yards, and bouse everything
tight,

And under reefed foresail we'll scud:
Avast! nor don't think me a milksoy so soft
To be taken for trifles aback;
For they say there's a Providence sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!

I heard our good chaplain palaver one day,
About souls, heaven, mercy, and such;
And, my timbers! what lingo he'd coil and belay;
Why, 't was just all as one as High Dutch;
For he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,
Without orders that come down below;
And a many fine things that proved clearly to me
That Providence takes us in tow:
"For," says he, do you mind me, "let storms e'er so
oft

Take the topsails of sailors aback,
There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!"

I said to our Poll—for, d'ye see, she would cry—
When last we weighed anchor for sea,

"What argufies sniveling and piping your eye?
Why, what a blamed fool you must be!
Can't you see, the world's wide, and there's room for
us all,

Both for seamen and lubbers ashore?
And if to old Davy, I should go, friend Poll,
You never will hear of me more.
What then? All's a hazard: come, don't be so soft:
Perhaps I may laughing come back;
For, d'ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!"

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch
All as one as a piece of the ship,
And with her brave the world, not offering to flinch
From the moment the anchor's a-trip.
As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides, and ends,
Naught's a trouble from duty that springs,
For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's my friend's,
And as for my will, 't is the king's.
Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft
As for grief to be taken aback;
For the same little cherub that sits up aloft
Will look out a good berth for poor Jack!

CHARLES DIBDIN.

NAPOLEON AND THE BRITISH SAILOR.

LOVE contemplating—apart
From all his homicidal glory—
The traits that soften to our heart
Napoleon's glory!

'Twas when his banners at Boulogne
Armed in our island every freeman,
His navy chanced to capture one
Poor British seaman.

They suffered him—I know not how—
Unprisoned on the shore to roam;
And aye was bent his longing brow
On England's home.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
Of birds to Britain half-way over;
With envy *they* could reach the white
Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
Than this sojourn would have been dearer,
If but the storm his vessel brought
To England nearer.

At last, when care had banished sleep,
He saw one morning, dreaming, doting,
An empty hogshead from the deep
Come shoreward floating;

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
The livelong day laborious; lurking
Until he launched a tiny boat
By mighty working.

Heaven help us ! 't was a thing beyond
Description wretched ; such a wherry
Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond,
Or crossed a ferry.

For, ploughing in the salt-sea field,
It would have made the boldest shudder ;
Untarred, uncompassed, and unkeeled—
No sail, no rudder.

From neighboring woods he interlaced
His sorry skiff with wattled willows ;
And thus equipped he would have passed
The foaming billows—

But Frenchmen caught him on the beach,
His little Argo sorely jeering ;
Till tidings of him chanced to reach
Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
Serene alike in peace and danger ;
And, in his wonted attitude,
Addressed the stranger :—

"Rash man, that wouldst yon channel pass
On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned,
Thy heart with some sweet British lass
Must be impassioned."

"I have no sweetheart," said the lad ;
"But—absent long from one another—
Great was the longing that I had
To see my mother."

"And so thou shalt," Napoleon said,
"Ye've both my favor fairly won ;
A noble mother must have bred
So brave a son."

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
And, with a flag of truce, commanded
He should be shipped to England Old,
And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scarcely shift
To find a dinner, plain and hearty,
But never changed the coin and gift
Of Bonaparté.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

SUNRISE AT SEA.

WHEN the mild weather came,
And set the sea on flame,
How often would I rise before the sun,
And from the masts behold
The gradual splendors of the sky unfold,
Ere the first line of disk had yet begun,
Above the horizon's arc,
To show its flaming gold,
Across the purple dark !

One perfect dawn how well I recollect,
When the whole East was flecked
With flashing streaks and shafts of amethyst,
While a light crimson mist
Went up before the mountain luminary,
And all the strips of cloud began to vary
Their hues, and all the zenith seemed to open,
As if to show a cope beyond the cope !

How reverently calm the ocean lay
At the bright birth of that celestial day !
How every little vapor, robed in state,
Would melt and dissipate
Before the augmenting ray,
Till the victorious orb rose unattended,
And every billow was his mirror splendid !
EPES SARGENT.

THE STORM.

CEASE, rude Boreas, blustering railer !
List, ye landsman all, to me ;
Messmates, hear a brother sailor
Sing the dangers of the sea ;

From bounding billows, first in motion,
When the distant whirlwinds rise,
To the tempest-troubled ocean,
Where the seas contend with skies.

Hark ! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
By topsail-sheets and halyards stand !
Down top-gallants quick be hauling !
Down your stay-sails—hand, boys, hand !

Now it freshens, set the braces,
Quick the topsail-sheets let go ;
Luff, boys, luff ! don't make wry faces,
Up your topsails nimbly clew.

Round us roars the tempest louder,
Think what fear our minds intralls !
Harder yet it blows, still harder,
Now again the boatswain calls.

The topsail-yard point to the wind, boys !
See all clear to reef each course ;
Let the foresheet go—don't mind, boys,
Though the weather should be worse.

Fore and aft the spritsail-yard get,
Reef the mizzen, see all clear ;
Hand up, each preventer-brace set !
Man the foreyards, cheer, lads, cheer !

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring,
Peal on peal contending clash,
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
In our eyes blue lightnings flash.

One wide water all around us,
All above us one black sky;
Different deaths at once surround us:
Hark! what means that dreadful cry?

The foremast's gone! cries every tongue out,
O'er the lee twelve feet 'bove deck;
A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out,
Call all hands to clear the wreck.

Quick the lanyards cut to pieces;
Come, my hearts, be stout and hold;
Plumb the well—the leak increases,
Four feet water in the hold!

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
We our wives and children mourn;
Alas! from hence there's no retreating,
Alas! to them there's no return!

Still the leak is gaining on us!
Both chain-pumps are choked below:
Heaven have mercy here upon us!
For only that can save us now,

O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys,
Let the guns o'erboard be thrown;
To the pumps call every hand, boys,
See! our mizzen-mast is gone.

The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast;
We've lightened her a foot or more;
Up and rig a jury foremast,
She's rights! she's rights, boys! we're off shore.

GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

THE SEA IN CALM AND STORM.

VARIOUS and vast, sublime in all its forms,
When lulled by zephyrs, or when roused by
storms;

Its colors changing, when from clouds and sun
Shades after shades upon the surface run;
Embrowned and horrid now, and now serene
In limpid blue and evanescent green;
And oft the foggy banks on ocean lie,
Lift the fair sail, and cheat the experienced eye!

Be it the summer noon; a sandy space
The ebbing tide has left upon its place;
Then just the hot and stony beach above,
Light, twinkling streams in bright confusion move;
(For, heated thus, the warmer air ascends,
And with the cooler in its fall contends).
Then the broad bosom of the ocean keeps
An equal motion; swelling as it sleeps,
Then slowly sinking; curling to the strand,
Faint, lizy waves o'ercreep the ridgy sand,
Or tap the tarry boat with gentle blow,
And back return in silence, smooth and slow,
Ships in the calm seem anchored; for they glide
On the still sea, urged solely by the tide.

View now the winter storm! Above, one cloud,
Black and unbroken, all the skies o'er-shroud;
The unwieldy porpoise, through the day before,
Had rolled in view of boding men on shore;
And sometimes hid and sometimes showed his form,
Dark as the cloud, and furious as the storm.

All where the eye delights, yet dreads, to roam
The breaking billows cast the flying foam
Upon the billows rising—all the deep
Is restless change—the waves, so swelled and steep,
Breaking and sinking and the sunken swells,
Nor one, one moment, in its station dwells:
But nearer land you may the billows trace,
As if contending in their watery chase;
May watch the mightiest till the shoal they reach,
Then break and hurry to their utmost stretch;
Curled as they come, they strike with furious force,
And then, reflowing, take their grating course,
Raking the rounded flints, which ages past
Rolled by their rage, and shall to ages last.

Far off, the petrel, in the troubled way,
Swims with her brood, or flutters in the spray;
She rises often, often drops again,
And sports at ease on the tempestuous main.

High o'er the restless deep, above the reach
Of gunner's hope, vast flights of wild-ducks stretch;
Far as the eye can glance on either side,
In a broad space and level line they glide;
All in their wedge-like figures from the north,
Day after day, flight after flight, go forth.

Inshore their passage tribes of sea-gulls urge,
And drop for prey within the sweeping surge;
Oft in the rough, opposing blast they fly
Far back, then turn, and all their force apply,
While to the storm they give their weak, complaining
cry;

Or clap the sleek white pinion to the breast,
And in the restless ocean dip for rest.

GEORGE CRABBE.

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.


A LIFE on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep;
Where the scattered waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep!
Like an angel caged I pine,
On this dull, unchanging shore:
O, give me the flashing brine,
The spray and the tempest's roar!

Once more on the deck I stand,
Of my own swift-gliding craft:
Set sail! farewell to the land;
The gale follows fair abaft.
We shoot through the sparkling foam,
Like an ocean-bird set free,—
Like the ocean-bird, our home
We'll find far out on the sea.

The land is no longer in view,
The clouds have begun to frown;
But with a stout vessel and crew,
We'll say, "Let the storm come down!"
And the song of our hearts shall be,
While the winds and the waters rave,
A home on the rolling sea!
A life on the ocean wave!

EPES SARGENT.

NIGHT AT SEA.

 HE lovely purple of the noon's bestowing
Has vanished from the waters, where it
flung

A royal color, such as gems are throwing
Tyrian or regal garniture among.
'Tis night, and overhead the sky is gleaming,
Through the slight vapor trembles each dim star;
I turn away—my heart is sadly dreaming
Of scenes they do not light, of scenes afar.
My friends, my absent friends!

Do you think of me, as I think of you?

By each dark wave around the vessel sweeping,
Farther am I from old dear friends removed;
Till the lone vigil that I now am keeping,
I did not know how much you were beloved.
How many acts of kindness little heeded,
Kind looks, kind words, rise half reproachful now!
Hurried and anxious, my vexed life has speeded,
And memory wears a soft accusing brow,
My friends, my absent friends!

Do you think of me, as I think of you?

The very stars are strangers, as I catch them
Athwart the shadowy sails that swell above;
I cannot hope that other eyes will watch them
At the same moment with a mutual love,
They shine not there, as here they now are shining;
The very hours are changed.—Ah, do you sleep?
O'er each home pillow midnight is declining—
May some kind dream at least my image keep!

My friends, my absent friends!

Do you think of me, as I think of you?

Yesterday has a charm, to-day could never
Fling o'er the mind, which knows not till it parts
How it turns back with tenderest endeavor
To fix the past within the heart of hearts.
Absence is full of memory, it teaches
The value of all old familiar things;
The strengthener of affection, while it reaches
O'er the dark parting, with an angel's wings.
My friends, my absent friends!

Do you think of me, as I think of you?

The world, with one vast element omitted—
Man's own especial element, the earth;
Yet, o'er the waters is his rule transmitted
By that great knowledge whence has power its birth.

How oft on some strange loveliness while gazing
Have I wished for you—beautiful as new,
The purple waves like some wild army raising
Their snowy banners as the ship cuts through.
My friends, my absent friends!
Do you think of me, as I think of you?

The sword-fish and the shark pursue their slauhters,

War universal reigns these depths along.
Like some new island on the ocean springing,
Floats on the surface some gigantic whale,
From its vast head a silver fountain flinging,
Bright as the fountain in a fairy tale.
My friends, my absent friends!

I read such fairy legends while with you,

Light is amid the gloomy canvas spreading,
The moon is whitening the dusky sails,
From the thick bank of clouds she masters, shedding
The softest influence that o'er night prevails.
Pale is she like a young queen pale with splendor,
Haunted with passionate thoughts too fond, too deep,
The very glory that she wears is tender,
The very eyes that watch her beauty fain would weep.

My friends, my absent friends!

Do you think of me, as I think of you?

Sunshine is ever cheerful, when the morning
Wakens the world with cloud-dispelling eyes;
The spirits mount to glad endeavor, scorning
What toil upon a path so sunny lies.
Sunshine and hope are comrades, and their weather
Calls into life an energy like spring's;
But memory and moonlight go together,
Reflected in the light that either brings.

My friends, my absent friends!

Do you think of me then? I think of you.

The busy deck is hushed, no sounds are waking
But the watch pacing silently and slow;
The waves against the sides incessant breaking,
And rope and canvas swaying to and fro.
The topmast-sail, it seems like some dim pinnacle
Cresting a shadowy tower amid the air;
While red and fitful gleams come from the binnacle,
The only light on board to guide us—where?

My friends, my absent friends!

Far from my native land, and far from you.


On one side of the ship, the moonbeam's skimmer
In luminous vibrations sweeps the sea,
But where the shadow falls, a strange, pale glimmer
Seems, glow-worm like, amid the waves to be,
All that the spirit keeps of thought and feeling,
Takes visionary hues from such an hour;
But while some phantasy is o'er me stealing,
I start—remembrance has a keener power:
My friends! my absent friends!

From the fair dream I start to think of you.

A dusk line in the moonlight—I discover
 What all day long vainly I sought to catch ;
 Or is it but the varying clouds that hover
 Thick in the air, to mock the eyes that watch ?
 No ; well the sailor knows each speck, appearing,
 Upon the tossing waves, the far-off strand ;
 To that dark line our eager ship is steering.
 Her voyage done—to morrow we shall land.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LONDON.

HILDA, SPINNING.

PINNING, spinning, by the sea,
 All the night !
 On a stormy, rock-ribbed shore,
 Where the north-winds downward pour,
 And the tempests fiercely sweep
 From the mountains to the deep,
 Hilda spins beside the sea,
 All the night !

Spinning, at her lonely window,
 By the sea !
 With her candle burning clear,
 Every night of all the year,
 And her sweet voice crooning low
 Quaint old songs of love and woe,
 Spins she at her lonely window
 By the sea.

On a bitter night in March,
 Long ago,
 Hilda, very young and fair,
 With a crown of golden hair,
 Watched the tempest raging wild,
 Watched the roaring sea—and smiled—
 Through that woful night in March,
 Long ago !

What, though all the winds were out
 In their might ?
 Richard's boat was tried and true ;
 Staunch and brave his hardy crew ;
 Strongest he to do or dare.
 Said she, breathing forth a prayer :
 " He is safe, though winds are out
 In their might ! "

But, at length, the morning dawned
 Still and clear ;
 Calm, in azure splendor, lay
 All the waters of the bay ;
 And the ocean's angry moans
 Sank to solemn undertones,
 As, at last, the morning dawned
 Still and clear !

With her waves of golden hair
 Floating free,
 Hilda ran along the shore,
 Gazing off the waters o'er ;

And the fishermen replied :
 " He will come in with the tide,"
 As they saw her golden hair
 Floating free !

Ah ! he came in with the tide,
 Came alone !
 Tossed upon the shining sands,
 Ghostly face and clutched hands,
 Seaweed tangled in his hair,
 Bruised and torn his forehead fair—
 Thus he came in with the tide,
 All alone !

Hilda watched beside her dead
 Day and night.
 Of those hours of mortal woe
 Human ken may never know ;
 She was silent, and his ear
 Kept the secret, close and dear,
 Of her watch beside her dead,
 Day and night !

What she promised in the darkness,
 Who can tell ?
 But upon that rock-ribbed shore
 Burns a beacon evermore ;
 And, beside it, all the night,
 Hilda guards the lonely light,
 Though what vowed she in the darkness,
 None may tell !

Spinning, spinning by the sea,
 All the night !
 While her candle, gleaming wide
 O'er the restless, rolling tide,
 Guides with steady, changeless ray,
 The lone fisher up the bay—
 Hilda spins beside the sea,
 Through the night.

Fifty years of patient spinning
 By the sea !
 Old and worn, she sleeps to-day,
 While the sunshine gilds the bay ;
 But her candle shining clear
 Every night of all the year,
 Still is telling of her spinning
 By the sea !

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.



HIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
 Sails the unshadowed main—
 The venturous bark that flings
 On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
 In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
 And coral reefs lie bare,
 Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming
 hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
 Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
 And every chambered cell,
 Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
 As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
 Before thee lies revealed—
 Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
 That spread his lustrous coil;
 Still, as the spiral grew,
 He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
 Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
 Built up its idle door,
 Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
 Child of the wandering sea,
 Cast from her lap, forlorn!
 From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
 Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
 While on mine ear it rings,
 Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
 As the swift seasons roll!
 Leave thy low-vaulted past!
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
 Till thou at length art free,
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE DYING SAILOR.

HE called his friend, and prefaced with a sigh
 A lover's message—"Thomas, I must die:
 Would I could see my Sallie, and could rest
 My throbbing temples on her faithful breast,
 And gazing, go!—if not, this trifle take,
 And say, till death I wore it for her sake;

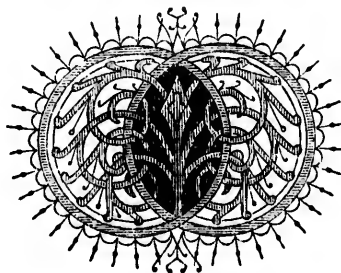
Yes! I must die—blow on sweet breeze, blow on!
 Give me one look, before my life be gone,
 Oh! give me that, and let me not despair,
 One last fond look—and now repeat the prayer."

He had his wish, had more; I will not paint
 The lovers' meeting: she beheld him faint,
 With tender fears, she took a nearer view,
 Her terrors doubling as her hopes withdrew;
 He tried to smile, and, half succeeding, said,
 "Yes! I must die;" and hope for ever fled.

Still long she nursed him; tender thoughts meantime,
 Were interchanged, and hopes and views sublime.
 To her he came to die, and every day
 She took some portion of the dread away:
 With him she prayed, to him his Bible read,
 Soothed the faint heart, and held the aching head;
 She came with smiles the hour of pain to cheer;
 Apart, she sighed, alone, she shed the tear;
 Then, as if breaking from a cloud, she gave
 Fresh light, and gilt the prospect of the grave.

One day he lighter seemed, and they forgot
 The care, the dread, the anguish of their lot;
 They spoke with cheerfulness, and seemed to think,
 Yet said not so—"perhaps he will not sink":
 A sudden brightness in his look appeared,
 A sudden vigor in his voice was heard;—
 She had been reading in the book of prayer,
 And led him forth, and placed him in his chair;
 Lively he seemed, and spoke of all he knew,
 The friendly many, and the favorite few;
 Nor one that day did he to mind recall,
 But she has treasured, and she loves them all;
 When in her way she meets them, they appear
 Peculiar people—death has made them dear.
 He named his friend, but then his hand she prest,
 And fondly whispered "Thou must go to rest";
 "I go," he said; but, as he spoke, she found
 His hand more cold, and fluttering was the sound!
 Then gazed affrightened; but she caught a last,
 A dying look of love, and all was past!

GEORGE CRABBE.



PATRIOTISM AND FREEDOM.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.



WHEN Freedom from her mount-
ain height,
Unfurled her standard to
the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there!
She mingled with its gorgeous
dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial
white

With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land!

Majestic monarch of the cloud!

Who rearst aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumping loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven—
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given

To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!
When speaks the signal-trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.

And when the cannon-mouths loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave

(16)

When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!

Where breathes the foe but falls before us!
With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

In 1814, when the British fleet was at the mouth of the Potomac River, and intended to attack Baltimore, Mr. Key and Mr. Skinner were sent in a vessel with a flag of truce to obtain the release of some prisoners the English had taken in their expedition against Washington. They did not succeed, and were told that they would be detained till after the attack had been made on Baltimore. Accordingly, they went in their own vessel, strongly guarded, with the British fleet, and when they came within sight of Fort Mifflin, a short distance below the city, they could see the American flag flying on the ramparts. As the day closed in, the bombardment of the fort commenced, and Mr. Key and Mr. Skinner remained on deck all night, watching with deep anxiety every shell that was fired. While the bombardment continued, it was sufficient proof that the fort had not surrendered. It suddenly ceased some time before day; but as they had no communication with any of the enemy's ships, they did not know whether the fort had surrendered and their homes and friends were in danger, or the attack upon it had been abandoned. They paced the deck the rest of the night in painful suspense, watching with intense anxiety for the return of day. At length the light came, and they saw that "our flag was still there," and soon they were informed that the attack had failed. In the fervor of the moment, Mr. Key took an old letter from his pocket, and on its back wrote the most of this celebrated song, finishing it as soon as he reached Baltimore. He showed it to his friend Judge Nicholson, who was so pleased with it that he placed it at once in the hands of the printer, and in an hour after it was all over the city, and hailed with enthusiasm, and took its place at once as a national song. Thus, this patriotic, impassioned ode became forever associated with the "Stars and Stripes."



SAY, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed in the twilight's
last gleaming?

Whose broad stripes and bright stars
through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly
streaming;

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And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still
there.

O, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence re-
poses,

What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering
steep,

As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream.

'Tis the star-spangled banner! O, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?

Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollu-
tion.

No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of death and the gloom of the grave.

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

O, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued
land

Praise the power that has made and preserved us a
nation.

Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

FRANCIS S. KEY.

FREEDOM IRREPRESSIBLE.

IS said that Persia's baffled king,
In mad, tyrannic pride,
Cast fetters on the Hellespont,
To curb its swelling tide:

But freedom's own true spirit heaves
The bosom of the main;
It tossed those fetters to the skies,
And bounded on again!

The scorn of each succeeding age
On Xerxes' head was hurled,
And o'er that foolish deed has pealed
The long laugh of a world.

Thus, thus, defeat, and scorn, and shame,
Is his, who strives to bind
The restless, leaping waves of thought,
The free tide of the mind.

SARAH JANE LIPPINCOTT, (*Grace Greenwood*.)

INDEPENDENCE BELL—JULY 4, 1776.

When the Declaration of Independence was adopted by Congress, the event was announced by ringing the old State-House bell, which bore the inscription "Proclaim liberty throughout the land, to all the inhabitants thereof!" The old bellman stationed his little grandson at the door of the hall, to await the instructions of the door-keeper when to ring. At the word, the young patriot rushed out, and clapping his hands shouted:—"Ring! Ring! RING!"



HERE was a tumult in the city

In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people
Pacing restless up and down—

People gathering at the corners,
Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples
With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State House,
So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
Made the harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
Was all turbulent with sound.

"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"

"Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"

"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"

"Oh, God grant they won't refuse!"

"Make some way there!" "Let me nearer!"

"I am stifling!" "Stifle, then!"

When a nation's life's at hazard,
We've no time to think of men!"

So they surged against the State House,
While all solemnly inside,
Sat the "Continental Congress,"
Truth and reason for their guide.
O'er a simple scroll debating,
Which, though simple it might be,
Yet should shake the cliffs of England
With the thunders of the free.

Far aloft in that high steeple
Sat the bellman, old and gray,
He was weary of the tyrant
And his iron-sceptered sway;
So he sat, with one hand ready
On the clapper of the bell,
When his eye could catch the signal,
The long-expected news, to tell.

See! See! The dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Hastens forth to give the sign!
With his little hands uplifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep, clear intonation,
Breaks his young voice on the air:

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State House
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man stationed
e instructions
young patriot
Ring! Ring!

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
Whilst the boy cries joyously;
"Ring!" he shouts, "Ring! grandpapa,
Ring! oh, ring for Liberty!"
Quickly, at the given signal
The old bellman lifts his hand,
Forth he sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled,
The calmly gliding Delaware!
How the bonfires and the torches
Lighted up the night's repose,
And from the flames, like fabled Phoenix,
Our glorious liberty arose!

That old State House bell is silent,
Hushed is now its clamorous tongue;
But the spirit it awakened
Still is living—ever young;
And when we greet the smiling sunlight
On the fourth of each July,
We will ne'er forget the bellman
Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
Rung out, loudly, "Independence!"
Which, please God, shall never die!

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

BREATHES there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

HAIL, COLUMBIA.

The following account of the circumstances attending the composition of this song was communicated by the author a few months before his death. "It was written in the summer of 1798, when war with France was thought to be inevitable. Congress was then in session in Philadelphia, deliberating upon that important subject, and acts of hostility had actually taken place. The contest between England and France was raging. The violation of our rights by both belligerents was forcing us from the just and wise policy of President WASHINGTON, which was to do equal jus-

tice to both, to take part with neither, but to preserve a strict and honest neutrality between them. The violence of the spirit of party has never risen higher, I think, in our country, than it did at that time. The theatre was then open in the city. A young man belonging to it, whose talent was as a singer, was about to take his benefit. I had known him when he was at school. On this acquaintance, he called on me one Saturday afternoon, his benefit being announced for the following Monday. His prospects were very disheartening; but he said that if he could get a patriotic song adapted to the tune of the 'President's March,' he did not doubt of a full house; that the poets of the theatrical corps had been trying to accomplish it, but had not succeeded. I told him I would try what I could do for him. He came the next afternoon, and the song was ready for him. The object of the author was to get up an *American spirit*, which should be independent of, and above the interests, passions, and policy of both belligerents, and look and feel exclusively for our own honor and rights. No allusion is made to France or England, or the quarrel between them, or to the question which was most at fault in their treatment of us. Of course the song found favor with both parties, for both were Americans. Such is the history of 'Hail, Columbia.'"

HAIL, Columbia, happy land,
Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone
Enjoyed the peace your valor won.
Let independence be our boast.
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.
Firm, united let us be,
Rallying round our liberty;
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more:
Defend your rights, defend your shore;
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.
While offering peace sincere and just,
In Heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice will prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.


Sound, sound the trump of fame!
Let Washington's great name
Ring through the world with loud applause;
Ring through the world with loud applause;
Let every clime to freedom dear
Listen with a joyful ear!
With equal skill and godlike power,
He governed in the fearful hour
Of horrid war; or guides with ease
The happier times of honest peace.

Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands—
The rock on which the storm will beat;
The rock on which the storm will beat;

But, armed in virtue firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on Heaven and you.
When hope was sinking in dismay,
And glooms obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or liberty.

JOSEPH HOPKINSON.

GENERAL WARREN'S ADDRESS.

 TAND! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle-peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
Ask it—ye who will.


Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your homes retire?
Look behind you!—they're afire!
And before you, see
Who have done it! From the vale
On they come!—and will ye quail?
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may—and die we must:
But, O, where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well,
As where heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
Of his deeds to tell?

JOHN PIERPONT.

THE PEOPLE'S SONG OF PEACE.

FROM "THE SONG OF THE CENTENNIAL."

 HE grass is green on Bunker Hill,
The waters sweet in Brandywine;
The sword sleeps in the scabbard still,
The farmer keeps his flock and vine;
Then who would mar the scene to-day
With vaunt of battle-field or fray?

The brave corn lifts in regiments
Ten thousand sabres in the sun;
The ricks replace the battle-tents,
The bannered tassels toss and run.
The neighing steed, the bugle's blast,
These be but stories of the past.


The earth has healed her wounded breast,
The cannons plough the field no more;
The heroes rest! O, let them rest
In peace along the peaceful shore!
They fought for peace, for peace they fell;
They sleep in peace, and all is well.

The fields forget the battles ought,
The trenches wave in golden grain:
Shall we neglect the lessons taught,
And tear the wounds agape again?
Sweet Mother Nature, nurse the land,
And heal her wounds with gentle hand.

Lo! peace on earth! Lo! flock and fold!
Lo! rich abundance, fat increase,
And valleys clad in sheen of gold!
O, rise and sing a song of peace!
For Theseus roams the land no more,
And Janus rests with rusted door.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

ON LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF THE BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

 IS not this a holy spot?
'Tis the high place of freedom's birth!
God of our fathers! is it not?
The holiest spot of all the earth?

Quenched is thy flame on Horeb's side;
The robber roams o'er Sinai now;
And those old men, thy seers, abide
No more on Zion's mournful brow.

But on this hill thou, Lord, hast dwelt,
Since round its head the war-cloud curled,
And wrapped our fathers, where they knelt
In prayer and battle for a world.


Here sleeps their dust: 'tis holy ground:
And we, the children of the brave,
From the four winds are gathered round,
To lay our offering on their grave.

Free as the winds around us blow,
Free as the waves below us spread,
We rear a pile, that long shall throw
Its shadow on their sacred bed.

But on their deeds no shade shall fall,
While o'er their couch thy sun shall flame,
Thine ear was bowed to hear their call,
And thy right hand shall guard their fame.

JOHN PIERPONT.

THE WOODS OF TENNESSEE.

 HE whip-poor-will is calling
From its perch on splintered limb,
And the plaintive notes are echoing
Through the isles of the forest dim;
The slanting threads of starlight
Are silvering shrub and tree,
And the spot where the loved are sleeping,
In the woods of Tennessee.

The leaves are gently rustling,
But they're stained with a tinge of red,
For they proved to many a soldier
Their last and lonely bed.
As they prayed in mortal agony
To God to set them free,
Death touched them with his finger
In the woods of Tennessee.

In the list of the killed and wounded,
Ah me! alas! we saw
The name of our noble brother,
Who went to the Nation's war.
He fell in the tide of battle
On the banks of the old "Hatchie,"
And rests 'neath the wild grape arbors
In the woods of Tennessee.

Many still forms are lying
In their forgotten graves,
On the green slopes of the hillsides,
Along Potomac's waves;
But the memory will be ever sweet
Of him so dear to me,
On his country's altar offered,
In the woods of Tennessee.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand,
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

On that pleasant morn of the early Fall,
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw no one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her four score years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down.

In her attic-window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced: the old flag met his sight,

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast;
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash,
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word.

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long that free flag tossed
Over the heads of the serried host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the soldier rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE MARSEILLAISE.

Sons of freedom, wake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischiefs breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheathe;
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings confederate raise ;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling.
And lo ! our fields and cities blaze ;
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing.

O liberty ! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame ?
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee ?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame ?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.

ROUGET DE LISLE.

AN INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

YOU know we French stormed Ratisbon :
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day ;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow,
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, " My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Launes
Waver at yonder wall " —
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping ; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy :
You hardly could suspect
(So tig't he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through),
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

" Well," cried he, " Emperor, by God's grace,
We've got you Ratisbon !
The marshal's in the market place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him ! " The chief's eye flashed ; his plans
Soared up again like fire.
The chief's eye flashed ; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes

A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes :
" You're wounded ! " " Nay," his soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said :
" I'm killed, sire ! " And, his chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

ROBERT BROWNING.

RULE BRITANNIA.

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung the strain :
Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves !
Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee,
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
As the loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
And work their woe and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;
All shall be subject to the main,
And every shore it circles thine.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair ;
Blest isle, with matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.

JAMES THOMSON.

ADDRESS AT THE DEDICATION OF GETTYSBURG CEMETERY.

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers
brought forth upon this continent a new na-
tion, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to
the proposition that all men are created equal.
Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing
whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived and
so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a
great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedi-
cate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those
who here gave their lives that that nation might live.

It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do
this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we
cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground.

The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion, that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, and that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

Many of the women of the South, animated by noble sentiments, have shown themselves impartial in their offerings made to the memory of the dead. They have strewn flowers alike on the graves of the Confederate and of the National soldiers.

BY the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep on the ranks of the dead :—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet :—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours,
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe :—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all :—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;
Brodered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain :—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done ;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won :—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red ;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead !
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

F. M. FINCH.

PATRIOTISM

WHAT is patriotism? Is it a narrow affection for the spot where a man was born? Are the very clods where we tread entitled to this ardent preference because they are greener? No, sir: this is not the character of the virtue, and it soars higher for its object. It is an extended self-love, mingling with all the enjoyments of life, and twisting itself with the minutest filaments of the heart. It is thus we obey the laws of society, because they are the laws of virtue. In their authority we see, not the array of force and terror, but the venerable image of our country's honor. Every good citizen makes that honor his own, and cherishes it not only as precious, but as sacred. He is willing to risk his life in its defence, and is conscious that he gains protection while he gives it; for what rights of a citizen will be deemed inviolable when a State renounces the principles that constitute their security? Or, if his life should not be invaded, what would its enjoyments be in a country odious in the eyes of strangers and dishonored in his own? Could he look with affection and veneration to such a country as his parent? The sense of having one would die within him; he would blush for his patriotism, if he retained any, and justly, for it would be a vice. He would be a banished man in his native land.

FISHER AMES.

LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.



HE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame.

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band:—
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

ON BEING FOUND GUILTY OF TREASON.

A JURY of my countrymen have found me guilty of the crime for which I stood indicted. For this I entertain not the slightest feeling of resentment towards them. Influenced, as they must have been, by the charge of the lord chief justice, they could have found no other verdict. What of that charge? Any strong observations on it I feel sincerely would ill besit the solemnity of this scene; but I would earnestly be-

seech of you, my Lord—you who preside on that bench—when the passions and prejudices of this hour have passed away, to appeal to your own conscience, and to ask of it, was your charge as it ought to have been, impartial and indifferent between the subject and the crown?

My Lords, you may deem this language unbecoming in me, and perhaps it will seal my fate. But I am here to speak the truth, whatever it may cost; I am here to regret nothing I have ever done,—to retract nothing I have ever said. I am here to crave, with no lying lip, the life I consecrate to the liberty of my country. Far from it, even here—here, where the thief, the libertine, the murderer, have left their footprints in the dust; here on this spot, where the shadows of death surround me, and from which I see my early grave in an unanointed soil opened to receive me—even here, encircled by these terrors, the hope which has beckoned me to the perilous sea upon which I have been wrecked, still consoles, animates, enraptures me.

No; I do not despair of my poor old country—her peace, her liberty, her glory. For that country, I can do no more than bid her hope. To lift this island up; to make her a benefactor to humanity, instead of being the meanest beggar in the world; to restore her to her native powers and her ancient constitution,—this has been my ambition, and this ambition has been my crime. Judged by the law of England, I know this crime entails the penalty of death; but the history of Ireland explains this crime, and justifies it. Judged by that history, I am no criminal—I deserve no punishment. Judged by that history, the treason of which I stand convicted loses all its guilt, is sanctioned as a duty, will be ennobled as a sacrifice. With these sentiments, my Lord, I await the sentence of the court.

Having done what I felt to be my duty, having spoken what I felt to be the truth—as I have done on every other occasion of my short career—I now bid farewell to the country of my birth, my passion, and my death; the country whose misfortunes have invoked my sympathies; whose factions I have sought to still; whose intellect I have prompted to a lofty aim; whose freedom has been my fatal dream. I offer to that country, as a proof of the love I bear her, and the sincerity with which I thought and spoke and struggled for her freedom, the life of a young heart, and with that life all the hopes, the honors, the endearments, of a happy and an honored home. Pronounce, then, my Lords, the sentence which the laws direct, and I will be prepared to hear it. I trust I shall be prepared to meet its execution. I hope to be able, with a pure heart and perfect composure, to appear before a higher tribunal, a tribunal where a Judge of infinite goodness as well as of justice will preside, and where, my Lords, many, many of the judgments of this world will be reversed.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored !
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword ;

His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps ;

They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps :

I have read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps :

His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel :

"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal :

Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,

Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat ;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment-seat ;

Oh be swift my soul, to answer him ! be jubilant, my feet !

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,

With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me :
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,

While God is marching on.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

THE DRUMMER BOY.

AN INCIDENT OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.

CAPTAIN GRAHAM, the men were sayin'
Ye would want a drummer lad,
So I've brought my boy Sandie,
Tho' my heart is woeful sad ;

But nae bread is left to feed us,
And no siller to buy more,
For the gudeman sleeps forever,
Where the heather blossoms o'er.

"Sandie, make your manners quickly,
Play your blithest measure true—
Give us 'Flowers of Edinboro',
While yon fifer plays it too.
Captain, heard ye e'er a player
Strike in truer time than he ?"

"Nay, in truth, brave Sandie Murray
Drummer of our corps shall be."

"I give ye thanks—but, Captain, maybe

Ye will hae a kindly care

For the friendless, lonely laddie,

When the battle wark is sair :

For Sandie's aye been good and gentle,

And I've nothing else to love,

Nothing—but the grave off yonder,

And the Father up above."

Then, her rough hand gently laying

On the curl-encircled head,

She blessed her boy. The tent was silent,

And not another word was said ;

For Captain Graham was sadly dreaming

Of a benison, long ago,

Breathed above his head, then golden,

Bending now, and touched with snow.

"Good-bye, Sandie." "Good-bye, mother,

I'll come back some summer day ;

Don't you fear—they don't shoot drummers

Ever. Do they, Captain Gra— ?

One more kiss—watch for me, mother,

You will know 'tis surely me

Coming home—for you will hear me

Playing soft the reveille."

After battle. Moonbeams ghastly

Seemed to link in strange affright,

As the scudding clouds before them

Shadowed faces dead and white ;

And the night-wind softly whispered,

When low moans its light wing bore—

Moans that ferried spirits over

Death's dark wave to yonder shore.

Wandering where a footstep careless

Might go splashing down in blood,

Or a helpless hand lie grasping

Death and daisies from the sod—

Captain Graham walked swift onward,

While a faintly-beaten drum

Quickened heart and step together :

"Sandie Murray ! See, I come !

"Is it thus I find you, laddie ?

Wounded, lonely, lying here,

Playing thus the reveille ?

See—the morning is not near."

A moment paused the drummer boy,

And lifted up his drooping head :

"Oh, Captain Graham, the light is coming,

'Tis morning, and my prayers are said.

"Morning ! See, the plains grow brighter—

Morning—and I'm going home ;

That is why I play the measure,

Mother will not see me come ;

But you'll tell her, won't you, Captain—"

Hush, the boy has spoken true ;

To him the day has dawned forever,

Unbroken by the night's tattoo.

SCOTLAND.

AND of my fathers!—though no mangrove here
 O'er thy blue streams her flexile branches rear;
 Nor scaly palm her fingered scions shoot;
 Nor luscious guava wave her yellow fruit;
 Nor golden apples glimmer from the tree;—
 Land of dark heaths and mountains, thou art free!
 Untainted yet, thy stream, fair Teviot! runs,
 With unatoned blood of Gambia's sons:
 No drooping slave, with spirit bowed to toil,
 Grows, like the weed, self-rooted to the soil,
 Nor cringing vassal on these pansied meads
 Is bought and bartered, as the flock he feeds.
 Free as the lark that carols o'er his head,
 At dawn the healthy ploughman leaves his bed,
 Binds to the yoke his sturdy steers with care,
 And, whistling loud, directs the mining share:
 Free as his lord, the peasant treads the plain,
 And heaps his harvest on the groaning wain;
 Proud of his laws, tenacious of his right,
 And vain of Scotia's old unconquered might.

JOHN LEYDEN.

ARNOLD WINKELRIED

In the battle of Sempach, in the fourteenth century, this martyr-patriot, perceiving that there was no other means of breaking the heavy-armed lines of the Austrians than by gathering as many of their spears as he could grasp together, opened, by this means, a passage for his fellow-combatants, who, with hammers and hatchets, hewed down the mailed men-at-arms and won the victory.

"MAKE way for liberty!" he cried—
 Made way for liberty, and died!

In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,
 A living wall, a human wood;
 Impregnable their front appears,
 All horrent with projected spears.
 Opposed to these, a hovering band
 Contended for their fatherland,
 Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke
 From manly necks the ignoble yoke;
 Marshalled once more at freedom's call,
 They came to conquer or to fall.

And now the work of life and death
 Hung on the passing of a breath;
 The fire of conflict burned within;
 The battle trembled to begin:
 Yet, while the Austrians held their ground
 Point for assault was nowhere found;
 Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,
 The unbroken line of lances blazed;
 That line 't were suicide to meet,
 And perish at their tyrants' feet.
 How could they rest within their graves,
 To leave their homes the haunts of slaves?
 Would they not feel their children tread,
 With clanking chains, above their head?

It must not be: this day, this hour,
 Annihilates the invader's power!
 All Switzerland is in the field—
 She will not fly; she cannot yield;
 She must not fall! her better fate
 Here gives her an immortal date.
 Few were the numbers she could boast,
 But every freeman was a host,
 And felt as if 't were a secret known
 That one should turn the scale alone,
 While each unto himself was he
 On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on one, indeed;
 Behold him—Arnold Winkelried!
 There sounds not to the trump of fame
 The echo of a nobler name.
 Unmarked, he stood amid the throng,
 In rumination deep and long,
 Till you might see, with sudden grace,
 The very thought come o'er his face;
 And, by the motion of his form,
 Anticipate the bursting storm;
 And, by the uplifting of his brow,
 Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.

But 't was no sooner thought than done—
 The field was in a moment won!
 "Make way for liberty!" he cried,
 Then ran, with arms extended wide,
 As if his dearest friend to clasp;
 Ten spears he swept within his grasp.
 "Make way for liberty!" he cried;
 Their keen points crossed from side to side.
 He bowed among them like a tree,
 And thus made way for liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly—
 "Make way for liberty!" they cry,
 And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
 As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart;
 While, instantaneous as his fall,
 Rout, ruin, panic seized them all.
 An earthquake could not overthrow
 A city with a surer blow.

Thus Switzerland again was free—
 Thus death made way for liberty.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

DIE WACHT AM RHEIN—(THE WATCH ON THE RHINE.)

ROAR like thunder strikes the ear,
 Like clang of arms or breakers near,
 "On for the Rhine, the German Rhine!"
 "Who shields thee, my beloved Rhine?"
 Dear Fatherland, thou need'st not fear—
 Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here.
 A hundred thousand hearts beat high,
 The flash darts forth from every eye,

For Teutons brave, inured by toil,
Protect their country's holy soil.
Dear Fatherland, thou need'st not fear—
Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here.


The heart may break in agony,
Yet Frenchmen thou shalt never be.
In water rich is Rhine; thy flood,
Germania, rich in heroes' blood.
Dear Fatherland, thou need'st not fear—
Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here.

When heavenward ascends the eye,
Our heroes' ghosts look down from high;
We swear to guard our dear bequest,
And shield it with the German breast.
Dear Fatherland, thou need'st not fear—
Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here.

As long as German blood still glows,
The German sword strikes mighty blows,
And German marksmen take their stand,
No foe shall tread our native land.
Dear Fatherland, thou need'st not fear—
Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here.

We take the pledge. The stream runs by;
Our banners proud, are wafting high.
On for the Rhine, the German Rhine!
We all die for our native Rhine.
Hence, Fatherland, be of good cheer—
Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here.

THE PATRIOT'S BRIDE.

 H! give me back that royal dream
My fancy wrought,
When I have seen your sunny eyes
Grow moist with thought;
And fondly hoped, dear love, your heart from mine
Its spell had caught;
And laid me down to dream that dream divine,
But true, methought,
Of how my life's long task would be, to make yours
Blessed as it ought.

To learn to love sweet nature more
For your sweet sake,
To watch with you—dear friend, with you!—
Its wonders break;
The sparkling spring in that bright face to see
Its mirror make—
On summer morns to hear the sweet birds sing
By linn and lake;
And know your voice, your magic voice, could still a
grander music wake!

To wake the old weird world that sleeps
In Irish lore;
The strains sweet foreign Spenser sung
By Mulla's shore;

Dear Curran's airy thoughts, like purple birds
That shine and soar;
Tone's fiery hopes, and all the deathless vows
That Grattan swore;
The songs that once our own dear Davis sung—ah me!
to sing no more.


And all those proud old victor-fields
We thrill to name,
Whose memories are the stars that light
Long nights of shame;
The Cairn, the Dan, the Rath, the Power, the Keep,
That still proclaim
In chronicles of clay and stone, how true, how deep
Was Eire's fame;
Oh! we shall see them all, with her, that dear, dear
friend we two have loved the same.

Yet ah! how truer, tenderer still
Methought did seem
That scene of tranquil joy, that happy home
By Dodder's stream.
The morning smile, that grew a fixed star
With love-lit beam,
The ringing laugh, locked hands, and all the far
And shining stream
Of daily love, that made our daily life diviner than a
dream.

For still to me, dear friend, dear love,
Or both—dear wife,
Your image comes with serious thoughts,
But tender, rife;
No idle plaything to caress or chide
In sport or strife,
But my best chosen friend, companion, guide,
To walk through life,
Linked hand in hand, two equal, loving friends, true
husband and true wife.

SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

THE PILGRIMS.

 OW slow yon tiny vessel ploughs the main!
Amid the heavy billows now she seems
A toiling atom—then from wave to wave
Leaps madly, by the tempest lashed—or reels,
Half wrecked, through gulfs profound.
—Moons, wax and wane.

But still that lonely traveler treads the deep.—
I see an ice-bound coast, toward which she steers
With such a tardy movement, that it seems
Stern winter's hand hath turned her keel to stone,
And sealed his victory on her slippery shrouds.—
They land!—They land!—not like the Genoese,
With glittering sword and gaudy train, and eye
Kindling with golden fancies.—Forth they come
From their long prison—hardy forms, that brave
The world's unkindness—men of hoary hair,
And virgins of firm heart, and matrons grave,

Who hush the wailing infant with a glance.—
Bleak nature's desolation wraps them round,
Eternal forests and unyielding earth,
And savage men, who through the thickets peer
With vengeful arrow.—What could lure their steps
To this dreary desert?—Ask of him who left
His father's home to roam through Haran's wilds,
Distrusting not the Guide who called him forth,
Nor doubting, though a stranger, that his seed
Should be as ocean's sands.—

And can ye deem it strange
That from their planting such a branch should bloom
As nations envy.—Would a germ, embalmed
With prayer's pure tear-drops, strike no deeper root
Than that which mad ambition's hand doth strew
Upon the winds, to reap the winds again?
Hid by its veil of waters from the hand
Of greedy Europe, their bold vine spread forth
In giant strength.—

Its early clusters crushed
In England's wine-press, gave the tyrant host
A draught of deadly wine. O, ye who boast
In your free veins the blood of sires like these,
Lose not their lineaments! Should Mammon cling
Too close around your heart—or wealth beget
That bloated luxury which eats the core
From manly virtue—or the tempting world
Make faint the Christian purpose in your soul,
Turn ye to Plymouth's beach—and on that rock
Kneel in their foot-prints, and renew the vow
They breathed to God.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

THE PICKET GUARD.

"**A**LL quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat, to and
fro,

By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'Tis nothing; a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fires, are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night-wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And he thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain.

His musket falls slack; his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,
For their mother—may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips—when low, murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken;
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree—
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle: "Ha! Mary, good-by!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night—
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket's off duty forever.

ETHELIN ELIOT BEERS.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

HE muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
The brave and fallen few.
On fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind,
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms,
No braying horn or screaming life
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed,
Their haughty banner trailed in dust
Is now their martial shroud—
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms by battle gashed
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are passed—

Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
 Shall thrill with fierce delight
 Those breasts that never more may feel
 The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
 That sweeps his great plateau,
 Flushed with the triumph yet to gain
 Came down the serried foe—
 Who heard the thunder of the fray
 Break o'er the field beneath,
 Knew well the watchword of that day
 Was victory or death.

Full many a mother's breath hath swept
 O'er Angostura's plain,
 And long the pitying sky has wept
 Above its mouldered slain.
 The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
 Or shepherd's pensive lay,
 Alone now wake each solemn height
 That frowned o'er that dead fray.

Sons of the dark and bloody ground,
 Ye must not slumber there,
 Where stranger steps and tongues resound
 Along the heedless air!
 Your own proud land's heroic soil
 Shall be your fitter grave;

She claims from war its richest spoil—
 The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
 Far from the gory field,
 Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
 On many a bloody shield,
 The sunshine of their native sky
 Shines sadly on them here,
 And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
 The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
 Dear as the blood ye gave;
 No impious footstep here shall tread
 The herbage of your grave!
 Nor shall your glory be forgot
 While fame her record keeps,
 Or honor points the hallowed spot
 Where valor proudly sleeps.

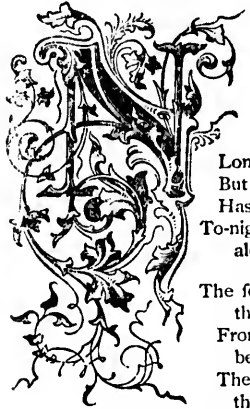
Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
 In deathless song shall tell,
 When many a vanished year hath flown,
 The story how ye fell;
 Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
 Nor time's remorseless doom,
 Can dim one ray of holy light
 That gilds your glorious tomb.

THEODORE O'HARA.



SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

THE CREOLE LOVER'S SONG.



LIGHT wind, whispering
wind, wind of the
Carib sea ;
The palms and the still
lagoon,
Long for thy coming soon ;
But first my lady find :
Haste nor look behind,
To-night, to-night, love's her-
ald be.
The feathery bamboo moves,
the dewy plantains weep ;
From the jasmine thicket
bear
The scents that are swooning
there,
And steal from the orange groves
The breath of a thousand loves,
To bear her ere she sleep.
And the lone bird's tender song that rings from the
ceiba tree :
The fire-fly's light and the glow
Of the moonlit waters low—
All things that to-night belong,
And can do my love no wrong,
Bear her this hour for me.
Speed thee, speed thee, wind of the deep, for the cy-
clone comes in wrath,
The distant forests moan :
Thou hast but an hour thine own,
An hour thy tryst to keep,
Ere the hounds of tempest leap,
And follow upon thy path.
Whisperer, tarry a space, she waits for thee in the
night,
She leans from her casement there,
With the star-blooms in her hair,
And a shadow falls like lace
From the fern-tree over her face,
And o'er her mantle white.
Spirit of air and fire, to-night my herald be ;
Tell her I love her well,
And all that I bid the tell,
And fold her ever the nigher,
With the strength of my soul's desire :
Wind, wind of the Carib sea.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH- YARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea ;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary
way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle whees his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;
Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl doth to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.
Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.
The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.
For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.
Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !
Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.
The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour ;—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.
Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre :

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest ;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad : nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
Forbidden to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply ;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say :

" Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

" There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old, fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

" Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove ;
Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

" One morn I missed him on the 'ustomed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree ;
Another came—nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he ;

" The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne ;—
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown ;
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
And melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send :
He gave to misery all he had—a tear ;
He gained from Heaven ('t was all he wished) a friend

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode :
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

EXPECTATION.



H, never sit we down, and say
There's nothing left but sorrow !
We walk the wilderness to-day,
The promised land to-morrow.

And though age wearies by the way,
And hearts break in the furrow,
We'll sow the golden grain to-day,
And harvest comes to-morrow.

Build up heroic lives, and all
Be like a sheathen sabre,
Ready to flash out at God's call,
O chivalry of labor !

Triumph and toil are twins ; and aye
Joy suns the cloud of sorrow ;
And 't is the martyrdom to-day
Brings victory to-morrow.

GERALD MASSEY.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
 "Life is but an empty dream !
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem."

Life is real ! life is earnest !
 And the grave is not its goal ;
 "Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way ;
 But to act, that each to-morrow,
 Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating
 Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of life,
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
 Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant !
 Let the dead past bury its dead !
 Act—act in the living present !
 Heart within, and God o'erhead.

Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time :

Footprints, that perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate ;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labor and to wait.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

HOSE evening bells ! those evening bells !
 How many a tale their music tells
 Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
 When last I heard their soothing chime !

Those joyous hours are passed away ;
 And many a heart that then was gay,
 Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
 And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone—
 That tuneful peal will still ring on ;
 While other bards shall walk these dells,
 And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE MAGICAL ISLE.

HERE 'S a magical isle in the River of Time,
 Where softest of echoes are straying ;
 And the air is as soft as a musical chime,
 Or the exquisite breath of a tropical clime
 When June with its roses is swaying.

'Tis where memory dwells with her pure golden hue,
 And music forever is flowing :
 While the low-murmured tones that come trembling
 through

Sadly trouble the heart, yet sweeten it too,
 As the south wind o'er water when blowing.

There are shadowy halls in that fairy-like isle,
 Where pictures of beauty are gleaming ;
 Yet the light of their eyes, and their sweet, sunny
 smile,

Only flash round the heart with a wildering wile,
 And leave us to know 'tis but dreaming.

And the name of this isle is the Beautiful Past,
 And we bury our treasures all there :
 There are beings of beauty too lovely to last ;
 There are blossoms of snow, with the dust o'er them
 cast ;

There are tresses and ringlets of hair.

There are fragments of song only memory sings,
 And the words of a dear mother's prayer ;
 There's a harp long unsought, and a lute without
 strings—
 Hallowed tokens that love used to wear.

E'en the dead—the bright, beautiful dead—there arise,
 With their soft, flowing ringlets of gold :
 Though their voices are hushed, and o'er their sweet
 eyes,

The unbroken signet of silence now lies,
 They are with us again, as of old.

In the stillness of night, hands are beckoning there,
 And, with joy that is almost a pain,
 We delight to turn back, and in wandering there,
 Through the shadowy halls of the island so fair,
 We behold our lost treasures again.

Oh ! this beautiful isle, with its phantom-like show,
 Is a vista exceedingly bright :
 And the River of Time, in its turbulent flow,
 Is oft soothed by the voices we heard long ago,
 When the years were a dream of delight.

TRUE NOBILITY.

HOWE'ER it be, it seems to me,
 'Tis only noble to be good ;
 Kind hearts are more than coronets,
 And simple faith than Norman blood.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER.

A THING of beauty is a joy forever :
 Its loveliness increases ; it will never
 Pass into nothingness ; but still will keep
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
 Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing ;
 Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
 A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
 Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
 Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
 Of all the unhealthy and o'erdarkened ways
 Made for our searching : yes, in spite of all,
 Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
 From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
 Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
 For simple sheep ; and such are daffodils
 With the green world they live in ; and clear rills
 That for themselves a cooling covert make
 'Gainst the hot season ; the mid-forest brake,
 Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms :
 And such, too, is the grandeur of the dooms
 We have imagined for the mighty dead ;
 All lovely tales that we have heard or read.

JOHN KEATS.

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

OUR native land—our native vale—
 A long and last adieu !
 Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,
 And Cheviot mountains blue.

Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,
 And streams renowned in song—
 Farewell, ye braes and blossomed meads,
 Our hearts have loved so long.

The mossy cave and mouldering tower
 That skirt our native dell—
 The martyr's grave, and lover's bower,
 We bid a sad farewell !

Home of our love ! our father's home !
 Land of the brave and free !
 The sail is flapping on the foam
 That bears us far from thee !

We seek a wild and distant shore,
 Beyond the western main—
 We leave thee to return no more,
 Nor view thy cliffs again !

Our native land—our native vale—
 A long and last adieu !
 Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,
 And Scotland's mountains blue !

THOMAS PRINGLE.

A BUTTERFLY ON A CHILD'S GRAVE.

A BUTTERFLY basked on a baby's grave,
 Where a lily had chanced to grow :
 "Why art thou here, with thy gaudy dye,
 When she of the blue and sparkling eye
 Must sleep in the churchyard low ?"
 Then it lightly soared through the sunny air,
 And spoke from its shining track :
 "I was a worm till I won my wings,
 And she whom thou mournest, like a seraph sings :
 Wouldst thou call the blest one back ?"

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

THEOLOGY IN THE QUARTERS.

NOW, I's got a notion in my head dat when you
 come to die,
 An' stan' de 'zamination in de Cote-house in
 de sky,
 You'll be 'stonished at de questions dat de angel's
 gwine to ax
 When he gits you on de witness-stan' an' pin you to
 de fac's ;
 'Cause he'll ax you mighty closely 'bout your doin's in
 de night,
 An' de water-milion question's gwine to bodder you
 a sight !
 Den your eyes'll open wider dan dey ebber done befo'
 When he chats you 'bout a chicken-scape dat hap-
 pened long ago !
 De angels on de picket-line erlong de Milky Way
 Keeps a-watchin' what you're dribin' at, an' hearin'
 what you say ;
 No matter what you want to do, no matter whar you's
 gwine,
 Dey's mighty ap' to find it out an' pass it 'long de
 line ;
 An' ofen at de meetin', when you make a fuss an'
 laugh,
 Why, dey send de news a-kitin' by de golden tele-
 graph ;
 Den, de angel in de orfis, what's a settin' by de gate,
 Jes' reads de message wid a look an' claps it on de
 slate !

Den you better do your juty well an' keep your con-
 science clear,
 An' keep a-lookin straight ahead an' watchin' whar'
 you steer ;
 'Cause arter while de time'll come to journey fum de
 lan',
 An' dey'll take you way up in de a'r an' put you on de
 stan' ;
 Den you'll hab to listen to de clerk an' answer mighty
 straight,
 Ef you ebber 'spec' to trable froo de alaplaster gate !

J. A. MACON.

THE WIDOW AND CHILD.

OME they brought her warrior dead ;
 She nor swooned, nor uttered cry ;
 All her maidens, watching, said,
 "She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
 Called him worthy to be loved,
 Truest friend and noblest foe ;
 Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
 Lightly to the warrior stole,
 Took a face-cloth from the face ;
 Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
 Set his child upon her knee—
 Like summer tempest came her tears—
 "Sweet my child, I live for thee."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

OH! WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF
MORTAL BE PROUD?

The following was the favorite poem of President Lincoln. A friend showed it to him when a young man, and afterwards he clipped it from a newspaper and learned it by heart. For a long time he did not know the author's name, but subsequently learned it.

OH! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
 Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying
 cloud,
 A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave
 Man passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
 Be scattered around, and together be laid ;
 And the young and the old, and the low and the high
 Shall molder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved ;
 The mother that infant's affection who proved ;
 The husband that mother and infant who blessed—
 Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose
 eye,
 Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by ;
 And the memory of those who loved her and praised
 Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne ;
 The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn ;
 The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
 Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap ;
 The herdsman who climbed with his goats up the
 steep ;
 The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
 Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven ;
 The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven ;
 The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
 Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flowers or the weed
 That withers away to let others succeed ;
 So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
 To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been ;
 We see the same sights our fathers have seen ;
 We drink the same stream, and view the same sun,
 And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think ;
 From the death we are shrinking our fathers would
 shrink ;

To the life we are clinging they also would cling ;
 But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold ;
 They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold ;
 They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will
 come ;

They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb,
 They died ! aye ! they died ; and we things that are
 now,

Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
 Who make in their dwelling a transient abode,
 Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage
 road.

Yea ! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
 We mingle together in sunshine and rain ;
 And the smiles and the tears, the song and the dirge,
 Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
 From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
 From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,—
 Oh ! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

WILLIAM KNOX.

MEMORY.

The following poem was written by the late President Garfield during his senior year in Williams College, Mass., and was published in the *Williams Quarterly* for March, 1836.

IS beauteous night; the stars look brightly down
 Upon the earth, decked in her robe of snow.
 No light gleams at the windows, save my own,
 Which gives its cheer to midnight and to me.

And now with noiseless step, sweet memory comes
 And leads me gently through her twilight realms.
 What poet's tuneful lyre has ever sung,
 Or delicate pencil e'er portrayed
 The enchanted, shadowy land where memory dwells?
 It has its valleys, cheerless, lone, and drear,
 Dark-shaded by the mournful cypress tree ;
 And yet its sunlit mountain tops are bathed
 In heaven's own blue. Upon its craggy cliffs,

Robed in the dreamy light of distant years,
 Are clustered joys serene of other days.
 Upon its gently sloping hillsides bend
 The weeping willows o'er the sacred dust
 Of dear departed ones; yet in that land,
 Where'er our footsteps fall upon the shore,
 They that were sleeping rise from out the dust
 Of death's long, silent years, and round us stand
 As erst they did before the prison tomb
 Received their clay within its voiceless halls.
 The heavens that bend above that land are hung
 With clouds of various hues. Some dark and chill,
 Surcharged with sorrow, cast their sombre shade
 Upon the sunny, joyous land below.
 Others are floating through the dreamy air,
 White as the falling snow, their margins tinged
 With gold and crimson hues; their shadows fall
 Upon the flowery meads and sunny slopes,
 Soft as the shadow of an angel's wing.
 When the rough battle of the day is done,
 And evening's peace falls gently on the heart,
 I bound away, across the noisy years,
 Unto the utmost verge of memory's land,
 Where earth and sky in dreamy distance meet,
 And memory dim with dark oblivion joins;
 Where woke the first remembered sounds that fell
 Upon the ear in childhood's early morn;
 And, wandering thence along the rolling years,
 I see the shadow of my former self
 Gliding from childhood up to man's estate;
 The path of youth winds down through many a vale,
 And on the brink of many a dread abyss,
 From out whose darkness comes no ray of light,
 Save that a phantom dances o'er the gulf
 And beckons toward the verge. Again the path
 Leads o'er the summit where the sunbeams fall;
 And thus in light and shade, sunshine and gloom,
 Sorrow and joy this life-path leads along.

JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD.

THE WEIGHT OF A WORD.

HAVE you ever thought of the weight of a word
 That falls in the heart like the song of a bird,
 That gladdens the springtime of memory and
 youth,

And garlands with cedar the banner of truth,
 That moistens the harvesting spot of the brain,
 Like dewdrops that fall on a meadow of grain,
 Or that shrivels the germ and destroys the fruit
 And lies like a worm at the lifeless root?

I saw a farmer at break of day
 Hoeing his corn in a careful way;
 An enemy came with a drouth in his eye,
 Discouraged the worker and hurried by.
 The keen-edged blade of the faithful hoe
 Dulled on the earth in the long corn row;
 The weeds sprung up and their feathers tossed
 Over the field, and the crop was—lost.

A sailor launched on an angry bay
 When the heavens entombed the face of the day;
 The wind arose, like a beast in pain,
 And shook on the billows his yellow mane;
 The storm beat down as if cursed the cloud,
 And the waves held up a dripping shroud—
 But, hark! o'er the waters that wildly raved
 Came a word of cheer, and he was—saved.

A poet passed with a song of God
 Hid in his heart, like a gem in a clod.
 His lips were framed to pronounce the thought,
 And the music of rhythm its magic wrought;
 Feeble at first was the happy trill,
 Low was the echo that answered the hill,
 But a jealous friend spoke near his side,
 And on his lips the sweet song—died.

A woman paused where a chandelier
 Threw in the darkness its poisoned spear;
 Weary and footsore from journeying long,
 She had strayed unawares from the right to the wrong.
 Angels were beck'ning her back from the den,
 Hell and its demons were beck'ning her in;
 The tone of an urchin, like one who forgives,
 Drew her back, and in heaven that sweet word—lives.

Words! words! They are little, yet mighty and brave;
 They rescue a nation, an empire save—
 They close up the gaps in a fresh bleeding heart
 That sickness and sorrow have severed apart.
 They fall on the path, like a ray of the sun,
 Where the shadows of death lay so heavy upon;
 They lighten the earth over our blessed dead.
 A word that will comfort, oh! leave not unsaid.

ORIENTAL MYSTICISM.

The following passage is translated from a German version of the *Dschau har Odsat*, a Persian poem of the thirteenth century, and is here offered as a specimen of the mystic writings of the East—a single sprig brought to town from a distant and unfrequented garden. These writings are characterized by wildness of fancy, a philosophy extremely abstruse, and especially by a deep spiritual life. They prove, as will be seen in the lines which follow, that the human mind has strong religious instincts; which, however, unless guided by a higher wisdom, are liable to great perversion—Extravagant as the conception of the passage here selected must appear to us, it has still its foundation in truth. That the ideas of infinite and divine things, which slumber in the mind, are often violently awakened by external objects, is what every one has experienced. Says a modern poet, in prospect of "clear, placid Leman,"

"It is a thing
 Which warns me, by its stillness, to forsake
 Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring."

And what is the story of Rudbari and Hassan, but an exhibition, *a la mode orientale*, of the same truth?

IN ancient days as the old stories run,
 Strange hap befell a father and his son.
 Rudbari was an old sea-faring man
 And loved the rough paths of the ocean;
 And Hassan was his child—a boy as bright
 As the keen moon, gleaming in the vault of night.

Rose-red his cheek, Narcissus-like his eye,
And his form might well with the slender cypress
vie.

Godly Rudbari was, and just and true,
And Hassan pure as a drop of early dew.—
Now, because Rudbari loved this only child,
He was feign to take him o'er the waters wild.

The ship is on the strand—friends, brothers, parents,
there

Take the last leave with mingled tears and prayer.
The sailor calls, the fair breeze chides delay,
The sails are spread, and all are under way,
But when the ship, like a strong-shot arrow, flew,
And the well-known shore was fading from the
view,

Hassan spake, as he gazed upon the land,
Such mystic words as none could understand :—
"On this troubled wave in vain we seek for rest.
Who builds his house on the sea, or his palace on its
breast?

Let me but reach yon fixed and steadfast shore,
And the bounding wave shall never tempt me more."
Then Rudbari spake :—"And does my brave boy
fear

The ocean's face to see, and his thundering voice to
hear?

He will love, when home returned at last,
To tell, in his native cot, of dangers past."
Then Hassan said : "Think not thy brave boy fears
When he sees the ocean's face, or his voice of thunder
hears ;

But on these waters I may not abide ;
Hold me not back ; I will not be denied."
Rudbari now wept o'er his wildered child :
"What mean these looks, and words so strangely
wild?

Dearer, my boy, to me than all the gain
That I've earned from the bounteous bosom of the
main !

Nor heaven, nor earth, could yield one joy to me,
Could I not, Hassan, share that joy with thee."

But Hassan soon, in his wandering words, betrayed
The cause of the mystic air that round him played :
"Soon as I saw these deep, wide waters roll,
A light from the INFINITE broke in upon my soul !"
"Thy words, my child, but ill become thine age,
And would better suit the mouth of some star-gazing
sage."

"Thy words, my father, cannot turn away
Mine eye, now fixed on that supernal day."

"Dost thou not, Hassan, lay these dreams aside,
I'll plunge thee headlong in this whelming tide."

"Do this, Rudbari, only not in ire,
'Tis all I ask, and all I can desire.

For on the bosom of this rolling flood,
Slumbers an awful mystery of good ;
And he may solve it, who will self expunge,
And in the depths of boundless being plunge."

He spake, and plunged, and as quickly sunk beneath
As the flying snow-flake melts on a summer heath
A moment Rudbari stood, as fixedly bound
As the pearl is by the shell that clasps it round.
Then he followed his Hassan with a frantic leap,
And they slumber both on the bottom of the deep !

LEONARD WOODS.

THE SEASONS OF LIFE.

SPRING.



HE soft green grass is growing,
O'er meadow and o'er dale ;
The silvery founts are flowing
Upon the verdant vale ;
The pale snowdrop is springing,
To greet the glowing sun ;
The primrose sweet is flinging
Perfume the fields among ;
The trees are in the blossom,
The birds are in their song,
As spring upon the bosom
Of nature's borne along.

So the dawn of human life doth green and verdant
spring ;

It doth little ween the strife that after years will bring ;
Like the snowdrop it is fair, and like the primrose
sweet ;

But its innocence can't scare the blight from its re-
treat.

SUMMER.

The full ripe corn is bending
In waves of golden light ;
The new-mown hay is sending
Its sweets upon the night ;
The breeze is softly sighing,
To cool the parched flowers ;
The rain, to see them dying,
Weeps forth its gentle showers ;
The merry fish are playing,
Adown yon crystal stream ;
And night from day is straying,
As twilight gives its gleam.

And thus manhood, in its prime, is full and ripe and
strong ;

And it scarcely deems that time can do its beauty
wrong.

Like the merry fish we play adown the stream of life ;
And we wreck not of the day that gathers what is ripe.

AUTUMN.

The flowers all are fading,
Their sweets are riled now ;
And night sends forth her shading
Along the mountain brow ;
The bee hath ceased its winging,
To flowers at early morn ;

The birds have ceased their singing,
Sheafed is the golden corn ;
The harvest now is gathered,
Protected from the clime ;
The leaves are seared and withered,
That late shone in their prime.

Thus when fourscore years are gone o'er the frail life
of man,
Time sits heavy on his throne, as near his brow we
scan ;
Like the autumn leaf that falls, when winds the branches
wave,
Like night-shadows daylight palls, like all, he finds a
grave.

WINTER.

The snow is on the mountain,
The frost is on the vale,
The ice hangs o'er the fountain,
The storm rides on the gale ;
The earth is bare and naked,
The air is cold—and drear,
The sky with snow-clouds flakèd,
And dense foul fogs appear ;
The sun shines not so brightly
Through the dark murky skies,
The nights grow longer—nightly,
And thus the winter dies.

Thus falls man, his season past, the blight has ta'en
his bloom ;
Summer gone, the autumn blast consigns him to the
tomb ;
Then the winter cold and drear, with pestilential
breath,
Blows upon his silent bier, and whispers—"This is
death."

THOMAS JOHN OUSELEY.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL-MASTER.

BESIDE yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school :
A man severe he was, and stern to view :
I knew him well, and every truant knew ;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face ;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.

Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault ;
The village all declared how much he knew—
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too ;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge.

In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still ;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE INQUIRY.

TELL me, ye winged winds, that round my path-
way roar,
Do ye not know some spot where mortals
weep no more ?

Some lone and pleasant dell, some valley in the West,
Where, free from toil and pain, the weary soul may
re-t ?

The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered—"No."

Tell me, thou mighty deep, whose billows round me
play,
Knowest thou some favored spot, some island far
away,
Where weary man may find the bliss for which he
sighs—

Where sorrow never lives, and friendship never dies ?
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for awhile, and sighed to answer—
"No."

And thou, serenest moon, that, with such lovely face,
Dost look upon the earth, asleep in night's embrace ;
Tell me, in all thy round, hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man might find a happier lot ?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in voe,
And a voice, sweet, but sad, responded—"No."

Tell me, my secret soul ;—oh ! tell me, hope and faith,
Is there no resting place from sorrow, sin, and
death ?—

Is there no happy spot, where mortals may be blessed,
Where grief may find a balm, and weariness a rest ?
Faith, hope and love, best boons to mortals
given,
Waved their bright wings, and whispered—
"YES, IN HEAVEN !"

CHARLES MACKAY.

FROM CHILDHOOD TO OLD AGE.

BEHOLD, fond man !
See here thy pictured life ;—pass some few
years,
Thy flowering spring, thy summer's ardent
strength,
Thy sober autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene.

OBSERVATIONS OF REV. GABE TUCKER.

YOU may notch it on de palin's as a mighty
risky plan
To make your judgment by de clo'es dat
kivers up a man;

For I hardly needs to tell you how you often come
ercross

A fifty-dollar saddle on a twenty-dollar hoss.
An', wukin' in de low-groun's, you diskiver, as you go,
Dat the fines' shuck may hide de meanes' nubbin in
a row!

I think a man has got a mighty slender chance for
leben

Dat holds on to his piety but one day out o' seben;
Dat talks about de sinners wid a heap o' solemn chat,
An' nebber draps a nickel in de missionary hat;
Dat's foremost in the meetin'-house for raisin all de
chunes,

But lays aside his 'ligion wid his Sunday pantaloons!

I nebber judge o' people dat I meets along the way
By de places whar dey come furr; an' de houses whar
dey stay;

For de bantam chicken's awful fond o' roostin pretty
high,

An' de turkey-buzzard sails above de eagle in de sky;
Dey ketches little minners in de middle ob de sea,
An' you finds de smalles' possum up de bigges' kind
o'tree!

J. A. MACON.

THE LAST LEAF.

I SAW him once before,
As he passed by the door;
And again
The pavement stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
So forlorn;
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady! she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin,
Like a staff;
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here,
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches—and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

READ softly, bow the head,
In reverent silence bow;
No passing bell doth toll,
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger! however great,
With lowly reverence bow;
There's one in that poor shed—
One by that paltry bed—
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! Death doth keep his state,
Enter, no crowds attend;
Enter, no guards defend
This palace gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,
No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands,
Lifting with meagre hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound,
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppressed—again
That short deep gasp, and then
The parting groan.

O change! O wondrous change!
 Burst are the prison bars—
 This moment, *there*, so low,
 So agonized, and now—
 Beyond the stars.

O change! stupendous change!
 There lies the soulless clod;
 The sun eternal breaks,
 The new immortal wakes—
 Wakes with his God!

CAROLINE ANNE SOUTHEY.

IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT.

† If I should die to-night,
 † My friends would look upon my quiet face,
 † Before they laid it in its resting-place,
 † And deem that death had left it almost fair;
 And laying snow-white flowers against my hair,
 Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
 And fold my hands, with lingering caress,
 Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night!

If I should die to-night,
 My friends would call to mind, with loving thought,
 Some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought,
 Some gentle word the frozen lips had said:
 Errands on which the willing feet had sped—
 The memory of my selfishness and pride,
 My hasty words, would all be put aside,
 And so I should be mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night,
 Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
 Recalling other days remorsefully;
 The eyes that chill me with averted glance,
 Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
 And soften in the old familiar way,
 For who would war with dumb, unconscious clay?
 So I might rest, forgiven of all to-night.

O friends, I pray to-night,
 Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow,
 The way is lonely; let me feel them now.
 Think gently of me; I am travel worn;
 My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
 Forgive! O hearts estranged, forgive, I plead!
 When dreamless rest is mine, I shall not need
 The tenderness for which I long to-night.

BETTER THINGS.

BETTER to smell the violet cool, than sip the
 glowing wine;
 Better to hark a hidden brook, than watch a
 diamond shine.

Better the love of a gentle heart, than beauty's favor
 proud;
 Better the rose's living seed, than roses in a crowd.

Better to love in loneliness, than to bask in love all
 day;
 Better the fountain in the heart, than the fountain by
 the way.

Better be fed by a mother's hand, than eat alone at
 will;
 Better to trust in God, than say: "My goods my
 storehouse fill."

Better to be a little wise, than in knowledge to abound;
 Better to teach a child, than toil to fill perfection's
 round.

Better to sit at a master's feet, than thrill a listening
 State;
 Better suspect that thou art proud, than be sure that
 thou art great.

Better to walk the real unseen, than watch the hour's
 event;
 Better the "Well done," at the last, than the air with
 shouting rent.

Better to have a quiet grief, than a hurrying delight;
 Better the twilight of the dawn, than the noonday
 burning bright.

Better a death when work is done, than earth's most
 favored birth;
 Better a child in God's great house, than the king of
 all the earth.

GEORGE McDONALD.

WOMAN'S WILL.

MEN, dying, make their wills, but wives
 Escape a work so sad;
 Why should they make what all their lives
 The gentle dames have had?


JOHN GODFREY Saxe.

AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

HOW sweet it were, if without feeble fright,
 Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,
 An angel came to us, and we could bear
 To see him issue from the silent air
 At evening in our room, and bend on ours
 His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers
 News of dear friends, and children who have never
 Been dead indeed—as we shall know forever.
 Alas! we think not what we daily see
 About our hearths—angels, that are to be,
 Or may be if they will, and we prepare
 Their souls and ours to meet in happy air—
 A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart sings
 In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.

LEIGH HUNT

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

OODMAN, spare that tree !
 Touch not a single bough !
 In youth it sheltered me,
 And I'll protect it now.
 'Twas my forefather's hand
 That placed it near his cot ;
 There, woodman, let it stand,
 Thy ax shall harm it not !


That old familiar tree,
 Whose glory and renown
 Are spread o'er land and sea,
 And wouldst thou hew it down ?
 Woodman, forbear thy stroke !
 Cut not its earth-bound ties ;
 O, spare that aged oak,
 Now towering to the skies !

When but an idle boy
 I sought its grateful shade ;
 In all their gushing joy
 Here too my sisters played.
 My mother kissed me here ;
 My father pressed my hand—
 Forgive this foolish tear,
 But let that old oak stand !

My heart-strings round thee cling,
 Close as thy bark, old friend !
 Here shall the wild-bird sing,
 And still thy branches bend.
 Old tree ! the storm still brave !
 And, woodman, leave the spot ;
 While I've a hand to save,
 Thy ax shall hurt it not.

GEORGE PERKINS MORRIS.

THE LONG AGO.

H ! a wonderful stream is the river of Time,
 As it runs through the realm of tears,
 With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
 And a broader sweep and a surge sublime,
 As it blends in the ocean of years !

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,
 And the summers like birds between,
 And the years in the sheaf, how they come and they go
 On the river's breast, with its ebb and its flow,
 As it glides in the shadow and sheen !

There's a magical isle up the river Time,
 Where the softest of airs are playing,
 There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
 And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
 And the junes with the roses are straying.

And the name of this isle is the "Long Ago,"
 And we bury our treasures there ;
 There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow,
 There are heaps of dust—oh ! we loved them so—
 There are trinkets and tresses of hair.


There are fragments of songs that nobody sings,
 There are parts of an infant's prayer,
 There's a lute unswept and a harp without strings,
 There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
 And the garments our loved used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
 By the fitful mirage is lifted in air,
 And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar
 Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
 When the wind down the river was fair.

Oh ! remembered for aye be that blessed isle,
 All the day of our life until night ;
 And when evening glows with its beautiful smile,
 And our eyes are closing in slumbers a while,
 May a lovefetter isle be in sight.

BAYARD F. TAYLOR.

ROLL CALL.

ORPORAL GREEN ! " the orderly cried ;
 "Here ! " was the answer, loud and clear,
 From the lips of the soldier who stood
 near—

And "here ! " was the word the next replied.

"Cyrus Drew !"—then a silence fell—
 This time no answer followed the call ;
 Only his rear-man had seen him fall,
 Killed or wounded, he could not tell.

There they stood in the failing light,
 These men of battle, with grave, dark looks,
 As plain to be read as open books,
 While slowly gathered the shades of night.

The fern on the hill-sides was splashed with blood,
 And down in the corn where the poppies grew
 Were redder stains than the poppies knew ;
 And crimson-dyed was the river's flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side
 That day, in the face of a murderous fire
 That swept them down in its terrible ire ;
 And their life-blood went to color the tide.

"Herbert Kline ! " At the call there came
 Two stalwart soldiers into the line.
 Bearing between them this Herbert Kline,
 Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.

"Ezra Kerr !"—and a voice answered, "here !"
 "Hiram Kerr !"—but no man replied.
 They were brothers, these two ; the sad winds
 sighed,
 And a shudder crept through the cornfield near.

"Ephraim Deane!"—then a soldier spoke:
 "Deane carried our regiment's colors," he said;
 "Where our ensign was shot, I left him dead.
 Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

"Close to the road side his body lies;
 I paused a moment and gave him drink;
 He murmured his mother's name, I think,
 And death came with it and closed his eyes."

'Twas a victory; yes, but it cost us dear—
 For that company's roll, when called at night,
 Of a hundred men who went into the fight,
 Numbered but twenty that answered, "here!"

N. G. SHEPHERD.

THE LARK AND HER LITTLE ONES WITH THE OWNER OF A FIELD.

"DEPEND upon yourself alone,"
 Is a sound proverb worthy credit.
 In Æsop's time it was well known,
 And there (to tell the truth) I read it.
 The larks to build their nests began,
 When wheat was in the green blade still—
 That is to say, when Nature's plan
 Had ordered Love, with conquering will,
 To rule the earth, the sea, and air,
 Tigers in woods, sea monsters in the deep;
 Nor yet refuse a share

To larks that in the cornfields keep.
 One bird, however, of these last,
 Found that one-half the spring was past,
 Yet brought no mate, such as the season sent
 To others. Then with firm intent
 Plighting her troth, and fairly matched,
 She built her nest and gravely hatched.
 All went on well, the corn waved red
 Above each little fledgling's head,
 Before they 'd strength enough to fly,
 And mount into the April sky.

A hundred cares the mother lark compel
 To seek with patient care the daily food;
 But first she warns her restless brood
 To watch, and peep, and listen well,
 And keep a constant sentinel;
 "And if the owner comes his corn to see,
 His son, too, as 't will likely be,
 Take heed, for when we're sure of it,
 And reapers come, why, we must flit."
 No sooner was the lark away

Than came the owner with his son,
 "The wheat is ripe," he said, "so run,
 And bring our friends at peep of day,
 Each with his sickle sharp and ready."

The lark returns: alarm already
 Had seized the covey. One commences—
 "He said himself, at early morn
 His friends he'd call to reap the corn."

The old lark said—"If that is all,
 My worthy children, keep your senses;
 No hurry till the first rows fall.
 We'll not go yet, dismiss all fear;
 To-morrow keep an open ear.
 Here's dinner ready, now be gay."
 They ate and slept the time away.
 The morn arrives to wake the sleepers,
 Aurora comes, but not the reapers.
 The lark soars up: and on his round
 The farmer comes to view his ground.
 "This wheat," he said, "ought not to stand;
 Our friends are wrong no helping hand
 To give, and we are wrong to trust
 Such lazy fools for half a crust,
 Much less for labor. Sons," he cried,
 "Go, call our kinsmen on each side;
 We'll go to work." The little lark
 Grew more afraid. "Now, mother, mark,
 The work within an hour's begun."
 The mother answered—"Sleep, my son;
 We will not leave our house to-night."
 Well, no one came; the bird was right.
 The third time came the master by:
 "Our error's great," he said, repentantly:
 "No friend is better than oneself;
 Remember that, my boy, it's worth some pelf.
 Now, what to do?
 Why, I and you
 Must whet our sickles and begin;
 That is the shortest way, I see;
 I know at last the surest plan:
 We'll make our harvest as we can."
 No sooner had the lark o'erheard—
 "'Tis time to flit, my children, come!"
 Cried out the very prudent bird.
 Little and big went fluttering, rising,
 Soaring in a way surprising,
 And left without a beat of drum.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

HE room is old—the night is cold—
 But night is dearer far than day;
 For then, in dreams, to him it seems,
 That she's returned who's gone away!
 His tears are passed—he clasps her fast—
 Again she holds him on her knee;
 And—in his sleep—he murmurs deep,
 "Oh! mother, go no more from me!"

But morning breaks, the child awakes—
 The dreamer's happy dream hath fled;
 The fields look sere, and cold, and drear—
 Like orphans, mourning summer dead! —
 The wild birds spring, on shivering wing,
 Or, cheerless, chirp from tree to tree;
 And still he cries, with weeping eyes,
 "Oh! mother dear, come back to me!"

Can no one tell where angels dwell?—
 He's called them oft till day grew dim;
 If they were near—and they could hear—
 He thinks they'd bring her back to him!
 "Oh! angels sweet, conduct my feet,"
 He cries, "where'er her home may be;
 Oh! lead me on to where she's gone,
 Or bring my mother back to me!"

—
 CHARLES SWAIN.

WILL THE NEW YEAR COME TO-NIGHT, MAMMA?

WILL the New Year come to-night, mamma?
 I'm tired of waiting so—
 My stocking hung by the chimney-side full
 three long days ago;

I run to peep within the door by morning's early light—
 'Tis empty still; oh, say, mamma, will the New Year
 come to-night?

Will the New Year come to-night, mamma? the snow
 is on the hill,
 And the ice must be two inches thick upon the mead-
 ow's rill.

I heard you tell papa last night his son must have a sled;
 (I didn't mean to hear, mamma), and a pair of skates,
 you said.

I prayed for just those things, mamma. Oh, I shall be
 full of glee,
 And the orphan boys in the village school will all be
 envying me;
 But I'll give them toys and lend them books, and make
 their New Year glad,
 For God, you say, takes back his gifts when little folks
 are bad;

And won't you let me go, mamma, upon the New
 Year's day,
 And carry something nice and warm to poor old widow
 Gray?

I'll leave the basket near the door within the garden
 gate—

Will the New Year come to-night, mamma? it seems
 so long to wait.

The New Year comes to-night, mamma, I saw it in my
 sleep;

My stocking hung so full, I thought—mamma, what
 makes you weep?—

But it only held a little shroud—a shroud and nothing
 more;

And an open coffin made for me was standing 'on the
 floor!

It seemed so very strange indeed, to find such gifts, in-
 stead

Of all the gifts I wished so much—the story-books and
 sled;

And while I wondered what it meant, you came with
 tearful joy,
 And said, "Thou'lt find the New Year first; God call-
 eth thee, my boy."

It is not all a dream, mamma—I know it must be true;
 But have I been so bad a boy, God taketh me from
 you?

I don't know what papa will do when I am laid to rest,
 And you will have no Willie's head to fold upon your
 breast.

The New Year comes to-night, mamma; place your
 dear hand on my cheek,

And raise my head a little more; it seems so hard to
 speak.

I shall not want the skates, mamma, I'll never need the
 sled;

But won't you give them both to Blake, who hurt me
 on my head?

He used to hide my books away and tear the pictures
 too,

But now he'll know that I forgive, as then I tried to do.
 And if you please, mamma, I'd like the story-books and
 slate

To go to Frank, the drunkard's boy, you wouldn't let
 me hate;

And dear mamma, you won't forget, upon the New
 Year's day,

The basketful of something nice for poor old widow
 Gray?

The New Year comes to-night, mamma—it seems so
 very soon,

I think God didn't hear me ask for just another June.

I know I've been a thoughtless boy and made you too
 much care,

And maybe for your sake, mamma, God doesn't hear
 my prayer.

There's one thing more—my pretty pets, the robin and
 the dove,

Keep for you and dear papa, and teach them how to
 love.

The garden-rake, the little hoe, you'll find them nicely
 laid

Upon the garret floor, mamma, the place where last I
 played.

I thought to need them both so much when summer
 comes again,

To make my garden by the brook that trickles through
 the glen;

It cannot be; but you will keep the summer flowers
 green,

And plant a few—don't cry, mamma—a very few I
 mean,

Where I'm asleep: I'll sleep so sweet beneath the
 apple tree,

Where you and robin in the morn will come and sing
 to me.

The New Year comes—good-night, mamma, "I lay
me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord"—tell dear papa—"my precious soul
to keep;
If I"—how cold it seems—how dark—kiss me—I can-
not see,
The New Year comes to-night, mamma, the old year
dies with me.

CORA M. EAGER.

THE LAST TIME THAT I MET LADY RUTH.

HERE are some things hard to understand,
O help me, my God, to trust in Thee!
But I never shall forget her soft white hand,
And her eyes when she looked at me.

It is hard to pray the very same prayer
Which once at our mother's knee we prayed—
When where we trusted our whole heart, there
Our trust hath been betrayed.

I swear that the milk-white muslin so light
On her virgin breast, where it lay demure,
Seemed to be touched to a purer white
By the touch of a breast so pure.

I deemed her the one thing undefiled
By the air we breathe, in a world of sin;
The truest, the tenderest, purest child
A man ever trusted in!

When she blamed me (she, with her fair child's face!)
That never with her to the church I went
To partake of the Gospel of truth and grace,
And the Christian sacrament,

And I said I would for her own sweet sake,
Though it was but herself I should worship there,
How that happy child's face strove to take
On its dimples a serious air!

I remember the chair she would set for me,
By the flowers, when all the house was gone
To drive in the Park, and I and she
Were left to be happy alone.

There she leaned her head on my knees, my Ruth,
With the primrose loose in her half-closed hands;
And I told her tales of my wandering youth
In the far fair foreign lands.

The last time I met her was here in town,
At a fancy ball at the Duchess of D.,
On the stairs, where her husband was handing her
down,

There we met, and she talked to me.

She with powder in hair and patch on chin,
And I in the garb of a pilgrim priest,
And between us both, without and within,
A hundred years at least!

We talked of the house, and the late long rains,
And the crush at the French Ambassador's ball,
And . . . well, I have not blown out my brains,
You see I can laugh, that is all.

ROBERT BULWER LYTTON (*Owen Meredith*).

THE SNOW-FLAKE.

"NOW, if I fall, will it be my lot
To be cast in some low and lonely spot,
To melt, and to sink unseen or forgot?
And then will my course be ended?"

'Twas thus a feathery snow-flake said,
As down through the measureless space it strayed,
Or, as half by dalliance, half afraid,
It seemed in mid air suspended.

"O, no," said the earth, "thou shalt not lie,
Neglected and lone, on my lap to die,
Thou pure and delicate child of the sky;
For thou wilt be safe in my keeping;
But, then, I must give thee a lovelier form;
Thou'lt not be a part of the wintry storm,
But revive when the sunbeams are yellow and warm,
And the flowers from my bosom are peeping.

"And then thou shalt have thy choice to be
Restored in the filly that decks the lee,
In the jessamine bloom, the anemone;
Or aught of thy spotless whiteness;
To melt, and be cast in a glittering bead,
With the pearls that the night scatters over the mead,
In the cup where the bee and the fire-fly feed,
Regaining thy dazzling brightness;—

"To wake, and be raised from thy transient sleep,
When Viola's mild blue eye shall weep,
In a tremulous tear, or a diamond leap
In a drop from the unlocked fountain;
Or, leaving the valley, the meadow and heath,
The streamlet, the flowers, and all beneath,
To go and be wove in the silvery wreath
Encircling the brow of the mountain.

"Or wouldst thou return to a home in the skies,
To shine in the iris I'll let thee arise,
And appear in the many and glorious dyes
A pencil of sunbeams is blending.
But true, fair thing, as my name is earth,
I'll give thee a new and vernal birth,
When thou shalt recover thy primal worth,
And never regret descending!"

"Then I will drop," said the trusting flake;
"But bear it in mind that the choice I make
Is not in the flowers nor the dew to awake,
Nor the mist that shall pass with the morning:
For, things of thyself, they expire with thee;
But those that are lent from on high, like me,
They rise, and will live, from thy dust set free,
To the regions above returning.

"And if true to thy word, and just thou art,
Like the spirit that dwells in the holiest heart,
Unsullied by thee, thou wilt let me depart,
And return to my native heaven ;
For I would be placed in the beautiful bow,
From time to time, in thy sight to glow,
So thou may'st remember the flake of snow
By the promise that God hath given."

HANNAH FLAGG GOULD.

THE MINSTREL GIRL.

GAIN 'twas evening—Agnes knelt,
Pale, passionless—a sainted one :
On wasted cheek and pale brow dwelt
The last beams of the setting sun.
Alone—the damp and cloistered wall
Was round her like a sepulchre ;
And at the vesper's mournful call
Was bending every worshipper.
She knelt—her knee upon the stone,
Her thin hand veiled her tearful eye,
As it were sin to gaze upon
The changes of the changeable sky.
It seemed as if a sudden thought
Of her enthusiast moments came
With the bland eve—and she had sought
To stifle in her heart the flame
Of its awakened memory :
She felt she might not cherish, then,
The raptures of a spirit, free
And passionate as hers had been,
When its sole worship was, to look
With a delighted eye abroad ;
And read, as from an open book,
The written languages of God.

How changed she kneels!—the vile, gray hood,
Where spring-flowers twined with raven hair,
And where the jewelled silk hath flowed,
Coarse veil and gloomy scapulaire.
And wherefore thus? Was hers a soul,
Which, all unfit for nature's gladness,
Could grasp the bigot's poisoned bowl,
And drain with joy its draught of madness?
Read ye the secret, who have nursed
In your own hearts intenser feelings,
Which stole upon ye, at the first,
Like bland and musical revealings
From some untrodden paradise,
Until your very soul was theirs ;
And from their maddening ecstasies
Ye woke to mournfulness and prayers.
To weave a garland, will not let it wither ;—
Wondering, I listen to the strain sublime,
That flows, all freshly, down the stream of time,
Wafted in grand simplicity along.
The undying breath, the very soul of song.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

A SONG OF THE MOLE.

DE jay-bird hunt de sparrer-nes',
De bee-martin sail all 'roun',
De squir'l, he holler fun de top er de tree—
Mr. Mole, he stay in de groun' ;
He hide en he stay twel de dark drap down—
Mr. Mole, he stay in de groun'.

De w'ipperwill holler fun 'cross de fence—
He got no peace er min' ;
Mr. Mole, he grabble en he dig twel he lan'
Un'need de sweet tater vine ;
He lan' down dar whar no sun ain't shine,
Un'need de sweet-tater vine.

De sparrer-hawk whet his bill on de rail—
Oh, ladies, lissen unter me,
Mr. Mole, he handle his two little spade,
Down dar whar no eye kin see ;
He dig so fur en he dig so free,
Down dar whar no eye kin see.

De nigger, he wuk twel de dark drap down,
En den Mr. Mole is he ;
He sing his song de whole night long
Whar de patter-roller never kin see ;
He sing en he play—oh, gals, go 'way !—
Whar de patter-roller never kin see.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS (*Uncle Remus*).

GIVE ME THREE GRAINS OF CORN, MOTHER.

THE IRISH FAMINE.

GIVE me three grains of corn, mother—
Only three grains of corn ;
It will keep the little life I have
Till the coming of the morn.
I am dying of hunger and cold, mother—
Dying of hunger and cold ;
And half the agony of such a death
My lips have never told.

It has gnawed like a wolf at my heart, mother—
A wolf that is fierce for blood ;
All the livelong day, and the night beside,
Gnawing for lack of food.
I dreamed of bread in my sleep, mother,
And the sight was heaven to see ;
I awoke with an eager, famishing lip,
But you had no bread for me.

How could I look to you, mother—
How could I look to you
For bread to give to your starving boy,
When you were starving too?
For I read the famine in your cheek,
And in your eyes so wild,
And I felt it in your bony hand
As you laid it on your child.

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The Queen has lands and gold, mother—
The Queen has lands and gold,
While you are forced to your empty breast
A skeleton babe to hold—
A babe that is dying of want, mother,
As I am dying now,
With a ghastly look in its sunken eye,
And famine upon its brow.

What has poor Ireland done, mother—
What has poor Ireland done,
That the world looks on and sees us starve,
Perishing one by one?
Do the men of England care not, mother—
The great men and the high—
For the suffering sons of Erin's isle,
Whether they live or die?

There is many a brave heart here, mother—
Dying of want and cold,
While only across the channel, mother,
Are many that roll in gold;
There are rich and proud men there, mother,
With wondrous wealth to view,
And the bread they fling to their dogs to-night
Would give life to me and you.

Come nearer to my side, mother,
Come nearer to my side,
And hold me fondly as you held
My father when *he* died;
Quick! for I cannot see you, mother.
My breath is almost gone;
Mother! dear mother! ere I die,
Give me three grains of corn.

AMELIA BLANFORD EDWARDS.

IDEAS THE LIFE OF A PEOPLE.

THE leaders of our Revolution were men of whom the simple truth is the highest praise. Of every condition in life, they were singularly sagacious, sober, and thoughtful. Lord Chatham spoke only the truth when he said to Franklin, of the men who composed the first colonial Congress: "The Congress is the most honorable assembly of statesmen since those of the ancient Greeks and Romans in the most virtuous times." Given to grave reflection, they were neither dreamers nor visionaries, and they were much too earnest to be rhetoricians. It is a curious fact, that they were generally men of so calm a temper that they lived to extreme age. With the exception of Patrick Henry and Samuel Adams, they were most of them profound scholars, and studied the history of mankind that they might know men. They were so familiar with the lives and thoughts of the wisest and best minds of the past that a classic aroma hangs about their writings and their speech; and they were profoundly convinced of what statesmen always know, and the adroitest mere politicians never perceive—that ideas

are the life of a people; that the conscience, not the pocket, is the real citadel of a nation, and that when you have debauched and demoralized that conscience by teaching that there are no natural rights, and that therefore there is no moral right or wrong in political action, you have poisoned the wells and rotted the crops in the ground.

The three greatest living statesmen of England knew this also. Edmund Burke knew it, and Charles James Fox, and William Pitt, Earl of Chatham. But they did not speak for the King, or Parliament, or the English nation. Lord Gower spoke for them when he said in Parliament: "Let the Americans talk about their natural and divine rights; their rights as men and citizens; their rights from God and nature! I am for enforcing these measures." My lord was contemptuous, and the King hired the Hessians, but the truth remained true. The Fathers saw the scarlet soldiers swarming over the sea, but more steadily they saw that the national progress had been secure only in the degree that the political system had conformed to natural justice. They knew the coming wreck of property and trade, but they knew more surely that Rome was never so rich as when she was dying, and, on the other hand, the Netherlands, never so powerful as when they were poorest. Farther away, they read the names of Assyria, Greece, Egypt. They had art, opulence, splendor. Corn enough grew in the valley of the Nile. The Syrian sword was as sharp as any. They were merchant princes, and the clouds in the sky were rivaled by their sails upon the sea. They were soldiers, and their frown frightened the world.

"Soul, take thine ease," those empires said, languid with excess of luxury and life. Yes; but you remember the king who had built his grandest palace, and was to occupy it upon the morrow; but when the morrow came the palace was a pile of ruins. "Woe is me!" cried the King, "who is guilty of this crime?" "There is no crime," replied the sage at his side; "but the mortar was made of sand and water only, and the builders forgot to put in the lime." So fell the old empires, because the governors forgot to put justice into their governments.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

MY mind to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I find
As far exceeds all earthly bliss
That God or nature hath assigned;
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.
Content I live; this is my stay—
I seek no more than may suffice.
I press to bear no haughty sway;
Look, what I lack my mind supplies.
Lo! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soonest fall;
I see that such as sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all.
These get with toil, and keep with fear;
Such cares my mind could never bear.

No princely pomp nor wealthy store,
No force to win the victory,
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to win a lover's eye—
To none of these I yield as thrall;
For why, my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave;
I little have, yet seek no more.
They are but poor, though much they have;
And I am rich with little store.
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss,
I grudge not at another's gain;
No worldly wave my mind can toss;
I brook that is another's bane.
I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend;
I loathe not life, nor dread mine end.

I joy not in no earthly bliss;
I weigh not Cræsus' wealth a straw;
For care, I care not what it is;
I fear not fortune's fatal law;
My mind is such as may not move
For beauty bright, or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will;
I wander not to seek for more;
I like the plain, I climb no hill;
In greatest storms I sit on shore,
And laugh at them that toil in vain
To get what must be lost again.

I kiss not where I wish to kill;
I feign not love where most I hate;
I break no sleep to win my will;
I wait not at the mighty's gate.
I scorn no poor, I fear no rich;
I feel no want, nor have too much.

The court nor cart I like nor loathe;
Extremes are counted worst of all;
The golden mean betwixt them both
Doth surest suit, and fears no fall;
This is my choice; for why, I find
No wealth is like a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease;
My conscience clear my chief defence;
I never seek by bribes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence.
Thus do I live, thus will I die;
Would I had so as well as I!

WILLIAM BYRD.

THE RIGHT MUST CONQUER.

IN this world, with its wild whirling eddies and mad foam oceans, where men and nations perish as if without law, and judgment for an unjust thing is sternly delayed, dost thou think that there is therefore no justice? It is what the f of hath said in his heart. It is what the wise in all times were wise because they denied, and knew forever not to be. I tell thee again, there is nothing else but justice. One strong thing I find here below: the just thing, the true thing.

My friend, if thou hadst all the artillery of Woolwich trundling at thy back in support of an unjust thing, and infinite bonfires visibly waiting ahead of thee, to blaze centuries long for thy victory on behalf of it, I would advise thee to call halt, to fling down thy baton and say, "In Heaven's name, no!"

Thy "success"? Poor fellow! what will thy success amount to? If the thing is unjust, thou hast not succeeded; no, not though bonfires blazed from north to south, and bells rang, and editors wrote leading articles, and the just things lay trampled out of sight to all mortal eyes abolished and annihilated things.

It is the right and noble alone that will have victory in this struggle; the rest is wholly an obstruction, a postponement and fearful imperilment of the victory. Towards an eternal centre of right and nobleness, and of that only, is all confusion tending. We already know whither it is all tending; what will have victory, what will have none. The heaviest will reach the centre. The heaviest has its deflections, its obstructions, nay, at times its reboundings; whereupon some blockhead shall be heard jubilating, "See, your heaviest ascends!" but at all moments it is moving centreward fast as it is convenient for it; sinking, sinking; and, by laws older than the world, old as the Maker's first plan of the world, it has to arrive there.

Await the issue. In all battles, if you await the issue, each fighter has prospered according to his right. His right and his might, at the close of the account, were one and the same. He has fought with all his might, and in exact proportion to all his right he has prevailed. His very death is no victory over him. He dies indeed; but his work lives, very truly lives.

A heroic Wallace, quartered on the scaffold, cannot hinder that his Scotland become, one day, a part of England; but he does hinder that it become, on tyrannous, unfair terms, a part of it; commands still, as with a god's voice, from his old Valhalla and Temple of the Brave, that there be a just, real union, as of brother and brother—not a false and merely scabbling one, as of slave and master. If the union with England be in fact one of Scotland's chief blessings, we thank Wallace withal that it was not the chief curse. Scotland is not Ireland; no, because brave men rose there and said, "Behold, ye must not tread us down like slaves, and ye shall not and cannot!"

Fight on, thou brave, true heart, and falter not,
through dark fortune and through bright. The cause
thou fightest for, so far as it is true, no further, yet pre-
cisely so far, is very sure of victory. The falsehood
alone of it will be conquered, will be abolished, as it
ought to be; but the truth of it is part of nature's own
laws, co-operates with the world's eternal tendencies,
and cannot be conquered.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE BLIND MAN.

HERE is a world, a pure unclouded clime,
Where there is neither grief, nor death, nor
time!
Nor loss of friends! Perhaps when yonder
bell

Beat slow, and bade the dying day farewell,
Ere yet the glimmering landscape sank to-night,
They thought upon that world of distant light;
And when the blind man, lifting light his hair,
Felt the faint wind, he raised a warmer prayer;
Then sighed, as the blithe bird sung o'er his head,
"No morn will shine on me till I am dead!"

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

INTO a ward of the whitewashed halls,
Where the dead and dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls,
Somebody's darling was borne one day—
Somebody's darling, so young and so brave,
Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of the fair young brow,
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow,
Brush all the wandering waves of gold;
Cross his hands on his bosom now—
Somebody's darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer both soft and low;
One bright curl from its fair mates take—
They are somebody's pride, you know;
Somebody's hand hath rested there—
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in their waves of light?

God knows best! he was somebody's love;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there;
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.

Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him—
Yearning to hold him again to her heart;
And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling child-like lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve in the wooden slab at his head,
"Somebody's darling slumbers here."

MARIE R. LACOSTE.

THE ROSARY OF MY TEARS.

SOME reckon their age by years,
Some measure their life by art;
But some tell their days by the flow of their
tears,

And their lives by the moans of their heart.

The dials of earth may show
The length, not the depth of years—
Few or many they come, few or many they go—
But time is best measured by tears.

Ah! not by the silver gray
That creeps through the sunny hair,
And not by the scenes that we pass on our way,
And not by the furrows the fingers of care

On forehead and face have made—
Not so do we count our years;
Not by the sun of the earth, but the shade
Of our souls, and the fall of our tears.

For the young are oftentimes old,
Though their brows be bright and fair;
While their blood beats warm, their hearts are cold—
O'er them the spring—but winter is there.

And the old are oftentimes young
When their hair is thin and white;
And they sing in age, as in youth they sung
And they laugh, for their cross was light.

But, bead by bead, I tell
The rosary of my years;
From a cross—to a cross they lead; 'tis well,
And they're blest with a blessing of tears.

Better a day of strife
Than a century of sleep;
Give me instead of a long stream of life
The tempests and tears of the deep.

A thousand joys may foam
On the billows of all the years,
But never the foam brings the lone back home—
He reaches the haven through tears.

ABRAM J. RYAN.

THE COLLIER'S DYING CHILD.

THE cottage was a thatched one, its outside old and mean ;
Yet everything within that cot was wondrous neat and clean :

The night was dark and stormy—the wind was blowing wild ;

A patient mother sat beside the death-bed of her child—
A little, worn-out creature—his once bright eyes grown dim :

It was a collier's only child—they called him "Little Jim."

And oh ! to see the briny tears fast flowing down her cheek,

As she offered up a prayer in thought!—she was afraid to speak,

Lest she might waken one she loved far dearer than her life ;

For she had all a mother's heart, that wretched collier's wife.

With hands uplifted, see, she kneels beside the sufferer's bed,

And prays that God will spare her boy, and take herself instead :

She gets her answer from the child, soft falls these words from him—

"Mother ! the angels do so smile, and beckon Little Jim !

I have no pain, dear mother, now ; but, oh ! I am so dry :

Just moisten poor Jim's lips once more ; and, mother, do not cry !"

With gentle, trembling haste, she held a teacup to his lips—

He smiled to thank her—then he took three little tiny sips.

"Tell father, when he comes from work, I said 'good night !' to him ;

And, mother, now I'll go to sleep." . . . Alas ! poor Little Jim !

She saw that he was dying ! The child she loved so dear

Had uttered the last words she'd ever wish to hear.

The cottage door is opened—the collier's step is heard ;

The father and the mother meet, but neither speak a word :

He felt that all was over—he knew the child was dead !
He took the candle in his hand, and stood beside the bed :

His quivering lip gave token of the grief he'd fain conceal ;

And see, the mother joins him!—the stricken couple kneel ;

With hearts bowed down by sorrow, they humbly ask, of Him

In heaven, once more that they may meet their own poor "Little Jim !"

WIND AND RAIN.

RATTLE the window, winds !
Rain, drip on the panes !
There are tears and sighs in our hearts and eyes,

And a weary weight on our brains.

The gray sea heaves and heaves,
On the dreary flats of sand ;
And the blasted limb of the churchyard yew,
It shakes like a ghostly hand !

The dead are engulfed beneath it,
Sunk in the grassy waves ;
But we have more dead in our hearts to-day
Than the earth in all her graves !

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

THE FUNERAL.

I WAS walking in Savannah, past a church decayed and dim,

When there slowly through the window came a plaintive funeral hymn ;

And a sympathy awakened, and a wonder quickly grew,

Till I found myself environed in a little negro pew.

Out at front a colored couple sat in sorrow, nearly wild,

On the altar was a coffin, in the coffin was a child.

I cou'd picture him when living—curly hair, protruding lip—

And had seen perhaps a thousand in my hurried southern trip.

But no baby ever rested in the soothing arms of death
That had fanned more flames of sorrow with his fluttering breath ;

And no funeral ever glistened with more sympathy profound

Than was in the chain of tear drops that enclasped those mourners round.

Rose a sad old colored preacher at the little wooden desk,

With a manner grandly awkward, with a countenance grotesque ;

With simplicity and shrewdness on his Ethiopian face ;
With the ignorance and wisdom of a crushed, undying race.

And he said, "Now, don' be weepin' for dis pretty bit o' clay,

For de little boy who lived there, he done gone and run away !

He was doin' very finely, and he 'precitate your love ;
But his sure 'nuff Father want him in de large house up above.

"Now, He didn' give you dat baby, by a hundred thousand mile!

He jist think you need some sunshine, an' He lend it for a while!

An' He let you keep an' love him till your heart was bigger grown;

An' dese silver tears you're sheddin's jist de interest on de loan.

"Here yer oder pretty chilrun!—Don't be makin' it appear

Dat your love got sort o' 'nopolized by this little fellow here.

Don't pile up too much your sorrows on deir little mental shelves,

So's to kind o' set 'em wonderin' if dey're no account demselves?

"Just you think, you poor deah mounahs, creepin' 'long o'er sorrow's way,

What a blessed little picnic dis yere baby's got to-day!

Your good faders and good moders crowd de little fellow round

In de angel-tended garden of de Big Plantation Ground.

"An' dey ask him, 'Was your feet sore?' an' take off his little shoes.

An' dey wash him, and dey kiss him, and dey say, 'Now, what's de news?'

An' de Lawd done cut his tongue loose, den de little fellow say:

'All our folks down in de valley tries to keep de hebenly way.'

"An' his eyes dey brightly sparkle at de pretty things he view;

Den a tear come, and he whisper: 'But I want my paryents, too!'

But de Angel Chief Musicien teach dat boy a little song;

Says, 'If only dey be faithful, dey will soon be comin' 'long.'

"An' he'll get an education dat will properly be worth Seberal times as much as any you could buy for him on earth;

He'll be in de Lawd's big school-house, widout no contempt or fear,

While dere's no end to de bad tings might have happened to him here.

"So, my pooah dejected mounahs, let your hearts wid Jesus rest,

An' don't go to critersizin' dat ar One wot knows the best!

He have sent us many comforts—He have right to take away—

To the Lawd be praise an' glory, now and ever! Let us pray."

WILL M. CARLETON.

NINE GRAVES IN EDINBORO'.

Robert Arnim says concerning the death of Jemmy Camber, one of the jesters of King James I, during his reign in Scotland: "Jemmy rose, made him ready, takes his horse, and rides to the churchyard in the high towne, where he found the sexton (as the custom is there) making nine graves—three for men, three for women, and three for children; and whoso dyes next, first come, first served. 'Lend me thy spade,' says Jemmy, and with that digs a hole, which hole he bids him make for his grave; and doth give him a French crowne. The man, willing to please him (more for his gold than his pleasure), did so; and the foole gets upon his horse, rides to a gentleman of the towne, and on the sodaine within two houres after dyed; of whom the sexton telling, he was buried there indeed."

IN the church-yard, up in the old high town,
The sexton stood at his daily toil,
And he lifted his mattock and drove it down,
And sunk it deep in the sacred soil.

And then as he delved he sang right lustily,
Aye as he deepened and shaped the graves
In the black, old mold that smelled so mustily,
And thus was the way of the sexton's staves:

"It's nine o' the clock, and I have begun
The settled task that is daily mine;
By ten o' the clock I will finish one—
By six o' the clock there must be nine:

"Just three for women, and three for men;
And, to fill the number, another three
For daughters of women and sons of men
Who men or women shall never be.

"And the first of the graves in a row of three
Is his or hers who shall first appear;
All lie in the order they come to me,
And such has been ever the custom here."

The first they brought was a fair young child,
And they saw him buried and went their way;
And the sexton leaned on his spade and smiled,
And wondered, "How many more to day?"

The next was a man; then a woman came;
The sexton had loved her in years gone by;
But the years had gone, and the dead old dame
He buried as deep as his memory.

At six o' the clock his task was done;
Eight graves were closed, and the ninth prepared—
Made ready to welcome a man—what one
'Twas little the grim old sexton cared.

He sat him down on its brink to rest,
When the clouds were red and the sky was gray,
And said to himself: "This last is the best
And deepest of all I have digged to-day.

"Who will fill it, I wonder, and when?
It does not matter: whoe'er they be,
The best and the worst of the race of men
Are all alike when they come to me."

They went to him with a man, next day,
When the sky was gray and the clouds were red,
As the sun set forth on his upward way;
They went—and they found the sexton dead.

Dead, by the open grave, was he;
And they buried him in it that self-same day,
And marvelled much such a thing should be;
And since, the people will often say:

*If ye dig, no matter when,
Graves to bury other men,
Think—it never can be known
When ye'll chance to dig your own.
Mind ye of the tale ye know—
Nine graves in Edinbro.*

IRWIN RUSSELL.

WHEN I BENEATH THE COLD RED EARTH AM SLEEPING.

WHEN I beneath the cold red earth am sleep-
ing,

Life's fever o'er,
Will there for me be any bright eye weeping
That I'm no more?

Will there be any heart still memory keeping
Of heretofore?

When the great winds through leafless forests rushing,
Like full hearts break—

When the swollen streams, o'er crag and gully gush-
ing,

Sad music make—

Will there be one, whose heart despair is crushing,
Mourn for my sake?

When the bright sun upon that spot is shining
With purest ray,

And the small flowers, their buds and blossoms twin-
ing,

Burst through that clay—

Will there be one still on that spot repining
Lost hopes all day?

When the night shadows, with the ample sweeping
Of her dark pall,

The world and all its manifold creation sleeping—
The great and small—

Will there be one, even at that dread hour, weeping
For me—for all?

When no star twinkles with its eyes of glory
On that low mound,

And wintry storms have with their ruins hoary
Its loneliness crowned,

Will there be then one, versed in misery's story,
Pacing it round?

It may be so—but this is selfish sorrow
To ask such meed—

A meekness and a wickedness, to borrow

From hearts that bleed
The wailings of to-day, for what to-morrow
Shall never need.

Lay me then gently in my narrow dwelling,
Thou gentle heart!
And, though thy bosom should with grief be swelling,
Let no tear start;
It were in vain—for time hath long been knelling—
Sad one, depart!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.

WAS at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's war-like son—
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate

On his imperial throne;
His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound,
(So should desert in arms be crowned;)
The lovely Thais by his side
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride
In flower of youth and beauty's pride:—
Happy, happy, happy pair!

None but the brave
None but the brave
None but the brave deserves the fair!

Timotheus, placed on high

Amid the tuneful choir,

With flying fingers touched the lyre:

The trembling notes ascend the sky,

And heavenly joys inspire,

The song began from Jove,

Who left his blissful seats above—

Such is the power of mighty love!

A dragon's fiery form belied the god;

Sublime on radiant spheres he rode

When he to fair Olympia prest,

And while he sought her snowy breast;

Then round her slender waist he curled,

And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the
world,

—The listening crowd admire the lofty sound!

A present deity! they shout around:

A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound!

With ravished ears

The monarch hears,

Assumes the god;

Affects to nod,

And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung—

Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:

The jolly god in triumph comes!

Sound the trumpets, beat the drums!

Flushed with a purple grace
 He shows his honest face :
 Now give the hautboys breath ; he comes, he comes !
 Bacchus, ever fair and young,
 Drinking joys did first ordain ;
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure,
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound, the King grew vain ;
 Fought all his battles o'er again,
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew
 the slain !

The master saw the madness rise,
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
 And while he heaven and earth defied
 Changed his hand and checked his pride.
 He chose a mournful muse
 Soft pity to infuse :
 He sung Darius great and good,
 By too severe a fate
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from his high estate,
 And weltering in his blood ;
 Deserted, at his utmost need,
 By those his former bounty fed ;
 On the bare earth exposed he lies
 With not a friend to close his eyes.
 With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
 Revolving in his altered soul
 The various turns of chance below ;
 And now and then a sigh he stole,
 And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see
 That love was in the next degree ;
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
 For pity melts the mind to love.
 Softly sweet, in Lydian measures
 Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
 Honor but an empty bubble,
 Never ending, still beginning ;
 Fighting still, and still destroying ;
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, O think, it worth enjoying :
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
 Take the good the gods provide thee !

The many rend the skies with loud applause ;
 So love was crowned, but music won the cause.
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gazed on the fair
 Who caused his care,
 And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
 Sighed and looked and sighed again :
 At length with love and wine at once oppress,
 The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again :
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain !
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,
 And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.
 Hark, hark ! that horrid sound
 Has raised up his head :
 As awaked from the dead
 And amazed he stares around.
 Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
 See the furies arise !
 See the snakes that they rear
 How they hiss in their hair,
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !
 Behold a ghastly band
 Each a torch in his hand !
 Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain
 And unburied remain
 Inglorious on the plain :
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew !
 Behold how they toss their torches on high,
 How they point to the Persian abodes
 And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
 The princes applaud with a furious joy :
 And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy :
 Thais led the way
 To light him to his prey,
 And like another Helen, fired another Troy !
 Thus long ago,
 Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
 While organs yet were mute,
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute
 And sounding lyre
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
 At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame ;
 The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown ;
 He raised a mortal to the skies ;
 She drew an angel down !

JOHN DRYDEN.

ART AND NATURE.

NATURE is made better by no mean,
 But nature makes that mean : so over that
 art

Which you say adds to nature is an art
 That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
 A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
 And make conceive a bark of baser kind
 By buds of nobler race. This is an art
 Which does mend nature, change it rather ; but
 The art itself is nature.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

DÆDALUS.



WAIL for Dædalus, all that is fairest !
 All that is tuneful in air or wave !
 Shapes whose beauty is truest and rarest,
 Haunt with your lamps and spells his
 grave !

Statues, bend your heads in sorrow,
 Ye that glance 'mid ruins old,
 That know not a past, nor expect a morrow
 On many a moonlight Grecian wold !

By sculptured cave and speaking river,
 There, Dædalus, oft the nymphs recall ;
 The leaves with a sound of winter quiver,
 Murmur thy name, and withering fall.

Yet are thy visions in soul the grandest
 Of all that crowd on the tear-dimmed eye,
 Though, Dædalus, thou no more commandest
 New stars to that ever-widening sky.

Ever thy phantoms arise before us,
 Our loftier brothers, but one in blood ;
 By bed and table they lord it o'er us,
 With looks of beauty and words of good.

Calmly they show us mankind victorious
 O'er all that's aimless, blind, and base ;
 Their presence has made our nature glorious,
 Unveiling our night's illumined face.

Wail for Dædalus, earth and ocean !
 Stars and sun, lament for him !
 Ages quake in strange commotion !
 All ye realms of life be dim !

Wail for Dædalus, awful voices,
 From earth's deep centre mankind appail !
 Seldom ye sound, and then death rejoices,
 For he knows that then the mightiest fall.

JOHN STERLING.

DICKENS IN CAMP.



Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
 The river sang below ;
 The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
 Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted
 The ruddy tints of health
 On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
 In the fierce race of wealth ;

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure,
 A hoarded volume drew,
 And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure,
 To hear the tale anew ;

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
 And as the firelight fell,

He read aloud the book wherein the Master
 Had writ of " Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy—for the reader
 Was youngest of them all—
 But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
 A silence seemed to fall ;

The fir trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
 Listened in every spray,
 While the whole camp, with " Nell," on English
 meadows
 Wandered and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes—o'eraken
 As by some spell divine—
 Their cares dropped from them like the needles
 shaken
 From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire :
 And he who wrought that spell ?—
 Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
 Ye have one tale to tell !

Lost is that camp ! but let its fragrant story
 Blend with the breath that thrills
 With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory
 That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly,
 And laurel wreaths intwine,
 Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly—
 This spray of western pine.

BRET HARTE.

JAMES MELVILLE'S CHILD.



NE time my soul was pierced as with a sword,
 Contending still with men untaught and
 wild,

When He who to the prophet lent his gourd,
 Gave me the solace of a pleasant child.

A summer gift, my precious flower was given,
 A very summer fragrance was its life ;
 Its clear eyes soothed me as the blue of heaven,
 When home I turned, a weary man of strife.

With unformed laughter, musically sweet,
 How soon the wakening babe would meet my kiss :
 With outstretched arms, its care-wrought father greet !
 O, in the desert, what a spring was this !

A few short months it blossomed near my heart :
 A few short months, else toilsome all, and sad ;
 But that home-solace nerved me for my part,
 And of the babe I was exceeding glad.

Alas ! my pretty bud, scarce formed, was dying,
 (The prophet's gourd, it withered in a night !)
 And He who gave me all, my heart's pulse trying,
 Took gently home the child of my delight.

Not rudely culled, not suddenly it perished,
But gradual faded from our love away :
As if, still, secret dews, its life that cherished,
Were drop by drop withheld, and day by day.

My blessed Master saved me from repining,
So tenderly He sued me for His own ;
So beautiful He made my babe's declining,
Its dying blessed me as its birth had done.

And daily to my board at noon and even
Our fading flower I bade his mother bring,
That we might commune of our rest in heaven,
Gazing the while on death, without its sting.

And of the ransom for that baby paid,
So very sweet at times our converse seemed,
That the sure truth of grief a gladness made :
Our little lamb by God's own Lamb redeemed !

There were two milk-white doves my wife had nourished :

And I, too, loved, erewhile, at times to stand
Marking how each the other fondly cherished,
And fed them from my baby's dimpled hand !

So tame they grew, that to his cradle flying,
Full oft they cooed him to his noontide rest ;
And to the murmurs of his sleep replying,
Crept gently in, and nestled in his breast.

'Twas a fair sight ; the snow-pale infant sleeping,
So fondly guarded by those creatures mild,
Watch o'er his closed eyes their bright eyes keeping
Wondrous the love betwixt the birds and child !

Still as he sickened seemed the doves too dwining,
Forsook their food, and loathed their pretty play ;
And on the day he died, with sad note pining,
One gentle bird would not be frayed away.

His mother found it, when she rose, sad hearted,
At early dawn, with sense of nearing ill ;
And when at last, the little spi-it parted,
The dove died too, as if of its heart-chill.

The other flew to meet my sad home-riding,
As with a human sorrow in its coo ;
To my dead child and its dead mate then guiding,
Most pitifully plained—and parted too.

'Twas my first hansom and propine to heaven ;
And as I laid my darling 'neath the sod,
Precious His comforts—once an infant given,
And offered with two turtle-doves to God !

ANNA STUART MENTEATH.

LOOKING INTO THE FUTURE.

AT summer eve, when heaven's ærial bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills
below,

Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky ?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear

More sweet than all the landscape smiling near ?
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
Thus, with delight, we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way ;
Thus, from afar, each dim-discovered scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been,
And every form that fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

What potent spirit guides the raptured eye
To pierce the shades of dim futurity ?
Can wisdom lend, with all her heavenly power,
The pledge of joy's anticipated hour ?
Ah, no ! she darkly sees the fate of man—
Her dim horizon pointed to a span ;
Or, if she hold an image to the view,
'Tis nature pictured too severely true.

THOMAS CAMPELLE.

ONLY WAITING.

ONLY waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown,
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown ;
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart once full of day,
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home,
For the summer time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers ! gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart—
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered,
Weary, poor and desolate.
Even now I hear the footsteps,
And their voices far away ;
If they call me I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown,
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the last day's beam is flown ;
Then from out the gathered darkness,
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

FRANCIS LAUGHTON MACR.

THE WANTS OF MAN.

“**M**AN wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.”
But 'tis so in the song.

My wants are many, and if told,
Would muster many a score ;
And were each wish a mint of gold,
I still should long for more.

What first I want is daily bread,
And canvas-backs and wine ;
And all the realms of nature spread
Before me when I dine ;
With four choice cooks from France, beside,
To dress my dinner well ;
Four courses scarcely can provide
My appetite to quell.

What next I want, at heavy cost,
Is elegant attire :
Black sable furs for winter's frost,
And silks for summer's fire ;
And Cashmere shawls, and Brussels lace
My bosom's front to deck,
And diamond rings my hands to grace,
And rubies for my neck.

And then I want a mansion fair,
A dwelling-house, in style,
Four stories high, for wholesome air—
A massive marble pile ;
With halls for banquetings and halls,
All furnished rich and fine ;
With high-blood studs in fifty stalls,
And cellars for my wine.

I want a garden and a park,
My dwelling to surround—
A thousand acres (bless the mark !)
With walls encompassed round—
Where flocks may range and herds may low,
And kids and lambskins play,
And flowers and fruits commingled grow,
All Eden to display.

I want, when summer's foliage falls,
And autumn strips the trees,
A house within the city's walls,
For comfort and for ease ;
But here as space is somewhat scant,
And acres somewhat rare,
My house in town I only want
To occupy—a square.

I want a cabinet profuse
Of metals, coins, and gems ;
A printing-press for private use,
Of fifty thousand ems ;

And plants, and minerals, and shells ;
Worms, insects, fishes, birds ;
And every beast on earth that dwells
In solitude or herds.

And maples of fair glossy stain,
Must form my chamber doors,
And carpets of the Wilton grain
Must cover all my floors ;
My walls with tapestry bedecked,
Must never be outdone ;
And damask curtains must protect
Their colors from the sun.

And mirrors of the largest pane
From Venice must be brought ;
And sandal-wood and bamboo-cane,
For chairs and tables bought ;
On all the mantel-pieces, clocks
Of thrice-gilt bronze must stand,
And screens of ebony and box
Invite the stranger's hand.

I want (who does not want ?) a wife,
Affectionate and fair,
To solace all the woes of life,
And all its joys to share ;
Of temper sweet, of yielding will,
Of firm yet placid mind,
With all my faults to love me still,
With sentiment refined.

And when my bosom's darling sings,
With melody divine,
A pedal harp of many strings
Must with her voice combine.
Piano, exquisitely wrought,
Must open stand, apart,
That all my daughters may be taught
To win the stranger's heart.

My wife and daughters will desire
Refreshment from perfumes,
Cosmetics for the skin require,
And artificial blooms.
The civet fragrance shall dispense,
And treasured sweets return ;
Cologne revive the flagging sense,
And smoking amber burn.

And when at night my weary head
Begins to droop and dose,
A chamber south, to hold my bed,
For nature's sole repose ;
With blankets, counterpanes and sheet,
Mattress, and sack of down,
And comfortables for my feet,
And pillows for my crown.

I want a warm and faithful friend,
To cheer the adverse hour,

Who ne'er to flatter will descend,
Nor bend the knee to power;
A friend to chide me when I'm wrong,
My inmost soul to see;
And that my friendship prove as strong
For him, as his for me.

I want a kind and tender heart,
For others' wants to feel;
A soul secure from fortune's dart,
And bosom armed with steel;
To bear Divine chastisement's rod,
And, mingling in my plan,
Submission to the will of God,
With charity to man.

I want a keen, observing eye,
An ever-listening ear,
The truth through all disguise to spy,
And wisdom's voice to hear;
A tongue, to speak at virtues' need,
In heaven's sublimest strain;
And lips, the cause of man to plead,
And never plead in vain.

I want uninterrupted health,
Throughout my long career,
And streams of never-failing wealth,
To scatter far and near—
The destitute to clothe and feed,
Free bounty to bestow,
Supply the helpless orphan's need,
And soothe the widow's woe


I want the seals of power and place,
The ensigns of command,
Charged by the people's unbought grace,
To rule my native land;
Nor crown, nor sceptre would I ask,
But from my country's will,
By day, by night, to ply the task
Her cup of bliss to fill.

I want the voice of honest praise
To follow me behind,
And to be thought, in future days,
The friend of human kind;
That after-ages, as they rise,
Exulting may proclaim;
In choral union to the skies,
Their blessings on my name.

These are the wants of mortal man;
I cannot need them long,
For life itself is but a span,
And earthly bliss a song.
My last great want, absorbing all,
Is, when beneath the sod,
And summoned to my final call—
The mercy of my God.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

THE RAVEN.

 NCE upon a midnight dreary,
While I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious
Volume of forgotten lore,
While I nodded, nearly napping,
Suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping,
Rapping at my chamber door.
" 'Tis some visitor," I muttered,
" Tapping at my chamber door—
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember,
It was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember
Wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow;
Vainly I had tried to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—
Sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden
Whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain
Rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic
Terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating
Of my heart, I stood repeating
" 'Tis some visitor entreating
Entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating
Entrance at my chamber door;—
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger;
Hesitating then no longer,
" Sir," said I, " or Madam, truly
Your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping,
And so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping,
Tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—
Here I opened wide the door:
Darkness there, and nothing more!

Deep into that darkness peering,
Long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal
Ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken,
And the darkness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken
Was the whispered word, " Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo
Murmured back the word, " Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

Then into the chamber turning,
 All my soul within me burning,
 Soon I heard again a tapping
 Somewhat louder than before,
 "Surely," said I, "surely that is
 Something at my window lattice;
 Let me see, then, what thereat is,
 And this mystery explore—
 Let my heart be still a moment,
 And this mystery explore;—
 'Tis the wind, and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter,
 When, with many a flirt and flutter,
 In there stepped a stately raven
 Of the saintly days of yore;
 Not the least obeisance made he;
 Not an instant stopped or stayed he;
 But, with mien of lord or lady,
 Perched above my chamber door—
 Perched upon a bust of Pallas
 Just above my chamber door—
 Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling
 My sad fancy into smiling,
 By the grave and stern decorum
 Of the countenance it wore,
 "Though thy crest be shorn and shaven,
 'Thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
 Ghastly grim and ancient raven,
 Wandering from the nightly shore—
 Tell me what thy lordly name is
 On the night's Plutonian shore;"
 Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly
 Fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
 Though its answer little meaning—
 Little relevancy bore;
 For we cannot help agreeing
 That no living human being
 Ever yet was blessed with seeing
 Bird above his chamber door—
 Bird or beast upon the sculptured
 Bust above his chamber door,
 With such name as "Nevermore."

But the raven sitting lonely
 On the placid bust, spoke only
 That one word, as if his soul in
 That one word he did outpour.
 Nothing farther then he uttered—
 Not a feather then he fluttered—
 Till I scarcely more than muttered
 "Other friends have flown before—
 On the morrow he will leave me,
 As my hopes have flown before."
 Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken
 By reply so aptly spoken,
 "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters
 It is only stock and store
 Caught from some unhappy master
 Whom unmerciful disaster
 Followed fast and followed faster,
 Till his songs one burden bore—
 Till the dirges of his hope the
 Melancholy burden bore
 Of 'Nevermore'—of 'Nevermore.'"

But the raven still beguiling
 All my sad soul into smiling,
 Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in
 Front of bird and bust and door;
 Then upon the velvet sinking,
 I betook myself to linking
 Fancy unto fancy, thinking
 What this ominous bird of yore—
 What this grim, ungainly, ghastly,
 Gaunt and ominous bird of yore
 Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing,
 But no syllable expressing
 To the fowl whose fiery eyes now
 Burned into my bosom's core;
 This and more I sat divining,
 With my head at ease reclining
 On the cushion's velvet lining
 That the lamplight glowed o'er;
 But whose velvet violet lining
 With the lamplight gloated o'er,
 She shall press, ah, never more!

Then, methought, the air grew denser,
 Perfumed from an unseen censer,
 Swung by angels whose faint foot-falls
 Tinkled on the tufted floor.
 "Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee,
 By these angels he hath sent thee
 Respite—respite and nepenthe
 From thy memories of Lenore!
 Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe,
 And forget this lost Lenore!"
 Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—
 Prophet still, if bird or devil!
 Whether tempter sent, or whether
 Tempest tossed thee here ashore,
 Desolate yet all undaunted,
 On this desert land enchanted—
 On this home by horror haunted—
 Tell me truly, I implore—
 Is there—is there balm in Gilead?
 Tell me—tell me, I implore!"
 Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil—
 Prophet still, if bird or devil!—
 By that heaven that bends above us—
 By that God we both adore—
 Tell this soul with sorrow laden
 If, within the distant Aidenn,
 It shall clasp a sainted maiden
 Whom the angels name Lenore—
 Clasp a rare and radiant maiden
 Whom the angels name Lenore."
 Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting,
 Bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—
 "Get thee back into the tempest
 And the night's Plutonian shore!
 Leave no black plume as a token
 Of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
 Leave my loneliness unbroken!—
 Quit the bust above my door!
 Take thy beak from out my heart,
 And take thy form from off my door!"
 Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

And the raven, never flitting,
 Still is sitting, still is sitting
 On the pallid bust of Pallas
 Just above my chamber door;
 And his eyes have all the seeming
 Of a demon that is dreaming,
 And the lamplight o'er him streaming
 Throws his shadow on the floor;
 And my soul from out that shadow
 That lies floating on the floor
 Shall be lifted—nevermore!

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

THERE'S NO DEARTH OF KINDNESS.

THEE'S no dearth of kindness
 In this world of ours;
 Only in our blindness
 We gather thorns for flowers!
 Outward, we are spurning—
 Trampling one another!
 While we are inly yearning
 At the name of "brother!"

There's no dearth kindness
 Or love among mankind,
 But in darkling loneliness
 Hooded hearts grow blind!
 Full of kindness tingling,
 Soul is shut from soul,
 When they might be mingling
 In one kindred whole!

There's no dearth of kindness,
 Though it be unspoken,
 From the heart it buildeth
 Rainbow-smiles in token:—

That there be none so lowly,
 But have some angel-touch:
 Yet, nursing loves unholy,
 We live for self too much!

As the wild-rose bloweth,
 As runs the happy river,
 Kindness freely floweth
 In the heart forever.
 But if men will hanker
 Ever for golden dust,
 Kindest hearts will canker,
 Brightest spirits rust.

There's no dearth of kindness
 In this world of ours;
 Only in our blindness
 We gather thorns for flowers!
 Oh, cherish God's best giving,
 Falling from above!
 Life were not worth living,
 Were it not for love.

GERALD MASSEY.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I LIVE for those who love me,
 Whose hearts are kind and true;
 For the Heaven that smiles above me,
 And awaits my spirit too;
 For all human ties that bind me,
 For the task by God assigned me,
 For the bright hope left behind me,
 And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,
 Who've suffered for my sake;
 To emulate their glory,
 And follow in their wake;
 Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
 The noble of all ages,
 Whose deeds crown history's pages,
 And time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
 With all that is divine;
 To feel there is a union
 'Twixt nature's heart and mine;
 To profit by affliction,
 Reap truths from fields of fiction,
 Grow wiser from conviction,
 And fulfil each grand design.

I live to hail that season,
 By gifted minds foretold,
 When men shall live by reason,
 And not alone by gold;
 When man to man united,
 And every wrong thing righted,
 The whole world shall be lighted
 As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
 For those who know me true ;
 For the Heaven that smiles above me,
 And awaits my spirit too ;
 For the cause that lacks assistance,
 For the wrong that needs resistance,
 For the future in the distance,
 And the good that I can do.

G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

LOOK ALOFT.

This spirited piece was suggested by an anecdote related of a ship-boy who, growing dizzy, was about to fall from the rigging, but was saved by the mate's characteristic exclamation, "Look aloft, you lubber!"

IN the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale
 Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,
 If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution
 depart,

"Look aloft!" and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow,
 With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe,
 Should betray thee when sorrows like clouds are
 arrayed,

"Look aloft" to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine
 eye,

Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,
 Then turn, and through tears of repentent regret,
 "Look aloft" to the Sun that is never to set.

Should they who are dearest, the son of thy heart,
 The wife of thy bosom, in sorrow depart,
 "Look aloft," from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
 To that soil where affection is ever in bloom.

And oh! when death comes in his terrors, to cast
 His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
 In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart
 And a smile in thine eye, "look aloft,"—and depart.

JONATHAN LAWRENCE.

MOSESSES FROM AN OLD MANSE

WE stand now on the river's brink. It may well be called the Concord—the river of peace and quietness—for it is certainly the most unexcitable and sluggish stream that ever loitered imperceptibly towards its eternity, the sea. Positively, I had lived three weeks beside it, before it grew quite clear to my perception which way the current flowed. It never has a vivacious aspect, except when a north-western breeze is vexing its surface, on a sunshiny day.

From the incurable indolence of its nature, the stream is happily incapable of becoming the slave of human ingenuity, as is the fate of so many a wild, free, moun-

tain torrent. While all things else are compelled to subserve some useful purpose, it idles its sluggish life away in lazy liberty, without turning a solitary spindle, or affording even water-power enough to grind the corn that grows upon its banks.

The torpor of its movement allows it nowhere a bright, pebbly shore, nor so much as a narrow strip of glistening sand, in any part of its course. It slumbers between broad prairies, kissing the long meadow-grass, and bathes the overhanging boughs of elder-bushes and willows, or the roots of elm and ash trees, and clumps of maples. Flags and rushes grow along its plashy shore; the yellow water-lily spreads its broad, flat leaves on the margin; and the fragrant white pond-lily abounds, generally selecting a position just so far from the river's bank that it cannot be grasped, save at the hazard of plunging in.

It is a marvel whence this perfect flower derives its loveliness and perfume, springing, as it does, from the black mud over which the river sleeps, and where lurk the slimy eel, and speckled frog, and the mud-turtle, whom continual washing cannot cleanse. It is the same black mud out of which the yellow lily sucks its rank life and noisome odor. Thus we see, too, in the world, that some persons assimilate only what is ugly and evil from the same moral circumstances which supply good and beautiful results—the fragrance of celestial flowers—to the daily life of others.

The Old Manse!—we had almost forgotten it; but will return thither through the orchard. This was set out by the last clergyman, in the decline of his life, when the neighbors laughed at the hoary-headed man for planting trees from which he could have no prospect of gathering fruit. Even had that been the case, there was only so much the better motive for planting them, in the pure and unselfish hope of benefiting his successors—an end so seldom achieved by more ambitious efforts. But the old minister, before reaching his patriarchal age of ninety, ate the apples from this orchard during many years, and added silver and gold to his annual stipend by disposing of the superfluity.

It is pleasant to think of him, walking among the trees in the quiet afternoons of early autumn, and picking up here and there a wind-fall; while he observes how heavily the branches are weighed down, and computes the number of empty flour-barrels that will be filled by their burden. He loved each tree, doubtless, as if it had been his own child. An orchard has a relation to mankind, and readily connects itself with matters of the heart. The tree possesses a domestic character; they have lost the wild nature of their forest kindred, and have grown humanized by receiving the care of man, as well as by contributing to his wants.

I have met with no other such pleasant trouble in the world, as that of finding myself, with only the two or three mouths which it was my privilege to feed, the sole inheritor of the old clergyman's wealth of fruits.

Throughout the summer, there were cherries and currants; and then came autumn, with his immense burden of apples, dropping them continually from his overlaiden shoulders as he trudged along. In the stillest afternoon, if I listened, the thump of a great apple was audible, falling without a breath of wind, from the mere necessity of perfect ripeness. And, besides, there were pear-trees, that flung down bushels upon bushels of heavy pears; and peach-trees, which, in a good year, tormented me with peaches, neither to be eaten nor kept, nor, without labor and perplexity, to be given away.

The idea of an infinite generosity and inexhaustible bounty, on the part of our mother nature, was well worth obtaining through such cares as these. That feeling can be enjoyed in perfection not only by the natives of summer islands, where the bread-fruit, the cocoa, the palm, and the orange grow spontaneously, and hold forth the ever-ready meal; but, likewise, almost as well, by a man long habituated to city life, who plunges into such a solitude as that of the Old Manse, where he plucks the fruit of trees that he did not plant; and which, therefore, to my heterodox taste, bear the closer resemblance to those that grew in Eden.

Not that it can be disputed that the light toil requisite to cultivate a moderately sized garden imparts such zest to kitchen vegetables as is never found in those of the market-gardener. Childless men, if they would know something of the bliss of paternity, should plant a seed—be it squash, bean, Indian corn, or perhaps a mere flower, or worthless weed—should plant it with their own hands, and nurse it from infancy to maturity, altogether by their own care. If there be not too many of them, each individual plant becomes an object of separate interest.

My garden, that skirted the avenue of the Manse was of precisely the right extent. An hour or two of morning labor was all that it required. But I used to visit and revisit it a dozen times a day, and stand in deep contemplation over my vegetable progeny, with a love that nobody could share or conceive of, who had never taken part in the process of creation. It was one of the most bewitching sights in the world to observe a hill of beans thrusting aside the soil, or a row of early peas just peeping forth sufficiently to trace a line of delicate green.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

THE DEATH OF ABSALOM.

HE waters slept. Night's silvery veil hung low
On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curled
Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still,
Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.

The reeds bent down the stream; the willow leaves,
With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide.

Forgot the lifting winds; and the long stems,
Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse,
Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way,

And leaned, in graceful attitudes, to rest.
How strikingly the course of nature tells,
By its light heed of human suffering,
That it was fashioned for a happier world!

King David's limbs were weary. He had fled
From far Jerusalem; and now he stood,
With his faint people, for a little rest
Upon the shores of Jordan. The light wind
Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow
To its refreshing breath; for he had worn
The mourner's covering, and he had not felt
That he could see his people until now.

They gathered round him on the fresh green bank,
And spoke their kindly words; and, as the sun
Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,
And bowed his head upon his hands to pray:
Oh! when the heart is full—when bitter thoughts
Come crowding thickly up for utterance,
And the poor common words of courtesy
Are such an empty mockery—how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer!
He prayed for Israel—and his voice went up
Strong and fervently. He prayed for those
Whose love had been his shield—and his deep tones
Grew tremulous. But, oh! for Absalom—
For his estranged, misguided Absalom—
The proud, bright being, who had burst away
In all his princely beauty, to defy
The heart that cherished him—for him he poured,
In agony that would not be controlled,
Strong supplication, and forgave him there,
Before his God, for his deep sinfulness.

The pall was settled. He who slept beneath
Was straightened for the grave; and, as the folds
Sank to the still proportions, they betrayed
The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls
Were floating round the tassels as they swayed
To the admitted air, as glossy now
As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing
The snowy fingers of Judæa's daughters.
His helm was at his feet; his banner, soiled
With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid,
Reversed, beside him; and the jeweled hilt,
Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,
Rested, like mockery, on his covered brow.
The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,
Clad in the garb of battle; and their chief,
The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,
And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
As if he feared the slumberer might stir.
A slow step startled him. He grasped his blade
As if a trumpet rang; but the bent form
Of David entered, and he gave command,
In a low tone, to his few followers,
And left him with his dead. The king stood still
Till the last echo died; then, throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back

The pall from the still features of his child,
He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of woe:—

"Alas! my noble boy! that thou shouldst die!
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb!
My proud boy, Absalom!

"Cold is thy brow, my son; and I am chill,
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee!
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee,
And hear thy sweet 'My father!' from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

"But death is on thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young;
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung;
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come
To meet me, Absalom!

"And oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!

"And now, farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee;—
And thy dark sin!—Oh! I could drink the cup,
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,
My lost boy, Absalom!"

He covered up his face, and bowed himself
A moment on his child; then, giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer;
And, as if strength were given him from God,
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
Firmly and decently—and left him there—
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

CLAUDE MELNOTTE'S APOLOGY AND DEFENSE.

FROM "THE LADY OF LYONS."

PAULINE, by pride
Angels have fallen ere thy time; by pride—
That sole alloy of thy most lovely mould—
The evil spirit of a bitter love
And a revengeful heart, had power upon thee.
From my first years my soul was filled with thee.
I saw thee midst the flowers the lowly boy
Tended, unmarked by thee—a spirit of bloom,
And joy and freshness, as spring itself
Were made a living thing, and wore thy shape!

I saw thee, and the passionate heart of man
Entered the breast of the wild-dreaming boy;
And from that hour I grew—what to the last
I shall be—thine adorer! Well, this love,
Vain, frantic—guilty, if thou wilt—became
A fountain of ambition and bright hope;
I thought of tales that by the winter hearth
Old gossips tell—how maidens sprung from kings
Have stooped from their high sphere; how love, like
death,

Levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's crook
Beside the scepter. Thus I made my home
In the soft palace of a fairy future!
My father died; and I, the peasant-born,
Was my own lord. Then did I seek to rise
Out of the prison of my mean estate;
And, with such jewels as the exploring mind
Brings from the caves of knowledge, buy my ransom
From those twin jailers of the daring heart—
Low birth and iron fortune. Thy bright image,
Glassed in my soul, took all the hues of glory,
And lured me on to those inspiring toils
By which man masters men! For thee, I grew
A midnight student o'er the dreams of sages!
For thee, I sought to borrow from each grace
And every muse such attributes as lend
Ideal charms to love. I thought of thee,
And passion taught me poesy—of thee,
And on the painter's canvas grew the life
Of beauty!—Art became the shadow
Of the dear starlight of thy haunting eyes!
Men called me vain—some, mad—I heeded not;
But still toiled on, hoped on—for it was sweet,
If not to win, to feel more worthy, thee!

At last, in one mad hour, I dared to pour
The thoughts that burst their channels into song,
And sent them to thee—such a tribute, lady,
As beauty rarely scorns, even from the meanest.
The name—appended by the burning heart
That longed to show its idol what bright things
It had created—yea, the enthusiast's name,
That should have been thy triumph, was thy scorn!
That very hour—when passion, turned to wrath,
Resembled hatred most; when thy disdain
Made my whole soul a chaos—in that hour
The tempters found me a revengeful tool
For their revenge! Thou hadst trampled on the worm—
It turned, and stung thee!

LORD LYTTON.

THE SHADED WATER.

WHEN that my mood is sad, and in the noise
And bustle of the crowd I feel rebuke,
I turn my footsteps from its hollow joys
And sit me down beside this little brook,
The waters have a music to mine ear
It glads me much to hear.

It is a quiet glen, as you may see,

Shut in from all intrusion by the trees,
That spread their giant branches, broad and free,
The silent growth of many centuries;
And make a hallowed time for hapless moods,
A Sabbath of the woods.

Few know its quiet shelter—none, like me,

Do seek it out with such a fond desire.
Poring in idlesse mood on flower and tree,
And listening as the voiceless leaves respire—
When the far-traveling breeze, done wandering,
Rests here his weary wing.

And all the day, with fancies ever new,

And sweet companions from their boundless care
Of merry elves bespangled all with dew,
Fantastic creatures of the old-time lore,
Watching their wild but unobtrusive play,
Flitting the hours away.

A gracious couch—the root of an old oak

Whose branches yield it moss and canopy—
Is mine, and, so it be from woodman's stroke
Secure, shall never be resigned by me;
It hangs above the stream that idly flies,
Heedless of any eyes.

There, with eye sometimes shut, but upward bent,

Sweetly I muse through many a quiet hour,
While every sense on earnest mission sent,
Returns, thought-laden back with bloom and flower;
Pursuing, though rebuked by those who moil,
A profitable toil.

And still the waters trickling at my feet

Wind on their way with gentlest melody,
Yielding sweet music, which the leaves repeat.
Above them, to the gay breeze gliding by—
Yet not so rudely as to send one sound
Through the thick copse around.

Sometimes a brighter cloud than all the rest

Hangs o'er the archway opening through the trees,
Breaking the spell that, like a slumber, pressed

On my worn spirit its sweet luxuries—
And, with awakened vision upward bent,
I watch the firmament.

How like—its sure and undisturbed retreat,

Life's sanctuary at last, secure from storm—
To the pure waters trickling at my feet,

The bending trees that overshade my form;
So far as sweetest things of earth may seem
Like those of which we dream.

Such, to my mind, is the philosophy

The young bird teaches, who, with sudden flight
Sails far into the blue that spreads on high,
Until I lose him from my straining sight—
With a most lofty discontent to fly,
Upward, from earth to sky.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

COMING AND GOING



NCE came to our fields a pair of birds that had never built a nest nor seen a winter. O, how beautiful was everything! The fields were full of flowers, and the grass was growing tall, and the bees were humming everywhere. Then one of the birds fell to singing; and the other bird said, "Who told you to sing?" And he answered, "The flowers told me, and the bees told me, and the winds and leaves told me, and the blue sky told me, and you told me to sing." Then his mate answered, "When did I tell you to sing?" And he said, "Every time you brought in tender grass for the nest, and every time soft wings fluttered off again for hair and feathers to line the nest." Then his mate said, "What are you singing about?" And he answered, "I am singing about everything and nothing. It is because I am so happy that I sing."

By and by, five little speckled eggs were in the nest; and his mate said, "Is there anything in all the world as pretty as my eggs?" Then they both looked down on some people that were passing by, and pitied them because they were not birds, and had no nests with eggs in them. Then the father-bird sang a melancholy song because he pitied folks that had no nests, but had to live in houses.

In a week or two, one day, when the father-bird came home, the mother-bird said, "O, what do you think has happened?" "What?" "One of my eggs has been peeping and moving!" Pretty soon another egg moved under her feathers, and then another, and another, till five little birds were born.

Now the father-bird sung louder and louder than ever. The mother-bird, too, wanted to sing; but she had no time, so she turned her song into work. So hungry were these little birds, that it kept both parents busy feeding them. Away each one flew. The moment the little birds heard their wings fluttering again among the leaves, five yellow mouths flew open so wide that nothing could be seen but five yellow mouths.

"Can anybody be happier?" said the father-bird to the mother-bird. "We will live in this tree always; for there is no sorrow here. It is a tree that always bears joy."

The very next day one of the birds dropped out of the nest, and a cat ate it up in a minute, and only four remained; and the parent-birds were very sad, and there was no song all that day, nor the next. Soon the little birds were big enough to fly; and great was their parents' joy to see them leave the nest, and sit crumpled up upon the branches. There was then a great time. One would have thought the two old birds were two French dancing-masters, talking and chattering, and scolding the little birds to make them go alone. The first bird that tried flew from one branch to another, and the parents praised him; and the other little birds wondered how he did it. And he was so vain of it that he tried again, and flew and

flew, and couldn't stop flying, till he fell plump down by the house-door; and then a little boy caught him and carried him into the house, and only three birds were left. Then the old birds thought that the sun was not as bright as it used to be, and they did not sing as often.

In a little time the other birds had learned to use their wings; and they flew away and away, and found their own food, and made their own beds; and their parents never saw them any more.

Then the old birds sat silent, and looked at each other a long while.

At last the wife-bird said—

"Why don't you sing?"

And he answered—

"I can't sing: I can only think and think."

"What are you thinking of?"

"I am thinking how everything changes. The leaves are falling down from off this tree, and soon there will be no roof over our heads; the flowers are all gone, or going; last night there was a frost; almost all the birds are flown away, and I am very uneasy. Something calls me, and I feel restless as if I would fly far away."

"Let us fly away together!"

Then they rose silently; and, lifting themselves far up in the air, they looked to the north: far away they saw the snow coming. They looked to the south: there they saw green leaves. All day they flew, and all night they flew and flew, till they found a land where there was no winter; where there was summer all the time; where flowers always blossom, and birds always sing.

But the birds that staid behind found the days shorter, the nights longer, and the weather colder. Many of them died of cold; others crept into crevices and holes, and lay torpid. Then it was plain that it was better to go than to stay.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

THE PORTRAIT.



MIDNIGHT past! Not a sound of aught
Through the silent house, but the wind at
his prayers,

I sat by the dying fire, and thought
Of the dear dead woman up stairs.

A night of tears! for the gusty rain

Had ceased, but the eaves were dripping yet;
And the moon looked forth, as though in pain,
With her face all white and wet.

Nobody with me my watch to keep

But the friend of my bosom, the man I love:
And grief had sent him fast to sleep
In the chamber up above.

Nobody else in the country place

All round, that knew of my loss beside,

But the good young priest with the Raphael-face,
Who confessed her when she died.

That good young priest is of gentle nerve,
And my grief had moved him beyond control,
For his lips grew white as I could observe,
When he speeded her parting soul.

I sat by the dreary hearth alone;
I thought of the pleasant days of yore;
I said, "The staff of my life is gone,
The woman I loved is no more.

"On her cold dead bosom my portrait lies,
Which next to her heart she used to wear—
Haunting it o'er with her tender eyes
When my own face was not there.

"It is set all around with rubies red,
And pearls which a peri might have kept;
For each ruby there my heart hath bled,
For each pearl my eyes have wept."

And I said, "The thing is precious to me;
They will bury her soon in the churchyard clay;
It lies on her heart, and lost must be
If I do not take it away."

I lighted my lamp at the dying flame,
And crept up the stairs that creaked for fright,
Till into the chamber of death I came,
Where she lay all in white.

The moon shone over her winding sheet;
There stark she lay on her carved bed;
Seven burning tapers about her feet,
And seven about her head.

As I stretched my hand I held my breath;
I turned as I drew the curtains apart:
I dared not look on the face of death:
I knew where to find her heart.

I thought at first as my touch fell there
It had warmed that heart to life, with love;
For the thing I touched was warm, I swear,
And I could feel it move.

'Twas the hand of a man that was moving slow
O'er the heart of the dead—from the other side—
And at once the sweat broke over my brow,
"Who is robbing the corpse?" I cried.

Opposite me, by the taper's light,
The friend of my bosom, the man I loved,
Stood over the corpse and all as white,
And neither of us moved.

"What do you here my friend?" The man
Looked first at me, and then at the dead.
"There is a portrait here," he began:
"There is. It is mine," I said.

Said the friend of my bosom, "Yours no doubt
The portrait was, till a month ago,
When this suffering angel took that out,
And placed mine there, I know."

"This woman, she loved me well," said I.
"A month ago," said my friend to me:
"And in your throat," I groaned, "you lie!"
He answered, "Let us see."

"Enough! let the dead decide;
And whosoever the portrait prove,
His shall it be, when the cause is tried—
Where death is arraigned by love."

We found the portrait there in its place,
We opened it by the tapers' shine,
The gems were all unchanged; the face
Was—neither his nor mine.

"One nail drives out another, at last!
The face of the portrait there," I cried,
"Is our friend's the Raphael-faced young priest
Who confessed her when she died."

The setting is all of rubies red,
And pearls which a peri might have kept—
For each ruby she my heart hath bled,
For each pearl my eyes have wept.

ROBERT BULWER LYTTON (*Owen Meredith*).

THE HERO OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC.

NO man—not even Washington—has ever been inspired by a purer patriotism than that of William of Orange. Whether originally of a timid temperament or not, he was certainly possessed of perfect courage at last. In siege and battle, in the deadly air of pestilential cities, in the long exhaustion of mind and body which comes from unduly protracted labor and anxiety, amid the countless conspiracies of assassins, he was daily exposed to death in every shape. Within two years five different attempts against his life had been discovered. Rank and fortune were offered to any malefactor who would compass the murder. He had already been shot through the head, and almost mortally wounded. He went through life bearing the load of a people's sorrows upon his shoulders with a smiling face. Their name was the last word upon his lips, save the simple affirmative with which the soldier who had been battling for the right all his lifetime commended his soul, in dying, "to the great Captain, Christ." The people were grateful and affectionate, for they trusted the character of their "Father William," and not all the clouds which calamity could collect ever dimmed to their eyes the radiance of that lofty mind to which they were accustomed, in their darkest calamities, to look for light. As long as he lived he was the guiding-star of a whole brave nation, and when he died the little children cried in the streets.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

A MOTHER'S WAIL.

MY babe! my tiny babe! my only babe!
My single rose-bud in a crown of thorns!
My lamp that in that narrow hut of life,
Whence I looked forth upon a night of storm,
Burned with the luster of the moon and stars!

My babe! my tiny babe! my only babe!
Behold, the bud is gone! the thorns remain!
My lamp hath fallen from its niche—ah, me!
Earth drinks the fragrant flame, and I am left
Forever and forever in the dark!

My babe! my babe! my own and only babe!
Where art thou now? If somewhere in the sky
An angel hold thee in his radiant arms,
I challenge him to clasp thy tender form
With half the fervor of a mother's love!

Forgive me, Lord! forgive my reckless grief!
Forgive me that this rebel, selfish heart
Would almost make me jealous for my child,
Though Thy own lap enthroned him. Lord, thou hast
So many such!—I have—ah! had—but one!

O yet once more, my babe, to hear thy cry!
—Yet once more, my babe, to see thy smile!
O yet once more to feel against my breast
Those cool, soft hands, that warm, wet, eager mouth,
With the sweet sharpness of its budding pearls!

But it must never, never more be mine
To mark the growing meaning in thine eyes,
To watch thy soul unfolding leaf by leaf,
Or catch, with ever fresh surprise and joy,
Thy dawning recognitions of the world!

Three different shadows of thyself, my babe,
Change with each other while I weep. The first,
The sweetest, yet the not least fraught with pain,
Clings like my living boy around my neck,
Or purs and murmurs softly at my feet!

Another is a little mound of earth;
That comes the oftenest, darling! In my dreams,
I see it beaten by the midnight rain,
Or chilled beneath the moon. Ah! what a couch
For that which I have shielded from a breath
That would not stir the violets on thy grave!

The third, my precious babe! the third, O Lord!
Is a fair cherub face beyond the stars,
Wearing the roses of a mystic bliss,
Yet sometimes not unsaddened by a glance
Turned earthward on a mother in her woe!

This is the vision, Lord, that I would keep
Before me always. But, alas! as yet,
It is the dimmest and the rarest too!
O touch my sight, or break the cloudy bars
That hide it, lest I madden where I kneel!

HENRY TIMROD.

A COMMON THOUGHT.

This little poem, written several years before the poet's death, was prophetic. He died at the very hour here predicted. The whisper, "He is gone," went forth as the day was purpling in the zenith, on that October morning of 1867.

SOMEWHERE on this earthly planet
In the dust of flowers to be,
In the dew-drop in the sunshine,
Sleeps a solemn day for me.

At this wakeful hour of midnight
I behold it dawn in mist,
And I hear a sound of sobbing
Through the darkness—h!st! O, h!st!

In a dim and musky chamber,
I am breathing life away;
Some one draws a curtain softly
And I watch the broadening day.

As it purples in the zenith,
As it brightens on the lawn,
There's a hush of death about me,
And a whisper, "He is gone!"

HENRY TIMROD.

GOOD-BY, PROUD WORLD!

GOOD-BY, proud world! I'm going home;
Thou art not my friend; I am not thine;
Too long through weary clouds I roam—
A river ark on the ocean brine,
Too long I am tossed like the driven foam;
But now, proud world, I'm going home.

Good-by to flattery's fawning face;
To grandeur with his wise grimace;
To upstart wealth's averted eye;
To supple office, low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and street,
To frozen hearts, and hasting feet,
To those who go, and those who come,
Good-by, proud world, I'm going home.

I go to seek my own hearth-stone,
Bosomed in yon green hills alone;
A secret lodge in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned,
Where arches green, the live-long day,
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And evil men have never trod,
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I mock at the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
At the sophist schools, and the learned clan;
For what are they all in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

NATURE'S ARTISTIC POWER.

NATURE has a thousand ways and means of rising above herself, but incomparably the noblest manifestations of her capability of color are in the sunsets among the high clouds. I speak especially of the moment before the sun sinks, when his light turns pure rose-color, and when this light falls upon a zenith covered with countless cloud-forms of inconceivable delicacy, threads and flakes of vapor, which would in common daylight be pure snow-white, and which give therefore fair field to the tone of light. There is then no limit to the multitude, and no check to the intensity, of the hues assumed. The whole sky from the zenith to the horizon becomes one molten, mantling sea of color and fire; every black bar turns into massy gold, every ripple and wave into unsullied, shadowless crimson, and purple, and scarlet, and colors for which there are no words in language and no ideas in the mind—things which can only be conceived while they are visible—the intense hollow blue of the upper sky melting through it all—showing here deep and pure and lightless, there modulated by the filmy, formless body of the transparent vapor, till it is lost imperceptibly in its crimson and gold.

JOHN RUSKIN.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, where every sport could please;
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene;
How often have I paused on every charm—
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,
The hawthorne bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;
And still as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired.
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out, to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the pice;

The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove—
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,

With sweet succession, taught even toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms.—But all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittorn guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man;
For him light labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more;
His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose:
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

LITTLE NED.

ALL that is like a dream. It don't seem true!
Father was gone, and mother left, you see,
To work for little brother Ned and me;
And up among the gloomy roofs we grew—
Locked in full oft, lest we should wander out,
With nothing but a crust o' bread to eat,

(19)

While mother charred for poor folk round about,
Or sold cheap odds and ends from street to street.
Yet, Parson, there were pleasures fresh and fair,
To make the time pass happily up there—

A steamboat going past upon the tide,
A pigeon lighting on the roof close by,
The sparrows teaching little ones to fly,
The small white moving clouds that we espied,
And thought were living, in the bit of sky—
With sights like these right glad were Ned and I;
And then we loved to hear the soft rain calling,

Pattering, pattering upon the tiles,
And it was fine to see the still snow falling,
Making the house-tops white for miles on miles,
And catch it in our little hands in play,
And laugh to feel it melt and slip away!
But I was six, and Ned was only three,
And thinner, weaker, wearier than me;

And one cold day, in winter-time, when mother
Had gone away into the snow, and we
Sat close for warmth, and cuddled one another,
He put his little head upon my knee,
And went to sleep, and would not stir a limb,
But looked quite strange and old;
And when I shook him, kissed him, spoke to him,
He smiled, and grew so cold.

Then I was frightened, and cried out, and none
Could hear me, while I sat and nursed his head,
Watching the whitened window, while the sun
Peeped in upon his face, and made it red.
And I began to sob—till mother came,
Knelt down, and screamed, and named the good God's
name,

And told me he was dead.
And when she put his night-gown on, and, weeping,
Placed him among the rags upon his bed,
I thought that brother Ned was only sleeping,
And took his little hand, and felt no fear.
But when the place grew gray and cold and drear,
And the round moon over the roofs came creeping,
And put a silver shade
All round the chilly bed where he was laid,
I cried, and was afraid.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

HE warden looked down at the dead of night
On the graves where the dead were sleeping,
ing,

And clearly as day was the pale moonlight
O'er the quiet churchyard creeping.
One after another the gravestones began
To heave and to open, and woman and man
Rose up in their ghastly apparel!

Ho, ho, for the dance!—and the phantoms outsprung,
In skeleton roundel advancing,
The rich and the poor, and the old and the young,
But the winding-sheets hindered their dancing—

No shame had these revelers wasted and grim—
So they shook off the cerements from body and limb,
And scattered them over the hillocks.

They crooked their thigh-bones, and they shook their
long shanks,

And wild was their reeling, and limber ;
And each bone, as it crosses, it clinks and it clanks,
Like the clapping of timber on timber.

The warder he laughed, though his laugh was not
loud ;

And the fiend whispered to him : "Go steal me the
shroud

Of one of those skeleton dancers."

He has done it ! and backward, with terrified glance,
To the sheltering door ran the warder ;

As calm as before looked the moon on the dance,
Which they footed in hideous order.

But one and another retiring at last,
Slipped on their white garments, and onward they
passed,

And a hush settled over the greensward.

Still one or them stumbles and tumbles along,

And taps at each tomb that it seizes ;

But 'tis none of its mates that has done it this wrong,

For it scents its grave-clothes in the breezes.

It shakes the tower gate, but *that* drives it away,

For 'twas nailed o'er with crosses—a goodly array—

And well it was so for the warder !

It must have its shroud—it must have it betimes—

The quaint Gothic carving it catches ;

And upwards from story to story it climbs,

And scrambles with leaps and with snatches.

Now woe to the warder, poor sinner, betides !

Like a spindle-legged spider the skeleton strides

From buttress to buttress, still upward !

The warder he shook, and the warder grew pale,

And gladly the shroud would have yielded !

The ghost had its clutch on the last iron rail,

Which the top of the watch-tower shielded,

When the moon was obscured by the rush of a cloud,

ONE ! thundered the bell, and unswathed by a shroud,

Down went the gaunt skeleton crashing.

Translation from Goethe. By THEODORE MARTIN.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.



HE woman was old and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day ;

The street was wet with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng

Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street, with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"

Came the boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.

Past the woman so old and gray
Hastened the children on their way,

Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,

Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop—
The gayest laddie of all the group ;

He paused beside her, and whispered low,
"I'll help you across, if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,

He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged and poor and slow ;

And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help *my* mother, you understand,

If ever she's poor and old and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said,

Was, "God, be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy !"

WEDDING BELLS.



ANDERING away on tired feet,
Away from the close and crowded street,
Faded shawl and faded gown,
Unsmoothed hair of a golden brown,
Eyes once bright
With joyous light,

Away from the city's smoke and din,
Trying to flee from it and sin.

In shame cast down,

'Neath the scorn and frown

Of those who had known her in days that were flown.

The same blue eyes—the abode of tears,

The once light heart—the abode of fears,

While dark despair came creeping in,

As she fled from the city's smoke and din.

With a yearning sigh,

And a heart-sick cry—

"Oh, to wander away and die !
God, let me die on my mother's grave,
'Tis the only boon I dare to crave !"

And she struggled on,
With a weary moan,
In the noon-day heat,
From the dusty street ;

And they turned to gaze on the fair young face,
And marveled much at her beauty and grace.
What cared they if her heart was aching ?
How knew they that her heart was breaking ?

Forth from the West the red light glowed,
And the weary feet still kept on their road,
Wand'ring on in the golden sheen,
Where the country lanes were fresh and green.
The red light gleamed on the village tower,
And lit up the clock at the sunset hour ;
And still her cry
Was, " Oh, to die !

God, let me die on my mother's grave,
'Tis the only boon I care to crave !"
The sun uprose, and the light of day
Brightly scattered the clouds of gray ;
And the village was gay
For a holiday.

Merrily echoed the old church bells,
Peal on peal, o'er the hills and dells ;
Borne away on the morning breeze
Over the moorland, over the leas ;
Back again with a joyous clang !
Merrily, cheerily, on they rang !
But they woke her not, she slumbered on,
With her head laid down on the cold gray stone.

The village was bright
In the gladsome light,
And the village maidens were clad in white,
As side by side
They merrily hied,

In gay procession, to meet the bride ;
Strewing the path of the village street
With choicest flowers for her dainty feet.
A joyful chime of the bells again,
To proclaim the return of the bridal train ;
A louder peal from the old church-tower
'As the bride passes on through the floral bower,
With the bridegroom happy, tender and gay),
And the echoes are carried away, away ;
But they linger awhile o'er the tombstones gray ;
And the sleeper awakes with a yearning cry—
" Oh, to die ! oh, to die !

God let me die on my mother's grave,
'Tis all my broken heart can crave !"
And she lays her head again on the stone,
With a long-drawn breath and a sobbing moan ;
While the bridal train (with many a thought
Unspoken of omens with evil fraught)
Sweeps down the path from the old church door,

And the bells' glad music is wafted once more
Over the moorland, over the heath—
But they wake her not, for her sleep is death !

Why does the bridegroom's cheek turn pale ?
Why in his eye such a look of bale ?
Why does he totter, then quicken his pace
As he catches a glimpse of the poor dead face ?
Oh, woe betide,
That so fair a bride

As she who steps with such grace by his side,
Should have faced grim death on her wedding-day !
Did this thought trouble the bridegroom gay,
And dash from his eye the glad light away ?
I wist not ; for never a word he spoke,
And soon from his face the troubled look
Was gone, and he turned to his beautiful bride
With a radiant smile and a glance of pride :
And his eye was bright,
And his step was light,

As would beseem with her by his side.
Oh, his smile is glad, and his heart is brave !
What cares he for the dead on the grave ?
The faded shawl, and faded gown,
And unsmoothed hair of golden brown ?
Why should the face on the tombstone gray
Trouble him so on his wedding-day ?
Forgotten words that were long since spoken,
Thoughts of vows that were made to be broken ?
Fling them away !
Be joyous and gay !

Death will never a secret betray.
Quaff the red wine, the glasses ring ;
Drink ! till the gloomy thoughts take wing ;
Drink and be merry, merry and glad !
With a bride so lovely, who would be sad ?

Hark ! the wedding bells are ringing,
Over the hills their echoes flinging ;
Carried away on the morning breeze
Over the moorland, over the leas,
Riding back on the zephyr's wing,
Joyously, merrily, on they ring !
But she will not wake, her sleep is deep,
And death can ever a secret keep.
Ah ! thy smile may be glad and thy heart may be
brave,

And the secret be kept betwixt thee and the grave ;
But shouldst thou forget it for one short day,
In the gloom of night, from the tombstone gray,
Will come the sound of a wailing cry—
" Oh, to die ! oh, to die !"

And the bride at thy bosom will raise her head
In affright, as she hears thee call on the dead
In a ghastly dream, on whose wings are borne
The memories of thy wedding morn !

Oh, the woeful sight of the pale, dead face,
With the cold, dank stone for its resting-place !

Oh, the mocking chime of the old church bell!
 It shall seem to peal from the mouth of hell;
 Into thy dreams its echoes bringing,
 Merrily, madly, ceaselessly ringing!
 The white face shall haunt thee!
 The bells they shall taunt thee!
 Echoed and tossed on the withering breath
 Of a curse that shall cling round thy soul till death.

CHARLOTTE M. GRIFFITHS.

THE WEAVER.

A WEAVER sat by the side of his loom
 A-flinging the shuttle fast,
 And a thread that would last till the hour of
 doom
 Was added at every cast.

His warp had been by the angels spun,
 And his weft was bright and new,
 Like threads which the morning upraids from the sun,
 All jeweled over with dew.

And fresh-lipped, bright-eyed, beautiful flowers
 In the rich soft web were bedded;
 And blithe to the weaver sped onward the hours,
 Not yet were Time's feet leaded.

But something there came slow stealing by,
 And a shade on the fabric fell;
 And I saw that the shuttle less blithely did fly;
 For thought has a wearisome spell.

And the thread that next o'er the warp was lain
 Was of a melancholy gray.
 And anon I marked there a tear-drop's stain
 Where the flowers had fallen away.

But still the weaver kept weaving on,
 Though the fabric all was gray;
 And the flowers, and the buds, and the leaves were
 gone,
 And the gold threads cankered lay.

And dark, and still darker, and darker grew
 Each newly woven thread,
 And some were of a death mocking hue,
 And some of a bloody red.

And things all strange were woven in,
 Sighs, down-crushed hopes and fears,
 And the web was broken, and poor and thin,
 And it dripped with living tears.

And the weaver fain would have flung it aside,
 But he knew it would be a sin;
 So in light and in gloom the shuttle he plied,
 A-weaving those life-cords in.

And as he wove, and weeping still wove,
 A tempter stole him nigh;
 And with glowing words he to win him strove,
 But the weaver turned his eye—

He upward turned his eye to heaven,
 And still wove on—on—on!
 Till the last, last cord from his heart was riven,
 And the tissue strange was done.

Then he threw it about his shoulders bowed,
 And about his grizzled head,
 And gathering close the folds of his shroud,
 Laid him down among the dead.

And after, I saw, in a robe of light,
 The weaver in the sky;
 The angels' wings were not more bright,
 And the stars grew pale, it nigh.

And I saw mid the folds all the iris-hued flowers
 That beneath his touch had sprung,
 More beautiful far than these stray ones of ours,
 Which the angels have to us flung.

And wherever a tear had fallen down
 Gleamed out a diamond rare,
 And jewels besitting a monarch's crown
 Were foot-prints left by care.

And wherever had swept the breath of a sigh
 Was left a rich perfume,
 And with light from the fountain of bliss in the sky
 Shone the labor of sorrow and gloom.

And then I prayed: "When my last work is done,
 And the silver cord is riven,
 Be the stain of sorrow the deepest one
 That I bear with me to heaven."

THE PRESENT CONDITION OF MAN VIN- DICATED.

H EAVEN from all creatures hides the book of fate,
 All but the page prescribed, their present state;
 From brutes what men, from men what spirits
 know,

Or who could suffer being here below?
 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
 Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
 Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
 And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
 O blindness to the future! kindly given,
 That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven;
 Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
 A hero perish or a sparrow fall;
 Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly, then, with trembling pinions soar;
 Wait the great teacher, death; and God adore.
 What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
 But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
 Man never is, but always TO BE blest;
 The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
 Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind;
 His soul proud science never taught to stray
 Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
 Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
 Behind the cloud-topped hill, a humbler heaven;
 Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
 Some happier island in the watery waste,
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,
 No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
 To e, contents his natural desire,
 He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.
 Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense
 Weigh thy opinion against Providence;
 Call imperfection what thou fanciest such,
 Say, here he gives too little, there too much:
 Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
 Yet cry, if man's unhappy, God's unjust;
 If man alone engross not Heaven's high care,
 Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
 Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
 Re-judge his justice, be the God of God.
 In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies;
 All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
 Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
 Men would be angels, angels would be Gods.
 Aspiring to be Gods, if angels fell,
 Aspiring to be angels, men rebel;
 And who but wishes to revert the law
 Of order sins against the Eternal Cause.

ALEXANDER POPE.

THE BRIDGE.

I STOOD on the bridge at midnight,
 As the clocks were striking the hour;
 And the moon rose o'er the city,
 Behind the dark church-tower;
 And, like the waters rushing
 Among the wooden piers,
 A flood of thoughts came o'er me,
 That filled my eyes with tears—
 How often, oh! how often,
 In the days that had gone by,
 I had stood on that bridge at midnight,
 And gazed on that wave and sky!
 How often, oh! how often,
 In the days that had gone by,
 I had stood on that bridge at midnight,
 And gazed on that wave and sky!
 How often, oh! how often,
 I had wished that the ebbing tide
 Would bear me away on its bosom,
 O'er the ocean wild and wide!
 For my heart was hot and restless,
 And my life was full of care;

And the burthen laid upon me
 Seemed greater than I could bear;
 But now it has fallen from me
 It is buried in the sea,
 And only the sorrow of others
 Throws its shadow over me;
 Yet, whenever I cross the river,
 On its bridge with wooden piers,
 Like the odor of brine from the ocean,
 Come the thoughts of other years;
 And for ever and for ever,
 As long as the river flows,
 As long as the heart has passions,
 As long as life has woes,
 The moon and its broken reflection,
 And its shadows shall appear
 As the symbol of love in heaven,
 And its wavering image here.

THE POLISH BOY.

WHENCE come those shrieks so wild and shrill
 That cut like blades of steel, the air,
 Causing the creeping blood to chill
 With the sharp cadence of despair?

Again they come, as if a heart
 Were cleft in twain by one quick blow,
 And every string had voice apart
 To utter its peculiar woe.

Whence came they? from yon temple where
 An altar, raised for private prayer,
 Now forms the warrior's marble bed
 Who Warsaw's gallant armies led.

The dim funeral tapers throw
 A holy lustre o'er his brow,
 And burnish with their rays of light
 The mass of curls that gather bright
 Above the haughty brow and eye
 Of a young boy that's kneeling by.

What hand is that, whose icy press
 Clings to the dead with death's own grasp,
 But meets no answering caress?
 No thrilling fingers seek its clasp?
 It is the hand of her whose cry
 Rang wildly, late, upon the air,
 When the dead warrior met her eye
 Outstretched upon the altar there.

With pallid lip and stony brow
 She murmurs forth her anguish now,
 But hark! the tramp of heavy feet
 Is heard along the bloody street;
 Nearer and nearer yet they come,
 With clanking arms and noiseless drum.
 Now whispered curses, low and deep,
 Around the holy temple creep;

The gate is burst ; a ruffian band
Rush in and savagely demand,
With brutal voice and oath profane,
The startled boy for exile's chain.

The mother sprang with gesture wild,
And to her bosom clasped her child ;
Then with pale cheek and flashing eye
Shouted with fearful energy,

" Back, ruffians, back, nor dare to tread
Too near the body of my dead ;
Nor touch the living boy—I stand
Between him and your lawless hand.
Take me, and bind these arms, these hands,
With Russia's heaviest iron bands,
And drag me to Siberia's wild
To perish, if 'twill save my child ! "

" Peace, woman, peace ! " the leader cried,
Tearing the pale boy from her side,
And in his ruffian grasp he bore
His victim to the temple door.

" One moment ! " shrieked the mother, " one !
Will land or gold redeem my son ?
Take heritage, take name, take all,
But leave him free from Russian thrall !
Take these ! " and her white arms and hands
She stripped of rings and diamond bands,
And tore from braids of long black hair
The gems that gleamed like starlight there ;
Her cross of blazing rubies last
Down at the Russian's feet she cast.
He stooped to seize the glittering store.
Upspringing from the marble floor,
The mother with a cry of joy,
Snatched to her leaping heart the boy.
But no ! the Russian's iron grasp
Again undid the mother's clasp.
Forward she fell, with one long cry
Of more than mortal agony.

But the brave child is roused at length,
And breaking from the Russian's hold,
He stands a giant in the strength
Of his young spirit fierce and bold.
Proudly he towers ; his flashing eye,
So blue, and yet so bright,
Seems kindled from the eternal sky,
So brilliant is its light.

His curling lips and crimson cheeks
Foretell the thought before he speaks,
With a full voice of proud command
He turned upon the wondering band :

" Ye hold me not ! no, no, nor can I
This hour has made the boy a man !
I knelt before my slaughtered sire,
Nor felt one throb of vengeful ire.
I wept upon a marble brow,
Yes, wept ! I was a child, but now—
My noble mother on her knee
Hath done the work of years for me ! "
He drew aside his brodered vest,
And there, like slumbering serpent's crest,
The jeweled haft of poignard bright
Glittered a moment on the sight.
" Ha ! start ye back ! Fool ! coward ! knave !
Think ye my noble father's glaive
Would drink the life-blood of a slave ?
The pearls that on the handle flame
Would blush to rubies in their shame ;
The blade would quiver in thy breast,
Ashamed of such ignoble rest.
No ! thus I rend the tyrant's chain,
And fling him back a boy's disdain ! "

A moment and the funeral light
Flashed on the jeweled weapon bright ;
Another, and his young heart's blood
Leaped to the floor, a crimson flood.
Quick to his mother's side he sprang,
And on the air his clear voice rang :
" Up mother, up ! I'm free ! I'm free !
The choice was death or slavery.

Up, mother, up ! Look on thy son !
His freedom is forever won,
And now he waits one holy kiss
To bear his father home in bliss—
One last embrace, one blessing—one !
To prove thou knowest, approvest thy son.
What ! silent yet ? Canst thou not feel
My warm blood o'er my heart congeal ?

Speak, mother, speak ! lift up thy head !
What ! silent still ? Then art thou dead ?
—Great God, I thank Thee ! Mother, I
Rejoice with thee—and thus—to die ! "
One long, deep breath, and his pale head
Lay on his mother's bosom—dead.

ANN S. STEPHENS.

LABOR AND REFORM.

WORK.



WEET wind, fair wind,
where have you been?
"I've been sweeping
the cobwebs out of
the sky;
I've been grinding a grist
in the mill hard by;
I've been laughing at work
while others sigh;
Let those laugh who
win!"

Sweet rain, soft rain, what are
you doing?
"I'm urging the corn to fill
out its cells;
I'm helping the lily to fashion
its bells;

I'm swelling the torrent and brimming the wells;
Is that worth pursuing?"

Redbreast, redbreast, what have you done?
"I've been watching the nest where my fledgelings
lie;

I've sung them to sleep with a lullaby;
By and by I shall teach them to fly,
Up and away, every one!"

Honey-bee, honey-bee, where are you going?
"To fill my basket with precious pelf;
To toil for my neighbor as well as myself;
To find out the sweetest flower that grows,
Be it a thistle or be it a rose—

A secret worth the knowing!"

Each content with the work to be done,
Ever the same from sun to sun:
Shall you and I be taught to work
By the bee and the bird, that scorn to shirk?

Wind and rain fulfilling His word!
Tell me, was ever a legend heard
Where the wind, commanded to blow, deferred;
Or the rain, that was bidden to fall, demurred?

MARY N. PRESCOTT.

THE THREE FISHERS.



THREE fishers went sailing out into the West,
Out into the West as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him
the best,

And the children stood watching them out of the
town;

For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep.
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down.
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the
shower,
And the night rack came rolling up ragged and
brown!

But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come back to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
The sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep—
And good by to the bar and its moaning.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.



WITH fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!

In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

Work! work! work!

While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's O! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

Work—work—work

Till the brain begins to swim!

Work—work—work

Till the eyes are heavy and dim!

Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam—
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

O, men, with sisters dear!

O, men, with mothers and wives!

It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!

Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt—
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt!

But why do I talk of death—
That phantom of grisly bone?
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own
Because of the fasts I keep;
O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

Work—work—work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags.
That shattered roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime!
Work—work—work—
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band—
Till the heart is sick and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

Work—work—work
In the dull December light!
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright!—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the spring.

Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet!
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal!

Oh! but for one short hour—
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart;
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!

With fingers weary and worn,
And eyelids heavy and red,

A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tone could reach the rich!—
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

THOMAS HOOD.

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.

WHAT might be done if men were wise—
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,
Would they unite
In love and right,
And cease their scorn of one another?
Oppression's heart might be imbued
With kindling drops of loving-kindness;
And knowledge pour,
From shore to shore,
Light on the eyes of mental blindness.
All slavery, warfare, lies, and wrongs,
All vice and crime, might die together;
And wine and corn,
To each man born,
Be free as warmth in summer weather.
The meanest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect
In self-respect,
And share the teeming world to-morrow.
What might be done? *This* might be done,
And more than this, my suffering brother—
More than the tongue
E'er said or sung,
If men were wise and loved each other,

CHARLES MACKAY.

LABOR.

PAUSE not to dream of the future before us;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come
o'er us;
Hark how creation's deep, musical chorus,
Unintermitting, goes up into heaven!
Never the ocean-wave falters in flowing;
Never the little seed stops in its growing;
More and more richly the rose heart keeps glowing,
Till from its nourishing stem it is risen.
"Labor is worship!" the robin is singing;
"Labor is worship!" the wild bee is ringing:
Listen! that eloquent whisper, upspringing
Speaks to thy soul from out nature's great heart.
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing flower;
From the small insect, the rich coral hower;
Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his part.

Labor is life!—"Tis the still water faileth;
 Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
 Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth;
 Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
 Labor is glory!—the flying cloud lightens;
 Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
 Idle hearts only the dark future frightens:
 Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in
 tune!

Labor is rest from the sorrows that greet us,
 Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
 Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
 Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.
 Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
 Work—thou shalt ride over care's coming billow;
 Lie not down wearied 'neath woe's weeping willow!
 Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Labor is health!—Lo! the husbandman reaping,
 How through his veins goes the life-current leaping!
 How his strong arm in its stalwart pride sweeping,
 True as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides.
 Labor is wealth—in the sea the pearl groweth;
 Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth;
 From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth;
 Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are
 round thee;
 Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee!
 Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee:
 Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod!
 Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
 Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
 Labor!—all labor is noble and holy;
 Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

THE FACTORY GIRL'S LAST DAY.

Robert Dale Owen, in one of the chapters of his autobiography, reproduces the following poem, written many years ago to illustrate an incident of English factory life.

WAS on a winter morning,
 The weather wet and wild,
 Two hours before the dawning
 The father roused his child;
 Her daily morsel bringing,
 The darksome room he paced,
 And cried, "The bell is ringing;
 My hapless darling, haste!"

"Dear father, I'm so sorry!
 I scarce can reach the door;
 And long the way and dreary;
 Oh, carry me once more!"
 Her wasted form seems nothing;
 The load is on his heart;
 He soothes the little sufferer,
 Till at the mill they part.

The overlooker met her
 As to her frame she crept;
 And with his thong he beat her,
 And cursed her when she wept.
 It seemed, as she grew weaker,
 The threads the oftener broke,
 The rapid wheels ran quicker,
 And heavier fell the stroke.

She thought how her dead mother
 Blessed with her latest breath,
 And of her little brother,
 Worked down, like her, to death;
 Then told a tiny neighbor
 A half-penny she'd pay
 To take her last hour's labor,
 While by her frame she lay.

The sun had long descended
 Ere she sought that repose;
 Her day began and ended
 As cruel tyrants chose.
 Then home! but oft she tarried;
 She fell, and rose once more;
 By pitying comrades carried,
 She reached her father's door.

At night, with tortured feeling,
 He watched his sleepless child;
 Though close beside her kneeling,
 She knew him not, nor smiled.
 Again the factory's ringing
 Her last perceptions tried;
 Up from her straw-bed springing,
 "It's time!" she shrieked, and died.

That night a chariot passed her,
 While on the ground she lay;
 The daughters of her master
 An evening visit pay.
 Their tender hearts were sighing,
 As negro's wrongs were told
 While the *white* slave was dying
 Who gained their father's gold.

THE CORAL-INSECT.

OIL on! toil on! ye ephemeral train,
 Who build in the tossing and treacherous
 main;
 Toil on—for the wisdom of man ye mock,
 With your sand-based structures and domes of rock:
 Your columns the fathomless fountains lave,
 And your arches spring up to the crested wave;
 Ye're a puny race, thus to boldly rear
 A fabric so vast, in a realm so drear.

Ye bind the deep with your secret zone,
 The ocean is sealed, and the surge a stone;
 Fresh wreaths from the coral pavement spring,
 Like the terraced pride of Assyria's king;

The turf looks green where the breakers rolled ;
O'er the whirlpool ripens the rind of gold ;
The sea-snatched isle is the home of men,
And the mountains exult where the wave hath been.

But why do ye plant 'neath the billows dark
The wrecking reef for the gallant bark ?
There are snares enough on the tented field,
'Mid the blossomed sweets that the valleys yield ;
There are serpents to coil, ere the flowers are up ;
There's a poison-drop in man's purest cup ;
There are foes that watch for his cradle breath ;
And why need you sow the floods with death ?

With mouldering bones the deeps are white,
From the ice-clad pole to the tropics bright ;
The mermaid hath twisted her fingers cold
With the mesh of the sea-boy's curls of gold,
And the gods of ocean have frowned to see
The mariner's bed in their halls of glee ;
Hath earth no graves, that ye thus must spread
The boundless sea for the thronging dead ?

Ye build—ye build—but ye enter not in,
Like the tribes whom the desert devoured in their sin ;
From the land of promise ye fade and die,
Ere its verdure gleams forth on your weary eye ;
As the kings of the cloud-crowned pyramid,
Their notless bones in oblivion hid,
Ye slumber unmarked 'mid the desolate main,
While the wonder and pride of your works remain.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

RING OUT, WILD BELLS !

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light ;
The year is dying in the night ;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new—
Ring, happy bells, across the snow ;
The year is going, let him go ;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more ;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to ail mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of paltry strife ;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times ;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite ;


Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,
Ring out the thousand wars of old ;
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man, and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
Ring out the darkness of the land ;
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

 HERE'S a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming :
We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten in the ray
Of the good time coming.
Cannon balls may aid the truth,
But thought's a weapon stronger ;
We'll win our battle by its aid ;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming :
The pen shall supersede the sword ;
And right, not might, shall be the lord
In the good time coming.
Worth, not birth, shall rule mankind,
And be acknowledged stronger ;
The proper impulse has been given ;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming :
War in all men's eyes shall be
A monster of iniquity
In the good time coming.
Nations shall not quarrel then,
To prove which is the stronger ;
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake ;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming :
Hateful rivalries of creed
Shall not make their martyrs bleed
In the good time coming.
Religion shall be shorn of pride,
And flourish all the stronger ;
And charity shall trim her lamp ;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming :
And a poor man's family
Shall not be his misery
In the good time coming.

Every child shall be a help
To make his right arm stronger;
The happier he the more he has;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
Little children shall not toil
Under, or above, the soil
In the good time coming;
But shall play in healthful fields
Till limbs and mind grow stronger;
And every one shall read and write;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
The people shall be temperate,
And shall love instead of hate,
In the good time coming.
They shall use, and not abuse,
And make all virtue stronger;
The reformation has begun;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
Let us aid it all we can,
Every woman, every man,
The good time coming.
Smallest helps, if rightly given,
Make the impulse stronger;
'Twill be strong enough one day;—
Wait a little longer.

CHARLES MACKAY.

ENDURANCE.

HOW much the heart may bear, and yet not break!
How much the flesh may suffer, and not die!
I question much if any pain or ache
Of soul or body brings our end more nigh.
Death chooses his own time; till that is worn,
All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife;
Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel,
Whose edge seems searching for the quivering life;
Yet to our sense the bitter pangs reveal
That still, although the trembling flesh be torn,
This, also, can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way,
And try to flee from the approaching ill;
We seek some small escape—we weep and pray—
But when the blow falls, then our hearts are still,
Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn,
But that it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life—
We hold it closer, dearer than our own—

Anon it faints and falls in deadly strife,
Leaving us stunned, and stricken, and alone;
But ah! we do not die with those we mourn—
This, also, can be borne.

Behold, we live through all things—famine, thirst,
Bereavement, pain, all grief and misery,
All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst
On soul and body—but we cannot die,
Though we be sick, and tired, and faint, and worn;
Lo! all things can be borne.

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

LEARN TO SWEEP.

NCE, in a city's crowded street,
With broom in hand, an urchin stood;
No boots inclosed the little feet,
Though winter chilled the infant blood;
And yet he worked, the little man,
As only youthful heroes can,
And as he toiled he cheerful sang:
"The noblest oak was once a seed,
The choicest flower was but a weed,
Unpinioned once the eagle's wing,
The river but a trickling spring,
The swiftest foot must learn to creep,
The proudest man must learn to sweep."

Anon some passing idlers sought
The sweeper from his toil to shame,
To scorn the noble worker's thought,
And quench the young aspiring flame;
No answer gave the hero back,
But to and fro he whisked the broom,
And shouted as he cleared the track:
"The noblest oak was once a seed,
The choicest flower was but a weed,
Unpinioned once the eagle's wing,
The river but a trickling spring,
The swiftest foot must learn to creep,
The proudest man must learn to sweep."

H. S. BROOKS.

RHYMES FOR HARD TIMES.

COURAGE, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night,
There's a star to guide the humble;
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Though the road be long and dreary,
And the end be out of sight;
Foot it bravely, strong or weary,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Perish policy and cunning;
Perish all that fears the light,
Whether losing, whether winning,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Shun all forms of guilty passion,
 Fiends can look like angels bright.
 Heed no custom, school or fashion,
 "Trust in God, and do the right."
 NORMAN M'LEOD.

THE MINER.

THE eastern sky is blushing red,
 The distant hill-top glowing ;
 The brook is murmuring in its bed,
 In idle frolics flowing ;
 'Tis time the pickaxe and the spade,
 And iron "tom" were ringing,
 And with ourselves, the mountain stream,
 A song of labor singing.

The mountain air is cool and fresh,
 Unclouded skies bend o'er us,
 Broad placers, rich in hidden gold,
 Lie temptingly before us ;
 We ask no magic Midas' wand,
 Nor wizard-rod divining,
 The pickaxe, spade and brawny hand
 Are sorcerers in mining.

When labor closes with the day,
 To simple fare returning,
 We gather in a merry group
 Around the camp-fires burning ;
 The mountain sod our couch at night,
 The stars shine bright above us,
 We think of home and fall asleep,
 To dream of those who love us.

JOHN SWIFT.

A LANCASHIRE DOXOLOGY.

Some cotton had lately been imported into Farringdon, where the mills had been closed for a considerable time. The people, who were previously in the deepest distress, went out to meet the cotton: the women wept over the bales and kissed them, and finally sang the Doxology over them.

"PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow,"
 Praise him who sendeth joy and woe.
 The Lord who takes, the Lord who gives,
 O, praise him, all that dies, and lives.

He opens and he shuts his hand,
 But why we cannot understand :
 Pours and dries up His mercies' flood,
 And yet is still All-perfect Good.

We fathom not the mighty plan,
 The mystery of God and man ;
 We women, when afflictions come,
 We only suffer and are dumb.

And when, the tempest passing by,
 He gleams out, sunlike, through our sky,
 We look up, and through black clouds riven
 We recognize the smile of Heaven.

Ours is no wisdom of the wise,
 We have no deep philosophies ;
 Childlike we take both kiss and rod,
 For he who loveth knoweth God.
 DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

THE DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER.

O, feel what I have felt,
 Go, bear what I have borne ;
 Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt,
 And the cold, proud world's scorn ;
 Thus struggle on from year to year,
 Thy sole relief—the scalding tear.

Go, weep as I have wept,
 O'er a loved father's fall,
 See every cherished promise swept—
 Youth's sweetness turned to gall ;
 Hope's faded flowers strewed all the way
 That led me up to woman's day.

Go, kneel as I have knelt ;
 Implore, beseech, and pray,
 Strive the besotted heart to melt,
 The downward course to stay ;
 Be cast with bitter curse aside—
 Thy prayers burlesqued, thy tears defied.

Go, stand where I have stood,
 And see the strong man bow ;
 With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,
 And cold and livid brow ;
 Go, catch his wandering glance, and see
 There mirrored, his soul's misery.

Go, hear what I have heard—
 The sobs of sad despair,
 As memory's feeling fount hath stirred,
 And its revealings there
 Have told him what he might have been,
 Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.

Go to my mother's side,
 And her crushed spirit cheer ;
 Thine own deep anguish hide,
 Wipe from her cheek the tear.
 Mark her dimmed eye, her furrowed brow,
 The gray that streaks her dark hair now ;
 Her toil-worn frame, her trembling limb,
 And trace the ruin back to him
 Whose plighted faith, in early youth,
 Promised eternal love and truth ;
 But who, forsworn, hath yielded up
 That promise to the deadly cup,
 And led her down from love and light,
 From all that made her pathway bright.
 And chained her there 'mid want and strife,
 That lowly thing, a drunkard's wife !
 And stamped on childhood's brow so mild,
 That withering blight, a drunkard's child !

Go, hear, and see, and feel, and know,
 All that my soul hath felt and known,
 Then look upon the wine-cup's glow;
 See if its brightness can atone;
 Think if its flavor you will try,
 If all proclaimed, "'Tis drink and die!"

Tell me I hate the bowl
 Hate is a feeble word:
 I loathe, abhor—my very soul
 With strong disgust is stirred
 When'er I see, or hear, or tell,
 Of the dark beverage of hell!

THE SONG OF STEAM.

HARNESS me down with your iron bands,
 Be sure of your curb and rein,
 For I scorn the strength of your puny hands
 As a tempest scorns a chain.
 How I laughed as I lay concealed from sight
 For many a countless hour,
 At the childish boasts of human might,
 And the pride of human power!

When I saw an army upon the land,
 A navy upon the seas,
 Creeping along, a snail-like band,
 Or waiting the wayward breeze;
 When I marked the peasant faintly reel
 With the toil that he daily bore,
 As he feebly turned the tardy wheel,
 Or tugged at the weary oar;

When I measured the panting courser's speed,
 The flight of the carrier dove,
 As they bore the law a king decreed,
 Or the lines of impatient love,
 I could but think how the world would feel,
 As these were outstripped afar,
 When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
 Or chained to the flying car.

Ha! ha! ha! they found me at last,
 They invited me forth at length,
 And I rushed to my throne with a thunder blast,
 And laughed in my iron strength!
 O, then ye saw a wondrous change
 On the earth and ocean wide,
 Where now my fiery armies range,
 Nor wait for wind nor tide!

Hurrah! hurrah! the waters o'er,
 The mountain's steep decline;
 Time—space—have yielded to my power:
 The world, the world is mine!
 The rivers the sun hath earliest blest,
 Or those where his beams decline,
 The giant streams of the queenly West,
 Or the Orient floods divine.

The ocean pales wherever I sweep
 To hear my strength rejoice,
 And monsters of the briny deep
 Cower trembling at my voice.
 I carry the wealth of the lord of earth,
 The thoughts of his god-like mind;
 The wind lags after my going forth,
 The lightning is left behind.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine
 My tireless arm doth play,
 Where the rocks never saw the sun's decline,
 Or the dawn of the glorious day;
 I bring earth's glittering jewels up
 From the hidden caves below,
 And I make the fountain's granite cup
 With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
 In all the shops of trade;
 I hammer the ore and turn the wheel
 Where my arms of strength are made;
 I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint,
 I carry, I spin, I weave,
 And all my doings I put into print
 On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscles to weary, no brains to decay,
 No bones to be laid on the shelf,
 And soon I intend you may go and play,
 While I manage the world myself.
 But harness me down with your iron bands,
 Be sure of your curb and rein,
 For I scorn the strength of your puny hands
 As the tempest scorns the chain.

GEORGE W. CUTTER.

DUTY.

ISLEPT and dreamed that life was beauty:
 I woke and found that life was duty:
 Was then thy dream a shadowy lie?
 Toil on, sad heart, courageously,
 And thou shalt find thy dream to be
 A noonday light and truth to thee.

TRUE REST.

SWEET is the pleasure
 Itself cannot spoil!
 Is not true leisure
 One with true toil?
 Thou that wouldst taste it,
 Still do thy best;
 Use it, not waste it—
 Else 'tis no rest.
 Wouldst behold beauty
 Near thee? all round?
 Only hath duty
 Such a sight found.

Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere.


'Tis the brook's motion,
Clear without strife,
Fleeing to ocean
After its life.

Deeper devotion
Nowhere hath knelt;
Fuller emotion
Heart never felt.

'Tis loving and serving
The highest and best;
'Tis onwards! unswerving—
And that is true rest.

JOHN SULLIVAN DWIGHT.

GOOD NIGHT.

OOD night,
To each weary, toil-worn wight!
Now the day so sweetly closes,
Every aching brow reposes
Peacefully till morning light.
Good night!


Home to rest!
Close the eye and calm the breast;
Stillness through the streets is stealing,
And the watchman's horn is pealing,
And the night calls softly, "Haste!
Home to rest!"

Sweetly sleep!
Eden's breezes round ye sweep.
O'er the peace-forsaken lover
Let the darling image hover,
As he lies in transport deep.
Sweetly sleep!

So, good night!
Slumber on till morning light;
Slumber till another morrow
Brings its stores of joy and sorrow;
Fearless, in the Father's sight,
Slumber on. Good night!

CHARLES T. BROOKS.

LABOR SONG.

H! little they know of true happiness, they
whom satiety fills,
Who, flung on the rich breast of luxury, eat
of the rankness that kills.
Ah! little they know of the blessedness toil-purchased
slumber enjoys
Who, stretched on the hard rack of indolence, taste of
the sleep that destroys;


Nothing to hope for, or labor for; nothing to sigh for,
or gain;
Nothing to light in its vividness, lightning-like, bosom
and brain;
Nothing to break life's monotony, rippling it o'er with
its breath;—
Nothing but dullness and lethargy, weariness, sorrow,
and death!

But blessed that child of humanity, happiest man
among men,
Who, with hammer or chisel or pencil, with rudder or
ploughshare or pen,
Laboreth ever and ever with hope through the morn-
ing of life,
Winning home and its darling divinities—love-wor-
shipped children and wife.
Round swings the hammer of industry, quickly the
sharp chisel rings,
And the heart of the toiler has throbbings that stir
not the bosom of kings—

He the true ruler and conqueror, he the true king of
his race,
Who nerveth his arm for life's combat, and looks the
strong world in the face.

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

ODE TO THE HARVEST MOON.

OON of harvest, herald mild
Of plenty, rustic labor's child,
Hail! oh, hail! I greet thy beam,
As soft it trembles o'er the stream,
And gilds the straw-thatched hamlet wide,
Where innocence and peace reside;
'Tis thou that glad'st with joy the rustic throng,
Promptest the tripping dance, th' exhilarating song.

Moon of harvest, I do love
O'er the uplands now to rove,
While thy modest ray serene
Gilds the wide surrounding scene;
And to watch thee riding high
In the blue vault of the sky,
Where no thin vapor intercepts thy ray,
But in unclouded majesty thou walkest on thy way.

Pleasing 'tis, O modest moon!
Now the night is at her noon,
'Neath thy sway to musing lie,
While around the zephyrs sigh,
Fanning soft the sun-tanned wheat,
Ripened by the summer's heat;
Picturing all the rustic's joy
When boundless plenty greets his eye,
And thinking soon,
Oh, modest moon!

How many a female eye will roam
Along the road,
To see the load,
The last dear load of harvest home.

Storms and tempests, floods and rains,
Stern despoilers of the plains,
Hence away, the season flee,
Foes to light-heart jollity;
May no winds careering high,
Drive the clouds along the sky;
But may all nature smile with aspect boon,
When in the heavens thou show'st thy face, oh, har-
vest moon!

'Neath yon lowly roof he lies,
The husbandman, with sleep-sealed eyes;
He dreams of crowded barns, and round
The yard he hears the flail resound;
Oh! may no hurricane destroy
His visionary views of joy:
God of the winds! oh, hear his humble prayer,
And while the moon of harvest shines, thy blustering
whirlwind spare.

Sons of luxury, to you
Leave I sleep's dull power to woo:
Press ye still the downy bed,
While feverish dreams surround your head;
I will seek the woodland glade,
Penetrate the thickest shade,
Wrapt in contemplation's dreams,
Musing high on holy themes,
While on the gale
Shall softly sail
The nightingale's enchanting tune,
And oft my eyes
Shall grateful rise
To thee, the modest harvest moon!

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

SONG OF THE PEASANT WIFE.

COME, Patrick, clear up the storms on your
brow;
You were kind to me once—will you frown
on me now?—

Shall the storm settle here, when from heaven it de-
parts,
And the cold from without finds its way to our hearts?
No, Patrick, no! sure the wintriest weather
Is easily borne when we bear it together.

Though the rain's dropping through, from the roof to
the floor,
And the wind whistles free, where there once was a
door,
Can the rain, or the snow, or the storm wash away
All the warm vows we made in our love's early day?
No, Patrick, no! sure the dark stormy weather
Is easily borne, if we bear it together.

When you stole out to woo me when labor was done,
And the day that was closing to us seemed begun,
Did we care if the sunset was bright on the flowers,

Or if we crept out amid darkness and showers?
No, Patrick! we talked, while we braved the wild
weather,
Of all we could bear, if we bore it together.

Soon, soon, will these dark dreary days be gone by,
And our hearts be lit up with a beam from the sky!
Oh, let not our spirits, embittered with pain,
Be dead to the sunshine that came to us then!
Heart in heart, hand in hand, let us welcome the
weather,
And, sunshine or storm, we will bear it together.

CAROLINE ELIZABETH NORTON.

A SHEPHERD'S LIFE.

NEGLECTED now the early daisy lies;
Nor thou, pale primrose, bloom'st the only
prize;

Advancing spring profusely spreads abroad
Flowers of all hues, with sweetest fragrance stored;
Where'er she treads, love gladdens every plain,
Delight on tiptoe bears her lucid train;
Sweet hope with conscious brow before her flies,
Anticipating wealth from summer skies;
All nature feels her renovating sway;
The sheep-fed pasture, and the meadow gay;
And trees, and shrubs, no longer budding seen,
Display the new-grown branch of lighter green;
On airy downs the shepherd idling lies,
And sees to-morrow in the marbled skies.
Here, then, my soul, thy darling theme pursue,
For every day was Giles a shepherd too.

Small was his charge: no wilds had they to roam:
But bright inclosures circling round their home.
No yellow-blossomed furze, nor stubborn thorn,
The heath's rough produce, had their fleeces torn:
Yet ever roving, ever seeking thee,
Enchanting spirit, dear variety!
O happy tenants, prisoners of a day!
Released to ease, to pleasure, and to play;
Indulged through every field by turns to range,
And taste them all in one continual change.
For though luxuriant their grassy food,
Sheep long confined but loathe the present good;
Bleating around the homeward gate they meet,
And starve, and pine, with plenty at their feet.
Loosed from the winding lane, a joyful throng,
See, o'er yon pasture, how they pour along!
Giles round their boundaries takes his usual stroll;
Sees every pass secured, and fences whole;
High fences, proud to charm the gazing eye,
Where many a nestling first essays to fly;
Where blows the woodbine, faintly streaked with red,
And rests on every bough its tender head;
Round the young ash its twining branches meet,
Or crown the hawthorn with its odors sweet.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

YOUR MISSION.

IF you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them,
As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey,
Up the mountain steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
While the multitudes go by.
You can chant in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready to command,
If you cannot towards the needy
Reach an ever open hand,
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep,
You can be a true disciple,
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

If you cannot in the conflict,
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do,
When the battle-field is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

Do not then stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do,
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
She will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare,
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere.

KNOCKED ABOUT.

WHY don't I work? Well, sir, will you,
Right here on the spot, give me suthin' to do?
Work? Why, sir, I don't want no more
'N a chance in any man's shop or store;

That's what I'm lookin' for every day,
But thar ain't no jobs; well, what d' ye say?
Hain't got nothin' at present I just so;
That's how it always is, I know!

Fellers like me ain't wanted much;
Folks are gen'rally jealous of such;
Thinks they ain't the right sort o' stuff—
Blessed if it isn't a kind o' rough

On a man to have folks hintin' belief
That he ain't to be trusted mor 'n a thief,
When p'raps his fingers are cleaner far
'N them o' chaps that talk so are.

Got a look o' the sea! Well, I 'xpect that's so;
Had a hankerin' that way some years ago,
And run off; I shipped in a whaler fust,
And got cast away; but that warn't the wust;
Took fire, sir, next time, we did, and—well,
We blazed up till everything standin' fell,
And then me and Tom—my mate—and some more,

Got off, with a notion of goin' ashore.
But thar warn't no shore to see about thar,
So we drifted and drifted everywhar
For a week, and then all but Tom and me
Was food for the sharks or down in the sea.
But we prayed—me and Tom—the best we could,
For a sail. It come, and at last we stood
On old 'arth once more, and the captain told
Us we was ashore in the land o' gold.

Gold! We didn't get much. But we struck
For the mines, of course, and tried our luck.
'T warn't bad at the start, but things went wrong
Pooty soon, for one night thar come along,
While we was asleep, some red-skin chaps,
And they made things lively round thar—perhaps!
Anyhow, we left mighty quick—Tom and me,
And we didn't go back—kind o' risky, you see!

By'm-by, sir, the war come on, and then
We 'listed. Poor Tom! I was nigh him when
It all happened. He looked up and sez, sez he,
"Bill, it's come to partin' 'twixt you and me,
Old chap. I hain't much to leave—here, this knife—
Stand to your colors, Bill, while you have life!"
That was all. Yes, got wounded myself, sir, here,
And—I'm pensioned on water and air a year!

It ain't much to thank for that I'm alive,
Knockin' about like this— What, a five!
That's suthin' han'some, now, that is. I'm blast
If things don't quite frequent turn out for the best
Arter all! A V! Hi! Luck! It's far more!
Mister, I kind o' liked the looks o' your store.
You're a trump, sir, a reg—Eh? Oh, all right!
I'm off—but you are, sir, a trump, honor bright!

DANIEL CONNOLLY.

TUBAL CAIN.



LD Tubal Cain was a man of might
In the days when the earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
The strokes of his hammer rung,
As he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers
As he fashioned the sword and spear.

And he sang, "Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well!
For he shall be king and lord."

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade,
As the crown of his desire;
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud in glee,
And gave him gifts of pearls and gold,
And they sang, "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith! hurrah for the fire!
And hurrah for the metal true!"

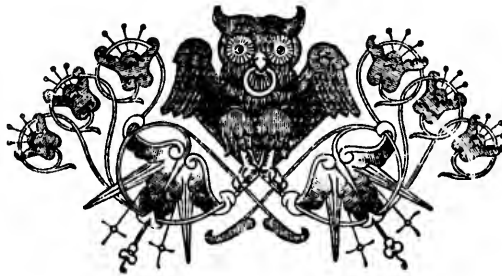
But a sudden change came o'er his heart
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done.
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind;
That the land was red with the blood they shed
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said, "Alas, that I ever made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword, for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man!"

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And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smouldered low;
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high;
And he sang, "Hurrah for my handiwork!"
And the red sparks lit the air—
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made,"
And he fashioned the first ploughshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And ploughed the willing lands;
And sang, "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Our staunch good friend is he;
And, for the ploughshare and the plough,
To him our praise shall be.
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plough,
We'll not forget the sword."

CHARLES MACKAY.



RURAL LIFE.

THE PLOUGHMAN.



LEAR the brown path to meet
his coulter's gleam!
Lo! on he comes, behind
his smoking team,
With toil's bright dew-drops on
his sunburnt brow,
The lord of earth, the hero of
the plough!

First in the field before the red
dening sun,
Last in the shadows when the
day is done,
Line after line, along the burst-
ing sod,
Marks the broad acres where
his feet have trod.
Still where he treads the stub-
born clods divide,

The smooth, fresh furrow opens deep and wide;
Matted and dense the tangled turf upheaves,
Mellow and dark the ridgy cornfield cleaves;
Up the steep hillside, where the laboring train
Slants the long track that scores the level plain,
Through the moist valley, clogged with oozing clay,
The patient convoy breaks its destined way;
At every turn the loosening chains resound,
The swinging ploughshare circles glistening round,
Till the wide field one billowy waste appears,
And wearied hands unbind the panting steers.

These are the hands whose sturdy labor brings
The peasant's food, the golden pomp of kings;
This is the page whose letters shall be seen,
Changed by the sun to words of living green;
This is the scholar whose immortal pen
Spells the first lesson hunger taught to men;
These are the lines that Heaven-commanded toil
Shows on his deed—the charter of the soil!

O gracious Mother, whose benignant breast
Wakes us to life, and lulls us all to rest,
How thy sweet features, kind to every clime,
Mock with their smile the wrinkled front of time!
We stain thy flowers—thy blossom o'er the dead;
We rend thy bosom, and it gives us bread;
O'er the red field that trampling strife has torn,
Waves the green plumage of thy tasselled corn;
Our maddening conflicts scar thy fairest plain,
Still thy soft answer is the growing grain.
Yet, O our Mother, while uncounted charms
Steal round our hearts in thine embracing arms,

Let not our virtues in thy love decay,
And thy fond sweetness waste our strength away.

No, by these hills whose banners now displayed
In blazing cohorts autumn has arrayed;
By yon twin summits, on whose splintery crests
The torsing hemlocks hold the eagles' nests;
By these fair plains the mountain circle screens,
And feeds with streamlets from its dark ravine—
True to their home, these faithful arms shall toil
To crown with peace their own untainted soil;
And, true to God, to freedom, to mankind,
If her chained ban-dogs Faction shall unbind,
These stately forms, that, bending even now,
Bowed their strong manhood to the humble plough,
Shall rise erect, the guardians of the land,
The same stern iron in the same right hand,
Till o'er their hills the shouts of triumph run—
The sword has rescued what the ploughshare won!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE MOWERS.



HE sunburnt mowers are in the swath—
Swing, swing, swing!
The towering lilies loath
Tremble and totter and fall;
The meadow-rue
Dashes its tassels of golden dew;
And the keen blade sweeps o'er all—
Swing, swing, swing!

The flowers, the berries, the feathered grass,
Are thrown in a smothered mass;
Hastens away the butterfly;
With half their burden the brown bees hie;
And the meadow-lark shrieks distress,
And leaves the poor younglings all in the nest.
The daisies clasp and fall;
And totters the jacob's-ladder tall.
Weaving and winding and curving lithe,
O'er plummy hillocks—through dewy hollows,
His subtle scythe
The nodding mower follows—
Swing, swing, swing!

Anon, the chiming whetstones ring—
Ting-a-ling! ting-a-ling!
And the mower now
Pauses and wipes his beaded brow.
A moment he scans the fleckless sky;
A moment, the fish-hawk soaring high;
And watches the swallows dip and dive
Anear and afar.

They whisk and glimmer, and chatter and strive ;
 What do they gossip together ?
 Cunning fellows they are,
 Wise prophets to him !
 " Higher or lower they circle and skim—
 Fair or foul to-morrow's hay-weather ! "

Tallest primroses, or loftiest daisies,
 Not a steel-blue feather
 Of slim wing grazes :
 " Fear not ! fear not ! " cry the swallows.
 Each mower tightens his snath-ring's wedge,
 And his finger daintily follows
 The long blade's tickle-edge ;
 Softly the whetstone's last touches ring—
Ting-a-ling ! ting-a-ling !
 Like a leaf-muffled bird in the woodland nigh,
 Faintly the fading echoes reply—
Ting-a-ling ! ting-a-ling !

" Perchance the swallows, that flit in their glee,
 Of to-morrow's hay-weather know little as we ! "
 Says farmer Russet. " Be it hidden in shower
 Or sunshine, to-morrow we do not own—
 To-day is ours alone ! —
 Not a twinkle we'll waste of the golden hour.
 Grasp tightly the nibs—give heel and give toe :—
 Lay a goodly swath, shaved smooth and low ! "
 Prime is the day—
 Swing, swing, swing ! "

Farmer Russet is aged and gray—
 Gray as the frost, but fresh as the spring.
 Straight is he
 As the green fir-tree ;
 And with heart most blithe, and sinews lithe,
 He leads the row with his merry scythe.
 " Come, boys ! strike up the old song
 While we circle around—
 The song we always in haytime sing—
 And let the woods ring,
 And the echoes prolong
 The merry sound ! "

SONG.

July is just in the nick of time !
 (Hay-weather, hay-weather ;)
 The midsummer month is the golden prime
 For haycocks smelling of clover and thyme ;—
 (Swing all together !)
 July is just in the nick of time !


Chorus.

O, we'll make our hay while the good sun shines—
 We'll waste not a golden minute !
 No shadow of storm the blue arch lines ;
 We'll waste not a minute—not a minute !
 For the west-wind is fair ;
 O, the hay-day is rare !—
 The sky is without a brown cloud in it !

June is too early for richest hay ;
 (Fair weather, fair weather ;)
 The corn stretches taller the livelong day ;
 But grass is ever too sappy to lay ;—
 (Clip all together !)
 June is too early for richest hay.
 August's a month that too far goes by ;
 (Late weather, late weather ;)
 Grasshoppers are clipper and kick too high !
 And grass that's standing is fodder scorched dry ;—
 (Pull all together !)
 August's a month that too far goes by.
 July is just in the nick of time !
 (Best weather, best weather ;)
 The midsummer month is the golden prime
 For haycocks smelling of clover and thyme ;—
 (Strike all together !)
 July is just in the nick of time !
 Still hiss the scythes !
 Shudder the grasses' defenceless blades—
 The lily-throng writhes ;
 And, as a phalanx of wild-geese streams,
 Where the shore of April's cloudland gleams,
 On their dizzy way, in serried grades—
 Wing on wing, wing on wing—
 The mowers, each a step in advance
 Of his fellow, time their stroke with a glance
 Of swerveless force ;
 And far through the meadow leads their course—
 Swing, swing, swing !

MYRON B. BENTON.

THE SONGS OF OUR FATHERS.

 SING them upon the sunny hills,
 When days are long and bright,
 And the blue gleam of shining rills
 Is loveliest to the sight.
 Sing them along the misty moor,
 Where ancient hunters roved,
 And swell them through the torrent's roar—
 The songs our fathers loved !
 The songs their souls rejoiced to hear
 When harps were in the hall,
 And each proud note made lance and spear
 Thrill on the bannered wall :
 The songs that through our valleys green,
 Sent on from age to age,
 Like his own river's voice, have been
 The peasant's heritage.

The reaper sings them when the vale
 Is filled with plump sheaves ;
 The woodman, by the starlight pale
 Cheered homeward through the leaves :
 And unto them the glancing oars
 A joyous measure keep,
 Where the dark rocks that crest our shores
 Dash back the foaming deep.

So let it be!—a light they shed
O'er each old fount and grove;
A memory of the gentle dead,
A spell of lingering love:
Murmuring the names of mighty men,
They bid our streams roll on,
And link high thoughts to every glen
Where valiant deeds were done.

Teach them your children round the hearth,
When evening-fires burn clear,
And in the fields of harvest mirth,
And on the hills of deer!
So shall each unforgotten word,
When far those loved ones roam,
Call back the hearts that once it stirred,
To childhood's holy home.
The green woods of their native land
Shall whisper in the strain,
The voices of their household band
Shall sweetly speak again:
The heathery heights in vision rise
Where like the stag they roved—
Sing to your sons those melodies,
The songs your fathers loved.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

THE USEFUL PLOUGH.

COUNTRY life is sweet!
In moderate cold and heat,
To walk in the air how pleasant and fair!
In every field of wheat,
The fairest of flowers adorning the bowers,
And every meadow's brow;
So that I say, no courier may
Compare with them who clothe in gray
And follow the useful plough.
They rise with the morning lark,
And labor till almost dark,
Then, folding their sheep, they hasten to sleep
While every pleasant park
Next morning is ringing with birds that are singing
On each green, tender bough.
With what content and merriment
Their days are spent, whose minds are bent
To follow the useful plough.

A PASTORAL.

MY time, O ye Muses, was happily spent,
When Phœbe went with me wherever I
went;
Ten thousand sweet pleasures I felt in my
breast:

Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest!
But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvelous change on a sudden I find!
When things were as fine as could possibly be,
I thought 'twas the spring: but alas! it was she.

With such a companion to tend a few sheep,
To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep;
I was so good humored, so cheerful and gay,
My heart was as light as a feather all day;
But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,
So strangely uneasy, as never was known.
My fair one is gone and my joys are all drowned,
And my heart—I am sure it weighs more than a
pound.

The fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among;
Thou knowest, little Cupid, if Phœbe was there,
'Twas pleasure to look at, 'twas music to hear:
But now she is absent, I walk by its side,
And still, as it murmurs, do nothing but chide:
Must you be so cheerful, while I go in pain?
Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me com-
plain.

My lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
And Phœbe and I were as joyful as they;
How pleasant their sporting, how happy their time,
When spring, love and beauty were all in their
prime;
But now, in their frolics when by me they pass,
I fling at their fleeces a handful of grass;
Be still, then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
'To see you so merry while I am so sad.

My dog I was ever well pleased to see
Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me;
And Phœbe was pleased too, and to my dog said,
"Come hither, poor fellow," and patted his head.
But now, when he's fawning, I with a sour look
Cry "Sirrah!" and give him a blow with my crook;
And I'll give him another; for why should not Tray
Be as dull as his master, when Phœbe's away?

When walking with Phœbe, what sights have I seen,
How fair was the flower, how fresh was the green!
What a lovely appearance the trees and the shade,
The corn fields and hedges, and everything made!
But now she has left me, though all are still there,
They none of them now so delightful appear:
'Twas nought but the magic, I find, of her eyes,
Made so many beautiful prospects arise.

Sweet music went with us both all the wood through,
The lark, linnet, thrush, and nightingale too;
Winds over us whispered, flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp! went the grasshopper under our feet.
But now she is absent, though still they sing on,
The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone:
Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,
Gave everything else its agreeable sound.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate hue?
And where is the violet's beautiful blue?
Does out of its sweetness the blossom beguile?
That meadow, those daisies, why do they not smile?

Ah! rivals, I see what it was that you drest,
And made yourselves fine for—a place in her breast:
You put on your colors to pleasure her eye,
To be plucked by her hand, on her bosom to die.

Will no pitying power, that hears me complain,
Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain?
To be cured, thou must, Colin, thy passion remove;
But what swain is so silly to live without love!
No, Deity, bid the dear nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.
Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with despair;
Take heed, all ye swains, how ye part with your fair.

JOHN BYRON.

THE OLD MILL.

HERE from the brow of the hill I look,
Through a lattice of boughs and leaves,
On the old gray mill with its gambrel roof,
And the moss on its rotting eaves.
I hear the clatter that jars its walls,
And the rushing water's sound,
And I see the black floats rise and fall
As the wheel goes slowly round.

I rode there often when I was young,
With my grist on the horse before,
And talked with Nelly, the miller's girl,
As I waited my turn at the door.
And while she tossed her ringlets brown,
And flirted and chatted so free,
The wheel might stop, or the wheel might go,
It was all the same to me.

'Tis twenty years since last I stood
On the spot where I stand to-day,
And Nelly is wed, and the miller is dead,
And the mill and I are gray.
But both, till we fall into ruin and wreck,
To the fortune of toil are bound;
And the man goes and the stream flows,
And the wheel moves slowly round.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

ANGLING.

JUST in the dubious point, where with the pool
Is mixed the trembling stream, or where it boils
Around the stone, or from the hollowed bank
Reverted plays in undulating flow,
There throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly;
And, as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the springing game.
Straight as above the surface of the flood
They wanton rise, or urged by hunger leap,
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barb'd hook;
Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
And to the shelving shore slow dragging some,
With various hand proportioned to their force.

If yet too young, and easily deceived,
A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,
Him, piteous of his youth, and the short space
He has enjoyed the vital light of heaven,
Soft disengage, and back into the stream
The speckled infant throw. But should you lure
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
Of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behooves you then to ply your finest art.
Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly;
And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
The dimpled waterspeaks his jealous fear.
At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,
With sullen plunge. At once he darts along,
Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthened line;
Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,
The caverned bank, his old secure abode;
And flies aloft, and flounders round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
That feels him still, yet to his furious course
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now
Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage;
Till, floating broad upon his breathless side,
And to his fate abandoned, to the shore
You gayly drag your unresisting prize.

JAMES THOMSON.

MILKING-TIME.

TELL you, Kate, that Lovejoy cow
Is worth her weight in gold;
She gives a good eight quarts o' milk,
And isn't yet five years old.

"I see young White a-comin' now;
He wants her, I know that.
Be careful, girl, you're spillin' it!
An' save some for the cat.

"Good evenin', Richard, step right in;"
"I guess I couldn't, sir,
I've just come down"—"I know it, Dick,
You've took a shine to her.

"She's kind an' gentle as a lamb,
Jest where I go she follows;
And though it's cheap I'll let her go;
She's your'n for thirty dollars.

"You'll know her clear across the farm,
By them two milk-white stars;
You needn't drive her home at night,
But jest le' down the bars.

"Then, when you've owned her, say a month,
And learnt her, as it were,
I'll bet—why, what's the matter, Dick?"
"Taint her I want—it's—her!"

"What? not the girl! well, I'll be bless'd!—
There, Kate, don't drop that pan.
You've took me mightily aback,
But then a man's a man.

"She's your'n, my boy, but one word more;
Kate's gentle as a dove;
She'll foller you the whole world round,
For nothin' else but love.

"But never try to drive the lass,
Her natur's like her ma's.
*I've allus found it worked the best,
To jest le' down the bars."*

PHILIP MORSE.

THE ANGLER.

BUT look! o'er the fall see the angler stand,
Swinging his rod with skilful hand;
The fly at the end of his gossamer line
Swims through the sun like a summer moth,
Till, dropt with a careful precision line,
It touches the pool beyond the froth.
A-sudden, the speckled hawk of the brook
Darts from his covert and seizes the hook.
Swift spins the reel; with easy slip
The line pays out, and the rod, like a whip,
Lithe and arrowy, tapering, slim,
Is bent to a bow o'er the brooklet's brim,
Till the trout leaps up in the sun, and flings
The spray from the flash of his finny wings;
Then falls on his side, and, drunken with fright,
Is towed to the shore like a staggering barge,
Till beached at last on the sandy marge,
Where he dics with the hues of the morning light,
While his sides with a cluster of stars are bright.
The angler in the basket lays
His speckled prize, and goes his ways.

THOMAS BUCHANAN REED.

MILLIONAIRE AND BAREFOOT BOY.

IS evening, and the round red sun sinks slowly
in the West,
The flowers fold their petals up, the birds fly
to their nest,
The crickets chirrup in the grass, the bats flit to and
fro,
And tinkle-tinkle up the lane the lowing cattle go;
And the rich man from his carriage looks out on them
as they come—
On them and on the barefoot boy that drives the
cattle home.

"I wish," the boy says to himself—"I wish that I
were he.
And yet, upon maturer thought, I do not—no, siree!

Not for all the gold his coffers hold would I be that
duffer there,
With a liver pad and a gouty toe, and scarce a single
hair;
To have a wife with a Roman nose, and fear lest a
panic come—
Far better be the barefoot boy that drives the cattle
home."

And the rich man murmurs to himself: "Would I
give all my pelt
To change my lot with yonder boy? Not if I know
myself.
Over the grass that's full of ants, and chill with dew
to go,
With a stone bruise upon either heel and a splinter in
my toe!
Oh, I'd rather sail my yacht a year across the ocean's
foam
Than be one day the barefoot boy that drives the
cattle home."

G. T. LANIGAN.

THE SHEPHERD-BOY.

IKE some vision olden
Of far other time,
When the age was golden,
In the young world's prime,
Is thy soft pipe ringing,
O lonely shepherd boy:
What song art thou singing,
In thy youth and joy?

Or art thou complaining
Of thy lonely lot,
And thine own disdaining,
Dost ask what hast thou not?
Of the future dreaming,
Weary of the past,
For the present scheming—
All but what thou hast?

No, thou art delighting
In thy summer home;
Where the flowers inviting
Tempt the bee to roam;
Where the cowslip, bending
With its golden bells,
Of each glad hour's ending
With a sweet chime tells

All wild creatures love him
When he is alone;
Every bird above him
Sings its softest tone.
Thankful to high Heaven,
Humble in thy joy,
Much to thee is given,
Lowly shepherd boy.

LETITIA E. LONDON.

THE BUSY HOUSEWIFE.

THE farmer came in from the field one day;
 His languid step and his weary way,
 His bended brow, his sinewy hand,
 All showed his work for the good of the land;
 For he sows,
 And he hoes,
 And he mows,
 All for the good of the land.

By the kitchen fire stood his patient wife,
 Light of his home and joy of his life,
 With face all aglow and busy hand,
 Preparing the meal for her husband's band;
 For she must boil,
 And she must broil,
 And she must toil,
 All for the good of the home.

The bright sun shines when the farmer goes out,
 The birds sing sweet songs, lambs frisk about;
 The brook babbles softly in the glen,
 While he works so bravely for the good of men;
 For he sows,
 And he hoes,
 And he mows,
 All for the good of the land.

How briskly the wife steps about within,
 The dishes to wash, the milk to skim;
 The fire goes out, flies buzz about—
 For the dear ones at home her heart is kept stout;
 There are pies to make,
 There is bread to bake,
 And steps to take,
 All for the sake of home.

When the day is o'er, and the evening is come,
 The creatures are fed, the milking done,
 He takes his rest 'neath the old shade tree,
 From the labor of the land his thoughts are free:
 Though he sows,
 And he hoes,
 And he mows,
 He rests from the work of the land.

But this faithful wife, from sun to sun,
 Takes her burden up that's never done;
 There is no rest, there is no play,
 For the good of the house she must work away;
 For to mend the frock,
 And to knit the sock,
 And the cradle to rock,
 All for the good of the home.

When autumn is here, with its chilling blast,
 The farmer gathers his crop at last;
 His barns are full, his fields are bare,
 For the good of the land he ne'er hath care;

While it blows,
 And it snows,
 Till winter goes,
 He rests from the work of the land.

But the willing wife, till life's closing day,
 Is the children's guide, the husband's stay;
 From day to day she has done her best,
 Until death alone can give her rest,
 For after the test,
 Comes the rest,
 With the blest,
 In the farmer's heavenly home.

RUTH.

SHE stood breast high amid the corn
 Clasped by the golden light of morn,
 Like the sweetheart of the sun,
 Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush
 Deeply ripened;—such a blush
 In the midst of brown was born,
 Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell—
 Which were blackest none could tell;
 But long lashes veiled a light
 That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
 Made her tressy forehead dim;—
 Thus she stood amid the stocks,
 Praising God with sweetest looks.

Sure, I said, Heaven did not mean
 Where I reap thou shouldst but glean;
 Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
 Share my harvest and my home.

THOMAS HOOD.

RURAL SOUNDS.

NOR rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
 Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
 The tone of languid nature. Mighty winds
 That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading
 wood,

Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
 The dash of ocean on his winding shore,
 And lull the spirit while they fill the mind,
 Unnumbered branches waving in the blast,
 And all their leaves fast fluttering all at once.
 Nor less composure waits upon the roar
 Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
 Of neighboring fountain, or of rills that slip
 Through the cleft rock, and chiming as they fall
 Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
 In matted grass, that with a livelier green
 Betrays the secret of their silent course.

would I be that

scarce a single

and fear lest a

drives the cattle

elf: "Would I

Not if I know

chill with dew

and a splinter in

ross the ocean's

that drives the

T. LANIGAN.

7.

not?

E. LONDON.

Nature inanimate displays sweet sounds,
 But animated nature sweeter still,
 To soothe and satisfy the human ear.
 Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
 The livelong night; nor these alone whose notes
 Nice-fingered art must emulate in vain,
 But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
 In still-repeated circles, screaming loud,
 The jay, the pie, and even the boding owl
 That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
 Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
 Yet heard in scenes where peace forever reigns,
 And only there, please highly for their sake.

WILLIAM COWPER.

HEALTH—THE HANDMAID OF HAPPINESS.

H! what avail the largest gifts of Heaven,
 When drooping health and spirits go amiss?
 How tasteless then whatever can be given?
 Health is the vital principle of bliss,
 And exercise of health.

RIVER SONG.

COME to the river's reedy shore,
 My maiden, while the skies,
 With blushes fit to grace thy cheek,
 Wait for the sun's uprise:
 There, dancing on the rippling wave,
 My boat expectant lies,
 And jealous flowers, as thou goest by,
 Unclose their dewy eyes.

As gently down the stream we glide,
 The lilies all unfold
 Their leaves, less rosy white than thou,
 And virgin hearts of gold;
 The gay birds on the meadow elm
 Salute thee blithe and bold,
 While I behold thee ply the oar,
 And glow with love untold.

F. B. SANBORN.

HAPPY THE MAN WHOSE WISH AND CARE.

HAPPY the man whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native air
 In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
 Whose flocks supply him with attire;
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter, fire.

Blest who can unconcernedly find
 Hours, days and years slide softly away
 In health of body, peace of mind,
 Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease
 Together mixed; sweet recreation,
 And innocence, which most does please,
 With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
 Thus unlamented let me die;
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie.

ALEXANDER POPE.

COME TO THE SUNSET TREE.

COME to the sunset tree!
 The day is past and gone;
 The woodman's ax lies free,
 And the reaper's work is done.

The twilight star to heaven,
 And the summer dew to flowers,
 And rest to us is given
 By the cool, soft evening hours.

Sweet is the hour of rest!
 Pleasant the wind's low sigh,
 And the gleaming of the west,
 And the turf whereon we lie—

When the burden and the heat
 Of labor's task are o'er,
 And kindly voices greet
 The tired one at his door;

And we lift our trusting eyes,
 From the hills our father's trod,
 To the quiet of the skies,
 To the Sabbath of our God.

Come to the sunset tree!
 The day is past and gone;
 The woodman's ax lies free,
 And the reaper's work is done.

Yes; tuneful is the sound
 That dwells in whispering boughs;
 Welcome the freshness round,
 And the gale that fans our brows.


But rest more sweet and still
 Than ever nightfall gave,
 Our longing hearts shall fill
 In the world beyond the grave.

There shall no tempest blow,
 No scorching noontide heat;
 There shall be no more snow,
 No weary wandering feet.

Come to the sunset tree!
 The day is past and gone;
 The woodman's ax lies free,
 And the reaper's work is done!

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEWANS.

WHEN THE COWS COME HOME.

 LOVE the beautiful evening
 When the sunset clouds are gold;
 When the barn-fowls seek a shelter
 And the young lambs seek their fold:
 When the four-o'-clocks are open,
 And the swallows homeward come;
 When the horses cease their labors,
 And the cows come home.


When the supper's almost ready,
 And Johnny is asleep,
 And I beside the cradle
 My pleasant vigil keep;
 Sitting beside the window,
 Watching for "Pa" to come;
 While the soft bells gently tinkle
 As the cows come home.

When the sunset and the twilight
 In mingling hues are bent,
 I can sit and watch the shadows
 With my full heart all content;
 And I wish for nothing brighter,
 And I long no more to roam
 When the twilight's peace comes o'er me,
 And the cows come home.

I see their shadows lengthen
 As they slowly cross the field,
 And I know the food is wholesome
 Which their generous udders yield
 More than the tropic's fruitage,
 Than marble hall or dome,
 Are the blessings that surround me
 When the cows come home.

MARY E. NEALEY.

CORNFIELDS.

HEN on the breath of autumn breeze,
 From pastures dry and brown,
 Goes floating like an idle thought
 The fair white thistle-down,
 Oh, then, what joy to walk at will
 Upon the golden harvest hill!

What joy in dreamy ease to lie
 Amid a field new shorn,
 And see all round on sun-lit slopes
 The piled-up stacks of corn;
 And send the fancy wandering o'er
 All pleasant harvest fields of yore.

I feel the day—I see the field,
 The quivering of the leaves,
 And good old Jacob and his house
 Binding the yellow sheaves;
 And at this very hour I seem
 To be with Joseph in his dream.

I see the fields of Bethlehem,
 And reapers many a one,
 Bending into their sickles' stroke—
 And Boaz looking on;
 And Ruth, the Moabite so fair,
 Among the gleaners stooping there.


Again I see a little child,
 His mother's sole delight—
 God's living gift unto
 The kind good Shunamite;
 To mortal pangs I see him yield,
 And the lad bear him from the field.

The sun-bathed quiet of the hills,
 The fields of Galilee,
 That eighteen hundred years ago
 Were full of corn, I see;
 And the dear Saviour takes his way
 'Mid ripe ears on the Sabbath day.

O golden fields of lending corn,
 How beautiful they seem;
 The reaper-folk, the piled-up sheaves,
 To me are like a dream.
 The sunshine and the very air
 Seem of old time, and take me there.

MARY HOWITT.

DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

UT of the clover and blue-eyed grass,
 He turned them into the river-lane;
 One after another he let them pass,
 Then fastened the meadow bars again.

Under the willows and over the hill,
 He patiently followed their sober pace;
 The merry whistle for once was still
 And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy! and his father had said
 He never could let his youngest go:
 Two already were lying dead
 Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,
 And the frogs were loud in the meadow swamp,
 Over his shoulder he slung his gun,
 And stealthily followed the foot-path damp—

Across the clover and through the wheat,
 With resolute heart and purpose grim,
 Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet,
 And the blind bats flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,
 And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom;
 And now, when the cows came back at night,
 The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm
That three were lying where two had lain;
And the old man's tremulous palsied arm
Could never lean on a son's again.
The summer day grew cool and late;
He went for the cows when the work was done—
But down the lane, as he opened the gate,
He saw them coming, one by one—

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,
Shaking their horns in the evening wind,
Cropping the buttercups out of the grass—
But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air
The empty sleeve of army blue;
And worn and pale, from the crisping hair,
Looked out a face that the father knew;—

For dreary prisons will sometimes yawn,
And yield their dead unto life again;
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn
In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes;
For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb,
And under the silent evening skies
Together they followed the cattle home.

KATE P. OSGOOD.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

God made the country, and man made the town;
What wonder then, that health and virtue,
gifts
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all, should most abound
And least be threatened in the fields and groves.

WILLIAM COWPER.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not
here;
My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the
deer;

Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth-place of valor, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills and the Highlands forever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer,
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

ROBERT BURNS.

HUNTING SONG.

THE sun from the East tips the mountains with
gold;
The meadows all spangled with dew-drops
behold!

Hear! the lark's early matin proclaims the new day,
And the horn's cheerful summons rebukes our delay.

CHORUS.

With the sports of the field there's no pleasure can
vie,
While jocund we follow the hounds in full cry.

Let the drudge of the town make riches his sport;
The slave of the state hunt the smiles of a court:
No care and ambition our pastime annoy,
But innocence still gives a zest to our joy.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree;
The priest hunts a living—the lawyer a fee,
The doctor a patient—the courtier a place,
Though often, like us, he's flung out in the chase.

The cit hunts a plumb—while the soldier hunts fame,
The poet a dinner—the patriot a name;
And the practised coquette, though she seems to re-
fuse,
In spite of her airs, still her lover pursues.

Let the bold and the busy hunt glory and wealth;
All the blessing we ask is the blessing of health,
With hound and with horn through the woodlands to
roam,
And, when tired abroad, find contentment at home.

PAUL WHITEHEAD.

THE CAVE.

THE wind is up, the field is bare,
Some hermit lead me to his cell.
Where contemplation, lonely fair,
With blessed content has chose to dwell.

Behold! it opens to my sight,
Dark in the rock, beside the flood;
Dry fern around obstructs the light;
The winds above it move the wood.

Reflected in the lake, I see
The downward mountains and the skies,
The flying bird, the waving tree,
The goats that on the hill arise.

The gray-cloaked herd drives on the cow,
The slow-paced fowler walks the heath;
A freckled pointer scours the brow;
A musing shepherd stands beneath.

Curved o'er the ruin of an oak,
The woodman lifts his axe on high;
The hills re-echo to the stroke;
I see—I see the shivers fly!

Some rural maid, with apron full,
Brings fuel to the homely flame;
I see the smoky columns roll,
And, through the chinky hut, the beam.

Beside a stone o'ergrown with moss,
Two well-met hunters talk at ease;
Three panting dogs beside repose;
One bleeding deer is stretched on grass.

A lake at distance spreads to sight,
Skirted with shady forests round;
In midst an island's rocky height
Sustains a ruin, once renowned.

One tree bends o'er the naked walls;
Two broad-winged eagles hover nigh;
By intervals a fragment falls,
As blows the blast along the sky.

The rough spun hinds the pinnacle guide
With laboring oars along the flood;
An angler, bending o'er the tide,
Hangs from the boat the insidious wood.

Beside the flood, beneath the rocks,
On grassy bank, two lovers lean;
Bend on each other amorous looks,
And seem to laugh and kiss between.

The wind is rustling in the oak;
They seem to hear the tread of feet;
They start, they rise, look round the rock;
Again they smile, again they meet.

But see! the gray mist from the lake
Ascends upon the shady hills;
Dark storms the murmuring forests shake,
Rain beats around a hundred rills.

To Damon's homely hut I fly;
I see it smoking on the plain;
When storms are past and fair the sky,
I'll often seek my cave again.

JAMES MACPIERSON.

HARVEST SONG.

LOVE, I love to see
Bright steel gleam through the land;
'Tis a goodly sight, but it must be
In the reaper's tawny hand.

The helmet and the spear
Are twined with the laurel wreath;
But the trophy is wet with the orphan's tear;
And blood-spots rust beneath.

I love to see the field
That is moist with purple stain,
But not where bullet, sword and shield
Lie strewn with the gory slain.

No, no; 'tis where the sun
Shoots down his cloudless beams,
Till rich and bursting juice-drops run
On the vineyard earth in streams.

My glowing heart beats high
At the sight of shining gold;
But it is not that which the miser's eye
Delighteth to behold.

A brighter wealth by far
Than the deep mine's yellow vein,
Is seen around in the fair hills crowned
With sheaves of burnished grain.

Look forth thou thoughtless one,
Whose proud knee never bends;
Take thou the bread that's daily spread,
But think on Him who sends.

Look forth, ye toiling men,
Though little ye possess—
Be glad that dearth is not on earth
To make that little less.

Let the song of praise be poured
In gratitude and joy,
By the rich man with his garners stored,
And the ragged gleaner-boy.

The feast that nature gives
Is not for one alone;
'Tis shared by the meanest slave that lives
And the tenant of a throne.

Then glory to the steel
That shines in the reaper's hand,
And thanks to Him who has blest the seed
And crowned the harvest land.

ELIZA COOK.

THE FARMER'S WIFE.

BIRD-LIKE she's up at day-dawn's blush,
In summer heats or winter snows—
Her veins with healthful blood afush,
Her breath of balm, her cheek a rose,
In eyes—the kindest eyes on earth—
Are sparkles of a homely mirth;
All vanished is the brief eclipse!
Hark I to the sound of wedded lips,
And words of tender warmth that start
From out the husband's grateful heart!
O! well he knows how vain is life,
Unsweetened by the farmer's wife.

But lo! the height of pure delight
Comes with the evening's stainless joys,
When by the hearthstone spaces bright
Blend the glad tones of girls and boys;
Their voices rise in gleeful swells,
Their laughter rings like elfin bells,

Till with a look 'twixt smile and frown
The mother lays her infant down,
And at her firm, uplifted hand,
There's silence 'mid the jovial band;
Demure, arch humor's ambush in
The clear curves of her dimpled chin.
Ah! guileless creature, hale and good,
Ah! fount of wholesome womanhood,
Far from the world's unhallowed strife!
God's blessing on the farmer's wife.

I love to mark her matron charms,
Her fearless steps through household ways,
Her sun-burnt hands and buxom arms,
Her waist unbound by torturing stays;
Blithe as a bee, with busy care,
She's here, she's there, she's everywhere;
Long ere the clock has struck for noon
Home chords of toil are all in tune;
And from each richly bounteous hour
She drains its use, as bees a flower.
Apart from passion's pain and strife,
Peace gently girds the farmer's wife!

Homeward (his daily labors done)
The stalwart farmer slowly plods,
From battling, between shade and sun,
With sullen glebe and stubborn sods.
Her welcome on his spirit bowed
Is sunshine flashing on a cloud!
Her signal stills their harmless strife—
Love crowns with law the farmer's wife!

Ye dames in proud, palatial halls—
Of lavish wiles and jeweled dress,
On whom, perchance, no infant calls,
(For barren oft your loveliness)—
Turn hitherward those languid eyes
And for a moment's space be wise;
Your sister 'mid the country dew
Is three times nearer heaven than you,
And where the palms of Eden stir,
Dream not that ye shall stand by her,
Though in your false, bewildering life,
Your folly scorned the farmer's wife!

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

RIVER AND WOOD.



HERE art thou loveliest, O nature, tell!
Oh, where may be thy paradise? Where
grow
Thy happiest groves? And down what woody
dell

Do thy most fancy-winning waters flow?
Tell where thy softest breezes longest blow?
And where thy ever blissful mountains swell
Upon whose sides the cloudless sun may throw
Eternal summer, while the air may quell
His fury. Is it 'neath his morning car,

Where jeweled palaces, and golden thrones,
Have awed the eastern nations through all time?
Or o'er the western seas, or where afar
Our winter sun warms up the southern zones
With summer? Where can be the happy climes?

WILLIAM BARNES.

FARM-YARD SONG.



OVER the hills the farm-boy goes,
His shadow lengthened along the land,
A giant staff in a giant hand;
In the poplar tree, above the spring,
The katydid begins to sing;
The early dews are falling;—
Into the stone-heap darts the mink;
The swallows skim the river's brink;
And home to the woodland fly the crows,
When over the hill the farm-boy goes,
Cheerily calling—

"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
Farther, farther, over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Into the yard the farmer goes,
With grateful heart, at the close of day;
Harness and chain are hung away;
In the wagon-shed stand yoke and plough;
The straw's in the stack, the hay in the mow,
The cooling dews are falling;

The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,
The pigs come grunting to his feet,
The whinnying mare her master knows,
When into the yard the farmer goes,
His cattle calling—

"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
While still the cow-boy, far away,
Goes seeking those that have gone astray—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Now to her task the milkmaid goes,
The cattle come crowding through the gate,
Lowing, pushing, little and great;
About the trough, by the farm-yard pump,
The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,
While the pleasant dews are falling;
The new-milch heifer is quick and shy,
But the old cow waits with tranquil eye;
And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
When to her task the milkmaid goes,
Soothingly calling—

"So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!"
The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
Saying, "So! so, boss! so! so!"

To supper at last the farmer goes,
The apples are pared, the paper read,
The stories are told, then all to bed.

Without, the cricket's ceaseless song—
Makes shrill the silence all night long,

The heavy dews are falling.

The housewife's hand has turned the lock;

Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;

The household sinks to deep repose;

But still in sleep the farm-boy goes

Singing, calling—

"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"

And oft the milkmaid in her dreams

Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,

Murmuring, "So, boss! so!"

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

THE HORSEBACK RIDE.



HEN troubled in spirit, when weary of life,

When I faint 'neath its burdens, and shrink
from its strife,

When its fruits, turned to ashes, are mocking
my taste,

And its fairest scene seems but a desolate waste,

Then come ye not near me, my sad heart to cheer.

With friendship's soft accents, or sympathy's tear.

No pity I ask, and no counsel I need,

But bring me, oh, bring me my gallant young steed,

With his high arched neck, and his nostril spread wide,

His eye full of fire, and his step full of pride!

As I spring to his back, as I seize the strong rein,

The strength to my spirit returneth again!

The bonds are all broken that fettered my mind,

And my cares borne away on the wings of the wind;

My pride lifts its head, for a season bowed down,

And the queen in my nature now puts on her crown!

Now we're off—like the winds to the plains whence
they came;

And the rapture of motion is thrilling my frame!

On, on speeds my courser, scarce printing the sod,

Scarce crushing a daisy to mark where he trod!

On, on like a deer, when the hound's early bay

Awakes the wild echoes, away, and away!

Still faster, still farther, he leaps at my cheer,

Till the rush of the startled air whirrs in my ear!

Now 'long a clear rivulet lieth his track—

See his glancing hoofs tossing the white pebbles back!

Now a glen, dark as midnight—what matter?—we'll
down,

Though shadows are round us, and rocks o'er us
frown;

The thick branches shake, as we're hurrying through,
And deck us with spangles of silvery dew!

What a wild thought of triumph, that this girlish
hand

Such a steed in the might of his strength may com-
mand!

What a glorious creature! Ah! glance at him now,

As I check him a while on this green hillock's brow;

How he tosses his mane, with a shrill, joyous neigh,

And paws the firm earth in his proud, stately play!

Hurrah! off again, dashing on as in ire,

Till the long, flinty pathway is flashing with fire!

Ho! a ditch!—Shall we pause! No; the bold leap we
dare,

Like a swift-winged arrow we rush through the air!

Oh, not all the pleasures that poets may praise,

Not the wildering waltz in the ball-room's blaze,

Nor the chivalrous joust, nor the daring race,

Nor the swift regatta, nor merry chase,

Nor the sail, high heaving waters o'er,

Nor the rural dance on the moonlight shore,

Can the wild and thrilling joy exceed

Of a fearless leap on a fiery steed!

SARAH JANE LIPPINCOTT (*Grace Greenwood*).

THE HOUSE ON THE HILL.



ROM the weather-worn house on the brow of
the hill

We are dwelling afar, in our manhood, to-
day;

But we see the old gables and hollyhocks still,

As they looked long ago, ere we wandered away;

We can see the tall well-sweep that stands by the door,

And the sunshine that gleams on the old oaken floor.

We can hear the low hum of the hard-working bees

At their toil in our father's old orchard, once more,

In the broad, trembling tops of the bright-blooming
trees,

As they busily gather their sweet winter store;

And the murmuring brook, the delightful old horn,

And the cawing black crows that are pulling the corn.

We can hear the sharp creak of the farm-gate again,

And the loud, cackling hens in the gray barn near by,

With its broad sagging floor and its scaffolds of grain,

And its rafters that once seemed to reach to the sky;

We behold the great beams, and the bottomless bay

Where the farm-boys once joyfully jumped on the hay.

We can see the low hog-pen, just over the way,

And the long-ruined shed by the side of the road,

Where the sleds in the summer were hidden away

And the wagons and plows in the winter were
stowed;

And the cider-mill, down in the hollow below,

With a long, creaking sweep, the old horse used to
draw,

Where we learned by the homely old tub long ago,

What a world of sweet rapture there was in a straw;

From the cider-casks there, loosely lying around,

More leaked from the bung-holes than dripped on the
ground.

We behold the bleak hillsides still bristling with rocks,

Where the mountain streams murmured with musical
sound,

Where we hunted and fished, where we chased the red
fox,

With lazy old house-dog or loud-baying hound;
And the cold, cheerless woods we delighted to tramp
For the shy, whirring partridge, in snow to our knees,
Where, with neck yoke and pails, in the old sugar-
camp,

We gathered the sap from the tall maple-trees;
And the fields where our plows danced a furious jig,
While we wearily followed the furrow all day,
Where we stumbled and bounded o'er boulders so big
That it took twenty oxen to draw them away;

Where we sowed, where we hoed, where we cradled
and mowed,

Where we scattered the swaths that were heavy
with dew,

Where we tumbled and pitched, and behind the tall
load

The broken old bull-rake reluctantly drew.

How we grasped the old "sheepskin" with feelings
of scorn

As we straddled the back of the old sorrel mare,
And rode up and down through the green rows of
corn,

Like a pin on a clothes-line that sways in the air;
We can hear our stern fathers reproving us still,
As the careless old creature "comes down on a hill."

We are far from the home of our boyhood to-day,
In the battle of life we are struggling alone;
The weather-worn farmhouse has gone to decay,
The chimney has fallen, the swallows have flown,
But fancy yet brings, on her bright golden wings,
Her beautiful pictures again from the past,
And memory fondly and tenderly clings
To pleasures and pastimes too lovely to last.

We wander again by the river to-day;

We sit in the school-room, o'erflowing with fun,

We whisper, we play, and we scamper away

When our lessons are learned and the spelling is
done.

We see the old cellar where apples were kept,
The garret where all the old rubbish was thrown,
The little back chamber where snugly we slept,
The homely old kitchen, the broad hearth of stone,
Where apples were roasted in many a row,
Where our grandmothers nodded and knit long ago.

Our grandmothers long have reposed in the tomb;
With a strong, healthy race they have peopled the
land;

They worked with the spindle, they toiled at the
loom,

Nor lazily brought up their babies by hand.

The old flint-lock musket, whose awful recoil

Made many a Nimrod with agony cry,

Once hung on the chimney, a part of the spoil

Our gallant old grandfathers captured at "Ti."

Brave men were our grandfathers, sturdy and strong;
The kings of the forest they plucked from their lands;
They were stern in their virtues, they hated all wrong,
And they fought for the right with their hearts and
their hands.

Down, down from the hill-sides they swept in their
might,

And up from the valleys they went on their way,
To fight and to fall upon Hubbardton's height,
To struggle and conquer in Bennington's fray.

Oh! fresh be their memory, cherished the sod
That long has grown green o'er their sacred re-
mains,

And grateful our hearts to a generous God
For the blood and the spirit that flows in their veins.

Our Allens, our Starks, and our Warners are gone,
But our mountains remain with their evergreen
crown.

The souls of our heroes are yet marching on,
The structure they founded shall never go down.

From the weather-worn house on the brow of the hill
We are dwelling afar, in our manhood to-day;
But we see the old gables and hollyhocks still,
As they looked when we left them to wander away.
But the dear ones we loved in the sweet long ago
In the old village churchyard sleep under the snow.

Farewell to the friends of our bright boyhood days,
To the beautiful vales once delightful to roam,
To the fathers, the mothers, now gone from our gaze,
From the weather-worn house to their heavenly
home,

Where they wait, where they watch, and will welcome
us still,

As they waited and watched in the house on the hill.

EUGENE J. HALL.

ON THE BANKS OF THE TENNESSEE.

SIT by the open window
And look to the hills away,
Over beautiful undulations
That glow with the flowers of May—
And as the lights and the shadows
With the passing moments change,
Comes many a scene of beauty
Within my vision's range—
But there is not one among them
That is half so dear to me,
As an old log cabin I think of
On the banks of the Tennessee.

Now up from the rolling meadows,
And down from the hill-tops now,
Fresh breezes steal in at my window,
And sweetly fan my brow—
And the sounds that they gather and bring me,
From rivulet, meadow and hill,

Come in with a touching cadence,
And my throbbing bosom fill—
But the dearest thoughts thus awakened,
And in tears brought back to me,
Cluster round that old log cabin
On the banks of the Tennessee.

To many a fond remembrance
My thoughts are backward cast,
As I sit by the open window
And recall the faded past—
For all along the windings
Of the ever-moving years,
Lie wrecks of hope and of purpose
That I now behold through tears—
And of all of them, the saddest
That is thus brought back to me,
Makes holy that old log cabin
On the banks of the Tennessee.

Glad voices now greet me daily,
Sweet faces I oft behold,
Yet I sit by the open window
And dream of the times of old—
Of a voice that on earth is silent,
Of a face that is seen no more,
Of a spirit that faltered not ever
In the struggle of days now o'er—
And a beautiful grave comes pictured
For ever and ever to me,
From a knoll near that old log cabin
On the banks of the Tennessee.

WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

THE HAPPINESS OF ANIMALS.

HERE unmolested, through whatever sign
The sun proceeds, I wander. Neither mist,
Nor freezing sky nor sultry, checking me,
Nor stranger, intermeddling with my joy,
Even in the spring and playtime of the year,
That calls the unwonted villager abroad
With all her little ones, a sportive train,
To gather kingcups in the yellow mead,
And prink their hair with daisies, or to pick

A cheap but wholesome salad from the brook,
These shades are all my own. The timorous hare,
Grown so familiar with her frequent guest,
Scarce shuns me; and the stock-dove unalarmed
Sits cooing in the pine-tree, nor suspends
His long love-ditty for my near approach.
Drawn from his refuge in some lonely elm,
That age or injury has hollowed deep,
Where on his bed of wool and matted leaves,
He has outslapt the winter, ventures forth
To frisk a while, and bask in the warm sun.
The squirrel, flippant, pert, and full of play;
He sees me, and at once, swift as a bird,
Ascends the neighboring beech; there whisks his brush,
And perks his ears, and stamps, and cries aloud,
With all the prettiness of feigned alarm,
And anger, insignificantly fierce.

The heart is hard in nature, and unfit
For human fellowship, as being void
Of sympathy, and therefore dead alike
To love and friendship both, that is not pleased
With sight of animals enjoying life,
Nor feels their happiness augment his own.
The bounding fawn that darts along the glade
When now pursues, through mere delight of heart,
And spirits buoyant with excess of glee;
The horse as wonton, and almost as fleet
That skims the spacious meadow at full speed,
Then stops, and snorts, and throwing high his heels,
Starts to the voluntary race again;
The very kine, that gambol at high noon,
The total herd receiving first from one,
That leads the dance, a summons to be gay,
Though wild their strange vagaries and uncouth
Their efforts, yet resolved with one consent
To give such act and utterance as they may
To ecstasy too big to be suppressed—
These and a thousand images of bliss,
With which kind nature graces every scene,
Where cruel man defeats not her design,
Impart to the benevolent, who wish
All that are capable of pleasure pleased,
A far superior happiness to theirs,
The comfort of a reasonable joy.

WILLIAM COWPER.

SORROW AND ADVERSITY.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE!



O where glory waits thee;
But, while fame elates thee,
O still remember me!
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
O then remember me!
Other arms may press thee
Dearer friends caress thee—
All the joys that bless thee
Sweeter far may be:
But when friends are near-
est,

And when joys are dearest,
O then remember me!

When, at eve, thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
O then remember me!
Think when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning,
O, thus remember me!
Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its lingering roses,
Once so loved by thee,
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them;
O then remember me!

When, around thee dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
O then remember me!
And, at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
O, still remember me!
Then should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee—
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee;
O then remember me!

THOMAS MOORE.

BIJAH'S STORY.

HE was little more than a baby,
And played on the streets all day;
And holding in his tiny fingers
The string of a broken sleigh.

He was ragged, and cold, and hungry,
Yet his face was a sight to see,
And he lisped to a passing lady—
"Pleathe, mithus, will you yide me?"

But she drew close her fur-lined mantle,
And her train of silk and lace,
While she stared with haughty wonder
In the eager, piteous face.

And the eyes that shone so brightly,
Brimmed o'er with gushing rain,
And the poor little head dropped lower
While his heart beat a sad refrain.

When night came, cold and darkly,
And the lamps were all alight,
The pallid lips grew whiter
With childish grief and fright.

As I was passing the entrance
Of a church across the way,
I found a poor dead baby,
With his head on a broken sleigh.

Soon young and eager footsteps
Were heard on the frozen street,
And a boy dashed into the station,
Covered with snow and sleet.

On his coat was a newsboy's number,
On his arm a "bran new sled;"
Have you seen my brother Bijah?
He ought to be home in bed.

"You see, I leave him at Smithers'
While I go round with the 'Press';
They must have forgot about him,
And he's strayed away, I guess.

"Last night when he said 'Our Father,'
And about the daily bread,
He just threw in an extra
Concerning a nice new sled.

"I was tellin' the boys at the office,
As how he was only three;
And they stuck in for this here stunner:
And sent it home with me.

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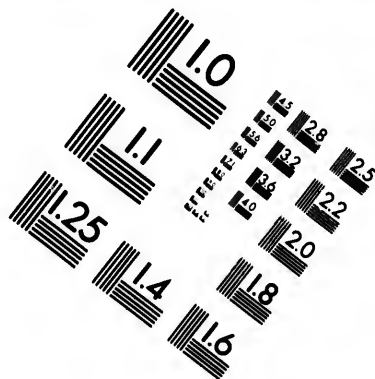
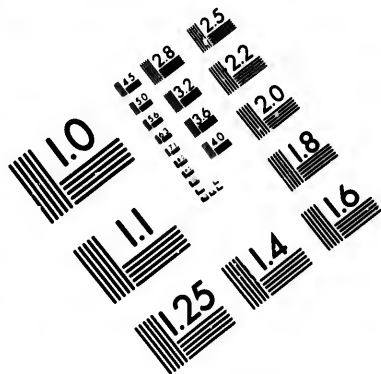
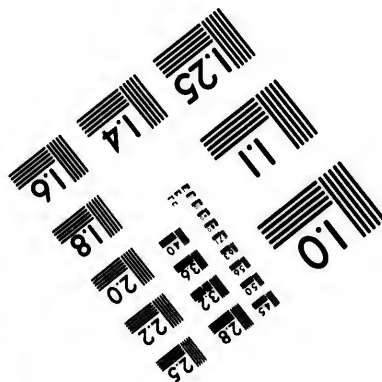
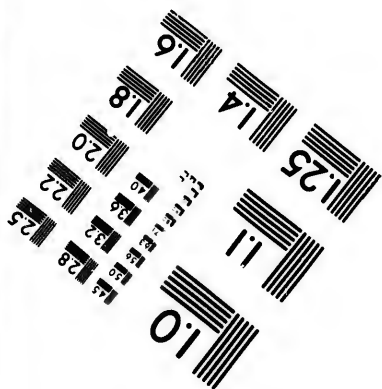
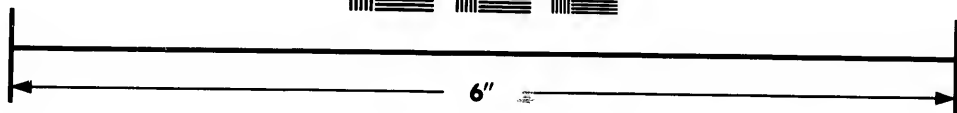
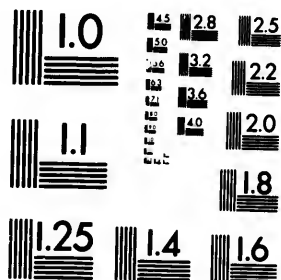


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"And won't—what's the matter, Bijah?
Why do you shake your head?
O Father in heaven, have pity!
O Bijah, he can't be dead!"

He clasped the child to his bosom
In a passionate, close embrace,
His tears and kisses falling
"Twixt sobs on the little face.

Soon the boyish grief grew silent;
There was never a tear nor a moan,
For the heart of the dear Lord Jesus
Had taken the children home.

CHARLES M. LEWIS.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

The name of this poem was suggested to the author by the "Bridge of Sighs," at Venice. This bridge received its name from the fact that it connects the ducal palace with the prison, and criminals pass over it to the dismal dungeons where they receive their punishment.



NE more unfortunate
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!
Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly—
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments,
Clinging like cerements,
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing:
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing!

Touch her not scornfully!
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly—
Not of the stains of her:
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny,
Into her mutiny,
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers—
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers,
Oozing so clammy.
Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb—
Her fair auburn tresses—
Whilst wonderment guesses,
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh, it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed—
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence—
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black, flowing river;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly—
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran—
Over the brink of it!
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute man!
Lave in it drink of it
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!
Ere her limbs, frigidly,
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly,
Smooth and compose them;
And her eyes, close them.
Staring so blindly!—

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest!
Cross her hands humbly
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!
Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!

THOMAS HOOD.

THE SEXTON.

NIGH to a grave that was newly made
Leaned a sexton old on his earth-worn spade;
His work was done and he paused to wait
The funeral-train at the open gate.

A relic of by-gone days was he,
And his locks were gray as the foam sea;
And these words came from his lips so thin:
"I gather them in—I gather them in—
Gather—gather—I gather them in.

"I gather them in; for man and boy,
Year after year of grief and joy,
I've builded the houses that lie around
In every nook of this burial-ground.
Mother and daughter, father and son,
Come to my solitude one by one;
But come they stranger, or come they kin,
I gather them in—I gather them in.

"Many are with me, yet I'm alone;
I'm king of the dead, and I make my throne
On a monument slab of marble cold—
My sceptre of rule is the spade I hold.
Come they from cottage, or come they from hall,
Mankind are my subjects, all, all, all!
May they loiter in pleasure, or toilsomly spin,
I gather them in—I gather them in.

"I gather them in, and their final rest
Is here, down here, in the earth's dark breast."
And the sexton ceased as the funeral-train
Wound mutely over that solemn plain;
And I said to myself: When time is told,
A mightier voice than that sexton's old,
Will be heard o'er the last trump's dreadful din,
"I gather them in—I gather them in—
Gather—gather—gather them in."

PARK BENJAMIN.

GOOD-BYE.

FAREWELL! farewell! is often heard
From the lips of those who part:
'T is a whispered tone—'t is a gentle word,
But it springs not from the heart.
It may serve for the lover's closing lay
To be sung 'neath a summer sky;
But give to me the lips that say
The honest words, "Good-bye!"

"Adieu! adieu!" may greet the ear,
In the guise of courtly speech:
But when we leave the kind and dear,
'T is not what the soul would teach.
Whene'er we grasp the hands of those
We would have forever nigh,
The flame of friendship bursts and glows
In the warm, frank words, "Good-bye."

The mother, sending forth her child
To meet with cares and strife,
Breathes through her tears her doubts and fears
For the loved one's future life.
No cold "adieu," no "farewell," lives
Within her choking sigh,
But the deepest sob of anguish gives,
"God bless thee, boy! Good-bye!"

Go, watch the pale and dying one,
When the glance has lost its beam;
When the brow is cold as the marble stone,
And the world a passing dream;
And the latest pressure of the hand,
The look of the closing eye,
Yield what the heart must understand
A long, a last Good-bye.

FAREWELLS.

FAREWELL! a word that must be, and hath
been—
A sound which makes us linger;—yet—fare-
well.

LORD BYRON.

GOOD-night, good-night: parting is such sweet
sorrow,
That I shall say good-night till it be morrow.
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

SO sweetly she bade me "adieu,"
I thought that she bade me return.
WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

ALL farewells should be sudden, when forever,
Else they make an eternity of moments,
And clog the last sad sands of life with tears.
LORD BYRON.

JULIET. O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?
ROMEO. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve

For sweet discourses in our time to come.
 WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

HE did keep
 The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
 Still waving as the fits and stirs of his mind
 Could best express how slow his soul sailed

on—
 How swift his ship.
 WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN we two parted
 In silence and tears,
 Half broken-hearted,
 To sever for years,
 Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
 Colder thy kiss:
 Truly that hour foretold
 Sorrow to this!

LORD BYRON.

ON THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

Thanceth once to every soul,
 Within a narrow hour of doubt and dole,
 Upon life's bridge of sighs to stand,
 A palace and a prison on each hand.

O palace of the rose-heart's hue!
 How like a flower the warm light falls from you!

O prison with the hollow eyes!
 Beneath your stony stare no flowers arise.

O palace of the rose-sweet sin!
 How safe the heart that does not enter in!

O blessed prison-walls! how true
 The freedom of the soul that chooseth you!
 ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

PARTING.

MY early love, and must we part?
 Yes! other wishes win thee now;
 New hopes are springing in thy heart,
 New feelings brightening o'er thy brow!
 And childhood's light and childhood's home
 Are all forgot at glory's call.

Yet, cast one thought in years to come
 On her who loved thee o'er them all.

When love and friendship's holy joys
 Within their magic circle bind thee,
 And happy hearts and smiling eyes,
 As all must wear who are around thee,

Remember that an eye as bright
 Is dimmed—a heart as true is broken,
 And turn thee from thy land of light,
 To waste on these some little token.
 But do not weep!—I could not bear
 To stain thy cheek with sorrow's trace,
 I would not draw one single tear,
 For worlds, down that beloved face.
 As soon would I, if power were given,
 Pluck out the bow from yonder sky,
 And free the prisoned floods of heaven,
 As call one tear-drop to thine eye.

THOMAS KIDBLE HERVEY.

THE LITTLE MATCH-GIRL.

LITTLE Gretchen, little Gretchen wanders up
 and down the street;
 The snow is on her yellow hair, the frost is
 on her feet.

The rows of long, dark houses without look cold and
 damp,

By the struggling of the moonbeam, by the flicker of
 the lamp.

The clouds ride fast as horses, the wind is from the
 north,

But no one cares for Gretchen, and no one looketh
 forth.

Within those dark, damp houses are merry faces
 bright,

And happy hearts are watching out the old year's
 latest night.

With the little box of matches she could not sell all
 day,

And the thin, tattered mantle the wind blows every
 way,

She clingeth to the railing, she shivers in the gloom—
 There are parents sitting snugly by the firelight in the
 room;

And children with grave faces are whispering one
 another

Of presents for the New Year, for father or for mother.
 But no one talks to Gretchen, and no one hears her
 speak;

No breath of little whispers comes warmly to her
 cheek.

Her home is cold and desolate; no smile, no food, no
 fire,

But children clamorous for bread, and an impatient
 sire.

So she sits down in an angle where two great houses
 meet,

And she curlleth up beneath her for warmth her little
 feet;

And she looketh on the cold wall, and on the colder
 sky,

And wonders if the little stars are bright fires up on
 high.

She hears the clock strike slowly, up high in a church-tower,
With such a sad and solemn tone, telling the mid-night hour.

She remembered her of stories her mother used to tell,
And of the cradle-songs she sang, when summer's twilight fell.

Of good men and of angels, and of the Holy Child,
Who was cradled in a manger when winter was most wild;

Who was poor, and cold, and hungry, and desolate and lone;

And she thought the song had told her he was ever with His own,

And all the poor and hungry and forsaken ones were His—

"How good of Him to look on me in such a place as this!"

Colder it grows and colder, but she does not feel it now,

For the pressure on her bosom, and the weight upon her brow;

But she struck one little match on the wall so cold and bare.

That she might look around her, and see if He was there.

The single match was kindled; and, by the light it threw,

It seemed to little Maggie that the wall was rent in two.

And she could see the room within, the room all warm and light,

With the fire-glow red and blazing, and the tapers burning bright.

And kindred there were gathered round the table richly spread,

With heaps of goodly viands, red wine, and pleasant bread.

She could smell the fragrant odor; she could hear them talk and play;

Then all was darkness once again—the match had burned away.

She struck another hastily, and now she seemed to see,
Within the same warm chamber a glorious Christmas-tree.

The branches all were laden down with things that children prize;

Bright gifts for boy and maiden they showed before her eyes.

And she almost seemed to touch them, and to join the welcome shout;

Then darkness fell around her, for the little match was out.

Another, yet another, she has tried—they will not light;

Then all her little store she took, and struck with all her might.

And the whole place around her was lighted with the glare:

And lo! there hung a little Child before her in the air!

There were blood-drops on his forehead, a spear-wound in his side,

And cruel nail-prints in his feet, and in his hands spread wide.

And he looked upon her gently, and she felt that he had known

Pain, hunger, cold, and sorrow—ay, equal to her own.

And he pointed to the laden board and to the Christmas-tree,

Then up to the cold sky, and said, "Will Gretchen come with me?"

The poor child felt her pulses fail, she felt her eyelids swim,

And a ringing sound was in her ears, like her dead mother's hymn;

And she folded both her thin white hands and turned from that bright board,

And from the golden gifts, and said, "With thee, with thee, O Lord!"

The chilly winter morning breaks up in the dull skies,
On the city wrapt in vapor, on the spot where Gretchen lies.

In her scant and tattered garments, with her back against the wall,

She sitteth cold and rigid, she answers to no call.

They lifted her up fearfully, and shuddered as they said,

"It was a bitter, bitter night! the child is frozen dead."

The angels sang their greeting for one more redeemed from sin;

Men said, "It was a bitter night; would no one let her in?"

And they shivered as they spoke of her, and sighed: they could not see

How much of happiness there was after that misery.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

THOU ART GONE TO THE GRAVE.

THOU art gone to the grave—we no longer deplore thee,

Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;

The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;

But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the sinless has died.

Thou art gone to the grave—and, its mansion forsaking,

Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt lingered long,
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,

And the song which thou heard'st was the seraphim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave—but 'twere wrong to deplore thee,

When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide ;
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,

Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

BISHOP REGINALD HEBER.

THE LOT OF THOUSANDS.

WHEN hope lies dead within the heart,
By secret sorrow close concealed,
We shrink lest looks or words impart
What must not be revealed.

'Tis hard to smile when one would weep ;
To speak when one should silent be ;
To wake when one should wish to sleep,
And wake to agony.

Yet such the lot by thousands cast
Who wander in this world of care,
And bend beneath the bitter blast,
To save them from despair.

But nature waits her guests to greet,
Where disappointment cannot come ;
And time guides with unerring feet
The weary wanderers home.

MRS. HUNTER.

THE LITTLE GRAVE.

" 'T'S only a little grave," they said,
" Only just a child that's dead ;"
And so they carelessly turned away
From the mound the spade had made that day.
Ah ! they did not know how deep a shade
That little grave in our home had made,

I know the coffin was narrow and small,
One yard would have served for an ample pall.
And one man in his arms could have borne away
The rosebud and its freight of clay.
But I know that darling hopes were hid
Beneath that little coffin lid.

I knew that a mother had stood that day
With folded hands by that form of clay ;
I know that burning tears were hid,
" Neath the drooping lash and aching lid ;"

And I knew her lip, and cheek, and brow,
Were almost as white as her baby's now.

I knew that some things were hid away,
The crimson flock and wrappings gay,
The little sock and half-worn shoe,
The cap with its plumes and tassels blue ;
An empty crib with its covers spread,
As white as the face of the sinless dead.

'Tis a little grave, but O, beware !
For world-wide hopes are buried there ;
And ye perhaps, in coming years,
May see like her, through blinding tears,
How much of light, how much of joy,
Is buried with an only boy !

THE WIDOWED MOTHER.

BESIDE the babe, who sweetly slept,
A widowed mother sat and wept
O'er years of love gone by ;
And as the sobs thick-gathering came,
She murmured her dead husband's name
'Mid that sad lullaby.

Well might that lullaby be sad,
For not one single friend she had
On this cold-hearted earth :
The sea will not give back its prey—
And they were wrapt in foreign clay
Who gave the orphan birth.

Steadfastly as a star doth look
Upon a little murmuring brook,
She gazed upon the bosom
And fair brow of her sleeping son—
" O merciful Heaven ! when I am gone
Thine is this earthly blossom !"

While thus she sat—a sunbeam broke
Into the room ; the babe awoke,
And from its cradle smiled !
Ah me ! what kindling smiles met there !
I know not whether was more fair,
The mother or her child !

With joy fresh-sprung from short alarms,
The smiler stretched his rosy arms,
And to her bosom leapt—
All tears at once were swept away,
And said a face as bright as day—
" Forgive me that I wept !"

Sufferings there are from nature sprung,
Ear hath not heard, nor poet's tongue
May venture to declare ;
But this as Holy Writ is sure,
" The griefs she bids us here endure
Can she herself repair !"

JOHN WILSON.

THE MAIDEN'S GRAVE.

PALE weeping-willow stands yonder alone,
 And mournfully waves in the zephyr's
 light breath;
 Beneath, in its shadows, is sculptured a
 stone,
 That tells of the maiden who sleeps there in death.

She came to the village—a stranger unknown—
 Though fair as the first flower that opens in May;
 The touches of health from her features had flown,
 And she drooped like that flower in its time of de-
 cay.

She told not her story, she spoke not of sorrow,
 But laid herself down, and, heart-broken, she
 sighed;
 And, ere the hills blushed in the dawn of the mor-
 row,
 Uncomplaining and silent, the sweet stranger died.

Apart and alone, the sad villagers made
 A cold, quiet tomb in the heart of the vale;
 And many a stranger has wept in the shade
 Of yon weeping-willow, to hear of the tale.

SHIPWRECKED HOPES.

THE salt wind blows upon my cheek,
 As it blew a year ago,
 When twenty boats were crushed among
 The rocks of Norman's woe;
 'T was dark then; 'tis light now,
 And the sails are leaning low.

In dreams I pull the sea-weed o'er,
 And find a face not his,
 And hope another tide will be
 More pitying than this;
 The wind turns, the tide turns—
 They take what hope there is.

My life goes on as life must go,
 With all its sweetness spilled;
 My God, why should one heart of two
 Beat on when one is stilled?
 Through heart-wreck, or home-wreck,
 Thy happy sparrows build.

Though boats go down, men build again,
 Whatever wind may blow;
 If blight be in the wheat one year,
 They trust again and sow:
 The grief comes, the change comes,
 The tides run high and low.

Some have their dead, where, sweet and calm,
 The summers bloom and go:—
 The sea withholds my dead; I walk
 The bar when tides are low,

And wonder how the grave-grass
 Can have the heart to grow.

Flow on, O unconsenting sea,
 And keep my dead below:
 The night-watch set for me is long,
 But, through it all, I know,
 Or life comes, or death comes,
 God leads the eternal flow.

HIRAM RICH.

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

Gilbert Burns, the brother of the poet, says: "He (Burns) used to remark to me that he could not well conceive a more mortifying picture of human life than a man seeking work. In casting about in his mind how this sentiment might be brought forward, the elegy, *Man was made to mourn*, was composed."

WHEN chill November's surly blast
 Made fields and forests bare,
 One evening, as I wandered forth,
 Along the banks of Ayr,
 I spied a man, whose aged step
 Seemed weary, worn with care;
 His face was furrowed o'er with years,
 And hoary was his hair.

"Young stranger, whither wanderest thou?"
 Began the reverend sage;
 "Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
 Or youthful pleasures rage?
 Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
 Too soon thou hast began
 To wander forth, with me, to mourn
 The miseries of man!"

"The sun that overhangs yon moors,
 Outspreading far and wide,
 Where hundreds labor to support
 A haughty lordling's pride—
 I've seen yon weary winter sun
 Twice forty times return;
 And every time has added proofs
 That man was made to mourn.

"O man, while in thy early years,
 How prodigal of time!
 Misspending all thy precious hours,
 Thy glorious youthful prime!
 Alternate follies take the sway:
 Licentious passions burn;
 Which ten-fold force gives nature's law,
 That man was made to mourn.

"Look not alone on youthful prime,
 Or manhood's active might;
 Man then is useful to his kind
 Supported in his right;
 But see him on the edge of life,
 With cares and sorrows worn,
 Then age and want, O ill-matched pair!
 Show man was made to mourn.

"A few seem favorites of fate,
 I pleasure's lap carest;
 Yet think not all the rich and great
 Are likewise truly blest.
 But, oh, what crowds in every land
 Are wretched and forlorn!
 Through weary life this lesson learn—
 That man was made to mourn.

"Many and sharp the numerous ills,
 Inwoven with our frame!
 More pointed still we make ourselves,
 Regret, remorse, and shame!
 And man, whose heaven-erected face
 The smiles of love adorn,
 Man's inhumanity to man
 Makes countless thousands mourn!

"See yonder poor, o'erlabored wight,
 So abject, mean and vile,
 Who begs a brother of the earth
 To give him leave to toil;
 And see his lordly fellow-worm
 The poor petition spurn,
 Unmindful, 'though a weeping wife
 And helpless offspring mourn.

"If I'm designed yon lordling's slave—
 By nature's law designed—
 Why was an independent wish
 Ever planted in my mind?
 If not, why am I subject to
 His cruelty an scorn?
 Or why has man the will and power
 To make his fellow mourn?

"Yet let not this too much, my son,
 Disturb thy youthful breast:
 This partial view of humankind
 Is surely not the last!
 The poor, oppressed, yet honest man
 Had never, sure, been born,
 Had there not been some recompense
 To comfort those that mourn!

"O death! the poor man's dearest friend,
 The kindest and the best!
 Welcome the hour my aged limbs
 Are laid with thee at rest!
 The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
 From pomp and pleasure torn;
 But, oh, a blest relief to those
 That weary-laden mourn!"

ROBERT BURNS.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

The following is pronounced by the *Westminster Review* to be unquestionably the finest American poem ever written.



WITHIN this sober realm of leafless trees,
 The russet year inhaled the dreamy air,
 Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
 When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns looking from their hazy hills
 O'er the dim waters widening in the vales,
 Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
 On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed and all sounds subdued,
 The hills seemed further and the streams sang low;
 As in a dream the distant woodman hewed
 His winter log with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, crowlike armed in gold,
 Their banners bright with every martial hue,
 Now stood, like some sad, beaten host of old,
 Withdrawn afar in time's remotest blue.

On sombre wings the vulture tried his flight,
 The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint,
 And, like a star slow drowning in the light,
 The village church-vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel cock upon the hill-side crew—
 Crew thrice, and all was stiller than before—
 Silent till some replying wanderer blew
 His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay within the elm's tall crest
 Made garrulous trouble round the unfledged young;
 And where the oriole hung her swaying nest
 By every light wind like a censer swung;

Where sang the noisy masons of the eaves,
 The busy swallows circling ever near,
 Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
 An early harvest and a plenteous year;

Where every bird which charmed the vernal feast
 Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
 To warn the reapers of the rosy East—
 All now were songless, empty, and forlorn.

Alone, from out the stubble piped the quail,
 And croaked the crow through all the dreamy
 gloom,
 Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
 Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
 The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by
 night;

The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
 Sailed slowly by—passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this, in this most cheerless air,
 And where the woodbine sheds upon the porch
 Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there
 Firing the floor with his inverted torch—

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,
 The white-haired matron, with monotonous tread,
 Plied her swift wheel, and with her joyless mien
 Sat like a fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known sorrow. He had walked with her,
 Oft supped, and broke with her the ashen crust;
 And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
 Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
Her country summoned, and she gave her all;
And twice war bowed to her his sable plume—
Re-gave the swords to rust upon her wall.

Re-gave the swords—but not the hand that drew,
And struck for liberty the dying blow;
Nor him who, to his sire and country true,
Fell, mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tone.

At last the thread was snapped—her head was bowed;
Life drooped the distaff through his hands serene;
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud—
While death and winter closed the autumn scene.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

FULL knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing:
Toll ye the church bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.
Old year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year you shall not die.

He lieth still: he doth not move;
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above;
He gave me a friend, and a true love,
And the new year will take 'em away.
Old year, you must not go;
So long you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.

He frothed his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But, though his eyes are waxing dim,
And though his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
Old year, you shall not die:
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll be dead before.

Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the New Year, blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro:
The cricket chirps: the light burns low:
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
Shake hands before you die,
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you:
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes: tie up his chin:
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

ONLY THE CLOTHES SHE WORE.

HERE is the hat
With the blue veil thrown 'round it, just as
they found it,
Spotted and soiled, stained and all spoiled—
Do you recognize that?

The gloves, too, lie there,
And in them still lingers the shape of her fingers,
That some one has pressed, perhaps, and caressed,
So slender and fair.

There are the shoes,
With their long silken laces, still bearing traces,
To the toe's dainty tip, of the mud of the slip,
The slime and the ooze.

There is the dress,
Like the blue veil, all dabbled, discolored and drab-
bled—
This you should know without doubt, and, if so,
All else you may guess.

There is the shawl,
With the striped border, hung next in order,
Soiled hardly less than the white muslin dress,
And—that is all.

Ah, here is a ring
We were forgetting, with a pearl setting;
There was only this one—name or date?—none?—
A frail, pretty thing;

A keepsake, maybe,
The gift of another, perhaps a brother,
Or lover, who knows? him her heart chose,
Or was she heart-free?

Does the hat there,
With the blue vell around it, the same as they found it,
Summon up a fair face with just a trace
Of gold in the hair?

Or does the shawl,
Mutely appealing to some hidden feeling,
A form, young and slight, to your mind's sight
Clearly recall?

A month now has passed,
And her sad history remains yet a mystery,
But these we keep still, and shall keep them until
Hope dies at last.

Was she a prey
Of some deep sorrow clouding the morrow,
Hiding from view the sky's happy blue?
Or was there foul play?

Alas! who may tell?
Some one or other, perhaps a fond mother,
May recognize these when her child's clothes she sees;
Then—will it be well?

N. G. SHEPHERD.

VERY DARK.

THE crimson tide was ebbing, and the pulse grew
weak and faint,
But the lips of that brave soldier scorned e'en
now to make complaint;
"Fall in rank!" a voice called to him; calm and low
was his reply:
"Yes, I will if I can do it—I will do it, though I die."
And he murmured, when the life-light had died out to
just a spark,
"It is growing very dark, mother—growing very
dark."

There were tears in many eyes, then, and many heads
were bowed,
Though the balls flew thick around them, and the can-
nons thundered loud;
They gathered round the spot where the dying soldier
lay,
To catch the broken accents he was struggling then to
say;
And a change came o'er the features where death had
set his mark—
"It is growing very dark, mother—very, very dark."
Far away his mind had wandered, to Ohio's hills and
vales,
Where the loved ones watched and waited with that
love that never fails;

He was with them as in childhood, seated in the cot-
tage door,
Where he watched the evening shadows slowly creep-
ing on the floor;
Bend down closely, comrades, closely, he is speaking
now, and hark—
"It is growing very dark, mother—very, very dark."
He was dreaming of his mother—that her loving hand
was pressed
On his brow for one short moment, ere he sank away
to rest;
That her lips were now imprinting a fond kiss upon
his cheek,
And a voice he well remembered spoke so soft, and
low, and meek;
Her gentle form was near him, her footsteps he could
mark—
But—"It's growing very dark, mother—very, very
dark."

And the eye that once had kindled, flashing forth with
patriot light,
Slowly gazing, vainly strove to pierce the gathering
gloom of night;
Ah, poor soldier! ah, fond mother! you are severed
now for aye;
Cold and pulseless, there he lieth, where he breathed
his life away;
Through this heavy cloud of sorrow shines there not
one heavenly spark?
Ah! it has grown dark, mother—very, very dark.

THE BLESSING OF ADVERSITY.

BY adversity are wrought
The greatest works of admiration,
And all the fair examples of renown
Out of distress and misery are grown.
SAMUEL DANIEL.

VICTORY FROM DEFEAT.

LIKE a ball that bounds
According to the force with which 't was thrown,
So in affliction's violence, he that's wise
The more he's cast down will the higher rise.

THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

DARK is the night. How dark! No light! No
fire!
Cold, on the hearth, the last faint sparks ex-
pire!
Shivering she watches by the cradle side,
For him who pledged her love—last year a bride!
Hark! 'Tis his footstep! No!—'Tis past!—'Tis
gone!
Tick!—Tick!—How wearily the time crawls on!

Why should he leave me thus?—He once was kind:
And I believed 'twould last!—How mad!—How
blind!

Rest thee, babe!—Rest on!—"Tis hunger's cry!
Sleep!—For there is no food!—The font is dry!
Famine and cold their wearying work have done.
My heart must break!—And thou!—The clock strikes
one!

Hush! 'tis the dice-box! Yes? he's there! he's there!
For this—for this he leaves me to despair!
Leaves love! leaves truth! his wife! his child! For
what?

The wanton's smile—the villain—and the sot!

Yet I'll not curse him. No! 'tis all in vain!
'Tis long to wait, but sure he'll come again!
And I could starve and bless him but for you,
My child!—His child! Oh, fiend!—The clock strikes
two.

Hark! How the sign-board creaks! The blasts
howl by.
Moan! moan! A dirge swells through the cloudy
sky!
Ha! 'tis his knock!—he comes!—he comes once
more!
'Tis but the lattice flaps! Thy hope is o'er.

Can he desert me thus! He knows I stay
Night after night, in loneliness to pray
For his return—and yet he sees no tear!
No! no! It cannot be! He will be here!

Nestle more closely, dear one, to my heart!
Thou'rt cold! Thou'rt freezing! But we will not
part!

Husband! I die!—Father! it is not he!
Oh, God! protect my child!—The clock strikes three.

They're gone, they're gone! the glimmering spark
hath fled!

The wife and child are numbered with the dead.
On the cold earth, outstretched in solemn rest,
The babe lay frozen on its mother's breast;
The gambler came at last—but all was o'er—
Dread silence reigned around—the clock struck four.

DR. COATES.

A THOUGHT.

BEYOND the white and fading ships whose sails
Stand silver in a sky of darkening gray,
A storm has passed, and only tossing spray
And roughened seas reach here to tell the
tale

Of vessels that will never bravely plough
O'er ocean's treacherous blue-gray depths again.
A little of the mortal fear and pain
All over in the quiet closed eyes now.

The wave will roll with sparkling, foamy play
To-morrow on the shining, sun-bright shore:
But to the homes so happy yesterday
Will come no tidings of their loved ones more.

We sometimes feel a storm that hovers near,
Yet fails to touch our dearest hope or thought:
A storm that is to others sorrow-fraught.
We feel the ripple that their sorrow brought
And turn to pray—"Thy vengeance be not here."

ONLY A YEAR.



ONE year ago—a ringing voice,
A clear blue eye,
And clustering curls of sunny hair,
Too fair to die.

Only a year—no voice, no smile,
No glance of eye,
No clustering curls of golden hair,
Fair but to die!

One year ago—what loves, what schemes
Far into life!
What joyous hopes, what high resolves,
What generous strife!

The silent picture on the wall,
The burial stone
Of all that beauty, life and joy,
Remain alone!

One year—one year, one little year,
And so much gone!
And yet the even flow of life
Moves calmly on.

The grave grows green, the flowers bloom fair
Above that head;
No sorrowing tint of leaf or spray
Says he is dead.

No pause or hush of merry birds
That sing above,
Tell us how coldly sleeps below
The form we love.

Where hast thou been this year, beloved?
What hast thou seen—
What visions fair, what glorious life,
Where thou hast been?

The veil! the veil! so thin, so strong
'Twixt us and thee;
The mystic veil, when shall it fall,
That we may see?

Not dead, not sleeping, not even gone,
But present still,
And waiting for the coming hour
Of God's sweet will.

Lord of the living and the dead,
 Our Savior dear !
 We lay in silence at thy feet
 This sad, sad year.
 HARRIET DRECHER STOWE.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

BREAK, break, break,
 On thy cold gray stones, O sea !
 And I would that my tongue could utter
 The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
 That he shouts with his sister at play !
 O well for the sailor lad
 That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on,
 To the haven under the hill ;
 But O for the touch of a vanished hand;
 And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break,
 At the foot of thy crags, O sea !
 But the tender grace of a day that is dead
 Will never come back to me.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

MOAN, MOAN, YE DYING GALES.

MOAN, moan, ye dying gales !
 The saddest of your tales
 Is not so sad as life ;
 Nor have you e'er began
 A theme so wild as man,
 Or with such sorrow rife.

Fall, fall, thou withered leaf !
 Autumn sears not like grief,
 Nor kills such lovely flowers ;
 More terrible the storm,
 More mournful the deform,
 When dark misfortune lowers.

Hush ! hush ! thou trembling lyre,
 Silence, ye vocal choir,
 And thou, mellifluous lute,
 For man soon breathes his last,
 And all his hope is past,
 And all his music mute.

Then, when the gale is sighing,
 And when the leaves are dying,
 And when the song is o'er,
 O, let us think of those
 Whose lives are lost in woes,
 Whose cup of grief runs o'er.

HENRY NEELE.

RETROSPECTION

EARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
 Tears from the depth of some divine despair
 Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
 In looking on the happy autumn fields,
 And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
 That brings our friends up from the under world ;
 Sad as the last which reddens over one
 That sinks with all we love below the verge—
 So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
 The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
 To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
 The casement slowly grows a glimmering square ;
 So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
 And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
 On lips that are for others ; deep as love,
 Deep as first love, and wild with all regret—
 O death in life, the days that are no more.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

PERISHED.

WAVE after wave of greenness rolling down
 From mountain top to base, a whispering sea
 Of affluent leaves through which the view-
 less breeze
 Murmurs mysteriously.

And towering up amid the lesser throng,
 A giant oak, so desolately grand,
 Stretches its gray imploring arms to Heaven
 In agonized demand.

Smitten by lightning from a summer sky,
 Or bearing in its heart a slow decay,
 What matters since inexorable fate
 Is pitiless to slay.

Ah, wayward soul, hedged in and clothed about,
 Doth not thy life's lost hope lift up its head,
 And, dwarfing present joys, proclaim aloud—
 "Look on me, I am dead !"

MARY LOUISE RITTER.

THE FEMALE CONVICT.

SHE shrank from all, and her silent mood
 Made her wish only for solitude ;
 Her eye sought the ground as it could not
 brook,
 For innermost shame, on another's look ;
 And the cheerings of comfort fell on her ear
 Like deadliest words, that were curses to hear !—

She still was young, and she had been fair ;
But weather-stains, hunger, toil and care,
That frost and fever that wear the heart,
Had made the colors of youth depart
From the fallow cheek, save over it came
The burning flush of the spirit's shame.

They were sailing over the salt sea-foam,
Far from her country, far from her home ;
And all she had left for her friends to keep
Was a name to hide and a memory to weep !
And her future held forth but the felon's lot—
To live forsaken, to die forgot !
She could not weep, and she could not pray,
But she wasted and withered from day to day,
Till you might have counted each sunken vein,
When her wrist was prest by the iron chain ;
And sometimes I thought her large dark eye
Had the glisten of red insanity.

She called me once to her sleeping-place,
A strange, wild look was upon her face,
Her eye flashed over her cheek so white,
Like a gravestone seen in the pale moonlight,
And she spoke in a low, unearthly tone—
The sound from mine ear hath never gone !—
"I had last night the loveliest dream :
My own land shone in the summer beam,
I saw the fields of the golden grain,
I heard the reaper's harvest strain ;
There stood on the hills the green pine-tree,
And the thrush and the lark sang merrily.
A long and a weary way I had come ;
But I stopped, methought, by mine own sweet home.
I stood by the hearth, and my father sat there,
With pale, thin face, and snow-white hair !
The Bible lay open upon his knee,
But he closed the book to welcome me.
He led me next where my mother lay,
And together we knelt by her grave to pray,
And heard a hymn it was heaven to hear,
For it echoed one of my young days dear.
This dream has waked feelings long, long since fled,
And hopes which I deemed in my heart were dead !
—We have not spoken, but still I have hung
On the northern accents that dwell on thy tongue.
To me they are music, to me they recall
The things long hidden by memory's pall !
Take this long curl of yellow hair,
And give it my father, and tell him my prayer,
My dying prayer, was for him."

Next day

Upon the deck a coffin lay ;
They raised it up, and like a dirge
The heavy gale swept over the surge ;
The corpse was cast to the wind and wave—
The convict has found in the green sea a grave.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LONDON.

THE DREAMER.

From "Poems by a Seamstress."

NOT in the laughing bowers,
Where by green swinging elms a pleasant
shade

At summer's noon is made,
And where swift-footed hours
Steal the rich breath of enamored flowers,
Dream I. Nor where the golden glories be,
At sunset, laving o'er the flowing sea ;
And to pure eyes the faculty is given
To trace a smooth ascent from earth to heaven !

Not on a couch of ease,
With all the appliances of joy at hand—
Soft light, sweet fragrance, beauty at command ;
Viands that might a godlike palate please,
And music's soul-creative ecstasies,
Dream I. Nor gloating o'er a wide estate,
Till the full, self-complacent heart elate,
Well satisfied with bliss of mortal birth,
Sighs for an immortality on earth !

But where the incessant din
Of iron hands, and roar of brazen throats,
Join their unmingled notes,
While the long summer day is pouring in,
Till day is gone, and darkness doth begin,
Dream I—as in the corner where I lie,
On wintry nights, just covered from the sky !—
Such is my fate—and, barren though it seem,
Yet, thou blind, soulless scorner, yet I dream !

And yet I dream—
Dream what, were men more just, I might have been ;
How strong, how fair, how kindly and serene,
Glowing of heart, and glorious of mien ;
The conscious crown to nature's blissful scene,
In just and equal brotherhood to glean,
With all mankind, exhaustless pleasure keen—
Such is my dream !

And yet I dream—
I, the despised of fortune, lift mine eyes,
Bright with the lustre of integrity,
In unappealing wretchedness, on high,
And the last rage of destiny defy ;
Resolved alone to live—alone to die,
Nor swell the tide of human misery !

And yet I dream—
Dream of a sleep where dreams no more shall come,
My last, my first, my only welcome home !
Rest, unbeheld since life's beginning stage,
Sole remnant of my glorious heritage,
Unalienable, I shall find thee yet,
And in thy soft embrace the past forget !
Thus do I dream !

LOSSES.

UPON the white sea-sand
There sat a pilgrim band,
Telling the losses that their lives had known;
While evening waned away
From breezy cliff and bay,
And the strong tides went out with weary moan.

One spake, with quivering lip,
Of a fair freighted ship,
With all his household to the deep gone down;
But one had wilder woe—
For a fair face, long ago
Lost in the darker depths of a great town.

There were who mourned their youth
With a most loving ruth,
For its brave hopes and memories ever green;
And one upon the West
Turned an eye that would not rest,
For far-off hills whereon its joy had been.

Some talked of vanished gold,
Some of proud honors told,
Some spake of friends that were their trust no more;
And one of a green grave
Beside a foreign wave,
That made him sit so lonely on the shore.

But when their tales were done,
There spake among them one,
A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free:
"Sad losses have ye met,
But mine is heavier yet;
For a believing heart hath gone from me."

"Alas!" these pilgrims said,
"For the living and the dead—
For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure cross,
For the wrecks of land and sea!
But, however it came to thee,
Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest loss."

FRANCES BROWN.

THE PAUPER'S DRIVE.

HERE'S a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly
round trot—
To the churchyard a pauper is going, I wot;
The road it is rough, and the hearse has no
springs;

And hark to the dirge which the mad driver sings:
"Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!"

O, where are the mourners? Alas! there are none;
He has left not a gap in the world, now he's gone—
Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man;
To the grave with his carcass as fast as you can:
"Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!"

What a jolting and creaking and splashing and din!
The whip, how it cracks; and the wheels, how they
spin!

How the dirt, right and left, o'er the hedges is hurled!
The pauper at length makes a noise in the world!

"Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!"

Poor pauper defunct! he has made some approach
To gentility, now that he's stretched in a coach!

He's taking a drive in his carriage at last;
But it will not be long, if he goes on so fast:

"Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!"

You bumpkins! who stare at your brother conveyed,
Behold what respect to a cloddy is paid!
And be joyful to think, when by death you're laid low
You've a chance to the grave like a 'gemman' to go!

"Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!"

But a truce to this strain; for my soul it is sad,
To think that a heart in humanity clad
Should make, like the brute, such a desolate end,
And depart from the light without leaving a friend!

"Bear soft his bones over the stones!
Though a pauper, he's one whom his Maker yet
owns!"

THOMAS NOEL.

ON THE FRONTIER.

WHAT! Robbed the mail at midnight! We'll
trail them down, you bet!
We'll bring them to the halter; I'm sheriff
of Yuba yet.

Get out those mustangs, hearties, and long before set
of sun

We'll trail them down to their refuge, and justice shall
yet be done.

It's pleasant, this rude experience; life has a rugged
zest

Here on the plains and mountains, far to the open
west:

Look at those snow-capped summits—waves of an end-
less sea;

Look at yon billowed prairie, boundless as grand and
free.

Ah! we have found our quarry! yonder within the
bush!

Empty your carbines at them, then follow me with a
rush!

Down with the desperadoes! Ours is the cause of
right!

Though they should slash like demons, still we must
gain the fight!

Pretty hot work, McGregor, but we have gained the day.
What? Have we lost their leader? Can he have
sneaked away?

There he goes in the chaparral! He'll reach it now in
a bound!

Give me that rifle, Parker! I'll bring him down to the
ground.

There, I knew I could drop him; that little piece of lead
Sped straight on to its duty. The last of the gang is
dead.

He was a handsome fellow, plucky and fearless, too;
Pity such men are devils, preying on those more true.

What have found in his pockets? Papers? Let's take
a look.

"George Walgrave" stamped on the cover? Why,
that is my brother's book;

The deeds and the papers also, and letters received
from me;

He must have met these demons. Been murdered and
robbed, you see.

And I have been his avenger! It is years since last we
met.

We loved each other dearly, and Walgraves never for-
get.

If my voice is broken, excuse me. Somehow it con-
fines my breath—

Let me look on the face of that demon who dogged
poor George to his death!

Good God! It is he; my brother! killed by my own
strong hand!

He is no bandit leader! This is no robber band!

What a mad, murderous blunder! Friends, who
thought they were foes.

Seven men dead on the prairie, and seven homes
flooded with woes.

And to think that I should have done it! When ere
many suns should set,

I hoped to embrace my brother—and this is the way
we've met!

He with his dead eyes gazing up to the distant sky,
And I his murderer, standing, living and unharmed,
by!

Well, his fate is the best one! Mine, to behold his
corse

Haunting my life forever; doomed to a vain remorse.
How shall I bear its shadows? How could this strange
thing be?

O my brother and playmate! Would I had died for
thee!

Pardon my weak emotion. Bury them here my friends;
Here, where the green plumed willow over the prairie
bends.

One more tragedy finished in the romance of strife,
Passing like sombre shadows over this frontier life.

J. EDGAR JONES.

PRINCE'S FEATHER.

SAT at work one summer day,
It was breezy August weather,
And my little boy ran in from his play,
With a bright red prince's feather.

"Make me a cocked hat, mother dear,"
He cried, "and put this in it;
Dick and Charlie are coming here,
And I want it done in a minute!"

It was but one little boy I had,
And I dearly loved to please him;
When such a trifle would make him glad,
Be sure I did not tease him.
I dropped my work with a merry heart,
And Willie and I together—
We made the cocked-hat gay and smart,
With its plume of prince's feather.

I set it firmly on his bonny head,
Where the yellow curls were dancing,
I kissed his cheeks that were rosy red,
And his mouth where smiles were glancing;
Then off he ran, the beautiful boy!
My eager eyes ran after,
And my heart brimmed over with loving joy,
At the ring of his happy laughter.

Back to their work my fingers flew,
I was sewing a frock for Willie—
A little white frock with a band of blue,
That would make him look like a lily,
For he was fair as a flower, with eyes
Of the real heavenly color;
They were like the blue of the August skies,
And only the least bit duller.

I never guessed when he ran from me,
With his laugh out-ringing cheerly,
That it was the last time I should see
Those blue eyes loved so dearly.
I sat at my work, and I sang aloud
From a glad heart overflowing,
Nor ever dreamed it was Willie's shroud
That I was so busy sewing.

I folded the frock away complete,
And I had no thought of sorrow,
But only that Willie would look so sweet
When I dressed him in it to-morrow.
And down to the garden gate I ran,
For I thought I heard them drumming,
To see if perhaps my little man,
And Charlie and Dick were coming.

Some one spoke as I reached the gate,
(He was Charlie's grown-up brother),
"Wait!" he said in a whisper, "wait!
We must break it to his mother!"

"*Break it—WHAT?*" My ears were quick,
And I shrieked out wild and shrilly,
"What is the matter with Charlie and Dick?
What have you done with my Willie?"

The boys shrank frightened away at that,
And huddled closer together;
But one of them showed me the little cocked hat
With the wilted prince's feather.
"What does this mean? Is Willie dead?"
He began to tremble and shiver:
"We were skipping stones," with a gasp he said,
"And Willie—fell in the river!"

I asked no more. They brought him home—
My Willie! my little Willie!
His curls all tangled and wet with foam,
His white face set so stilly.
I combed the curls, though my eyes were dim,
And my heart was sick with sorrow;
And the little frock I made for him
He wore indeed on the morrow.

Somewhere, carefully laid away,
Through summer and winter weather,
I keep the hat that he wore that day,
And the bit of prince's feather.
It is only dust that was once a flower,
But there never will bloom another
In sun or shower, that will have such power
To wring the heart of his mother.

MARY E. BRADLEY.

THE LAST HOURS OF LITTLE PAUL DOMBEY.

PAUL had never risen from his little bed. He lay there, listening to the noises in the street, quite tranquilly; not caring much how the time went, but watching everything about him with observing eyes.

When the sunbeams struck into his room through the rustling blinds, and quivered on the opposite wall like golden water, he knew that evening was coming on, and that the sky was red and beautiful. As the reflection died away, and the gloom went creeping up the wall, he watched it deepen, deepen, deepen into night. Then he thought how the long streets were dotted with lamps, and how the peaceful stars were shining overhead. His fancy had a strange tendency to wander to the river, which he knew was flowing through the great city; and now he thought how black it was, and how deep it would look, reflecting the hosts of stars, and more than all, how steadily it rolled away to meet the sea.

As it grew later in the night, and footsteps in the street became so rare that he could hear them coming, count them as they passed, and lose them in the hollow distance, he would lie and watch the many-colored ring about the candle, and wait patiently for day. His

only trouble was, the swift and rapid river. He felt forced, sometimes, to try to stop it—to stem it with his childish hands, or choke its way with sand—and when he saw it coming on, resistless, he cried out! But a word from Florence, who was always at his side, restored him to himself; and leaning his poor head upon her breast, he told Floy of his dream, and smiled.

When day began to dawn again, he watched for the sun; and when its cheerful light began to sparkle in the room, he pictured to himself—pictured! he saw—the high church-towers rising up into the morning sky, the town reviving, waking, starting into life once more, the river glistening as it rolled (but rolling fast as ever), and the country bright with dew. Familiar sounds and cries came by degrees into the street below; the servants in the house were roused and busy; faces looked in at the door, and voices asked his attendants softly how he was. Paul always answered for himself, "I am better. I am a great deal better, thank you! Tell papa so!"

By little and little he got tired of the bustle of the day, the noise of carriages and carts, people passing and repassing; and would fall asleep or be troubled with a restless and uneasy sense again—the child could hardly tell whether this were in his sleeping or his waking moments—of that rushing river. "Why, will it never stop, Floy?" he would sometimes ask her. "It is bearing me away, I think!"

But Floy could always soothe and reassure him; and it was his daily delight to make her lay her head down on his pillow, and take some rest.

"You are always watching me, Floy. Let me watch you, now!" They would prop him up with cushions in a corner of his bed, and there he would recline the while she lay beside him; bending forward oftentimes to kiss her, and whispering to those who were near that she was tired, and how she had sat up so many nights beside him.

Thus, the flush of the day, in its heat and light, would gradually decline; and again the golden water would be dancing on the wall.

He was visited by as many as three grave doctors—they used to assemble down stairs and come up together—and the room was so quiet, and Paul was so observant of them (though he never asked of anybody what they said), that he even knew the difference in the sound of their watches. But his interest centered in Sir Parker Peps, who always took his seat on the side of the bed. For Paul had heard them say long ago, that that gentleman had been with his mamma when she clasped Florence in her arms and died. And he could not forget it now. He liked him for it. He was not afraid.

Late one evening Paul closed his eyes and fell asleep. When he awoke, the sun was high, and the broad day was clear and warm. He lay a little, looking at the windows, which were open, and the curtains rustling in the air, and waving to and fro: then he said, "Floy, is it to-morrow? Is she come?"

Some one seemed to go in quest of her. Perhaps it was Susan. Paul thought he heard her telling him, when he had closed his eyes again, that she would soon be back; but he did not open them to see. She kept her word—perhaps she had never been away—but the next thing that happened was a noise of footsteps on the stairs, and then Paul woke—woke mind and body—and sat upright in his bed. He saw them now about him. There was no gray mist before them, as there had been sometimes in the night. He knew them every one, and called them by their names.

"And who is this? Is this my old nurse?" said the child, regarding, with a radiant smile, a figure coming in.

Yes, yes. No other stranger would have shed those tears at the sight of him, and called him her dear boy, her pretty boy, her own poor blighted child. No other woman would have stooped down by his bed, and taken up his wasted hand, and put it to her lips and breast, as one who had some right to fondle it. No other would have so forgotten everybody there but him and Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity.

"Floy! this is a kind good face!" said Paul. "I am glad to see it again. Don't go away, old nurse! Stay here!"

His senses were all quickened, and he heard a name he knew.

"Who was that? who said Walter?" he asked, looking round. "Some one said Walter. Is he here? I should like to see him very much."

Nobody replied directly, but his father said to Susan, "Call him back, then: let him come up!" After a short pause of expectation, during which he looked with smiling interest and wonder on his nurse, and saw that she had not forgotten Floy, Walter was brought into the room. His open face and manner, and his cheerful eyes, had always made him a favorite with Paul; and when Paul saw him, he stretched out his hand, and said, "Good-by!"

"Good-by, my child!" cried Mrs. Pipchin, hurrying to his bed's head. "Not good-by?"

For an instant, Paul looked at her with the wistful face

with which he had so often gazed upon her in his corner by the fire. "Ah, yes," he said, placidly, "good-by! Walter dear, good-by!" turning his head to where he stood, and putting out his hand again. "Where is papa?"

He felt his father's breath upon his cheek, before the words had parted from his lips.

"Remember Walter, dear papa," he whispered, looking in his face,—“remember Walter. I was fond of Walter!” The feeble hand waved in the air, as if it cried “good-by!” to Walter once again.

"Now lay me down again," he said; "and Floy, come close to me, and let me see you!"

Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in, and fell upon them, locked together.

"How fast the river runs between its green banks and rushes, Floy! But its very near the sea. I hear the waves. They always said so!"

Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. How green the banks were now, how bright the flowers growing on them, and how tall the rushes! Now the boat was out at sea, but gliding smoothly on. And now there was a shore before him. Who stood on the bank!

He put his hands together, as he had been used to do at his prayers. He did not remove his arms to do it, but they saw him fold them so behind her neck.

"Mamma is like you, Floy. I know her by the face? But tell them that the print upon the stairs at school is not divine enough. The light about the head is shining on me as I go!"

The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—Death!

O, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of immortality! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean!

CHARLES DICKENS.



PERSONS AND PLACES.

TO THOMAS MOORE.



Y boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on
the sea;
But before I go, Tom
Moore,
Here's a double
health to thee?

Here's a sigh to those who
love me,
And a smile to those who
hate;
And, whatever skies above
me,
Here's a heart for any
fate.

Though the ocean roar
around me,

Yet it still shall bear me on;
Though a desert should surround me,
It hath springs that may be won.

Were't the last drop in the well,
As I gasped upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink.

With that water, as this wine,
The libation I would pour
Should be—peace to thine and mine,
And a health to thee, Tom Moore.

LORD BYRON.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart was hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero was buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;

But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his
head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly they laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory.

CHARLES WOLFE.

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER.

MAJOR-GENERAL PHILIP KEARNEY, KILLED AT CHANTILLY,
VA., SEPT. 1, 1862.

LOSE his eyes; work is done!
What to him is friend or foe-man,
Rise of moon or set of sun,
Hand of man or kiss of woman?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know;
Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor;
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever and forever.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know;
Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars?
What but death-bemocking folly!
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he! he cannot know;
Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye ;
 Trust him to the hand that made him.
 Mortal love weeps idly by ;
 God alone has power to aid him.
 Lay him low, lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow :
 What cares he ? he cannot know ;
 Lay him low !

GEORGE HENRY BOKER.

WASHINGTON AS A CIVILIAN.

HOWEVER his military fame may excite the wonder of mankind, it is chiefly by his civil magistracy that Washington's example will instruct them. Great generals have arisen in all ages of the world, and perhaps most in those of despotism and darkness. In times of violence and convulsion they rise, by the force of the whirlwind, high enough to ride in it and direct the storm. Like meteors, they glare on the black clouds with a splendor that, while it dazzles and terrifies, makes nothing visible but the darkness. The fame of heroes is indeed growing vulgar : they multiply in every long war ; they stand in history, and thicken in their ranks almost as undistinguished as their own soldiers.

But such a chief magistrate as Washington appears like the pole-star in a clear sky, to direct the skilful statesman. His presidency will form an epoch, and be distinguished as the age of Washington. Already it assumes its high place in the political region. Like the milky way, it whitens along its allotted portion of the hemisphere. The latest generations of men will survey, through the telescope of history, the space where so many virtues blend their rays, and delight to separate them into groups and distinct virtues. As the best illustration of them, the living monument to which the first of patriots would have chosen to consign his fame, it is our earnest prayer to Heaven that our country may subsist, even to that late day, in the plenitude of its liberty and happiness, and mingle its mild glory with Washington's.

The announcement of the afflicting event of his death was made in the House of Representatives as soon as the news reached Philadelphia, by John Marshall, then a member of Congress from Virginia. Both houses immediately adjourned. The whole country was filled with gloom by the intelligence. Men of all parties in politics, and creeds in religion, united with Congress in paying honor to the memory of the citizen who, in the language of the resolution of Marshall adopted by the House, "was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

These manifestations were no mere outward semblance of grief, but the natural outbursts of the hearts of the people, prompted by the loss of a father. He was indeed everywhere regarded as the "Father of His Country." His remains were deposited in a family vault, on his own estate, on the banks of the Potomac, where they still lie entombed.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

From "Under the Elm," read at Cambridge, July 3, 1875, on the hundredth anniversary of Washington's taking command of the American army.

BENEATH our consecrated elm
 A century ago he stood,
 Famed vaguely for that old fight in the wood,
 Which redly foamed round him but could not
 overwhelm

The life foredoomed to wield our rough-hewn helm.
 From colleges, where now the gown
 To arms had yielded, from the town,
 Our rude self-summoned levies flocked to see
 The new-come chiefs and wonder which was he.
 No need to question long ; close-lipped and tall,
 Long trained in murder-brooding forests lone
 To bridle others' clamors and his own,
 Firmly erect, he towered above them all,
 The incarnate discipline that was to free
 With iron curb that armed democracy.
 Haughty they said he was, at first, severe,
 But owned, as all men owned, the steady hand
 Upon the bridle, patient to command,
 Prized, as all prize, the justice pure from fear,
 And learned to honor first, then love him, then revere.
 Such power there is in clear-eyed self-restraint,
 And purpose clean as light from every selfish taint.

Musing beneath the legendary tree,
 The years between furl off : I seem to see
 The sun-flecks, shaken the stirred foliage through,
 Dapple with gold his sober buff and blue,
 And weave prophetic aureoles round the head
 That shines our beacon now, nor darkens with the dead
 O man of silent mood,
 A stranger among strangers then,
 How art thou since renowned the great, the good,
 Familiar as the day in all the homes of men !
 The winged years, that winnow praise and blame,
 Blow many names out : they but fan to flame
 The self-renewing splendors of thy fame.
 O, for a drop of that terse Roman's ink
 Who gave Agricola dateless length of days,
 To celebrate him fitly, neither swerve
 To phrase unkempt, nor pass discretion's brink,
 With him so statuelike in sad reserve,
 So diffident to claim, so forward to deserve !
 Nor need I shun due influence of his fame
 Who, mortal among mortals, seemed as now
 The equestrian shape with unimpassioned brow,
 That paces silent on through vistas of acclaim.
 What figure more immovably august
 Than that grave strength so patient and so pure,
 Calm in good fortune, when it wavered, sure,
 That soul serene impenetrably just,
 Modelled on classic lines, so simple they endure ?
 That soul so softly radiant, and so white,
 The track it left seems less of fire than light,
 Cold but to such as love distemperature ?

And if pure light, as some deem, be the force
That drives rejoicing planets on their course,
Why for his power benign seek an impurer source?
His was the true enthusiasm that burns long,
Domestically bright,
Fed from itself and shy of human sight,
The hidden force that makes a lifetime strong,
And not the short-lived fuel of a song.
Passionless, say you? What is passion for
But to sublime our natures and control
To front heroic toils with late return,
Or none, or such as shames the conqueror?
That fire was fed with substance of the soul,
And not with holiday stubble, that could burn
Through seven slow years of unadvancing war,
Equal when fields were lost or fields were won,
With breath of popular applause or blame,
Nor fanned, nor damped, unquenchably the same,
Too inward to be reached by flaws of idle fame.

Soldier and statesman, rarest unison;
High-poised example of great duties done
Simply as breathing, a world's honors worn
As life's indifferent gifts to all men born;
Dumb for himself, unless it were to God,
But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent,
Tramping the snow to coral where they trod,
Held by his awe in hollow-eyed content;
Modest, yet firm as nature's self; unblamed
Save by the men his nobler temper shamed;
Not honored then or now because he wooed
The popular voice, but that he still withstood;
Broad-minded, higher-souled, there is but one
Who was all this, and ours, and all men's—Washing-
ton.

Minds strong by fits, irregularly great,
That flash and darken like revolving lights,
Catch more the vulgar eye unschooled to wait
On the long curve of patient days and nights,
Rounding a whole life to the circle fair
Of orb'd completeness; and this balanced soul
So simple in its grandeur, coldly bare
Of draperies theatric, standing there
In perfect symmetry of self-control,
Seems not so great at first, but greater grows
Still as we look, and by experience learn
How grand this quiet is, how nobly stern
The discipline that wrought through life-long throes
This energetic passion of repose.
A nature too decorous and severe,
Too self-respectful in its griefs and joys
For ardent girls and boys,
Who find no genius in a mind so clear
That its grave depths seem obvious and near,
Nor a soul great that made so little noise.
They feel no force in that calm, cadenced phrase,
The habitual full-dress of his well-bred mind,
That seems to pace the minuet's courtly maze
And tell of ampler pleasures, roomier length of days.

His broad-built brain, to self so little kind
That no tumultuary blood could blind,
Formed to control men, not amaze,
Looms not like those that borrow height of haze:
It was a world of statelier movement then
Than this we fret in, he a denizen
Of that ideal Rome that made a man for men.
Placid completeness, life without a fall
From faith or highest aims, truth's breachless wall,
Surely if any fame can bear the touch,
His will say "Here!" at the last trumpet's call,
The unexpressive man whose life expressed so much.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN,

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around.—COLERIDGE.



WHITHER sail you, Sir John Frank-
lin?"

Cried a whaler in Baffin's Bay.

"To know if between the land and the
pole

I may find a broad sea-way."

"I charge you back, Sir John Franklin,
As you would live and thrive;
For between the land and the frozen pole
No man may sail alive."

But lightly laughed the stout Sir John,
And spoke unto his men:—

"Half England is wrong, if he is right;
Bear off to the westward then."

"O, whither sail you, brave Englishman?"

Cried the little Esquimaux.

"Between the land and the polar star
My goodly vessels go."

"Come down, if you would journey there,"

The little Indian said;

"And change your cloth for fur clothing,
Your vessel for a sled."

But lightly laughed the stout Sir John,
And the crew laughed with him too;

"A sailor to change from ship to sled,
I ween, were something new."

All through the long, long polar day,

The vessels westward sped;

And wherever the sail of Sir John was blown,
The ice gave way and fled—

Gave way with many a hollow groan,

And with many a surly roar;

But it murmured and threatened on every side,
And closed where he sailed before.

"Ho! see ye not, my merry men,
The broad and open sea?"

Bethink ye what the whaler said,
Think of the little Indian's sled!"
The crew laughed out in glee.

"Sir John, Sir John, 'tis bitter cold,
The scud drives on the breeze,
The ice comes looming from the north,
The very sunbeams freeze."

"Bright summer goes, dark winter comes—
We cannot rule the year;
But long ere summer's sun goes down,
On yonder sea we'll steer."

The dripping icebergs dipped and rose,
And floundered down the gale;
The ships were stayed, and yards were manned,
And furled the useless sail.

"The summer's gone, the winter's come,
We sail not on yonder sea;
Why sail we not, Sir John Franklin?"
A silent man was he.

"The summer goes, the winter comes—
We cannot rule the year;
I ween, we cannot rule the ways,
Sir John, wherein we'd steer."

The cruel ice came floating on,
And closed beneath the lee,
Till the thickening waters dashed no more—
'Twas ice around, behind, before—
My God! there is no sea!

"What think you of the whaler now?
What of the Esquimaux!
A sled were better than a ship,
To cruise through ice and snow."

Down sank the baleful crimson sun,
The Northern Light came out,
And glared upon the ice-bound ships,
And shook its spears about.

The snow came down, storm breeding storm,
And on the decks was laid;
Till the weary sailor, sick at heart,
Sank down beside his spade.

"Sir John, the night is black and long,
The hissing wind is bleak;
The hard, green ice is strong as death;
I prithee, Captain, speak!"

"The night is neither bright nor short,
The singing breeze is cold,
The ice is not so strong as hope—
The heart of man is bold."

"What hope can scale this icy wall,
High o'er the main flag-staff?
Above the ridges the wolf and bear
Look down with a patient, settled stare,
Look down on us and laugh."

The summer went, the winter came—
We could not rule the year:
But summer will melt the ice again,
And open a path to the sunny main,
Whereon our ships shall steer.

The winter went, the summer went,
The winter came around;
But the hard, green ice was strong as death,
And the voice of hope sank to a breath,
Yet caught at every sound.

"Hark! heard you not the noise of guns?
And there, and there again?"
"Tis some uneasy iceberg's roar,
As he turns in the frozen main."

"Hurrah! hurrah! the Esquimaux
Across the ice-fields steal."
"God give them grace for their charity!
Ye pray for the silly seal."

"Sir John, where are the English fields?
And where are the English trees?
And where are the little English flowers
That open in the breeze?"

"Be still, be still, my brave sailors!
You shall see the fields again,
And smell the scent of the opening flowers,
The grass and the waving grain."

"Oh! when shall I see my orphan child?
My Mary waits for me."
"Oh! when shall I see my old mother,
And pray at her trembling knee?"

"Be still, be still, my brave sailors,
Think not such thoughts again!"
But a tear froze slowly on his cheek;
He thought of Lady Jane.

Ah! bitter, bitter grows the cold,
The ice grows more and more;
More settled stare the wolf and bear,
More patient than before.

"Oh! think you, good Sir John Franklin,
We'll ever see the land?
'Twas cruel to send us here to starve
Without a helping hand."

"'Twas cruel to send us here, Sir John,
So far from help or home,
To starve and freeze on this lonely sea:
I ween the Lords of the Admiralty
Had rather send than come."

"Oh! whether we starve to death alone,
Or sail to our own country,
We have done what man has never done—
The open ocean danced in the sun—
We passed the Northern Sea!"

GEORGE H. BOKER.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

HIS mind a maxim, plain, yet keenly shrewd,
 A heart with large benevolence endued;
 Now scanning cause with philosophic aim,
 And now arresting the ethereal flame;
 Great as a statesman, as a patriot true,
 Courteous in manners, yet exalted too;
 A stern republican—by kings caressed,
 Modest—by nations is his memory blessed.

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

A TRIBUTE TO SAMUEL ADAMS.

LET fame to the world sound America's voice;
 No intrigues can her sons from their govern-
 ment sever;
 Her pride is her Adams; her laws are his
 choice,
 And shall flourish till liberty slumbers forever.
 Then unite heart and hand,
 Like Leonidas' band,
 And swear to the God of the ocean and land,
 That ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
 While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its
 waves.

ROBERT TREAT PAINE.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

O ye dead poets, who are living still
 Immortal in your verse.—LONGFELLOW.

WE mourn for those whose laurels fade,
 Whose greatness in the grave is laid;
 Whose memory few will care to keep,
 Whose names, forgotten, soon shall sleep;
 We mourn life's vainness, as we bow
 O'er folded hands and icy brow.

Wan is the grief of those whose faith
 Is bounded by the shores of death;
 From out whose mists of doubt and gloom
 No rainbow arches o'er the tomb
 Where love's last tribute of a tear
 Lies with dead flowers upon the bier.

O thou revered, beloved!—not yet,
 With sob of bells, with eyes tear-wet,
 With faltering pulses, do we lay
 Thy greatness in the grave away;
 Not Auburn's consecrated ground
 Can hold the life that wraps thee round.

Still shall thy gentle presence prove
 Its ministry of hope and love;
 Thy tender tones be heard within
 The story of Evangeline;
 And by the fireside, midst the rest,
 Thou oft shalt be a welcome guest.

Again the mystery will be clear;
 The august Tuscan's shades appear;
 Moved by thy impulse, we shall feel
 New longings for thy high ideal;
 And under all thy forms of art
 Feel beatings of a human heart.

As in our dreams we follow thee
 With longing eyes beyond the sea,
 We see thee on some loftier height
 Across whose trembling bridge of light
 Our voices of the night are borne,
 Clasp with white hand the stars of morn.

O happy poet! Thine is not
 A portion of the common lot;
 Thy works shall follow thee; thy verse
 Shall still thy living thoughts rehearse;
 The ages shall to thee belong—
 An immortality of song.

FRANCIS F. BROWNE.

THE WELCOME TO LAFAYETTE ON HIS
RETURN TO AMERICA.

HE multitudes we see are not assembled to talk
 over their private griefs, to indulge in queru-
 lous complaints, to mingle their murmurs of
 discontent, to pour forth tales of real or imagi-
 nary wrongs, to give utterance to political recrimina-
 tions. The effervescence of faction seems for the mo-
 ment to be settled, the collision of discordant interests
 to subside, and hushed is the clamor of controversy.
 There is nothing portentous of danger to the common-
 wealth in this general awakening of the high and the
 low, the rich and the poor, the old and the young—
 this "impulsive ardor" which pervades the palace of
 wealth and the hovel of poverty, decrepit age and lisp-
 ing fancy, virgin loveliness and vigorous manhood. No
 hereditary monarch graciously exhibits his august per-
 son to the gaze of vulgar subjects. No conquering ty-
 rant comes in his triumphal car, decorated with the
 spoils of vanquished nations, and followed by captive
 princes, marching to the music of their chains. No
 proud and hypocritical hierarch, playing "fantastic airs
 before high Heaven," enacts his solemn mockeries to
 deceive the souls of men and secure for himself the
 honor of an apotheosis. The shouts which announce
 the approach of a chieftain are unmingled with any
 note of sorrow. No lovelorn maiden's sigh touches his
 ear; no groan from a childless father speaks reproach;
 no widow's curse is uttered, in bitterness of soul, upon
 the destroyer of her hope; no orphan's tear falls upon
 his shield to tarnish its brightness. The spectacle now
 exhibited to the world is of the purest and noblest
 character—a spectacle which man may admire and God
 approve—an assembled nation offering the spontaneous
 homage of a nation's gratitude to a nation's bene-
 factor.

JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

HE element of beauty which in thee
Was a prevailing spirit, pure and high,
And from all guile had made thy being free,
Now seems to whisper thou canst never die !
For nature's priests we shed no idle tear :
Their mantles on a noble lineage fall :
Though thy white locks at length have pressed the bier
Death could not fold thee in oblivion's pall :
Majestic forms thy hand in grace arrayed
Eternal watch shall keep beside thy tomb,
And hues aerial, that thy pencil stayed,
Its shades with heaven's radiance illumine :
Art's meek apostle, holy is thy sway,
From the heart's records ne'er to pass away.

HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

THOU livest in the life of all good things ;
What words thou spakest for freedom shall
not die ;
Thou sleepest not, for now thy love hath wings
To soar where hence thy hope could hardly fly.

Farewell, good man, good angel now ! this hand
Soon, like thine own, shall lose its cunning too ;
Soon shall this soul, like thine, bewildered stand,
Then leap to thread the free unfathomed blue.

When that day comes, oh, may this hand grow cold,
Busy, like thine, for freedom and the right !
Oh, may this soul, like thine, be ever bold
To face dark knavery's encroaching blight !

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

HONOR TO KANE.

ALOFT upon an old basaltic crag,
Which, scalped by keen winds that defend
the Pole,
Gazes with dead face on the seas that roll
Around the secret of the mystic zone,
A mighty nation's star-bespangled flag
Flutters alone,
And underneath, upon the lifeless front
Of that drear cliff, a simple name is traced ;
Fit type of him who, famishing and gaunt,
But with a rocky purpose in his soul,
Breasted the gathering snows,
Clung to the drifting floes,
By want beleaguered, and by winter chased,
Seeking the brother lost amid that frozen waste.

Not many months ago we greeted him,
Crowned with the icy honors of the North,
Across the land his hard-won fame went forth,
And Maine's deep woods were shaken limb by limb.
His own mild Keystone State, sedate and prim,

Burst from decorous quiet as he came.
Hot southern lips, with eloquence allame,
Sounded his triumph. Texas, wild and grim,
Proffered its horny hand. The large-lunged West,
From out his giant breast,
Yelled its frank welcome. And from main to main,
Jubilant to the sky,
Thundered the mighty cry,
HONOR TO KANE !

In vain—in vain beneath his feet we flung
The reddening roses ! All in vain we poured
The golden wine, and round the shining board
Sent the toast circling, till the rafters rung
With the thrice-tripled honors of the feast !
Scarce the buds wilted and the voices ceased
Ere the pure light that sparkled in his eyes,
Bright as auroral fires in southern skies,

Faded and faded ! And the brave young heart
That the relentless Arctic winds had robbed
Of all its vital heat, in that long quest
For the lost captain, now within his breast
More and more faintly throbbed.
His was the victory ; but as his grasp
Closed on the laurel crown with eager clasp,
Death launched a whistling dart ;

And ere the thunders of applause were done
His bright eyes closed forever on the sun !
Too late—too late the splendid prize he won
In the Olympic race of science and of art !
Like to some shattered berg that, pale and lone,
Drifts from the white North to a tropic zone,
And in the burning day
Wastes peak by peak away,
Till on some rosy even

It dies with sunlight blessing it ; so he
Tranquilly floated to a southern sea.
And melted into heaven.

He needs no tears, who lived a noble life !
We will not weep for him who died so well ;
But we will gather round the hearth, and tell
The story of his strife,
Such homage suits him well ;
Better than funeral pomp, or passing bell.

What tale of peril and self-sacrifice !
Poisoned amid the fastnesses of ice,
With hunger howling o'er the wastes of snow !
Night lengthening into months ; the ravenous floc
Crunching the massive ships, as the white bear
Crunches his prey. The insufficient share
Of loathsome food ;

The lethargy of famine : the despair
Urging to labor, nervously pursued ;
Toil done with skinny arms, and faces hued
Like pallid masks, while dolefully behind
Glimmered the fading embers of a mind.
That awful hour, when through the prostrate band
Delirium stalked, laying his burning hand

Upon the ghastly foreheads of the crew ;
 The whispers of rebellion, faint and few
 At first, but deepening ever till they grew
 Into black thoughts of murder : such the throng
 Of horrors bound the hero. High the song
 Should be that hymns the noble part he played !
 Sinking himself—yet ministering aid
 To all around him. By a mighty will
 Living defiant of the wants that kill,
 Because his death would seal his comrades' fate ;
 Cheering with ceaseless and inventive skill
 Those Polar waters, dark and desolate.
 Equal to every trial, every fate,
 He stands, until spring, tardy with relief,
 Unlocks the icy gate,
 And the pale prisoners thread the world once more,
 To the steep cliffs of Greenland's pastoral shore
 Bearing their dying chief.

Time was when he should gain his spurs of gold
 From royal hands, who wooed the knightly state ;
 The knell of old formalities tolled,
 And the world's knights are now self-consecrate.
 No grander episode doth chivalry hold
 In all its annals, back to Charlemagne,
 Than that lone vigil of unceasing pain,
 Faithfully kept through hunger and through cold,
 By the good Christian knight, ELISHA KANE.

FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

EXTRACT FROM AN ORATION ON JAMES A. GARFIELD.

ON the morning of Saturday, July 2d, the President was a contented and happy man—not in an ordinary degree, but joyfully, almost boyishly happy. On his way to the railroad station, to which he drove slowly, in conscious enjoyment of the beautiful morning, with an unwonted sense of leisure and keen anticipation of pleasure, his talk was all in the grateful and gratulatory vein. He felt that after four months of trial his administration was strong in its grasp of affairs, strong in popular favor, and destined to grow stronger ; that grave difficulties confronting him at his inauguration had been safely passed ; that trouble lay behind him and not before him ; that he was soon to meet the wife whom he loved, now recovering from an illness which had but lately disquieted and at times almost unnerved him ; that he was going to his Alma Mater to renew the most cheerful associations of his young manhood and to exchange greetings with those whose deepening interest had followed every step of his upward progress from the day he entered upon his college course until he had attained the loftiest elevation in the gift of his countrymen.

Surely if happiness can ever come from the honors

or triumphs of this world, on that quiet July morning James A. Garfield may well have been a happy man. No foreboding of evil haunted him ; no slightest premonition of danger clouded his sky. His terrible fate was upon him in an instant. One moment he stood erect, strong, confident in the years stretching peacefully out before him ; the next he lay wounded, bleeding, helpless, doomed to weary weeks of torture, to silence and the grave.

Great in life, he was surpassingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness, by the red hand of murder, he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interest—from its hopes, its aspirations, its victories, into the visible presence of death, and he did not quail. Not alone for the one short moment in which, stunned and dazed, he could give up life hardly aware of its relinquishment, but through days of deadly languor, through weeks of agony that was not less agony because silently borne, with clear sight and calm courage he looked into his open grave. What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes whose lips may tell—what brilliant, broken plans, what baffled, high ambitions, what sundering of strong, warm, manhood's friendships, what bitter rending of sweet household ties ! Behind him a proud, expectant nation ; a great host of sustaining friends ; a cherished and happy mother, wearing the full, rich honors of her early toil and tears ; the wife of his youth, whose whole life lay in his ; the little boys, not yet emerged from childhood's day of frolic ; the fair young daughter ; the sturdy sons just springing into closest companionship, claiming every day and every day rewarding a father's love and care ; and in his heart the eager, rejoicing power to meet all demands. Before him desolation and great darkness—and his soul was not shaken. His countrymen were thrilled with instant, profound and universal sympathy. Masterful in his mortal weakness, he became the centre of a nation's love enshrined in the prayers of a world. But all the love and all the sympathy could not share with him his suffering. He trod the wine-press alone. With unfaltering front he faced death. With unfailing tenderness he took leave of life. Above the demoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet he heard the voice of God. With simple resignation he bowed to the divine decree.

As the end drew near his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from its prison walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its homelessness and its hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea to live or to die, as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices. With wan, fevered face tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders ; on its far sails, whitening the morning light ; on its restless waves, rolling shoreward to break

and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening, arching low to the horizon; on the serene and shining pathway of the stars. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a farther shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

HER singular talents for government were founded equally on her temper and on her capacity. Endowed with a great command over herself, she soon obtained an uncontrolled ascendant over her people; and while she merited all their esteem by her real virtues, she also engaged their affections by her pretended ones. Few sovereigns of England succeeded to the throne in more difficult circumstances; and none ever conducted the government with such uniform success and felicity. Though unacquainted with the practice of toleration—the true secret for managing religious factions—she preserved her people, by her superior prudence, from those confusions in which theological controversy had involved all the neighboring nations: and though her enemies were the most powerful princes of Europe, the most active, the most enterprising, the least scrupulous, she was able by her vigor to make deep impressions on their states; her own greatness meanwhile remained untouched and unimpaired.

The wise ministers and brave warriors who flourished under her reign, share the praise of her success; but instead of lessening the applause due to her, they make great addition to it. They owed, all of them, their advancement to her choice; they were supported by her constancy, and with all their abilities, they were never able to acquire any undue ascendant over her. In her family, in her court, in her kingdom, she remained equally mistress: the force of the tender passions was great over her, but the force of her mind was still superior; and the combat which her victory visibly cost her, serves only to display the firmness of her resolution, and the loftiness of her ambitious sentiments.

The fame of this princess, though it has surmounted the prejudices both of faction and bigotry, yet lies still exposed to another prejudice, which is more durable because most natural, and which, according to the different views in which we survey her, is capable either of exalting beyond measure or diminishing the lustre of her character. This prejudice is founded on the consideration of her sex. When we contemplate her as a woman, we are apt to be struck with the highest admiration of her great qualities and extensive capacity; but we are also apt to require some more

softness of disposition, some greater lenity of temper, some of those amiable weaknesses by which her sex is distinguished. But the true method of estimating her merit is to lay aside all these considerations, and consider her merely as a rational being placed in authority, and intrusted with the government of mankind. We may find it difficult to reconcile our fancy to her as a wife or a mistress; but her qualities as a sovereign, though with some considerable exceptions, are the object of undisputed applause and approbation.

DAVID HUNT.

CŒUR DE LION AT THE BIER OF HIS FATHER.

The body of Henry the Second lay in state in the abbey-church of Fontevault, where it was visited by Richard Cœur de Lion, who, on beholding it, was struck with horror and remorse, and bitterly reproached himself for that rebellious conduct which had been the means of bringing his father to an untimely grave.

ORCHES were blazing clear,
Hymns pealing deep and slow,
Where a king lay stately on his bier
In the church of Fontevault.

Banners of battle o'er him hung,
And warriors slept beneath,
And light as noon's broad light was flung
On the settled face of death:

On the settled face of death
A strong and ruddy glare—
Though dimmed at times by the censor's breath,
Yet it fell still brightest there;
As if each deeply furrowed trace
Of earthly years to show—
Alas! that sceptred mortal's race
Had surely closed in woe!

The marble floor was swept
By many a long dark stole,
As the kneeling priests, round him that slept
Sang mass for the parted soul;
And solemn were the strains they poured
Through the stillness of the night,
With the cross above, and the crown and sword,
And the silent king in sight.

There was heard a heavy clang,
As of steel-girt men the tread,
And the tombs and the hollow pavement rang
With a sounding thrill of dread;
And the holy chant was hushed awhile,
As by the torch's flame,
A gleam of arms up the sweeping aisle
With a mail-clad leader came.

He came with haughty look,
An eagle glance and clear;
But his proud heart through its breast-plate shook
When he stood beside the bier!

He stood there still with a drooping brow,
And clasped hands o'er it raised ;—
For his father lay before him low,
It was Cœur de Lion gazed !

And silently he strove
With the workings of his breast ;
But there's more in late repentant love
Than steel may keep suppressed !
And his tears brake forth at last like rain—
Men held their breath in awe,
For his face was seen by his warrior-train,
And he recked not that they saw.

He looked upon the dead,
And sorrow seemed to lie—
A weight of sorrow, even like lead,
Pale on the fast-shut eye.
He stooped—and kissed the frozen cheek,
And the heavy hand of clay,
Till bursting words—yet too weak—
Gave his soul's passion way.

" Oh, father ! is it vain,
This late remorse and deep ?
Speak to me, father ! once again,
I weep—behold, I weep !
Alas ! my guilty pride and ire !
Were but this work undone,
I would give England's crown, my sire !
To hear thee bless thy son.

" Speak to me ! mighty grief
Ere now the dust hath stirred !
Hear me, but hear me !—father, chief,
My king ! I must be heard !
Hushed, hushed—how is it that I call,
And that thou answerest not ?
When was it thus, woe, woe for all
The love my soul forgot !

" Thy silver hairs I see,
So still, so sadly bright !
And father, father ! but for me,
They had not been so white !
I bore thee down, high heart ! at last,
No longer couldst thou strive ;—
Oh, for one moment of the past,
To kneel and say—' Forgive !'

" Thou wert the noblest king
On royal throne ere seen ;
And thou didst wear in knightly ring,
Of all, the stateliest mien ;
And thou didst prove, where spears are proved,
In war, the bravest heart—
Oh, ever the renowned and loved
Thou wert—and there thou art !

" Thou that my boyhood's guide
Didst takè fond joy to be !—

The times I've sported at thy side,
And climbed thy parent knee !
And there before the blessed shrine,
My sire ! I see thee lie—
How will that sad still face of thine
Look on me till I die !"

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

FARRAGUT.

AFTER life's long watch and ward
Sleep, great sailor, while the bard
Chants your daring. When, of late,
Tempest shook the bark of State,
Fierce and deadly, thrice on thrice,
Horrid with a phosphor-glow,
And the mountains rearing gray
Smote her reeling on her way—

Day and night who stood a guard,
Steadfast eye for watch and ward ?
You, great Pilot, who were made
Quick and cautious, bold and staid ;
Like Decatur, Perry, Jones,
Mastering men with trumpet tones.
How you met your land's appeal
Knows New Orleans, knows Mobile.

Slumber, free from watch or ward,
Dweller deep in grassy yard
Of still billows ! Keep your berth
Narrow in the quiet earth !
As of old the north star shines,
Heaven displays the ancient signs,
On the ship drives, sure and slow,
Though the Captain sleeps below.

Only sleeps upon his sword ;
Slumbers earned by watch and ward ;
For if timbers crack, and helm
Fail her, and a sea o'erwhelm,
Then His Spirit shall inform
Some new queller of the storm,
Who shall bring, though stars are pale,
The bark in safety through the gale.

CHARLES DE KAY.

ROBERT BURNS.

STOP, mortal ! Here thy brother lies—
The poet of the poor.
His books were rivers, woods, and skies
The meadow and the moor ;
His teachers were the torn heart's wail,
The tyrant, and the slave,
The street, the factory, the jail,
The palace—and the grave !
Sin met thy brother everywhere !
And is thy brother blamed ?
From passion, danger, doubt, and care
He no exemption claimed.

The meanest thing, earth's feeblest worm,
 He feared to scorn or hate ;
 But, honoring in a peasant's form
 The equal of the great,
 He blessed the steward, whose wealth makes
 The poor man's little more ;
 Yet loathed the haughty wretch that takes
 From plundered labor's store.
 A hand to do, a head to plan,
 A heart to feel and dare—
 Tell man's worst foes, here lies the man
 Who drew them as they are.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

 NAPOLEON.

MORE or less than man—in high or low,
 Battling with nations, flying from the field :
 Now making monarchs' necks thy footstool,
 now

More than thy meanest soldier taught to yield :
 An empire thou couldst crush, command, rebuild,
 But govern not thy pettiest passion, nor
 However deeply in men's spirits skilled,
 Look through thine own, nor curb the lust of war,
 Nor learn that tempted fate will leave the loftiest star.

Yet well thy soul hath brooked the turning tide
 With that untaught innate philosophy,
 Which, be it wisdom, coldness, or deep pride,
 Is gall and wormwood to an enemy.
 When the whole host of hatred stood hard by,
 To watch and mock thee shrinking, thou hast smiled
 With a sedate and all-enduring eye—
 When fortune fled her spoiled and favorite child,
 He stood unbowed beneath the ills upon him piled.

He who ascends to mountain-tops shall find
 The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow ;
 He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
 Must look down on the hate of those below.
 Though high above the sun of glory glow,
 And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,
 Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
 Contending tempests on his naked head,
 And thus reward the toils which to those summits led.

LORE BYRON.

 BEN JONSON.

HIS learning such, no author, old or new,
 Escaped his reading that deserved his view ;
 And such his judgment, so exact his taste,
 Of what was best in books, or what books best,
 That had he joined those notes his labors took
 From each most praised and praise-deserving book,
 And could the world of that choice treasure boast,
 It need not care though all the rest were lost.

LUCIUS CARY (*Lord Falkland*).

DANTE.

PEACE dwells not here—this rugged face
 Betrays no spirit of repose ;
 The sullen warrior sole we trace,
 The marble man of many woes.
 Such was his mien when first arose
 The thought of that strange tale divine—
 When hell he peopled with his foes,
 The scourge of many a guilty line.

O time ! whose verdicts mock our own,
 The only righteous judge art thou ;
 That poor, old exile, sad and lone,
 Is Latium's other Virgil now.
 Before his name the nations bow ;
 His words are parcel of mankind,
 Deep in whose hearts, as on his brow,
 The marks have sunk of Dante's mind.

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSON.

 JOHN MILTON.

THREE poets, in three distant ages born,
 Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
 The first in loftiness of thought surpassed ;
 The next in majesty ; in both the last.
 The force of nature could no further go ;
 To make a third, she joined the former two.

JOHN DRYDEN.

 TO SHAKESPEARE.

AT length, Olympian lord of morn,
 The raven veil of night was torn,
 When through golden clouds descending,
 Thou didst hold thy radiant flight,
 O'er nature's lovely pageant bending,
 Till Avon rolled, all sparkling, to thy sight !

There, on its bank, beneath the mulberry's shade,
 Wrapped in young dreams, a wild-eyed minstrel played,
 Lighting there and lingering long,
 Thou didst teach the bard his song ;
 Thy fingers strung his sleeping shell,
 And round his brows a garland curled ;
 On his lips thy spirit fell,
 And bade him wake and warm the world.

Then Shakespeare rose !
 Across the trembling strings
 His daring hand he flings,
 And lo ! a new creation flows !
 There, clustering round, submissive to his will,
 Fate's vassal train his high commands fulfill.—

O thou ! to whose creative power
 We dedicate the festal hour,
 While grace and goodness round the altar stand,
 Learning's anointed train, and beauty's rose-lipped
 band—


Realms yet unborn, in accents now unknown,
Thy song shall learn, and bless it for their own.

Deep in the West as independence roves,
His banners planting round the land he loves,
Where nature sleeps in Eden's infant grace,
In time's full hour shall spring a glorious race.
Thy name, thy verse, thy language, shall they bear,
And deck for thee the vaulted temple there.

Our Roman-hearted fathers broke
Thy parent empire's galling yoke ;
But thou, harmonious master of the mind,
Around their sons a gentle chain shall bind ;
Once more in thee shall Albion's sceptre wave,
And what her monarch lost her monarch-bard shall save.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

WASHINGTON IRVING.


 HAT ! Irving ! thrice welcome, warm heart
and fine brain !
You bring back the happiest spirit from
Spain,

And the gravest sweet humor that ever was there
Since Cervantes met death in his gentle despair.
Nay, don't be embarrassed, nor look so beseeching,
I shan't run directly against my own preaching,
And, having just laughed at their Raphaëls and Dantes,
Go to setting you up beside matchless Cervantes ;
But allow me to speak what I honestly feel ;—
To a true poet-heart add the fun of Dick Steele,
Throw in all of Addison minus the chill,
With the whole of that partnership's stock and good
will,

Mix well, and, while stirring, hum o'er, as a spell,
The "fine old English gentleman ;"—simmer it well :
Sweeten just to your own private liking, then strain,
That only the finest and clearest remain :
Let it stand out of doors till a soul it receives
From the warm lazy sun loitering down through green
leaves ;

And you'll find a choice nature, not wholly deserving
A name either English or Yankee—just Irving.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED MASTER, WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, AND WHAT HE HATH LEFT US.

 O draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame ;
While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither man nor Muse can praise too
much.

'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise ;
For silliest ignorance on these would light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right ;

Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urges all by chance ;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin, where it seemed to raise.

But thou art proof against them, and, indeed,
Above the ill-fortune of them, or the need.

I therefore will begin : Soul of the age !
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage !
My Shakespeare, rise ! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spencer, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further off, to make thee room :
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,
I mean with great but disproportioned Muses :
For if I thought my judgement were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lyle outshine,
Or sporting Kyd or Marlowe's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Græc,
From thence to honor thee I will not seek
For names ; but call forth thundering Æschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To live again, to hear thy buskin tread,
And shake a stage : or when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all, that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time !
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury, to charm !
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines !
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please :
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of nature's family.
Yet must I not give nature all ; thy art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion ; and, that he
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses' anvil ; turn the same,
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame ;
Or for the laurel, he may gain a scorn ;
For a good poet's made as well as born.
And such were thou ! Look how the father's face
Lives in his issue, even so the race
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
In his well turned and true filed lines :

In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
 As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.
 Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
 To see thee in our water yet appear,
 And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
 That so did take Eliza and our James!
 But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
 Advanced, and made a constellation there!
 Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and with rage,
 Or influence, chide, or cheer the drooping stage
 Which since thy flight from hence hath mourned like
 night,
 And despairs day, but for thy volume's light!

BEN JONSON.

EPITAPH ON SHAKESPEARE.

WHAT needs my Shakespeare for his honored
 bones,
 The labor of an age in piled stones?
 Or that his hallowed relics should be hid
 Under a starry-pointing pyramid?
 Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
 What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
 Thou in our wonder and astonishment
 Hast built thyself a live-long monument.
 For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavoring art
 Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
 Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
 Those delphic lines with deep impression took,
 Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
 Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
 And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

JOHN MILTON.

MARIUS.

*Suggested by a painting by Vanderlyn, of Marius seated among
 the ruins of Carthage.*

PILLARS are fallen at thy feet,
 Fanés quiver in the air,
 A prostrate city is thy seat—
 And thou alone art there.

No change comes o'er thy noble brow,
 Though ruin is around thee;
 Thine eye-beam burns as proudly now,
 As when the laurel crowned thee.

It cannot bend thy lofty soul,
 Though friends and fame depart;
 The car of fate may o'er thee roll,
 Nor crush thy Roman heart.

And genius hath electric power,
 Which earth can never tame;
 Bright suns may scorch, and dark clouds lower—
 Its flash is still the same.

The dreams we loved in early life
 May melt like mist away;

High thoughts may seem, 'mid passion's strife,
 Like Carthage in decay.

And proud hopes in the human heart
 May be to ruin hurled,
 Like mouldering monuments of art
 Heaped on a sleeping world.

Yet there is something will not die,
 Where life hath once been fair;
 Some towering thoughts still rear on high,
 Some Roman lingers there!

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

SUFFERINGS AND DESTINY OF THE
PILGRIMS.

WETHINKS I see it now, that one solitary, ad-
 venturous vessel, the Mayflower of a forlorn
 hope, freighted with the prospects of a future
 state, and bound across the unknown sea. I
 behold it pursuing with a thousand misgivings, the un-
 certain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and
 weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on
 the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-
 for shore. I see them now, scantily supplied with pro-
 visions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored
 prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route;
 and now driven in fury before the raging tempest, on
 the high and giddy wave. The awful voice of the storm
 howls through the rigging; the laboring masts seem
 straining from their base; the dismal sound of the
 pumps is heard; the ship leaps, as it were, madly, from
 billow to billow; the ocean breaks, and settles with
 ingulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats with
 deadening, shivering weight, against the staggered ves-
 sel. I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing
 their all but desperate undertaking, and landed, at last,
 after a few months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of
 Plymouth—weak and weary from the voyage, poorly
 armed, scantily provisioned, without shelter, without
 means, surrounded by hostile tribes.

Shut, now, the volume of history, and tell me, on
 my principle of human probability, what shall be the
 fate of this handful of adventurers? Tell me, man of
 military science, in how many months were they all
 swept off by the thirty savage tribes enumerated within
 the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician,
 how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your
 conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on
 the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me
 the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the
 abandoned adventures of other times, and find the
 parallel of this! Was it the winter's storm, beating
 upon the houseless heads of women and children? was
 it hard labor and spare meals? was it disease? was it
 the tomahawk? was it the deep malady of a blighted
 hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching
 in its last moments, at the recollection of the loved and

left, beyond the sea?—was it some or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope! Is it possible that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, an expansion so ample, a reality so important, a promise, yet to be fulfilled, so glorious!

EDWARD EVERETT.

LEATHER STOCKING.

These lines refer to the good wishes which Elizabeth, in Mr. Cooper's novel of "The Pioneers," seems to have manifested, in the last chapter, for the welfare of "Leather Stocking," when he signified, at the grave of the Indian, his determination to quit the settlements of men for the unexplored forests of the West, and when, whistling to his dogs, with his rifle on his shoulder, and his pack on his back, he left the village of Templeton.

IF AR away from the hillside, the lake and the hamlet,

The rock, and the brook, and yon meadow so gay;
From the footpath that winds by the side of the stream-let;

From his hut, and the grave of his friend, far away—
He is gone where the footsteps of men never ventured,
Where the glooms of the wild-tangled forest are centred,

Where no beam of the sun or the sweet moon has entered,

No bloodhound has roused up the deer with his bay.

Light be the heart of the poor lonely wanderer;

Firm be his step through each wearisome mile—

Far from the cruel man, far from the plunderer,

Far from the track of the mean and the vile.

And when death, with the last of its terrors, assails him,

And all but the last throb of memory fails him,

He'll think of the friend, far away, that bewails him,

And light up the cold touch of death with a smile.

And there shall the dew shed its sweetness and lustre;

There for his pall shall the oak-leaves be spread—

The sweet brier shall bloom, and the wild grape shall cluster;

And o'er him the leaves of the ivy be shed,

There shall they mix with the fern and the heather;

There shall the young eagle shed its first feather;

The wolves, with his wild dogs, shall lie there together,

And moan o'er the spot where the hunter is laid.

JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.

THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF AGASSIZ.

May 28, 1857.

IT was fifty years ago,

In the pleasant month of May,

In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,

A child in its cradle lay.

And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying, "Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee."

"Come, wander with me," she said,

"Into regions yet untrod,
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvellous tale.

So she keeps him still a child,
And will not let him go,
Though at times his heart beats wild
For the beautiful Pays de Vaud;

Though at times he hears in his dreams
The Ranz des Vaches of old,
And the rush of mountain streams
From glaciers clear and cold;

And the mother at home says, "Hark!
For his voice I listen and yearn.
It is growing late and dark,
And my boy does not return!"

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

A PANEGYRIC TO OLIVER CROMWELL.

W HILE with a strong and yet a gentle hand,
You bridle faction, and our hearts command,
Protect us from ourselves, and from the foe,
Make us unite, and make us conquer too;

Let partial spirits still aloud complain,
Think themselves injured that they cannot reign,
And own no liberty, but where they may
Without control upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves, as Neptune showed his face,
To chide the winds, and save the Trojan race,
So has your Highness, raised above the rest,
Storms of ambition tossing us repressed.

Your drooping country, torn with civil hate,
Restored by you, is made a glorious state;
The seat of empire, where the Irish come,
And the unwilling Scots, to fetch their doom.

The sea's our own; and now all nations greet,
With bending sails, each vessel of our fleet;
Your power extends as far as winds can blow,
Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.

Still as you rise, the state exalted too,
Finds no distemper while 'tis changed by you,
Changed like the world's great scene! when, without
noise,

The rising sun night's vulgar lights destroys

Had you, some ages past, this race of glory
Run, with amazement we should read your story,
But living virtue, all achievements past,
Meets envy still to grapple with at last.

This Cæsar found; and that ungrateful age,
With losing him, went back to blood and rage;
Mistaken Brutus thought to break their yoke,
But cut the bond of union with that stroke.

That sun once set, a thousand meaner stars
Gave a dim light to violence and wars;
To such a tempest as now threatens all,
Did not your mighty arm prevent the fall?

If Rome's great senate could not wield that sword,
Which of the conquered world had made them lord,
What hope had ours, while yet their power was new,
To rule victorious armies, but by you?

You, that had taught them to subdue their foes,
Could order teach, and their high spirits compose,
To every duty could their minds engage,
Provoke their courage, and command their rage.

So when a lion shakes his dreadful mane,
And angry grows, if he that first took pain
To tame his youth approach the haughty beast,
He bends to him, but frights away the rest.

As the vexed world, to find repose, at last
Itself into Augustus' arms did cast,
So England now does, with like toil oppress,
Her weary head upon your bosom rest.

Then let the muses, with such notes as these,
Instruct us what belongs unto our peace.
Your battles they hereafter shall indite,
And draw the image of our Mars in fight.

EDMUND WALLER

WOLSEY'S ADVICE TO CROMWELL.

© ROMWELL, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me,
Cromwell;

And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull, cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Crom-
well!

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.
Serve the king; and—pr'ythee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 't is the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

LORD MACAULAY.

⦿ HE dreamy rhymers' measured snore
Falls heavy on our ears no more,
And by long strides are left behind
The dear delights of womankind,
Who wage their battles like their loves,
In satin waistcoats and kid gloves,
And have achieved the crowning work
When they have trussed and skewered Turk.
Another comes with stouter tread,
And stalks among the statlier dead.
He rushes on and hails by turns
High-crested Scott, broad breasted Burns,
And shows the British youth, who ne'er
Will lag behind, what Romans were,
When all the Tuscans and their Lars
Shouted, and shook the towers of Mars.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

JOSEPH MAZZINI

⦿ LIGHT is out in Italy,
A golden tongue of purest flame.
We watched it burning, long and lone,
And every watcher knew its name,
And knew from whence its fervor came,
That one rare light of Italy,
Which put self-seeking souls to shame!

This light which burnt for Italy
Through all the blackness of her night,
She doubted, once upon a time,
Because it took away her sight.
She looked and said, "There is no light!"
It was thine eyes, poor Italy!
That knew not dark apart from bright.

This flame which burnt for Italy,
It would not let her haters sleep.
They blew at it with angry breath,
And only fed its upward leap,
And only made it hot and deep.
Its burning showed us Italy,
And all the hopes she had to keep.

This light is out in Italy,
Her eyes shall seek for it in vain!
For her sweet sake it spent itself,
Too early flickering to its wane—
Too long blown over by her pain.
Bow down and weep, O Italy,
Thou canst not kindle it again!
LAURA C. REDDEN (*Howard Glyndon*).

MARIA THERESA'S APPEAL TO HUNGARY.

MARIA Theresa was twenty-four years old, when she succeeded her father on the thrones of Austria, Hungary, and Bohemia. Notwithstanding the guarantee given her father by the European powers, she soon found herself opposed by nearly all of them, who sought to wrest her dominions from her and divide them among themselves. The battle of Molwitz made the situation of Maria Theresa almost desperate, and a little later an alliance was formed against her by France, Prussia, Bavaria, Spain and Saxony. A French army entered Germany and united with the Bavarian forces, while the Saxon army advanced into Bohemia. The Bavarians marched into upper Austria and occupied Linz, where the elector was proclaimed Archduke of Austria. He might have taken Vienna had he moved promptly against the city, but becoming jealous of the successes of the Saxons in Bohemia, he undertook the conquest of that country. He entered Prague and was proclaimed King of Bohemia. In January, 1742, he was chosen emperor by the electors at Frankfurt, and took the title of Charles VII.

In the meantime Maria Theresa had exerted herself to repair her disasters. She fled to her kingdom of Hungary for protection, and hastening to the assembled diet, with her infant son, afterwards Joseph II., in her arms, presented herself before the nobles and deputies, and appealed to them to maintain her cause. The chivalric Hungarians were deeply moved by her trust in them, and the hall rang with the cry: "Let us die for our King, Maria Theresa!" An army of 100,000 men was raised, and was joined by a strong force of Tyrolese. This force at once took the field. One division not only reconquered upper Austria, but invaded Bavaria, and captured Munich on the very day that Charles VII. was crowned emperor. A little later an Austrian army, under Prince Charles of Lorraine, was defeated by Frederick at Czaslau. This disaster induced the Queen to rid herself of her most

dangerous enemy by surrendering upper Silesia and a part of lower Silesia to him. Frederick was satisfied for the time, and peace was made between Austria and Prussia.

DANIEL BOONE.

Of all men, saving Sylla the man-slayer,
Who passes for in life and death most lucky,
Of the great names which in our faces stare,
The General Boone, backwoodsman of
Kentucky,

Was happiest amongst mortals anywhere;

For, killing nothing but a bear or buck, he
Enjoyed the lonely, vigorous, harmless days
Of his old age in wilds of deepest maze.

Crime came not near him, she is not the child
Of solitude; health shrank not from him, for
Her home is in the rarely trodden wild,
Where if men seek her not, and death be more
Their choice than life, forgive them, as beguiled
By habit to what their own hearts abhor,
In cities caged. The present case in point I
Cite is, that Boone lived hunting up to ninety;

And, what's still stranger, left behind a name
For which men vainly decimate the throng,
Not only famous, but of that good fame,
Without which glory's but a tavern song—
Simple, serene, the antipodes of shame,
Which hate nor envy could e'er tinge with wrong;
An active hermit, even in age the child
Of nature, or the Man of Ross run wild.

'Tis true he shrank from men, even of his nation;
When they built up unto his darling trees,
He moved some hundred miles off, for a station
Where there were fewer houses and more ease;
The inconvenience of civilization
Is that you neither can be pleased nor please;
But where he met the individual man,
He showed himself as kind as mortal can.

LORD BYRON.

A WELCOME TO "BOZ."

ON HIS FIRST VISIT TO THE WEST.

COME as artist, come as guest,
Welcome to the expectant West,
Hero of the charmed pen,
Loved of children, loved of men.
We have felt thy spell for years;
Oft with laughter, oft with tears,
Thou hast touched the tenderest part
Of our inmost, hidden heart.
We have fixed our eager gaze
On thy pages nights and days,
Wishing, as we turned them o'er,
Like poor Oliver, for "more,"

And the creatures of thy brain
In our memory remain,
Till through them we seem to be
Old acquaintances of thee,
Much we hold it thee to greet,
Gladly sit we at thy feet;
On thy features we would look,
As upon a living book,
And thy voice would grateful hear,
Glad to feel that Boz were near,
That his veritable soul
Held us by direct control:
Therefore, author loved the best,
Welcome, welcome to the West.

In immortal Weller's name,
By the rare Micawber's fame,
By the flogging wreaked on Squeers,
By Job Trotter's fluent tears,
By the beadle Bumble's fate
At the hands of shrewish mate,
By the famous Pickwick Club,
By the dream of Gabriel Grubb,
In the name of Snodgrass' muse,
Tupman's amorous interviews,
Winkle's ludicrous mishaps,
And the fat boy's countless naps;
By Ben Allen and Bob Sawyer,
By Miss Sally Brass, the lawyer,
In the name of Newman Noggs,
River Thames, and London fogs,
Richard Swiveller's excess,
Feasting with the Marchioness,
By Jack Bunsby's oracles,
By the chime of Christmas bells,
By the cricket on the hearth,
By the sound of childish mirth,
By spread tables and good cheer,
Wayside inns and pots of beer,
Hostess plump and jolly host,
Coaches for the turnpike post,
Chambermaid in love with Boots,
Toodles, Traddles, Tapley, Toots,
Betsey Trotwood, Mister Dick,
Susan Nipper, Mistress Chick,
Snevellicci, Lilyvick,
Mantalini's predilections
To transfer his warm affections,
By poor Barnaby and Grip,
Flora, Dora, Di, and Gip,
Perrybingle, Pinch, and Pip—
Welcome, long-expected guest,
Welcome to the grateful West.

In the name of gentle Nell,
Child of light, beloved well—
Weeping, did we not behold
Roses on her bosom cold?
Better we for every tear
Shed beside her snowy bier—

By the mournful group that played
Round the grave where SMIKE was laid,
By the life of Tiny Tim,
And the lesson taught by him,
Asking in his plaintive tone
God to "bless us every one,"
By the sounding waves that bore
Little Paul to heaven's shore,
By thy yearning for the human
Good in every man and woman,
By each noble deed and word
That thy story-books record,
And each noble sentiment
Dickens to the world hath lent,
By the effort thou hast made
Truth and true reform to aid,
By thy hope of man's relief
Finally from want and grief,
By thy never-failing trust
That the God of love is just—
We would meet and welcome thee,
Preacher of humanity:
Welcome fills the throbbing breast
Of the sympathetic West.

W. H. VENABLE.

TO VICTOR HUGO.

VICTOR in poesy! Victor in romance!
Cloud-weaver of phantasmal hopes and fears!
French of the French and lord of human
tears!

Child-lover, bard, whose fame-lit laurels glance,
Darkening the wreaths of all that would advance
Beyond our strait their claim to be thy peers!

Weird Titan, by thy wintry weight of years
As yet unbroken! Stormy voice of France,
Who does not love our England, so they say;
I know not! England, France, all men to be,
Will make one people, ere man's race be run;
And I, desiring that diviner day,

Yield thee full thanks for thy full courtesy
To younger England in the boy, my son.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

MARIA DE MEDICIS RECEIVING THE REGENCY.

MARIA de Medicis, queen of France, was the
daughter of Francis II., grand duke of Tus-
cany, and of Joan, archduchess of Austria.
She was born at Florence in 1573. In 1600
she was married to Henry IV. Her son who became
Louis XIII, was born the following year; his deplora-
ble weakness as he grew up was the principal cause
of his mother's misfortunes. The amours of her hus-
band rendered her life a wretched one, and, being of
a violent temper, the peace of the royal household

was frequently disturbed. Her anxieties as a wife, and the absolute temper of Henry, prevented her from taking any part in state affairs during his lifetime; and when towards 1610, he contemplated taking the field against the house of Austria, and proposed making her regent in his absence, she manifested the greatest repugnance to the subject, always saying that it foreboded some great misfortune. Finally it was arranged that she should be entrusted with the regency by her royal husband, and should be formally crowned, a ceremony which Henry, on one pretext or another, had always deferred. This being done, Henry was stabbed by Ravallac the day following, when preparing for the Queen's entry into Paris. Thus fell Henry of Navarre, a man of great qualities, and the most popular monarch France has ever known.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

BY Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
But no man dug that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the tramping,
Or saw the train go forth;
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun—

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves—
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie,
Looked on the wondrous sight.
Perchance the lion, stalking,
Still shuns the hallowed spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

Lo! when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed, and muffled drum,
Follow the funeral car.

(23)

They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble dressed,
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the choir sings, and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced, with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As *he* wrote down for men.


And had he not high honor?
The hill-side for his pall;
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave—

In that deep grave, without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again—Oh wondrous thought!—
Before the judgment day;
And stand, with glory wrapped around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life,
With the incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace—
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him he loved so well.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS HOOD.

AKE back into thy bosom, earth,
This joyous, May-eyed morrow,
The gentlest child that ever mirth
Gave to be reared by sorrow!
'T is hard—while rays half green, half gold,
Through vernal bowers are burning,
And streams their diamond mirrors hold
To summer's face returning—

To say we're thankful that his sleep
Shall nevermore be lighter,
In whose sweet-tongued companionship
Stream, bower, and beam grow brighter !

But all the more intensely true
His soul gave out each feature
Of elemental love—each hue
And grace of golden nature—
The deeper still beneath it all
Lurked the keen jags of anguish ;
The more the laurels clasped his brow
Their poison made it languish.
Seemed it that, like the nightingale
Of his own mournful singing,
The tenderer would his song prevail
While most the thorn was stinging.

So never to the desert-worn
Did fount bring freshness deeper
Than that his placid rest, this morn,
Has brought the shrouded sleeper.
That rest may lap his weary head
Where charnels choke the city,
Or where, mid woodlands, by his bed
The wren shall wake its ditty ;
But near or far, while evening's star
Is dear to hearts regretting,
Around that spot admiring thought
Shall hover, unforgetting.

BARTHOLOMEW SIMMONS.

THE LAND OF THE WEST.

HO! brothers—come hither and list to my story—

Merry and brief will the narrative be :
Here, like a monarch, I reign in my glory—
Master am I, boys, of all that I see.
Where once frowned a forest a garden is smiling—
The meadow and moorland are marshes no more ;
And there curls the smoke of my cottage, beguiling
The children who cluster like grapes at the door.
Then enter, boys ; cheerly, boys, enter and rest,
The land of the heart is the land of the West.
Oho, boys !—oho, boys !—oho !

Talk not of the town, boys—give me the broad prairie,
Where man, like the wind, roams impulsive and free ;
Behold how its beautiful colors all vary,
Like those of the clouds, or the deep-rolling sea.
A life in the woods, boys, is even as changing ;
With proud independence we season our cheer,
And those who the world are for happiness ranging
Won't find it at all, if they don't find it here.
Then enter, boys ; cheerly, boys, enter and rest ;
I'll show you the life, boys, we live in the West.
Oho, boys !—oho, boys !—oho !

Here, brothers, secure from all turmoil and danger,
We reap what we sow, for the soil is our own ;

We spread hospitality's board for the stranger,
And care not a fig for the king on his throne.
We never know want, for we live by our labor,
And in it contentment and happiness find ;
We do what we can for a friend or a neighbor,
And die, boys, in peace and good will to mankind.
Then enter, boys ; cheerly, boys, enter and rest ;
You know how we live, boys, and die in the West !
Oho, boys !—oho, boys !—oho !

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

MONODY ON SAMUEL PATCH.

Samuel Patch was a boatman on the Erie Canal, in New York. He made himself notorious by leaping from the masts of ships, from the Falls of Niagara, and from the Falls in the Genesee River, at Rochester. He did this, as he said, to show "that some things can be done as well as others;" and hence this, now, proverbial phrase. His last feat was when, in the presence of many thousands, he jumped from above the highest rock over which the water falls in the Genesee, and was lost.



OLL for Sam Patch ! Sam Patch, who jumps
no more,
This or the world to come. Sam Patch is
dead !

The vulgar pathway to the unknown shore
Of dark futurity, he would not tread.
No friends stood sorrowing round his dying bed ;
Nor with decorous woe, sedately stepped
Behind his corpse, and tears by retail shed ;—
The mighty river, as it onward swept,
In one great wholesale sob, his body drowned and
kept.

Toll for Sam Patch ! he scorned the common way
That leads to fame, up heights of rough ascent,
And having heard Pope and Longinus say,
That some great men had risen to falls, he went
And jumped where wild Passaic's waves had rent
The antique rocks ;—the air free passage gave—
And graciously the liquid element
Upbore him, like some sea-god on its wave ;
And all the people said that Sam was very brave.

Fame, the clear spirit that doth to heaven upraise,
Led Sam to dive into what Byron calls
The hell of waters. For the sake of praise,
He wooed the bathos down great waterfalls ;
The dizzy precipice, which the eye appalls
Of travelers for pleasure, Samuel found
Pleasant, as are to women lighted halls
Crammed full of fools and fiddles ; to the sound
Of the eternal roar, he timed his desperate bound.

Sam was a fool. But the large world of such
Has thousands—better taught, alike absurd,
And less sublime. Of fame he soon got much ;
Where distant cataracts spout, of him men heard.
Alas for Sam ! Had he aright preferred
The kindly element to which he gave
Himself so fearlessly, we had not heard

That it was now his winding-sheet and grave,
Nor sung, 'twixt tears and smiles, our requiem for the
brave.

I say, the muse shall quite forget to sound
The chord whose music is undying, if
She do not strike it when Sam Patch is drowned.
Leander dived for love. Leucadia's cliff
The Lesbian Sappho leaped from in a mist,
To punish Phaon; Icarus went dead,
Because the wax did not continue stiff;
And, had he minded what his father said,
He had not given a name unto his watery bed.

And Helle's case was all an accident,
As everybody knows. Why sing of these?
Nor would I rank with Sam that man who went
Down into Ætna's womb—Empedocles
I think he called himself. Themselves to please,
Or else unwillingly, they made their springs;
For glory in the abstract, Sam made his,
To prove to all men, commons, lords, and kings,
That "some things may be done as well as other
things."

But ere he leaped, he begged of those who made
Money by his dread venture, that if he
Should perish, such collection should be paid
As might be picked up from the "company"
To his mother. This, his last request, shall be—
Though she who bore him ne'er his fate should know—
An iris glittering o'er his memory,
When all the streams have worn their barriers low,
And, by the sea drunk up, forever cease to flow.

Therefore it is considered, that Sam Patch
Shall never be forgot in prose or rhyme;
His name shall be a portion in the batch
Of the heroic dough, which baking time
Kneads for consuming ages—and the chime
Of fame's old bells, long as they truly ring,
Shall tell of him: he dived for the sublime,
And found it. Thou, who with the eagle's wing,
Being a goose—wouldst fly—dream not of such a thing!

ROBERT C. SANDS.

THE ORIENT.

KNOW ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in
their clime;

Where the rage of the vulture, the love of
the turtle,

Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever
shine;
Where the light wings of zephyr, oppressed with per-
fume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gûl in her bloom?

Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;
Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,
In color though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of ocean is deepest in die;
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?
'T is the clime of the East; 't is the land of the Sun—
Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?
O, wild as the accents of lover's farewell
Are the hearts which they bear and the tales which
they tell!

LORD BYRON.

LIBERTY TO ATHENS.

THE flag of freedom floats once more
Around the lofty Parthenon;
It waves, as waved the palm of yore
In days departed long and gone;
As bright a glory, from the skies,
Pours down its light around those towers,
And once again the Greeks arise,
As in their country's noblest hours;
Their swords are girt in virtue's cause,
Minerva's sacred hill is free—
Oh, may she keep her equal laws,
While man shall live, and time shall be.

The pride of all her shrines went down;
The Goth, the Frank, the Turk, had rest
The laurel from her civic crown;
Her helm by many a sword was cleft:
She lay among her ruins low—
Where grew the palm, the cypress rose,
And, crushed and bruised by many a blow,
She cowered beneath her savage foes:
But now again she springs from earth,
Her loud, awakening trumpet speaks;
She rises in a brighter birth,
And sounds redemption to the Greeks.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

JERUSALEM BEFORE THE SIEGE OF TITUS.

TITUS.—It must be—
And yet it moves me, Romans! It confounds
The counsel of my firm philosophy,
That ruin's merciless plough-hare must pass
o'er,

And barren salt be sown on yon proud city.
As on our olive-crowned hill we stand,
Where Kedron at our feet its scanty waters
Distils from stone to stone with gentle motion,
As through a valley sacred to sweet peace,
How boldly doth it front us! how majestically
Like a luxurious vineyard, the hill-side
Is hung with marble fabrics, line o'er line,

Terrace o'er terrace, nearer still, and nearer
To the blue heavens. There bright and sumptuous
palaces,
With cool and verdant gardens interspersed ;
There towers of war that frown in massy strength ;
While over all hangs the rich purple eve,
As conscious of its being her last farewell
Of light and glory to that fated city.
And, as our clouds of battle, dust and smoke,
Are melted into air, behold the temple
In undisturbed and lone serenity,
Finding itself a solemn sanctuary
In the profound of heaven ! It stands before us
A mount of snow, fretted with golden pinnacles !
The very sun, as though he worshipped there,
Lingers upon the gilded cedar roofs,
And down the long and branching porticoes,
On every flowery-sculptured capital,
Glitters the homage of his parting beams.
By Hercules ! the sight might almost win
The offended majesty of Rome to mercy.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

SUNNY ITALY.

KNOWEST thou the land which lovers ought to
choose ?
Like blessings there descend the sparkling
dews ;

In gleaming streams the crystal rivers run,
The purple vintage clusters in the sun ;
Odors of flowers haunt the balmy breeze,
Rich fruits hang high upon the verdant trees ;
And vivid blossoms gem the shady groves,
Where bright-plumed birds discourse their careless
loves.

Belovéd !—speed we from this sullen strand,
Until thy light feet press that green shore's yellow sand.

Look seaward thence, and naught shall meet thine eye
But fairy isles, like paintings on the sky ;
And, flying fast and free before the gale,
The gaudy vessel with its glancing sail ;
And waters glittering in the glare of noon,
Or touched with silver by the stars and moon,
Or flecked with broken lines of crimson light,
When the far fisher's fire affronts the night.
Lovely as loved ! toward that smiling shore
Bear we our household gods, to fix forever more.

It looks a dimple on the face of earth,
The seal of beauty, and the shrine of mirth :
Nature is delicate and graceful there,
The place's genius, feminine and fair ;
The winds are awed, nor dare to breathe aloud ;
The air seems never to have borne a cloud,
Save where volcanoes send to heaven their curled
And solemn smokes, like altars of the world.
Thrice beautiful !—to that delightful spot
Carry our married hearts, and be all pain forgot.

There art, too, shows, when nature's beauty palls,
Her sculptured marbles, and her pictured walls ;
And there are forms in which they both conspire
To whisper themes that know not how to tire ;
The speaking ruins in that gentle clime
Have but been hallowed by the hand of time,
And each can mutely prompt some thought of flame :
The meanest stone is not without a name.
Then come, beloved !—hasten o'er the sea,
To build our happy hearth in blooming Italy.

EDWARD C. PINKNEY.

THE MOUNTAINS OF SWITZERLAND.

THE stranger wandering in the Switzer's land,
Before its awful mountain-tops afraid --
Who yet, with patient toil, has gained his stand
On the bare summit where all life is stayed--

Sees far, far down beneath his blood-dimmed eyes,
Another country, golden to the shore,
Where a new passion and new hopes arise,
Where southern blooms unfold forevermore.

And I, lone sitting by the twilight blaze,
Think of another wanderer in the snows,
And on more perilous mountain-tops I gaze
Than ever frowned above the vine and rose.

Yet courage, soul ! nor hold thy strength in vain,
In hope o'ercome the steeps God set for thee,
For past the Alpine summits of great pain
Lieth thine Italy.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

PALESTINE.

BLEST land of Judea ! thrice hallowed of song,
Where the holiest of memories pilgrim-like
throng ;

In the shade of thy palms, by the shores of thy
sea,
On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is with thee.

With the eye of a spirit I look on that shore,
Where pilgrim and prophet have lingered before ;
With the glide of a spirit I traverse the sod
Made bright by the steps of the angels of God.

Lo, Bethlehem's hill side before me is seen,
With the mountains around and the valleys between ;
There rested the shepherds of Judah, and there
The song of the angels rose sweet on the air.

Oh, here with His flock the sad wanderer came—
These hills He toiled over in grief, are the same—
The founts where He drank by the wayside still flow,
And the same airs are blowing which breathed on His
brow !

And what if my feet may not tread where He stood,
Nor my ears hear the dashing of Galilee's flood,


Nor my eyes see the cross which He bowed him to
bear,
Nor my knees press Gethsemane's garden of prayer.

Yet, Loved of the Father, Thy Spirit is near
To the meek, and the lowly, and penitent here;
And the voice of Thy love is the same even now,
As at Bethany's tomb, or on Olivet's brow.

Oh, the outward hath gone?—but, in glory and power!
The Spirit surviveth the things of an hour;
Unchanged, undecaying, its Pentecost flame
On the heart's secret altar is burning the same!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

GREECE.

 AND of the brave! where lie inurned
The shrouded forms of mortal clay,
In whom the fire of valor burned,
And blazed upon the battle's fray:
Land where the gallant Spartan few
Bled the Thermopylæ of yore,
When death his purple garment threw
On Helle's consecrated shore!

Land of the Muse! within thy bowers
Her soul-entrancing echoes rung,
While on their course the rapid hours
Paused at the melody she sung—
Till every grove and every hill,
And every stream that flowed along,
From morn to night repeated still
The winning harmony of song.

Land of dead heroes, living slaves!
Shall glory gild thy clime no more?
Her banner float above the waves
Where proudly it hath swept before?
Hath not remembrance then a charm
To break the fetters and the chain,
To bid thy children nerve the arm,
And strike for freedom once again?

No! coward souls, the light which shone
On Leuctra's war-empurpled day,
The light which beamed on Marathon
Hath lost its splendor, ceased to play;
And thou art but a shadow now,
With helmet shattered—spear in rust—
Thy honor but a dream—and thou
Despised—degraded in the dust!

Where sleeps the spirit that of old
Dashed down to earth the Persian plume,
When the loud chant of triumph told
How fatal was the despot's doom?—
The bold three hundred—where are they,
Who died on battle's gory breast?
Tyrants have trampled on the clay
Where death hath hushed them into rest.

Yet, Ida, yet upon thy hill
A glory shines of ages fled;
And fame her light is pouring still,
Not on the living, but the dead!
But 'tis the dim, sepulchral light,
Which sheds a faint and feeble ray,
As moonbeams on the brow of night,
When tempests sweep upon their way.

Greece! yet awake thee from thy trance,
Behold, thy banner waves afar;
Behold, the glittering weapons glance
Along the gleaming front of war!
A gallant chief, of high emprise,
Is urging foremost in the field,
Who calls upon thee to arise
In might—in majesty revealed.


In vain, in vain, the hero calls—
In vain he sounds the trumpet loud!
His banner totters—see! it falls
In ruin, freedom's battle-shroud:
Thy children have no soul to dare
Such deeds as glorified their sires;
Their valor's but a meteor's glare,
Which gleams a moment, and expires.

Lost land! where genius made his reign,
And reared his golden arch on high;
Where science raised her sacred fane,
Its summits peering to the sky;
Upon thy clime the midnight deep
Of ignorance hath brooded long,
And in the tomb, forgotten, sleep
The sons of science and of song.

Thy sun hath set—the evening storm
Hath passed in giant fury by,
To blast the beauty of thy form,
And spread its pall upon the sky!
Gone is thy glory's diadem,
And freedom never more shall cease
To pour her mournful requiem
O'er blighted, lost, degraded Greece!

JAMES G. BROOKS.

NAPLES.

 HIS region, surely, is not the earth.
Was it not dropt from heaven? Not a grove,
Citron or pine or cedar, not a grot
Sca-worn and mantled with the gadding vine,
But breathes enchantment. Not a cliff but flings
On the clear wave some image of delight,
Some cabin-roof glowing with crimson flowers,
Some ruined temple or fallen monument,
To muse on as the bark is gliding by,
And be it mine to muse there, mine to glide,
From daybreak, when the mountain pales his fire
Yet more and more, and from the mountain-top,

Till then invisible, a smoke ascends,
Solemn and slow, as erst from Ararat,
When he, the patriarch, who escaped the flood,
Was with his household sacrificing there—
From daybreak to that hour, the last and best,
When, one by one, the fishing-boats come forth,
Each with its glimmering lantern at the prow,
And, when the nets are thrown, the evening hymn
Steals o'er the trembling waters.

SAMUEL ROGERS.
MELROSE ABBEY.

THE moon on the east oriel shone,
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliated tracery combined;
Thou wouldest have thought some fairy's hand
Twixt poplars straight the ozier wand,
In many a freakish knot, had twined;
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone.
The silver light, so pale and faint,
Showed many a prophet and many a saint;
Whose image on the glass was dyed;
Full in the midst, his cross of red
Triumphant Michael brandishèd,
And trampled the apostate's pride.
The moonbeam kissed the holy vane,
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

FESTIVAL IN A RUSSIAN VILLAGE.

A TRAVELER gives the following interesting description of a fête he witnessed in Russia. The day before the fête an old Jew pedlar appeared in the village street selling very gaudy handkerchiefs, for which he found several purchasers. Little children were there too with their kopecks, or pennies, running along barefooted, or in lapti, their large shoes which many of them had made for themselves out of birch-bark, to buy a picture-book or some toy that the pedlar had for sale. An eager purchaser had bought some beads for the approaching fête, and was looking for something else to match. Another, a girl, had purchased an ornament for her forehead for to-morrow, and putting it on at once climbed on to a wall to see what other treasures the pedlar would disclose. One little would-be purchaser, who had no money wherewith to buy anything, resignedly looked on, just wishing that some day he too might have the good fortune to be a pedlar, to make all that money and have all those beautiful things besides.

There was plenty of dancing on that fête-day, and the company enjoyed themselves immensely. The tambourine is the usual musical accompaniment to a village dance, also the balalaika (a guitar of three strings), and "sepovka" and "sopel," pipes or flutes, were also used a good deal to-day. There is always

much music at a Russian festivity. Then swings were put up for the younger folk, and the Russian swing is different from ours: each swing hung by two ropes from a pole, which crossed a board transversely when the swingers either stood or sat between the two ropes opposite to, and swinging, one another. Dogs had come to the fête too, and some such hungry-looking ones that they were invited indoors before they went away again, to a good repast. There was a pretty view of the nearest church from the lawn.

In the evening to prolong the fête, a good many of the same people assembled outside the largest izba in the village, belonging also to one of her oldest inhabitants. He himself, dear old man, was a wonderful dancer, and his son sang very pretty songs to the Russian lute. He danced the Tressaka very well indeed, to the admiration of all the bystanders, and in it he had to balance himself on each leg in turn. His son also performed another Russian dance still more cleverly, in which he had to stoop down to the ground as he changed the position of his legs. As they danced, the bystanders sang a song with a refrain. The old man's very heart and soul seemed to be in his dance, and everybody passed a very pleasant evening.

THEBES.

AND Thebes, how fallen now! Her storied gates
Restless all! Where sweeps the Nile's
swift wave,

Relentless sands embattling, she awaits

Her final sepulture and gathering grave:—

For Lybia there her wide dominion brings,
More powerful than Severus to entomb,
And vaster than the sculptured place of kings,
That pierces far the mountain's inmost womb,
Her moral breathes from out a sterner wilder gloom.

The city rose where wandering paths were traced—

Robed by the graces, she came forth a queen;—

Man in his virtue took her from the waste,

Man in his wrath turned her to waste again;

He conquered whilst his passions were aflame,

But he became relentless 'mid the glare

Of his wild conquests, and his conquerors came;

All that he worshipped perished—all that were

Of his, swept through the rapid tideway of despair.

Methinks I see her serried legions march,

And hear the cadent tramp of many feet;

Proud banners wave upon the sculptured arch;

The drum's stern tempest and its stirring beat

Invoke to ardor where the fearless meet.

The fierce steed prances to the trumpet's note

With flushing nostrils and disdainful feet,

And tossing mane and battle-breathing throat,

To make the poet's theme, and history's pen pro-
voke.

And here, where ruin peers, the lover wooed
 And won his bride—brave men and beauteous maids
 Trod proudly through the vestibules—here stood
 In stern command, within the pillared shades,
 Imperious monarchs, whose ensanguined blades
 Defied the gods—and here remorseless war,
 Sedition's rage, inexpiable deeds,
 And conquering crime, made her the servitor
 Of baseness—she became the handmaid of the boor.

And now she is a lone, deserted one—
 The tears of Niobe are hers, for she
 Has lost her children—fate they could not shun,
 Or from the shafts of stern Latona flee.
 Wrapt in her griefs, she owns the dark decree,
 And bows where Amphion left his bloody stains;
 Requiring gods from thralldom do not free,
 No tides of life swell through her pulseless veins,
 Where she was turned to stone in gloom she still re-
 mains.

She was a city of a thousand years
 Ere Homer harped his wars, yet on her plain,
 Crumbling, the riven monument appears,
 To mourn that glory ne'er returns again:
 Her front of graven epics vainly tells
 How long she conquered—lonely musings bound
 The storied place—where deep ranks gathered, swells,
 Of fallen architraves, the saddening mound,
 And many a worshipped pile bestrews the silent
 ground.

She dreams no dream of greatness now, doth mourn
 No dim remembered past—dominion, hope,
 And conquest's ardor long have ceased to burn
 Where ruthless Cambyzes her warriors smote;
 Her horsemen, columns, gates, together lie,
 And moulder into elemental clay;
 Yet who shall tread her grave without a sigh,
 Nor wish to breathe her being into day—
 Upon her fields revive great Carnac's bold array!

Why hath she fallen? Men die but to yield
 To others all their legacies of thought;
 Sires give to sons the palace and the field,
 The muniments by ripened vigor wrought!
 Ages in all their bright success have taught
 To brave the whelming torrent of events;
 And fading centuries gather not for nought;—
 Yet where the architraves and pediments
 Appear and linger still, I mark but wasting rents.

Why hath she fallen? Who the tale shall tell?
 When Saturn's golden age was wrapt in story,
 Ere time revenged and ruin wove her spell,
 Existence was computed by her glory!
 Why, when her towers with crowning years were hoary,
 And peerless forms and queenly graces shone,
 Should she be doomed to night and cerement gory,
 And dim remembrance linger at her tomb—
 A voiceless phantom 'mid the cold and pulseless
 gloom?

Not that her legions through her hundred gates
 Went out to conquer—not that virtue rose
 To guard her from the shafts of venom'd fates,
 And save her from the wrath of leagu'd foes.
 Her stormy memories light her dull repose,
 And warning voices linger through her shades;
 Her vices were the parents of her woes—
 The gods in justice turned her sweeping blades
 To her own bosom, ending thus her masquerades.

Forever and forever flows the river,
 Forever and forever looms the plain;
 Forever shall the pale stars o'er them quiver,
 But never shall her past return again!
 Hyperion dawns but light her frieze in vain,
 And moons peer sadly through her column'd way;
 The mid-day glares on what doth yet remain
 Of faded glory, with a mocking play—
 Thus passeth into shadow man's imperious sway!

What reck's it that Sesostris dared to thrall
 His fellow kings, and haughty Cheops raised
 The everlasting pyramid! the pall
 Of night now hangs where distant glories blazed!
 How shall fame last when all her monuments
 Are in the dust?—the same blue bending sky
 Serenely smiles through time's despairing rents,
 And lengthened colonnades the storm defy—
 But there's no sceptre now, or kingly footfall nigh.

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD.

THE ISLES OF GREECE.



THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
 Where grew the arts of war and peace—
 Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,
 But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
 The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
 Have found the fame your shores refuse;
 Their place of birth alone is mute
 To sounds which echo further west
 Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon—
 And Marathon looks on the sea;
 And musing there an hour alone,
 I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
 For standing on the Persian's grave,
 I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
 And ships, by thousands, lay below,
 And men in nations;—all were his!
 He counted them at break of day—
 And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
 My country? On thy voiceless shore
 The heroic lay is tuneless now—
 The heroic bosom beats no more!
 And must thy lyre, so long divine,
 Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
 Though linked among a fettered race,
 To feel at least a patriot's shame,
 Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
 For what is left a poet here?
 For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must we but weep o'er days more blest?
 Must we but blush?—Our fathers bled.
 Earth! render back from out thy breast
 A remnant of our Spartan dead!
 Of the three hundred grant but three,
 To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?
 Ah! no;—the voices of the dead
 Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
 And answer, "Let one living head,
 But one arise—we come, we come!"
 'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain; strike other chords,
 Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
 Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
 And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
 Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
 How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
 Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
 Of two such lessons, why forget
 The nobler and the manlier one?
 You have the letters Cadmus gave—
 Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
 We will not think of themes like these!
 It made Anacreon's song divine:
 He served—but served Polycrates—
 A tyrant; but our masters then
 Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
 Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
 That tyrant was Miltiades!
 Oh! that the present hour would lend
 Another despot of the kind!
 Such chains as his were sure to bind.

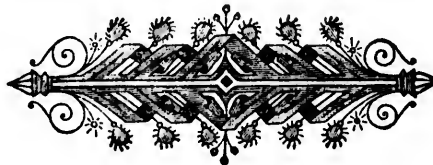
Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
 On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
 Exists the remnant of a line
 Such as the Doric mothers bore;
 And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
 The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
 They have a king who buys and sells:
 In native swords, and native ranks,
 The only hope of courage dwells;
 But Turkish force and Latin fraud
 Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
 Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
 I see their glorious black eyes shine;
 But gazing on each glowing maid,
 My own the burning tear-drop laves,
 To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
 Where nothing, save the waves and I,
 May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
 There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
 A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
 Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

LORD BYRON.



RELIGIOUS LIFE.

HYMN OF THE DUNKERS.

KLOSTER KEDAR, EPHRATA, PENNSYLVANIA, 1738.

[*Sister Maria Christina sings.*]



AKE, sisters, wake! the
day-star shines;
Above Ephrata's eastern
pines
The dawn is breaking,
cool and calm.
Wake, sisters, wake, to
prayer and psalm!
Praised be the Lord for
shade and light,
For toil by day, for rest
by night!
Praised be His name who
deigns to bless
Our Kedar of the wilder-
ness:

Our refuge when the spoiler's hand
Was heavy on our native land;
And freedom to her children due,
The wolf and vulture only knew.

We praised Him when to prison led,
We owned Him when the stake blazed red;
We knew, whatever might befall,
His love and power were over all.

He heard our prayers; with outstretched arm
He led us forth from cruel harm;
Still, whereso'er our steps were bent,
His cloud and fire before us went!

The watch of faith and prayer He set;
We kept it then, we keep it yet.
At midnight, crow of cock, or noon,
He cometh sure, He cometh soon.

He comes to chasten, not destroy,
To purge the earth from sin's alloy.
At last, at last shall all confess
His mercy as His righteousness.

The dead shall live, the sick be whole;
The scarlet sin be white as wool,
No discord mar below, above,
The music of eternal love!

Sound welcome trumpet, the last alarm!
Lord God of hosts make bare Thine arm,
Fulfill this day our long desire,
Make sweet and clean the world with fire!

Sweep, flaming besom, sweep from sight
The lies of time; be swift to smite,
Sharp sword of God, all idols down,
Genevan creed and Roman crown.

Quake, earth, through all thy zones, till all
The fanes of pride and priestcraft fall;
And lift Thou up in place of them
The gates of pearl, Jerusalem!

Lo! rising from the baptismal flame,
Transfigured, glorious, yet the same,
Within the heavenly city's bound
Our Kloster Kedar shall be found.

He cometh soon! at dawn or noon
Or set of sun, He cometh soon.
Our prayers shall meet Him on His way;
Wake, sisters, wake! arise and pray!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.

HERE was a time when meadow, grove, and
stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more!

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;—
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there has passed away a glory from the earth.

Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss I feel—I feel it all.
Oh, evil day! if I were sullen,
While the earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May-morning,
And the children are pulling,

On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm.

I hear, I hear, what joy I hear !
—But there's a tree, of many one,
A single field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone ;
The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat.
Whither is fled the visionary gl'am ?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar ;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But, trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God, who is our home :
Heaven lies about us in our infancy !
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy ;
The youth, who daily farther from the East
Must travel, still is nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended ;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;
Yearnings she hath in her natural kind ;
And, even with something of a mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate man,
Forget the glories he hath known
And that imperial palace whence he came.

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benedictions : not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest ;
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast :—
Not for these I raise
The songs of thanks and praise ;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings ;
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts, before which our mortal nature
Did tremble, like a guilty thing surprised !

But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing ;
Uphold us—cherish—and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence : truths that wake
To perish never ;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
Nor man, nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy :
Hence, in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither ;
Can in a moment travel thither—
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then, sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song !
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound !
We, in thought, will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May !
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from thy sight—
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower ;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind,
In the primal sympathy,
Which, having been, must ever be,
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering,
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And oh, ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,
Think not of any severing of your loves !
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might ;
I only have relinquished one delight,
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the brooks, which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they ;
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet ;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality ;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live ;
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears ;
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

TRUE FAITH.



LD Reuben Fisher, who lived in the lane,
Was never in life disposed to complain;
If the weather proved fair, he thanked God
for the sun,

And if it were rainy, with him 'twas all one;—
"I have just the weather I fancy," said he;
"For what pleases God always satisfies me."

If trouble assailed, his brow was ne'er dark,
And his eye never lost its happiest spark.
"Twill not better fix it to gloom or to sigh;
To make the best of it I always shall try!
So, care, do your worst," said Reuben with glee,
"And which of us conquers, we shall see, we shall see."

If his children were wild, as children will prove,
His temper ne'er lost its warm aspect of love;
"My dear wife," he'd say, "don't worry nor fret;
'Twill be all right with the wayward ones yet;
'Tis the folly of youth, that must have its way;
They'll penitent turn from their evil some day."

If a name were assailed, he would cheerily say,
"Well, well; we'll not join in the cry, anyway;
There are always two sides to every tale—
And the true one at last is sure to prevail.
There is an old rule that I learned when a lad—
'Deem every one good till he's proved to be bad.'"

And when in the meshes of sin tightly bound,
The reckless and luckless mortal was found,
Proscribed by every woman and man,
And put under rigid and merciless ban,
Old Reuben would say, with sympathy fraught,
"We none of us do half as well as we ought."

If friends waxed cold, he'd say with a smile—
"Well, if they must go, Heaven bless them the while;
We walked a sweet path till the crossing ways met,
And though we have parted, I'll cherish them yet;
They'll go by their way and I'll go by mine
Perhaps in the city ahead we shall join."

There were sickness and death at last in his cot,
But still Reuben Fisher in sorrow blenched not;
"Tis the Father afflicts: let Him do what He will;
What comes from His hand can mean us no ill;
I cheerfully give back the blessing He lent,
And through faith in the future find present content."

Then he lay on his death-bed at last undismayed;
No terror had death at which he was afraid;
"Living or dying, 'tis all well with me,
For God's will is my will," submissive said he.
And so Reuben died, with his breast full of grace,
That beamed in a smile on his time-furrowed face.

B. P. SHILLABER.

THE MODEL CHURCH.



ELL, I've found the model church—I wor-
shipped there to-day!
It made me think of good old times, before
my hair was gray.

The meetin'-house was fixed up more than they were
years ago,
But then I felt when I went in, it wasn't built for show.

The sexton didn't seat me away back by the door;
He knew that I was old and deaf, as well as old and
poor:
He must have been a Christian, for he led me through
The long aisle of that crowded church, to find a place
and pew.

I wish you'd heard that singin'—it had the old time
ring;
The preacher said, with trumpet voice, "Let all the
people sing!"
The tune was Coronation, and the music upward
rolled,
Till I thought I heard the angels all striking harps
of gold.

My deafness seemed to melt away; my spirit caught
the fire;
I joined my feeble, trembling voice, with that melo-
dious choir,
And sang as in my youthful days, "Let angels pros-
trate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem, and crown Him Lord
of all."

I tell you, wife, it did me good to sing that hymn once
more;
I felt like some wrecked mariner who gets a glimpse
of shore;
I almost wanted to lay down this weather-beaten
form,
And anchor in the blessed port forever from the
storm.

The preachin'? Well, I can't just tell all the preacher
said;
I know it wasn't written; I know it wasn't read;
He hadn't time to read it, for the lightnin' of his eye
Went flashin' along from pew to pew, nor passed a
sinner by.

The sermon wasn't flowery, 'twas simple Gospel truth;
It fitted poor old men like me, it fitted hopeful youth.
'Twas full of consolation for weary hearts that bleed;
'Twas full of invitations to Christ, and to His creed.

The preacher made sin hideous in Gentiles and in
Jews;
He shot the golden sentences down in the finest pews,

And—though I can't see very well—I saw the falling
tear
That told me hell wassome ways off, and heaven very
near.

How swift the golden moments fled within that holy
place!

How brightly beamed the light of heaven from every
happy face!

Again I longed for that sweet time when friend shall
meet with friend,

"Where congregations ne'er break up, and Sabbaths
have no end."

I hope to meet that minister—that congregation, too—
In that dear home beyond the stars that shine from
heaven's blue.

I doubt not I'll remember, beyond life's evening gray,
That happy hour of worship in that model church to-
day.

Dear wife, the fight will soon be fought, the victory be
won;

The shining goal is just ahead, the race is nearly run,
O'er the river we are nearin', they are thringin' to the
shore,

To shout our safe arrival where the weary weep no
more.

JOHN H. YATES.

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE?

WHEN we hear the music ringing
In the bright celestial dome—
When sweet angels' voices, singing,
Gladly bid us welcome home
To the land of ancient story,
Where the spirit knows no care,
In that land of life and glory—
Shall we know each other there?

When the holy angels meet us,
As we go to join their band,
Shall we know the friends that greet us
In that glorious spirit land?
Shall we see the same eyes shining
On us as in days of yore?
Shall we feel the dear arms twining
Fondly round us as before?

Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,
And my weary heart grows light,
For the thrilling angels' voices
And the angel faces bright,
That shall welcome us in heaven,
Are the loved ones long ago;
And to them 'tis kindly given
Thus their mortal friends to know.

Oh ye weary, sad, and tossed ones,
Droop not, faint not by the way!

Ye shall join the loved and just ones
In that land of perfect day.
Harp-strings, touched by angel fingers,
Murmured in my rapturous ear;—
Evermore their sweet song lingers—
"We *shall* know each other there."

HE DOETH HIS ALMS TO BE SEEN OF MEN.

A POOR little girl in a tattered gown,
Wandering alone through the crowded town,
All weary and worn, on the curb sat down,
By the side of the way to rest;
Bedimmed with tears were her eyes of brown,
Her hands on her bosom pressed.

The night was approaching—the winter's chill blast
That fell on the child as he hurried past,
Concealed the tears that were falling fast
From the poor little maiden's eye—
The blinding snow on her pale cheek cast,
Unheeded her plaintive cry.

Now hurriedly passing along the street,
She catches the sound of approaching feet;
And wearily rises, as if to entreat
Some aid from the passer by;
But slowly and sadly resumes her seat,
Repelled by the glance of his eye.

He saw the wind tempest resistlessly hurl
The gathering snow-flakes, with many a whirl,
Upon her bare head, where each soft-shining curl
Was swept by the breath of the storm;
But what did he care for the little girl—
His raiment was ample and warm!

He went to a charity meeting that night
And spoke, to the listeners' great delight,
Of how 'twas the duty of all to unite,
The suffering poor to relieve;
And held up his check for a thousand at sight,
So all of the crowd could perceive.

He handed the check to the treasurer, when
The audience applauded again and again,
But the angel who holds the recording pen
This sentence methinks did record:
"He doeth his alms to be seen of men,
Their praise is his only reward."

The paper next morning had much to say
Of how the "good gentleman" did display
His generous spirit, in giving away
So much for the poor man's cause.
He smiled as he read his own praise that day
And thought of the night's applause.

Near by, the same paper went on to repeat
A story they'd heard, of how, out on the street,
A watchman at dawning of morn on his beat,

A poor little child had found—
With only the snow for a winding sheet—
Frozen to death on the ground!

Ah! who can declare that when God shall unfold
Eternity's records, he will not hold
Him guilty of murder, who seeks with his gold,
In charity's name to buy
The praises of men, while out in the cold
He leaves a poor child to die.

THE WEARY SOUL.

CAME, but they had passed away,
The fair in form, the pure in mind;
And, like a stricken deer, I stray,
Where all are strange, and none are kind;
Kind to a worn and wearied soul,
That pants, that struggles for repose:
Oh, that my steps had reached the goal
Where earthly sighs and sorrows close!

Years have passed o'er me like a dream,
That leaves no trace on memory's page,
I look around me, and I seem
Some relic of a former age;
Alone, and in a stranger clime,
Where stranger voices mock mine ear—
In all the lagging course of time,
Without a wish—a hope—a fear!

Yet I had hopes—but they have fled;
And fears—and they were all too true;
And wishes too—but they are dead,
And what have I with life to do?
'Tis but to bear a weary load
I may not, dare not, cast away,
To sigh for one small, still abode,
Where I may sleep as sweet as they—

As they, the loveliest of their race,
Whose grassy tombs my sorrows steep,
Whose worth my soul delights to trace,
Whose very loss 'tis sweet to weep:
To weep, forgotten and unknown,
With none to smile, to hear, to see;—
Earth can bestow no dearer boon
On one whom death disdains to free.

I leave a world that knows me not,
To hold communion with the dead,
And fancy consecrates the spot,
Where fancy's earliest dreams were shed.
I see each shade, all silvery white,
I hear each spirit's melting sigh;
I turn to clasp those forms of light,
And the pale morning chills mine eye!

But soon the last dim morn shall rise—
My lamp of life burns feebly now—

Where stranger hands shall close mine eyes,
And smooth my cold and dewy brow;
Unknown I lived—so let me die;
No stone, nor monumental cross,
Tell where his mouldering ashes lie,
Who sought for gold, and found it dross.

THE MESSIAH.

UE nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:—
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O Thou my voice inspire
Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:
The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic dove.
Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
Returning justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn!
Oh spring of light, auspicious Babe, be born!
See nature hastes her earliest wreathes to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring:
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance:
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears:
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye valleys, rise;
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way;
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold!
Hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day:
'Tis he the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm the unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,
From every face he wipes off every tear.
In adamant chains shall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,

Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
 The promised Father of the future age.
 No more shall nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
 Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
 Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
 And the same hand that sowed, shall reap the field.
 The swain, in barren deserts with surprise
 See lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
 And start, amidst the thirsty wilds, to hear
 New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
 Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;
 To leafless shrub, the flowering palms succeed,
 And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
 The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
 And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead;
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless serpents lick the pi'grim's feet.
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
 Pleased the green lustre of the scales survey,
 And with their forked tongue shall innocently play.
 Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
 Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!
 See, a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
 See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
 In crowding ranks on every side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
 See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
 And heaped with products of Sabea springs,
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
 See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day.
 No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
 Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;
 But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
 O'erflow thy courts; the Light himself shall shine
 Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine!
 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
 But fixed his word, his saving power remains;
 Thy realm forever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns!

ALEXANDER POPE.

I WILL FEAR NO EVIL



HY way, not mine, Oh Lord,
 However dark it be;
 Lead me by Thine own hand;
 Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,
 It will be still the best;
 Winding or straight, it matters not,
 It leads me to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot,
 I would not, if I might;
 Choose Thou for me, my God,
 So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek
 Is Thine, so let the way
 That leads to it be Thine,
 Else I must surely stray.

Take Thou my cup, and it
 With joy or sorrow fill,
 As best to Thee may seem:
 Choose Thou my good and ill.

Choose Thou for me, my friend,
 My sickness and my health;
 Choose Thou my cares for me,
 My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine, the choice,
 In things or great or small;
 Be Thou my guide, my strength,
 My wisdom, and my all.

HORATIUS BONAR.

'T WILL NOT BE LONG.



WILL not be long—this wearying commotion
 That marks its passage in the human breast,
 And, like the billows on the heaving ocean,
 That ever rock the cradle of unrest,
 Will soon subside; the happy time is nearing,
 When bliss, not pain, shall have its rich increase;
 E'en unto thee the dove may now be steering
 With gracious message. Wait, and hold thy peace;
 'Twill not be long!

The lamps go out; the stars give up their shining;
 The world is lost in darkness for awhile;
 And foolish hearts give way to sad repining,
 And feel as though they ne'er again could smile.
 Why murmur thus, the needful lesson scorning?
 Oh, read thy Teacher and His word aright!
 The world would have no greeting for the morning,
 If 'twere not for the darkness of the night;
 'Twill not be long!


'Twill not be long; the strife will soon be ended;
 The doubts, the fears, the agony, the pain,

Will seem but as the clouds that low descended
 To yield their pleasure to the parch'd plain.
 The times of weakness and of sore temptations,
 Of bitter grief and agonizing cry;
 These earthly cares and ceaseless tribulations
 Will bring a blissful harvest by-and-by—
 'Twill not be long!

'Twill not be long; the eye of faith, discerning
 The wondrous glory that shall be revealed,
 Instructs the soul, that every day is learning
 The better wisdom which the world concealed.
 And soon, aye, soon, there'll be an end of teaching,
 When mortal vision finds immortal sight,
 And her true place the soul in gladness reaching,
 Beholds the glory of the Infinite—
 'Twill not be long!

"'Twill not be long!" the heart goes on repeating;
 It is the burden of the mourner's song;
 The work of grace in us He is completing,
 Who thus assures us—"It will not be long;"
 His rod and staff our fainting steps sustaining,
 Our hope and comfort every day will be;
 And we may bear our cross as uncomplaining
 As He who leads us unto Calvary;
 'Twill not be long!

LORD HELP ME.

 HE way seems dark about me—overhead
 The clouds have long since met in gloomy
 spread,
 And when I looked to see the day break
 through,

Cloud after cloud came up with volume new.

And in that shadow I have passed along,
 Feeling myself grow weak as it grew strong,
 Walking in doubt, and searching for the way,
 And often at a stand—as now, to-day.

And if before me on the path there lies
 A spot of brightness from imagined skies,
 Imagined shadows fall across it too,
 And the far future takes the present's hue.

Perplexities do throng upon my sight,
 Like scudding fog-banks, and obscure the light;
 Some new dilemma rises every day,
 And I can only shut my eyes and pray.

Lord, I am not sufficient for these things,
 Give me the light that Thy sweet presence brings;
 Give me Thy grace, give me Thy constant strength—
 Lord, for my comfort now appear at length.


It may be that my way doth seem confused,
 Because my heart of Thy way is afraid;
 Because my eyes have constantly refused
 To see the only opening Thou hast made;

Because my will would cross some flowery plain,
 Where Thou hast thrown a hedge from side to side;
 And turneth from the stony walk of pain,
 Its trouble and its ease not even tried.

If thus I try to force my way along,
 The smoothest road encumbered is for me;
 For were I as an angel swift and strong,
 I could not go unless allowed by Thee.

And now, I pray Thee, Lord, to lead the child—
 Poor wretched wanderer from Thy grace and love—
 Whatever way Thou pleassest through the wild,
 So it but take me to Thy home above.

"PEACE I LEAVE WITH YOU."

OURCE of my life's refreshing springs,
 Whose presence in my heart sustains me,
 Thy love appoints my pleasant things,
 Thy mercy orders all that pains me;

If loving hearts were never lonely,
 If all they wish might ever be,
 Accepting what they looked for only,
 They might be glad, but not in Thee.


Well may Thy own beloved who see
 In all their lot their Father's pleasure,
 Bear loss of all they love, save Thee,
 Their living everlasting treasure.

Well may Thy happy children cease
 From restless wishes, born of sin,
 And, in Thy own exceeding peace,
 Yield to Thy daily discipline.

We need as much the cross we bear,
 As air we breathe—as light we see;
 It draws us to Thy side in prayer,
 It binds us to our strength in Thee.

MRS. WARING.

AS THOU WILT.

Y Jesus, as Thou wilt,
 Oh, may Thy will be mine,
 Into Thy hand of love
 I would my all resign.
 Through sorrow, or through joy,
 Conduct me as Thine own,
 And help me still to say,
 My Lord, Thy will be done.

My Jesus, as Thou wilt,
 If needy here and poor,
 Give me Thy people's bread,
 Their portion rich and sure.
 The manna of Thy word
 Let my soul feed upon;
 And if all else should fail,
 My Lord, Thy will be done.

My Jesus, as Thou wilt,
If among thorns I go,
Still sometimes here and there
Let a few roses blow.
But Thou on earth along
A thorny path hast gone,
Then lead me after Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

My Jesus, as Thou wilt,
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim and disappear.
Since Thou on earth hast wept,
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done.


My Jesus, as Thou wilt,
If loved ones must depart,
Suffer not sorrow's flood
To overwhelm my heart.
For they are blessed with Thee,
Their race and conflict won;
Let me but follow them,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

My Jesus, as thou wilt,
When death itself draws nigh,
To Thy dear wounded side
I would for refuge fly.
Leaning on Thee, to go
Where Thou before hast gone;
And rest as Thou shalt please,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

My Jesus, as Thou wilt,
All shall be well for me:
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee.
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

BENJAMIN SCHMOLKE.

OVER THE RIVER.

 VER the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who crossed to the other side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are drowned by the rushing tide.

There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels that met him there—
The gate of the city we could not see;
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands, waiting to welcome me.


Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
Darling Minnie! I see her yet!
She closed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the further side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a glimpse of the snowy sail;
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts—
They cross the stream and are gone for aye.
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that their barks no more
Sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold
Is flashing on river, and hill, and shore,
I shall one day stand by the waters cold
And list to the sound of the boatman's oar.
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail;
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale
To the better shore of the spirit-land.
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of death shall carry me.

NANCY WOODBURY PRIEST.

THE FATHER'S LOVE.

 GOD! though sorrow be my fate,
And the world's hate
For my heart's faith pursue me,
My peace they cannot take away;
From day to day
Thou dost anew imbue me;
Thou art not far; a little while
Thou hidest thy face, with brighter smile
Thy father-love to show me.

Lord, not my will, but Thine, be done;
If I sink down
When men to terrors leave me,
Thy father-love still warms my breast;
All's for the best;
Shall man have power to grieve me,
When bliss eternal is my goal,
And Thou the keeper of my soul,
Who never will deceive me?

Thou art my shield, as saith the Word.
Christ Jesus, Lord,

Thou standest pitying by me,
And lookest on each grief of mine
As if 'twere Thine :

What, then, though foes may try me,
Though thorns be in my path concealed?
World, do thy worst ! God is my shield !
And will be ever nigh me.

MARY, QUEEN OF HUNGARY.

THE MARTYR'S HYMN.

FLUNG to the heedless winds,
Or on the waters cast,
The martyrs' ashes, watched,
Shall gathered be at last ;
And from that scattered dust,
Around us and abroad,
Shall spring a plenteous seed
Of witnesses for God.

The Father hath received
Their latest living breath ;
And vain is satan's boast
Of victory in their death ;
Still, still, though dead, they speak,
And, trumpet tongued, proclaim
To many a waking land
The one availing name.

MARTIN LUTHER.

ROCK OF AGES.

"ROCK of ages, cleft for me,"
Thoughtlessly the maiden sung ;
Fell the words unconsciously
From her girlish, gleeful tongue ;
Sang as little children sing ;
Sang as sing the birds in June ;
Fell the words like light leaves down
On the current of the tune—
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

"Let me hide myself in Thee"—
Felt her soul no need to hide—
Sweet the song as song could be,
And she had no thought beside ;
All the words unheedingly
Fell from lips untouched by care,
Dreaming not that they might be
On some other lips a prayer—
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of ages, cleft for me"—
'Twas a woman sung them now,
Pleadingly and prayerfully,
Every word her heart did know.

(24)

Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
Beats with weary wing the air ;
Every note with sorrow stirred,
Every syllable a prayer—
"Rock of ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of ages, cleft for me"—
Lips grown aged sung the hymn
Trustingly and tenderly,
Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim—
"Let me hide myself in Thee."
Trembling though the voice and low,
Ran the sweet strain peacefully,
Like a river in its flow ;
Sung as only they can sing
Who life's thorny paths have pressed ;
Sung as only they can sing
Who behold a promised rest—
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of ages, cleft for me"—
Sung above a coffin lid ;
Underneath, all restfully,
All life's joys and sorrows hid ;
Nevermore, O storm-tossed soul !
Nevermore from wind or tide,
Nevermore from billow's roll
Wilt thou need thyself to hide.
Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
Closed beneath the soft gray hair,
Could the mute and stiffened lips
Move again in pleading prayer,
Still, aye, still the words would be—
"Let me hide myself in Thee."

EDWARD H. RICE.

SOFTLY WOO AWAY HER BREATH.

SOFTLY woo away her breath,
Gentle death !
Let her leave thee with no strife,
Tender, mournful, murmuring life.
She hath seen her happy day,
She hath had her bud and blossom ;
Now she pales and shrinks away,
Earth, into thy gentle bosom.

She hath done her bidding here,
Angels dear !
Bear her perfect soul above,
Seraph of the skies, sweet love.
Good she was and fair in youth ;
And her mind was seen to soar,
And her heart was wed to truth ;
Take her, then, forevermore,
Forever—evermore.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER (*Darry Cornwall*).

RESIGNATION.



HERE is no flock, however watched and
tended,
But one dead lamb is there !
There is no fireside howsoever defended,
But has one vacant chair !

The air is full of farewells to the dying ;
And mournings for the dead ;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted !

Let us be patient ! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors ;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death ! What seems so is transition ;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

She is not dead—the child of our affection—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air ;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her ;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child ;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace ;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times, impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean
That cannot be at rest—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay ;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

CHRIST'S PRESENCE IN THE HOUSE.



EAR Friend, whose presence in the house,
Whose gracious word benign,
Could once at Cana's wedding feast
Turn water into wine :

Come visit us, and when dull work
Grows weary, line on line,
Revive our souls, and make us see
Life's water glow as wine.

Gay mirth shall deepen into joy,
Earth's hopes shall grow divine
When Jesus visits us, to turn
Life's waters into wine.

The social talk, the evening fire,
The homely household shrine,
Shall glow with angel's visits when
The Lord pours out the wine.

For when self-seeking turns to love,
Which knows not mine and thine,
The miracle is wrought,
The water changed to wine.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

THERE IS NO DEATH.



HERE is no death ! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore :
And bright in heaven's jewelled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no death ! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellowed fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize,
And feed the hungry moss they bear ;
The forest leaves drink daily life,
From out the viewless air.

There is no death ! The leaves may fall,
And flowers may fade and pass away ;
They only wait through wintry hours,
The coming of the May.

There is no death ! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread ;
He bears our best loved things away ;
And then we call them " dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers,
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones,
Made glad these scenes of sin and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song,
Around the tree of life.

Where'er He sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in paradise.

Born unto that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them the same—
Except their sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead.

LORD LYTTON.

THE SABBATH MORNING.

WITH silent awe I hail the sacred morn,
That slowly wakes while all the fields are
still!

A soothing calm on every breeze is borne;

A graver murmur gurgles from the rill;
And echo answers softer from the hill;
And sweeter sings the linnet from the thorn:
The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill.
Hail, light serene! hail, sacred Sabbath morn!
The rooks float silent by in airy drove;
The sun a placid yellow lustre throws;
The gales that lately sighed along the grove
Have hushed their downy wings in dead repose;
The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move—
So smiled the day when the first morn arose!

JOHN LEYDEN.

THE DROWNING SINGER.

THE Sabbath day was ending in a village by the
sea,
The uttered benediction touched the people
tenderly,

And they rose to face the sunset in the glowing, lighted
west,
And then hastened to their dwellings for God's blessed
boon of rest.

But they looked across the waters, and a storm was
raging there;

A fierce spirit moved above them—the wild spirit of
the air—

And it lashed and shook and tore them, till they
thundered, groaned and boomed,
And alas for any vessel in their yawning gulfs entombed!

Very anxious were the people on that rocky coast of
Wales,

Lest the dawns of coming morrows should be telling
awful tales,

When the sea had spent its passion, and should cast
upon the shore

Bits of wreck and swollen victims, as it had done here-
tofore.

With the rough winds blowing round her, a brave
woman strained her eyes,

And she saw along the billows a large vessel fall and
rise,

Oh! it did not need a prophet to tell what the end must
be,

For no ship could ride in safety near that shore on such
a sea.

Then the pitying people hurried from their homes and
thronged the beach,

Oh! for power to cross the waters and the perishing to
reach!

Helpless hands were wrung for sorrow, tender hearts
grew cold with dread,

And the ship, urged by the tempest, to the fatal rock
shore sped.

"She has parted in the middle! Oh, the half of her
goes down!

God have mercy! Is heaven far to seek for those who
drown?"

Lo! when next the white, shocked faces looked with
terror on the sea,

Only one last clinging figure on the spar was seen to
be.

Nearer the trembling watchers came the wreck, tossed
by the wave,

And the man still clung and floated, though no power
on earth could save.

"Could we send him a short message? Here's a
trumpet. Shout away!"

'Twas the preacher's hand that took it, and he wondered
what to say.

Any memory of his sermon? Firstly? Secondly?
Ah, no!

There was but one thing to utter in the awful hour of
woe;

So he shouted through the trumpet, "Look to Jesus!
Can you hear?"

And "Aye, aye, sir!" rang the answer o'er the waters
loud and clear.

Then they listened. He is singing, "*Jesus lover of
my soul!*"

And the winds brought back the echo, "*While the
nearer waters roll;*"

Strange, indeed, it was to hear him, "*Till the storm
of life is past,*"

Singing bravely from the waters, "*Oh, receive my
soul at last!*"

He could have no other refuge! "*Hangs my helpless soul on thee, Leave, ah, leave me not!*" The singer dropped at last into the sea,
And the watchers, looking homeward through their eyes with tears made dim,
Said, "He passed to be with Jesus in the singing of that hymn."

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

ABIDE WITH ME.

ABIDE with me! Fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power!
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

HENRY F. LYTE.

FAITH AND HOPE.

DON'T be sorrowful, darling!
Now, don't be sorrowful, pray;
For, taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more night than day.

It's rainy weather, my loved one;
Time's wheels they heavily run;
But taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more cloud than sun.

We're old folks now, companion—
Our heads they are growing gray;
But taking the year all round, my dear,
You will always find the May.
We've had our May, my darling,
And our roses, long ago;
And the time of the year is come, my dear,
For the long dark nights, and the snow.

But God is God, my faithful,
Of night as well as of day;

And we feel and know that we can go
Wherever He leads the way.
Ay, God of night, my darling!
Of the night of death so grim;
And the gate that from life leads out, good wife,
Is the gate that leads to Him.

REMBRANDT PEALE.

NOW AND AFTERWARDS.

"Two hands upon the breast, and labor is past."—RUSSIAN PROVERB.

TWO hands upon the breast,
And labor's done;
Two pale feet crossed in rest—
The race is won;
Two eyes with coin-weights shut,
And all tears cease;
Two lips where grief is mute,
Anger at peace;"

So pray we oftentimes, mourning our lot;
God in his kindness answereth not.

"Two hands to work address
Aye for His praise;
Two feet that never rest
Walking His ways;
Two eyes that look above
Through all their tears;
Two lips still breathing love,
Not wrath, nor fears;"

So pray we afterwards low on our knees;
Pardon those erring prayers! Father, hear these!

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

THE ANGELS' WHISPER

ABABY was sleeping;
Its mother was weeping;
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea;

And the tempest was swelling
Round the fisherman's dwelling;
And she cried, "Dermot, darling, O come back to me!"

Her beads while she numbered,
The baby still slumbered,
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee;
"O, blest be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering to thee.

"And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
O, pray to them softly, my baby, with me!
And say thou wouldst't rather
They'd watch o'er thy father!
For I know that the angels are whispering to thee."

The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermot returning,

And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see ;
And closely caressing
Her child with a blessing,
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering to
thee."

SAMUEL LOVER.

HYMN OF THE HEBREW MAID.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonished lands,
The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen ;
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze—
Forsaken Israel wanders lone ;
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But, present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.
And O, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath
A burning and a shining light !

Our harps we left by Babel's streams—
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn ;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, trump and horn.
But Thou hast said, The blood of goats,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize—
A contrite heart, and humble thoughts,
Are mine accepted sacrifice.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

NEARER HOME.

This beautiful poem, which has comforted so many Christian hearts, will be prized, not only for its own sake, but as a fitting memorial to the gifted writer.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er ;
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than I ever have been before ;

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be ;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea ;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down ;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown !

But the waves of that silent sea
Roll dark before my sight,
That brightly the other side
Break on a shore of light.

Oh, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink ;
If it be I am nearer home
Even to-day than I think ;

Father, perfect my trust ;
Let my spirit feel in death,
That her feet are firmly set
On the Rock of a living faith !

PHEBE CARY.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

This ode was composed at the request of Steele, who wrote : " This is to desire of you that you would please to make an ode as of a cheerful, dying spirit ; that is to say, the Emperor Adrian's dying address to his soul put into two or three stanzas for music " Pope replied with the three stanzas below, and says to Steele in a letter : " You have it, as Cowley calls it, warm from the brain. It came to me the first moment I waked this morning."

ITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame !
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

The world recedes ; it disappears ;
Heaven opens on my eyes ; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring :
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
Oh, grave ! where is thy victory ?
Oh, death ! where is thy sting ?

ALEXANDER POPE.

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT ?

SAY, watchman, what of the night ?
Do the dews of the morning fall ?
Have the orient skies a border of light,
Like the fringe of a funeral pall ?

" The night is fast waning on high,
And soon shall the darkness flee,
And the morn shall spread o'er the blushing sky,
And bright shall its glories be."

But, watchman, what of the night,
When sorrow and pain are mine,
And the pleasures of life, so sweet and bright,
No longer around me shine?

"That night of sorrow thy soul
May surely prepare to meet,
But away shall the clouds of thy heaviness roll,
And the morning of joy be sweet."

But, watchman, what of the night,
When the arrow of death is sped,
And the grave, which no glimmering star can light,
Shall be my sleeping bed?

"That night is near, and the cheerless tomb
Shall keep thy body in store,
Till the morn of eternity rise on the gloom,
And night shall be no more!"

THE CHANGED CROSS.

It was a time of sadness, and my heart,
Although it knew and loved the better part,
Felt wearied with the conflict and the strife,
And all the needful discipline of life.

And while I thought on these, as given to me,
My trial-tests of faith and love to be,
It seemed as if I never could be sure
That faithful to the end I should endure.

And thus, no longer trusting to his might
Who says, "We walk by faith and not by sight,"
Doubting, and almost yielding to despair,
The thought arose, "My cross I cannot bear.

"Far heavier its weight must surely be
Than those of others which I daily see;
Oh! if I might another burden choose,
Methinks I should not fear my crown to lose."

A solemn silence reigned on all around,
E'en nature's voices uttered not a sound;
The evening shadows seemed of peace to tell,
And sleep upon my weary spirit fell.

A moment's pause—and then a heavenly light
Beamed full upon my wondering, raptured sight;
Angels on silvery wings seemed everywhere,
And angels' music thrilled the balmy air.

Then One, more fair than all the rest to see,
One to whom all the others bowed the knee,
Came gently to me, as I trembling lay,
And, "Follow me," he said; "I am the Way."

Then, speaking thus, he led me far above,
And there, beneath a canopy of love,
Crosses of divers shape and size were seen,
Larger and smaller than my own had been.

And one there was, most beauteous to behold—
A little one, with jewels set in gold.
"Ah! this," methought, "I can with comfort wear,
For it will be an easy one to bear."

And so the little cross I quickly took,
But all at once my frame beneath it shook;
The sparkling jewels, fair were they to see,
But far too heavy was their weight for me.

"This may not be," I cried, and looked again,
To see if there was any here could ease my pain;
But, one by one, I passed them slowly by,
Till on a lovely one I cast my eye.

Fair flowers around its sculptured form entwined,
And grace and beauty seemed in it combined,
Wondering, I gazed—and still I wondered more,
To think so many should have passed it o'er.

But oh! that form so beautiful to see
Soon made its hidden sorrows known to me;
Thorns lay beneath those flowers and colors fair;
Sorrowing, I said, "This cross I may not bear."

And so it was with each and all around—
Not one to suit my need could there be found;
Weeping, I laid each heavy burden down
As my Guide gently said, "No cross—no crown."

At length to him I raised my saddened heart,
He knew its sorrows, bade its doubts depart;
"Be not afraid," he said, "but trust in me;
My perfect love shall now be shown to thee."

And then, with lightened eyes and willing feet,
Again I turned, my earthly cross to meet;
With forward footsteps, turning not aside,
For fear some hidden evil might betide;

And there—in the prepared, appointed way,
Listening to hear, and ready to obey—
A cross I quickly found of plainest form,
With only words of love inscribed thereon.

With thankfulness I raised it from the rest,
And joyfully acknowledged it the best—
The only one, of all the many there,
That I could feel was good for me to bear.

And, while I thus my chosen one confessed,
I saw a heavenly brightness on it rest;
And as I bent, my burden to sustain,
I recognized *my own old cross* again.

But oh! how different did it seem to be,
Now I had learned its preciousness to see!
No longer could I unbelieving say,
"Perhaps another is a better way."

Ah, no! henceforth my own desire shall be,
That He who knows me best should choose for me;
And so, whate'er His love sees good to send,
I'll trust it's best—because He knows the end.

Mrs. CHARLES HOBART.

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

AND is there care in heaven? And is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is:—else much more wretched were
the case

Of men than beasts: but O the exceeding grace
Of Highest God! that loves His creatures so,
And all His works with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels He sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked men, to serve his wicked foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come to succor us that succor want!
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant!
They for us fight, they watch, and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
And all for love, and nothing for reward;
O, why should heavenly God to men have such regard!

EDMUND SPENSER.

THE DYING SAVIOUR.

SACRED Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down;
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thy only crown;
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss, till now was Thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine.
O noblest brow and dearest,
In other days the world
All feared when Thou appearedst:
What shame on Thee is hurled!
How art Thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How does that visage languish
Which once was bright as morn!
What language shall I borrow,
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end!
O, make me Thine forever,
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to Thee.
If I, a wretch, should leave Thee,
O Jesus, leave not me!
In faith may I receive Thee,
When death shall set me free.
When strength and comfort languish,
And I must hence depart,
Release me then from anguish,
By Thine own wounded heart.

Be near when I am dying,
O, show Thy cross to me!
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free.
These eyes new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing
Dies safely—through Thy love.

PAUL GERHARDT.

FOR LOVE'S SAKE.

One of the most celebrated, and perhaps the finest, of all religious edifices in the world, is the "Moslem Palace" called Taj Mahal. It was erected during the 17th century, by the Emperor Shah Jehan as a mausoleum for his favorite queen. The material is white marble, and the cost is said to have been over fifteen million dollars. The tombs of the Emperor and Queen are in the central hall.

YOU have read of the Moslem palace—
The marvelous fane that stands
On the banks of the distant Jumna,
The wonder of all the lands;

You have read of its marble splendors,
Its carvings of rare device,
Its domes and its towers that glisten
Like visions of paradise.

You have listened as one has told you
Of its pinnacles snowy-fair—
So pure that they seemed suspended
Like clouds in the crystal air;

Of the flow of its fountains falling
As softly as mourners' tears;
Of the lily and rose kept blooming
For over two hundred years;

Of the friezes of frost-like beauty,
The jewels that crust the wall,
The carvings that crown the archway,
The innermost shrine of all—

Where lies in her sculptured coffin,
(Whose chiselings mortal man
Hath never excelled,) the dearest
Of the loves of the Shah Jehan.

They read you the shining legends
Whose letters are set in gems,
On the walls of the sacred chamber
That sparkle like diadems.

And they tell you these letters, gleaming
Wherever the eye may look,
Are words of the Moslem prophet,
Are texts from his holy book.

And still as you heard, you questioned
Right wonderingly, as you must,
"Why rear such a palace, only
To shelter a woman's dust?"

Why rear it?—the Shah had promised
His beautiful Nourmahal
To do it because he loved her,
He loved her—and that was all!

So minaret, wall, and column,
And tower and dome above,
All tell of a sacred promise,
All utter one accent—LOVE.

You know of another temple,
A grander than Hindoo shrine,
The splendor of whose perfections
Is mystical, strange, divine.

So vast is its scale proportioned,
So lofty its turrets rise,
That the pile in its finished glory
Will reach to the very skies.

The lapse of the silent Kedron,
The roses of Sharon fair,
Gethsemane's sacred olives
And cedars are round it there.

And graved on its walls and pillars,
And cut in its crystal stone,
Are the words of our Prophet, sweeter
Than Islam's hath ever known—

Texts culled from the holy Gospel,
That comfort, refresh, sustain,
And shine with a rarer lustre
Than the gems of the Hindoo fane.

The plan of the temple, only
Its Architect understands;
And yet He accepts—(Oh, wonder!)
The helping of human hands!

And so, for the work's progression,
He is willing that great and small
Should bring Him their bits of carving,
So needed, to fill the wall.

Not one does the Master-Builder
Disdainfully cast away:
Why, even He takes the chippings,
We women have brought to-day!

Oh, not to the dead—to the living—
We rear on the earth He trod,
This fane to His lasting glory,
This church to the Christ of God!

Why labor and strive? We have promised
(And dare we the vow recall?)
To do it because we love Him,
We love Him—and that is all!

For over the Church's portal,
Each pillar and arch above,
The Master has set one signet,
And graven one watchword—LOVE.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

DIFFERENT MINDS.

SOME murmur when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thankful love are filled
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task.
And all good things denied,
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How love has in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire)
Such rich provision made.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

A DREAM OF THE UNIVERSE.

↑ INTO the great vestibule of heaven, God called up
a man from dreams, saying, "Come thou hither,
and see the glory of my house." And, to the
servants who stood around His throne, He said.
"Take him, and undress him from his robes of flesh;
cleanse his vision, and put a new breath into his nos-
trils; only touch not with any change his human heart
—the heart that weeps and trembles."

It was done; and, with a mighty angel for his guide,
the man stood ready for his infinite voyage; and from
the terraces of heaven, without sound or farewell, at
once they wheeled away into endless space. Some-
times, with solemn flight of angel wings, they fled
through Saharas of darkness—through wildernesses of
death, that divided the world of life; sometimes they
swept over frontiers that were quickening under the
prophetic motions from God.

Then, from a distance that is counted only in heaven,
light dawned for a time through a sleepy film; by un-
utterable pace the light swept to them; they by un-
utterable pace to the light. In a moment, the rushing of
planets was upon them; in a moment, the blazing of
suns was around them.

Then came eternities of twilight, that revealed, but
were not revealed. On the right hand and on the left,
towered mighty constellations, that by self-repetition
and answers from afar, that by counter-positions, built
up triumphal gates, whose architraves, whose arch-
ways—horizontal, upright—rested, rose—at altitudes
by spans that seemed ghostly from infinitude. With-
out measure were the architraves, past number were
the archways, beyond memory the gates.

Within were stairs that scaled the eternities below;
above was below—below was above, to the man
stripped of gravitating body; depth was swallowed up
in height insurmountable; height was swallowed up in

depth unfathomable. Suddenly, as thus they rode from infinite to infinite; suddenly, as thus they tilted over abysmal worlds, a mighty cry arose that systems more mysterious, that worlds more billowy, other heights and other depths, were coming—were nearing—were at hand.

Then the man sighed, and stopped, and shuddered, and wept. His overlaid heart uttered itself in tears; and he said, "Angel, I will go no farther; for the spirit of man acheth with this infinity. Insufferable is the glory of God. Let me lie down in the grave, and hide me from the persecutions of the Infinite; for end, I see, there is none."

And from all the listening stars that shone around, issued a choral cry, "The man speaks truly; and there is none that ever yet we heard of." "End is there none?" the angel solemnly demanded: "Is there indeed no end, and is this the sorrow that kills you?" But no voice answered that he might answer himself. Then the angel threw up his glorious hands toward the heaven of heavens, saying, "End is there none to the universe of God! Lo, also there is no beginning!"

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

LEAVES have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,

And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh death!

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer—
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee—but thou art not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh death!

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer-birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain—
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?
They have one season—all are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest—
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh death!

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

THE RELIGION OF HUDIBRAS.

HE was of that stubborn crew
Of arrant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true church militant;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery,
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks;
Call fire, and sword, and desolation
A godly, thorough reformation,
Which always must be carried on
And still be doing, never done;
As if religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended.
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss,
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
Than dog distract, or monkey sick;
That with more care keep holyday
The wrong than others the right way;
Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to;
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshipped God for spite;
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

CREATIVE POWER.

HE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim;
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice or sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing, as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine!"

— JOSEPH ADDISON.

NO SECTS IN HEAVEN.



ALKING of sects till late one eve,
Of the various doctrines the saints believe,
That night I stood, in a troubled dream,
By the side of a darkly flowing stream.

And a "Churchman" down to the river came—
When I heard a strange voice call his name,
"Good father, stop; when you cross this tide,
You must leave your robes on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind;
And his long gown floated out behind,
As down to the stream his way he took,
His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book.

"I'm bound for heaven; and when I'm there,
Shall want my book of Common Prayer;
And, though I put on a starry crown,
I should feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fixed his eyes on the shining track,
But his gown was heavy and held him back,
And the poor old father tried in vain,
A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side,
But his silk gown floated on the tide;
And no one asked, in that blissful spot,
Whether he belonged to the "church" or not.

Then down to the river a Quaker strayed;
His dress of a sober hue was made:
"My coat and hat must all be gray—
I cannot go any other way."

Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin,
And staidly, solemnly, waded in,
And his broad-brimmed hat he pulled down tight,
Over his forehead so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat;
A moment he silently sighed over that;

And then, as he gazed to the further shore,
The coat slipped off, and was seen no more.

As he entered heaven his suit of gray
Went quietly, sailing, away, away;
And none of the angels questioned him
About the width of his beaver's brim.

Next came Dr. Watts, with a bundle of psalms
Tied nicely up in his aged arms,
And hymns as many, a very wise thing,
That the people in heaven, "all round," might sing.

But I thought that he heaved an anxious sigh,
And he saw that the river ran broad and high,
And looked rather surprised, as one by one
The psalms and hymns in the wave went down.

And after him, with his MSS.,
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness;
But he cried, "Dear me! what shall I do?
The water has soaked them through and through."

And there on the river far and wide,
Away they went down the swollen tide;
And the saint, astonished, passed through alone,
Without his manuscripts, up to the throne.

Then, gravely walking, two saints by name
Down to the stream together came;
But, as they stopped at the river's brink,
I saw one saint from the other shrink.

"Sprinkled or plunged? may I ask you, friend,
How you attained to life's great end?"
"Thus, with a few drops on my brow."
"But I have been dipped, as you'll see me now,

"And I really think it will hardly do,
As I'm 'close communion,' to cross with you;
You're bound, I know, to the realms of bliss,
But you must go that way, and I'll go this."

Then straightway plunging with all his might,
Away to the left—his friend to the right,
Apart they went from this world of sin,
But at last together they entered in.

And now, when the river was rolling on,
A Presbyterian church went down;
Of women there seemed an innumerable throng,
But the men I could count as they passed along.

And concerning the road, they could never agree,
The old or the new way, which it could ~~it~~ be,
Not ever a moment paused to think
That both would lead to the river's brink.

And a sound of murmuring, long and loud,
Came ever up from the moving crowd;
"You're in the old way, and I'm in the new;
That is the false, and this is the true"—
Or, "I'm in the old way, and you're in the new;
That is the false, and this is the true."

But the "brethren" only seemed to speak :
Modest the sisters walked and meek,
And if ever one of them chanced to say
What troubles she met with on the way,
How she longed to pass to the other side,
Nor feared to cross over the swelling tide,

A voice arose from the brethren then,
"Let no one speak but the 'holy men.'
For have ye not heard the words of Paul,
Oh, let the women keep silence all?"

I watched them long in my curious dream,
Till they stood by the borders of the stream;
Then, just as I thought, the two ways met;
But all the brethren were talking yet,
And would talk on till the heaving tide
Carried them over side by side—
Side by side, for the way was one;
The toilsome journey of life was done;
And all who in Christ the Saviour died,
Came out alike on the other side.

No forms or crosses or books had they;
No gowns of silk or suits of gray;
No creeds to guide them, or MSS.;
For all had put on Christ's righteousness.

— Mrs. CLEVELAND.

JOHN JANKIN'S SERMON.

THE minister said last night, says he,
"Don't be afraid of givin'
If your life ain't nothin' to other folks
Why, what's the use of livin'?"
And that's what I say to my wife, says I,
"There's Brown, that mis'erable sinner,
He'd sooner a beggar would starve, than give
A cent towards buyin' a dinner."

I tell you our minister's prime, he is,
But I couldn't quite determine,
When I heard him givin' it right and left,
Just who was hit by the sermon.
Of course, there could be no mistake,
When he talked of long-winded prayin',
For Peters and Johnson they sat and scowled
At every word he was sayin'.

And the minister he went on to say,
"There's various kinds of cheatin',
And religion's as good for every day
As it is to bring to meetin'.
I don't think much of a man that gives
The loud 'amens' at my preachin',
And spends his time the followin' week
In cheatin' and overreachin'."

I guess that dose was bitter
For a man like Jones to swaller;
But I noticed he didn't open his mouth,
Not once, after that, to holler.

Hurrah! says I, for the minister—
Of course, I said it quiet—
Give us some more of this open talk;
It's very refreshin' diet.

The minister hit 'em every time;
And when he spoke of fashion,
And a-riggin' out in bows and things,
As woman's rulin' passion,
And a-comin' to church to see the styles,
I couldn't help a winkin'
And a-nudgin' my wife, and, says I, "That's you,"
And I guess it sot her thinkin'.

Says I to myself, that sermon's pat;
But man is a queer creation;
And I'm much afraid that most o' the folks
Wouldn't take the application.
Now, if he had said a word about
My personal mode o' sinnin',
I'd have gone to work to right myself,
And not set there a-grinnin'.

Just then the minister says, says he,
"And now I've come to the fellers
Who've lost this shower by usin' their friends
As a sort o' moral umbrellers.
Go home," says he, "and find your faults,
Instead of huntin' your brother's;
Go home," he says, "and wear the coats
You've tried to fit on others."

My wife, she nudged, and Brown he winked,
And there was lots of smillin'
And lots o' lookin' at our pew;
It sot my blood a-billin'.
Says I to myself, our minister
Is gettin' a little bitter;
I'll tell him when meetin's out that I
Ain't at all that kind of a critter.

WE'VE ALWAYS BEEN PROVIDED FOR.

GOOD wife, what are you singing for? You
know we've lost the hay;
And what we'll do with horse and kye is
more than I can say;
While like as not, with storm and rain, we'll lose both
corn and wheat."
She looked up with a pleasant face, and answered low
and sweet:
"There is a Heart, there is a Hand, we feel, but can-
not see;
We've always been provided for, and we shall always
be."

He turned round with a sudden gloom. She said:
"Love, be at rest;
You cut the grass, worked soon and late, you did your
very best.

That was your work ; you'd naught at all to do with
wind and rain,
And no doubt but that you will reap rich fields of
golden grain ;
For there's a Heart, and there's a Hand, we feel, but
cannot see—
We've always been provided for, and we shall always
be."

"That's like a woman's reasoning—we must, because
we must."

She softly said : "I reason not, I only work and trust ;
The harvest may redeem the day—keep heart, what-
e'er betide,
When one door shuts, I've always seen another open
wide.
There is a Heart, there is a Hand, we feel, but cannot
see ;
We've always been provided for, and we shall always
be."

He kissed the calm and trustful face, gone was his rest-
less pain.
She heard him with a cheerful step go whistling down
the lane.
And when about her household tasks, full of a glad
content,
Singing, to time her busy hands, as to and fro she
went—
"There is a Heart, there is a Hand, we feel, but cannot
see ;
We've always been provided for, and we shall always
be."

Days come and go—'twas Christmas tide, and the
great fire burned clear.
The farmer said : "Dear wife, it's been a good and
happy year ;
The fruit was gain, the surplus corn has bought the
hay, you know."
She lifted then a smiling face, and said : "I told you
so !
For there's a Heart, and there's a Hand, we feel, but
cannot see ;
We've always been provided for, and we shall always
be."

MERCY.

HE quality of mercy is not strained ;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath : it is twice blessed ;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown ;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway—
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,

It is an attribute to God himself ;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;
And that same prayer should teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

LAST HYMN.

KNOW not what awaits me,
God kindly veils mine eyes,
And o'er each step on my onward way
He makes new scenes arise ;
And every joy he sends me comes
A sweet and glad surprise.

Where He may lead I'll follow,
My trust in Him repose,
And every hour in perfect peace
I'll sing, "He knows, He knows."

One step I see before me ;
'Tis all I need to see ;
The light of heaven more brightly shines
When earth's illusions flee,
And sweetly through the silence comes
His loving "Follow Me."

O blissful lack of wisdom,
'Tis blessed not to know ;
He holds me with His own right hand,
And will not let me go,
And lulls my troubled soul to rest
In Him who loves me so.

So on I go, not knowing,
I would not if I might ;
I'd rather walk in the dark with God
Than go alone in the light ;
I'd rather walk by faith with Him
Than go alone by sight.

MARY G. BRAINARD.

A FATHER READING THE BIBLE.

WAS early day, and sunlight streamed
Soft through a quiet room,
That hushed, but not forsaken, seemed,
Still, but with nought of gloom.
For there, serene in happy age,
Whose hope is from above,
A father communed with the page
Of Heaven's recorded love.

Pure fell the beam, and meekly bright,
On his gray holy hair,
And touched the page with tenderest light,
As if its shrine were there !

But oh ! that patriarch's aspect shone
With something lovelier far—
A radiance all the spirit's own,
Caught not from sun or star.

Some word of life e'en then had met
His calm benignant eye :
Some ancient promise, breathing yet
Of immortality !
Some martyr's prayer, wherein the glow
Of queenchless faith survives :
While every feature said—" I know
That my Redeemer lives ! "

And silent stood his children by,
Hushing their very breath,
Before the solemn sanctity
Of thoughts o'ersweeping death.
Silent—yet did not each young breast
With love and reverence melt ?
Oh ! blest be those fair girls, and blest
That home where God is felt !

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

TO A FAMILY BIBLE.

WHAT household thoughts around thee, as
their shrine,
Cling reverently?—of anxious looks be-
guiled,

My mother's eyes, upon thy page divine,
Each day were bent—her accents gravely mild,
Breathed out thy love : whilst I, a dreamy child,
Wandered on breeze-like fancies oft away,
To some lone tuft of gleaming spring-flowers wild,
Some fresh-discovered nook for woodland play,
Some secret nest : yet would the solemn Word
At times, with kindlings of young wonder heard,
Fall on my weakened spirit, there to be
A seed not lost :—for which, in darker years,
O Book of Heaven ! I pour, with grateful tears,
Heart blessings on the holy dead and thee !

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

THE PHANTOM ISLES.

In the East River, above New York, there are many small islands, the frequent resort of summer pleasure-parties. One of the dangers haunting these scenes of amusement is that high tides often cover the islands. The incidents recorded in the following lines took place under the circumstances mentioned, and the entire change in the heart and life of the bereaved father makes the simple story as instructive as it is interesting and touching.

THE Phantom Isles are fading from the sea ;
The groups that thronged them leave their
sinking shores ;
And shout and laugh, and jocund song and
glee

Ring through the mist, to beat of punctual oars,
Through the gray mist that comes up with the tide,
And covers all the ocean far and wide.

Of the gay revellers one child alone
Was wanting at the roll's right merry call ;
From boat to boat they sought him ; he was gone,
And fear and trembling filled the hearts of all,
For the damp mist was falling fast the while,
And the sea, rising, swallowing up each isle.

The trembling father guides the searching band,
While every sinew, hope and fear can strain,
Is stretched to bring the quivering boat to land.
And find the lost one—but is stretched in vain :
No land they find, but one sweet call they hear,
" Steer this way, father ! this way, father dear ! "

That voice they follow, certain they have found,
But vainly sweep the waters o'er and o'er,
The whispering waves have ceased their rippling sound :
Their silence telling they have lost their shore :
Yet still the sweet young voice cries loud and clear,
" Steer this way, father ! this way, father dear ! "

Onward they rush, like those who in the night
Follow the phantom flame, but never find ;
Now certain that the voice has led them right,
Yet the next moment hearing it behind ;
But wrapt in gurgling, smothered sounds of fear,
" Steer this way, father ! this way, father dear ! "

The night is spent in vain—no further cry
Cheers them with hope, or wilders them with fear ;
With breaking morning, as the mists sweep by,
They can see nothing but wide waters drear ;
Yet ever in the childless father's ear
Rings the sad cry, " Steer this way, father dear ! "

And on through life, across its changeable tide,
Where many a doubtful course before him lay,
That sweet young voice did help him to decide,
When others strove to lure his bark astray ;
Calling from heaven, in accents soft and clear,
" Steer this way, father ! this way, father dear ! "

Until there at length—drawn upward to the land
Where is no more sorrow, no more sea :
Cheering him brightly from its crystal strand
Into the haven where his soul would be ;
These the last whispers in his dying ear,
" Steer this way, father ! this way, father dear ! "

JOHN MONSELL.

AMAZING, BEAUTEOUS CHANGE I

AMazing, beauteous change !
A world created new !
My thoughts with transport range,
The lovely scene to view ;
In all I trace,
Saviour divine,
The work is thine—
Be thine the praise !

See crystal fountains play
Amidst the burning sands ;

The river's winding way
Shines through the thirsty lands ;
New grass is seen,
And o'er the meads
Its carpet spreads
Of living green.

Where pointed brambles grew,
Intwined with horrid thorn,
Gay flowers, forever new,
The painted fields adorn—
The blushing rose
And lily there,
In union fair,
Their sweets disclose.

Where the bleak mountain stood
All bare and disarrayed,
See the wide-branching wood
Diffuse its grateful shade ;
Tall cedars nod,
And oaks and pines,
And elms and vines
Confess the God.

The tyrants of the plain
Their savage chase give o'er—
No more they rend the slain,
And thirst for blood no more ;
But infant hands
Fierce tigers stroke,
And lions yoke
In flowery bands.

O, when, Almighty Lord !
Shall these glad scenes arise,
To verify Thy word,
And bless our wondering eyes ?

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

ACROSS THE RIVER

WHEN for me the silent oar
Parts the silent river,
And I stand upon the shore
Of the strange forever,
Shall I miss the loved and known ?
Shall I vainly seek mine own ?
Mid the crowd that come to meet
Spirits sin-forgiven—
Listening to their echoing feet
Down the streets of heaven—
Shall I know a footstep near
That I listen, wait for, here ?
Then will one approach the brink,
With a hand extended ?—
One whose thoughts I loved to think
Ere the veil was rended,
Saying, "Welcome ! we have died,
And again are side by side."

Saying, "I will go with thee,
That thou be not lonely,
To yon hills of mystery ;
I have waited only
Until now to climb with thee
Yonder hills of mystery."

Can the bonds that make us here
Know ourselves immortal,
Drop away, the foliage sear,
At life's inner portal ?
What is holiest below
Must forever live and grow.

I shall love the angels well,
After I have found them,
In the mansions where they dwell,
With the glory round them ;
But at first, without surprise,
Let me look for human eyes.

Step by step our feet must go
Up the holy mountain ;
Drop by drop within us flow
Life's unfailling fountain.
Angels sing with crowns that burn ;
Shall we have a song to learn ?

He who on our earthly path
Bids us help each other—
Who His Well-beloved hath
Made our Elder Brother—
Will but clasp the chain of love
Closer, when we meet above.

Therefore dread I not to go
O'er the silent river ;
Death, thy hastening oar I know :
Bear me, thou life-giver,
Through the waters, to the shore
Where mine own have gone before.

LUCY LARCOM.

A PRAYER.

LEAD, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on ;
The night is dark, and I am far away from
home,
Lead thou me on ;
Keep thou my feet—I do not ask to see
The distant scene ; one step enough for me.
I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on ;
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will ; remember not past years.
So long thy power has blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone ;
 And with the morn those angel faces smile
 Whom I have loved long since, and lost awhile.
 JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

SPEAK no evil, and cause no ache ;
 Utter no jest that can pain awake ;
 Guard your actions and bridle your tongue ;
 Words are adders when hearts are stung.

Help whoever, whenever you can ;
 Man forever needs aid from man ;
 Let never a day die in the west
 That you have not comforted some sad breast.

A SUMMER EVENING.

HOW fine has the day been, how bright was the
 sun,
 How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
 Though he rose in a mist when his race he
 begun,

And there followed some droppings of rain !
 But now the fair traveler's come to the west,
 His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best ;
 He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
 And foretells a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian ; his course he begins,
 Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his sins,
 And melts into tears ; then he breaks out and shines.

And travels his heavenly way :
 But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
 Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace,
 And gives a sure hope at the end of his days,
 Of rising in brighter array.

ISAAC WATTS.

A DYING HYMN.

The last stanza composed by Alice Cary, was written on her
 death-bed, with trembling hand, the pen falling from her fingers
 as the chill of death was stealing over her. The stanza was this :

"As the poor panting hart to the water-brook runs—
 As the water-brook runs to the sea—
 So earth's fainting daughters and famishing sons,
 Oh, fountain of love, run to Thee."

Then, with her last breath, she repeated the following, written
 some years before, as if prophetic of her last hour :

EARTH with its dark and dreadful ills
 Recedes, and fades away ;
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly hills !
 Ye gates of death, give way !

My soul is full of whispered song ;
 My blindness is my sight ;
 The shadows that I feared so long,
 Are all alive with light.

The while my pulses faintly beat,
 My faith doth so abound,
 I feel grow firm beneath my feet
 The green immortal ground.

That faith to me a courage gives
 Low as the grave to go ;
 I know that my Redeemer lives :
 That I shall live I know.

The palace walls I almost see,
 Where dwells my Lord and King ;
 Oh, grave, where is thy victory ?
 Oh, death, where is thy sting ?

ALICE CARY.

WHEN.

IF I were told that I must die to-morrow,
 That the the next sun
 Which sinks should bear me past all fear and
 sorrow

For any one,
 All the fight fought, all the short journey through,
 What should I do ?

I do not think that I should shrink or falter,
 But just go on,
 Doing my work, nor change nor seek to alter
 Aught that is gone ;
 But rise and move and love and smile and pray
 For one more day.

And, lying down at night for a last sleeping,
 Say in that ear
 Which hearkens ever : "Lord, within thy keeping
 How should I fear ?
 And when to-morrow brings Thee nearer still
 Do Thou Thy will."

I might not sleep for awe ; but peaceful, tender,
 My soul would lie
 All the night long ; and when the morning splendor
 Flushed o'er the sky,
 I think that I could smile—could calmly say,
 "It is His day."

But if a wondrous hand from the blue yonder
 Held out a scroll,
 On which my life was writ, and I with wonder
 Beheld unroll
 To a long century's end its mystic clue,
 What should I do ?

What *could* I do, oh ! blessed Guide and Master,
 Other than this :
 Still to go on as now, not slower, faster,
 Nor fear to miss
 The road, although so very long it be,
 While led by Thee ?

Step after step, feeling Thee close beside me,
Although unseen,
Through thorns, through flowers, whether the tem-
pest hide Thee.

Or heavens serene,
Assured Thy faithfulness cannot betray,
Thy love decay.

I may not know ; my God, no hand revealeth
Thy counsels wise ;
Along the path a deepening shadow stealeth,
No voice replies
To all my questioning thought, the time to tell,
And it is well.

Let me keep on, abiding and unfearing
Thy will always,
Through a long century's ripening fruition
Or a short day's,
Thou canst not come too soon ; and I can wait
If thou come late.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

GRANDMOTHER'S BIBLE.

SO you've brought me this costly Bible,
With its covers so grand and gay ;
You thought I must need a new one
On my eighty-first birthday, you say.

Yes, mine is a worn-out volume,
Grown ragged and yellow with age,
With finger-prints thick on the margin ;
But there's never a missing page.

And the finger-prints call back my wee ones,
Just learning a verse to repeat ;
And again, in the twilight, their faces
Look up to me eagerly sweet.
It has pencil marks pointed in silence
To words I have hid in my heart ;
And the lessons so hard in the learning,
Once learned, can never depart.

There's the verse your grandfather spoke of
The very night that he died,
"When I awake with Thy likeness,
I, too, shall be satisfied."
And here, inside the old cover,
Is a date, it is faded and dim,
For I wrote it the day the good pastor
Baptized me—I've an old woman's whim

That beside the pearl-gates he is waiting,
And when by and by I shall go,
That he will lead me into that kingdom,
As then into this one below.
And under that date, little Mary,
Write another one when I die ;
Then keep both Bibles and read them ;
God bless you, child, why should you cry ?

Your gift is a beauty, my dearie,
With its wonderful clasps of gold,
Put it carefully into that drawer ;
I shall keep it till death ; but the old—
Just leave it close by on the table,
And then you may bring me a light,
And I'll read a sweet psalm from its pages
To think of, if wakeful to-night.

HATTIE A. COOLEY.

ALL'S FOR THE BEST.

ALL'S for the best ! be sanguine and cheerful,
Troubles and sorrows are friends in disguise
Nothing but folly goes faithless and fearful—
Courage forever is happy and wise ;
All's for the best—if a man could but know it,
Providence wishes us all to be blest ;
This is no dream of the pundit or poet,
Heaven is gracious, and all's for the best !

All's for the best ! set this on your standard,
Soldier of sadness, or pilgrim of love,
Who to the shores of despair may have wandered,
A wayfaring swallow, or heart-stricken dove.
All's for the best ! be a man, but confiding,
Providence tenderly governs the rest.
And the frail bark of his creatures is guiding,
Wisely and warily, all's for the best !

All's for the best ! then fling away terrors,
Meet all your fears and loss in the van,
And in the midst of your dangers or errors,
Trust like a child, while you strive like a man.
All's for the best ! unbiassed, unbounded,
Providence reigns from the east to the west,
And by both wisdom and mercy surrounded,
Hope and be happy, for all's for the best !

STILL WATERS.

BESIDE the still waters ! O infinite peace !
When God leadeth me there, my troubles all
cease ;
And my feet, by the thorns of life's wilderness
torn,
Are bathed in the dews that are wept by the morn.
Beside the still waters, where pastures are green
And the glad sky bends o'er them in shadow and
sheen ;
I think of the glooms through whose terrors I fled,
And bless the dear hand which my footsteps hath led.

Beside the still waters my cross it grows light,
That, fainting, I bore through the storms of the night,
The same, though another it seems ; and I pray
No more that my burden be taken away.

Beside the still waters, ah ! ripple and gleam
A thousand-fold rarer in loveliness seem,

For the billows and foam, and the tumults of wrath
In the tempests of trial that compassed my path.

Beside the still waters my hunger is fed,
And sweeter than manna drops daily my bread ;
While of Christ, the great Rock that shadows their
brink,
The full-flowing streams of salvation I drink.

Beside the still waters ! Ah ! why should I know
Rough ways for my feet, and the torrent's wild flow,
When he who still leadeth me morning and night,
Could hold me for aye in the spell of delight ?

Beside the still waters, shut in by God's hills,
The exquisite sense of protection that fills
My bosom is born of the perils o'erpast ;
As He led me at first, so He leads me at last !
W. C. RICHARDS.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

PRAYED for riches, and achieved success—
All that I touched turned into gold. Alas !
My cares were greater, and my peace was less
When that wish came to pass.

I prayed for glory ; and I heard my name
Sung by sweet children and by hoary men.
But ah ! the hurts, the hurts that come with fame !
I was not happy then.

I prayed for love, and had my soul's desire ;
Through quivering heart and body and through brain
There swept the flame of its devouring fire ;
And there the scars remain.

I prayed for a contented mind. At length
Great light upon my darkened spirit burst ;
Great peace fell on me, also, and great strength.
Oh ! had that prayer been first !
ELLA WHEELER.

THE FINAL GOAL.

YET we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood ;

That nothing walks with aimless feet ;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete ;

That not a worm is cloven in vain ;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything ;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

(25)

So runs my dream : but what am I ?
An infant crying in the night :
An infant crying for the light :
And with no language but a cry.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

SAFE TO THE LAND.

KNOW not if the dark or bright
Shall be my lot ;
If that wherein my hopes delight,
Be best or not.

It may be mine to drag for years
Toil's heavy chain ;
Or day or night, my meat be tears,
On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my hearth
With smile and glee,
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine ;
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

One who has ever known to sail
I have on board ;
Above the raging of the gale,
I hear my Lord.

He holds me ; when the billows smite
I shall not fall ;
If sharp, 'tis short ; if long, 'tis light ;
He tempers all.

Safe to the land, safe to the land !
The end is this ;
And then with Him go hand in hand,
Far into bliss.

HENRY ALFORD.

MY CREED.

AS other men have creed, so have I mine :
I keep the holy faith in God, in man,
And in the angels ministrant between ;
I hold to one true church of all true souls,
Whose churchly seal is neither bread nor wine,
Nor laying-on of hands, nor holy oil,
But only the anointing of God's grace.

I hate all kings and caste of rank of birth,
For all the sons of man are sons of God ;
Nor limps a beggar but is nobly born,
Nor wears a slave a yoke, nor czar a crown,
That makes him more or less than just a man ;
I love my country and her righteous cause,
So dare I not keep silent of her sin ;
And after freedom may her bells ring peace !

I love one woman with a holy fire,
Whom I revere as priestess of my house ;
I stand with wondering awe before my babes
Till they rebuke me too a nobler life ;
I keep a faithful friendship with a friend
Whom loyally I serve before myself ;
I lock my lips too close to speak a lie,
I wash my hands too white to touch a bribe :
I owe no man a debt I cannot pay,
Save only of the love men ought to owe ;
Withal, each day, before the blessed Heaven,
I open wide the chambers of my soul
And pray the Holy Ghost to enter in.

Thus reads the fair confession of my faith,
So crossed the contradictions of my life,
That now may God forgive the written lie !
Yet still, by help of Him who helpeth men,
I face two worlds, and fear not life nor death.
O Father, lead me by Thy hand ! Amen.

THEODORE TILTON.

DANIEL GRAY.

† F I shall ever win the home in heaven
For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray,
In the great company of the forgiven
I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

I knew him well ; in truth, few knew him better ;
For my young eyes oft read for him the Word,
And saw how meekly from the crystal letter
He drank the life of his beloved Lord.

Old Daniel Gray was not a man who lifted
On ready words his freight of gratitude,
Nor was he called upon among the gifted,
In the prayer-meetings of his neighborhood.

He had a few old-fashioned words and phrases,
Linked in with sacred texts and Sunday rhymes ;
And I suppose that in his prayers and graces,
I've heard them all at least a thousand times.

I see him now—his form, his face, his motions,
His homespun habit, and his silver hair—
And hear the language of his trite devotions,
Rising behind the straight-backed kitchen chair.

I can remember how the sentence sounded—
" Help us, O Lord, to pray and not to faint !"
And how the " conquering and to conquer " rounded
The loftier aspirations of the saint.

He had some notions that did not improve him :
He never kissed his children—so they say ;
And finest scenes and fairest flowers would move him
Less than a horseshoe picked up in the way.

He had a hearty hatred of oppression,
And righteous words for sin of every kind ;

Alas, that the transgressor and transgression
Were linked so closely in his honest mind.

He could see naught but vanity in beauty,
And naught but weakness in a fond caress,
And pitied men whose views of Christian duty
Allowed indulgence in such foolishness.

Yet there were love and tenderness within him ;
And I am told that when his Charlie died,
Nor nature's need nor gentle words could win him
From his fond vigils at the sleeper's side.

And when they came to bury little Charlie,
They found fresh dew-drops sprinkled in his hair,
And on his breast a rose-bud gathered early,
And guessed, but did not know, who placed it there.

Honest and faithful, constant in his calling,
Strictly attendant on the means of grace,
Instant in prayer, and fearful most of falling,
Old Daniel Gray was always in his place.

A practical old man, and yet a dreamer ;
He thought that in some strange, unlooked-for way
His mighty friend in Heaven, the great Redeemer,
Would honor him with wealth some golden day.

This dream he carried in a hopeful spirit,
Until in death his patient eye grew dim,
And his Redeemer called him to inherit
The heaven of wealth long garnered up for him.

So, if I ever win a home in heaven
For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray,
In the great company of the forgiven
I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

PARTED FRIENDS.

† FRIEND after friend departs,
Who hath not lost a friend ?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end !
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time—
Beyond the reign of death—
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath ;
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire !

There is a world above
Where parting is unknown !
A long eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone ;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere !

Thus star by star declines
Till all are passed away ;
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day ;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

"I HOLD STILL."

PAIN'S furnace-heat within me quivers,
God's breath upon the flame doth blow,
And all my heart within me shivers
And trembles at the fiery glow ;
And yet I whisper—"As God will !"
And in the hottest fire, hold still.

He comes and lays my heart, all heated,
On the hard anvil, minded so
Into His own fair shape to beat it,
With His own hammer, blow on blow ;
And yet I whisper—"As God will !"
And at His heaviest blows, hold still.

He takes my softened heart, and beats it—
The sparks fly off at every blow :
He turns it o'er and o'er, and neats it,
And lets it cool, and makes it glow ;
And yet I whisper—"As God will !"
And in the mighty hand, hold still.

Why should I murmur ? for the sorrow
Thus only longer lived would be ;
Its end may come, and will, to-morrow,
When God has done His work in me.
So I say, trusting—"As God will !"
And trusting to the end, hold still.

He kindles for my profit purely
Affliction's glowing, fiery brand,
And all His heaviest blows are surely
Inflicted by a Master's hand ;
So I say, praying, "As God will !"
And hope in Him and suffer still.

THE DEW-DROP AND THE STREAM.

A GENTLE stream whose pathway lay
Through flowery meads and woodlands gay,
Beheld, one morn, a dew-drop shed
Its luster on a violet's head ;
And, with the charming sight impressed,
It thus the sparkling pearl addressed :—

"Sure, little drop, rejoice we may,
For all is beautiful and gay ;
Creation wears her emerald dress,
And smiles in all her loveliness ;
And with delight and pride I see
The little flower bedecked by thee.

Thy luster with a gem might vie,
While trembling in its purple eye."

"Ay, you may well rejoice, 'tis true,"
Replied the radiant drop of dew ;
"You will, no doubt, as on you move,
To flocks and herds a blessing prove ;
But when the sun ascends on high,
Its beam will draw me to the sky ;
And I must own my little power—
I've but refreshed a humble flower."

"Hold !" cried the stream, "nor thus repine ;
For well 't is known, a power divine,
Subservient to His will supreme,
Has made the dew-drop and the stream.
Though small thou art—I that allow—
No mark of Heaven's contempt art thou ;
Thou hast refreshed a humble flower,
And done according to thy power."

All things that are, both great and small,
One glorious Author formed them all ;
This thought may all repinings quell—
Who serves His purpose serves Him well.

MY HOME.

TWO little maidens went one day
Into the shady grove to play ;
And while with moss and acorn cup,
They built a fairy palace up,
And laughing, crowned their curling hair
With chestnut leaves and flowers fair,
And old man chanced to pass that way,
And sat him down to see their play.

They did not fear the aged man,
But bade him watch their palace fair ;
Told him of many a childish plan,
And showed the garlands on their hair.
He kissed each merry, laughing child,
And at their pleasant prattle smiled ;
He said, "Sweet girls, where do you dwell—
Where are your homes ? I pray you tell !"

One said, "I dwell below the hill,
Near by the water-fall and mill ;
Around the stoop the creeper grows,
Near by our house the river flows ;
There on its banks I often sit,
And watch the sailing vessels flit
Like birds across the waters blue ;
See through those trees—it is in view."

"My home is in the city, sir,"
The other said with gentle air ;
"Our windows look, like great eyes, down
Upon the grim and dusty street ;
I do not like the noisy town,
The roll of wheels and tramp of feet ;

I like the free, fresh country air,
The trees, the fields, the flowers fair.
But let us know, kind sir, I pray,
About your home—is 't far away?"

The old man bent his silvered head,
Then raised his face, and smiling, said :
"I have a home of wealth untold,
The streets are paved with shining gold ;
The city gates are brilliant pearls,
Did you e'er hear of it, sweet girls?
There is no night in that fair land,
Life, joy, and peace walk hand in hand :
No death, no sorrow, enters there,
No cries are heard of pain or care—
My home is heaven."

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

BIRDS, joyous birds of the wandering wing!
Whence is it ye come with the flowers of
spring?

"We come from the shores of the green old Nile,
From the land where the roses of Sharon smile,
From the palms that wave through the Indian sky,
From the myrrh-trees of glowing Araby.

"We have swept o'er the cities in song renowned ;
Silent they lie, with the deserts around,
We have crossed proud rivers, whose tide hath rolled
All dark with the warrior-blood of old ;
And each worn wing hath regained its home,
Under peasant's roof-tree, or monarch's dome."

And what have ye found in the monarch's dome,
Since last ye traversed the blue sea's foam ?
"We have found a change, we have found a pall,
And a gloom o'ershadowing the banquet-hall,
And a mark on the floor as of life-drop spilt ;
Naught looks the same, save the nest we built !"

O joyous birds, it hath still been so ;
Through the halls of kings doth the tempest go !
But the huts of the hamlet lie still and deep,
And the hills o'er their quiet a vigil keep.
Say, what have ye found in the peasant's cot,
Since last ye parted from that sweet spot ?

"A change we have found there—and many a change !
Faces and footsteps, and all things strange !
Gone are the heads of the silvery hair,
And the young that were, have a brow of care,
And the place is hushed where the children played ;
Naught looks the same, save the nest we made !"

Sad is your tale of the beautiful earth,
Birds that o'er-sweep it, in power and mirth !
Yet through the wastes of the trackless air
Ye have a Guide, and shall we despair ?
Ye over desert and deep have passed ;
So may we reach our bright home at last.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

GIVING AND LIVING.

FOREVER the sun is pouring his gold
On a hundred worlds that beg and borrow ;
His warmth he squanders on summits cold,
His wealth, on the homes of want and sor-
row.

To withhold his largess of precious light
Is to bury himself in eternal night :
To give is to live.

The flower shines not for itself at all,
Its joy is the joy it freely diffuses ;
Of beauty and balm it is prodigal,
And it lives in the life it sweetly loses.
No choice for the rose but glory or doom—
To exhale or smother, to wither or bloom :
To deny is to die.

The seas lend silvery rain to the land,
The land its sapphire streams to the ocean ;
The heart sends blood to the brain of command,
The brain to the heart its constant motion ;
And over and over we yield our breath—
Till the mirror is dry and images death :
To live is to give.

He is dead whose hand is not opened wide
To help the need of sister or brother ;
He doubles the worth of his life-long ride
Who gives his fortunate place to another ;
Not one, but a thousand lives are his
Who carries the world in his sympathies :
To deny is to die.

Throw gold to the far-dispersing wave,
And your ships sail home with tons of treasure ;
Care not for comfort, all hardships brave,
And evening and age shall sup with pleasure ;
Fling health to the sunshine, wind, and rain,
And roses shall come to the cheek again :
To give is to live.

NOTHING IS LOST.

NOTHING is lost : the drop of dew
That trembles on the leaf or flower,
Is but exhaled to fall anew
In summer's thunder shower ;
Perchance to shine within the bow
That fronts the sun at fall of day,
Perchance to sparkle in the flow
Of fountain far away.

So with our words—or harsh, or kind—
Uttered, they are not all forgot ;
They leave their influence on the mind,
Pass on, but perish not !
As they are spoken, so they fall
Upon the spirit spoken to—
Scorch it like drops of burning gall,
Or soothe like honey-dew.

So with our deeds—for good or ill
 They have their power, scarce understood ;
 Then let us use our better will
 To make them rife with good.
 Like circles on a lake they go,
 Ring beyond ring, and never stay.
 O that our deeds were fashioned so
 That they might bless alway !

THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

SHE rose from her delicious sleep,
 And put away her soft brown hair,
 And in a tone as low and deep
 As love's first whisper, breathed a prayer ;
 Her snow-white hands together pressed,
 Her blue eyes sheltered in the lid,
 The folded linen on her breast
 Just swelling with the charms it hid.

And from her long and flowing dress
 Escaped a bare and snowy foot,
 Whose step upon the earth did press
 Like a sweet snow-flake soft and mute ;
 And then from slumber chaste and warm,
 Like a young spirit fresh from heaven,
 She bowed that young and matchless form ;
 And humbly prayed to be forgiven.

Oh, God ! if souls as pure as these
 Need daily mercy from Thy throne—
 If she upon her bended knee,
 Our holiest and our purest one—
 She with a face so clear and bright
 We deem her some stray child of light ;
 If she, with these soft eyes and tears,
 Day after day in her young years,
 Must kneel and pray for grace from Thee,
 How hardly if she win not heaven
 Will our wild errors be forgiven !

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

ONWARD.

NOT, my soul, what thou hast done,
 But what thou now art doing ;
 Not the course which thou hast run,
 But that which thou'rt pursuing ;
 Not the prize already won,
 But that which thou art wooing ;

Thy progression, not thy rest ;
 Striving, not attaining—
 Is the measure and the test
 Of thy hope remaining.
 Not in gain art thou so blest
 As in conscious gaining.

If thou to the past wilt go,
 Of experience learning,

Faults and follies it can show,
 Wisdom dearly earning ;
 But the path once trodden, know,
 Hath no more returning.

Let not thy good hope depart,
 Sit not down bemoaning ;
 Rouse thy strength anew, brave heart !
 'Neath despair's assailing :
 This will give thee fairer start—
 Knowledge of thy failing.

Yet shall every rampant wrong
 In the dust be lying ;
 Soon thy foes, though proud and strong,
 In defeat be flying ;
 Then shall a triumphant song
 Take the place of sighing.

J. K. LOMBARD.

WE'VE ALL OUR ANGEL SIDE.

HE huge, rough stones from out the mine,
 Unseen and unthought of,
 Have veins of purest metal hid
 Beneath the surface there.
 Few rocks so bare but to their heights
 Some tiny moss-plant clings ;
 And on the peaks so desolate,
 The sea-bird sits and sings.
 Believe me, too, that rugged souls,
 Beneath their rudeness, hide
 Much that is beautiful and good—
 We've all our angel side.

In all there is an inner depth,
 A far-off, secret way,
 Where, through the windows of the soul,
 God sends His smiling ray.
 In every human heart there is
 A faithful, sounding chord
 That may be struck, unknown to us,
 By some sweet, loving word.
 The wayward will in man may try
 Its softer thoughts to hide—
 Some unexpected tone reveals
 It has an angel side.

Despised, and lone, and trodden down,
 Dark with the shades of sin,
 Deciphering not those halo-lights
 Which God has lit within ;
 Groping about in endless night,
 Poor, poisoned souls they are,
 Who guess not what life's meaning is
 Nor dream of heaven afar.
 O that some gentle hand of love
 Their stumbling steps would guide,
 And show them that, amidst it all,
 Life has its angel side !

Brutal, and mean, and dark enough,
 God knows some natures are ;
 But He, compassionate, comes near,
 And shall we stand afar?
 Our cruse of oil will not grow less
 If shared with hearty hand ;
 For words of peace and looks of love
 Few natures can withstand.
 Love is the mighty conqueror,
 Love is the beauteous guide,
 Love, with her beaming eyes, can see
 We've all our angel side.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

HERE is many a rest in the road of life,
 If we only would stop to take it,
 And many a tone from the better land,
 If the querulous heart would wake it !
 To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
 And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
 The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
 Though the wintry storm prevaileth.
 Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
 And to keep the eyes still lifted ;
 For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,
 When the ominous clouds are rifted !
 There was never a night without a day,
 Or an evening without a morning ;
 And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
 Is the hour before the dawning.
 There is many a gem in the path of life,
 Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
 That is richer far than the jeweled crown,
 Or the miser's hoarded treasure :
 It may be the love of a little child,
 Or a mother's prayers to Heaven ;
 Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
 For a cup of water given.
 Better to weave in the web of life
 A bright and golden filling,
 And do God's will with a ready heart
 And hands that are swift and willing,
 Than to snap the delicate, slender threads
 Of our curious lives asunder,
 And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,
 And sit and grieve and wonder.

CARVING A NAME.

WROTE my name upon the sand,
 And trusted it would stand for aye ;
 But soon, alas ! the reflux sea
 Had washed my feeble lines away.
 I carved my name upon the wood,
 And, after years, returned again ;
 I missed the shadow of the tree
 That stretched of old upon the plain.

To solid marble next my name
 I gave as a perpetual trust ;
 An earthquake rent it to its base,
 And now it lies o'erlaid with dust.

All these have failed. In wiser mood
 I turn and ask myself, "What then?
 If I would have my name endure,
 I'll write it on the hearts of men,

"In characters of living light,
 From kindly words and actions wrought ;
 And these, beyond the reach of time,
 Shall live immortal as my thought."

— HORATIO ALGER.

THE HARDEST TIME OF ALL.

HERE are days of deepest sorrow
 In the season of our life ;
 There are wild, despairing moments ;
 There are hours of mental strife.
 There are hours of stony anguish,
 When the tears refuse to fall ;
 But the waiting-time, my brothers,
 Is the hardest time of all.

Youth and love are oft impatient,
 Seeking things beyond their reach ;
 And the heart grows sick with hoping,
 Ere it learns what life can teach.
 For, before the fruit be gathered,
 We must see the blossoms fall ;
 And the waiting-time, my brothers,
 Is the hardest time of all.

We can bear the heat of conflict ;
 Though the sudden, crushing blow,
 Beating back our gathered forces,
 For a moment lay us low,
 We may rise again beneath it,
 None the weaker for our fall ;
 But the waiting-time, my brothers,
 Is the hardest time of all.

Yet, at last, we learn the lesson,
 That God knoweth what is best,
 And a silent resignation
 Makes the spirit calm and blest :
 For, perchance, a day is coming
 For the changes of our fate,
 When our hearts will thank Him meekly
 That He taught us how to wait.

MY SHIPS.

HAVE ships that went to sea,
 Long ago, long ago ;
 With what tidings I can learn,
 I've been waiting their return,
 But the homeward gales for me
 Never blow, never blow.

In the distance they are seen
On the deep, on the deep,
Plowing through the swelling tide,
With the dim stars for a guide,
While the angry waves between
Never sleep, never sleep.

There are breakers setting in
For the shore, for the shore ;
And it may be, in their frown,
That my ships will all go down,
With their precious freight within,
Evermore, evermore.

There is little cheer for me,
Waiting so, waiting so ;
Waiting through the starless night
For the coming of the light,
For my ships which went to sea
Long ago, long ago.

I've a ship which went to sea
Years ago, years ago,
And the gallant little craft
Beats the tempest fore and aft,
While the homeward gales to me
Ever blow, ever blow.

Little heedeth she the storm,
Or the night, or the night ;
For her anchor is secure,
And her timbers will endure
Till the coming of the morn,
Pure and bright, pure and bright.

Lone and weary have I been—
Who can tell, who can tell ?
All the anguish of the soul,
While the billows round me roll,
Till my ships come sailing in,
Freighted well, freighted well.

Then I'll keep this little craft,
Sailing on, sailing on ;
She will bear me safely o'er
Far beyond the billow's roar,
For my passage is secure,
To my home, to my home !

J. W. BARKER.

UNDER THE SNOW.

THE brown old earth lies quiet and still,
Under the snow.
The furrows are hid on the broken hill
Under the snow,
Everything is fringed with mossy pearl,
The drooping cedars bend to the ground,
The rose-bush is drifted into a mound,
And still from the silent sky to the ground
The white flakes noiselessly whirl.

The roads and fields are buried deep
Under the snow,
The hedges lie in a tangled heap
Under the snow.

And the little grey rabbits under them creep,
While the twittering sparrows cunningly peep
From the sheltering briers, and cosily sleep
Under the snow.

The rough old barn and the sheds near by,
The mounted straw of the wheat and rye,
Are covered with snow ;
The straggling fences are softened with down,
Every post is white, with a beautiful crown
Of drifted snow.

And I think, as I sit in the gloaming here,
Watching the objects disappear,
How many things are folded low
Under the drifts of the falling snow ;
There are hearts that once were full of love
Under the snow ;
There are eyes that glowed with the soul of love
Under the snow ;
There are faded tresses of golden hair ;
There are locks that were bleached with the frost of
care ;
There are lips that once were like the rose ;
There are bosoms that once were stung with woes ;
There are breasts that once were true and strong ;
There are forms that once were praised in song :
O, there's a strange and mighty throng
Under the snow !

Another mound will soon lie deep
Under the snow,
And I shall with the pale ones sleep
Under the snow.

O God! stream on my soul Thy grace,
That in the love-light of Thy face
I may rejoice, when death shall place
My pulseless heart and body low
Under the snow !

JOHN H. BONNER.

WRITING WITH DIAMONDS.

A LITTLE child, beside the widow-pane,
Held in his hand a diamond, pure and
bright,
And saw in every clear and burning plane
A mirrored rainbow, trembling in the light.

Across the pane he drew the tiny stone,
And, smiling, watched the dainty, penciled line,
Till on the smooth and polished surface shone
A boyish thought in letters crystalline.

"Not there, my son! not there," his father said,
And, stooping down, he took the jeweled ring ;
Then, turning from the glass with eyes dismayed,
The boy looked up with eager questioning.

"Not there, my child ! though every word appear
As threaded silver shining in the sun.
The jewel-point has left it crisp and clear ;
The diamond's work can never be undone.

'Thine eye may weary, but the line must stand ;
Thy thought may change, but here 'tis traced in
light ;
The fairest touches wrought by childish hand
May yet offend thy manhood's fairer sight.


"Nay, school thy hand, and wait a future day,
When thou may'st write with bolder mastery :
Give not this gem to fancy's careless play ;
'Tis but for Him who wields it thoughtfully."

O daily life ! thy fair and crystal page
By erring hands is written o'er and o'er,
In deeds that live beyond the present age,
In characters that stand for evermore.

We cannot pause. 'Tis not for human will
To check the pen or shun its solemn trust ;
But living souls, discerning good and ill,
May leave their records beautiful and just.

The immortal truth demands each thoughtful hour,
Our work must live through all futurity ;
The highest glory born of conscious power
Is but for him who wields it reverently.

GOING AND COMING.

 GOING—the great round sun,
Dragging the captive day
Over beyond the frowning hill,
Over beyond the bay—
Dying :

Coming—the dusky night,
Silently stealing in,
Wrapping himself in the soft, warm couch,
Where the golden-haired day hath been
Lying.

Going—the bright, blithe spring.
Blossoms ! how fast ye fall,
Shooting out of your starry sky
Into the darkness all
Blindly !

Coming—the mellow days,
Crimson and yellow leaves ;
Languishing purple and amber fruits,
Kissing the bearded sheaves
Kindly.

Going—our early friends.
Voices we loved are dumb ;
Footsteps grow dim in the morning dew ;
Fainter the echoes come
Ringing :


Coming to join our march,
Shoulder to shoulder pressed,
Gray-haired veterans strike their tents
For the far-off purple West—
Singing.

Going—this old, old life.
Beautiful world, farewell !
Forest and meadow, river and hill,
Ring ye a loving knell
O'er us !

Coming—a noble life ;
Coming—a better land ;
Coming—a long, long, nightless day ;
Coming—the grand, grand
Chorus !

EDWARD A. JENKS.

TOLL, THEN, NO MORE.

 TOLL for the dead, toll ! toll !
No, no ! Ring out, ye bells, ring out and
shout !
For the pearly gates they have entered in,
And they no more shall sin—
Ring out, ye bells, ring ! RING !


Toll for the living, toll ! toll !
No, no ! Ring out, ye bells, ring out and shout !
For they do His work 'mid toil and din—
They, too, thy goal shall win—
Ring out, ye bells, ring ! RING !

Toll for the coming, toll ! toll !
No, no ! Ring out, ye bells, ring out and shout !
For 't is theirs to conquer, theirs to win
The final entering in—
Ring out, ye bells, ring ! RING !

Toll, then, no more, ye bells !
No, no ! Ring out, O bells, ring out and shout !
The Was, the Is, the Shall Be, and all men
Are in His hand ! Amen !
Ring out, ye bells, ring ! RING !

R. R. BOWKER.

TOO LATE.

 TOO late, too late, was never said
Of morning sun, or bud, or flower :
The light is true to hill and glade,
The rose-bud opens to the hour,
The lark ne'er asks the day to wait ;
But man awakes "too late, too late !"

Too late, too late, our anger hurns ;
The sun goes down before the flame
To gentle words of kindness turns,
And we are scourged with inward shame,
To think our breasts have harbored hate,
And pride bows down too late, too late !

"Too late, too late!" the poor man cries;
He asks his right, the court delays,
Till ruin comes in fearful guise.
In vain he pleads, in vain he prays;
The law requires too much debate,
And justice comes too late, too late!

"Too late, too late!" who has not said?
The mail has closed—the train is gone—
The time has fled—the debt not paid—
The aid not sought—the work not done:
Neglect makes up life's weary freight,
And then we cry, "Too late, too late!"

JAMES WESTON.

THE TWO WEAVERS.

As at their work two weavers sat,
Beguiling time with friendly chat,
They touched upon the price of meat,
So high, a weaver scarce could eat.

"What with my brats and sickly wife,"
Quoth Dick, "I'm almost tired of life;
So hard my work, so poor my fare,
'Tis more than mortal man can bear.

"How glorious is the rich man's state!
His house so fine, his wealth so great!
Heaven is unjust, you must agree;
Why all to him? Why none to me?"

"In spite of what the Scripture teaches,
In spite of all the parson preaches,
This world (indeed I've thought so long)
Is ruled, methinks, extremely wrong.

"Where'er I look, howe'er I range,
'Tis all confused and hard and strange;
The good are troubled and oppressed,
And all the wicked are the blessed."

Quoth John, "Our ignorance is the cause
Why thus we blame our Maker's laws;
Parts of His ways alone we know;
'Tis all that man can see below.

"See'st thou that carpet, not half done,
Which thou, dear Dick, hast well begun?
Behold the wild confusion there,
So rude the mass it makes one stare!

"A stranger, ignorant of the trade,
Would say, no meaning's there conveyed;
For where's the middle? where's the border?
Thy carpet now is all disorder."

Quoth Dick, "My work is yet in bits,
But still in every part it fits;
Besides, you reason like a lout—
Why, man, that carpet's inside out."

Says John, "Thou say'st the thing I mean,
And now I hope to cure thy spleen;
This world, which clouds thy soul with doubt,
Is but a carpet inside out.

"As when we view these shreds and ends,
We know not what the whole intends;
So, when on earth things look but odd,
They're working still some scheme of God.

"No plan, no pattern, can we trace;
All wants proportion, truth, and grace;
The motley mixture we deride,
Nor see the beauteous upper side.

"But when we reach that world of light,
And view those works of God aright,
Then shall we see the whole design,
And own the workman is divine.

"What now seem random strokes, will there
All order and design appear;
Then shall we praise what here we spurned,
For then the carpet shall be turned."

"Thou'rt right," quoth Dick; "no more I'll grumble
That this sad world's so strange a jumble;
My impious doubts are put to flight,
For my own carpet sets me right."

HANNAH MORE.

FIELD LILIES.

Lily bells! lily bells! swinging and ringing
Sweet golden bells on the still summer air,
Are ye calling the birds to their matins of
singing,

Summoning nature to worship and prayer?

Lily bells! lily bells! daintily swaying,
Poising your petals like butterflies' wings,
As the breeze murmurs round you, pray, what is he
saying?

Is he whispering love-words and soft, pretty things?

Lily bells! lily bells! 'mid the long grasses
Gleaming like sunbeams in still shady bower,
Have you stolen your gold from the sun as he passes?
Are ye guarding your treasure in bud and in flower?

Lily bells! lily bells! bowing and bending,
Are ye nodding a welcome to me as I go?
Do ye know that my heart bears a love never-ending
For bright golden lily-bells all in a row?

Lily bells! lily bells! down in the meadows,
As I see your fair forms 'mid the mosses and brake,
My heart wanders back to the past, with its shadows,
To Christ, and the wise, loving words that He spake.

"Consider the lilies"—yes, this was His teaching,
"The modest field-lilies that toil not nor spin,
Yet even to them is my loving care reaching,
My heart takes the feeblest and lowliest in."

Lily bells! lily bells! waving and swinging,
 If Jesus, my Master, can watch over you,
 I'll go to Him daily, with gladness and singing,
 Believing He'll love me and care for me too.

Lily bells! lily bells! bending and swaying.
 Ring out your sweet peals on the still summer air;
 I would ye might lure all to trusting and praying,
 And teach them sweet lessons of God's loving care.

THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

HEAVEN is not gained at a single bound;
 But we build the ladder by which we rise
 From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
 And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true,
 That a noble deed is a step towards God—
 Lifting the soul from the common sod
 To purer air and broader view.

We rise by things that are 'neath our feet;
 By what we have mastered of good and gain;
 By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
 And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
 When the morning calls us to life and light,
 But our hearts grow weary, and, ere the night
 Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
 And we think that we mount the air on wings
 Beyond the recall of sensual things,
 While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the men:
 We may borrow the wings to find the way—
 We may hope and resolve and aspire and pray,
 But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
 From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
 But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
 And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
 But we build the ladder by which we rise
 From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
 And we mount to its summit round by round.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

THREE WORDS OF STRENGTH.

THERE are three lessons I would write—
 Three words, as with a burning pen,
 In tracings of eternal light,
 Upon the hearts of men.

Have hope. Though clouds environ round,
 And gladness hides her face in scorn,

Put off the shadow from thy brow—
 No night but hath its morn.

Have faith. Where'er thy bark is driven—
 The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—
 Know this: God rules the hosts of heaven,
 The inhabitants of earth.

Have love. Not love alone for one;
 But man, as man, thy brother call;
 And scatter, like the circling sun,
 Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—
 Hope, faith, and love—and thou shalt find
 Strength when life's surges rudest roll,
 Light when thou else wert blind.

FREDERICK SCHILLER.

THE NAUTILUS AND THE AMMONITE.

THE nautilus and the ammonite
 Were launched in friendly strife;
 Each sent to float, in its tiny boat,
 On the wild, wild sea of life.
 For each could swim on the ocean's brim,
 And when wearied its sail could furl,
 And sink to sleep in the great sea-deep,
 In its palace all of pearl.

And theirs was a bliss more fair than this
 Which we taste in our colder clime;
 For they were rife in tropic life—
 A brighter and better clime.
 They swam 'mid isles whose summer smiles
 Were dimmed by no alloy;
 Whose groves were palm, whose air was balm,
 And life—one only joy!

They sailed all day through creek and bay,
 And traversed the ocean deep;
 And at night they sank on a coral bank,
 In its fairy bowers to sleep.
 And the monsters vast of ages past
 They beheld in their ocean-caves;
 They saw them ride in their power and pride,
 And sink in their deep sea-graves.

And hand in hand, from strand to strand,
 They sailed in mirth and glee;
 These fairy shells, with their crystal cells,
 Twin sisters of the sea.
 And they came at last to a sea long past,
 But as they reached its shore,
 The Almighty's breath spoke out in death,
 And the ammonite lived no more.

So the nautilus now, in its shelly prow,
 As over the deep it strays,
 Still seems to seek, in bay and creek
 Its companion of other days.

And alike do we, on life's stormy sea,
 As we roam from shore to shore,
 Thus tempest-tossed, seek the loved, the lost,
 But find them on earth no more.
 Yet the hope, how sweet, again to meet,
 As we look to a distant strand;
 When heart meets heart, and no more they part,
 Who meet in that better land.

G. F. RICHARDSON.

THE NEW JERUSALEM.



MOTHER dear, Jerusalem,
 When shall I come to thee?
 When shall my sorrows have an end—
 Thy joys when shall I see?

O happy harbor of God's saints!
 O sweet and pleasant soil!
 In thee no sorrow can be found,
 Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

No dimly cloud o'ershadows thee,
 Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
 But every soul shines as the sun,
 For God himself gives light.

Thy walls are made of precious stone,
 Thy bulwarks diamond-square,
 Thy gates are all of orient pearl—
 O God! if I were there!

O my sweet home, Jerusalem!
 Thy joys when shall I see?
 The King sitting upon thy throne,
 And thy felicity?

Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
 Continually are green,
 Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
 As nowhere else are seen.

Quite through the streets with pleasing sound
 The flood of life doth flow;
 And on the banks, on every side,
 The trees of life do grow.

These trees each month yield ripened fruit;
 Forevermore they spring,
 And all the nations of the earth
 To thee their honors bring.

Jerusalem, God's dwelling-place,
 Full sore I long to see;
 O that my sorrows had an end,
 That I might dwell in thee!

I long to see Jerusalem,
 The comfort of us all;
 For thou art fair and beautiful—
 None ill can thee befall.

No candle needs, no moon to shine,
 No glittering star to light;
 For Christ the King of Righteousness
 Forever shineth bright.

O, passing happy were my state,
 Might I be worthy found
 To wait upon my God and King,
 His praises there to sound!

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
 Thy joys fain would I see;
 Come quickly, Lord, and end my grief,
 And take me home to thee!

DAVID DICKSON.

REST.

EARTH is the spirit's rayless cell;
 But then, as a bird soars home to the shade
 Of the beautiful wood, where its nest was made,
 In bonds no more to dwell;—

So will its weary wing
 Be spread for the skies, when its toil is done,
 And its breath blow free, as a bird's in the sun
 And the soft, fresh gales of spring.

O, not more sweet the tears
 Of the dewy eve on the violet shed,
 Than the dews of age on the "hoary head,"
 When it enters the eve of years.

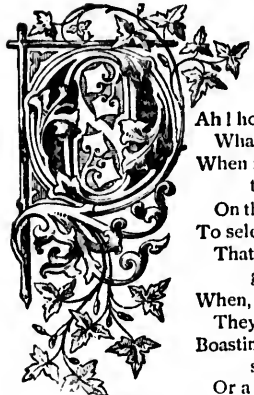
Nor dearer, mid the foam
 Of the far-off sea, and its stormy roar,
 Is a breath of balm from the unseen shore,
 To him that weeps for home.

Wings, like a dove, to fly!—
 The spirit is faint with its feverish strife;—
 O, for its home in the upper life!
 When, when will death draw nigh!

B. B. THATCHER.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

MANY, MANY YEARS AGO.



H, my golden days of
childhood,
Many, many year ago!
Ah I how well do I remember
What a pride it was to know,
When my little playmates mus-
tered
On this old familiar spot,
To select their infant pastimes,
That my name was ne'er for-
got;
When, with merry, rosy faces,
They so eagerly would come,
Boasting of the longest top-
string,
Or a top of loudest hum;
Or, as proud as prancing horses,
Chase each other to and fro,
In my golden days of childhood,
Many, many years ago!

Oh, my balmy days of boyhood,
Many, many years ago!
When I ranged at will the wild woods,
For the berry or the sloe;
Or the gentle blue-eyed violet,
Traced by its own perfume sweet;
Or with light and cautious footstep
Sought the linnet's snug retreat;
Or with little blooming maidens
To the nutting groves repaired,
And in warmth of purest boy-love,
The rich clusters with them shared;
Or when hoary-headed winter
Brought his welcome frost and snow,
How we thronged the frozen streamlets,
Many, many years ago!

Then my days of dawning manhood,
Many, many years ago!
When the future seemed all brightness
Lit with love's enchanting glow;
When what hopes and blissful day-dreams
Would my buoyant bosom crowd,
As I forth led my loved one,
She as fair as I was proud;
Led her forth with lightsome footstep,
Where some happy rustic throng
To old Robin's merry music
Would so gaily dance along.

Or when round came joyous Christmas
Oft beneath the mistletoe,
Have I toyed with blushing maidens,
Many, many years ago!
Ah, ye golden days I departed,
Yet full oft on memory's wing
Ye return like some bright vision,
And both joy and sorrow bring.
Where are now my boy companions,
Those dear friends of love and truth?
Death has sealed the lips of many,
Fair and beautiful in youth.
Robin's lute has long been silent,
And the trees are old and bare;
Silent too the rippling brooklets,
The old play ground is not there;
Time hath stolen my fair one's beauty,
And he soon will strike the blow.
That will break those ties that bound us
Many, many years ago!

T. LOKEP.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.



WAS the night before Christmas, when all
through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a
mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar plums danced through their
heads;
And mamma in her ketchief, and I in my cap,
Had settled our brains for a long winter's nap,
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by
name:
"Now, Dash! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! and
Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donner and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.

As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face, and a little round belly
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly.
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf—
And I laughed, when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to the sleigh, to the team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew, like the down of a thistle,
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

CLEMENT C. MOORE.

THE CHILDREN.

WHEN the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed;
Oh, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace;
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood, too lovely to last;
Of love that my heart will remember,
When it wakes to the pulse of the past—
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin;
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

Oh, my heart grows weak as a woman's,
And the fountains of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony
Where the feet of the dear ones must go—
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of fate blowing wild:

Oh, there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child!

They are idols of hearts and of households,
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes;
Oh, these truants from home and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild!
And I know now how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just enough shadow,
To temper the glare of the sun;
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself;
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod,
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God;
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them from breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction;
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each morn at the door!
I shall miss the "good-nights" and the kisses
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at even,
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons of life are all ended,
And death says, "The school is dismissed!"
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed.

CHARLES M. DICKINSON.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL.

THE mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter, "Little
Prig;"
Bun replied—
"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together
To make up a year,
And a sphere;

And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry :
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track.
Talents differ ; all is well and wisely put ;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

NO BABY IN THE HOUSE.

NO baby in the house, I know,
'Tis far too nice and clean.
No toys, by careless fingers strewn,
Upon the floors are seen.
No finger-marks are on the panes,
No scratches on the chairs ;
No wooden men set up in rows,
Or marshalled off in pairs ;
No little stockings to be darned,
All ragged at the toes ;
No pile of mending to be done,
Made up of baby clothes ;
No little troubles to be soothed ;
No little hands to fold ;
No grimy fingers to be washed ;
No stories to be told ;
No tender kisses to be given ;
No nicknames, "Dove" and "Mouse ;"
No merry frolics after tea—
No baby in the house !

CLARA G. DOLLIVER.

THE BABY.

WHERE did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into the here.
Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin ?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
Something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get that pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherub's wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought of you, and so I am here.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

I LOVE to look on a scene like this,
Of wild and careless play,
And persuade myself that I am not old
And my locks are not yet gray ;
For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
And makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walked the world for fourscore years ;
And they say that I am old,
That my heart is ripe for the reaper, Death,
And my years are well nigh told,
It is very true ; it is very true ;
I'm old, and "I 'bide my time ;"
But my heart will leap at a scene like this,
And I half renew my prime.

Play on, play on ; I am with you there,
In the midst of your merry ring ;
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
And the rush of the breathless swing.
I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
And I whoop the smothered call,
And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,
And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall come,
And I shall be glad to go ;
For the world at best is a weary place,
And my pulse is getting low ;
But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail
In treading its gloomy way ;
And it wiles my heart from its dreariness
To see the young so gay.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

HAPPY DAYS OF CHILDHOOD.

CHILD of the country ! free as air
Art thou, and as the sunshine fair ;
Born like the lily, where the dew
Lies odorous when the day is new ;
Fed 'mid the May-flowers like the bee,
Nursed to sweet music on the knee,
Lulled in the breast to that sweet tune
Which winds make 'mong the woods of June :

I sing of thee :—'tis sweet to sing
Of such a fair and gladsome thing.

Child of the country ! thy small feet
Tread on strawberries red and sweet :
With thee I wander forth to see
The flowers which most delight the bee ;
The bush o'er which the throstle sung
In April while she nursed her young ;
The dew beneath the sloe-thorn, where
She bred her twins the timorous hare ;
The knoll, wrought o'er with wild blue-bells,
Where brown bees build their balmy cells,
The greenwood stream, the shady pool,
Where trouts leap when the day is cool ;
The shilfa's nest that seems to be
A portion of the sheltering tree,
And other marvels which my verse
Can find no language to rehearse.

Child of the country ! on the lawn
I see thee like the bounding fawn,
Blithe as the bird which tries its wing
The first time on the winds of spring ;
Bright as the sun when from the cloud
He comes as cocks are crowing loud ;
Now running, shouting, 'mid sunbeams,
Now groping trouts in lucid streams,
Now spinning like a mill-wheel round,
Now hunting echo's empty sound,
Now climbing up some old tall tree—
For climbing's sake—'Tis sweet to thee
To sit where birds can sit alone,
Or share with thee thy venturous throne.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

WE ARE SEVEN.

A SIMPLE child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death ?

I met a little cottage girl :
She was eight years old, she said ;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad ;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair ;—
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be ?"
"How many ? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they ? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we ;

And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea ;

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother ;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven ! I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we ;
Two of us in the churchyard lie
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive ;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen."
The little maid replied :

"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem ;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was Sister Jane ;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain ;
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid ;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven ?"
Quick was the little maid's reply !
"O master ! we are seven."

"But they are dead ; those two are dead !
Their spirits are in heaven !"

"Twas throwing words away ; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven."

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WHAT DOES LITTLE BIRDIE SAY?

WHAT does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away.

ALFRED TENNVSON.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

"HELP one another," the snow-flakes said,
As they cuddled down in their fleecy bed;
"One of us here would not be felt,
One of us here would quickly melt,
But I'll help you, and you help me,
And then what a big white drift we'll see."

"Help one another," the maple spray
Said to its fellow leaves one day;
"The sun would wither me here alone,
Long enough ere the day is gone,
But I'll help you, and you help me,
And then what a splendid shade there'll be."

"Help one another," the dew-drop cried,
Seeing another drop close to its side;
"This warm south breeze would dry me away,
And I should be gone ere noon to-day,
But I'll help you, and you help me,
And we'll make a brook and run to the sea."

"Help one another," a grain of sand
Said to another grain just at hand;
"The wind may carry me over the sea,
And then, oh, what will become of me?
But come, my brother, give me your hand
We'll build a mountain and there we'll stand."

"Help one another," a penny said
To a fellow penny, round and red;
"Nobody cares for me alone,
Nobody'll care when I am gone,
But we'll stick together, and grow in time
To a nickel, or even a silver dime."

"Help one another," I hear the dimes
Whisper beneath the Christmas chimes;

"We're only little folks, but you know
Little folks sometimes make a show,
Ten of us, if we're good and pure,
Equal a big round dollar, sure."

And so the snowflakes grew to drifts,
The grains of sand to mountains,
The leaves became a pleasant shade,
And dew-drops fed the fountains;
The pennies grew to silver dimes,
The dimes to dollars, brother!
And children bring this Christmas gift
By helping one another.

GEORGE E. HUNTING.

TEACHING PUBLIC SCHOOL.

FORTY little urchins,
Coming through the door,
Pushing, crowding, making
A tremendous roar.
Why don't you keep quiet?
Can't you keep the rule?—
Bless me, this is pleasant,
Teaching public school!

Forty little pilgrims
On the road to fame;
If they fail to reach it,
Who will be to blame?
High and lowly stations—
Birds of every feather—
On a common level
Here are brought together.

Dirty little faces,
Loving little hearts,
Eyes brimful of mischief,
Skilled in all its arts,
That's a precious darling!
What are you about?
"May I pass the water?"
"Please, may I go out?"

Boots and shoes are shuffling,
Slates and books are rattling,
And in a corner yonder
Two pugilists are battling:
Others cutting didos—
What a botheration!
No wonder we grow crusty
From such association!

Anxious parent drops in,
Merely to inquire
Why his olive branches
Do not shoot up higher;
Says he wants his children
To mind their p's and q's,
And hopes their brilliant talents
Will not be abused.

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GE E. HUNTING.

SCHOOL.

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Spelling, reading, writing,
 Putting up the young ones ;
 Fuming, scolding, fighting,
 Spurring on the dumb ones ;
 Gymnasts, vocal music—
 How the heart rejoices
 When the singer comes to
 Cultivate the voices !

Institute attending,
 Making out reports,
 Giving object lessons,
 Clasp drill of all sorts ;
 Reading dissertations,
 Feeling like a fool—
 Oh, the untold blessing
 Of the public school !

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
 When the night is beginning to lower,
 Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
 That is known as the children's hour.

I hear in the chamber above me,
 The patter of little feet,
 The sound of a door that is opened
 And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
 Descending the broad hall-stair,
 Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
 And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence ;
 Yet I know by their merry eyes,
 They are plotting and planning together
 To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
 A sudden raid from the hall,
 By three doors left unguarded,
 They enter my castle wall.

They climb up into my turret,
 O'er the arms and back of my chair ;
 If I try to escape, they surround me ;
 They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
 Their arms about me entwine,
 Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
 In his mouse-tower on the Rhine !

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
 Because you have scaled the wall,
 Such an old mustache as I am
 Is not a match for you all !

I have you fast in my fortress,
 And I will not let you depart,
 But put you down into the dungeon
 In the round-tower of my heart.

(26)

And there will I keep you forever,
 Yes, forever and a day,
 Till the walls shall crumble in ruin
 And moulder in dust away.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE LITTLE CHILDREN.

LITTLE feet ; that such long years
 Must wander on through hopes and fears ;
 Must ache and bleed beneath your load :

I, nearer to the wayside inn,
 Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
 Am weary thinking of your road.

O, little hands, that weak or strong,
 Have still to serve or rule so long,
 Have still so long to give or ask ;
 I, who so much with book and pen
 Have toiled among my fellow-men,
 Am weary, thinking of your task.

O, little hearts ; that throb and beat
 With much impatient, feverish heat,
 Such limitless and strong desires ;
 Mine, that so long has glowed and burned,
 With passions into ashes turned,
 Now covers and conceals its fires.

O, little souls, as pure and white,
 As crystalline, as rays of light
 Direct from heaven, their source divine ;
 Refracted through the mist of years,
 How red my setting sun appears ;
 How lurid looks this ~~sun~~ mine.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

TO A CHILD.

ON parent's knees, a naked, new-born child,
 Weeping thou sat'st when all around thee
 smiled :

So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
 Thou then mayst smile while all around thee weep.

FROM THE CHINESE.

DAY-DREAMS.

AH, now, in youth, how beautiful
 Is the enchanted land !
 What matchless flowers my hand doth cull
 Within its haunted strand !
 What gorgeous visions spread the wing
 Amid its twilight shades ;
 And oh ! what shapes go, beckoning,
 Along its moonlit glades !
 The dewy showers and silver gleams
 That sweeten all the land of dreams !

JOHN CLARE.

BABY LOUISE.

✠ M in love with you, Baby Louise !
 ✠ With your silken hair, and your soft blue eyes,
 ✠ And the dreamy wisdom that in them lies,
 ✠ And the faint, sweet smile you bro'ght from the
 skies—
 God's sunshine, Baby Louise.

When you fold your hands, Baby Louise,
 Your hands, like a fairy's, so tiny and fair,
 With a pretty, innocent, saint-like air,
 Are you trying to think of some angel-taught prayer,
 You learned above, Baby Louise?

I'm in love with you, Baby Louise !
 Why ! you never raise your beautiful head !
 Some day, little one, your cheek will grow red
 With a flush of delight, to hear the word said,
 "I love you," Baby Louise.

Do you hear me, Baby Louise ?
 I have sung your praises for nearly an hour,
 And your lashes keep drooping lower and lower,
 And—you've gone to sleep, like a weary flower,
 Ungrateful Baby Louise !

MARGARET EVTINGE.

DREAMS AND REALITIES.

✠ ROSAMOND, thou fair and good,
 ✠ And perfect flower of womanhood,
 ✠ Thou royal rose of June !
 ✠ Why did'st thou droop before thy time ?
 ✠ Why wither in the first sweet prime ?
 ✠ Why did'st thou die so soon !

For, looking backward through my tears
 On thee, and on my wasted years,

I cannot choose but say,
 If thou had'st lived to be my guide,
 If thou had'st lived and I had died,
 'Twere better far to-day.

O child of light, O golden head !—
 Bright unbeam for one moment shed
 Upon life's lonely way—
 Why did'st thou vanish from our sight ?
 Could they not spare my little light
 From heaven's unclouded day ?

O friend so true, O friend so good !—
 Thou one dream of my maidenhood,
 That gave youth all its charms—
 What had I done or what had'st thou,
 That, through this lonesome world till now,
 We walk with empty arms ?

And yet had this poor soul been fed
 With all it loved and coveted—
 Had life been always fair—

Would these dear dreams that ne'er depart,
 That thrill with bliss my inmost heart,
 Forever tremble there ?

If still they kept their earthly place,
 The friends I held in my embrace,
 And gave to death, alas !
 Could I have learned that clear, calm faith
 That looks beyond the bonds of death,
 And almost longs to pass ?

Sometimes, I think, the things we see
 Are shadows of the things to be ;
 That what we plan we build ;
 That every hope that hath been crossed,
 And every dream we thought was lost,
 In heaven shall be fulfilled ;

That even the children of the brain
 Have not been born and died in vain,
 Though here unclothed and dumb ;
 But on some brighter, better shore
 They live, embodied evermore,
 And wait for us to come.

And when on that last day we rise,
 Caught up between the earth and skies,
 Then shall we hear our Lord
 Say, "Thou hast done with doubt and death,
 Henceforth, according to thy faith,
 Shall be thy faith's reward."

PHOEBE CARY.

LITTLE GOLDENHAIR.

✠ GOLDENHAIR climbed up on grandpapa's
 ✠ knee ;
 ✠ Dear little Goldenhair ! tired was she,
 ✠ All the day busy as busy could be.

Up in the morning as soon as 't was light,
 Out with the birds and butterflies bright,
 Skipping about till the coming of night.

Grandpapa toyed with the curls on her head.
 "What has my baby been doing," he said,
 "Since she arose, with the sun, from her bed?"

"Pitty much," answered the sweet little one ;
 "I cannot tell so much things I have done—
 Played with my dolly and feeded my Bun.

"And I have jumped with my little jump-rope,
 And I made out of some water and soap
 Buffle worlds ! mamma's castles of hope.

"And I have readed in my picture-book,
 And little Bella and I went to look
 For some smooth stones by the side of the brook.

"Then I comed home and I eated my tea,
 And I climbed up to my grandpapa's knee.
 I jes as tired as tired can be."

Lower and lower the little head pressed,
Until it drooped upon grandpapa's breast;
Dear little Goldenhair! sweet be thy rest!

We are but children; the things that we do
Are as sports of a babe to the Infinite view
That sees all our weakness, and pities it too.

God grant that when night overshadows our way,
And we shall be called to account for our day,
He shall find us as guileless as Goldenhair's play!

And O, when weary, may we be so blest
As to sink like the innocent child to our rest,
And feel ourselves clasped to the Infinite breast!

F. BURGE SMITH.

BOYHOOD.

And then how sweetly closed those crowded
days!

The minutes parting one by one, like rays
That fade upon a summer's eve.

But O, what charm or magic numbers
Can give me back the gentle slumbers

Those weary, happy days did leave?

When by my bed I saw my mother kneel,
And with her blessing took her nightly kiss;
Whatever time destroys, he cannot this;—

E'en now that nameless kiss I feel.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

SEVEN TIMES ONE.

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven.

I've said my "seven times" over and over—
Seven times one are seven.

I am old—so old I can write a letter;

My birthday lessons are done.

The lambs play always—they know no better;

They are only one times one.

O moon! in the night I have seen you sailing

And shining so round and low.

You were bright—ah, bright—but your light is fail-
ing;

You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon! have you done something wrong in
heaven,

That God has hidden your face?

I hope, if you have, you will soon be forgiven,

And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee! you're a dusty fellow—

You've powdered your legs with gold,

O brave marsh Mary-buds, rich and yellow,

Give me your money to hold!

O columbine! open your folded wrapper,

Where two twin turtle doves dwell!

O cuckoo pint! tell me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest, with the young ones in it—
I will not steal them away;

I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet!

I am seven times one to-day.

JEAN INGELOW.

THE PIPER.

PIPING down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me:—

"Pipe a song about a lamb;"

So I piped with merry cheer.

"Piper, pipe that song again;"

So I piped; he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
Sing thy songs of happy cheer:"

So I sung the same again,

While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book that all may read—"

So he vanished from my sight;

And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,

And I stained the water clear,

And I wrote my happy songs

Every child may joy to hear.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

BABY'S SHOES.



THOSE little, those little blue shoes!

Those shoes that no little feet use.

O the price were high

That those shoes would buy,

Those little blue unused shoes!

For they hold the small shape of feet

That no more their mother's eyes meet,

That, by God's good will,

Years since, grew still

And ceased from their totter so sweet.

And O, since that baby slept,

So hushed, how the mother has kept,

With a tearful pleasure,

That little dear treasure,

And o'er them thought and wept!

For they mind her forevermore

Of a patter along the floor;

And blue eyes she sees

Look up from her knees

With the look that in life they wore.

As they lie before her there,
 Their habbles from chair to chair
 A little sweet face
 That's a gleam in the place,
 With its little gold curls of hair.
 Then O wonder not that her heart
 From all else would rather part
 Than those tiny blue shoes
 That no little feet use,
 And whose sight makes such fond tears start!

WILLIAM COX BENNETT.

THE ENCHANTRESS—A SPRING-TIME LYRIC FOR MABEL.

† T is only in legend and fable
 The fairies are with us, you know;
 † For the fairies are fled, little Mabel,
 Ay, ages and ages ago.
 And yet I have met with a fairy—
 You needn't go shaking your curls—
 A genuine spirit and airy,
 Like her who talked nothing but pearls!
 You may laugh if you like, little Mabel;
 I know you're exceedingly wise;
 But I have seen her as plain as I'm able
 To see unbelief in your eyes.
 A marvelous creature! I really
 Can't say she is gifted with wings,
 Or resides in a tulip; but, clearly,
 She's queen of all beautiful things.
 Whenever she comes from her castle,
 The snow fades away like a dream,
 And the pine-cone's icicle tassel
 Melts, and drops into the stream!
 The dingy gray moss on the boulder
 Takes color like burnished steel;
 The brook puts its silvery shoulder
 Again to the old mill-wheel!
 The robin and wren fly to meet her;
 The honey-bee hums with delight;
 The morning breaks brighter and sweeter:
 More tenderly falls the night!
 By roadsides, in pastures and meadows,
 The buttercups growing bold,
 For her sake light up the shadows
 With disks of tremulous gold.
 Even the withered bough blossoms
 Grateful for sunlight and rain—
 Even the hearts in our bosoms
 Are leaping to greet her again!
 What fairy in all your romances
 Is such an enchantress as she,
 Who blushes in roses and pansies,
 And sings in the birds on the tree?

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
 Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
 With thy turned-up pantaloons,
 And thy merry whistled tunes;
 With thy red lip, redder still
 Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
 With the sunshine on thy face,
 Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
 From my heart I give thee joy—
 I was once a barefoot boy!
 Prince thou art—the grown-up man
 Only is republican.
 Let the million-dollared ride!
 Barefoot, trudging at his side,
 Thou hast more than he can buy
 In the reach of ear and eye—
 Outward sunshine, inward joy:
 Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's painless play,
 Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
 Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
 Knowledge never learned of schools,
 Of the wild bee's morning chase
 Of the wild-flower's time and place,
 Flight of fowl and habitude
 Of the tenants of the wood;
 How the tortoise bears his shell,
 How the woodchuck digs his cell,
 And the ground-mole sinks his well;
 How the robin feeds her young,
 How the oriole's nest is hung;
 Where the whitest lilies blow,
 Where the freshest berries grow,
 Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
 Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
 Of the black wasp's cunning way,
 Mason of his walls of clay,
 And the architectural plans
 Of gray hornet artisans!—
 For, eschewing books and tasks,
 Nature answers all he asks;
 Hand in hand with her he walks,
 Face to face with her he talks,
 Part and parcel of her joy—
 Blessings on the barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's time of June,
 Crowding years in one brief moon,
 When all things I heard or saw,
 Me, their master, waited for.
 I was rich in flowers and trees,
 Humming-birds and honey-bees;
 For my sport the squirrel played,
 Plied the snouted mole his spade;
 For my taste the blackberry cone
 Purpled over hedge and stone;

Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

O for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread—
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerly, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every eveing from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat;
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE GOAT AND THE SWING.

A VICIOUS goat, one day, had found
His way into forbidden ground,
When, coming to the garden swing,
He spied a most prodigious thing—
A ram, a monster to his mind,
With head before and head behind!

Its shape was odd, no nooks were seen,
But without legs it stood between
Two upright, lofty posts of oak,
With forehead ready for a stroke.

Though but a harmless ornament
Carved on the seat, it seemed intent
On barring the intruder's way;
While he, advancing, seemed to say,
"Who is this surly fellow here?
Two heads, no tail—it's mighty queer!
A most insulting countenance!"
With stamp of foot and angry glance
He curbed his threatening neck, and stood
Before the passive thing of wood.

"You winked as I was going by!
You did n't? What! tell me I lie?
Take that!" And at the swing he sprang:
A sounding thump! backward swung,
And, set in motion by the blow,
Swayed menacingly to and fro.

"Ha! you'll fight? A quarrelsome chap
I knew you were! You'll get a rap!
I'll crack your skull!" A headlong jump:
Another and a louder bump!

The swing, as if with kindling wrath,
Came pushing back along the path.
The goat, astonished, shook his head,
Winked hard, turned round, grew mad, and said,
"Villain! I'll teach you who I am!"
(Or seemed to say,) "you rascal ram,
To pick a fight with me, when I
So quietly am passing by!
Your head or mine!" A thundering stroke:
The cracking horns met crashing oak!
Then came a dull and muffled sound,
And something rolled along the ground,
Got up, looked sad, appeared to say:
"Your head's too hard!" and limped away
Quite humbly, in a rumpled coat—
A dirtier and a wiser goat!

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

THEY drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long, shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat-
fields

That are yellow with ripening grain.
They find, in the thick, waving grasses,
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows;
They gather the earliest snow-drops,
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the new hay in the meadow;
They gather the elder-blooms white;
They find where the dusky grapes purple,
In the soft-tinted October light.

They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than Italy's wines ;
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest
On the long, thorny blackberry-vines.

They gather the delicate sea-weeds,
And build tiny castles of sand ;
They pick up the beautiful sea-shells—
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.
They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops,
Where the oriole's hammock-nest swings ;
And at night-time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest ;
The humble and poor become great ,
And so from these brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
The pen of the author and statesman—
The noble and wise of the land—
The sword, and the chisel, and palette,
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

— M. H. KROUT.

ROBERT BRUCE AND THE SPIDER.

KING Bruce of Scotland flung himself down,
In a lonely mood to think ;
'Tis true he was monarch, and wore a crown,
But his heart was beginning to sink.

For he had been trying to do a great deed,
To make his people glad ;
He had tried and tried, but could not succeed,
And so he became quite sad.

He flung himself into a deep despair,
He was grieved as man could be ;
And after a while, as he pondered there,
" I'll give it up !" cried he.

Now, just at that moment, a spider dropped
With its silken cobweb clew,
And the king, in the midst of his thinking stopped
To see what the spider would do.

'Twas a long way up to the ceiling dome,
And it hung by a rope so fine,
That how it would get to its cobweb home
King Bruce could not divine.

It soon began to cling and crawl
Straight up with strong endeavor ;
But down it came with a slipping sprawl,
As near to the ground as ever.

Up, up it ran, nor a second did stay,
To make the least complaint,
Till it fell still lower ; and there it lay
A little dizzy and faint.

Its head grew steady—again it went,
And traveled a half-yard higher ;
'Twas a delicate thread it had to tread,
And a road where its feet would tire.

Again it fell, and swung below ;
But up it quickly mounted,
Till up and down, now fast, now slow,
Nine brave attempts were counted.

" Sure," said the king, " that foolish thing
Will strive no more to climb,
When it toils so hard to reach and cling,
And tumbles every time."

But up the insect went once more ;
Ah me ! 't is an anxious minute ;
He's only a foot from his cobweb door—
O, say I will he lose or win it ?

Steadily, steadily, inch by inch,
Higher and higher he got,
And a bold little run, at the very last pinch,
Put him into the wished-for spot.

" Bravo, bravo !" the king cried out ;
" All honor to those who try !
The spider up there defied despair ;
He conquered, and why should not I ?"

Thus Bruce of Scotland braced his mind ;
And gossips tell the tale,
That he tried once more, as he tried before,
And that time did not fail.

Pay goodly heed, all you who read,
And beware of saying, " I can't ;"
'Tis a cowardly word, and apt to lead
To idleness, folly, and want.

— ELIZA COOK.

LESSONS FROM BIRDS AND BEES.

I LOVE to see the little goldfinch pluck
The groundsel's feathered seed, and twit and
twit ;

And soon in bower of apple blossoms perched,
Plume his gay suit, and pay us with a song—
I would not hold him prisoner for the world.

The chimney-haunting swallow, too, my eye
And ear well pleases. I delight to see
How suddenly he skims the glassy pool,
How quaintly dips, and with a bullet's speed
Whisks by. I love to be awake, and hear
His morning song twittered to dawning day.

But most of all, it wins my admiration
To view the structure of this little work—
A bird's nest. Mark it well, within, without—
No tool had he that wrought, no knife to cut,
No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,
No glue to join ; his little beak was all—
And yet how nicely finished ! What nice hand,
With every implement and means of art,
And twenty years' apprenticeship to boot,
Could make me such another ?

Mark the bee ;

She, too, an artist is—a cunning artist,
Who at the roof begins her golden work,
And builds without foundation. How she toils,
And still from bed to bed, from flower to flower,
Travels the livelong day ! Ye idle drones,
Who rather pilfer than your bread obtain
By honest means like these, behold and learn
How grand, how fair, how honorable it is
To live by industry ! The busy tribes
Of bees, so emulous, are daily fed,
Because they daily toil. And bounteous Heaven,
Still to the diligent and active good,
Their very labor makes the cause of health.

DARE AND DO.

DARE to think, though others frown ;
Dare in words your thoughts express ;
Dare to rise, though oft cast down ;
Dare the wronged and scorned to bless.

Dare from custom to depart ;
Dare the priceless pearl possess ;
Dare to wear it next your heart ;
Dare, when others curse, to bless.

Dare forsake what you deem wrong ;
Dare to walk in wisdom's way ;
Dare to give where gifts belong ;
Dare God's precepts to obey.

Do what conscience says is right ;
Do what reason says is best ;
Do with all your mind and might ;
Do your duty, and be blest.

ARY SCHEFFER.

Ary Scheffer was an eminent French painter. He was born in 1795, and died in 1858.

IN the wall of brick and plaster,
Running down the garden walk,
Little Ary drew a picture
With a piece of pointed chalk.

As he drew it, Cousin Gretchen,
With her doll, was standing by ;
And she said, " You'll be an artist,
My dear Ary, if you try."

Truly spoke his Cousin Gretchen ;
For, while yet a little boy,
His great diligence and talent
Filled his mother's heart with joy.

Much that mother longed to see him
Grow to be a good, great man.
" I have little money, Ary,
But I'll spare whate'er I can.

" I will pay the best of masters,
Who shall teach you all they know.
' In all labor there is profit,'
Honors, too, from labor flow.

" Let not earthly fame or glory,
Be your only end or aim,
Let the glory of your Maker
Have the first and highest claim.

" Then I doubt not, darling Ary,
If God spare you, you shall be
First and foremost of the painters
Which the present age shall see."

Truly spoke his loving mother ;
A great artist he became :
All the world now loud in honor
Speak of Ary Scheffer's name.

BY-AND-BY.

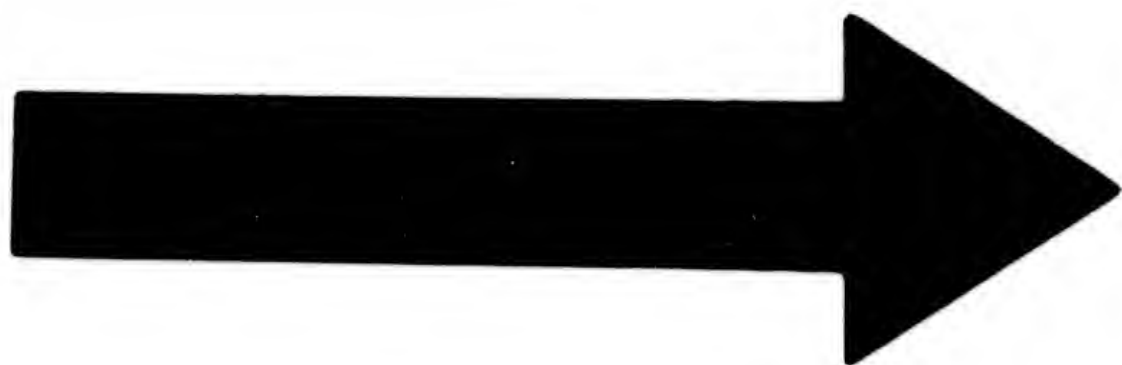
BY-AND-BY'S a little mischief-maker
That is stealing half our bliss,
Sketching pictures in a dream-land
That are never seen in this ;
Dashing from our lips the pleasure
Of the present, while we sigh.
You may know this mischief-maker,
For his name is " By-and-By."

He is sitting by our hearth-stones
With his sly, bewitching glance,
Whispering of the coming morrow,
As the social hours advance ;
Loitering 'mid our calm reflections,
Hiding forms of beauty nigh—
He's a smooth, deceitful fellow,
This enchanter, " By-and-By."

You may know him by his wincing,
By his careless, sportive air ;
By his sly, obtrusive presence,
That is straying everywhere ;
By the trophies that he gathers
Where his somber victims lie ;
For a bold, determined fellow
Is this conqueror, " By-and-By."

When the calls of duty haunt us,
And the present seems to fly
All the time that ever mortals
Snatch from dark eternity,
Then a fairy hand seems painting
Pictures on a distant sky ;
For a cunning little artist
Is the fairy, " By-and-By."

" By-and-By " the wind is singing ;
" By-and-By " the heart replies ;
But the phantom, just before us,
Ere we grasp it, ever flies.



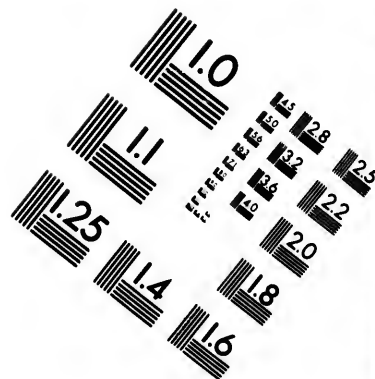
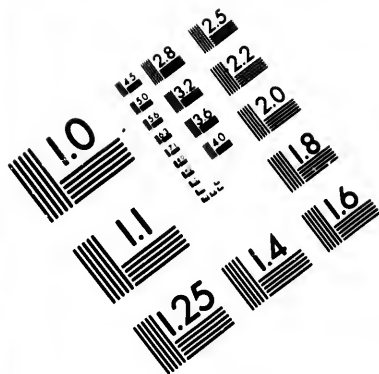
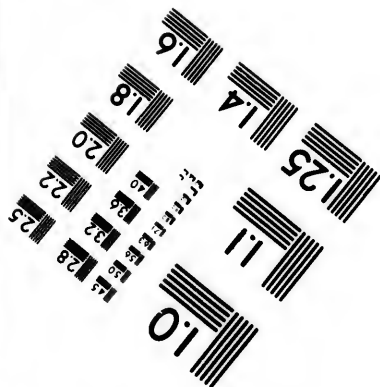
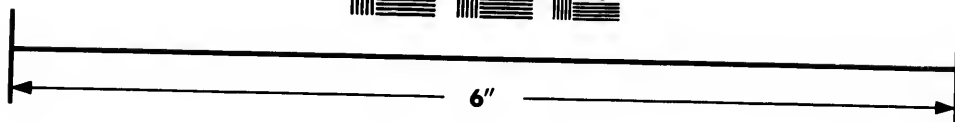
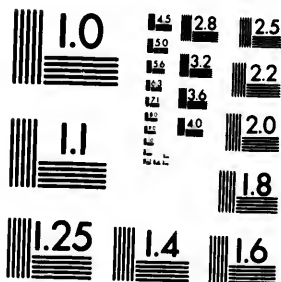


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List not to the idle charmer,
Scorn the very specious lie;
Only in the fancy liveth
This deceiver, "By-and-By."

J. W. BARKER.

LEARN A LITTLE EVERY DAY.

LITTLE rills make wider streamlets,
Streamlets swell the rivers' flow;
Rivers join the mountain billows,
Onward, onward, as they go!
Life is made of smallest fragments,
Shade and sunshine, work and play;
So may we, with greatest profit,
Learn a little every day.

Tiny seeds make plenteous harvests,
Drops of rain compose the showers;
Seconds make the flying minutes,
And the minutes make the hours!
Let us hasten, then, and catch them,
As they pass us on the way;
And with honest, true endeavor,
Learn a little every day.

Let us while we read or study,
Cull a flower from every page;
Here a line, and there a sentence,
'Gainst the lonely time of age!
At our work or by the way-side,
While we ponder, while we play,
Let us thus by constant effort
Learn a little every day.

THE BEST THAT I CAN.

"I CAN not do much," said a little star,
"To make the dark world bright;
My silvery beams cannot struggle far
Through the folding gloom of night;
But I am a part of God's great plan,
And I'll cheerfully do the best I can."

"What is the use," said a fleecy cloud,
"Of these few drops that I hold?
They will hardly bend the lily proud,
Though caught in her cup of gold;
Yet am I a part of God's great plan,
So my treasure I'll give as well as I can."

A child went merrily forth to play,
But a thought, like a silver thread,
Kept winding in and out all day
Through the happy golden head;
And it seemed to say, "Do all you can,
For you are a part of God's great plan."

She knew no more than the glancing star,
Nor the cloud with its chalice full,

How, why, and for what all strange things are—
She was only a child at school;
But she thought, "It is a part of God's great plan
That even I should do all that I can."
So she helped a younger child along,
When the road was rough to the feet;
And she sang from her heart a little song
That we all thought was passing sweet;
And her father, a weary, toil-worn man,
Said, "I too, will do the best that I can."

THE GOLDEN STAIR.

PUT away the little playthings
That the darling used to wear,
She will need them on earth never—
She has climbed the golden stair;
She is with the happy angels,
And I long for her sweet kiss,
Where her little feet are waiting
In the realm of perfect bliss.

Lay aside her little playthings
Wet with mother's pearly tears—
How we shall miss little Nellie
All the coming, weary years!
Fold the dainty little dresses
That she never more will wear,
For her little feet are waiting
Up above the golden stair.

Kiss the little curly tresses
Cut from her bright, golden hair—
Do the angels kiss our darling
In the realm so bright and fair?
Oh! we pray to meet our darling
For a long, long, sweet embrace,
Where the little feet are waiting—
And we meet her face to face.

W. D. SMITH.

"I WOULD IF I COULD."

"I WOULD if I could," though much it's in
use,
Is but a mistaken and sluggish excuse;
And many a person who could if he would,
Is often heard saying, "I would if I could."

"Come, John," said a school-boy, "now do not re-
fuse—
Come, solve me this problem; you can if you
choose."

But John at that moment was not in the mood,
And yawningly answered, "I would if I could."

At the door of a mansion a child, thinly clad,
While the cold wind blew fiercely, was begging for
bread;

A rich man passed by her as trembling she stood,
And answered her coldly, "I would if I could."

The scholar receiving his teacher's advice,
The swearer admonished to quit such a vice,
The child when requested to try and be good,
Oft give the same answer, "I would if I could."

But if we may credit what good people say,
That where there's a will, there is always a way;
And whatever ought to be, can be, and should—
We never need utter, "I would if I could."

PRINCIPLE PUT TO THE TEST.

A YOUNGSTER at school, more sedate than the
rest,
Had once his integrity put to the test;
His comrades had plotted an orchard to rob,
And asked him to go and assist in the job.

He was very much shocked, and answered, "O no!
What, rob our good neighbor! I pray you don't go;
Besides, the man's poor—his orchard's his bread;
Then think of his children, for they must be fed."

"You speak very fine, and you look very grave—
But apples we want, and apples we'll have.
If you will go with us, we'll give you a share;
If not, you shall have neither apple nor pear."

He spoke, and James pondered—"I see they will go;
Poor man! what a pity to injure him so!
Poor man! I would save him his fruit if I could;
But staying behind will do him no good.

"If this matter depended alone upon me,
His apples might hang till they drop from the tree;
But since they *will* take them, I think I'll go too;
He will lose none by me, though I get a few."

His scruples thus silenced, James felt more at ease,
And went with his comrades the apples to seize.
He blamed and protested, but joined in the plan;
He shared in the plunder, but pitied the man.

Conscience slumbered awhile, but soon woke in his
breast,
And in language severe the delinquent addressed:
"With such empty and selfish pretenses away!
By your actions you're judged, be your speech what it
may."

WILLIAM COWPER.

THE LITTLE SUNBEAM.

A LITTLE sunbeam in the sky
Said to itself one day,
"I'm very small, yet why should I
Do nothing else but play?
I'll go down to the earth and see
If there is any work for me."

The violet beds were wet with dew,
Which filled each drooping cup;

The little sunbeam darted through,
And raised their blue heads up.
They smiled to see it, and they lent
The morning breeze their sweetest scent.

A mother safe beneath a tree
Had left her babe asleep;
It woke and cried, but when it spied
The little sunbeam peep
So slyly in, with glance so bright,
It laughed and chuckled with delight.

Away, away, o'er land and sea
The merry sunbeam went:
A ship was on the waters free
From home and country sent;
It sparkled in that joyous ray,
The blue waves danced around her way.

A voyager gazed with weary eye,
And heart of bitter pain;
With the bright sunbeam from the sky
Lost hope sprang up again.
"The waves," he said, "are full of glee,
Then yet there may be some for me."

The sunbeam next did not disdain
A window low and small;
It entered at the cottage pane,
And danced upon the wall.
A pale young face looked up to meet
The radiance she had watched to greet.

So up and down, and to and fro,
The sunbeam glanced about;
And never door was shut, I know,
To keep the stranger out.
But lo! where'er it touched the earth
It seemed to wake up joy and mirth.

I can not tell the history
Of all that it could do;
But this I tell, that you may try
To be a sunbeam too—
By little smiles and deeds of love,
Which cheer like sunshine from above.

DO YOUR DUTY.

O your duty, little man,
That's the way!
There's some duty in the plan
Of every day.
Every day has some new task
For your hand;
Do it bravely—that's the way
Life grows grand.

"Do your duty," sing the stars,
That so bright
Through the midnight's dusky bars,
Shed their light.

"Do your duty," says the sun
 High in heaven ;
 To the dutiful, when tasks are done,
 Crowns are given :
 Crowns of power and crowns of fame,
 Crowns of life :
 In glory burns the victor's name,
 After strife.
 Do your duty, never swerve—
 Smooth or rough—
 Until God, whom we all serve,
 Says, "Enough."

LUELLA CLARK.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

GO forth to the battle of life, my boy,
 Go while it is called to-day ;
 For the years go out, and the years come in,
 Regardless of those who may lose or win—
 Of those who may work or play.

And the troops march steadily on, my boy,
 To the army gone before ;
 You may hear the sound of their falling feet,
 Going down to the river where the two worlds meet :
 They go to return no more.

There is room for you in the ranks, my boy,
 And duty, too, assigned.
 Step into the front with a cheerful grace—
 Be quick, or another may take your place,
 And you may be left behind.

There is work to do by the way, my boy,
 That you never can tread again ;
 Work for the loftiest, lowliest men—
 Work for the plough, adz, spindle, and pen ;
 Work for the hands and the brain.

Then go to the battle of life, my boy,
 In the beautiful days of youth ;
 Put on the helmet, breastplate, and shield,
 And the sword that the feeblest arm may wield
 In the cause of right and truth.

WANTED, A BOY.

WANTED, a boy ! Well, how glad I am
 To know that I was the first to see
 The daily paper—so early too—
 Few boys are up—'t is lucky for me."

You hurry away through quiet streets,
 Breathlessly reaching the office door
 Where a boy was wanted, and lo ! you find
 It thronged and besieged by at least a score.

"Wanted, a boy !" So the place was gone ;
 You did not get it? Well, never mind.
 The world is large, and a vacant place
 Is somewhere in it for you to find ;

Perhaps by long and devious ways,
 With perils to face, and battles to win,
 Obstacles great to be overcome,
 Before you reach it, and enter in.

Philosophy surely wanted a boy,
 While Franklin worked at a printer's case ;
 Mechanics, when, low in the darkened mine,
 By an engine, Stephenson found his place ;
 Nature, while Linnæus, crushed and tried
 As a cobbler, toiled out his sunless youth ;
 Freedom, ere Washington reached her arms
 From childhood, up by the way of truth.

"Wanted, a boy !" 't is written above
 Coveted places of highest renown ;
 But the ladder of labor must ever be trod
 By boyish feet, ere the sign comes down.
 There are humble names half hidden now
 On the school day roll, 'mong many a score,
 That yet will shine as the lights of fame,
 Till boys are wanted on earth no more.

The forum is echoing burning words
 Of orators destined to pass away ;
 You will be wanted instead of them soon,
 Men of the future are boys to-day.
 The watchmen standing on Zion's walls,
 Faithfully doing the Master's will,
 Are falling asleep as the years go by ;—
 Wanted, a boy each place to fill.

MARY B. REESE.

THE PET LAMB.

THE dew was falling fast ; the stars began to
 blink ;
 I heard a voice ; it said, "Drink, pretty creature,
 drink !"

And, looking o'er the hedge, before me I espied
 A snow-white mountain lamb, with a maiden at its
 side.

No other sheep were near ; the lamb was all alone,
 And by a slender cord was tethered to a stone ;
 With one knee on the grass did the little maiden kneel,
 While to that mountain lamb she gave its evening meal.

'Twas little Barbara Lethwaite, a child of beauty rare !
 I watched them with delight : they were a lovely pair.
 Now with her empty can the maiden turned away ;
 But ere ten yards were gone, her footsteps she did stay.

Towards the lamb she looked ; and from a shady place
 I, unobserved, could see the workings of her face ;
 If nature to her tongue could measured numbers bring,
 Thus, thought I, to her lamb that little maid might
 sing :—

"What ails thee, young one? what? Why pull so at
 thy cord?
 Is it not well with thee? well both for bed and board?

Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass can be ;
Rest, little young one, rest ; what is't that aileth thee ?

"What is it thou wouldst seek ? What is wanting to
thy heart ?

Thy limbs, are they not strong ? and beautiful thou art.
This grass is tender grass ; these flowers they have no
peers ;

And that green corn all day is rustling in thy ears ?

"If the sun be shining hot, do but stretch thy woolen
chain—

This birch is standing by ; its covert thou canst gain ;
For rain and mountain storms—the like thou need'st
not fear :

The rain and storm are things that scarcely can come
here.

"Rest, little young one, rest ; thou hast forgot the day
When my father found thee first in places far away ;
Many flocks were on the hills, but thou wert owned by
none,

And thy mother from thy side forevermore was gone.

"He took thee in his arms, and in pity brought thee
home ;

O, blessed day for thee. Then whither wouldst thou
roam ?

A faithful nurse thou hast ; the dam that did thee yearn,
Upon the mountain tops, no kinder could have been.

"Thou know'st that twice a day I have brought thee
in this can

Fresh water from the brook, as clear as ever ran ;
And twice in the day, when the ground is wet with
dew,

I bring thee draughts of milk—warm milk it is, and
new.

"Thy limbs will short'ly be twice as stout as they are
now ;

Then I'll yoke thee to my cart, like a pony in the plow.
My playmate thou shalt be ; and when the wind is cold
Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house shall be thy
fold.

"Alas, the mountain tops that look so green and fair !
I've heard of fearful winds and darkness that come
there ;

The little brooks, that seem all pastime and all play,
When they are angry, roar like lions for their prey.

"Here thou need'st not dread the raven in the sky ;
Night and day thou art safe ; our cottage is hard by.
Why bleat so after me ? Why pull so at thy chain ?
Sleep, and at break of day I will come to thee again."

As homeward through the lane I went with lazy feet,
This song to myself did I oftentimes repeat ;
And it seemed, as I retraced the ballad, line by line,
That but half of it was hers, and one half of it was
mine.

Again, and once again, did I repeat the song :

"Nay," said I, "more than half to the damsel must
belong ;

For she looked with such a look, and she spoke with
such a tone,

That I almost received her heart into my own."

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE SCULPTOR BOY.

HISEL in hand, stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him ;
And his face lit up with a smile of joy
As an angel dream passed o'er him.

He carved that dream on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision ;
In Heaven's own light the sculptor shone—
He had caught that angel vision.

Sculptors of life are we, as we stand
With our lives uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour, when, at God's command,
Our life-dream passes o'er us.
Let us carve it, then, on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision ;
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own—
Our lives, that angel vision.

W. C. DOANE.

MY BIRD'S NEST.

I MUST tell you a little story
(True, every word),
How once, out of the South-land early
Came a bird,

To a home in the midst of green grass
And high trees,
And the little birds never were frightened
Out of these.

And this one went flying, a week,
In and out

Of first one tree, and then another,
All about—

As men hunt after homes for their children,
In a city—

Which too often they cannot find—
More's the pity ;

But our bird could ; for once on a time,
Like a bird,

On a blossoming branch we discovered
Bits of mud,

Which we knew for a brave beginning,
Then a straw —

And so, little by little, was builded,
Without a flaw,

A home fit for a queen of birds
But no queen

Was she, with her yellow-brown wings ;

You have seen
 A hundred far fairer, I know,
 Every year,
 But never to me, was another
 Half so dear :
 For she, flying east, flying west,
 Had a song—
 A song for her work and her rest,
 All day long.


And full oft was her cheerful twitter
 First to greet
 My ear, in the bright summer morning ;
 Low and sweet
 Was always her song, and at night
 I could hear
 Her chirruping still, in the nest.
 'Twas so near
 I could reach with my hands the green leaves
 Where it lay ;
 So, all summer, I wondered, and watched,
 Day by day,
 The glad life that it held—always glad,
 Rain or shine.

That song never ceased : never sad,
 Half divine
 Seemed sometimes the sweet voice to my soul,
 Giving rest
 And deep peace, strange gifts for a bird
 On her nest.

But at last, the white night frosts of autumn
 Chilled the air ;
 And one day the bird flew away singing,
 Who knows where ?
 And here, now, is the nest, on my table,
 Miles away—
 A thousand—from where it was builded ;
 And each day,
 I look at its soft hair lining,
 And I hear
 The songs of those summer mornings,
 Sweet and clear.
 Hear them still, for a life that is glad,
 Child's or bird's,
 Has an echo of song, far sweeter than
 Any sweet words.

— LUELLA CLARK. —

— " LITTLE NAN." —


 LITTLE Nan Gordon,
 With the red hair,
 Down by the post-office,
 You know where,
 Sold big, red apples,
 Two for a cent,
 Gum-drops, lozenges,
 Rose peppermint,

Left her stand
 In the broad daylight,
 Ran clear up here
 in a terrible fright.
 " Tell the doctor
 To please come quick,
 There's a man," she said,
 " That's awful sick.
 A poor old man
 Got hurt by a cart;
 Nobody'd come
 And I hadn't the heart
 To stand like the rest
 And only stare.
 So I had to come,
 And I wouldn't care
 If the boys stole everything I had ;
 I'd rather be poor
 Than be so bad."
 I'll tell you what
 My mamma said
 That very night
 When she put me to bed.
 A beautiful angel
 With shiny wings,
 One of the kind
 That always sings,
 Will come some time
 And find little Nan,
 Who forgot herself
 And for sick folks ran ;
 He'll take her hand
 And say to her, " Come
 And go with me."
 And he'll show her his home,
 Where no one is selfish
 And loves his ease,
 But every one tries
 All the rest to please.
 I tell you what
 I'd like to go,
 And a good many boys
 And girls that I know ;
 And we're going to try
 Very hard to do
 All that is right,
 And to tell what's true ;
 Now, don't you think
 That if we do
 An angel will come
 And take us too ?

G. W. THOMAS.

— " LITTLE NAN." —

A SEQUEL.

 LITTLE Nan Gordon,
 With the red hair,
 Ran back to her stand,
 You know where,

And told the sick man :
 " The doctor will come,
 Quick as he can,
 And take you home."

But what a surprise
 There met her eyes ;
 None cared for poor Nan
 While she cared for the man.

While she was gone
 Some awful bad boys
 Stole her apples, gum-drops,
 Money and toys ;
 Turned over her stand,
 In the broad daylight,
 And left what they left,
 In a terrible plight ;
 Stamped on her basket,
 And did—what boys can—
 All that they could
 To injure poor Nan,
 Who cried at her loss,
 But still was real glad
 That she did what was good,
 If others were bad.

But an angel stood by,
 With a smile on his face
 And a tear in his eye,
 Who whispered, quite softly,
 " I'll make it all right
 With Nan bye-and-bye."

The very next morning,
 When Nan got there—
 Down by the post-office,
 You know where—
 Big, red apples,
 Two for a cent,
 Gum-drops and candies,
 Rose peppermint—
 Lots of things she hadn't before,
 Of such as she did have
 Twice as much more ;
 A nice new table,
 A nice money-drawer,
 For the money stolen
 Twice as much more ;
 New baskets and candy-jars,
 Clean and bright,
 All ready for Nan
 In the broad daylight.
 And the angel stood by,
 With a stick in his hand,
 Keeping bad boys
 Away from the stand.

Then he kissed little Nan,
 With the red hair,

And gave her the things
 That he'd fixed for her there.
 So twice glad was Nan
 That she went to get help
 For the sick old man.

Moral.

'Tisn't always true what folks frequently say,
 That children must wait till the judgment day
 Before their good actions will draw any pay ;
 But this is the point—Nan did what she could,
 What made her real glad was she was real good ;
 To have angel's help you needn't wait till you die,
 Do good when you can, the angel stands by.

A. W. DODGE.

THE FAIRIES.

UP the airy mountain,
 Down the rushy glen,
 We dare n't go a hunting
 For fear of little men ;
 Wee folk, good folk,
 Trooping all together ;
 Green jacket, red cap,
 And white owl's feather !
 Down along the rocky shore
 Some make their home—
 They live on crispy pancakes
 Of yellow tide-foam ;
 Some in the reeds
 Of the black mountain-lake,
 With frogs for their watch-dogs
 All night awake.
 High on the hill-top
 The old King sits ;
 He is now so old and gray
 He's nigh lost his wits.
 With a bridge of white mist
 Columbkill he crosses,
 On his stately journeys
 From Slieveleague to Rosses :
 Or going up with music
 On cold starry nights,
 To sup with the queen
 Of the gay northern lights.
 They stole little Bridget
 For seven years long ;
 When she came down again
 Her friends were all gone.
 They took her lightly back,
 Between the night and morrow ;
 They thought that she was fast asleep,
 But she was dead with sorrow.
 They have kept her ever since
 Deep within the lakes,
 On a bed of flag-leaves,
 Watching till she wakes.

By the craggy hillside,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
To dig one up in spite,
He shall find the thornies set
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We dare n't go a hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY CHRISTMAS TREE.

I HAVE been looking on, this evening, at a merry company of children assembled round that pretty German toy, a Christmas tree.

Being now at home again, and alone, the only person in the house awake, my thoughts are drawn back, by a fascination which I do not care to resist, to my own childhood. Straight in the middle of the room, cramped in the freedom of its growth by no encircling walls or soon-reached ceiling, a shadowy tree arises; and, looking up into the dreamy brightness of its top—for I observe in this tree the singular property that it appears to grow downward towards the earth,—I look into my youngest Christmas recollections.

All toys at first I find. But upon the branches of the tree lower down, how thick the books begin to hang! Thin books, in themselves, at first, but many of them, with deliciously smooth covers of bright red or green. What fat black letters to begin with!

"A was an archer, and shot at a frog." Of course he was. He was an apple-pie also, and there he is! He was a good many things in his time, was A, and so were most of his friends, except X, who had so little versatility that I never knew him to get beyond Xerxes or Xantippe: like Y, who was always confined to a yacht or a yew-tree: and Z, condemned forever to be a zebra or a zany.

But now the very tree itself changes, and becomes a bean-stalk—the marvelous bean-stalk by which Jack

climbed up to the giant's house. Jack—how noble, with his sword of sharpness and his shoes of swiftness.

Good for Christmas-time is the ruddy color of the cloak in which the tree making a forest of itself for her to trip through with her basket, Little Red Riding-Hood comes to me one Christmas eve, to give me information of the cruelty and treachery of that dissembling wolf who ate her grandmother, without making any impression on his appetite, and then ate after making that ferocious joke about his teeth. She was my first love. I felt that if I could have married Little Red Riding-Hood I should have known perfect bliss. But it was not to be, and there was nothing for it but to look out the wolf in the Noah's Ark there, and put him late in the procession, on the table, as a monster who was to be degraded.

Oh, the wonderful Noah's Ark! It was not found seaworthy when put in a washing-tub, and the animals were crammed in at the roof, and needed to have their legs well shaken down before they could be got in even there; and then ten to one but they began to tumble out at the door, which was but imperfectly fastened with a wire latch; but what was that against it?

Consider the noble fly, a size or two smaller than the elephant; the lady-bird, the butterfly—all triumphs of art! Consider the goose, whose feet were so small, and whose balance was so indifferent that he usually tumbled forward and knocked down all the animal creation! Consider Noah and his family, like idiotic tobacco stoppers; and how the leopard stuck to warm little fingers; and how the tails of the larger animals used gradually to resolve themselves into frayed bits of string.

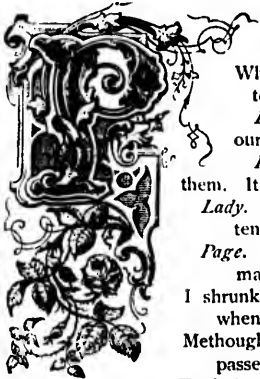
Encircled by the social thoughts of Christmas time, still let the benignant figure of my childhood stand unchanged! In every cheerful image and suggestion that the season brings, may the bright star that rested above the poor roof be the star of all the Christian world!

A moment's pause, O vanishing tree, of which the lower boughs are dark to me yet, and let me look once more. I know there are blank spaces on thy branches, where eyes that I have loved have shone and smiled, from which they are departed. But, far above, I see the Raiser of the dead girl and the widow's son—and God is good!

CHARLES DICKENS.

DRAMATIC SELECTIONS.

DESCRIPTION OF JANE DE MONTFORT.



AGE.—Madam, there is a lady in your hall Who begs to be admitted to your presence.

Lady. Is it not one of our invited friends?

Page. No; far unlike to them. It is a stranger.

Lady. How looks her countenance?

Page. So queenly, so commanding, and so noble, I shrunk at first in awe; but when she smiled, Methought I could have compassed sea and land To do her bidding.

Lady. Is she young or old?

Page. Neither, if right I guess; but she is fair, For Time hath laid his hand so gently on her, As he, too, had been awed.

Lady. The foolish stripping! She has bewitched thee. Is she large in stature?

Page. So stately and so graceful is her form, I thought at first her stature was gigantic; But on a near approach, I found, in truth, She scarcely doth surpass the middle size.

Lady. What is her garb?

Page. I cannot well describe the fashion of it: She is not decked in any gallant trim, But seems to me clad in her usual weeds Of high habitual state; for as she moves, Wide flows her robe in many a waving fold, As I have seen unfurled banners play With the soft breeze.

Lady. Thine eyes deceive thee, boy; It is an apparition thou hast seen.

Freberg. [Starting from his seat, where he has been sitting during the conversation between the Lady and the Page.]

It is an apparition he has seen,

Or it is Jane de Montfort.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

SPEECH OF PRINCE EDWARD IN HIS DUNGEON.

BOTH the bright sun from the high arch of heaven, In all his beauteous robes of fleckered clouds, And ruddy vapors, and deep-glowing flames, And softly varied shades, look gloriously?

Do the green woods dance to the wind? the lakes Cast up their sparkling waters to the light? Do the sweet hamlets in their bushy dells Send winding up to heaven their curling smoke On the soft morning air? Do the flocks bleat, and the wild creatures bound In antic happiness! and mazy birds Wing the mid air in lightly skimming bands? Ay, all this is—men do behold all this— The poorest man. Even in this lonely vault, My dark and narrow world, oft do I hear The crowing of the cock so near my walls, And sadly think how small a space divides me From all this fair creation.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

THE GROWTH OF MURDEROUS HATE.

[Scene from *De Montfort*.]

De Montfort explains to his sister Jane his hatred of Rezenvelt, which at last hurries him into the crime of murder. The gradual deepening of this malignant passion, and its frightful catastrophe, are powerfully depicted. We may remark, that the character of De Montfort, his altered habits and appearance after his travels, his settled gloom, and the violence of his passions, seem to have been the prototype of Byron's Manfred and Lara.

DE MONTFORT. No more, my sister; urge me not again:

My secret troubles cannot be revealed.

From all participation of its thoughts

My heart recoils: I pray thee, be contented.

Jane. What! must I, like a distant humble friend, Observe thy restless eye and gait disturbed In timid silence, whilst with yearning heart I turn aside to weep? O no, De Montfort! A nobler task thy nobler mind will give; Thy true intrusted friend I still shall be.

De Mon. Ah, Jane, forbear! I cannot e'en to thee.

Jane. Then lie upon it! lie upon it, Montfort; There was a time when e'en with murder stained, Had it been possible that such dire deed Could e'er have been the crime of one so piteous, Thou wouldst have told it me.

De Mon. So would I now—but ask of this no more.

All other troubles but the one I feel I have disclosed to thee. I pray thee, spare me. It is the secret weakness of my nature.

Jane. Then secret let it be: I urge no further.

The eldest of our valiant father's hopes, So sadly orphaned: side by side we stood, Like two young trees, whose boughs in early strength Screen the weak saplings of the rising grove, And brave the storm together.

I have so long, as if by nature's right,
Thy bosom's inmate and adviser been,
I thought through life I should have so remained,
Nor ever know a change. Forgive me, Montfort;
A humbler station will I take by thee;
The close attendant of thy wandering steps,
The cheerer of this home, with strangers sought,
The soother of those griefs, I must not know.
This is mine office now: I ask no more.

De Mon. Oh, Jane, thou dost constrain me with
thy love—

Would I could tell it thee!

Jane. Thou shalt not tell me. Nay, I'll stop mine
ears,
Nor from the yearnings of affection wring
What shrinks from utterance. Let it pass, my
brother.

I'll stay by thee; I'll cheer thee, comfort thee;
Pursue with thee the study of some art,
Or nobler science, that compels the mind
To steady thought progressive, driving forth
All floating, wild, unhappy fantasies,
Till thou, with brow unclouded, smilest again;
Like one who, from dark visions of the night,
When the active soul within its lifeless cell
Holds its own world, with dreadful fancy pressed
Of some dire, terrible, or murderous deed,
Wakes to the dawning morn, and blesses Heaven.

De Mon. It will not pass away; 'twill haunt me still.

Jane. Ah! say not so, for I will haunt thee too,
And be to it so close an adversary,
That, though I wrestle darkling with the fiend,
I shall o'ercome it.

De Mon. Thou most generous woman,
Why do I treat thee thus? It should not be—
And yet I cannot—O that cursed villain!
He would not let me be the man I would.

Jane. What sayest thou, Montfort? Oh! what words
are these!

They have awaked my soul to dreadful thoughts.
I do beseech thee, speak!
By the affection thou did'st ever bear me;
By the dear memory of our infant days;
By kindred living ties—ay, and by those
Who sleep in the tomb, and cannot call to thee,
I do conjure thee, speak!

Ha! wilt thou not?

Then, if affection, most unwearied love,
Tried early, long, and never wanting found,
O'er generous man hath more authority,
More rightful power than crown or sceptre give,
I do command thee!
De Montfort, do not thus resist my love,
Here I entreat thee on my bended knees.
Alas! my brother!

De Mon. [*Raising her, and kneeling.*]
Thus let him kneel who should the abased be,
And at thine honored feet confession make.

I'll tell thee all—but, oh! thou wilt despise me.

For in my breast a raging passion burns,
To which thy soul no sympathy will own—
A passion which hath made my night... couch
A place of torment, and the light of day,
With the gay intercourse of social man,
Feel like the oppressive, airless pestilence.
O Jane! thou wilt despise me.

Jane. Say not so:

I never can despise thee, gentle brother.
A lover's jealousy and hopeless pangs
No kindly heart contemns.

De Mon. A lover's, sayest thou?

No, it is hate! black, lasting, deadly hate!
Which thus hath driven me forth from kindred peace,
From social pleasure, from my native home,
To be a sullen wanderer on the earth,
Avoiding all men, cursing and accursed.

Jane. De Montfort, this is fiend-like, terrible!
What being, by the Almighty Father formed
Of flesh and blood, created even as thou,
Could in thy breast such horrid tempest wake,
Who art thyself his fellow?

Unkneut thy brows, and spread those wrath-clenched
hands.

Some sprite accursed within thy bosom mates
To work thy ruin. Strive with it, my brother!
Strive bravely with it; drive it from thy heart;
'Tis the degrader of a noble heart.
Curse it, and bid it part.

De Mon. It will not part. I've lodged it here too
long.

With my first cares, I felt its rankling touch.
I loathed him when a boy.

Jane. Whom didst thou say?

De Mon. Detested Rezenvelt!
E'en in our early sports, like two young whelps
Of hostile breed, instinctively averse,
Each 'gainst the other pitched his ready pledge,
And frowned defiance. As we onward passed
From youth to man's estate, his narrow art
And envious glibing malice, poorly veiled
In the affected carelessness of mirth,
Still more detestable and odious grew.
There is no living being on this earth
Who can conceive the malice of his soul,
With all his gay and damndèd merriment,
To those by fortune or by merit placed
Above his paltry self. When, low in fortune,
He looked upon the state of prosperous men,
As nightly birds, roused from their murky holes,
Do scowl and chatter at the light of day,
I could endure it; even as we bear
The impotent bite of some half-trodden worm,
I could endure it. But when honors came,
And wealth and new-got titles fed his pride;
Whilst flattering knaves did trumpet forth his praise,
And grovelling idiots grinned applause on him;
Oh! then I could no longer suffer it!
It drove me frantic. What, what would I give—

What would I give to crush the bloated toad,
So rankly do I loathe him!

Jane. And would thy hatred crush the very man
Who gave to thee that life he might have taken?
That life which thou so rashly didst expose
To aim at his? Oh, this is horrible!

De Mon. Ha! thou hast heard it then! From all
the world,

But most of all from thee, I thought it hid.

Jane. I heard a secret whisper, and resolved
Upon the instant to return to thee.

Didst thou receive my letter?

De Mon. I did! I did! 'Twas that which drove me
thither.

I could not bear to meet thine eye again.

Jane. Alas! that tempted by a sister's tears,
I ever left thy house! These few past months,
These absent months, have brought us all this woe.
Had I remained with thee, it had not been.

And yet, methinks, it should not move you thus.
You dared him to the field; both bravely fought;
He, more adroit, disarmed you; courteously
Returned the forfeit sword, which, so returned,
You did refuse to use against him more;
And then, as says report, you parted friends.

De Mon. When he disarmed this cursed, this worth-
less hand

Of its most worthless weapon, he but spared
From devilish pride, which now derives a bliss
In seeing me thus fettered, shamed, subjected
With the vile favor of his poor forbearance;
Whilst he securely sits with glibing brow,
And basely baits me like a muzzled cur,
Who cannot turn again.
Until that day, till that accursèd day,
I knew not half the torment of this hell
Which burns within my breast. Heaven's lightnings
blast him!

Jane. Oh, this is horrible! Forbear, forbear!
Lest Heaven's vengeance light upon thy head
For this most impious wish.

De Mon. Then let it light.

Torments more fell than I have known already
It cannot send. To be annihilated,
What all men shrink from; to be dust, be nothing,
Were bliss to me compared with what I am!

Jane. Oh! wouldst thou kill me with these dreadful
words?

De Mon. Let me but once upon his ruin look,
Then close mine eyes forever!—
Ha! how is this? Thou'rt ill: thou'rt very pale;
What have I done to thee? Alas! alas!

I meant not to distress thee—O my sister!

Jane. I cannot now speak to thee.

De Mon. I have killed thee.

Turn, turn thee not away! Look on me still!
Oh! droop not thus, my life, my pride, my sister!
Look on me yet again.

Jane. Thou, too, De Montfort,

(27)

In better days was wont to be my pride.

De Mon. I am a wretch, most wretched in myself,
And still more wretched in the pain I give.
O curse that villain, that detested villain!
He has spread misery o'er my fated life;
He will undo us all.

Jane. I've held my warfare through a troubled world,
And borne with steady mind my share of ill;
For then the helpmate of my toil wast thou.
But now the wane of life comes darkly on,
And hideous passion tears thee from my heart,
Blasting thy worth. I cannot strive with this.

De Mon. What shall I do?

JOANNA BAILLIE.

INCANTATION SCENE FROM "REMORSE."

Scene—A Hall of Armory, with an altar. Soft music from an in-
strument of glass or steel.

VALDEZ, ORDONIO, and ALVAR in a Sorcerer's robe, are discov-
ered



ORDONIO. This was too melancholy, father.

Valdez. Nay,

My Alvar loved sad music from a child.

Once he was lost, and after weary search
We found him in an open place in the wood,
To which spot he had followed a blind boy,
Who breathed into a pipe of sycamore
Some strangely moving notes; and these, he said,
Were taught him in a dream. Him we first saw
Stretched on the broad top of a sunny heath-bank:
And lower down poor Alvar, fast asleep,
His head upon the blind boy's dog. It pleased me
To mark how he had fastened round the pipe
A silver toy his grandam had late given him.
Methinks I see him now as he then looked—
Even so! He had outgrown his infant dress,
Yet still he wore it.

Alvar. My tears must not flow!

I must not clasp his knees, and cry, My father!

[Enter TERESA and ATTENDANTS.]

Teresa. Lord Valdez, you have asked my presence
here,
And I submit; but—Heaven bear witness for me—
My heart approves it not! 'tis mockery.

Ord. Believe you, then, no preternatural influence?
Believe you not that spirits throng around us?

Ter. Say rather that I have imagined it
A possible thing: and it has soothed my soul
As other fancies have; but ne'er seduced me
To traffic with the black and frenzied hope
That the dead hear the voice of witch or wizard.

[To Alvar.] Stranger, I mourn and blush to see you
here

On such employment! With far other thoughts
I left you.

Ord. [Aside.] Ha! he has been tampering with
her?

Alv. O high souled maiden ! and more dear to me
Than suits the stranger's name !
I swear to thee
I will uncover all concealed guilt.
Doubt, but decide not ! Stand ye from the altar.

[*Here a strain of music is heard from behind the scene.*]

Alv. With no irreverent voice or uncouth charm
I call up the departed !

Soul of Alvar !
Hear our soft suit, and heed my sulder spell :
So may the gates of paradise, unbarr'd,
Cease thy swift toils ! Since happily thou art one
Of that innumerable company
Who in broad circle, lovelier than the rainbow,
Girdle this round earth in a dizzy motion,
With noise too vast and constant to be heard :
Fittest unheard ! For oh, ye numberless
And rapid travelers ! what ear unstun'd,
What sense unmaddened, might bear up against
The rushing of your congregated wings ? [*Music.*]
Even now your living wheel turns o'er my head !

[*Music expressive of the movements and images that follow.*]

Ye, as ye pass, toss high the desert sands,
That roar and whiten like a burst of waters,
A sweet appearance, but a dread illusion
To the parched caravan that roams by night !
And ye build up on the becalmed waves
That whirling pillar, which from earth to heaven
Stands vast, and moves in blackness ! Ye, too, split
The ice mount ! and with fragments many and huge
Tempest the new-thawed sea, whose sudden gulfs
Suck in, perchance, some Lapland wizard's skiff !
Then round and round the whirlpool's marge ye dance,
Till from the blue swollen corse the soul toils out,
And joins your mighty army. [*Here, behind the scenes,*
a voice sings the three words, 'Hear, sweet spirit.']

Soul of Alvar !
Hear the mild spell, and tempt no blacker charm !
By sighs unquiet, and the sickly pang
Of a half-dead, yet still undying hope,
Pass visible before our mortal sense !
So shall the church's cleansing rites be thine,
Her knells and masses, that redeem the dead !

[*Song behind the scenes, accompanied by the same instrument as before.*]

Hear, sweet spirit, hear the spell,
Lest a blacker charm compel !
So shall the midnight breezes swell
With thy deep long lingering knell.
And at evening evermore,
In a chapel on the shore,
Shall the chanters, sad and saintly,
Yellow tapers burning faintly,
Doleful masses chant for thee,
Miserere Domine !

Hark ! the cadence dies away
On the yellow moonlight sea :
The boatmen rest their oars and say,
Miserere Domine !

[*A long pause.*]

Ord. The innocent obey nor charm nor spell !
My brother is in heaven. Thou sainted spirit,
Burst on our sight, a passing visitant !
Once more to hear thy voice, once more to see thee,
O 'twere a joy to me !

Alv. A joy to thee !
What if thou heardst him now ? What if his spirit
Re-entered its cold corse, and came upon thee
With many a stab from many a murderer's poniard ?
What if—his steadfast eye still beaming pity
And brother's love—he turned his head aside,
Lest he should look at thee, and with one look
Hurl thee beyond all power of penitence ?

Val. These are unholy fancies !

Ord. [*Struggling with his feelings.*] Yes, my
father, he is in heaven !

Alv. [*Still to Ordonio.*] But what if he had a
brother,
Who had lived even so, that at his dying hour
The name of heaven would have convulsed his face
More than the death-pang ?

Val. Idly prating man !
Thou has guessed ill : Don Alvar's only brother
Stands here before thee—a father's blessing on him !
He is most virtuous.

Alv. [*Still to Ordonio.*] What if his very virtues
Had pampered his swoolen heart and made him
proud ?

And what if pride had duped him into guilt ?
Yet still he stalked a self-created god,
Not very bold, but exquisitely cunning ;
And one that at his mother's looking-glass
Would force his features to a frowning sternness ?
Young lord ! I tell thee that there are such beings—
Yea, and it gives fierce merriment to the damned
To see these most proud men, that loathe making,
At every stir and buzz of coward conscience,
Trick, cant, and lie ; most whining hypocrites !
Away, away ! Now let me hear more music.

[*Music again.*]

Ter. 'Tis strange. I tremble at my own conjectures !
But whatsoe'er it mean, I dare no longer
Be present at these lawless mysteries,
This dark provoking of the hidden powers !
Already I affront—if not high Heaven—
Yet Alvar's memory ! Hark ! I make appeal
Against the unholy rite, and hasten hence
To bend before a lawful shrine, and seek
That voice which whispers, when the still heart listens,
Comfort and faithful hope ! Let us retire.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

SCENE FROM "BERTRAM."

A passage of great poetical beauty, says Sir Walter Scott, in which Bertram is represented as spurred to the commission of his great crimes by the direct agency of a supernatural and malevolent being.

PRIOR—BERTRAM.

PRIOR. The dark knight of the forest,
So from his armor named and sable helm,
Whose unbarred vizor mortal never saw,
He dwells alone ; no earthly thing lives near him,

Save the hoarse raven croaking o'er his towers,
And the dank weeds muffling his stagnant moat.

Bertram. I'll ring a summons on his barred portal
Shall make them through their dark valves rock and ring.

Pri. Thou'rt mad to take the quest. Within my memory

One solitary man did venture there—
Dark thoughts dwelt with him, which he sought to vent.

Unto that dark compeer we saw his steps,
In winter's stormy twilight, seek that pass—
But days and years are gone, and he returns not.

Bert. What fate befell him there ?

Pri. The manner of his end was never known.

Bert. That man shall be my mate. Contend not with me—

Horrors to me are kindred and society.

Or man, or fiend, he hath won the soul of Bertram.

[Bertram is afterwards discovered alone, wandering near the fatal tower, and describes the effect of the awful interview which he had courted.]

Bert. Was it a man or fiend ? Whate'er it was,
It hath dealt wonderfully with me—
All is around his dwelling suitable ;
The invisible blast to which the dark pines groan,
The unconscious tread to which the dark earth echoes,
The hidden waters rushing to their fall ;
These sounds, of which the causes are not seen,
I love, for they are, like my fate, mysterious !
How towered his proud form through the shrouding gloom,

How spoke the eloquent silence of its motion,
How through the barred vizor did his accents
Roll their rich thunder on their pausing soul !
And though his mailed hand did shun my grasp,
And though his closed morion hid his feature,
Yea, all resemblance to the face of man,
I felt the hollow whisper of his welcome,
I felt those unseen eyes were fixed on mine,
If eyes indeed were there—

Forgotten thoughts of evil, still-born mischiefs,
Foul, fertile seeds of passion and of crime,
That withered in my heart's abortive core,
Roused their dark battle at his trumpet peal ;
So sweeps the tempest o'er the slumbering desert,
Waking its myraid hosts of burning death ;

So calls the last dread peal the wandering atoms
Of blood, and bone, and flesh, and dust-worn frag-ments,

In d're array of ghastly unity,
To hide the eternal summons—
I am not what I was since I beheld him—
I was the slave of passion's ebbing sway—
All is condensed, collected, callous, now—
The groan, the burst, the fiery flash is o'er
Down pours the dense and darkening lava-tide,
Arresting life, and stilling all beneath it,

[Enter TWO OF HIS BAND observing him.]

First Robber. Seest thou with what a step of pride
he stalks ?

Thou hast the dark knight of the forest seen ;
For never man, from living converse come,
Trod with such step or flashed with eye like thine.

Second Robber. And hast thou of a truth seen the
dark knight ?

Bert. [Turning on him suddenly] Thy hand is
chilled with fear. Well, shivering craven,
Say I have seen him—wherefore dost thou gaze ?
Long'st thou for tale of goblin-guarded portal ?
Of giant champion, whose spell-forged mail
Crumbled to dust an sound of magic horn—
Banner of sheeted flame, whose foldings shrunk
To withering weeds, that o'er the battlements
Wave to the broken spell—or demon-blast
Of winded clarion, whose fell summons sinks
To lonely whisper of the shuddering breeze
O'er the charmed towers—

First Robber. Mock me not thus. Hast met him
of a truth ?

Bert. Well, fool—

First Robber. Why, then, Heaven's benison be
with you.

Upon this hour we part—farewell forever.

For mortal cause I bear a mortal weapon—

But man that leagues with demons I am not man.

CHARLES ROBERT MATURIN.

SCENE FROM "VIRGINIUS."

APPIUS, CLAUDIUS, and LICTORS.

APPIUS. Well, Claudius, are the forces
At hand ?

Claudius. They are, and timely, too ; the
people

Are in unwonted ferment.

App. There's something awes me at
The thought of looking on her father !

Claud. Look

Upon her, my Appius ! Fix your gaze upon

The treasures of her beauty, nor avert it

Till they are thine. Haste ! Your tribunal !

Haste !

[Appius ascends the tribunal.]

[Enter NUMITORIUS, ICIPIUS, LUCIUS, CITIZENS, VIRGINIUS lead-
ing his daughter, SERVIA, and CITIZENS. A dead silence pre-
vails.]

Virginius. Does no one speak? I am defendant
h re.

Is silence my opponent? Fit opponent
To plead a cause too foul for speech! What brow
Shameless gives front to this most valiant cause,
That tries its prowess 'gainst the honor of
A girl, yet lacks the wit to know, that he
Who casts off shame, should likewise cast off fear—
And on the verge o' the combat wants the nerve
To stammer forth the signal?

App. You had better,
Virginius, wear another kind of carriage;
This is not of the fashion that will serve you.

Vir. The fashion, Appius! Appius Claudius tell me
The fashion it becomes a man to speak in,
Whose property in his own child—the offspring
Of his own body, near to him as is
His hand, his arm—yea, nearer—closer far,
Knit to his heart—I say, who has his property
In such a thing, the very self of himself,
Disputed—and I'll speak so, Appius Claudius;
I'll speak so—Pray you tutor me!

App. Stand forth
Claudius! If you lay claim to any interest
In the question now before us, speak; if not,
Bring on some other cause.

Claud. Most noble Appius—
Vir. And are you the man
That claims my daughter for his slave?—Look at me
And I will give her to thee.

Claud. She is mine, then:
Do I not look at you?

Vir. Your eye does, truly,
But not your soul. I see it through your eye
Shifting and shrinking—turning every way
To shun me. You surprise me, that your eye,
So long the bully of its master, knows not
To put a proper face upon a lie,
But gives the port of impudence to falsehood
When it would pass it off for truth. Your soul
Dares as soon shew its face to me. Go on,
I had forgot; the fashion of my speech
May not please Appius Claudius.

Claud. I demand
Protection of the Decemvir!

App. You shall have it.

Vir. Doubtless!

App. Keep back the people, Lictors! What's
Your plea? You say the girl's your slave. Produce
Your proofs.

Claud. My proof is here, which, if they can,
Let them confront. The mother of the girl—

[*Virginius, stepping forward, is with-
held by Numitorius.*

Numitorius. Hold, brother! Hear them out, or suf-
fer me
To speak.

Vir. Man, I must speak, or else go mad!
And if I do go mad, what then will hold me

From speaking? She was thy sister, too!

Well, well, speak thou. I'll try, and if I can,
Be silent. [Retires.

Num. Will she swear she is her child?

Vir. [Starting forward.] To be sure she will—a
most wise question that!

Is she not his slave? Will his tongue lie for him—
Or his hand steal—or the finger of his hand
Beckon, or point, or shut, or open for him?
To ask him if she'll swear! Will she walk or run,
Sing, dance, or wag her head; do anything
That is most easily done? She'll as soon swear!
What mockery it is to have one's life
In jeopardy by such a berefted trick!
Is it to be endured? I do protest
Against her oath!

App. No law in Rome, Virginius,
Seconds you. If she swear the girl's her child,
The evidence is good, unless confronted
By better evidence. Look you to that,
Virginius. I shall take the woman's oath.

Virginia. Icilius!

Icilius. Fear not, love; a thousand oaths
Will answer her.

App. You swear the girl's your child,
And that you sold her to Virginius' wife,
Who passed her for her own. Is that your oath?
Slave. It is my oath.

App. Your answer now, Virginius.

Vir. Here it is! [Brings Virginia forward.]

Is this the daughter of a slave? I know
'Tis not with men as shrubs and trees, that by
The shoot you know the rank and order of
The stem. Yet who from such a stem would look
For such a shoot. My witnesses are these—
The relatives and friends of Numitoria,
Who saw her, ere Virginia's birth, sustain
The burden which a mother bears, nor feels
The weight, with longing for the sight of it.
Here are the ears that listened to her sighs
In nature's hour of labor, which subsides
In the embrace of joy—the hands, that when
The day first looked upon the infant's face,
And never looked so pleased, helped them up to it,
And blessed her for a blessing. Here, the eyes
That saw her lying at the generous
And sympathetic fount, that at her cry
Sent forth a stream of liquid living pearl
To cherish her enamelled veins. The lie
Is most unfruitful then, that takes the flower—
The very flower our bed connubial grew—
To prove its barrenness! Speak for me friends;
Have I not spoke the truth?

Women and Citizens. You have, Virginius.

App. Silence! Keep silence there! No more of
that!

You're very ready for a tumult, citizens.

[Troops appear behind.]

Lictors, make way to let these troops advance!

We have had a taste of your forbearance, masters,
And wish not for another.

Vir. Troops in the Forum!

App. Virginius, have you spoken?

Vir. If you have heard me,
I have; if not, I'll speak again.

App. You need not,
Virginius; I had evidence to give,
Which, should you speak a hundred times again,
Would make your pleading vain.

Vir. Your hand, Virginia!
Stand close to me.

[*Aside.*

App. My conscience will not let me
Be silent. 'Tis notorious to you all,
That Claudius' father, at his death, declared me
The guardian of his son. This cheat has long
Been known to me. I know the girl is not
Virginius' daughter.

Vir. Join your friends, Icilius,
And leave Virginia to my care.

[*Aside*

App. The justice
I should have done my client unrequired,
Now cited by him, how shall I refuse?

Vir. Don't tremble, girl! don't tremble. [*Aside.*

App. Virginius,
I feel for you; but though you were my father,
The majesty of justice should be sacred—
Claudius must take Virginia home with him!

Vir. And if he must, I should advise him, Appius,
To take her home in time, before his guardian
Complete the violation which his eyes
Already have begun.—Friends! fellow-citizens!
Look not on Claudius—look on your Decemvir!
He is the master claims Virginia!
The tongues that told him she was not my child
Are these—the costly charms he cannot purchase,
Except by making her the slave of Claudius,
His client, his purveyor, that caters for
His pleasure—markets for him—picks, and scents,
And tastes, that he may banquet—serves him up
His sensual feast, and is not now ashamed,
In the open, common street, before your eyes—
Frightening your daughters' and your matrons' cheeks
With blushes they ne'er thought to meet—to help him
To the honor of a Roman maid! my child!
Who now clings to me, as you see, as if
This second Tarquin had already coiled
His arms around her. Look upon her, Romans!
Besfriend her! succor her! see her not polluted
Before her father's eyes!—He is but one.
Tear her from Appius and his Lictors while
She is unstained.—Your hands! your hands! your
hands!

Citizens. They are yours, Virginius.

App. Keep the people back—
Support my Lictors, soldiers! Seize the girl,
And drive the people back.

Icilius. Down with the slaves!

[The people make a show of resistance; but upon the advance
of the soldiers, retreat, and leave ICILIUS, VIRGINIUS, and his
daughter, etc., in the hands of APPIUS and his party].

Deserted!—Cowards! traitors! Let me free
But for a moment! I relied on you;

I had I relied upon myself alone,
I had kept them still at bay! I kneel to you—
Let me but loose a moment, if 'tis only
To rush upon your swords.

Vir. Icilius, peace!

You see how 'tis, we are deserted, left
Alone by our friends, surrounded by our enemies,
Nerveless and helpless.

App. Separate them, Lictors!

Vir. Let them forbear awhile, I pray you, Appius:
It is not very easy. Though her arms
Are tender, yet the hold is strong by which
She grasps me, Appius—forcing them will hurt them;
They'll soon unclasp themselves. Wait but a little—
You know you're sure of her!

App. I have not time
To idle with thee; give her to my Lictors.

Vir. Appius, I pray you wait! If she is not
My child, she hath been like a child to me
For fifteen years. If I am not her father,
I have been like a father to her, Appius,
For even such a time. They that have lived
So long a time together, in so near
And dear society, may be allowed
A little time for parting. Let me take
The maid aside, I pray you, and conler
A moment with her nurse; perhaps she'll give me
Some token will unloose a tie so twined
And knotted round my heart, that, if you break it,
My heart breaks with it.

App. Have your wish. Be brief!
Lictors, look to them!

Virginia. Do you go from me?
Do you leave? Father! Father!

Vir. No, my child—
No, my Virginia—come along with me.

Virginia. Will you not leave me? Will you take me
with you?

Will you take me home again? O, bless you! bless you!
My father! my dear father! Art thou not
My father?

[VIRGINIUS, perfectly at a loss what to do, looks anxiously
around the Forum; at length his eye falls on a butcher's stall, with
a knife upon it.]

Vir. This way, my child—No, no; I am not going
To leave thee, my Virginia! I'll not leave thee.

App. Keep back the people, soldiers! Let them not
Approach Virginius! Keep the people back!

[*Virginius seizes the knife.*

Well, have you done?

Vir. Short time for converse, Appius,
But I have.

App. I hope you are satisfied.

Vir. I am—

I am—that she is my daughter!

App. Take her, Lictors!

[Virginia shrieks, and falls half-dead upon her father's shoulder.]

Vir. Another moment, pray you. Bear with me
A little—'Tis my last embrace. 'Twon't try
Your patience beyond bearing, if you're a man!
Lengthen it as I may, I cannot make it
Long. My dear child! My dear Virginia!

[Kissing her.]

There is one only way to save thine honor—
'Tis this.

[Stabs her, and draws out the knife. Icilius breaks from the soldiers that held him, and catches her.]

Lo, Appius, with this innocent blood
I do devote thee to the infernal gods!
Make way there!

App. Stop him! Seize him!

Vir. If they dare

To tempt the desperate weapon that is maddened
With drinking my daughter's blood, why, let them: thus
It rushes in amongst them. Way there! Way!

[Exit through the soldiers.]

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

FROM "THE WIFE, A TALE OF MANTUA."

LORENZO, an Advocate of Rome, and MARIANA.

*L*ORENZO. That's right—you are collected and direct

In your replies. I dare be sworn your passion
Was such a thing, as, by its neighborhood,
Made piety and virtue twice as rich
As e'er they were before. How grew it? Come,
Thou know'st thy heart—look calmly into it,
And see how innocent a thing it is
Which thou dost fear to shew—I wait your answer.
How grew your passion?

Mariana. As my stature grew,
Which rose without my noting it, until
They said I was a woman. I kept watch
Beside what seemed his death-bed. From beneath
An avalanche my father rescued him,
Sole survivor of a company
Who wandered through our mountains. A long time
His life was doubtful, signor, and he called
For help, whence help alone could come, which I,
Morning and night, invoked along with him;
So first our souls did mingle!

Lor. I perceive: you mingled souls until you mingled hearts?

You loved at last. Was't not the sequel, maid?

Mar. I loved, indeed! If I but nursed a flower
Which to the ground the wind and rain had beaten,
That flower of all our garden was my pride:
What then was he to me, for whom I thought
To make a shroud, when, tending on him still
With hope, that, baffled still, did still keep up;

I saw, at last, the ruddy dawn of health
Begin to mantle o'er his pallid form,
And glow—and glow—till forth at last it burst
Into confirmed, broad, and glorious day!

Lor. You loved, and he did love?

Mar. To say he did,

Were to affirm what oft his eyes avouched,
What many an action testified—and yet—
What wanted confirmation of his tongue.
But if he loved, it brought him not content!
'Twas now abstraction—now a start—anon
A pacing to and fro—anon a stillness,
As nought remained of life, save life itself,
And feeling, thought, and motion, were extinct.
Then all again was action! Disinclined
To converse, save he held it with himself;
Which oft he did, in moody vein discoursing,
And ever and anon invoking honor,
As some high contest there were pending 'twixt
Himself and him, whereto her aid he needed.

Lor. This spoke impediment; or he was bound
By promise to another; or had friends
Whom it behooved him to consult, and doubted;
Or 'twixt you lay disparity too wide
For love itself to leap.

Mar. I saw a struggle,
But knew not what it was. I wondered still,
That what to me was all content, to him
Was all disturbance; but my turn did come.
At length he talked of leaving us; at length
He fixed the parting-day—but kept it not—
O how my heart did bound! Then first I knew
It had been sinking. Deeper still it sank
When next he fixed to go; and sank it then
To bound no more! He went.

Lor. To follow him
You came to Mantua?

Mar. What could I do?

Cot, garden, vineyard, rivulet, and wood,
Lake, sky, and mountain, went along with him!
Could I remain behind? My father found
My heart was not at home; he loved his child,
And asked me, one day, whither we should go?
I said: 'To Mantua.' I followed him
To Mantua! to breathe the air he breathed,
To walk upon the ground he walked upon,
To look upon the things he looked upon,
To look, perchance, on him! perchance to hear him,
To touch him! never to be known to him,
Till he was told I lived and died his love.

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

HUSBAND AND BRIDE.

*H*ESPERUS. See, here's a bower
Of eglantine with honeysuckles woven,
Where not a spark of prying light creeps in,
So closely do the sweets enfold each other.
'Tis twilight's home; come in, my gentle love,

And talk to me. So I've a rival here ;
What's this that sleeps so sweetly on your neck !

Floribel. Jealous so soon, my Hesperus ? Look then,

It is a bunch of flowers I pulled for you :
Here's the blue violet, like Pandora's eye,
When first it darkened with immortal life.

Hesp. Sweet as thy lips. Fie on those taper fingers,
Have they been brushing the long grass aside,
To drag the daisy from its hiding place,
Where it shuns light, the Danaë of flowers,
With gold up-hoarded on its virgin lap ?

Flor. And here's a treasure that I found by chance,
A lily-of-the-valley ; low it lay
Over a mossy mound, withered and weeping,
As on a fairy's grave.

Hesp. Of all the posy
Give me the rose, though there's a tale of blood
Soiling its name. In elfin annals old
'Tis writ, how Zephyr, envious of his love—
The love he bare to Summer, who since then
Has, weeping, visited the world—once found
The baby perfume cradled in a violet ;
'Twas said the beauteous bantling was the child
Of a gay bee, that in his wantonness
Toyed with a pea-bud in a lady's garland ;
The felon winds, confederate with him,
Bound the sweet slumberer with golden chains,
Pulled from the wreathed laburnum, and together
Deep cast him in the bosom of a rose,
And fed the fettered wretch with dew and air.

THOMAS BEDDOES.

PICKING TO PIECES THE CHARACTERS OF OTHER PEOPLE.

[From the "School for Scandal."]

MARIA enters to LADY SNEERWELL and JOSEPH SURFACE.

LADY SNEERWELL. Maria, my dear, how
do you do ? What's the matter ?

Maria. Oh ! there is that disagreeable lover
of mine, Sir Benjamin Backbite, has just
called at my guardian's with his odious uncle, Crab-
tree ; so I slept out, and ran hither to avoid them.

Lady S. Is that all ?

Joseph Surface. If my brother Charles had been of
the party, madam, perhaps you would not have been
so much alarmed.

Lady S. Nay, now you are severe ; for I dare swear
the truth of the matter is, Maria heard you were here.
But, my dear, what has Sir Benjamin done that you
should avoid him so ?

Maria. Oh, he has done nothing—but 'tis for what
he has said : his conversation is a perpetual libel on all
his acquaintance.

Joseph S. Ay, and the worst of it is, there is no
advantage in not knowing him—for he'll abuse a
stranger just as soon as his best friend ; and his uncle
Crabtree's as bad.

Lady S. Nay, but we should make allowance. Sir
Benjamin is a wit and a poet.

Maria. For my part, I own, madam, wit loses its
respect with me when I see it in company with malice.
What do you think, Mr. Surface ?

Joseph S. Certainly, madam ; to smile at the jest
which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a
principal in the mischief.

Lady S. Pshaw !—there's no possibility of being
witty without a little ill-nature ; the malice of a good
thing is the barb that makes it stick. What's your
opinion, Mr. Surface ?

Joseph S. To be sure, madam ; that conversation
where the spirit of raillery is suppressed, will ever
appear tedious and insipid.

Maria. Well, I'll not debate how far scandal may
be allowable ; but in a man, I am sure, it is always
contemptible. We have pride, envy, rivalry, and a
thousand little motives to depreciate each other ; but
the male slanderer must have the cowardice of a woman
before he can traduce one.

[Enter SERVANT.]

Servant. Madam, Mrs. Candour is below, and if
your ladyship's at leisure, will leave her carriage.

Lady S. Beg her to walk in. [Exit Servant.]
Now, Maria, however, here is a character to your
taste ; for though Mrs. Candour is a little talkative,
everybody allows her to be the best natured and best
sort of woman.

Maria. Yes—with a very gross affectation of good
nature and benevolence, she does more mischief than
the direct malice of old Crabtree.

Joseph S. I' faith, that's true, Lady Sneerwell ;
whenever I hear the current running against the
characters of my friends, I never think them in
such danger as when Candour undertakes their de-
fence.

Lady S. Hush !—here she is !

[Enter MRS. CANDOUR.]

Mrs. Candour. My dear Lady Sneerwell, how
have you been this century ? Mr. Surface, what
news do you hear ?—though indeed it is no matter,
for I think one hears nothing else but scandal.

Joseph S. Just so, indeed, ma'am.

Mrs. C. Oh, Maria ! child—what ! is the whole af-
fair off between you and Charles ? His extravagance,
I presume—the town talks of nothing else.

Maria. I am very sorry, ma'am, the town has so
little to do.

Mrs. C. True, true, child ; but there's no stop-
ping people's tongues. I own I was hurt to hear it,
as I indeed was to learn, from the same quarter,
that your guardian, Sir Peter and Lady Teazle,
have not agreed lately as well as could be wished.

Maria. 'Tis strangely impertinent for people to
busy themselves so.

Mrs. C. Very true, child ; but what's to be done ?
People will talk—there's no preventing it. Why, it

was but yesterday I was told that Miss Gadabout had eloped with Sir Filligree Flirt. But there's no minding what one hears; though, to be sure, I had this from very good authority.

Maria. Such reports are highly scandalous.

Mrs. C. So they are child—shameful, shameful! But the world is so censorious, no character escapes. Well, now, who would have suspected your friend, Miss Prim, of an indiscretion? Yet such is the ill-nature of people that they say her uncle stopped her last week, just as she was stepping into the York mail with her dancing master.

Maria. I'll answer for 't, there are no grounds for that report.

Mrs. C. Ah, no foundation in the world, I dare swear; no more, probably than for the story circulated last month of Mrs. Festino's affair with Colonel Cassino; though, to be sure, that matter was never rightly cleared up.

Joseph S. The license of invention some people take is monstrous indeed.

Maria. 'Tis so—but, in my opinion, those who report such things are equally culpable.

Mrs. C. To be sure they are; tale-bearers are as bad as the tale-makers—'tis an old observation, and a very true one: but what's to be done, as I said before? how will you prevent people from talking? To-day, Mrs. Clackitt assured me Mr. and Mrs. Honeymoon were at last become mere man and wife, like the rest of their acquaintance. * * No, no! tale-bearers, as I said before, are just as bad as the tale-makers.

Joseph S. Ah! Mrs. Candour, if everybody had your forbearance and good-nature!

Mrs. C. I confess, Mr. Surface, I cannot bear to hear people attacked behind their backs; and when ugly circumstances come out against our acquaintance, I own I always love to think the best. By the by, I hope 'tis not true that your brother is absolutely ruined?

Joseph S. I am afraid his circumstances are very bad indeed, ma'am.

Mrs. C. Ah! I heard so—but you must tell him to keep up his spirits; everybody almost is in the same way—Lord Spindle, Sir Thomas Splint, and Mr. Nickit—all up, I hear, within this week; so, if Charles is undone, he'll find half his acquaintance ruined too; and that, you know, is a consolation.

Joseph S. Doubtless, ma'am—a very great one.

[Enter SERVANT.]

Serv. Mr. Crabtree and Sir Benjamin Backbite.

[Exit Servant.]

Lady S. So, Maria, you see your lover pursues you; positively you shan't escape.

[Enter CRABTREE and SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE.]

Crabtree. Lady Sneerwell, I kiss your hand. Mrs. Candour, I don't believe you are acquainted with my nephew, Sir Benjamin Backbite? Egad! ma'am, he

has a pretty wit, and is a pretty poet, too; isn't he, Lady Sneerwell?

Sir Benjamin. O fie, uncle!

Crab. Nay, egad, it's true; I back him at a rebus or a charade against the best rhymers in the kingdom. Has your ladyship heard the epigram he wrote last week on Lady Frizzle's feather catching fire? Do, Benjamin, repeat it, or the charade you made last night extempore at Mrs. Drowzie's conversazione. Come now; your first is the name of a fish, your second, a great naval commander, and—

Sir B. Uncle, now—prithce—

Crab. I' faith, ma'am, 'twould surprise you to hear how ready he is at these things.

Lady S. I wonder, Sir Benjamin you never publish anything.

Sir B. To say truth, ma'am, 'tis very vulgar to print; and as my little productions are mostly satires and lampoons on particular people, I find they circulate more by giving copies in confidence to the friends of the parties. However, I have some love elegies, which, when favored with this lady's smiles, I mean to give the public.

Crab. 'Fore heaven, ma'am, they'll immortalize you! You will be handed down to posterity, like Petrarch's Laura, or Waller's Sacharissa.

Sir B. Yes, madam, I think you will like them, when you shall see them on a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall murmur through a meadow of margin. 'Fore gad, they will be the most elegant things of their kind!

Crab. But, ladies, that's true—have you heard the news?

Mrs. C. What, sir, do you mean the report of—

Crab. No, ma'am, that's not it—Miss Nicely is going to be married to her own footman.

Mrs. C. Impossible!

Crab. Ask Sir Benjamin.

Sir B. 'Tis very true, ma'am; everything is fixed, and the wedding liveries bespoke.

Crab. Yes; and they do say there were very pressing reasons for it.

Lady S. Why, I have heard something of this before.

Mrs. C. It can't be; and I wonder any one should believe such a story of so prudent a lady as Miss Nicely.

Sir B. O lud! ma'am, that's the very reason 'twas believed at once. She has always been so cautious and so reserved, that everybody was sure there was some reason for it at bottom.

Mrs. C. Why, to be sure, a tale of scandal is as fatal to the credit of a prudent lady of her stamp as a fever is generally to those of the strongest constitutions. But there is a sort of puny sickly reputation that is always ailing, yet will outlive the robuster characters of a hundred prudes.

Sir B. True, madam, there are valetudinarians in reputation as well as constitution; who, being con-

scious of their weak part, avoid the least breath of air, and supply their want of stamina by care and circumspection.

Mrs. C. Well, but this may be all a mistake. You know, Sir Benjamin, very trifling circumstances often give rise to the most injurious tales.

Crab. That they do, I'll be sworn, ma'am. O lud! Mr. Surface, pray, is it true that your uncle, Sir Oliver, is coming home?

Joseph S. Not that I know of, indeed, sir.

Crab. He has been in the East Indies a long time. You can scarcely remember him, I believe? Sad comfort whenever he returns, to hear how your brother has gone on.

Joseph S. Charles has been imprudent, sir, to be sure; but I hope no busy people have already prejudiced Sir Oliver against him. He may reform.

Sir B. To be sure he may; for my part, I never believed him to be so utterly void of principle as people say; and though he has lost all his friends, I am told nobody is better spoken of by the Jews.

Crab. That's true, egad, nephew. If the Old Jewry was a ward, I believe Charles would be an alderman: no man more popular there! I hear he pays as many annuities as the Irish tontine; and that, whenever he is sick, they have prayers for the recovery of his health in all the synagogues.

Sir B. Yet no man lives in greater splendor. They tell me, when he entertains his friends, he will sit down to dinner with a dozen of his own securities; have a score of tradesmen waiting in the antechamber, and an officer behind every guest's chair.

Joseph S. This may be entertainment to you, gentlemen; but you pay very little regard to the feelings of a brother.

Maria. Their malice is intolerable. Lady Sneerwell, I must wish you a good-morning: I'm not very well.

[*Exit Maria.*]

Mrs. C. O dear! she changes color very much.

Lady S. Do, Mrs. Candour, follow her: she may want your assistance.

Mrs. C. That I will, with all my soul, ma'am. Poor, dear girl, who knows what her situation may be!

[*Exit Mrs. Candour.*]

Lady S. 'Twas nothing but that she could not bear to hear Charles reflected on, notwithstanding their difference.

Sir B. The young lady's penchant is obvious.

Crab. But, Benjamin, you must not give up the pursuit for that: follow her, and put her into good humor. Reps at her some of your own verses. Come, I'll assist you.

Sir B. Mr. Surface, I did not mean to hurt you; but, depend on't, your brother is utterly undone.

Crab. O lud, ay! undone as ever man was. Can't raise a guinea!

Sir B. And everything sold, I'm told, that was movable.

Crab. I have seen one that was at his house. Not a thing left but some empty bottles that were overlooked, and the family pictures, which I believe are framed in the wainscots.

Sir B. And I'm very sorry, also, to hear some bad stories against him.

Crab. Oh! he has done many mean things, that's certain.

Sir B. But, however, as he is your brother —

Crab. We'll tell you all another opportunity.

[*Exeunt Crabtree and Sir Benjamin.*]

Lady S. Ha, ha! 'tis very hard for them to leave a subject they have not quite run down.

Joseph S. And I believe the abuse was no more acceptable to your ladyship than Maria.

Lady S. I doubt her affections are farther engaged than we imagine. But the family are to be here this evening, so you may as well dine where you are, and we shall have an opportunity of observing further; in the meantime, I'll go and plot mischief, and you shall study sentiment.

[*Exeunt.*]

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

AETER DEATH, WHAT?

CATO alone; in his hand Plato's book on the Immortality of the Soul

A drawn sword on the table by him.

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well—

Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,

This longing after immortality?

Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror

Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul

Back on herself, and startles at destruction?

'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;

'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter;

And intimates eternity to man:

Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!

Through what variety of untried being,

Through what new scenes and changes must we pass?

The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me,

But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.

Here will I hold. If there's a power above

(And that there is all nature cries aloud

Through all her works), he must delight in virtue;

And that which he delights in must be happy.

But when! or where!—this world was made for Cæsar.

I'm weary of conjectures—this must end 'em

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

Thus am I doubly armed: my death and life,

My bane and antidote, are both before me.

This in a moment brings me to an end;

But this informs me I shall never die.

The soul, secured in her existence, smiles

At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself

Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;

But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,

Unhurt amid the war of elements,

The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.
What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?
Nature oppressed, and harassed out with care
Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favor her,
That my awakened soul may take her flight,
Renewed in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An offering fit for heaven. Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest, Cato knows neither of 'em,
Indifferent in his choice to sleep or die.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

THE MURDER.

FROM "MACBETH."

[Scene in the Castle. Enter LADY MACBETH.]

LADY MACBETH. That which hath made
them drunk hath made me bold,
What hath quenched them hath given me fire.
Hark!—Peace!

It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good night. He is about it:
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mark their charge with snores: I have drugged
their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Macbeth (within). Who's there? What, ho!
Lady M. Alack, I am afraid they have awaked
And 'tis not done:—the attempt and not the deed
Onfo unds us.—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled
My father, as he slept, I had done't.—My husband!

Macb. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear
a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets
cry.

Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!

Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. (looking on his hands). This is a sorry sight.

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one
cried, "Murder!"

That they did wake each other: I stood and heard
them:

But they did say their prayers, and addressed them
Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodged together.

Macb. One cried, "God bless us!" and, "Amen,"
the other;

As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say, "Amen,"
When they did say, "God bless us."

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.
Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce
"Amen?"

I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no
more!"

Macbeth does murder sleep"—the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast—

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the
house:

"Glamis hath murdered sleep; and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more—Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why worthy
thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things.—Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more!
I am afraid to think what I have done!
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead,
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;
For it must seem their guilt.

[Exit. Knocking within.]

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is 't with me, when every noise appalls me?
What hands are here! Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green—one red.

[Re-enter LADY MACBETH.]

Lady M. My hands are of your color; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. (Knocking.) I hear a
knocking

At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber:

A little water clears us of this deed:

How easy is it, then! Your constancy

Hath left you unattended. (Knocking.) Hark, more
knocking.

Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers:—be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 't were best not know myself. (*Knocking.*)
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

A DAGGER OF THE MIND.

FROM "MACBETH."

[MACBETH before the murder of Duncan, meditating alone, sees the image of a dagger in the air, and thus soliloquizes:]

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:—

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Ahrum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
The very stones prate of my whereabouts,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threaten, he lives;
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

(*A bell rings.*)

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

"BUBBLES OF THE DAY."

[FANCY FAIR IN GUILDHALL FOR PAINTING ST. PAUL'S.]

SIR PHENIX CLEARCAKE. I come with a petition to you—a petition not parliamentary, but charitable. We propose, my lord, a fancy fair in Guildhall; its object so benevolent, and more than that, so respectable.

Lord Skindeep. Benevolence and respectability! Of course, I'm with you. Well, the precise object?

Sir P. It is to remove a stain—a very great stain

from the city; to give an air of maiden beauty to a most venerable institution; to exercise a renovating taste at a most inconsiderable outlay; to call up, as it were, the snowy beauty of Greece in the coal-smoke atmosphere of London; in a word, my lord—but as yet 'tis a profound secret—it is to paint St. Paul's! To give it a virgin outside—to make it so truly respectable.

Lord Skin. A gigantic effort!

Sir P. The fancy fair will be on a most comprehensive and philanthropic scale. Every alderman takes a stall, and to give you an idea of the enthusiasm of the city—but this also is a secret—the Lady Mayoress has been up three nights making pincushions.

Lord Skin. But you don't want me to take a stall—to sell pincushions?

Sir P. Certainly not, my lord. And yet your philanthropic speeches in the House, my lord, convince me that, to obtain a certain good, you would sell anything.

Lord Skin. Well, well; command me in any way; benevolence is my foible.

[COMPANIES FOR LEASING MOUNT VESUVIUS, FOR MAKING A TRIP ALL AROUND THE WORLD, FOR BUYING THE SERPENTINE RIVER, ETC.]

Captain Smoke. We are about to start a company to take on lease Mount Vesuvius for the manufacture of lucifer matches.

Sir P. A stupendous speculation! I should say that, when its countless advantages are duly numbered, it will be found a certain wheel of fortune to the enlightened capitalist.

Smoke. Now, sir, if you would but take the chair at the first meeting—(*Aside to Chatham:* We shall make it all right about the shares)—if you would but speak for two or three hours on the social improvement conferred by the lucifer-match, with the monopoly of sulphur secured in the company—a monopoly which will suffer no man, woman, or child to strike a light without our permission.

Chatham. Truly, sir, in such a cause, to such an auditory—I fear my eloquence.

Smoke. Sir, if you would speak well anywhere, there's nothing like first grinding your eloquence on a mixed meeting. Depend on 't, if you can only manage a little humbug with a mob, it gives you great confidence for another place.

Lord Skin. Smoke, never say humbug; its coarse.

Sir P. And not respectable.

Smoke. Pardon me, my lord, it *was* coarse. But the fact is, humbug has received such high patronage, that now it's quite classic.

Chal. But why not embark his lordship in the lucifer question?

Smoke. I can't: I have his lordship in three companies already. Three. First, there's a company—half a million capital—for extracting civet from asafetida. The second is a company for a trip all round the

world. We propose to hire a three-decker of the Lords of the Admiralty, and fit her up with every accommodation for families. We've already advertised for wet-nurses and maids of all work.

Sir P. A magnificent project! And then the fittings-up will be so respectable. A delightful billiard-table in the ward-room; with, for the humbler classes, skittles on the orlop-deck. Swings and archery for the ladies, trap-ball and cricket for the children, whilst the marine sportsman will find the stock of gulls unlimited. Weippert's quadrille band is engaged, and—

Smoke. For the convenience of lovers, the ship will carry a parson.

Chal. And the object?

Smoke. Pleasure and education. At every new country we shall drop anchor for at least a week, that the children may go to school and learn the language. The trip must answer: 'twill occupy only three years, and we've forgotten nothing to make it delightful—nothing from hot rolls to cork jackets.

Brown. And now, sir, the third venture?

Smoke. That, sir, is a company to buy the Serpentine River for a Grand Junction Temperance Cemetery.

Brown. What! so many watery graves?

Smoke. Yes, sir, with floating tombstones. Here's the prospectus. Look here; surmounted by a hyacinth—the very emblem of temperance—a hyacinth flowering in the limpid flood. Now, if you don't feel equal to the lucifers—I know his lordship's goodness—we'll give you up the cemetery. (*Aside to Chatham:* A family vault as a bonus to the chairman.)

Sir P. What a beautiful subject for a speech! Water lilies and aquatic plants gemming the translucent crystal, shells of rainbow brightness, a constant supply of gold and silver fish, with the right of angling secured to shareholders. The extent of the river being necessarily limited, will render lying there so select, so very respectable.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

DREAMS.

FROM "ROMEO AND JULIET."



MERCUTIO.—O then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you.

She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes,
In shape no bigger than an agate stone

On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies,
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
Her waggoner, a small gray-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm,
Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,

Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night,
Through lover's brains, and then they dream of love;
On courtiers' knees, that dream on courtesies straight;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a lawyer's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
And sometimes comes she with tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as he lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then he dreams of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and waks
And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night,
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once entangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
This is she—

Romco. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace;
Thou talkest of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams:
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain phantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air;
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
E'en now the frozen bosom of the North,
And, being angered, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping South.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

LOVE'S ECSTASY.

FROM "THE FALCON."



FREDERICK.—GIANA! my Giana! we will have
Nothing but halcyon days: Oh! we will live
As happily as the bees that hive their sweets,
And gaily as the summer fly, but wiser:

I'll be thy servant ever; yet not so.
Oh! my own love, divinest, best, I'll be
Thy sun of life, faithful through every season,
And thou shalt be my flower perennial,
My bud of beauty, my imperial rose,
My passion flower, and I will wear thee on
My heart, and thou shalt never, never fade.
I'll love thee mightily, my queen, and I
The thirty hours I'll sing thee to thy rest
With music sweeter than the wild birds' song:
And I will swear thine eyes are like the stars,
(They are, they are, but softer) and thy shape

Fine as the vaunted nymphs who, poets feigned,
Dwelt long ago in woods of Arcady.
My gentle deity! I'll crown thee with
The whitest lilies and then bow me down
Love's own idolater, and worship thee.
And thou *will* then be mine? my love, love,
How fondly will we pass our lives together;
And wander heart-linked, thro' the busy world
Like birds in eastern story.

Giana. Oh! you rave.

Fred. I'll be a miser of thee; watch thee ever:
At morn, at noon, at eve, and all the night.
We will have clocks that with their silver chime
Shall measure out the moments: and I'll mark
The time, and keep love's pleasant calendar.
To-day I'll note a smile: to-morrow how
Your bright eyes spoke—how saucily; and then
Record a kiss plucked from your currant lip,
And say how long 'twas taking; then, thy voice
As rich as stringed harp swept by the winds
In autumn, gentle as the touch that falls
On serenader's moonlit instrument—
Nothing shall pass unheeded. Thou shalt be
My household goddess—nay, smile not, nor shake
Backwards thy clustering curls, incredulous:
I swear it shall be so: it shall, my love.

Gia. Why thou'rt mad indeed: mad.

Fred. Oh! not so.

There was a statuary once who loved
And worshipped the white marble that he shaped;
Till, as the story goes, the Cyprus' queen,
Or some such fine kind-hearted deity,
Touched the pale stone with life, and it became
At last Pygmalion's bride: but thee, on whom
Nature had lavished all her wealth before,
Now love has touched with beauty: doubly fit
For human worship thou, thou—let me pause,
My breath is gone.

Gia. With talking.

Fred. With delight.

But I may worship thee in silence, still.

Gia. The evening's dark; now I must go: farewell
Until to-morrow

Fred. Oh! not yet, not yet.

Behold! the moon is up, the briget-eyed moon,
And seems to shed her soft delicious light
On lovers reunited. Why, she smiles,
And bids you tarry: will you disobey
The lady of the sky? beware.

Gia. Farewell.

Nay, nay, I must go.

Fred. We will go together.

Gia. It must not be to-night: my servants wait
My coming at the fisher's cottage.

Fred. Yet,

A few more words, and then I'll part with thee,
For one long night: to-morrow bid me come
(Thou hast already with thine eyes) and bring
My load of love and lay it at thy feet.

—Oh! ever while those floating orbs look bright,
Shalt thou to me be a sweet guiding light.
Once, the Chaldean from the topmost tower
Did watch the stars, and then assert their power
Throughout the world: so, dear Giana, I
Will vindicate my own idolatry.
And in the beauty and the spell that lies
In the dark azure of thy love-lit eyes;
In the clear veins that wind thy neck beside,
'Till in the white depths of thy breast they hide,
And in thy polished forehead, and thy hair
Heaped in thick tresses on thy shoulders fair;
In thy calm dignity; thy modest sense;
In thy most soft and winning eloquence;
In woman's gentleness and love (now bent
On me, so poor) shall lie my argument.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER (*Larry Cornwall*).

FROM "OTHELLO."

REPUTATION.

GOOD name, in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis some-
thing, nothing;
'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands.
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which neither enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

JEALOUSY.

Trifles light as air
Are, to the jealous, confirmation strong
As proofs of holy writ.

OTHELLO'S STORY OF THE HANDKERCHIEF.

That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
She was a charmer and could almost read
The thoughts of people; she told her, while she kept it,
'T would make her amiable, and subdue my father
Entirely to her love; but if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wived,
To give it her. I did so; and take heed of't,
Make it a darling, like your precious eye;
To lose 't or give 't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.—

There's magic in the web of it:
A sibyl, that had numbered in the world
The sun to make two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sewed the work:
The worms were hallowed that did breed the silk;
And it was dyed in mummy, which the skilful
Conserved of maidens' hearts.

OTHELLO'S PATHETIC UPBRAIDING OF HIS WIFE.

Desdemona. Upon my knees, what doth your speech
import?

I understand a fury in your words,
But not your words.

Oth. Why, what art thou?

Des. Your wife, my lord; your true and loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it; damn thyself;

Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee: therefore, be double damned;
Swear thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as
hell.

Des. To whom, my lord? With whom? How am I
false?

Oth. O, Desdemona, away! away! away!

Des. Alas, the heavy day! why do you weep?

Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord?

If, haply, you my father do suspect

An instrument of this your calling back,

Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,

Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleased Heaven

To try we with affliction; had he rained

All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head;

Steeped me in poverty to the very lips;

Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;

I should have found in some part of my soul

A drop of patience. But, alas! to make me

A fixed figure, for the time of scorn

To point his slow, unmoving finger at—

O! O!

Yet could I bear that too; well, very well,

But there, where I have garnered up my heart;

Where either I must live, or bear no life:

The fountain from the which my current runs,

Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!

Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads

To knot and gender in! Turn thy complexion there!

Patience, thou young and rose-lipped cherubim;

Ay, there, look grim as hell!

Des. I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. O, ay; as summer-flies are in the shambles,

That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,

Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,

That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst ne'er
been born!

Des. Alas! what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,

Made to write shame upon! what, committed!

Committed! O thou public commoner!

I should make very forges of my cheeks

That would to cinders burn up modesty,

Did I but speak thy deeds.—What, committed!

Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks:

The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,

Is hushed within the hollow mine of earth,

And will not hear it.

Her name, that was as fresh

As Dian's visage, is now begrimed and black

As mine own face.

O now, for ever,

Farewell the tranquil mind! Farewell content!

Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,

That make ambition virtue! O farewell!

Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,

The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,

The royal banner; and all quality,

Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!

And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats

Th' immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit,

Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

DESDEMONA'S FAITHFULNESS.

Des. O good Iago,

What shall I do to win my lord again?

Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,

I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel—

[*Kneeling.*]

If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,

Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed

Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,

Delighted them in any other form;

Or that I do not yet, and ever did,

And ever will—though he do shake me off

To beggarly divorce—love him dearly,

Comfort, forswear me! Unkindness may do much,

And his unkindness may defeat my life,

But never taint my love.

DESDEMONA IS DISCOVERED ASLEEP IN HER BED.

[*Enter OTHELLO, with a light and sword.*]

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul—

Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!

It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood,

Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,

And smooth as monumental alabaster.

[*Lays down the sword.*]

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.

Put out the light, and then put out the light!

If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,

I can again thy former light restore,

Should I repent me; but once put out thy light,

Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,

I know not where is that Promethean heat

That can thy light relume.

[*Sets down the taper.*]

When I have plucked thy rose,

I cannot give it vital growth again;

It needs must wither: I smell it on the tree.

[*Kissing her.*]

O halmy breath, that dost almost persuade

Justice herself to break her sword! One more,

Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,

And love thee after: one more, and this the last:

So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,

But they are cruel tears; this sorrow's heavenly;

It strikes where it doth love.

OTHELLO'S CONFUSION AFTER HAVING MURDERED HIS WIFE.

Yes 'tis Emilia:—by-and-by—she's dead.

'Tis like, she comes to speak of Cassio's death:

The noise was high. Ha ! no more moving ?
Still as the grave. Shall she come in ? wert 't good ?
I think she stirs again ;—no—what's the best ?
If she comes in, she'll sure speak to my wife :—
My wife ! my wife ! what wife ? I have no wife.
O insupportable ! O heavy hour !
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon ; and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.

Had she been true,
If Heaven would make me such another world,
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

OTHELLO'S BITTER REMORSE.

Behold ! I have a weapon :
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh : I've seen the day,
That, with this little arm, and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop.—But, O vain boast !
Who can control his fate ? it is not so now.
Be not afraid, though you do see me weaponed.
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismayed ? 'tis a lost fear ;
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires : where should Othello go ?
Now—how dost thou look now ? O ill-starred wench !
Pale as thy smock ! when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl ?
E'en like thy chastity—
O cursed, cursed slave !—Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight !
Blow me about in winds ! roast me in sulphur !
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire !
O Desdemona ! Desdemona ! dead ?
Dead ? O ! O ! O !

OTHELLO'S LAST SPEECH.

Soft you ; a word or two before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know it ;
No more of that.—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am : nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice : then must you speak
Of one that loved not wisely, but too well ;
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreme ; of one whose hand,
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe ; of one whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum. Set you down this :
And say, besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turbaned Turk
Beat a Venetian, and traduced the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus.

[Stabs himself.]

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

FROM "JULIUS CÆSAR."

CASSIUS, IN CONTEMPT OF CÆSAR.

† WAS born free as Cæsar ; so were you :
† We both have fed as well ; and we can both
† Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with his shores,
Cæsar says to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point ?"—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow : so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roared, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews ; throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink."
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar : and this man
Is now become a god ; and Cæsar is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.—
He had a fever when he was in Spain ;
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake : 'tis true, this god did shake.
His coward lips did from their color fly ;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his lustre ; I did hear him groan :
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas ! it cried—"Give me some drink, Titinius"—
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of this majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.

OPPORTUNITY TO BE SEIZED ON ALL AFFAIRS.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat ;
And we must take the current when it serves
Or lose our ventures.

ANTONY'S CHARACTER OF BRUTUS.

This was the noblest Roman of them all ;
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did, in envy of great Cæsar ;
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle ; and the elements
So mixt in him, that nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, "This was a man !"

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

CARACTACUS.

BEFORE proud Rome's imperial throne
 In mind's unconquered mood,
 As if the triumph were his own,
 The dauntless captive stood.
 None, to have seen his free-born air,
 Had fancied him a captive there.

Though, through the crowded streets of Rome,
 With slow and stately tread,
 Far from his own loved island home,
 That day in triumph led—
 Unbound his head, unbent his knee,
 Undimmed his eye, his aspect free.

A free and fearless glance he cast
 On temple, arch, and tower,
 By which the long procession passed
 Of Rome's victorious power;
 And somewhat of a scornful smile
 Uncurled his haughty lip the while.

And now he stood, with brow serene,
 Where slaves might prostrate fall,
 Bearing a Briton's manly mien
 In Caesar's palace hall;
 Claiming, with kindled brow and cheek,
 The liberty e'en there to speak.

Nor could Rome's haughty lord withstand
 The claim that look preferred,
 Put motioned with uplifted hand
 The suppliant should be heard—
 If he indeed a suppliant were
 Whose glance demanded audience there.

Deep stillness fell on all the crowd,
 From Claudius on his throne
 Down to the meanest slave that bowed
 At his imperial throne;
 Silent his fellow-captive's grief
 As fearless spoke the Island Chief:

"Think not, thou eagle Lord of Rome,
 And master of the world,
 Though victory's banner o'er thy dome
 In triumph now is furled,
 I would address thee as thy slave,
 But as the bold should greet the brave!

"I might, perchance, could I have deigned
 To hold a vassal's throne,
 E'en now in Britain's isle have reigned
 A king in name alone,
 Yet holding, as thy meek ally,
 A monarch's mimic pageantry.

"Then through Rome's crowded streets to-day
 I might have rode with thee,

Not in a captive's base array,
 But fetterless and free—
 If freedom he could hope to find,
 Whose bondage is of heart and mind.

"But canst thou marvel that, freeborn,
 With heart and soul unquelled,
 Throne, crown, and sceptre I should scorn,
 By thy permission held?
 Or that I should retain my right
 Till wrested by a conqueror's might?

"Rome, with her palaces and towers,
 By us unwished, unrefr,
 Her homely huts and woodland bowers
 To Britain might have left;
 Worthless to you their wealth must be,
 But dear to us, for they were free!

"I might have bowed before, but where
 Had been thy triumph now?
 To my resolve no yoke to bear
 Thine ow'st thy laurelled brow;
 Inglorious victory had been thine,
 And more inglorious bondage mine.

"Now I have spoken, do thy will;
 Be life or death my lot,
 Since Britain's throne no more I fill,
 To me it matters not.
 My fame is clear; but on my fate
 Thy glory or thy shame must wait."

He ceased; from all around upsprung
 A murmur of applause,
 For well had truth and freedom's tongue
 Maintained their holy cause.
 The conquerer was the captive then;
 He bade the slave be free again.

BERNARD BARTON.

THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

THE mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
 The holly branch shone on the old oak wall;
 And the baron's retainers were blithe and
 gay,

And keeping their Christmas holiday.
 The baron beheld with a father's pride
 His beautiful child, young Lovell's bride;
 While she with her bright eyes seemed to be
 The star of the goodly company.

"I'm weary of dancing now," she cried;
 "Here tarry a moment—I'll hide, I'll hide!
 And, Lovell, be sure thou'rt first to trace
 The clew to my secret lurking-place."

Away she ran—and her friends began
Each tower to search, and each nook to scan;
And young Lovell cried, "O, where dost thou hide?
I'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride."

They sought her that night, and they sought her next
day,
And they sought her in vain when a week passed
away;

In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot,
Young Lovell sought wildly—but found her not.
And years flew by, and their grief at last
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past;
And when Lovell appeared, the children cried,
"See! the old man weeps for his fairy bride."

At length an oak chest, that had long lain hid,
Was found in the castle—they raised the lid,
And a skeleton form lay mouldering there
In the bridal wreath of that lady fair!
O, sad was her fate!—in sportive jest
She hid from her lord in the old oak chest.
It closed with a spring!—and, dreadful doom,
The bride lay clasped in her living tomb!

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS' ORATION OVER THE BODY OF LUCRETIA.

FROM "BRUTUS."

WOULD you know why I summoned you to-
gether?
Ask ye what brings me here? Behold this
dagger,

Clotted with gore! Behold that frozen corse!
See where the lost Lucretia sleeps in death!
She was the mark and model of the time,
The mould in which each female face was formed
The very shrine and sacristy of virtue!
Fairer than ever was a form created
By youthful fancy when the blood strays wild,
And never-resting thought is all on fire!
The worthiest of the worthy! Not the nymph
Who met old Numa in his hallowed walks,
And whispered in his ear her strains divine,
Can I conceive beyond her;—the young choir
Of vestal virgins bent to her. 'T is wonderful

Amid the darnel, hemlock, and the base weeds,
Which now spring rife from the luxurious compost
Spread o'er the realm, how this sweet lily rose—
How from the shade of those ill neighboring plants
Her father sheltered her, that not a leaf
Was blighted, but, arrayed in purest grace,
She bloomed unsullied beauty. Such perfections
Might have called back the torpid breast of age
To long-forgotten rapture; such a mind
Might have abashed the boldest libertine
And turned desire to reverential love
And holiest affection! O my countrymen!
You all can witness when that she went forth
It was a holiday in Rome; old age
Forgot its crutch, labor its task—all ran,
And mothers, turning to their daughters, cried,
"There, there's Lucretia!" Now look ye where she
lies!

That beauteous flower, that innocent sweet rose,
Torn up by ruthless violence—gone! gone! gone!

Say, would you seek instruction I would ye ask
What ye should do? Ask ye yon conscious walls
Which saw his poisoned brother—

Ask yon deserted street, where Tullia drove
O'er her dead father's corse, 't will cry, revenge!
Ask yonder senate-house, whose stones are purple
With human blood, and it will cry, revenge!
Go to the tomb where lies his murdered wife,
And the poor queen, who loved him as her son,
Their unappeased ghosts will shriek, revenge!
The temples of the gods, the all-viewing heavens,
The gods themselves, shall justify the cry,
And swell the general sound, revenge! revenge!
And we will be revenged, my countrymen!

Brutus shall lead you on; Brutus, a name
Which will, when you're revenged, be dearer to him
Than all the noblest titles earth can boast.

Brutus your king!—No, fellow-citizens!
If mad ambition in this guilty frame
Had strung one kingly fibre, yea, but one—
By all the gods, this dagger which I hold
Should rip it out, though it entwined my heart.

Now take the body up. Bear it before us
To Tarquin's palace; there we'll light our torches,
And in the blazing conflagration rear
A pile, for these chaste relics, that shall send
Her soul amongst the stars. On! Brutus leads you!

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

POETICAL CURIOSITIES.

LIFE.

[Composed of lines selected from thirty-eight authors.]



HY all this toil for triumphs
of an hour?

(*Young.*)

Life's a short summer—
man is but a flower;

(*Johnson.*)

By turns we catch the
fatal breath and die—

(*Pope.*)

The cradle and the tomb,
alas! so nigh.

(*Prior.*)

To be is better far than
not to be, (*Sewell.*)

Though all man's life
may seem a tragedy;

(*Spenser.*)

But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb—
(*Daniel.*)

The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
(*Raleigh.*)

Your fate is but the common fate of all; (*Longfellow.*)
Unmingled joys can here no man befall; (*Southwell.*)

Nature to each allots his proper sphere. (*Congreve.*)

Fortune makes folly her peculiar care; (*Churchill.*)

Custom does often reason overrule, (*Rochester.*)

And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool. (*Armstrong.*)

Live well—how long or short permit to heaven.

(*Milton.*)

They who forgive most, shall be most forgiven.

(*Bailey.*)

Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face—

(*French.*)

Vile intercourse where virtue has no place.

(*Somerville.*)

Then keep each passion down, however dear,

(*Thomson.*)

'Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear; (*Byron.*)

Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay,

(*Smollett.*)

With craft and skill to ruin and betray.

(*Crabbe.*)

Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise;

(*Massinger.*)

'We masters grow of all that we despise. (*Crowley.*)

Oh, then, renounce that impious self-esteem; (*Beattie.*)

Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.

(*Cowper.*)

'Think not ambition wise because 't is brave—

(*Davenant.*)

The paths of glory lead but to the grave. (*Gray.*)

What is ambition? 'T is a glorious cheat, (*Willis.*)

Only destructive to the brave and great. (*Addison.*)

What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown? (*Dryden.*)

The way to bliss lies not on beds of down. (*Quarles.*)

How long we live, not years but actions tell;

(*Watkins.*)

The man lives twice who lives the first life well.

(*Herrick.*)

Make, then, while yet ye may, your God your friend,

(*Mason.*)

Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.

(*Hill.*)

The trust that's given, guard, and to yourself be just;

(*Dana.*)

For live we how we may, yet die we must.

(*Shakespeare.*)

THE BEAUTIES OF ENGLISH ORTHOGRAPHY.

A PRETTY deer is dear to me,
A hare with downy hair,
A hart I love with all my heart,
But barely bear a bear.

'Tis plain that no one takes a plane,
To have a pair of pears,
Although a rake may take a rake
To tear away the tares.

A scribe in writing right may write,
May write and still be wrong;
For write and rite are neither right,
And don't to right belong.

Robertson is not Robert's son,
Nor did he rob Burt's son,
Yet Robert's sun is Robin's sun,
And everybody's sun.

Beer often brings a bier to man,
Coughing a coffin brings,
And too much ale will make us ail,
As well as other things.

The person lies who says he lies,
When he is not reclining;
And when consumptive folks decline,
They all decline declining.

Quails do not quail before the storm,
A bow will bow before it;
We cannot rein the rain at all—
No earthly power reigns o'er it.

The dyer dyes a while, then dies—

To dye he's always trying ;
Until upon his dying bed
He thinks no more of dyeing.

A son of Mars mars many a son,
And Deys must have their days ;
And every knight should pray each night
To Him who weighs his ways.

'Tis meet that man should mete out meat
To feed one's future son ;
The fare should fare on love alone,
Else one cannot be won.

The springs shoot forth each spring, and shoots
Shoot forward one and all ;
Though summer kills the flowers, it leaves
The leaves to fall in fall.

I would a story here commence,
But you might think it stale ;
So we'll suppose that we have reached
The tail end of our tale.

TO MY INFANT SON

THOU happy, happy elf !
(But stop, first let me kiss away that tear,)
Thou tiny image of myself !
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear,)
Thou merry, laughing sprite,
With spirits feather light,
Untouched by sorrow and unsoiled by sin ;
(My dear, the child is swallowing a pin !)

Thou little tricky Puck !
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that rings the air—
(The door ! the door ! he'll tumble down the stair !)
Thou darling of thy sire !
Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire !
Thou imp of mirth and joy !
In love's dear chain so bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents ; (Drat the boy !
There goes my ink.)

Thou cherub, but of earth ;
Fit playfellow for fairies by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth ;
(That dog will bite him if he pulls his tail !)
Thou human humming bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny,
(Another tumble ! That's his precious nose !)
Thy father's pride and hope !
(He'll break that mirror with that skipping rope !)
With pure heart newly stamped from nature's mint,
(Where did he learn that squint ?)

Thou young domestic dove !
(He'll have that ring off with another shove,)
Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest !
(Are these torn clothes his best ?)
Little epitome of man !
(He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan,)
Touched with the beautiful tints of dawning life,
(He's got a knife !)
Thou enviable being !
No storms, no clouds in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on,
My elin John !
Toss the light ball, bestride the stick,
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick !)
With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,
With many a lamb-like frisk !
(He's got the scissors snipping at your gown !)
Thou pretty opening rose !
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose !)
Balmy and breathing music like the south,
(He really brings my heart into my mouth !)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove ;
(I'll tell you what, my love,
I cannot write unless he's sent above.)

THOMAS HOOD.

THE PUZZLED DUTCHMAN.

I'M a broken-hearted Deutscher,
Vot's villed mit crief und shame,
I dells you vot der drouple ish :
I doosn't know my name.

You dinks dis fery vunny, eh ?
Ven you der schtory hear,
You vill not vonder den so mooch,
It vas so schtrange und queer.

Mine moder had two leedle twins ;
Dey vas me und mine broder :
Ve lookt so fery mooch alike,
No von knew vich vrom toder.

Von off der poys vas "Yawcob,"
Und "Hans" der oder's name :
But den it made no different :
Ve both got called der same.

Vell ! von off us got tead—
Yaw, Mynheer, dot ish so !
But vedder Hans or Yawcob,
Mine moder she don'd know.

Und so I am in drouples :
I gan't kit droo mine hed
Vedder I'm Hans vot's lifing,
Or Yawcob vot is tead !

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

THE DJINNS.

Djinns is a name applied to genii, angels, or demons, supposed to have transparent bodies, with the power of assuming various forms.



OWN, tower,
Shore, deep,
Where lower,
Clouds steep ;

Waves gray
Where play
Winds gay—
All asleep.

Hark a sound,
Far and slight,
Breathes around
On the night—
High and higher,
Nigh and nigher,
Like a fire
Roaring bright.

Now on it is sweeping
With rattling beat
Like dwarf imp leaping
In gallop fleet ;
He flies, he prances,
In frolic fancies—
On wave crest dances
With pattering feet.

Hark, the rising swell,
With each nearer burst !
Like the toll of bell
Of a convent cursed ;
Like the billowy roar
On a storm-lashed shore—
Now hushed, now once more
Maddening to its worst,

Oh God ! the deadly sound
Of the djinns' fearful cry !
Quick, 'neath the spiral round
Of the deep staircase, fly !
See, our lamplight fade !
And of the balustrade
Mounts, mounts the circling shade
Up to the ceiling high !

'Tis the djinns' wild streaming swarm
Whistling in their tempest flight ;
Snap the tall yews 'neath the storm,
Like a pine-flame crackling bright ;
Swift and heavy, low, their crowd
Through the heavens rushing loud !—
Like a lurid thunder cloud
With its hold of fiery night !

Ha ! they are on us, close without !
Shut tight the shelter where we lie !
With hideous din the monster ront,
Dragon and vampire, fill the sky !
The loosened rafter overhead
Trembles and bends like quivering reed ;

Shakes the old door with shuddering dread,
As from its rusty hinge 'twould fly !
Oh prophet ! if thy hand but now
Save from these foul and hellish things,
A pilgrim at thy shrine I'll bow,
Laden with pious offerings.
Bid their hot breath its fiery rain
Stream on my faithful door in vain,
Vainly upon my blackened pane
Grate the fierce claws of their dark wings !
They have passed !—and their wild legion
Cease to thunder at my door ;
Fleeting through night's rayless region,
Hither they return no more.
Clanking chains and sounds of woe
Fill the forests as they go ;
And the tall oaks cower low,
Bent their flaming flight before.

On ! on ! the storm of wings
Bears far the fiery fear,
Till scarce the breeze now brings
Dim murmurings to the ear ;
Like locusts humming hail,
Or thrash of tiny flail
Plied by the pattering hail
On some old roof-tree near.

Fainter now are borne
Fitful murmurings still
As, when Arab horn
Swells its magic peal,
Shoreward o'er the deep
Fairly voices sweep,
And the infant's sleep
Golden visions fill.

Each deadly djinn,
Dark child of fright,
Of death and sin,
Speeds the wild flight.
Hark, the dull moan !
Like the deep tone
Of ocean's groan,
Afar by night !

More and more
Fades it now,
As on shore
Ripples flow—
As the plaint,
Far and faint,
Of a saint,
Murmured low.

Hark ! hist !
Around
I list !
The bounds
Of space
All trace
Eface
Of sound.

VICTOR HUGO.

THE IRISH ECLIPSE.

† N Watherford, wanst, lived Profissor MacShane,
 The foineast astronomer iver was sane;
 For long before noight, wid the scoience he
 knew,
 Wheriver wan slitar was, sure he could see two
 Quoite plain,
 Could Profissor MacShane.

More power to him! iv'ry claare noight as would
 pass,
 He'd sit by the windy, a-showing his glass;
 A poke at the dipper, that plaised him the laist,
 But a punch in the milky way suited his taste—
 Small blame
 To his sowl for that same!

Now wan toime in Watherford, not long ago,
 They had what the loike was not haard of, I know,
 Since Erin was undher ould Brian Borrhoime:
 The sun was ayclipsed for three days at wan toime!
 It's thrue
 As I tell it to you.

'Twas sunroise long gone, yet the sun never rose,
 And iv'ry wan axed, "What's the matther, God
 knows?"

The next day, and next, was the very same way;
 The noight was so long it was lasting all day,
 As black
 As the coat on yer back.

The paiple wint hunting Profissor MacShane,
 To thry if he'd know what this wondher could mane;
 He answered them back: "Is that so? Are ye there?
 'Tis a lot of most iligant gommachs ye air,
 To ax

For the plainest of facts!

"Ye're part of an impoire, yez mustn't forget,
 Upon which the sun's niver able to set;
 Thin why will it give yer impoire a surproise
 If wanst, for a change, he refuses to roise?"

Siz he,
 "That is aize to see!"

IRWIN RUSSELL.

MRS. LOFTY AND I.

† MRS. LOFTY keeps a carriage,
 So do I;
 She has dapple grays to draw it,
 None have I;
 She's no prouder with her coachman
 Than am I
 With my blue-eyed laughing baby
 Trundling by;
 I hide his face, lest she should see
 The cherub boy, and envy me.

His fine husband has white fingers,
 Mine has not;
 He could give his bride a palace,
 Mine a cot;
 Her's comes beneath the star-light,
 Ne'er cares she:
 Mine comes in the purple twilight,
 Kisses me.
 And prays that He who turns life's sands
 Will hold his loved ones in His hands.

Mrs. Lofty has her jewels,
 So have I;
 She wears hers upon her bosom,
 Inside I;
 She will leave her's at death's portals,
 By and by:
 I shall bear the treasure with me,
 When I die;
 For I have love, and she has gold;
 She counts her wealth, mine can't be told.

She has those that love her station,
 None have I;
 But I've one true heart beside me,
 Glad am I;
 I'd not change it for a kingdom,
 No, not I;
 God will weigh it in his balance,
 By and by;
 And then the difference 't will define
 'Twixt Mrs. Lofty's wealth and mine.

THE GOUTY MERCHANT AND THE STRANGER.

† N Broad street buildings (on a winter night),
 Snug by his parlor fire, a gouty wight
 Sat all alone, with one hand rubbing
 His feet rolled up in fleecy hose,
 With t'other he'd beneath his nose
 The "Public Ledger," in whose columns grubbing,
 He noted all the sales of hops,
 Ships, shops, and slops;
 Gum, galls, and groceries; ginger, gin,
 Tar, tallow, tumeric, turpentine, and tin;
 When lo! a decent personage in black,
 Entered and most politely said—
 "Your footman, sir, has gone his nightly track
 To the King's Head,
 And left your door ajar, which I
 Observed in passing by;
 And thought it neighborly to give you notice."
 "Ten thousand thanks!" the gouty man replied;
 "You see, good sir, how to my chair I'm tied;—
 Ten thousand thanks how very few do get,
 In time of danger,
 Such kind attention from a stranger!

Assuredly, that fellow's throat is
 Doomed to a final drop at Newgate;
 He knows, too, (the unconscionable elf),
 That there's no soul at home except myself."
 "Indeed," replied the stranger, (looking grave),
 "Then he's a double knave:
 He knows that rogues and thieves by scores
 Nightly beset unguarded doors;
 And see, how easily might one
 Of these domestic foes,
 Even beneath your very nose,
 Perform his knavish tricks:
 Enter your room as I have done,
 Blow out your candles—thus—and thus—
 Pocket your silver candlesticks:
 And—walk off—thus"—
 So said, so done; he made no more remark,
 Nor waited for replies,
 But marched off with his prize,
 Leaving the gouty merchant in the dark.

HORACE SMITH.

BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT.

T was six men of Indostan
 To learning much inclined,
 Who went to see the elephant
 (Though all of them were blind),
 That each by observation
 Might satisfy his mind.

The First approached the elephant,
 And, happening to fall
 Against his broad and sturdy side,
 At once began to bawl:
 "God bless me! but the elephant
 Is very like a wall!"

The Second, feeling of the tusk,
 Cried: "Ho! what have we here
 So very round and smooth and sharp?
 To me 'tis mighty clear
 This wonder of an elephant
 Is very like a spear!"

The Third approached the animal,
 And, happening to take
 The squirming trunk within his hands,
 Thus boldly up and spake:
 "I see," quoth he, "the elephant
 Is very like a snake!"

The Fourth reached out his eager hand,
 And felt about the knee,
 "What most this wondrous beast is like
 Is mighty plain," quoth he;
 "'Tis clear enough the elephant
 Is very like a tree!"

The Fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,
 Said: "E'en the blindest man

Can tell what this resembles most;
 Deny the fact who can,
 This marvel of an elephant
 Is very like a fan!"

The Sixth no sooner had begun
 About the beast to grope,
 Than, seizing on the swinging tail
 That fell within his scope,
 "I see," quoth he, "the elephant
 Is very like a rope!"

And so these men of Indostan
 Disputed loud and long,
 Each in his own opinion
 Exceeding stiff and strong,
 Though each was partly in the right,
 And all were in the wrong!

MORAL.

So, oft in theologic wars
 The disputants, I ween,
 Rail on in utter ignorance
 Of what each other mean,
 And prate about an elephant
 Not one of them has seen!

JOHN GODFREY Saxe.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S SOLILOQUY.

HERE'S a big washing to be done—
 One pair of hands to do it—
 Sheets, shirts and stockings, coats and pants,
 How will I e'er get through it?

Dinner to get for six or more,
 No loaf left o'er from Sunday;
 And baby cross as he can live—
 He's always so on Monday.

'Tis time the meat was in the pot,
 The bread was worked for baking,
 The clothes were taken from the boil—
 Oh dear! the baby's waking!

Hush, baby dear! there, hush-sh-sh!
 I wish h'd sleep a little,
 Till I could run and get some wood,
 To hurry up the kettle.

Oh dear! oh dear! if P—— comes home,
 And finds things in this pother,
 He'll just begin and tell me all
 About his tidy mother!

How nice her kitchen used to be,
 Her dinner always ready
 Exactly when the noon-bell rang—
 Hush, hush, dear little Freddy!

And then will come some hasty words,
 Right out before I'm thinking—

They say that hasty words from wives
Set sober men to drinking.

Now is not that a great idea,
That men should take to sinning,
Because a weary, half-sick wife,
Can't always smile so winning?

When I was young I used to earn
My living without trouble,
Had clothes and pocket money, too,
And hours of leisure double.

I never dreamed of such a fate,
When I, a-lass! was courted—

Wife, mother, nurse, seamstress, cook, housekeeper,
chambermaid, laundress, dairywoman, and scrub
generally, doing the work of six,

For the sake of being supported!

MRS. F. D. GAGE.

COLLUSION BETWEEN A ALEGAITER AND A WATER-SNAIK.

HERE is a niland on a river lying,
Which runs into Gaultinaily, a warm country,
Lying near the Tropicks, covered with sand;
Hear and their a symptom of a Willow,
Hanging of its umberagious limbs & branches
Over the clear streme meandering far below.
This was the home of the now silent Alegaiter,
When not in his other element confine'd:
Here he wood set upon his eggs asleep
With 1 ey observant of flis and other passing
Objects: a while it kept a going on so:
Fereles of danger was the happy Alegaiter!
But a las! in a nevil our he was fourced to
Wake! that dreme of Blis was two sweet for him.
1 morning the sun arose with unusool splendor
Whitch also did our Alegaiter, coming from the water,
His scails a flinging of the rais of the son back,
To the fountain-head which tha originly sprung from,
But having not had nothing to eat for some time, he
Was slepy and gap'd, in a short time, widely.
Unfolding soon a welth of perl-white teth,
The rais of the son soon shet his sinister ey
Because of their mutool splendor and warmth.
The evil Our (which I sed) was now come;
Evidently a good chans for a water-snaik
Of the large specie, which soon appeared
Into the horison, near the bank where reposed
Calmly in slepe the Alegaiter before spoken of.
About 60 feet was his Length (not the 'gaiter)
And he was speriently a well-proportioned snaik.
When he was all ashore he glared upon
The iland with approval, but was soon
'Astonished with the view and lost to wonder' (from
Wats)

(For jest then he began to see the Alegaiter)
Being a nateral enemy of his'n, he worked hisself
Into a fury, also a ni position.

Before the Alegaiter well could ope
His eye in other words perceive his danger)
The Snaik had enveloped his body just 19
Times with 'foalds voluminous and vast' (from Milton)
And had tore off several scails in the confusion,
Besides squeezing him awfully into his stomoc.
Just then, by a fortunate turn in his affairs,
He ceazed into his mouth the carel-ess tale
Of the unreflecting water snaik! Grown desperate
He, finding that his tale was fast squesed
Terriole while they roaled all over the iland.

It was a well-conducted Affair; no noise
Disturbed the harmony of the seen, ecsept
Onet when a Willow was snaped into by the roaling.
Eeach of the combatence hadn't a minit for holering.
So the conflick was naterally tremenious!
But soon by grate force the tail was bit complete-
ly of; but the eggzeration was too much
For his delicate Constitootion; he felt a compres-
sion

Onto his chest and generally over his body;
When he ecpressed his breathing, it was with
Grate difficulty that he felt inspired again onet more.
Of course this state must suffer a revolootion.
So the alegaiter give but one yel, and egspired.
The water-snaik realed hisself off, & survy'd
For say 10 minits, the condition of
His fo: then wondering what made his tail hurt,
He slowly went off for to cool.

J. W. MORRIS.

A RECEIPT FOR COURTSHIP.

TWO or three dears, and two or three sweets;
Two or three balls, and two or three treats;
Two or three serenades, given as a lure;
Two or three oaths how much they endure;
Two or three messages sent in one day;
Two or three times led out from the play;
Two or three soft speeches made by the way;
Two or three tickets for two or three times;
Two or three love-letters writ all in rhymes;
Two or three months keeping strict to these rules
Can never fail making a couple of fools.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

A FORGETFUL MAN.

WHEN Topewell thought fit from the world to
retreat,
As full of champagne as an egg's full of
meat,
He waked in the boat, and to Charon he said,
He would be rowed back, for he was not yet dead.
"Trim the boat, and sit quiet," stern Charon replied:
"You may have forgot; you were drunk when you
died."

MATTHEW PRIOR.

VERY DEAF.

DEAF, giddy, helpless, left alone,
 To all my friends a burthen grown :
 No more I hear my church's bell :
 Than if it rang out for my knell :
 At thunder now no more I start
 Than at the rumbling of a cart :
 Nay, what's incredible, alack !
 I hardly hear a woman's clack.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

AN ORIGINAL EPITAPH.

HERE lies fast asleep—awake me who can—
 That medley of passions and follies, a Man,
 Who sometimes loved license, and some-
 times restraint,
 Too much of the sinner, too little of the saint ;
 From quarter to quarter I shifted my tack ;
 'Gainst the evils of life a most notable quack ;
 But, alas ! I soon found the defects of my skill,
 And my nostrums in practice proved treacherous
 still ;
 From life's certain ills 'twas in vain to seek ease,
 The remedy oft proved another disease ;
 What in rapture began often ended in sorrow,
 And the pleasure to-day brought reflection to-mor-
 row ;
 When each action was o'er, and its errors were seen,
 Then I viewed with surprise the strange thing I had
 been ;
 My body and mind were so oddly contrived,
 That at each other's failing both parties connived ;
 Imprudence of mind brought on sickness and pain,
 And body diseased paid the debt back again ;
 Thus coupled together life's journey they passed,
 Till they wrangled and jangled, and parted at last ;
 Thus tired and weary, I've finished my course,
 And glad it is bed-time, and things are no worse.

CASE IN THE CONSTITUTIONAL COURT.

FARMER, as records report,
 Most hugely discontented,
 His vicar at the Bishop's Court
 For gross neglect presented.

"Our former priest, my lord," he said,
 "Each Sunday in the year round,
 Some Greek in his discourses read,
 And charming was the sound !

"Not such our present parson's phrase,
 No Greek does he apply ;
 But says in English all he says,
 As you might speak, or I.

"And yet for this so simple style,
 He claims each tithe and due ;

Pigs, pippins, poultry all the while,
 And Easter offerings too !"

"You're skilled in languages. I guess,"
 Th' amazed diocesan cried ;
 "I know no language, more nor less,"
 The surly clown replied :

"But Greek, I've heard the learned say,
 Surpasses all the rest ;
 And since 'tis for the best we pay,
 We ought to have the best."

A PARSON'S FATE.

IT blew a hard storm, and in utmost confusion,
 The sailors all hurried to get absolution ;
 Which done, and the weight of the sins they con-
 fessed
 Transferred, as they thought, from themselves to the
 priest,
 To lighten the ship, and conclude their devotion,
 They tossed the poor parson souse into the ocean.

THE BALD-PATED WELSHMAN AND THE
FLY.

ASQUIRE of Wales, whose blood ran higher
 Than that of any other squire,
 Hasty and hot ; whose peevish honor
 Revenged each slight was put upon her ;
 Upon a mountain's top one day,
 Exposed to Sol's meridian ray,
 He fumed, he raved, he cursed, he swore,
 Exhaled a sea at every pore ;
 At last, such insults to evade,
 Sought the next tree's protecting shade ;
 Where as he lay dissolved in sweat,
 And wiped off many a rivulet,
 Off in a pet the beaver flies,
 And flaxen wig, time's best disguise,
 By which folks of maturer ages
 Vie with smooth beaux, and ladies' pages ;
 Though 't was a secret rarely known,
 Ill-natured age had cropped his crown,
 Grubbed all the covert up, and now
 A large, smooth plain extends his brow.
 Thus as he lay with numskull bare,
 And courted the refreshing air,
 New persecutions still appear ;
 A noisy fly offends his ear.
 Alas ! what man of parts and sense
 Could bear such vile impertinence ?
 Yet, so discourteous is our fate,
 Fools always huzz about the great.
 This insect now, whose active spite
 Teased him with never-ceasing bite,
 With so much judgment played his part,
 He had him both in tierce and carte :

In vain with open hands he tries
 To guard his ears, his nose his eyes ;
 For now at last, familiar grown,
 He perched upon his worship's crown,
 With teeth and claws his skin he tore,
 And stuffed himself with human gore :
 But now what rhetoric could assuage
 The furious squire, stark mad with rage?
 Impatient at the foul disgrace
 From insect of so mean a race,
 And plotting vengeance on his foe,
 With double fist he aims a blow.
 The nimble fly escaped by flight,
 And skipped from this unequal fight.
 Th' impending stroke with all its weight
 Fell on his own beloved pate.
 Thus much he gained by this adventurous deed ;
 He fouled his fingers and he broke his head.

MORAL.

Let senates hence learn to preserve their state,
 And scorn the fool below their grave debate,
 Who by the unequal strife grows popular and great.
 Let him buzz on, with senseless rant defy
 The wise, the good, yet still 't is but a fly.
 With puny foes the toil's not worth the cost ;
 Where nothing can be gained, much may be lost :
 Let cranes and pigmies in mock-war engage,
 A prey beneath the gen'rous eagle's rage,
 True honor o'er the clouds sublimely wings ;
 Young Ammon scorns to run with less than kings.

WILLIAM SOMERVILLE.

EPITAPH ON A MISER.

BENEATH this verdant hillock lies
 Demar, the wealthy and the wise.
 His heirs, that he might safely rest,
 Have put his carcass in a chest ;
 The very chest in which, they say,
 His other self, his money, lay.
 And if his heirs continue kind
 To that dear self he left behind,
 I dare believe that four in five
 Will think his better half alive.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

RIDDLES.

ON A PEN.

IN youth exalted high in air,
 Or bathing in the waters fair,
 Nature to form me took delight,
 And clad my body all in white,
 My person tall, and slender waist,
 On either side with fringes graced ;
 Till me that tyrant man espied,
 And dragged me from my mother's side.

No wonder now I look so thin ;
 The tyrant stripped me to the skin ;
 My skin he flayed, my hair he cropped ;
 At head and foot my body lopped ;
 And then, with heart more hard than stone,
 He picked my marrow from the bone.
 To vex me more, he took a freak
 To slit my tongue, and make me speak :
 But that which wonderful appears,
 I speak to eyes, and not to ears.
 He oft employs me in disguise,
 And makes me tell a thousand lies :
 To me he chiefly gives in trust
 To please his malice or his lust :
 From me no secret he can hide :
 I see his vanity and pride :
 And my delight is to expose
 His follies to his greatest foes.

All languages I can command,
 Yet not a word I understand.
 Without my aid, the best divine
 In learning would not know a line ;
 The lawyer must forget his pleading ;
 The scholar could not show his reading

Nay, man, my master, is my slave ;
 I give command to kill or save ;
 Can grant ten thousand pounds a year,
 And make a beggar's brat a peer.

But while I thus my life relate,
 I only hasten on my fate.
 My tongue is black, my mouth is furred,
 I hardly now can force a word.
 I die unpitied and forgot,
 And on some dunghill left to rot.

ON GOLD.

ALL-RULING tyrant of the earth,
 To vilest slaves I owe my birth.
 How is the greatest monarch blessed,
 When in my gaudy livery dressed !
 No haughty nymph has power to run
 From me, or my embraces shun.
 Stabbed to the heart, condemned to flame,
 My constancy is still the same.
 The favorite messenger of Jove,
 The Lemnian god, consulting strove
 To make me glorious to the sight
 Of mortals, and the god's delight.
 Soon would their altars' flame expire
 If I refused to lend them fire.

ON THE FIVE SENSES.

ALL of us in one you'll find,
 Brethren of a wondrous kind ;
 Yet, among us all, no brother
 Knows one tittle of the other.
 We in frequent councils are,
 And our marks of things declare ;
 Where, to us unknown, a clerk
 Sits, and takes them in the dark.

He's the register of all
In our ken, both great and small;
By us forms his laws and rules;
He's our master, we his tools;
Yet we can, with greatest ease,
Turn and wind him where we please.

One of us alone can sleep,
Yet no watch the rest will keep;
But, the moment that he closes,
Every brother else reposes.

If wine's bought, or victuals dressed,
One enjoys them for the rest.

Pierce us all with wounding steel,
One for all of us will feel.

Though ten thousand cannons roar,
Add to them ten thousand more,
Yet but one of us is found
Who regards the dreadful sound.

Do what is not fit to tell,
There's but one of us can smell.

ON TIME.


EVER eating, never cloying,
All devouring, all destroying;
Never ending full repast,
Till I eat the world at last.

ON THE VOWELS.

WE are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features:
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet;
T' other you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within;
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FRENCH COOKING.

 O make a plum-pudding a French count once took

An authentic receipt from an English lord's cook:

Mix suet, milk, eggs, sugar, meal, fruit and spice,
Of such numbers, such measure, and weight, and such price;

Drop a spoonful of brandy to quicken the mess,
And boil it for so many hours, more or less.
These directions were tried, but, when tried, had no good in,

'Twas all wash, and all squash, but 'twas not English pudding;

And monsieur, in a pet, sent a second request
For the cook that prescribed to assist when 'twas dressed,

Who, of course, to comply with his honor's beseeching,
Like an old cook of Colbrook, marched into the kitchen.

The French cooks, when they saw him, talked loud
and talked long,
They were sure all was right, he could find nothing wrong;

Till, just as the mixture was raised to the pot,
"Hold your hands! hold your hands!" screamed
astonished John Trot:

"Don't you see you want one thing, like fools as you are?"

"Vone ting, Sare! Vat ting, Sare?"—"A pudding-cloth, Sare!"

SAVED BY HIS WIT.

A sailor, having been sentenced to the cat-o'-nine tails, when tied for punishment, spoke the following lines to his commander, who had an aversion to a cat.

BY your honor's command, an example I stand
Of your justice to all the ship's crew;
I am hampered and stripped, and, if I am
whipped,

'Tis no more than I own is my due.

In this scurvy condition, I humbly petition
To offer some lines to your eye:

Merry Tom by such trash once avoided the lash,
And, if fate and you please, so may I.

There is nothing you hate, I'm informed, like a cat;
Why, your honor's aversion is mine:
If puss then with one tail can make your heart fail,
O save me from that which has nine!

N. B. He was pardoned.

THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY AND THE KNIFE-GRINDER.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

NEEDY knife-grinder! whither are you going?
Rough is the road; your wheel is out of order,

Bleak blows the blast;—your hat has got a hole in't;

So have your breeches!

Weary knife-grinder! little think the proud ones,
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-road,
What hard work 't is crying all day, "Knives and Scissors to grind O!"

Tell me knife-grinder, how came you to grind knives?
Did some rich man tyrannically use you?

Was it the squire? or parson of the parish?
Or the attorney?

Was it the squire for killing of his game? or
Covetous parson for his tithes distraining?
Or roguish lawyer made you lose your little
All in a lawsuit?

(Have you not read the Rights of Man, by Tom Paine?)
Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story.

KNIFE-GRINDER.

Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir;
Only, last night, a-drinking at the Chequers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.

Constables came up for to take me into
Custody; they took me before the justice;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-stocks
For a vagrant.

I should be glad to drink your honor's health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence;
But for my part, I never love to meddle
With politics, sir.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

I give thee sixpence! I will see thee dead first—
Wretch! whom no sense of wrong can rouse to ven-
geance—
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast!

*[Kicks the knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and
exit in a transport of republican enthusiasm and uni-
versal philanthropy.]*

GEORGE CANNING.

DER DRUMMER.

WHO puts out at der pest hotel,
Und dakes his oysders on der shell,
Und mit der frauleins cuts a schwell?
Der drummer.

Who vas it gomes iudo mine schtore,
Drows down his pundles on der vloer,
Und nefer schtops to shut der door?
Der drummer.

Who dakes me py der handt, und say,
"Hans Pfeiffer, how you vas to-day?"
Und goes vor peeseness righdt away?
Der drummer.

Who shpreads his zamples in a trice,
Und dells me, "Look, und see how nice?"
Und says I gets "der bottom price?"
Der drummer.

Who dells how sheap der goods vas bought,
Mooch less as vot I Gould imbort,
But lets them go as he vas "short?"
Der drummer.

Who says der tings vas eggstra vine—
"Vrom Sharmany, ubon der Rhine."—
Und sheats me den dimes oudt off nine?
Der drummer.

Who varrants all der goods to suit
Der gustomers ubon his route,
Und ven dey gomes dey vas no goot?
Der drummer.

Who gomes aroundt ven I been oudt,
Drinks oup mine bier, und eats mine kraut,
Und küss Katrina in der mou't?
Der drummer.

Who, ven he gomes again dis vay,
Vill hear vot Pfeiffer has to say,
Und mit a plack eye goes away?
Der drummer.

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL.

COME take up yom hats, and away let us haste
To the Butterfly's ball and the Grasshopper's
feast.

The trumpeter, Gad-fly, has summoned the
crew,

And the revels are now only waiting for you.

So said little Robert, and, pacing along,
His merry companions came forth in a throng.
And on the smooth grass, by the side of a wood,
Beneath a broad oak that for ages had stood,

Saw the children of earth, and the tenants of air,
For an evening's amusement together repair.
And there came the Beetle, so blind and so black,
Who carried the Emmet, his friend, on his back.

And there was the Gnat, and the Dragon-fly too,
With all their relations, green, orange, and blue.
And there came the Moth, with his plumage of down,
And the Hornet in jacket of yellow and brown;

Who with him the Wasp, his companion, did bring,
But they promised that evening to lay by their sting.
And the sly little Dormouse crept out of his hole,
And brought to the feast his blind brother, the Mole.

And the Snail, with his horns peeping out of his shell,
Came from a great distance, the length of an ell,
A mushroom their table, and on it was laid
A water-dock leaf, which a table-cloth made.

The viands were various, to each of their taste,
And the Bee brought her honey to crown the repast.
Then close on his haunches, so solemn and wise,
The Frog from a corner looked up to the skies.

And the Squirrel, well pleased such diversions to see,
Mounted high overhead, and looked down from a tree.
Then out came the Spider, with finger so fine,
To show his dexterity on the tight line.

From one branch to another, his cobwebs he slung,
Then quick as an arrow he darted along.
But, just in the middle—Oh! shocking to tell—
From his rope, in an instant, poor harlequin fell.

Yet he touched not the ground, but with talons out-
spread,
Hung suspended in air, at the end of a thread.
Then the Grasshopper came with a jerk and a spring,
Very long was his leg, though but short was his wing ;

He took but three leaps, and was soon out of sight,
Then chirped his own praises the rest of the night.
With step so majestic the Snail did advance,
And promised the gazers a minuet to dance.

But they all laughed so loud that he pulled in his head,
And went in his own little chamber to bed.
Then, as evening gave way to the shadows of night,
Their watchman, the Glow-worm, came out with a light.

Then home let us hasten, while yet we can see,
For no watchman is waiting for you and for me.
So said little Robert, and, pacing along,
His merry companions returned in a throng.

MRS. HENRY ROSCOE.

REPORT OF A CASE, NOT TO BE FOUND IN ANY OF THE BOOKS.

BETWEEN nose and eyes a strange contest
arose ;
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong ;
The point in dispute was, as all the world
knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So the tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning ;
While chief baron ear sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

In behalf of the nose, it will quickly appear,
And your lordship, he said, will undoubtedly find,
That the nose has had spectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to possession time out of mind.

Then, holding the spectacles up to the court—
Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle
As wide as the ridge of the nose is ; in short,
Designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

Again, would your lordship a moment suppose
('Tis a case that has happened, and may be again,)
That the visage or countenance had not a nose,
Pray who would or who could wear spectacles then ?

On the whole it appears, and my argument shows,
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles plainly were made for the nose,
And the nose was as plainly intended for them.

Then shifting his side, as the lawyer knows how,
He pleaded again in behalf of the eyes ;
But what were the arguments few people know,
For the world did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed, with a grave, solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*—
That whenever the nose put his spectacles on
By day-light or candle-light—eyes should be shut.
WILLIAM COWPER.

GONE WITH A HANDSOMER MAN.

JOHN.

I'VE worked in the field all day, a plowin' the
"stony streak ;"

I've scolded my team till I'm hoarse ; I've
tramped till my legs are weak ;

I've choked a dozen swears, (so's not to tell Jane
fibs),

When the plow-pint struck a stone and the handles
punched my ribs.

I've put my team in the barn, and rubbed theirsweaty
coats ;

I've fed 'em a heap of hay and half a bushel of oats ;
And to see the way they eat makes me like eatin'
feel,

And Jane wont say to-night that I don't make out a
meal.

Well said ! the door is locked ! but here she's left the
key,

Under the step, in a place known only to her and me ;
I wonder who's dyin' or dead, that she's hustled off
pell-mell ;

But here on the table's a note, probably this will tell.

Good God ! my wife is gone ! my wife is gone astray !
The letter it says, " Good-bye, for I'm a going away ;
I've lived with you six months, John, and so far I've
been true ;

But I'm going away to-day with a handsomer man than
you."

A han'somer man than me ! Why that ain't much to
say ;

There's han'somer men than me go past here every
day.

There's han'somer men than me—I ain't of the han'-
some kind ;

But a *loven'er* man than I was, I guess she'll never
find.

Curse her ! curse her ! I say, and give my curses
wings !

May the words of love I've spoken be changed to scor-
pion stings !

Oh, she filled my heart with joy, she emptied my heart
of doubt,

And now with the scratch of a pen, she lets my heart's
blood out !

Curse her ! curse her ! say I, she'll some time rue this
day ;

She'll some time learn that hate is a game that two can
play ;

And long before she dies she'll grieve she ever was
born,
And I'll plow her grave with hate, and seed it down to
scorn.

As sure as the world goes on, there'll come a time
when she
Will read the devilish heart of that han'somer man
than me;
And there'll be a time when he will find, as o'hers do,
That she who is false to one, can be the same with
two.

And when her face grows pale, and when her eyes
grow dim,
And when he is tired of her and she is tired of him,
She'll do what she ought to have done, and coolly
count the cost;
And then she'll see things clear, and know what she
has lost.

And thoughts that are now asleep will wake up in her
mind,
And she will mourn and cry for what she has left be-
hind;
And maybe she'll sometimes long for me—for me—but
no!
I've blotted her out of my heart, and I will not have
it so.

And yet in her girlish heart there was somethin' or
other she had,
That fastened a man to her, and wasn't entirely bad;
And she loved me a little, I think, although it didn't
last;
But I musn't think of these things—I've buried 'em in
the past.

I'll take my hard words back, nor make a bad matter
worse;
She'll have trouble enough; she shall not have my
curse;
But I'll live a life so square—and I well know that I
can—
That she always will sorry be that she went with that
han'somer man.

Ah, here is her kitchen dress! it makes my poor eyes
blur;
It seems when I look at that, as if 'twas holdin' her;
And here are her week-day shoes, and there is her
week-day hat,
And yonder's her weddin' gown: I wonder she didn't
take that.

'Twas only this mornin' she came and called me her
"dearest dear,"
And said I was makin' for her a regular paradise
here;
O God! if you want a man to sense the pains of hell,
Before you pitch him in just keep him in heaven a
spell!

Good-bye! I wish that death had severed us two
apart.

You've lost a worshipper here, you've crushed a lovin'
heart.

I'll worship no woman again; but I guess I'll learn
to pray,
And kneel as you used to knell, before you run
away.

And if I thought I could bring my words on heaven
to bear,
And if I thought I had some little influence there,
I would pray that I might be, if it only could be so,
As happy and gay as I was half an hour ago.

JANE [entering].

Why, John, what a litter here! you've thrown
things all around?

Come, what's the matter now? and what have you
lost or found?

And here's my father here, a waiting for supper, too;
I've been a riding with him—he's that "handsomer
man than you."

Ha! ha! Pa, take a seat, while I put the kettle on,
And get things ready for tea, and kiss my dear old
John.

Why, John, you look so strange! come, what has
crossed your track?

I was only a joking you know, I'm willing to take it
back.

JOHN [aside].

Well, now, if this *ain't* a joke, with rather a bitter
cream!

It seems as if I'd woke from a mighty ticklish dream;
And I think she "smells a rat," for she smiles at me
so queer,
I hope she don't; good gracious! I hope that they
didn't hear!

'Twas one of her practical drives, she thought I'd
understand!

But I'll never break sod again till I get the lay of the
land.

But one thing's settled with me—to appreciate heaven
well,

'Tis good for a man to have some fifteen minutes of
hell.

WILL M. CARLETON.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

GOOD people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song,
And, if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran—
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad—
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But, when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighboring streets
The wondering neighbors ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
To every Christian eye;
And, while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That showed the rogues they lied;
The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE BAGGAGE-FIEND.

WAS a ferocious baggage-man, with Atlan-
tean back,
And biceps upon each arm piled in a for-
midable stack,
That plied his dread vocation beside a railroad track.
Wildly he tossed the baggage round the platform
there, pell-mell,
And crushed to naught the frail handbox where'er it
shapeless fell,
Or stove the "Saratoga" like the flimsiest eggshell.
On ironclads, especially, he fell full ruthlessly,
And eke the trunk derisively called "Cottage by the
Sea;"
And pulled and hauled and rammed and jammed the
same vindictively,
Until a yearning breach appeared, or fractures two or
three,
Or straps were burst, or lids fell off, or some catas-
trophe
Crowned his Satanic zeal or moved his diabolic glee.
The passengers surveyed the wreck with diverse dis-
content,
And some vituperated him, and some made loud la-
ment,
But wrath or lamentation on him were vainly spent.

To him there came a shambling man, sad-eyed and
meek and thin,
Bearing an humble carpet-bag, with scanty stuff
therein,
And unto that fierce baggage-man he spake, with
quivering chin:

"Behold this scanty carpet-bag! I started a month
ago,
With a dozen Saratoga trunks, hat box, and port-
manteau,
But baggage-men along the route have brought me
down so low.

"Be careful with this carpet-bag, kind sir," said he
to him.
The baggage-man received it with a smile extremely
grim,
And softly whispered, "Mother, may I go out to
swim?"

Then fiercely jumped upon that bag in wild, sardonic
spleen,
And into countless fragments flew—to his profound
chagrin—
For that lank bag contained a pint of nitro-glycerine.
The stranger heaved a gentle sigh, and stroked his
quivering chin,
And then he winked with one sad eye, and said, with
smile serene,
"The stuff to check a baggage-man is nitro-glycerine!"

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

'M wearing awa', Jean,
Like snaw when it's a thaw, Jean,
I'm wearing awa'
To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there Jean,
There's neither could nor care, Jean,
The day is aye fair
In the land o' the leal.
Ye were aye leal and true, Jean;
Your task's ended noo, Jean,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,
She was baith guid and fair, Jean;
Oh, we grudged her right sair
To the land o' the leal.
Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean,
My soul langts to be free, Jean,
And angels wait on me
To the land o' the leal.
Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean,
This world's care is vain, Jean;
We'll meet and aye be fain
In the land o' the leal.

CAROLINA, BARONESS NAIRE

POOR LITTLE JOE.

PROP yer eyes wide open, Joey,
 For I've brought you sumpin' great.
 Apples! No, a heap slight better!
 Don't you take no int'rest? Wait!
 Flowers, Joe—I knowed you'd like 'em—
 Ain't them scrumptious? Ain't them high?
 Tears, my boy? Wot's them fur, Joey?
 There—poor little Joe!—don't cry!

I was skippin' past a winder,
 Where a bang-up lady sot,
 All amongst a lot of hushes—
 Each one climbin' from a pot;
 Every bush had flowers on it—
 Pretty? Mebbe not! Oh, no!
 Wish you could a seen 'em growin',
 It was sich a stunnin' show.

Well, I thought of you, poor feller,
 Lyin' here so sick and weak,
 Never knowin' any comfort,
 And I puts on lots o' cheek.
 "Missus," says I, "if you please, mum,
 Could I ax you for a rose?
 For my little brother, missus—
 Never seed one, I suppose."

Then I told her all about you—
 How I bringed you up—poor Joe!
 (Lackin' women folks to do it.)
 Sich a' imp you was, you know—
 Till yer got that awful tumble,
 Jist as I had broke yer in
 (Hard work, too,) to earn yer livin'
 Blackin' boots for honest tin.

How that tumble crippled of you,
 So's you couldn't hyper much—
 Joe, it hurted when I seen you
 Fur the first time with your crutch.
 "But," I says, "he's laid up now, mum,
 'Pears to weaken every day;"
 Joe, she up and went to cuttin'—
 That's the how of this bokay.

Say! It seems to me, ole feller,
 You is quite yerself to-night;
 Kind o' chirp—it's been a fortnit
 Sence yer eyes has been so bright.
 Better? Well, I'm glad to hear it!
 Yes, they're mighty pretty, Joe.
 Smellin' of 'em's made you happy?
 Well, I thought it would, you know!

Never see the country, did you?
 Flowers growin' everywhere!
 Some time when you're better, Joey,
 Mebbe I kin take you there.

Flowers in heaven? 'M—I s'pose so;
 Dunno much about it, though;
 Ain't as fly as wot I might be
 On them topics, little Joe.

But I've heard it hinted somewhere
 That in heaven's golden gates
 Things is everlastin' cheerful—
 B'lieve that's wot the Bible states.
 Likewise, there folks don't git hungry;
 So good people, when they dies,
 Finds themselves well fixed forever—
 Joe, my boy, wot ails yer eyes?

Thought they looked a little sing'ler.
 Oh, no! Don't you have no fear;
 Heaven was made fur such as you is—
 Joe, wot makes you look so queer?
 Here—wake up! Oh, don't look that way!
 Joe! My boy! Hold up yer head!
 Here's yer flowers—you dropped 'em Joey!
 Oh, my God, can Joe be dead?

DAVID L. PROUDFIT (*Peleg Arkwright.*)

THE BELLS.

HEAR the sledges with the bells—
 Silver bells!
 What a world of merriment their melody fore-
 tells!
 How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
 In the icy air of night!
 While the stars that oversprinkle
 All the heavens seem to twinkle
 With a crystalline delight—
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the tinkinnabulation that so musically wells
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.
 Hear the mellow wedding bells—
 Golden bells!
 What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
 Through the balmy air of night
 How they ring out their delight!
 From the molten-golden notes,
 And all in tune,
 What a liquid ditty floats
 To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
 On the moon!
 O, from out the sounding cells,
 What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
 How it swells!
 How it dwells
 On the future! how it tells
 Of the rapture that impels
 To the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells, bells, bells,

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells.
 Hear the loud alarm bells—
 Brazen bells!
 What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells
 In the startled air of night
 How they scream out their affright!
 Too much horrified to speak,
 They can only shriek, shriek,
 Out of tune,
 In the clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
 In a mad exostulation with the deaf and frantic fire
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,
 With a desperate desire,
 And a resolute endeavor,
 Now—now to sit, or never,
 By the side of the pale-faced moon.
 O the bells, bells, bells,
 What a tale their terror tells
 Of despair!
 How they clang and clash and roar!
 What a horror they outpour
 On the bosom of the palpitating air!
 Yet the ear it fully knows,
 By the twanging,
 And the clanging,
 How the danger ebbs and flows;
 Yet the ear distinctly tells,
 In the jangling,
 And the wrangling,
 How the danger sinks and swells,
 By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the
 bells—
 Of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!
 Hear the tolling of the bells—
 Iron bells!
 What a world of solemn thought their monody com-
 pels!
 In the silence of the night,
 How we shiver with affright
 At the melancholy menace of their tone!
 For every sound that floats
 From the rust within their throats
 Is a groan.
 And the people—ah, the people—
 They that dwell up in the steeple,
 All alone,
 And who tolling, tolling tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
 Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone—
 They are neither man nor woman—
 They are neither brute nor human—
 They are ghouls:

And their king it is who tolls;
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
 Rolls,
 A psalm from the bells!
 And his merry bosom swells
 With the psalm of the bells!
 And he dances and he yells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the psalm of the bells—
 Of the bells:
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the throbbing of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells—
 To the sobbing of the bells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 As he knells, knells, knells,
 In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells—
 To the tolling of the bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
 Bells, bells, bells—
 To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

Sabbata pango;
 Funera plango;
 Solemnia clango.

INSCRIPTION ON AN OLD BELL.



ITH deep affection
 And recollection
 I often think of
 Those Shandon bells,
 Whose sounds so wild would
 In the days of childhood,
 Fling round my cradle
 Their magic spells.

On this I ponder
 Where'er I wander,
 And thus grow fonder,
 Sweet Cork, of thee—
 With thy bells of Shandon,
 That sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
 Full many a clime in,
 Tolling sublime in
 Cathedral shrine,
 While at a glib rate
 Brass tongues would vibrate;
 But all their music
 Spoke naught like thine.

For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of thy beliry, knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasaat waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old Adrian's Mole" in,
Their thunder rolling
From the Vatican—
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
Of Notre Dame;


But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
Pealing solemnly.
O, the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow;
While on tower and kiosk
In St. Sophia
The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer,
From the tapering summit
Of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there's an anthem
More dear to me—
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

FRANCIS MAHONY (*Father Prout*).

TIM TWINKLETON'S TWINS.

 IM Twinkleton was, I would have you to know,
A cheery-faced tailor, of Pineapple Row;
His sympathies warm as the irons he used,
And his temper quite even, because not abused.
As a fitting reward for his kindness of heart,
He was blessed with a partner, both comely and smart,
And ten "olive branches"—four girls and six boys—
Completed the household, divided its joys.

But another "surprise" was in store for Tim T.,
Who, one bright Christmas morning was sipping
coffee,

(29)

When a neighbor (who acted as nurse), said with glee,
"You've just been presented with *twins*! Do you see!"

"Good gracious!" said Tim, overwhelmed with surprise,
For he scarce could be made to believe his own eyes;
His astonishment o'er, he acknowledged, of course,
That the trouble, indeed, might have been a deal worse.

The twins were two boys, and poor Tim was inclined

To believe them the handsomest pair you could find,
But fathers' and mothers' opinions, they say,
Always favor their own children just the same way.

"Would you like to step up, sir, to see Mrs. T.?"
The good lady said: "she's as pleased as can be."
Of course the proud father dropped both fork and knife,

And bounded up stairs to embrace his good wife.

Now, Mrs. Tim Twinkleton—I should have said—
An industrious, frugal life always had led,
And kept the large family from poverty's woes,
By washing, and starching, and ironing clothes.
But, before the young twins had arrived in the town,
She'd intended to send to a family named Brown,
Who resided some distance outside of the city,
A basket of clothes; so she thought it a pity

That the basket should meet any further delay,
And told Tim to the depot to take it that day.
He promised he would and began to make haste,
For he found that there was not a great while to waste,

So, kissing his wife, he bade her good-bye,
And out of the room in an instant did hie;
And met the good nurse, on the stairs, coming up
With the "orthodox gruel," for his wife, in a cup.

"Where's the twins?" said the tailor. "Oh, they are all right,"

The good nurse replied: "they are looking so bright!
I've hushed them to sleep—they look so like their Pop—

And I've left them down stairs, where they sleep like a top."

In a hurry Tim shouldered the basket, and got
To the rail-station, after a long and sharp trot,
And he'd just enough time to say "Brown—Norris-town—

A basket of clothes—" and then the train was gone.

The light-hearted tailor made haste to return,
For his heart with affection for his family did burn;
And it's always the case, with a saint or a sinner,
Whate'er may occur, he's on hand for his dinner.

"How are the twins?" was his first inquiry;
"I've hurried home quickly, my darlings to see,"

In ecstasy, quite of his reason bereft.

"Oh, the dear little angels hain't cried since you left!

"Have you, my sweets?"—and the nurse turned to where

Just a short time before, were her objects of care.

"Why—which of you children," said she, with surprise,

"Removed that ar basket?—now don't tell no lies!"

"Basket! what basket?" cried Tim with affright;

"Why, the basket of clothes I thought, it all right

To put near the fire, and, fearing no harm,

Placed the twins in so cozy, to keep them quite warm."

Poor Tim roared aloud: "Why, what have I done?

You surely must mean what you say but in fun!

That basket! my twins I shall ne'er see again!

Why, I sent them both off by the 12 o'clock train!"

The nurse, at these words, sank into a chair

And exclaimed, "Oh, my precious dears, you hain't there!

Go, Twinkleton, go, telegraph like wildfire!"

"Why," said Tim, "they can't send the twins home on the wire!"

"Oh dear!" cried poor Tim, getting ready to go;

"Could ever a body have met with such woe?

Sure this is the greatest of greatest mistakes;

Why, the twins will be all squashed down into pancakes!"

Tim Twinkleton hurried, as if all creation

Were after him, quick, on his way to the station.

"That's the man—O you wretch!" and, tight as a rasp,

Poor Tim found himself in a constable's grasp.

"Ah! ha! I have got yer, now don't say a word,

Yer know very well about what has occurred;

Come 'long to the station-house, hurry up now,

Or 'tween you and me there'll be a big row."

"What's the charge?" asked the tailor of the magistrate,

"I'd like to find out, for it's getting quite late;"

"So you shall," he replied, "but don't look so meek—You deserted your infants—now hadn't you cheek?"

Now it happened that, during the trial of the case,

An acquaintance of Tim's had stepped into the place,

And he quickly perceived, when he heard in detail

The facts of the case, and said he'd go bail

To any amount, for good Tim Twinkleton,

For he knew he was innocent, "sure as a gun."

And the railway-clerk's evidence, given in detail

Was not quite sufficient to send him to jail.

It was to effect, that the squalling began

Just after the basket in the baggage-van

Had been placed by Tim T., who solemnly swore

That he was quite ignorant of their presence before.

So the basket was brought to the magistrate's sight,

And the twins on the top of the clothes looked so bright,

That the magistrate's heart of a sudden enlarged,

And he ordered that Tim Twinkleton be discharged.

Tim grasped up the basket and ran for dear life,

And when he reached home he first asked for his wife;

But the nurse said with joy, "Since you left she has slept,

And from her the mistakes of to-day I have kept."

Poor Tim, and the nurse, and all the small fry,

Before taking dinner indulged in a cry.

The twins are now grown, and they time and again

Relate their excursion on a railway train.

CHARLES A. BELL.

THE OLD VILLAGE CHOIR.

HAVE fancied sometimes the Bethlehem beam

That trembled to earth in the patriarch's dream,

Was a ladder of song in that wilderness rest,

Was a pillow of stone to the blue of the blest,

And the angels descending to dwell with us here,

"Old Hundred" and "Corinth," and "China" and

"Mear."

All the hearts are not dead nor under the sod,

That these breaths can blow open to heaven and God.

Ah, "Silver Street" flows by a bright shining road—

Oh, not to the hymns that in harmony flowed,

But the sweet human psalms of the old-fashioned choir,

To the girl that sang alto, the girl that sang air.

"Let us sing to God's praise!" the minister said:

All the psalm books at once fluttered open at "York,"

Sunned their long-dotted wings in the words that he read,

While the leader leaped into the tune just ahead,

And politely picked up the key-note with a fork,

And the vicious old viol went growling along

At the heels of the girls in the rear of the song.

Oh, I need not a wing;—bid no genii come

With a wonderful web from Arabian loom,

To bear me again up the river of Time,

When the world was in rhythm and life was its rhyme,

And the stream of the years flowed so noiseless and narrow

That across it there floated the song of a sparrow;

For a sprig of green caraway carries me there,

To the old village church and the old village choir,

Where clear of the floor my feet slowly swung

And timed the sweet pulse of the praise that they sung,

Till the glory aslant from the afternoon sun

Seemed the rafters of gold in God's temple begun!

You may smile at the nasals of old Deacon Brown,

Who followed by scent till he ran the tune down,

And dear sister Green, with more goodness than grace,

Rose and fell on the tunes as she stood in her place,

And where "Coronation" exultantly flows

Tried to reach the high notes on the tips of her toes!

To the land of the dead they have gone with their song,

Where the choir and the chorus together belong.

Oh! be lifted, ye gates! Let us hear them again!

Blessed song! Blessed singers! forever, Amen!

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN TAYLOR.

THE MODERN BELLE.



THE daughter sits in the parlor,
And rocks in her easy chair;
She is dressed in silks and satins,
And jewels are in her hair;
She winks, and giggles, and simpers,
And simpers, and giggles, and winks;
And though she talks but little,
It's vastly more than she thinks.

Her father goes clad in russet—
All brown and seedy at that;
His coat is out at the elbows,
And he wears a shocking bad hat.
He is hoarding and saving his dollars,
So carefully, day by day,
While she on her whims and fancies
Is squandering them all away.

She lies in bed of a morning
Until the hour of noon,
Then comes down snapping and snarling
Because she's called too soon.
Her hair is still in papers,
Her cheeks still bedaubed with paint—
Remains of last night's blushes
Before she attempted to faint.

Her feet are so very little,
Her hands are so very white,
Her jewels so very heavy,
And her head so very light;
Her color is made of cosmetics—
Though this she'll never own;
Her body is mostly cotton,
And her heart is wholly stone.

She falls in love with a fellow
Who swells with a foreign air;
He marries her for her money,
She marries him for his hair—
One of the very best matches;
Both are well mated in life;
She's got a fool for a husband,
And he's got a fool for a wife.

AUNT TABITHA.



WHATEVER I do and whatever I say,
Aunt Tabitha tells me that isn't the way,
When she was a girl (forty summers ago),
Aunt Tabitha tells me they never did so.

Dear aunt! If I only would take her advice—
But I like my own way, and I find it so nice!
And besides I forget half the things I am told:
But they all will come back to me—when I am old.

If a youth passes by, it may happen no doubt,
He may chance to look in as I chance to look out;

She would never endure an impertinent stare,
It is horrid, she says, and I musn't sit there.

A walk in the moonlight has pleasure, I ow',
But it isn't quite safe to be walking alone;
So I take a lad's arm—just for safety, you know—
But Aunt Tabitha tells me, *they* didn't do so.

How wicked we are, and how good they were then!
They kept at arm's length those detestable men;
What an era of virtue she lived in!—but stay—
Were the men such rogues in Aunt Tabitha's day?

If the men were so wicked—I'll ask my papa
How he dared to propose to my darling mania?
Was he like the rest of them? goodness! who knows?
And what shall I say, if a wretch should propose?

I am thinking if aunt knew so little of sin,
What a wonder Aunt Tabitha's aunt must have been!
And her grand-aunt—it scares me—how shockingly
sad

That we girls of to-day are so frightfully bad!

A martyr will save us, and nothing else can;
Let us perish to rescue some wretched young man!
Though when to the altar a victim I go,
Aunt Tabitha 'll tell me—she never did so.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE IRISHWOMAN'S LAMENT.

“**A**N sure I was tould to come till yer Honor
To see would ye write a few lines to me
Pat?
He's gone for a soldier is Misther O'Con-
ner,

Wid a stripe on his arm, and a band on his hat.

“And what'll ye tell him? Sure it must be aisy
For the likes of yer Honor to spake wid a pen.
Tell him I'm well, and mavourneen Daisy
(The baby, yer Honor) is better again.

“For when he went off, so sick was the darlint,
She never hilt up her blue eyes till his face,
And when I'd be cryin' he'd look at me wild-like,
And ax, 'Would I wish for the country's disgrace?’

“So he left her in danger, an' me sorely gravin',
And followed the flag wid an Irishman's joy;
And it's often I d'rame of the big drums a batin',
And a bullet gone straight to the heart of me boy.

“Tell him to send us a bit of his money
For the rint, and the doctor's bill due in a wake;
But sure—there's a tear on your eyelashes, honey,
In faith, I'd no right wid such fradom to speak.

“I'm over much triffin'. I'll not give ye trouble—
I'll find some one willin'—oh! what can it be?
What's that in the newspaper yer foldin' up double?
Yer Honor, don't hide it, but rade it to me.

"Dead! Patrick O'Conner! oh, God! it's some ither.
Shot dead! Sure a week's scarce gone by;
An' the kiss on the cheek o' his sorrowing mither,
It hasn't had time yet, yer Honor, to dry.

"Dead! Dead! Oh, my God, am I crazy?
Shure it's brakin' my heart, yer tellin' me so.
And what in the world will become of me Daisy?
Oh, what can I do! Oh, where shall I go?

"This room is so dark, I'm not seein', yer Honor;
I think I'll go home"—and a sob, hard and dry,
Rose up from the bosom of Mary O'Conner,
But never a tear-drop welled up to her eye.

VISION OF THE MONK GABRIEL.

IS the soft twilight. Round the shining fender—
Two at my feet and one upon my knee—
Dreamy-eyed Elsie, bright-lipped Isabel,
And thou, my golden-headed Raphael,
My fairy, small and slender,
Listen to what befell
Monk Gabriel,

In the old ages ripe with mystery:
Listen, my darlings, to the legend tender.

An aged man with grave, but gentle look—
His silence sweet with sounds
With which the simple-hearted spring abounds;
Lowing of cattle from the abbey grounds,
Chirping of insect, and the building rock
Mingled like murmurs of a dreaming shell;
Quaint tracery of bird, and branch, and brook,
Flitting across the pages of his book,
Until the very words a freshness took—
Deep in his cell
Sat the monk Gabriel.

In his book he read
The words the Master to His dear ones said:
"A little while and ye
Shall see,
Shall gaze on Me;
A little while again,
Ye shall not see Me then."
A little while!

The monk looked up—a smile
Making his visage brilliant, liquid-eyed:
Thou who gracious art
Unto the poor of heart,
O blessed Christ!" he cried,
"Great is the misery
Of mine iniquity;
But would I now might see,
Might feast on Thee!"
—The blood with sudden start,
Nigh rent his veins apart—
(Oh condescension of the Crucified!)
In all the brilliancy
Of His Humanity—
The Christ stood by his side!

Pure as the early lily was His skin,
His cheek out-blushed the rose,
His lips, the glows
Of autumn sunset on eternal snows;
And His deep eyes within,
Such nameless beauties, wondrous glories dwelt
The monk in speechless adoration knelt.
In each fair hand, in each fair foot there shone
The peerless stars He took from Calvary;
Around His brows in tenderest luccency
The thorn-marks lingered, like the flash of dawn;
And from the opening in His side there rilled
A light, so dazzling, that all the room was filled
With heaven; and transfigured in his place,
His very breathing stilled,
The friar held his robe before his face,
And heard the angels singing!

'Twas but a moment—then, upon the spell
Of this sweet presence, lo! a something broke,
A something trembling, in the belfry woke,
A shower of metal music flinging
O'er wold and moat, o'er park and lake and fell,
And through the open windows of the cell
In silver chimes came ringing.

It was the bell
Calling monk Gabriel,
Unto his daily task,
To feed the paupers at the abbey gate;
No respite did he ask,
Nor for a second summons idly wait;
But rose up, saying in his humble way;
"Fain would I stay,
O Lord! and feast away
Upon the honeyed sweetness of Thy beauty;
But 'tis Thy will, not mine. I must obey.
Help me to do my duty!"
The while the Vision smiled,
The monk went forth, light-hearted as a child.
An hour hence, his duty nobly done
Back to his cell he came,
Unasked, unsought, lo! his reward was won!
—Rafters and walls and floor were yet aflame
With all the matchless glory of that sun,
And in the centre stood the Blessed One
(Praise be His Holy Name!)
Who for our sakes our crosses made His own,
And bore our weight of shame.

Down on the threshold fell
Monk Gabriel,
His forehead pressed upon the floor of clay,
And while in deep humility he lay,
(Tears raining from his happy eyes away)
"Whence is this favor, Lord?" he strove to say.

The Vision only said,
Lifting its shining head;
"If thou hadst staid, O son, I must have fled."
ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

LET US ALL BE UNHAPPY TOGETHER.

WE bipeds, made up of frail clay,
 Alas! are the children of sorrow;
 And, though brisk and merry to-day,
 We may all be unhappy to-morrow.
 For sunshine's succeeded by rain;
 Then, fearful of life's stormy weather,
 Lest pleasure should only bring pain,
 Let us all be unhappy together.
 I grant the best blessing we know
 Is a friend, for true friendship's a treasure;
 And yet, lest your friend prove a foe,
 Oh! taste not the dangerous pleasure.
 Thus friendship's a flimsy affair,
 Thus riches and health are a bubble;
 Thus there's nothing delightful but care,
 Nor anything pleasing but trouble.
 If a mortal could point out that life
 Which on earth could be nearest to heaven,
 Let him, thanking his stars, choose a wife
 To whom truth and honor are given.
 But honor and truth are so rare,
 And horns, when they're cutting, so single,
 That, with all my respect to the fair,
 I'd advise him to sigh, and live single.
 It appears from these premises plain,
 That wisdom is nothing but folly;
 That pleasure's a term that means pain,
 And that joy is your true melancholy;
 That all those who laugh ought to cry,
 That 't is fine frisk and fun to be grieving;
 And that, since we must all of us die,
 We should taste no enjoyment while living.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

THE OLD WAYS AND THE NEW.

I'VE just come in from the meadow, wife, where
 the grass is tall and green;
 I hobbled out upon my cane to see John's new
 machine;
 It made my old eyes snap again to see that mower
 mow.
 And I heaved a sigh for the scythe I swung some
 twenty years ago.
 Many and many's the day I've mowed 'neath the rays
 of a scorching sun,
 Till I thought my poor old back would break ere my
 task for the day was done;
 I often think of the days of toil in the fields all over
 the farm,
 Till I feel the sweat on my wrinkled brow, and the old
 pain come in my arm.
 It was hard work, it was slow work' a-swinging the
 old scythe then;

Unlike the mower that went through the grass like
 death through the ranks of men.
 I stood and looked till my old eyes ached, amazed at
 its speed and power;
 The work that it took me a day to do, it done in one
 short hour.

John said that I hadn't seen the half: when he puts it
 into his wheat,
 I shall see it reap and rake it, and put it in bundles
 neat;
 Then soon a Yankee will come along, and set to work
 and larn
 To reap it, and thresh it, and bag it up, and send it
 into the barn.

John kinder laughed when he said it, but I said to the
 hired men,
 "I have seen so much on my pilgrimage through my
 threescore years and ten,
 That I wouldn't be surprised to see a railroad in the
 air,
 Or a Yankee in a flyin' ship a-goin' most anywhere."

There's a difference in the work I done, and the work
 my boys now do;
 Steady and slow in the good old way, worry and fret
 in the new;
 But somehow I think there was happiness crowded
 into those toiling days,
 That the fast young men of the present will not see
 till they change their ways.

To think that I ever should live to see work done in
 this wonderful way!
 Old tools are of little service now, and farmin' is al-
 most play;
 The women have got their sewing machines, their
 wringers, and every sich thing,
 And now play tennis in the door-yard, or sit in the
 parlor and sing.

'Twasn't you that had it so easy, wife, in the days so
 long gone by;
 You riz up early, and sat up late, a toilin' for you
 and I.
 There were cows to milk; there was butter to make;
 and many a day did you stand
 A-washin' my toil-stained garments, and wringin' em
 out by hand.

Ah! wife, our children will never see the hard work
 we have seen,
 For the heavy task and the long task is now done
 with a machine;
 No longer the noise of the scythe I hear, the mower
 —there! hear it afar?
 A-rattlin' along through the tall, stout grass with the
 noise of a railroad car.

Well! the old tools now are shoved away; they stand
 a-gatherin rust,
 Like many an old man I have seen put aside with
 only a crust;
 When the eye grows dim, when the step is weak,
 when the strength goes out of his arm,
 The best thing a poor old man can do is to hold the
 deed of the farm.

There is one old way that they can't improve although
 it has been tried
 By men who have studied and studied, and worried
 till they died;
 It has shone undimmed for ages, like gold refined
 from its dross;
 It's the way to the kingdom of heaven, by the simple
 way of the cross.

JOHN H. YATES.

THE WAY TO SING.

THE birds must know. Who wisely sings
 Will sing as they.
 The common air has generous wings:
 Songs make their way.

No messenger to run before,
 Devising plan;
 No mention of the place, or hour,
 To any man;
 No waiting till some sound betrays
 A listening ear;
 No different voice, no new delays,
 If steps draw near.

"What bird is that? The song is good."
 And eager eyes
 Go peering through the dusky wood
 In glad surprise.

Then, late at night, when by his fire,
 The traveler sits,
 Watching the flame grow brighter, higher,
 The sweet song flits,
 By snatches, through his weary brain,
 To help him rest;
 When next he goes that road again,
 An empty nest
 On leafless bow will make him sigh:
 "Ah me! last spring,
 Just here I heard, in passing by,
 That rare bird sing."

But while he sighs, remembering
 How sweet the song,
 The little bird, on tireless wing,
 Is borne along
 In other air; and other men,
 With weary feet,
 On other roads, the simple strain
 Are finding sweet.

The birds must know. Who wisely sings
 Will sing as they.
 The common air has generous wings:
 Songs make their way.

HELLEN HUNT JACKSON (*H. H.*)

AN INCOMPLETE REVELATION.

WHILE Quaker folks were Quakers still, some
 fifty years ago,
 When coats were drab and gowns were plain
 and speech was staid and slow,
 Before Dame Fashion dared suggest a single friz or curl,
 There dwelt, mid Penfield's peaceful shades, an old-
 time Quaker girl.

Ruth Wilson's garb was of her sect. Devoid of furbe-
 lows,
 She spoke rebuke to vanity from bonnet to her toes;
 Sweet redbird was she, all disguised in feathers of the
 dove,
 With dainty foot and perfect form and eyes that dreamt
 of love.

Sylvanus Moore, a bachelor of forty years or so,
 A quaintly pious, weazened soul, with beard and hair
 of tow
 And queer thin legs and shuffling walk and drawing,
 nasal tone,
 Was prompted by the Spirit to make this maid his own.

He knew it was the Spirit, for he felt it in his breast
 As oft before in meeting-time, and, sure of his request,
 Procured the permit in due form. On Fourth-day of
 that week
 He let Ruth know the message true that he was moved
 to speak.

"Ruth, it has been revealed to me that thee and I shall
 wed,
 I have spoken to the meeting and the members all
 have said
 That our union seems a righteous one, which they will
 not gainsay,
 So if convenient to thy views, I'll wed thee next Third-
 day."

The cool possession of herself by Friend Sylvanus Moore
 Aroused her hot resentment, which by effort she for-
 bore—
 She knew he was a goodly man, of simple, childlike
 mind—
 And checked the word "Impertinence!" and answered
 him in kind:

"Sylvanus Moore, do thee go home and wait until I
 see
 The fact that I must be thy wife revealèd unto me."
 And thus she left him there alone, at will to ruminate—
 Sore puzzled at the mysteries of love, free-will, and
 fate.

RICHARD A. JACKSON.

THE COSMIC EGG.

UPON a rock yet uncreate,
 Amid a chaos inchoate,
 An uncreated being sate;
 Beneath him, rock,
 Above him, cloud,
 And the cloud was rock,
 And the rock was cloud.
 The rock then growing soft and warm,
 The cloud began to take a form,
 A form chaotic, vast and vague,
 Which issued in the cosmic egg.
 Then the Being uncreate
 On the egg did incubate,
 And thus became the incubator;
 And of the egg did allegator,
 And thus became the alligator;
 And the incubator was potentate,
 But the alligator was potentator.

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER.

THOU, wha in the heavens dost dwell,
 Wha, as it pleases best thyself,
 Sends aye to heaven, aye ten to hell,
 A' for thy glory,

And no for onie guid or ill
 They've done afore thee!

I bless and praise Thy matchless might,
 Whan thousands Thou has left in night,
 That I am here afore Thy sight,
 For gifts an' grace,
 A burning an' a shining light,
 To a' this place.

What was I, or my generation,
 That I should get such exaltation?
 I, wha deserve such just damnation,
 For broken laws,
 Five thousand years 'fore my creation,
 Through Adam's cause.

When frae my mither's womb I fell,
 Thou might hae plunged me into hell,
 To gnash my gums, to weep and wail,
 In burnin' lake,
 Where damnd devils roar and yell,
 Chained to a stake.

Yet I am here a chosen sample,
 To show Thy grace is great and ample;
 I'm here a pillar in Thy temple,
 Strong as a rock,
 A guide, a buckler, an example
 To a' Thy flock.

O Lord, thou kens what zeal I bear,
 When drinkers drink, and swearers swear,

And singing there, and dancing here,
 Wi' great and sma':
 For I am keepit by Thy fear,
 I'ree frae them a'.

But yet, O Lord! confess I must,
 At times I'm fashed wi' fleshly lust,
 An' sometimes, too, wi' worldly trust—
 Vile self gets in;
 But Thou remembers we are dust,
 Defiled in sin.

Maybe thou lets this fleshly thorn
 Beset Thy servant e'en and morn,
 Lest he owre high and proud should turn,
 'Cause he's sae gifted;
 If sae, Thy hand maun e'en be borne,
 Until Thou lift it.

Lord, bless thy chosen in this place,
 For here Thou hast a chosen race;
 But God confound their stubborn face,
 And blast their name,
 Wha bring Thy elders to disgrace,
 An' public shame.

Lord, mind Gawn Hamilton's deserts,
 He drinks, an' swears, an' plays at cartes,
 Yet has sae monie takin' arts,
 Wi' great and sma',
 Frae God's ain priests the people's hearts
 He steals awa'.

An' when we chastened him therefore,
 Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,
 As set the world in a roar
 O' laughin' at us;—
 Curse Thou his basket and his store,
 Kail and potatoes.

Lord, hear my earnest cry an' prayer,
 Against that Presbyt'ry o' Ayr;
 Thy strong right hand, Lord, make it bare,
 Upo' their heads;
 Lord, weigh it down, and dinna spare,
 For their misdeeds.

O Lord my God, that glib-tongued Aiken,
 My very heart and saul are quakin'
 To think how we stood sweatin', shakin',
 An' swat wi' dread,
 While he wi' hinging lips gaed snakin',
 An' hid his head.

Lord, in the day o' vengeance try him,
 Lord, visit them wha did employ him,
 And pass not in Thy mercy by 'em,
 Nor hear their prayer;
 But for Thy people's sake destroy 'em,
 And dinna spare.

But, Lord, remember me and mine
 Wi' mercies temporal and divine,
 That I for gear and grace may shine,
 Excelled by none.
 An' a' the glory shall be Thine,
 Amen, Amen.

ROBERT BURNS.

DECEMBER AND MAY.

Crabbed Age and Youth cannot live together.

SHAKESPEARE.

S AID Nestor to his pretty wife, quite sorrowful
 one day,
 "Why, dearest, will you shed in pearls those
 lovely eyes away?
 You ought to be more fortified." "Ah, brute, be quiet,
 do,
 I know I'm not so fortified, nor fiftyfied, as you!
 "Oh, men are vile deceivers all, as I have ever heard,
 You'd die for me you swore, and I—I took you at your
 word.
 I was a tradesman's widow then—a pretty change I've
 made;
 To live and die the wife of one, a widower by trade!"
 "Come, come, my dear, these flighty airs declare, in
 sober truth,
 You want as much in age, indeed, as I can want in
 youth;
 Besides, you said you liked old men, though now at
 me you huff."
 "Why, yes," she said, "and so I do—but you're not
 old enough!"
 "Come, come, my dear, let's make it up, and have a
 quiet hive;
 I'll be the best of men—I mean I'll be the best alive.
 Your grieving so will kill me, for it cuts me to the
 core."
 "I thank ye sir, for telling me, for now I'll grieve the
 more!"

THE THREE WARNINGS.

T HE tree of deepest root is found
 Least willing still to quit the ground;
 'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
 That love of life increased with years
 So much, that in our latter stages,
 When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
 The greatest love of life appears.
 This great affection to believe,
 Which all confess, but few perceive,
 If old assertions can't prevail,
 Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay,
 On neighbor Dodson's wedding-day,

Death called aside the jocund groom
 With him into another room,
 And looking grave—"You must," says he,
 "Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."
 "With you! and quit my Susan's side?
 With you!" the hapless husband cried;
 "Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard!
 Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared:
 My thoughts on other matters go;
 This is my wedding-day, you know."

What more he urged I have not heard,
 His reasons could not well be stronger;
 So death the poor delinquent spared,
 And left to live a little longer.
 Yet calling up a serious look,
 His hour-glass trembled while he spoke—
 "Neighbor," he said, "farewell! no more
 Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour:
 And further, to avoid all blame
 Of cruelty upon thy name,
 To give you time for preparation,
 And fit you for your future station,
 Three several warnings you shall have,
 Before you're summoned to the grave;
 Willing for once I'll quit my prey,
 And grant a kind reprieve;
 In hopes you'll have no more to say;
 But, when I call again this way,
 Well pleased the world will leave."
 To these conditions both consented,
 And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,
 How long he lived, how wise, how well,
 How roundly he pursued his course,
 And smoked his pipe, and stroked his horse,
 The willing muse shall tell:
 He chaffered, then he bought and sold,
 Nor once perceived his growing old,
 Nor thought of Death as near:
 His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
 Many his gains, his children few,
 He passed his hours in peace.
 But while he viewed his wealth increase,
 While thus along life's dusty road,
 The beaten track content he trod,
 Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
 Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,
 Brought on his eightieth year.
 And now, one night, in musing mood,
 As all alone he sate,
 The unwelcome messenger of fate
 Once more before him stood.

Half-killed with anger and surprise,
 "So soon returned!" old Dodson cries.
 "So soon, d'ye call it?" death replies:
 "Surely, my friend, you're but in jest!

Since I was here before
'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,
And you are now fourscore."

"So much the worse," the clown rejoined;
"To spare the aged would be kind:
Beside, you promised me three warnings,
Which I have looked for nights and mornings;
But for that loss of time and ease,
I can recover damages."

"I know," cries Death, "that at the best,
I seldom am a welcome guest;
But don't be captious, friend, at least;
I little thought you'd still be able
To stump about your farm and stable:
Your years have run to a great length:
I wish you joy, though' of your strength!"

"Hold!" says the farmer; "not so fast!
I have been lame these four years past."

"And no great wonder," Death replies:
"However, you still keep your eyes;
And sure to see one's loves and friends,
For legs and arms would make amends."

"Perhaps," says Dodson, "so it might,
But latterly I've lost my sight."

"This is a shocking tale, 'tis true;
But still there's comfort left for you:
Each strives your sadness to amuse;
I warrant you hear all the news."

"There's none," cries he; "and if there were,
I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear."

"Nay, then," the spectre stern rejoined,

"These are unjustifiable yearnings;
If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
You've had your three sufficient warnings;
So come along; no more we'll part;"
He said, and touched him with his dart.
And now old Dodson, turning pale,
Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

MRS. THIRALE.

TO THE TERRESTRIAL GLOBE.

BY A MISERABLE WRETCH.

ROLL on, thou ball, roll on!
Through pathless realms of space
Roll on!

What though I'm in a sorry case?
What though I cannot meet my bills?
What though I suffer toothache's ills?
What though I swallow countless pills?

Never *you* mind!

Roll on!

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through seas of inky air

Roll on!

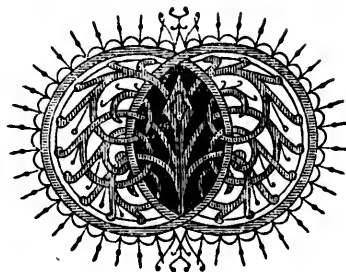
It's true I've got no shirts to wear,
It's true my butcher's bill is due,
It's true my prospects all look blue,
But don't let that unsettle you!

Never *you* mind!

Roll on!

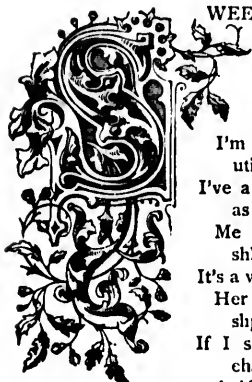
[*It rolls on.*]

WILLIAM SCHWENCK GILBERT.



HUMOROUS READINGS.

A LOVE LETTER FROM DAKOTA.



DEAR Jinny, I write on me
knee
Wid the shtump of a
limitid pencil;
I would write on my
disk, but you see
I'm widout that convainient
utinsil.
I've a house of my own, but
as yet
Me furniture's homely an'
shlinder;
It's a wife I am afther, to let
Her consult *her* ideals of
shplindor.
If I should buy tables an'
chairs,
An' bureaux, an' carpets, an'

vases,

An'—bother the lingo of wares!—
An' curtains wid camel-hair laces,
Perhaps whin I married a wife
She would turn up her nose at me choosin',
Or waysht the shweet bloom of her life
Wid pretinse of contint at their usin'.
So now, I've no carpets to shweep,
Nor tables nor chairs to tip o'er;
Whin night comes I roll up an' shleep
As contint as a pig on the floor.
But ah, the shweet dreams that I dream
Of Erin's most beautiful daughter!
Until in me visions you seem
On your way to me over the water!
(—Please pardon me method ungainly,
But, hopin' the future may yoke us,
I'll try to be bould an' speak plainly,
An' bring me note down to a focus:—)
Would you marry a man wid a farrum,
An' a house most exquisitely warrum,
Wid wall so ixcaidin'ly thick, m'am,
For they're built of a single big brick, ma'am,
Touchin' Mexico, Texas, Nebraska—
The thickest walls iver you thought of,
Why, they cover the country we bought of
The sire of Alexis—Alasky!
For sure its great walls are the worruld—
In fact it's a hole in the ground;
But oh, it's the place to be curruled
Whin the whirlwinds are twirlin' around!
It is ivery bit basemint ixcipt
The parlor, that lies out-of-doors,

Where the zephyr's pure fingers have swept
Its million-ply carpeted floors.
Forgive me ixtravigant speeches,
But it's fair as the dreams of a Hindoo,
Wid me parlor's unlimited reaches
An' the sky for a sunny bay-window.

Me darlint, Dakota is new,
Sod houses are here widout number,
But I'll build a broad mansion for you—
Whin I'm able to purchase the lumber.
An' sure 'twill not take very long
Where the soil is so fertile, I'm tould:
Whin you tune up your plow for a song,
The earth hums a chorus of gould.

Thin come to your Dinnis O'Brion,
An' let his fidelity prove
That his heart is as strong as a lion,
Ixcipt that it's burstin' wid love.

W. W. FINK.

THE DEACON'S CONFESSION.

YES, surely the bells in the steeple
Were ringing; I thought you knew why.
No? Well, then, I'll tell you, though mostly
It's whispered about on the sly:
Some six weeks ago a church meeting
Was held, for—no one knew what;
But we went, and the parson was present,
And I don't know who, or who not.
Some twenty odd members, I calc'late
Which mostly was wimmin, of course;
But I don't mean to say aught agin 'em—
I seen many gatherings look worse.
And in the front row sat the deacons;
The eldest was old Deacon Pryor,
A man countin' fourscore and seven,
And ginerally full of his ire.
Beside him his wife, aged fourscore,
A kind-hearted, motherly soul;
And, next to her, young Deacon Hartley,
A good Christian man, on the whole.
Miss Parsons, a spinster of fifty,
And long ago laid on the shelf,
Had wedged herself next, and beside her
Was Deacon Munroe—that's myself.
The meeting was soon called to order,
The parson looked glum as a text;
We silently stared at each other,
And every one wondered "What next?"

When straightway uprose Deacon Hartley,

His voice seemed to tremble with fear
As he said: "Boy and man, you have known me,
My friends, for this nigh forty year.

"And you scarce may expect a confession
Of error from me—but—you know
My dearly loved wife died last Christmas—
It's now over ten months ago.
The winter went by long and lonely—
But the spring-time crep' forward apace;
The farm work begun, and I needed
A woman about the old place.

"My children were wilder than rabbits,
And all growing worse every day;
I could find no help in the village,
Although I was willing to pay.
I declare I was near 'bout discouraged,
And everything looked so forlorn,
When good little Patience McAlpine
Skipped into our kitchen one morn.

"She had only run in of an errand,
But she laughed at our woe-begone plight,
And set to work just like a woman,
A-putting the whole place to right.
And though her own folks was so busy,
And illy her helpin' could spare,
She'd flit in and out like a sparrow,
And 'most every day she was there.

"So the summer went by sort o' cheerful;
But one night my baby, my Joe,
Was restless and feverish, and woke me,
As babies will often, you know.
I was tired with my day's work, and sleepy,
And couldn't no way keep him still;
So at last I grew angry and spanked him,
And then he screamed out with a will.

"'Twas just then I heard a soft rapping
Away at the half-open door—
And then little Patience McAlpine
Stepped shyly across the white floor.
Says she: 'I thought Josie was crying;
I guess I'd best take him away—
I knew you'd be getting up early
To go to the marshes for hay,

"So I staid here to-night to get breakfast—
I guess he'll be quiet with me.
Come, baby, kiss papa, and tell him
What a nice little man he will be.'
She was bending low over the baby,
And saw the big tears on his cheek;
But her face was so near to my whiskers
I daresn't move scarcely, or speak.

"Her arms were both holding the baby,
Her eyes by his shoulder was hid—
But her mouth was so near and so rosy
That—I kissed her—that's just what I did."

Then down sat the trembling sinner:
The sisters they murmured: "For shame!"
And "she shouldn't oughter a let him;
No doubt *she* was mostly to blame."

When slowly uprose Deacon Pryor,
"Now, brethren and sisters," he said
(And we knewed then that suthin' was coming,
And we sot as still as the dead:)
"We've heard Brother Hartley's confession,
And I speak for myself, when I say,
That if my wife was dead, and my children
Were all growing wuss every day;

"And if my house needed attention,
And Patience McAlpine should come
And tidy the cluttered-up kitchen,
And make the place seem more like home—
And if I was tired out and sleepy,
And my baby wouldn't lie still,
But cried out at midnight and woke me,
As babies, we know, sometimes will;

"And if Patience came in to hush him,
And 'twas all as our good brother says,
I think, friends—I think I should kiss her,
And abide by the consequences."
Then down sat the elderly deacon;
The younger one lifted his face,
And a smile rippled over the meeting,
Like light in a shadowy place.

Perhaps, then, the matronly sisters
Remembered their far-away youth,
Or the daughters at home by their firesides,
Shrined each in her shy, modest truth.
For their judgments grew gentle and kindly;
And—well, as I started to say,
The solemn old bells in the steeple
Were ringing a bridal to-day.

N. S. EMERSON.

THE SOFT GUITAR.

SCENE: Moonlight. Beneath the lady's window appeareth the lover, and singeth, with guitar accompaniment.

LOVER.



PEN thy lattice, O lady bright!
The earth lies calm in the fair moonlight;
Gaze on the glint of each glancing star,
And list to the notes of my soft guitar.

At the lady's window a vision shone—
'Twas the lady's head with a night-cap on.

LOVER.

(*In ecstasy.*)

See! at the casement appearing now,
With lily fingers she hides her brow.
Oh, weep not—though bitter thy sorrows are,
I will soothe them to rest with my soft guitar.

Then the lady answered, "Who's going to weep?
Go 'way with your fiddle, and let me sleep."

LOVER.

(*Saddened, but still hopeful.*)

Then sleep, dear lady: thy fringed lids close,
Pinions of cherubim fan thy repose,
While through thy casement, slightly ajar,
Steal the sweet notes of my soft guitar.

Then the lady her "secret pain" confessed
With the plaintive murmur, "Oh, give us a rest!"

LOVER.

(*Slightly discouraged.*)

Chide me not harshly, O lady fair!
Bend from thy lattice, and hear my prayer.
Sighing for thee, I wander afar,
Mournfully touching my soft guitar.

And the lady answered: "You stupid thing,
If you've got the catarrh, stop trying to sing!"

LOVER.

(*Filled with natural and righteous indignation.*)

Cruel but fair one, thy scorn restrain!
Better death's quiet than thy disdain.
I go to fall in some distant war,
Bearing in battle my loved guitar.

Answered the lady: "Well, hurry and go!
I'm holding the slop-bowl ready to throw."

1

(*Making immediate preparations to depart.*)

False one, I leave thee! When I'm at rest
Still shall my memory haunt thy breast;
A spectral vision thy joy shall mar—
A skeleton playing a soft guitar!

And the lady cried, in a scornful tone,
"Old skeleton, go it—and play it *alone*!"

Then the lover in agony roamed afar—
Fell drunk in the gutter, and smashed his guitar.

P. H. BOWNE.

THE KNIGHT AND THE LADY.



HE Lady Jane was tall and slim,
The Lady Jane was fair
And Sir Thomas, her lord, was stout of limb,
And his cough was short, and his eyes were
dim,

And he wore green "specs" with a tortoise shell rim,
And his hat was remarkably broad in the brim,
And she was uncommonly fond of him—

And they were a loving pair!
And wherever they went, or wherever they came,
Every one hailed them with loudest acclaim;

Far and wide,
The people cried,

All sorts of pleasure, and no sort of pain,
To Sir Thomas the good, and the fair Lady Jane!

Now Sir Thomas the good, he it well understood,
Was a man of very contemplative mood—
He would pour by the hour, o'er a weed or a flower,
Or the slugs, that came crawling out after a shower;
Black beetles, bumble-bees, blue-bottle flies,
And moths, were of no small account in his eyes;
An "industrious flea," he'd by no means despise,
While an "old daddy long-legs," whose long legs and
thighs

Passed the common in shape, or in color, or size,
He was wont to consider an absolute prize.
Giving up, in short, both business and sport, he
Abandoned himself, *tout entier*, to philosophy.

Now as Lady Jane was tall and slim,

And Lady Jane was fair,
And a good many years the junior of him,
There are some might be found entertaining a notion,
That such an entire, and exclusive devotion,
To that part of science, folks style entomology,

Was a positive shame,
And, to such a fair dame,
Really demanded some sort of apology;
Ever poking his nose into this, and to that—
At a gnat, or a bat, or a cat, or a rat,
At great ugly things, all legs and wings,
With nasty long tails, armed with nasty long stings;—
And eternally thinking, and blinking, and winking,
At grubs—when he ought of *her* to be thinking.

But no! ah no! 'twas by no means so

With the fair Lady Jane,
Tout au contraire, no lady so fair,
Was e'er known to wear more contented an air;
And—let who would call—every day she was there,
Propounding receipts for some delicate fare,
Some toothsome conserve, of quince, apple or pear,
Or distilling strong waters—or potting a hare—
Or counting her spoons, and her crockery ware;
Enough to make less gifted visitors stare.

Nay more; don't suppose
With such doings as those
This account of her merits must come to a close;
No!—examine her conduct more closely, you'll find
She by no means neglected improving her mind;
For there all the while, with an air quite bewitching,
She sat herring-boning, tambouring, or stitching,
Or having an eye to affairs of the kitchen.

Close by her side,
Sat her kinsman, MacBride—
Captain Dugald MacBride, Royal Scots Fusiliers;—
And I doubt if you'd find, in the whole of his clan,
A more highly intelligent, worthy young man;
And there he'd be sitting,
While she was a-knitting,

Reading aloud, with a very grave look,
Some very "wise saw," from some very good book—
No matter who came,
It was always the same,
The Captain was reading aloud to the dame,
Till, from having gone through half the books on the shelf,
They were *almost* as wise as Sir Thomas himself.

Well it happened one day—
I really can't say
The particular month ;—but I *think* 'twas in May,
'Twas I *know* in the spring-time, when "nature looks gay,"
As the poet observes—and on tree-top and spray,
The dear little dickey birds carol away,
That the whole of the house was thrown into afright,
For no soul could conceive what was gone with the Knight.

It seems he had taken
A light breakfast—bacon,
An egg, a little broiled haddock—at most
A round and a half of some hot buttered toast,
With a slice of cold sirloin from yesterday's roast.
But no matter for that—
He had called for his hat,
With the brim that I've said was so broad and so flat,
And his "specs" with the tortoise-shell rim, and his cane.

Thus armed he set out on a ramble—a-lack !
He *set out*, poor dear soul !—but he never came back !
"First dinner bell" rang
Out its euphonous clang

At five—folks kept early hours then—and the "last"
Ding-donged, as it ever was wont, at half-past.
Still the master was absent—the cook came and said, he
Feared dinner would spoil, having been so long ready,
That the puddings her ladyship thought such a treat
He was morally sure, would be scarce fit to eat !
Said the lady, "Dish up ! Let the meal be served straight,
And let two or three slices be put on a plate,
And kept hot for Sir Thomas."—Captain Dugald said grace,
Then set himself down in Sir Thomas' place.

Wearily, wearily, all that night,
That live-long night did the hours go by ;
And the Lady Jane,
In grief and pain,
She sat herself down to cry !
And Captain McBride,
Who sat by her side,
Though I really can't say that he actually cried,
At least had a tear in his eye !
As much as can well be expected, perhaps,
From "very young fellows," for very "o'd chaps."

And if he had said
What he'd got in his head,
'Twould have been, "Poor old Butler, he's certainly dead !"

The morning dawned—and the next—and the next,
And all in the mansion were still perplexed ;
No knocker fell,
His approach to tell ;
Not so much as a runaway ring at the bell.

Yet the sun shone bright upon tower and tree,
And the meads smiled green as green may be,
And the dear little dickey birds caroled with glee,
And the lambs in the park skipped merry and free.—
Without, all was joy and harmony !

And thus 'twill be—nor long the day—
Ere we, like him, shall pass away !
You sun that now our bosoms warms,
Shall shine—but shine on other forms ;
You grove, whose choir so sweetly cheers
Us now, shall sound on other ears ;
The joyous lambs, as now, shall play,
But other eyes its sports survey ;
The stream we loved shall roll as fair,
The flowery sweets, the trim parterre,
Shall scent, as now, the ambient air ;
The tree whose bending branches bear
The one loved name—shall yet be there—
But where the hand that carved it ? Where ?

These were hinted to me as the very ideas
Which passed through the mind of the fair Lady Jane,
As she walked on the esplanade to and again,
With Captain MacBride,
Of course at her side,
Who could not look *quite* so forlorn—though he tried.
An "idea" in fact, had got into *his* head,
That if "poor dear Sir Thomas" should really be dead,
It might be no bad "spec" to be there in his stead,
And by simply contriving, in due time, to wed
A lady who was young and fair,
A lady slim and tall,
To set himself down in comfort there,
The lord of Tipton Hall.

Thinks he, "We have sent
Half over Kent,
And nobody knows how much money's been spent,
Yet no one's been found to say which way he went !
Here's a fortnight and more has gone by, and we've tried
Every plan we could hit on—and had him well cried,
'MISSING ! ! *Stolen or Strayed,*
Lost or Mistaken,
A GENTLEMAN ;—middle-aged, sober and staid ;
Stoops slightly ;—and when he left home was arrayed
In a sad colored suit, somewhat dingy and frayed ;
Had spectacles on with a tortoise-shell rim,
And a hat rather low crowned, and broad in the brim.

Whoe'er shall bear,
Or send him with care,
(Right side uppermost) home; or shall give notice
where

The middle-aged GENTLEMAN is; or shall state
Any fact, that may tend to throw light on his fate,
To the man at the turnpike, called *Tappington Gate*,
Shall receive a reward of *Five Pounds* for his trouble.
N. B. If defunct, the *Reward* will be double!!

"Had he been above ground,
He *must* have been found.
No; doubtless he's shot—or he's hanged—or he's
drowned!

Then his widow—ay! ay!
But what will folks say?—
To address her at once, at so early a day!
Well—what then—who cares!—let 'em say what they
may."

When a man has decided,
As Captain MacBride did,
And once fully made up his mind on the matter, he
Can't be too prompt in unmasking his battery.
He began on the instant, and vowed that her eyes
Far exceeded in brilliance the stars in the skies;
That her lips were like roses, her cheeks were like
lilies;
Her breath had the odor of daffadowndillies!—
With a thousand more compliments, equally true,
Expressed in similitudes equally new!

Then his left arm he placed
Around her jimp, taper waist—
Ere she fixed to repulse or return his embrace,
Up came running a man at a deuce of a pace,
With that very peculiar expression of face
Which always betokens dismay or disaster,
Crying out—'t was the gard'ner—"Oh ma'am! we've
found master!!"

"Where! where?" screamed the lady; and echo
screamed, "Where?"

The man could n't say "there!"
He had no breath to spare,
But gasping for breath he could only respond
By pointing—he pointed, alas!—TO THE POND.
'T was e'en so; poor dear Knight, with his "specs"
and his hat,

He'd gone poking his nose into this and to that;
When close to the side of the bank, he espied
An uncommon fine tadpole, remarkably fat!
He stooped;—and he thought her
His own;—he had caught her!
Got hold of her tail—and to land almost brought her,
When—he plumped head and heels into fifteen feet
water!

The Lady Jane was tall and slim,
The Lady Jane was fair,
Alas! for Sir Thomas!—she grieved for him,
As she saw two serving men sturdy of limb,
His body between them bear:

She sobbed and she sighed, she lamented and cried,
For of sorrow brimful was her cup;
She swooned, and I think she'd have fallen down and
died,

If Captain MacBride
Had n't been by her side
With the gardener;—they both their assistance supplied,
And managed to hold her up.
But when she "comes to,"
Oh! 't is shocking to view
The sight which the corpse reveals!
Sir Thomas' body,
It looked so odd—he
Was half eaten up by the eels!

His waistcoat and hose,
And the rest of his clothes,
Were all gnawed through and through;
And out of each shoe,
An eel they drew;
And from each of his pockets they pulled out two!
And the gardener himself had secreted a few,
As well might be supposed he'd do,
For, when he came running to give the alarm,
He had six in the basket that hung on his arm.

Good Father John was summoned anon;
Holy water was sprinkled and little bells tinkled,
And tapers were lighted,
And incense ignited,

And masses were sung, and masses were said,
All day, for the quiet repose of the dead,
And all night no one thought about going to bed.

But Lady Jane was tall and slim,
And Lady Jane was fair,
And ere morning came, that winsome dame
Had made up her mind, or—what's much the same—
Had *thought about*, once more "changing her name,"

And she said with a pensive air,
To Thompson the valet, while taking away,
When supper was over, the cloth and the tray,
"Eels a ma'ny I've ate; but any
So good ne'er tasted before!—
They're a fish too, of which I'm remarkably fond—
Go—pop Sir Thomas again in the pond—
Poor dear!—*he'll catch us some more.*"

MORAL.

All middle-aged gentlemen let me advise,
If you're married, and hav'nt got very good eyes,
Don't go poking about after blue bottle flies.
If you've spectacles, don't have a tortoise-shell rim
And don't go near the water—unless you can swim.

Married ladies, especially such as are fair,
Tall and slim, I would next recommend to beware,
How, on losing one spouse, they give way to despair;
But let them reflect, there are fish, and no doubt on't,
As good *in* the river, as ever came *out* on't.

RICHARD HARRIS BAKHAM (*Thomas Ingoldsby, Esq.*)

THE BATTLE OF THE KEGS

This ballad was occasioned by a real incident. Certain machines, in the form of kegs, charged with gunpowder, were sent down the river to annoy the British shipping then at Philadelphia. The danger of these machines being discovered, the British manned the wharves and shipping, and discharged their small arms and cannons at every thing they saw floating in the river during the ebb tide.



ALLANTS, attend and hear a friend
Trill forth harmonious ditty ;
Strange things I'll tell which late befell
In Philadelphia city.

'Twas early day, as poets say,
Just when the sun was rising,
A soldier stood on a log of wood,
And saw a thing surprising.

As in amaze he stood to gaze,
The truth can't be denied, sir,
He spied a score of kegs or more
Come floating down the tide, sir.

A sailor too, in jerkin blue,
This strange appearance viewing,
First rubbed his eyes, in great surprise,
Then said some mischief's brewing.

These kegs, I'm told, the rebels hold
Packed up like pickled herring ;
And they're come down to attack the town,
In this new way of ferrying.

The soldier flew, the sailor too,
And scared almost to death, sir,
Wore out their shoes, to spread the news,
And ran till out of breath, sir.

Now up and down throughout the town
Most frantic scenes were acted ;
And some ran here, and others there,
Like men almost distracted.

Some fire cried, which some denied,
But said the earth had quaked ;
And girls and boys, with hideous noise,
Ran through the streets half naked.

From sleep Sir William starts upright,
Awaked by such a clatter ;
He rubs both eyes, and boldly cries,
For God's sake, what's the matter ?

At his bedside he then espied
Sir Erskine at command, sir ;
Upon one foot he had one boot,
And th' other in his hand, sir.

"Arise, arise," Sir Erskine cries,
"The rebels—more's the pity—
Without a boat are ah'float,
And ranged before the city.

"The motley crew, in vessels new,
With Satan for their guide, sir,
Packed up in bags, or wooden kegs,
Come driving down the tide, sir.

"Therefore prepare for bloody war,
These kegs must all be routed,
Or surely we despised shall be,
And British courage doubted."

The royal band now ready stand,
All ranged in dread array, sir,
With stomach stout to see it out,
And make a bloody day, sir.

The cannons roar from shore to shore,
The small arms make a rattle ;
Since wars began I'm sure no man
E'er saw so strange a battle.

The rebel dales, the rebel vales,
With rebel trees surrounded ;
The distant wood, the hills and floods,
With rebel echoes sounded.

The fish below swam to and fro,
Attacked from every quarter ;
Why sure, thought they, what is to pay
'Mongst folks above the water ?

The kegs, 'tis said, though strongly made
Of rebel staves and hoops, sir,
Could not oppose their powerful foes,
The conquering British troops, sir.

From morn to night these men of might
Displayed amazing courage ;
And when the sun was fairly down,
Retired to sup their porridge.

A hundred men with each a pen,
Or more, upon my word, sir,
It is most true would be too few
Their valor to record, sir.

Such feats did they perform that day
Against these wicked kegs, sir,
That years to come, if they get home,
They'll make their boast and brags, sir.

FRANCIS HOPKINSON.

"PLEASE TO RING THE BELLE."

LL tell you a story that's not in Tom Moore :
Young Love likes to knock at a pretty girl's
door ;
So he called upon Lucy—'twas just ten o'clock—
Like a spruce single man, with a smart double knock.

Now, a handmaid, whatever her fingers be at,
Will run like a puss when she hears a rat-tat :
So Lucy ran up—and in two seconds more
Had questioned the stranger and answered the door.

The meeting was bliss ; but the parting was woe ;
For the moment will come when such comers must go :
So she kissed him, and whispered—poor innocent
thing—

"The next time you come, love, pray come with a
ring."

THOMAS HOOD.

A SOCIABLE !

HEY carried pie to the parson's house,
And scattered the floor with crumbs,
And marked the leaves of his choicest books
With the prints of their greasy thumbs.

They piled his dishes high and thick
With a lot of unhealthy cake,
While they gobbled the buttered toast and rolls
Which the parson's wife did make.

They hung around Clytie's classic neck
Their apple-parings for sport,
And every one laughed when a clumsy lout
Spilled his tea on the piano-forte.

Next day the parson went down on his knees,
With his wife—but not to pray ;
O no ; 't was to scrape the grease and dirt
From the carpet and stairs away.

SHACOB'S LAMENT.

XCOOSE me if I shed some tears,
Und wipe my nose away ;
Und if a lump vos in my throat,
It comes up dere to shstay.

My sadness I shall now unfoldt,
Und if dot tale of woe
Don'd do some Dutchmans any good,
Den I don't pelief I know.

You see, I fall myself in love,
Und effery night I goes
Across to Brooklyn by dot pridge,
All dressed in Sunday clothes.

A vidder vomans vos der brize,
Her husband he vos dead ;
Und all alone in this colt worltd
Dot vidder vos, she said.

Her heart for love vos on der pine,
Und dot i like to see ;
Und all der time I hoped dot heart
Vos on der pine for me.

I keeps a butcher shop, you know,
Und in a stocking stout,
I put away my gold and bills,
Und no one gets him outd.

If in der night some bank cashier
Goes skipping off mit cash,
I shleep so sound as nefer vos,
While rich folks go to shmash.

I court dot vidder sixteen monthis,
Dot vidder she courts me,
Und when I says : "Vill you be mine?"
She says : "You bet I'll be !"

Ve vos engaged—oh ! blessed fact !
I squeeze dot dimpled hand ;
Her head upon my shoulder lays,
Shust like a bag of sand.

"Before der vedding day vos set,"
She vispers in mine ear,
"I like to say I haf to use
Some cash, my Jacob, dear.

"I owns dis house and two big farms,
Und ponds und railroad stock ;
Und up in Yonkers I bossess
A grand big peesness block.

"Der times vos dull, my butcher boy,
Der market vos no good,
Und if I sell"—I squeezed her handt
To show I understood.

Next day—oxcoose my briny tears—
Dot shtocking took a shrink ;
I counted out twelve hundred in
Der cleanest kind o' chink.

Und later, by two days or more,
Dot vidder shlopes away ;
Und leaves a note behindt for me
In vich dot vidder say :

"DEAR SHAKE :
Der rose vos redt,
Der violet blue—
You see I've left,
Und you're left, too !"

THE DECLARATION.

WAS late, and the gay company was gone,
And light lay soft on the deserted room
From alabaster vases, and a scent
Of orange-leaves, and sweet verberna came
Through the unshuttered window on the air,
And the rich pictures with their dark old tints,
Hung like a twilight landscape, and all things
Seemed hushed into a slumber. Isabel,
The dark-eyed, spiritual Isabel
Was leaning on her harp, and I had staid
To whisper what I could not when the crowd
Hung on her look like worshippers. I knelt,
And with the fervor of a lip unused
To the cold breath of reason, told my love.

There was no answer, and I took the hand
That rested on the strings, and pressed a kiss
Upon it unforbidden—and again
Besought her, that this silent evidence
That I was not indifferent to her heart,
Might have the seal of one sweet syllable.
I kissed the small white fingers as I spoke,
And she withdrew them gently, and upraised
Her forehead from its resting-place, and looked
Earnestly on me—She had been asleep!

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

PAT'S LOVE LETTER.

✠ T'S Patrick Dolin, myself and no other,
✠ That's after informin' you, without any bother,
✠ That your own darlin' self has put me heart in a
blaze

And made me your swateheart the rest of me days.
And now I sits down to write ye this letter,
To tell how I loves ye, as none can love better.
Mony's the day, sure, since first I got smitten
Wid yer own purty face, that's bright as a kitten's,
And yer illegant figger, that's just the right size;
Faith! I'm all over in love wid ye, clear up till me
eyes.

You won't think me desavin', or tellin' a lie,
If I tell who's in love wid me, just ready to die.
There's Bridget McCregan, full of coketish tricks,
Keeps flatterin' me pride, to get me heart in a fix;
And Bridget, you know, has great expectations
From her father that's dead, and lots of relations.
Then there's Biddy O'Farrel, the cunningest elf,
Sings "Patrick, me darlin'," and that means meself.
I might marry them both, if I felt so inclined,
But there's no use talking of the likes of their kind.
I trates them both alike, without impartiality,
And maintains meself sure on the ground of neutrality.
On me knees, Helen, darlint, I ask your consent
"For better or worse," without asking a cent.
I'd do anything in the world—anything you would say,
If you'd be Mistress Dolin instead of Miss Day.
I'd save all me money and buy me a house,
Where nothing should tease us so much as mouse;
And you'll hear nothing else from year out to year in,
But swate words of kindness from Patrick Dolin.
Then—if ye should die—forgive me the thought,
I'd always behave as a dacent man ought.
I'd spend all me days in wailing and crying,
And wish for not'in' so much as jist to be dying.
Then you'd sec on marble slabs, reared up side by
side,
"Here lies Patrick Dolin, and Helen, his bride."
Yer indulgence, in conclusion, on me letter I ask,
For to write a love letter is no aisy task;
I've an impediment in me speech, as me letter shows,
And a cold in me head makes me write through me
nose.

(30)

Please write me a letter, in me great-uncle's care,
With the prescription upon it, "Patrick Dolin, Es-
quare."

"In haste," write in big letters, on the outside of the
cover,

And believe me forever, your distractionate lover.

Written wid me own hand.

PATRICK ^{his} DOLIN.
mark.

TOM DARLING.



OM DARLING was a darling Tom,

(Excuse all vulgar puns;)

A type of California's bright
Rising and setting suns.

His father was an austere man—

An oyster man was he,
Who opened life by opening
The shell fish of the sea;

But hearing of a richer clime,
He took his only son,
And came where golden minds are lost,
While golden mines are won.

They hoped to fill their pockets from
Ri h pockets in the ground;
And 'midst the boulders of the hills,
None bolder could be found.

For though a mining minor, Tom
Was never known to shirk;
And while with zeal he worked his claim,
His father claimed his work.

Time's record on his brow now showed
A fair and spotless page;
And, as his age became him well,
He soon became of age.

Thinking that he was up to all
The California tricks,
He now resolved to pick his way
Without the aid of picks.

In less than eighteen circling moons
Two fortunes he had made;
One by good luck at trade in stock,
And one by stock in trade.

With health and wealth he now could live
Upon the easy plan;
While everybody said of course,
He was a fine young man.

But Thomas fell, and sadly too,
Who of his friends would 'thought it!
He ran for office, and alas!
For him and his—he caught it.

Mixing no more with sober men,
He found his morals fleeing ;
And being of a jovial 'urn,
He turned a jovial being.

With governor and constable
His cash he freely spends ;
From constable to governor,
He had a host of friends.

But soon he found he could not take,
As his old father would,
A little spirits, just enough
To do his spirits good.

In councils with the patriots
Upon affairs of State,
Setting no bars to drinking, he
Soon lost his upright gait.

His brandy straightway made him walk
In very crooked ways ;
While lager beer brought to his view
A bier and span of grays.

The nips kept nipping at his purse—
(Two bits for every dram),
While clear champagne produced in him
A pain that was no sham.

His cups of wine were followed by
The doctor's painful cup ;
Each morning found him getting low
As he was getting up.

Thus uselessly, and feebly did
His short existence flit,
Till in a drunken fight he fell
Into a drunken fit.

The doctors came, but here their skill
They found of no avail ;
They all agreed, what ailed poor Tom
Was politics and ale.

L. F. WELLS.

IS IT ANYBODY'S BUSINESS?

Is it anybody's business,
If a gentleman should choose
To wait upon a lady,
If the lady don't refuse?
Or, to speak a little plainer,
That the meaning all may know,
Is it anybody's business
If a lady has a beau?

Is it anybody's business
When that gentleman doth call,
Or when he leaves the lady,
Or if he leaves at all?

Or is it necessary
That the curtain should be drawn,
To save from further trouble
The outside lookers-on?

Is it anybody's business,
But the lady's, if her beau
Rideth out with other ladies,
And does n't let her know?
Is it anybody's business,
But the gentleman's, if she
Should accept another escort,
Where he does n't chance to be?

If a person's on the sidewalk,
Whether great or whether small,
Is it anybody's business
Where that person means to call?
Or if you see a person
While he's calling anywhere,
Is it any of your business
What his business may be there?

The substance of our query,
Simply stated, would be this :
Is it anybody's business
What another's business is?
Whether 't is or whether 't is n't
We should really like to know,
For we are certain, if it is n't,
There are some who make it so.

FIRST APPEARANCE IN TYPE.

Oh, here it is! I'm famous now ;
An author and a poet,
It really is in print. Hurrah!
How proud I'll be to show it.
And gentle Anna! what a thrill
Will animate her breast,
To read these ardent lines, and know,
To whom they are addressed.

Why, bless my soul! here's something wrong :
What can the paper mean,
By talking of the "graceful brook,"
That "*ganders* o'er the green?"
And here's a *t* instead of *r*,
Which makes it "tippling rill,"
We'll seek the "shad" instead of "shade,"
And "hell" instead of "hill."

"Thy looks so"—what?—I recollect,
'Twas "sweet," and then 'twas "kind";
And now, to think—the stupid fool—
For "bland" has printed "blind."
Was ever such provoking work?
('Tis curious, by the by,
That any thing is rendered blind
By giving it an *i*.)

The color of the "rose" is "nose,"
 "Affection" is "affliction."
 I wonder if the likeness holds
 In fact as well as fiction?
 "Thou art a friend" The *r* is gone;
 Whoever could have deemed
 That such a trifling thing could change
 A friend into a fiend.

"Thou art the same," is rendered shame,"
 It really is too bad!
 And here because an *i* is out
 My lovely "maid" is mad.
 They drove her blind by poking in
 An *i*—a process new—
 And now they've gouged it out again,
 And made her crazy, too.

I'll read no more. What shall I do?
 I'll never dare to send it.
 The paper's scattered far and wide,
 'Tis now too late to mend it.
 Oh, fame! thou cheat of human life,
 Why did I ever write!
 I wish my poem had been burnt,
 Before it saw the light.

Was ever such a horrid hash,
 In poetry or prose?
 I've said she was a "fiend!" and praised
 The color of her "nose."
 I wish I had the printer here
 About a half a minute,
 I'd bang him to his heart's content,
 And with an *h* begin it.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

SORROWS OF WERTHER.

WERTHER had a love for Charlotte
 Such as words could never utter;
 Would you know how first he met her?
 She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
 And a moral man was Werther,
 And for all the wealth of Indies
 Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,
 And his passion boiled and bubbled,
 Till he blew his silly brains out,
 And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
 Borne before her on a shutter,
 Like a well-conducted person,
 Went on cutting bread and butter.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

THE CONFESSION.

HERE'S somewhat on my breast, father,
 'Tis here's somewhat on my breast!
 The live-long day I sigh, father,
 At night I cannot rest;
 I cannot take my rest, father,
 Though I would fain do so,
 A weary weight oppresseth me—
 The weary weight of woe!

'Tis not the lack of gold, father,
 Nor lack of worldly gear;
 My lands are broad and fair to see,
 My friends are kind and dear;
 My kin are leal and true, father,
 They mourn to see my grief,
 But, oh! 'tis not a kinsman's hand
 Can give my heart relief!

'Tis not that Janet's false, father,
 'Tis not that she's unkind;
 Though busy flatterers swarm around,
 I know her constant mind.
 'Tis not the coldness of her heart
 That chills my laboring breast—
It's that confounded cucumber
I ate, and can't digest!

THE NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY.

A MEMBER of the Æsculapian line lived at
 Newcastle-upon-Tyne: no man could better
 gild a pill, or make a bill, or mix a draught,
 or bleed, or blister; or draw a tooth out of
 your head; or chatter scandal by your bed; or spread
 a plaster. His fame full six miles round the country
 ran; in short, in reputation he was solus: all the old
 women called him "a fine man!" His name was
 Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, though in trade (which oftentimes
 will genius fetter), read works of fancy, it is said, and
 cultivated the *belles lettres*. Bolus loved verse;
 and took so much delight in't, all his prescriptions he
 resolved to write in't. No opportunity he e'er let pass
 of writing the directions on his labels in dapper coup-
 lets, like Gay's Fables, or rather like the lines in
 Hudibras.

He had a patient lying at death's door, some three
 miles from the town—it might be four—to whom, one
 evening Bolus sent an article—in pharmacy that's called
 cathartical: and on the label of the stuff he wrote this
 verse, which one would think was clear enough, and
 terse—

"When taken,
 To be well shaken."

Next morning early Bolus rose, and to the patient's
 house he goes, upon his pad, who a vile trick of stumb-
 ling had; but he arrived, and gave a tap, between a
 single and a double rap. The servant lets him in, with

dismal face, long as a courtier's out of place—portending some disaster. John's countenance as rueful looked and grim, as if the apothecary had physicked him, and not his master.

"Well, how's the patient?" Bolus said. John shook his head. "Indeed!—hum!—ha!—that's very odd!—he took the draught?"—John gave a nod.—"Well? how? what then?—speak out, you dunce!" "Why then," says John, "we shook him once."—"Shook him! how? how?" friend Bolus stammered out.—"We jolted him about."

"What! shake the patient, man!—why that won't do." "No, sir," quoth John, "and so we gave him two." "Two shakes! O luckless verse! 'Twould make the patient worse!" "It did so, sir, and so a third we tried."—"Well, and what then?"—"Then, sir, my master died!"

GEORGE COLMAN.

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

In the parish of St. Neots, Cornwall, is a well, arched over with the robes of four kinds of trees—wilky, oak, elm, and ash—and dedicated to St. Keyne. The reported virtue of the water is this, that, whether husband or wife first drank thereof, they get the mastery thereby.—THOMAS FULLER.

Q WELL there is in the west country,
And a clearer one never was seen;
There is not a wife in the west country
But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm-tree stand beside,
And behind does an ash-tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the water below.

A traveler came to the well of St. Keyne;
Pleasant it was to his eye,
For from cock-crow, he had been traveling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he,
And he sat down upon the bank,
Under the willow-tree.

There came a man from the neighboring town,
At the well to fill his pail;
On the well-side he rested it,
And bade the stranger hail.

Now art thou a bachelor, 'stranger?' quoth he,
'For an if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day
That ever thou didst in thy life.

"Or has your good woman, if one you have,
In Cornwall ever been?
For an if she have, I'll venture my life
She has drank of the well of St. Keyne."

"I have left a good woman who never was here,"
The stranger he made reply;
"But that my draught should be better for that,
I pray you answer me why."

"St. Keyne," quoth the countryman, "many a time
Drank of this crystal well,
And before the angel summoned her
She laid on the water a spell.

"If the husband of this gifted well
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man henceforth is he,
For he shall master for life.

"But if the wife should drink of it first,
Heaven help the husband then!"
The stranger stooped to the well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the waters again.

"You drank of the well, I warrant, betimes?"
He to the countryman said.
But the countryman smiled as the stranger spake,
And sheepishly shook his head.

"I hastened, as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my wife in the porch,
But i' faith, she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to church."

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

SALLY SIMPKIN'S LAMENT.

"He left his body to the sea,
And made a shark his legatee."

BRYAN AND PERRIN.

Q WHAT is that comes gliding in,
And quite in middling haste?
It is the picture of my Jones,
And painted to the waist.

"It is not painted to the life,
For where's the trousers blue?
O Jones, my dear!—O dear! my Jones,
What is become of you?"

"O Sally dear, it is too true—
The half that you remark
Is come to say my other half
Is bit off by a shark!

"O Sally, sharks do things by halves,
Yet most completely do!
A bite in one place seems enough,
But I've been bit in two.

"You know I once was all your own,
But now a shark must share!
But let that pass—for now to you
I'm neither here nor there.

"Alas! death has a strange divorce
Effecting in the sea:

It has divided me from you,
And even me from me !
"Don't fear my ghost will walk o' nights
To haunt as people say ;
My ghost can't walk, for, O, my legs
Are many leagues away !
"Lord ! think when I am swimming round,
And looking where the boat is,
A shark just snaps away a half,
Without 'a quarter's notice.'
"One half is here, the other half
Is near Columbia placed ;
O Sally, I have got the whole
Atlantic for my waist.
"But now, adieu—a long adieu !
I've solved death's awful riddle,
And would say more, but I am doomed
To break off in the middle !"

THOMAS HOOD.

THE GHOST.

IS thirty years since Abel Law,
A short, round-favored, merry
Old soldier of the Revolutionary
War,
Was wedded to
A most abominable shrew.
The temper, sir, of Shakespeare's Catharine
Could no more be compared with hers,
Than mine
With Lucifer's.
Her eyes were like a weasel's ; she had a harsh
Face, like a cranberry marsh,
All spread
With spots of white and red ;
Hair of the color of a wisp of straw,
And a disposition like a cross-cut saw.
The appellation of this lovely dame
Was Nancy ; don't forget the name.

Her brother David was a tall,
Good-looking chap, and that was all ;
One of your great, big nothings, as we say
Here in Rhode Island, picking up old jokes
And cracking them on other folks.
Well, David undertook one night to play
The ghost, and frighten Abel, who,
He knew,
Would be returning from a journey through
A grove of forest wood
That stood
Below
The house some distance—half a mile or so.

With a long taper
Cap of white paper,

Just made to cover
A wig, nearly as large over
As a corn-basket, and a sheet
With both ends made to meet
Across his breast,
(The way in which ghosts are always dressed,)
He took
His station near
A huge oak-tree,
Whence he could overlook
The road and see
Whatever might appear.

It happened that about an hour before, friend Abel
Had left the table
Of an inn, where he had made a halt,
With horse and wagon,
To taste a flagon
Of malt
Liquor, and so forth, which, being done,
He went on,
Caring no more for twenty ghosts,
Than if they were so many posts.

David was nearly tired of waiting ;
His patience was abating ;
At length, he heard the careless tones
Of his kinsman's voice,
And then the noise
Of wagon-wheels among the stones.
Abel was quite elated, and was roaring
With all his might, and pouring
Out, in great confusion,
Scraps of old songs made in "The Revolution."
His head was full of Bunker Hill and Trenton ;
And jovially he went on,
Scaring the whip-poor-wills among the trees
With rhymes like these :—[Sings.]

"See the Yankees leave the hill,
With baggernetts declining,
With lopped-down hats and rusty guns,
And leather aprons shining.
See the Yankees—Whoa ! Why, what is that ?"
Said Abel, staring like a cat,
As slowly on the fearful figure strode
Into the middle of the road.

"My conscience, what a suit of clothes !
Some crazy fellow, I suppose.
Hallo ! friend, what's your name ? by the powers of
gin,
That's a strange dress to travel in."
"Be silent, Abel ; for I now have come
To read your doom ;
Then hearken, while your fate I now declare.
I am a spirit—"

"I suppose you are ;
But you'll not hurt me, and I'll tell you why :
Here is a fact which you cannot deny ;—

All spirits must be either good
Or bad—that's understood—
And be you good or evil, I am sure
That I'm secure.
If a good spirit, I am safe. If evil—
And I don't know but you may be the devil—
If that's the case, you'll recollect, I fancy,
That I am married to your sister Nancy!"

FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN.

YOUNG BEN he was a nice young man,
A carpenter by trade;
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetched a walk one day,
They met a press-gang crew;
And Sally she did faint away,
Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The boatswain swore with wicked words,
Enough to shock a saint,
That though she did seem in a fit,
'Twas nothing but a feint.

"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your head,
He'll be as good as me;
For when your swain is in our boat,
A boatswain he will be."

So when they'd made their game of her,
And taken off her elf,
She roused, and found she only was
A coming to herself.

"And is he gone, and is he gone?"
She cried, and wept outright:
"Then I will to the water side,
And see him out of sight."

A waterman came up to her,
"Now, young woman," said he,
"If you weep on so, you will make
Eye-water in the sea."

"Alas! they've taken my beau Ben
To sail with old Benbow;"
And her woe began to run afresh,
As if she'd said Gee woe!

Says he, "They've only taken him
To the Tender ship, you see;"

"The Tender ship," cried Sally Brown,
"What a hardship that must be!"

"Oh! would I were a mermaid now,
For then I'd follow him;
But oh!—I'm not a fish-woman,
And so I cannot swim.

"Alas! I was not born beneath
The Virgin and the Scales,
So I must curse my cruel stars,
And walk about in Wales."

Now Ben had sailed to many a place,
That's underneath the world;
But in two years the ship came home,
And all her sails were furled.

But when he called on Sally Brown,
To see how she went on,
He found she'd got another Ben,
Whose Christian name was John.

"O Sally Brown, O Sally Brown,
How could you serve me so?
I've met with many a breeze before,
But never such a blow."

Then reading on his 'bacco box,
He heaved a bitter sigh,
And then began to eye his pipe,
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing "All's Well,"
But could not though he tried;
His head was turned and so he chewed
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happened in his berth,
At forty-odd befell:
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton toll'd the bell.

THOMAS HOOD.

OF A CERTAIN MAN.

HERE was (not certain when) a certain
preacher,
That never learned, and yet became a
teacher,

Who having read in Latin thus a text
Of *erat quidam homo*, much perplexed,
He seemed the same with study great to scan,
In English thus, *There was a certain man*.
"But now," quoth he, "good people, note you this
He saith there was, he doth not say there is;
For in these days of ours it is most plain
Of promise, oath, word, deed, no man's certain;
Yet by my text you see it comes to pass
That surely once a certain man there was;
But, yet, I think, in all your Bible no man
Can find this text, *There was a certain woman*."

SIR JOHN HARRINGTON.


TO MY NOSE.

KNOWS he that never took a pinch,
Nosey, the pleasure thence which flows?
Knows he the titillating joys
Which my nose knows?
O nose, I am as proud of thee
As any mountain of its snows,
I gaze on thee, and feel that pride
A Roman knows!

ALFRED A. FORRESTER (*Alfred Crowquill*).

THE PROUD MISS MACBRIDE.

A LEGEND OF GOTHAM.

 TERRIBLY proud was Miss MacBride,
The very personification of pride,
As she minced along in fashion's tide,
Adown Broadway—on the proper side—
When the golden sun was setting;
There was pride in the head she carried so high,
Pride in her lip, and pride in her eye,
And a world of pride in the very sigh
That her stately bosom was fretting!

O, terribly proud was Miss MacBride,
Proud of her beauty, and proud of her pride,
And proud of fifty matters beside—

That wouldn't have borne dissection;
Proud of her wit, and proud of her walk,
Proud of her teeth, and proud of her talk,
Proud of "knowing cheese from chalk,"
On a very slight inspection!

Proud abroad, and proud at home,
Proud wherever she chanced to come—
When she was glad, and when she was glum;

Proud as the head of a Saracen
Over the door of a tippling-shop!—
Proud as a duchess, proud as a fop,
"Proud as a boy with a brand-new top,"
Proud beyond comparison!

And yet the pride of Miss MacBride,
Although it had fifty hobbies to ride,
Had really no foundation;
But, like the fabrics that gossips devise—
Those single stories that often arise
And grow till they reach a four-story size—
Was merely a fancy creation!

Her birth, indeed, was uncommonly high—
For Miss MacBride first opened her eye
Through a skylight dim, on the light of the sky;
But pride is a curious passion—
And in talking about her wealth and worth,
She always forgot to mention her birth
To people of rank and fashion!

Of all the notable things on earth,
The queerest one is pride of birth!
Among our "fierce democracies!"
A bridge across a hundred years,
Without a prop to save it from sneers—
Not even a couple of rotten *peers*—
A thing for laughter, fliers, and jeers,
Is American aristocracy!

English and Irish, French and Spanish,
German, Italian, Dutch and Danish,
Crossing their veins until they vanish
In one conglomeration!
So subtle a tangle of blood, indeed,

No Heraldry Harvey will ever succeed
In finding the circulation.

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
Your family thread you can't ascend,
Without good reason to apprehend
You may find it waxed, at the farther end,
By some plebeian vocation!

Or, worse than that, your boasted line
May end in a loop of stronger twine,
That plagued some worthy relation!

But Miss MacBride had something beside
Her lofty birth to nourish her pride—
For rich was the old paternal MacBride,
According to public rumor:
And he lived "up town," in a splendid square,
And kept his daughter on dainty fare,
And gave her gems that were rich and rare,
And the finest rings and things to wear,
And feathers enough to plume her.

A thriving tailor begged her hand,
But she gave "the fellow" to understand,
By a violent manual action,
She perfectly scorned the best of his clan,
And reckoned the ninth of any man
An exceedingly vulgar fraction!

Another, whose sign was the golden boot,
Was mortified with a bootless suit,
In a way that was quite appalling;
For, though a regular *sutor* by trade,
He wasn't a suitor to suit the maid,
Who cut him off with a saw—and bade
"The cobbler keep to his calling!"

A young attorney, of winning grace,
Was scarce allowed to "open his face,"
Ere Miss MacBride had closed his case
With true judicial celerity;
For the lawyer was poor, and "seedy" to boot,
And to say the lady discarded his *suit*,
Is merely a double verity!

The last of those who came to court,
Was a lively beau, of the dapper sort,
"Without any visible means of support,"
A crime by no means flagrant

In one who wears an elegant coat,
But the very point on which they vote
A ragged fellow "a vagrant!"

Now dapper Jim his courtship plied
(I wish the fact could be denied)
With an eye to the purse of the old MacBride,
And really "nothing shorter!"

For he said to himself, in his greedy lust,
"Whenever he dies—as die he must—
And yields to Heaven his vital trust,
He's very sure to 'come down with his dust,'
In behalf of his only daughter."

And the very magnificent Miss MacBride,
Half in love, and half in pride,
Quite graciously relented;
And, tossing her head, and turning her back,
No token of proper pride to lack—
To be a bride, without the "Mac,"
With much disdain, consented!

Old John MacBride, one fatal day,
Became the unresisting prey
Of fortune's undertakers;
And staking all on a single die,
His foundered bark went high and dry
Among the brokers and breakers!

But, alas, for the haughty Miss MacBride,
'Twas such a shock to her precious pride!
She could n't recover, although she tried
Her jaded spirits to rally;
'Twas a dreadful change in human affairs,
From a place "up town" to a nook "up stairs,"
From an avenue down to an alley!

'Twas little condolence she had, God wot,
From her "troops of friends," who hadn't forgot
The airs she used to borrow!
They had civil phrases enough, but yet
'Twas plain to see that their "deepest regret"
Was a different thing from sorrow!

And one of those chaps who make a pun,
As if it were quite legitimate fun
To be blazing away at every one
With a regular, double-loaded gun—
Remarked that moral transgression
Always brings retributive stings
To candle-makers as well as kings;
For "making light of *cereous* things"
Was a very *wick*-ed profession!

And vulgar people—the saucy churls—
Inquired about "the price of pearls,"
And mocked at her situation:
"She wasn't ruined—they ventured to hope—
Because she was poor, she needn't mope;
Few people were better off for *soap*,
And that was a consolation!"

And to make her cup of woe run over,
Her elegant, ardent plighted lover
Was the very first to forsake her;
"He quite regretted the step, 'twas true—
The lady had pride enough 'for two,'
But that alone would never do
To quiet the butcher and baker!"

And now the unhappy Miss MacBride—
The merest ghost of her early pride—
Bewails her lonely position;

Cramped in the very narrowest niche,
Above the poor, and below the rich—
Was ever a worse condition!

MORAL.

Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
Don't be haughty, and put on airs,
With insolent pride of station!
Don't be proud, and turn up your nose
At poorer people in plainer clothes,
But learn, for the sake of your mind's repose,
That wealth 's a bubble that comes—and goes!
And that all proud flesh, wherever it grows,
Is subject to irritation!

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

WIDOW BEDOTT TO ELDER SNIFFLES.



REVEREND sir, I do declare
It drives me most to frenzy,
To think of you a lying there
Down sick with influenzy.

A body'd thought it was enough
To mourn your wife's departer,
Without sich trouble as this ere
To come a follerin' arter.

But sickness and affliction
Are sent by a wise creation,
And always ought to be underwent
By patience and resignation.

O, I could to your bedside fly,
And wipe your weeping eyes,
And do my best to cure you up,
If 't wouldn't create surprise.

It's a world of trouble we tarry in,
But, Elder, don't despair;
That you may soon be movin' again
Is const intly my prayer.

Both sick and well, you may depend
You'll never be forgot
By your faithful and affectionate friend,
PRISCILLA POOL BEDOTT.

FRANCES MIRIAM WHITCHER.

TO THE "SEXTANT."



SEXTANT of the meetin house, wich sweeps
And dusts, or is supposed to and makes
fires,
And lites the gas, and sumtimes leaves a
screw loose,

in wick case it smells orful, worse than lamp ile ;
 And wrings the bel and toles it when men dyes,
 to the grief of survivin pardners, and sweeps paths
 And for the servusses get \$100 per annum,
 Wich them that thinks deer, let 'em try it ;
 Gettin up before starlite in all wethers and
 Kindlin fires when the wether is as cold
 As zero, and like as not green wood for kindling
 i would n't be hired to do it for no sum,
 But O Sextant ! there are 1 kernoddity
 Wich's more than gold, wich doant cost nothin,
 Worth more than anything except the sole of nian !
 i mean pewer *Are*, Sextant, i mean pewer are !
 O it is plenty out of doors, so plenty it doant no
 What on airth to dew with itself, but flys about
 Scatterin leaves and bloin off men's hatts !
 in short, it's jest "fre as are" out dores,
 But O Sextant, in our church its scarce as buty,
 Scarce as bank bills, when agints beg for mischuns,
 Wich some say is purty offen (taint nothin to me,
 wat i give aint nothin to nobody) but, O Sextant
 U shet 500 men, wimmin, and children,
 Speshally the latter, up in a tite place,
 And every 1 on em brethes in and out, and out and in-
 Say 50 times a minnit, or 1 million and a half breths
 an our.

Now how long will a church ful of are last at that rate,
 I ask you—say 15 minits—and then wats to be did ?
 Why then you must brethe it all over agin,
 And then agin, and so on till each has took it down
 At least 10 times, and let it up agin, and wats more
 The same individool don't have the priviledge
 of brethin his own are, and no ones else,
 Each must take whatever comes to him.
 O Sextant, doant you no our lungs is bellusses,
 To blo the fier of life, and keep it from goin out ;
 and how can bellusses blo without wind ?
 And aint wind *are* ? i put it to your conschens.
 Are is the same to us as milk to babies,
 Or water is to fish, or pendlums to clox,
 Or roots and airbs unto an injun doctor,
 Or little pills unto an omepath,
 Or boys to gurls. Are is for us to brethe,
 What signifies who preaches if i cant brethe ?
 Wats Pol ? Wats Pollus to sinners who are ded ?
 Ded for want of breth, why Sextant, when we dy
 Its only coz we cant brethe no more, thats all.
 And now O Sextant, let me beg of you
 To let a little are into our church.
 (Pewer are is certain proper for the pews)
 And do it weak days, and Sundays tew,
 It aint much trouble, only make a hole
 And the are will come of itself ;
 (It luv's to come in where it can git warm)
 And O how it will rouse the people up,
 And sperrit up the preacher, and stop garps,
 And yawns and figgits, as effectooal
 As wind on the dry boans the Profit tells of.

ARABELLA M. WILLSON.

MY LORD TOMNODDY.



Y Lord Tomnoddy got up one day ;
 It was half after two,
 He had nothing to do,
 So his lordship rang for his cabriolet.

Tiger Tim

Was clean of limb.
 His boots were polished, his jacket was trim ;
 With a very smart tie in his smart cravat,
 And a smart cockade on the top of his hat ;
 Tallest of boys, or shortest of men,
 He stood in his stockings just four foot ten :
 And he asked as he held the door on the swing,
 " Pray, did your Lordship please to ring ?"

My Lord Tomnoddy he raised his head,
 And thus to Tiger Tim he said,

" Malibran's dead,
 Duvernay's fled,

Taglioni has not yet arrived in her stead :
 Tiger Tim, come tell me true,
 What may a nobleman find to do ?"

Tim looked up and Tim looked down,
 He paused, and he put on a thoughtful frown,
 And he held up his hat and he peeped in the crown,
 He bit his lip, and he scratched his head,
 He let go the handle, and thus he said,
 As the door, released, behind him banged :
 " An't please you, my Lord, there's a man to be
 hanged."

My Lord Tomnoddy jumped up at the news ;

" Run to M'Fuze,
 And Lieutenant Tregooze,

And run to Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues.
 Rope-dancers a score
 I've seen before—

Madame Sacchi, Antonio, and Master Black-more :

But to see a man swing
 At the end of a string,

With his neck in a noose, will be quite a new thing !"

My Lord Tomnoddy stepped into his cab—

Dark rifle green, with a lining of drab ;
 Through street, and through square,

His high-trotting mare,
 Like one of Ducrow's, goes pawing the air,
 Adown Piccadilly and Waterloo Place
 Went the high-trotting mare at a very quick pace ;

She produced some alarm,
 But did no great harm,

Save frightening a nurse with a child on her arm,
 Spattering with clay
 Two urchins at play,

Knocking down—very much to the sweeper's dismay—
 An old woman who wouldn't get out of the way,

And upsetting a stall
 Near Exeter Hall,

Which made all the pious Church-mission folks squall ;

But eastward afar,
Through Temple Bar,
My Lord Tomnoddy directs his car;
Never heeding their squalls,
Or their calls, or their bawls,
He passes by Waithman's Emporium for shawls,
And, merely just catching a glimpse of St. Paul's,
Turns down the Old Bailey,
Where in front of the jail, he
Pulls up at the door of the gin-shop, and gaily
Cries, "What must I fork out to-night, my trump,
For the whole first-floor of the Magpie and Stump?"

The clock strikes twelve—it is dark midnight—
Yet the Magpie and Stump is one blaze of light.
The parties are met;
The tables are set;
There is "punch," "cold *without*," "hot *within*,"
"heavy wet,"
Ale-glasses and jugs,
And rummers and mugs,
And sand on the floor, without carpets or rugs,
Cold fowl and cigars,
Pickled onions in jars,
Welsh rabbits and kidneys—rare work for the jaws—
And very large lobsters, with very large claws;
And there is M'Fuze,
And Lieutenant Tregooze,
And there is Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues,
All come to see a man "die in his shoes!"

The clock strikes One!
Supper is done,
And Sir Carnaby Jenks is full of his fun,
Singing "Jolly companions every one!"
My Lord Tomnoddy
Is drinking gin-toddy,
And laughing at every thing, and every body.

The clock strikes Two! and the clock strikes Three!
—"Who so merry, so merry as we?"
Save Captain M'Fuze,
Who is taking a snooze,
While Sir Carnaby Jenks is busy at work,
Blacking his nose with a piece of burnt cork.

The clock strikes Four!
Round the debtor's door
Are gathered a couple of thousand or more;
As many await
At the press-yard gate,
Till slowly its folding doors open, and straight
The mob divides, and between their ranks
A wagon comes loaded with posts and with planks.

The clock strikes Five!
The Sheriffs arrive,
And the crowd is so great that the street seems alive;
But Sir Carnaby Jenks
Blinks and winks,
As a candle burns down in the socket, and sinks.

Lieutenant Tregooze
Is dreaming of Jews,
And acceptances all the bill-brokers refuse;
My Lord Tomnoddy
Has drunk all his toddy,
And just as dawn is beginning to peep,
The whole of the party are fast asleep.

Sweetly, oh! sweetly, the morning breaks,
With roseate streaks,
Like the first faint blush on a maiden's cheeks,
It seemed that the mild and clear blue sky
Smiled upon all things far and nigh,
On all—save the wretch condemned to die.
Alack! that ever so fair a sun
As that which its course has now begun,
Should rise on such a scene of misery—
Should gild with rays so light and free
That dismal, dark-frowning gallows-tree!
And hark!—a sound comes, big with fate;
The clock from St. Sepulchre's tower strikes—Eight!
List to that low funeral bell:
It is tolling, alas! a living man's knell—
And see—from forth that opening door
They come!—He steps that threshold o'er
Who never shall tread upon threshold more.
—God! 'tis a fearsome thing to see
That pale, wan man's mute agony,
The glare of that wild, despairing eye,
Now bent on the crowd, now turned to the sky,
As though 'twere scanning, in doubt and in fear,
The path of the spirit's unknown career;
Those pinioned arms, those hands that ne'er
Shall be lifted again, not even in prayer;
That heaving chest!—Enough—'tis done!
The bolt has fallen!—the spirit is gone—
For weal or for woe is known but to One!—
—Oh! 'twas a fearsome sight!—Ah me!
A deed to shudder at, not to see.
Again that clock! 'tis time, 'tis time!
The hour is past;—with its earliest chime
The chord is severed, its lifeless clay
By "dungeon villains" is borne away:
Nine!—'twas the last concluding stroke!
And then my Lord Tomnoddy awoke!
And Tregooze and Sir Carnaby Jenks arose,
And Captain M'Fuze, with the black on his nose:
And they stared at each other, as much as to say
"Hollo! Hollo!"
Here's a rum go!
Why Captain!—my Lord!—Here's the dickens to pay!
The fellow's been cut down and taken away!—
What's to be done?
We've missed all the fun!—
Why they'll laugh at and quiz us all over the town,
We are all of us done so uncommonly brown!"

What *was* to be done?—'t was perfectly plain
That they could not well hang the man over again.

What was to be done!—The man was dead!
Nought *could* be done—nought could be said;
So—my Lord Tommoddy went home to bed!
RICHARD HARRIS BARRIAM (*Thomas Ingoldsby, Esq.*)

DARIUS GREEN AND HIS FLYING-MACHINE.

† F ever there lived a Yankee lad,
† Wise or otherwise, good or bad,
† Who, seeing the birds fly, didn't jump
With flapping arms from stake or stump,
Or, spreading the tail
Of his coat for a sail,
Take a soaring leap from post or rail,
And wonder why
He couldn't fly,
And flap and flutter and wish and try—
If ever you knew a country dunce
Who didn't try that as often as once,
All I can say is, that's a sign
He never would do for a hero of mine.

An aspiring genius was D. Green:
The son of a farmer, age fourteen;
His body was long and lank and lean—
Just right for flying, as will be seen;
He had two eyes as bright as a bean,
And a freckled nose that grew between,
A little awry—for I must mention
That he had riveted his attention
Upon his wonderful invention,
Twisting his tongue as he twisted the strings,
And working his face as he worked the wings,
And with every turn of gimlet and screw
Turning and screwing his mouth round too,
Till his nose seemed bent
To catch the scent,
Around some corner, of new-baked pies,
And his wrinkled cheeks and his squinting eyes
Grew puckered into a queer grimace,
That made him look very droll in the face,
And also very wise.
And wise he must have been, to do more
Than ever a genius did before,
Excepting Dædalus of yore
And his son Icarus, who wore
Upon their backs
Those wings of wax
He had read of in the old almanacs.
Darius was clearly of the opinion
That the air is also man's dominion,
And that, with paddle or fin or pinion,
We soon or late shall navigate
The azure as now we sail the sea.
The thing looks simple enough to me;
And if you doubt it,
Hear how Darius reasoned about it.
"The birds can fly an' why can't I?
Must we give in," says he with a grin,

"That the bluebird an' phœbe
Are smarter 'n we be?
Jest fold our hands an' see the swaller
An' blackbird an' catbird beat us holler?
Doos the little chatterin', sassy wren,
No bigger 'n my thumb, know more than men?
Just show me that!
Ur prove 't the bat
Hez got more brains than's in my hat,
An' I'll back down, an' not till then!"
He argued further: "Nur I can't see
What's th' use o' wings to a bumble-bee,
Fur to git a livin' with, more'n to me;—
Ain't my business
Important's his'n is?
That Icarus
Made a perty muss—
Him an' his daddy Dædalus
They might 'a' knowed wings made o' wax
Wouldn't stand sun-heat an' hard whacks.
I'll make mine o' luther,
Ur suthin' ur other."

And he said to himself, as he tinkered and planned:
"But I ain't goin' to show my hand
To nummies that never can understand
The fust idee that's big an' grand."
So he kept his secret from all the rest,
Safely buttoned within his vest;
And in the loft above the shed
Himself he locks, with thimble and thread
And wax and hammer and buckles and screws
And all such things as geniuses use;—
Two bats for patterns, curious fellows!
A charcoal-pot and a pair of bellows;
Some wire, and several old umbrellas;
A carriage-cover, for tail and wings;
A piece of harness; and straps and strings;
And a big strong box,
In which he locks
These and a hundred other things.
His grinning brothers, Reuben and Burke
And Nathan and Jotham and Solomon, lurk
Around the corner to see him work—
Sitting cross-legged, like a Turk,
Drawing the waxed-end through with a jerk,
And boring the holes with a conical quirk
Of his wise old head, and a knowing smirk.
But vainly they mounted each other's backs,
And poked through knot-holes and pried through
cracks;
With wood from the pile and straw from the stacks
He plugged the knot-holes and caulked the cracks;
And a dipper of water, which one would think
He had brought up into the loft to drink
When he chanced to be dry,
Stood always nigh,
For Darius was sly!
And whenever at work he happened to spy

At chink or crevice a blinking eye,
 He let the dipper of water fly.
 "Take that! an' ef ever ye git a peep,
 Guess ye'll ketch a weasel asleep!"
 And he sings as he locks
 His big strong box:—
 "The weasel's head is small an' trim,
 An' he is little an' long an' slim,
 An' quick of motion an' nimble of limb
 An' ef you'll be
 Advised by me,
 Keep wide awake when ye're ketchin' him!"
 So day after day
 He stitched and tinkered and hammered away,
 Till at last 'twas done—
 The greatest invention under the sun!
 "An' now," says Darius, "hooray fur some fun!"

'Twas the Fourth of July,
 And the weather was dry,
 And not a cloud was on all the sky,
 Save a few light fleeces, which here and there,
 Half mist, half air,
 Like foam on the ocean went floating by—
 Just as lovely a morning as ever was seen
 For a nice little trip in a flying-machine.
 Thought cunning Darius: "Now I shan't go
 Along 'ith the fellers to see the show.
 I'll say I've got sich a terrible cough!
 An' then, when the folks 'ave all gone off,
 I'll hev full swing fur to try the thing,
 An' practise a little on the wing."
 "Ain't goin' to see the celebration?"
 Says brother Nate. "No; botheration!
 I've got sich a cold—a toothache—I—
 My gracious!—feel's though I should fly!"
 Said Jotham, "Sho!
 Guess ye better go."
 But Darius said, "No!
 Shouldn't wonder 'f you might see me, though,
 'Long 'bout noon, ef I git red
 O' this jumpin', thumpin' pain 'n my head."
 For all the while to himself he said:—

"I tell ye what!
 I'll fly a few times around the lot,
 To see how 't seems, then soon 's I've got
 The hang o' the thing, ez likely's not,
 I'll astonish the nation,
 An' all creation,
 By flyin' over the celebration!
 Over their heads I'll sail like an eagle;
 I'll balance myself on my wings like a sea-gull;
 I'll dance on the chimbleys; I'll stand on the steeple;
 I'll flop up to winders an' scare the people!
 I'll light on the liberty-pole, an' crow;
 An' I'll say to the gawpin' fools below,
 'What world 's this 'ere
 That I've come near?'
 Fur I'll make 'em b'lieve I'm a chap f'm the moon;
 An' I'll try a race 'ith their ol' balloon!"

He crept from his bed;
 And, seeing the others were gone, he said,
 "I'm gittin' over the cold 'n my head."

And away he sped,
 To open the wonderful box in the shed.

His brothers had walked but a little way;
 When Jotham to Nathan chanced to say,
 "What is the feller up to, hey!"
 "Don't o'—the 's suthin' ur other to pay,
 Ur he wouldn't 'a' stayed tu hum to-day."
 Says Burke, "His toothache's all 'n his eye!
 He never 'd miss a Fo'th-o'-July,
 Ef he hedn't got some machine to try."
 Then Sol, the little one, spoke: "By darn I
 Le's hurry back an' hide 'n the barn,
 An' pay him fur tellin' us that yarn!"
 "Agreed!" Through the orchard they creep back,
 Along by the fences, behind the stack,
 And one by one, through a hole in the wall,
 In under the dusty barn they crawl,
 Dressed in their Sunday garments all;
 And a very astonishing sight was that,
 When each in his cobwebbed coat and hat
 Came up through the floor like an ancient rat.
 And there they hid;
 And Reuben slid
 The fastenings back, and the door undid.
 "Keep dark!" said he,
 "While I squirt an' see what the 'e' is to see."

As knights of old put on their mail—
 From head to foot an iron suit,
 Iron jacket and iron boot,
 Iron breeches, and on the head
 No hat, but an iron pot instead,
 And under the chin the bail,
 (I believe they called the thing a helm,)
 Then sallied forth to overwhelm
 The dragons and pagans that plagued the realm—
 So this *modern* knight—
 Prepared for flight,
 Put on his wings and strapped them tight;
 Jointed and jaunty, strong and light—
 Buckled them fast to shoulder and hip;
 Ten feet they measured from tip to tip!
 And a helm had he, but that he wore,
 Not on his head, like those of yore,
 But more like the helm of a ship.

"Hush!" Reuben said,
 "He's up in the shed!
 He's opened the winder—I see his head!
 He stretches it out, an' pokes it about,
 Lookin' to see 'f the coast is clear,
 An' nobody near;—
 Guess he don't o' who's hid in here!
 He's riggin' a spring-board over the sill!
 Stop laffin', Solomon! Burke, keep still!


He's a climbin' out now—Of all the things!
 What's he got on? I van, it's wings!
 An' that 'tother thing? I vum, it's a tail!
 An' there he sits like a hawk on a rail!
 Steppin' careful, he travels the length
 Of his spring-board, and teeters to try as strength.
 Now he stretches his wings, like a monstrous bat;
 Peeks over his shoulder; this way an' that,
 Fur to see 'f the 's any one passin' by;
 But the 's on'y a ca' an' goslin nigh.
 They turn up at him a wonderin' eye,
 To see— The dragon! he's goin' to fly!
 Away he goes! Jinminy! what a jump!
 Flop—flop—an' plump
 To the ground with a thump!
 Flutt'rin' an' flound'rin' all 'n a lump!"

As a demon is hurled by an angel's spear,
 Heels over head, to his proper sphere—
 Heels over head, and head over heels,
 Dizzily down the abyss he wheels—
 So fell Darius. Upon his crown,
 In the midst of the barn-yard, he came down,
 In a wonderful whirl of tangled strings,
 Broken braces and broken springs,
 Broken tail and broken wings,
 Shooting-stars, and various things;
 Barn-yard litter of straw and chaff,
 And much that wasn't so sweet by half.
 Away with a bellow fled the calf,
 And what was that? Did the gosling laugh?
 'Tis a merry roar from the old barn-door,
 And he hears the voice of Jotham crying,
 "Say, D'rius! how do you like flyin'?"
 Slowly, ruefully, where he lay,
 Darius just turned and looked that way,
 As he stanced his sorrowful nose with his cuff.
 "Wal, I like flyin' well enough,"
 He said; "but the' ain't such a thunderin' sight
 O' fun in 't when ye come to light."

I just have room for the MORAL here:
 And this is the moral—Stick to your sphere.
 Or if you insist, as you have the right,
 On spreading your wings for a loftier flight,
 The moral is—Take care how you light.

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

WIDOW BEDOTT'S POETRY.

ES—he was one o' the best men that ever trod
 shoe-leather, husband was, though Miss Jink-
 ins says (she 'twas Polly Bingham,) *she* says,
 I never found it out till after he died, but that's
 the consarndest lie that ever was told, though it's jest
 a piece with everything else she says about me. I
 guess if everybody could see the poetry I writ to his
 memory, nobody wouldn't think I didn't set store by
 him. Want to hear it? Well, I'll see if I can say it;

it generally affects me wonderfully, seems to harrer up
 my feelin's; I'll try. Didnt know I ever writ poetry?
 I how you talk! used to make lots on't; haint so much
 late years. I remember once when Parson Potter had
 a bee, I sent him an amazin' great cheeze, and writ a
 piece o' poetry, and pasted on top on't. It says:

Teach him for to proclaim
 Salvation to the folks;
 No occasion give for any blame,
 Nor wicked people's jokes.

And so it goes on, but I guess I won't stop to say the
 rest on't now, seein' there's seven and forty verses.

Parson Potter and his wife was wonderfully pleased
 with it; used to sing it to the tune o' Hadden. But I
 was gwine to tell the one I made in relation to hus-
 band; it begins as follers:—

He never jawed in all his life,
 He never was unkind—
 And (tho' I say it that was his wife)
 Such men you seldom find.

(That's as true as the Scriptures; I never knowed him
 to say a harsh word.)

I never changed my single lot—
 I thought 'twould be a sin—

(Though widdier Jinkins says it's because I never had a
 chance.) Now 'tain't for me to say whether I ever had
 a numerous number o' chances or not, but there's
 them livin' that *might* tell if they was a mind to; why,
 this poetry was writ on account of being joked about
 Major Coon, three years after husband died. I guess the
 generality o' folks knows what was the nature o' Major
 Coon's feelin's towards me, tho' his wife and Miss
 Jinkins *does* say I tried to ketch him. The fact is, Miss
 Coon feels wonderfully cut up 'cause she knows the
 Major took her "Jack at a pinch"—seein' he coulnd
 get such as he wanted, he took such as he could get—
 but I goes on to say—

I never changed my single lot,
 I thought 'twould be a sin—
 For I thought so much o' Deacon Bedott,
 I never got married agin.

If ever a hasty word he spoke,
 His anger didnt last,
 But vanished like tobacker smoke
 Afore the wintry blast.

And since it was my lot to be
 The wife of such a man,
 Tell the men that's after me
 To ketch me if they can.

If I was sick a single jet,
 He called the doctor in—

That's a fact—he used to be scairt to death if anything
 niled me. Now only jest think—widdier Jinkins told
 Sam Pendergrasses wife (she 'twas Sally Smith) that
 she guessed the deacon didn't set no great store by
 me, or he wouldnt a went off to confrence meetin'
 when I was down with the fever. The truth is, they

couldnt git along without him no way. Parson Potter seldom went to confrence meetin, and when *he* wa'n't there, who was ther' pray tell, that knowed enough to take the lead if husband didnt do it? Deacon Kenipe hadent no gift, and Deacon Crosby hadent no inclination, and so it all come onto Deacon Bedott—and he was always ready and willin' to do his du'y, you know; as long as he was able to stand on his legs he continued to go to confrence meetin'; why, I've knowed that man to go when he couldnt scarcely crawl on account o' the pain in the spine of his back.

He had a wonderful gift, and he wa'n't a man to keep his talents hid up in a napkin—so you see 'twas from a sense o' duty he went when I was sick, whatever Miss Jinkins may say to the contrarv. But where was I? Oh!—

If I was sick a single jot,
He called the doctor in—
I sot so much store by Deacon Bedott
I never got married agin.

A wonderful tender heart he had,
That felt for all mankind—
It made him feel amazin' had
To see the world so blind.

Whiskey and rum he tasted not—

That's as true as the Scripturs,—but if you'll believe it, Betsy, Ann Kenipe told my Melissy that Miss Jinkins said one day to their house, how't she'd seen Deacon Bedott high, time and agin I did you ever! Well, I'm glad nobody don't pretend to mind anything *she* says. I've knowed Poll Bingham from a gal, and she never knowed how to speak the truth—beside she always had a pertikkeler spite against husband and me, and between us tew I'll tell you why if you won't mention it, fer I make it a pint never to say nothin' to injure nobody. Well, she was a ravin'-distracted after my husband herself, but it's a long story, I'll tell you about it some other time, and then you'll know why widder Jinkins is eternally runnin' me down. See—where had I got to? Oh, I remember now—

Whiskey and rum he tasted not—
He thought it was a sin—
I thought so much o' Deacon Bedott
I never got married agin.

But now he's dead I the thought is killin',
My grief I can't control—
He never left a single shillin'
His widder to console.

But that wa'n't his fault—he was so out o' health for a number o' year afore he died, it ain't to be wondered at he didnt lay up nothin'—however, it didnt give him no great on easiness—he never cared much for airtly riches, though Miss Pendergrass says she heard Miss Jinkins say Deacon Bedott was as tight as the skin on his back—begrudged folks their vittals when they came to his house I did you ever! why, he was the hull-soudest man I ever see in all my born days, If I'd such a husband as Bill Jinkins was, I'd hold my tongue about my neighbor's husbands. He was a

dretful mean man, used to git drunk every day of his life, and he had an awful high temper—used to swear like all posset when he got mad—and I've heard my husband say, (and he wa'n't a man that ever said anything that wa'n't true)—I've heard *him* say Bill Jinkins would cheat his own father out of his eye teeth if he had a chance. Where was I? Oh! "His widder to console"—ther ain't but one more verse, tain't a very lengthy poem. When Parson Potter read it, he says to me, says he—"What did you stop so soon for?"—but Miss Jinkins told the Crosby's *she* thought I'd better a' stopt afore I'd begun—she's a purty critter to talk so, I must say. I'd like to see some poitry o' hern—I guess it would be astonishin' stuff; and mor'n all that, she said there wa'n't a word o' truth in the hull on't—said I never cared tuppence for the deacon. What an everlastin' lie! Why, when he died, I took it so hard I went deranged, and took on so for a spell they was afraid they should have to send me to a Lunatick Arsenal. But that's a painful subject, I won't dwell on't. I conclude as follers:—

I'll never change my single lot—
I think 't would be a sin—
The inconsolable widder o' Deacon Bedott
Don't intend to get married agin.

Excuse my cryin'—my feelin's always overcomes me
so when I say that poitry—O-o-o-o-o!

FRANCES MIRIAM WHITCHER.

PAT'S CRITICISM.

HERE'S a story that's old,
But good if twice told,
Of a doctor of limited skill,
Who cured beast and man
On the "cold-water plan,"
Without the small help of a pill.

On his portal of pine
I hung an elegant sign,
Depicting a beautiful rill,
And a lake where a sprite,
With apparent delight,
Was sporting in sweet dishabille.


Pat McCarty one day,
As he sauntered that way,
Stood and gazed at that portal of pine;
When the doctor with pride
Stepped up to his side,
Saying, "Pat, how is that for a sign?"

"There's wan thing," says Pat,
"You've lift out o' that,
Which, be jabbers! is quite a mistake.
It's trim and it's nate;
But, to make it complete,
Ye shud have a fine burd on the lake."

"Ah! indeed! pray then, tell,
To make it look well,
What bird do you think it may lack?"
Says Pat, "Of the same
I've forgotten the name,
But the song that he sings is 'Quack! quack!'"

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

SOCRATES SNOOKS.

ISTER Socrates Snooks, a lord of creation,
The second time entered the marriage relation:

Xantippe Caloric accepted his hand,
And they thought him the happiest man in the land.
But scarce had the honeymoon passed o'er his head,
When one morning to Xantippe, Socrates said,
"I think, for a man of my standing in life,
This house is too small, as I now have a wife:
So, as early as possible, carpenter Carey
Shall be sent for to widen my house and my dairy."

"Now, Socrates dearest," Xantippe replied,
"I hate to hear everything vulgarly *my'd*;
Now, whenever you speak of your chattels again,
Say, *our* cow-house, *our* barn-yard, *our* pig-pen."
"By your leave, Mrs. Snooks, I will say what I please
Of *my* houses, *my* lands, *my* gardens, *my* trees."
"Say *our*," Xantippe exclaimed in a rage.
"I won't, Mrs. Snooks, though you ask it an age!"
Oh, woman! though only a part of man's rib,
If the story in Genesis don't tell a fib,
Should your naughty companion e'er quarrel with you,
You are certain to prove the best man of the two.
In the following case this was certainly true;
For the lovely Xantippe just pulled off her shoe,
And laying about her, all sides at random,
The adage was verified—"Nil desperandum."

Mister Socrates Snooks, after trying in vain,
To ward off the blows which descended like rain—
Concluding that valor's best part was discretion—
Crept under the bed like a terrified Hes-ian;
But the dauntless Xantippe, not one whit afraid,
Converted the siege into a blockade.


At last, after reasoning the thing in his pate,
He concluded 'twas useless to strive against fate:
And so, like a tortoise protruding his head,
Said, "My dear, may we come out from under *our*
bed?"

"Hah! hah!" she exclaimed, "Mr. Socrates Snooks,
I perceive you agree to my terms by your looks:
Now, Socrates—hear me—from this happy hour,
If you'll only obey me, I'll never look sour."

'Tis said the next Sabbath, ere going to church,
He chanced for a clean pair of trousers to search:
Having found them, he asked, with a few nervous
twitches,

"My dear, may we put on *our* new Sunday breeches?"


THE RETORT.

LD Birch, who taught the village school,
Wedded a maid of homespun habit;
He was as stubborn as a mule,
And she as playful as a rabbit.

Poor Kate had scarce become a wife
Before her husband sought to make her
The pink of country polished life,
And prim and formal as a Quaker.
One day the tutor went abroad,
And simple Katie sadly missed him;
When he returned, behind her lord
She shyly stole, and fondly kissed him;
The husband's anger rose, and red
And white his face alternate grew:
"Less freedom, ma'am!" Kate sighed and said,
"O, dear! I didn't know 'twas you!"

GEORGE PERKINS MORRIS.

MRS. CAUDLE'S LECTURE ON SHIRT BUTTONS.

HERE, Mr. Caudle, I hope you're in a little
better temper than you were this morning.
There, you needn't begin to whistle: people
don't come to bed to whistle. But it's just
like you; I can't speak, that you don't try to insult
me. Once, I used to say you were the best creature
living: now, you get quite a fiend. *Do* let you rest?
No, I won't let you rest. It's the only time I have to
talk to you, and you *shall* hear me. I'm put upon all
day long: it's very hard if I can't speak a word at
night; and it isn't often I open my mouth, goodness
knows!

Because *once* in your lifetime your shirt wanted a
button, you must almost swear the roof off the house.
You *didn't* swear? Ha, Mr. Caudle! you don't know
what you do when you're in a passion. You were not
in a passion, weren't you? Well, then I don't know
what a passion is; and I think I ought to by this time.
I've lived long enough with you, Mr. Caudle, to know
that.

It's a pity you haven't something worse to complain
of than a button off your shirt. If you'd *some* wives,
you would, I know. I'm sure I'm never without a
needle-and-thread in my hand; what with you and the
children, I'm made a perfect slave of. And what's my
thanks? Why, if once in your life a button's off your
shirt—what do you say "*ah*" at? I say once, Mr.
Caudle: or twice, or three times, at most. I'm sure,
Caudle, no man's buttons in the world are better
looked after than yours. I only wish I'd kept the
shirts you had when you were first married! I should
like to know where were your buttons then?

Yes, it is worth talking of! But that's how you
always try to put me down. You fly into a rage, and
then, if I only try to speak, you won't hear me. That's

how you men always will have all the talk to yourselves: a poor woman isn't allowed to get a word in. A nice notion you have of a wife, to suppose she's nothing to think of but her husband's buttons. A pretty notion, indeed, you have of marriage. Ha! if poor women only knew what they had to go through! What with buttons, and one thing and another! They'd never tie themselves to the best man in the world, I'm sure. What would they do, Mr. Caudle?—Why, do much better without you, I'm certain.

And it's my belief, after all, that the button wasn't off the shirt; it's my belief that you pulled it off, that you might have something to talk about. Oh, you're aggravating enough, when you like, for anything! All I know is, it's very odd the button should be off the shirt; for I'm sure no woman's a greater slave to her husband's buttons than I am. I only say it's very odd.

However, there's one comfort; it can't last long. I'm worn to death with your temper, and shan't trouble you a great while. Ha, you may laugh! And I dare say you would laugh! I've no doubt of it! That's your love; that's your feeling! I know that I'm sinking every day, though I say nothing about it. And when I'm gone, we shall see how your second wife will look after your buttons! You'll find out the difference, then. Yes, Caudle, you'll think of me, then; for then, I hope, you'll never have a blessed button to your back.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

AN AX TO GRIND.

WHEN I was a little boy, I remember, one cold winter morning I was accosted by a smiling man with an ax on his shoulder. "My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?" "Yes, sir," said I. "You are a fine little fellow," said he; "will you let me grind my ax on it?" Pleased with the compliment of "fine little fellow," "Oh, yes, sir," I answered; "it is down in the shop."

"And will you, my man," said he, patting me on the head, "get me a little hot water?" How could I refuse? I ran and soon brought a kettleful. "I am sure," continued he, "you are one of the finest lads that ever I have seen; will you just turn a few minutes for me?"

Pleased with the flattery, I went to work; and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death. The school-bell rang, and I could not get away; my hands were blistered, and the ax was not half ground.

At length, however, it was sharpened; and the man

turned to me with, "Now, you little rascal, you've played truant; be off to school, or you'll rue it!"

"Alas!" thought I, "it is hard enough to turn a grindstone, but now to be called a little rascal, is too much." It sank deep into my mind, and often have I thought of it since. When I see a merchant over polite to his customers, methinks, "That man has an ax to grind."

When I see a man, who in private life a tyrant, flattering the people, and making great professions of attachment to liberty, methinks, "Look out, good people! that fellow would set you turning grindstones!"

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

KRIS KRINGLE'S SURPRISE.

WITH heavy pack upon his back,
And smiles upon his face,
Kris Kringle waded through the snow,
And went at rapid pace.

His sack that made him sweat and tug
Was stuffed with pretty toys,
And up and down throughout the town
He sought the girls and boys.

Not long before, within one door,
One little Johnny Street,
By lucky chance got into pants,
And grew about two feet.
On Christmas eve he asked for leave
To hang upon a peg
The woolen stockings he had worn,
Each with its lengthy leg.

The cunning boy, on Christmas joy
With all his heart was bent,
And for old Kringle's packages
With all his might he went.
In big surprise Kris Kringle's eyes
Stuck out and stared around,
For two such stockings as those were
He ne'er before had found.

He thought he'd never get them full,
They were so strangely deep;
So, standing there upon a chair,
He took a hasty peep:
Young Johnny Street, the little cheat,
Had watched his lucky chance,
And to the stockings, at the top,
Had pinned his pair of panes.

HENRY DAVENPORT.

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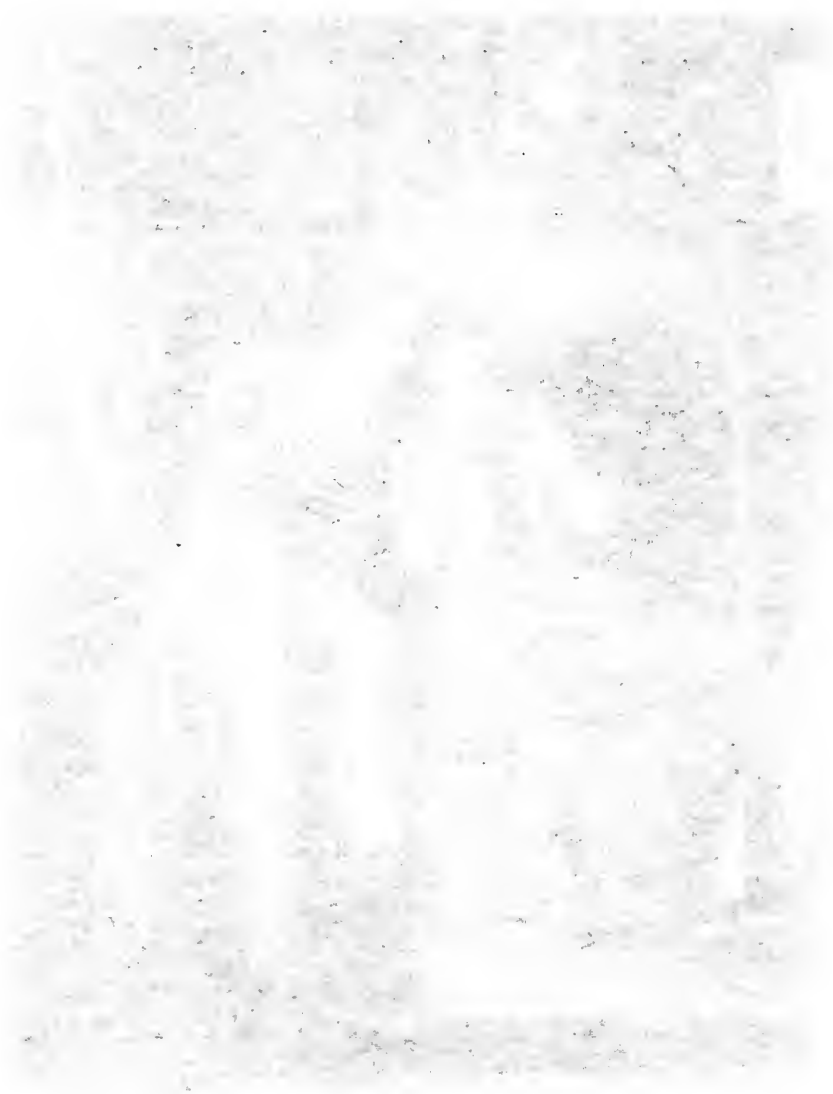
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Comin' Thro' the Bye.

Sang by JENNY LIND.

Moderato.

Voice. *Sva. loco.*

Piano. *p f*

Sva. 1. If a body, meet a bod-y,

Com-in' thro' the rye If a bod-y kiss a bod-y

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

Need a bod - y cry! Ev' - ry las - sie has her lad - die,

Nane they say ha'e I, Yet all the lads they smile at me, When

com - in' thro' the rye. *See..... loco.*

See..... loco.

2.
If a body meet a body,
Comin' frae the town;
If a body meet a body,
Need a body frown!
Ev'ry lassie has her laddie,
Nane they say ha'e I,
Yet all the lads they smile at me
When comin' thro' the rye!

3.
Amang the train there is a swain,
I dearly lo'e mysel,
But what's his name, or where's his hame,
I dinna choose to tell.
Ev'ry lassie has her laddie,
Nane they say ha'e I,
Yet all the lads they smile at me
When comin' thro' the rye.

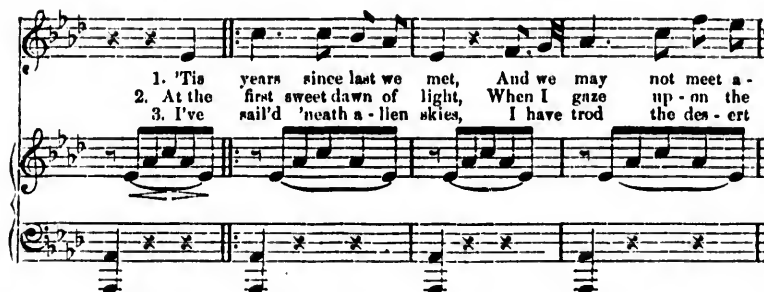
Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still.

BALLAD.

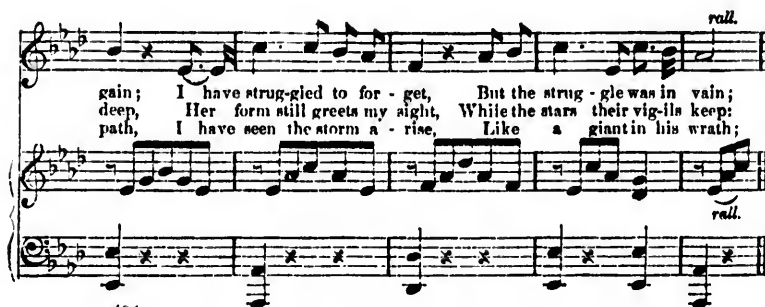
Poetry by J. E. CARPENTER.

Music by W. T. WRIGHTON.

With expression.



1. 'Tis years since last we met, And we may not meet a -
2. At the first sweet dawn of light, When I gaze up - on the
3. I've sail'd 'neath a - lien skies, I have trod the des - ert



gain; I have strug-gled to for - get, But the strug - gle was in vain;
deep, Her form still greets my sight, While the stars their vig-ils keep;
path, I have seen the storm a - rise, Like a giant in his wrath;

rall.

HER BRIGHT SMILE HAUNTS ME STILL.

a tempo.

For her voice lives on the breeze, And her spirit comes at will; In the
When I close mine aching eyes, Sweet dreams my senses fill; And from
Ev'ry dan - ger I have known, That a reckless life can fill; Yet her

a tempo.

rall. tr. *a tempo.*

mid - night, on the seas, Her bright smile haunts me still. For her
sleep when I a - rise, Her bright smile haunts me still. When I
pres - ence is not flown, Her bright smile haunts me still. Ev'ry

rall. ff a tempo.

voice lives on the breeze, And her spir - it comes at will; In the
close mine aching eyes, Sweet dreams my senses fill; And from
dan - ger I have known, That a reck - less life can fill; Yet her

mid - night, on the seas, Her bright smile haunts me still.
sleep when I a - rise, Her bright smile haunts me still.
pres - ence is not flown, Her bright smile haunts me still.

A Warrior Bold.

Words by EDWIN THOMAS.

Music by STEPHEN ADAMS.

In days of old, when knights were bold, And bar-ons held their sway, A
So this brave knight, in ar-mour bright, Wem gai-ly to the fray, He

war-rior bold with spurs of gold, Sang mer-ri-ly his lay, Sang
fought the fight, but ere the night, His soul had pass'd a-way, His

mer-ri-ly his lay.— My love is young and fair, My
soul had pass'd a-way.— The plight-ed ring he wore, Was

love hath gold - en hair, And eyes so blue, and heart so true, That
crush'd and wet with gore, Yet ere he died, he brave-ly cried, I've

crea - - - cen - - - do.

A WARRIOR BOLD.

none with her compare. So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I'll live for love or
kept the vow I swore. So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I've fought for love and

colla voce.
f

die, } So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I'll live for love or die.
die, }

death be nigh, I've fought for love, I've fought for love,..
piu lento.

cres. *f*

ad lib. *molto rallentando e dim.*

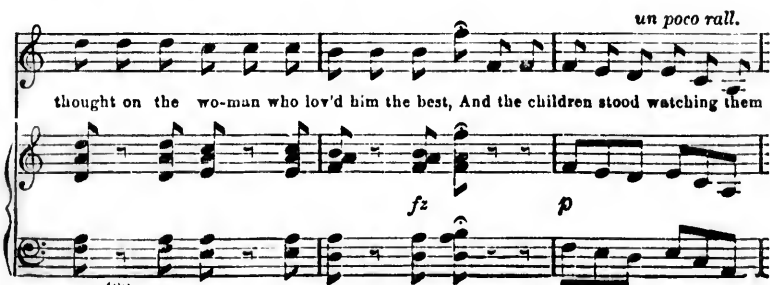
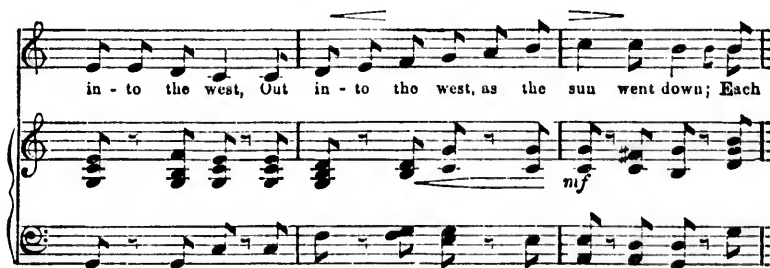
I've fought for love, for love, for love I die.

f *p* *colla voce.*

Three Fishers went Sailing.

Words by REV. C. KINGSLEY.

Music by J. HULLAH.



THREE FISHERS WENT SAILING.

a tempo.

out of the town; For men must work, and wo-man must weep, And there's

cres.

lit - tle to earn and many to keep; Tho' the har - bor bar be

cres.

f *dim.*

moan - - - - - ing.

dim. *pp*

2 Three wives sat up in the light-house tow'r,
And trimm'd the lamps as the sun went down;
They look'd at the squall and they look'd at the show'r,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown!
But men must work, and woman must weep,
Tho' storms be sudden and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning

3 Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,
For those who will never come back to the town:
For men must work, and woman must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the-sooner to sleep
And good bye to the bar and its moaning.

Sally in Our Alley.

BALLAD.

Composed by HENRY CAREY.

1. Of all the girls that are so smart, There's none like pret - ty
2. Of all the days that's in the week, I dear-ly love but

Sally; She is the darl - ing of my heart, And she lives in our
one day, And that's the day that comes between A Sa-tur-day and

al-ley; There's ne'er a la - dy in the land That's half so sweet as Sally; } She is the
Monday; For then I'm drest all in my best, To walk abroad with Sally; }

darl - ing of my heart, And she lives in our al ley.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

3. My master and the neighbors all Make game of me and

Sally, And but for her I'd better be A slave and row a

galley; But when my sev'n long years are out, Oh! then I'll marry Sally; And when we're

wed we'll blithsome be, But not in our al-ley.

Where are the Friends of my Youth.

GEORGE BARKER.

Andante con espress. *a tempo.*

Piano. *rall.*

1. Where are the friends of my youth, Say, where are those cherish'd ones gone? And
 2. Say, can I ev - er a - gain, Such ties can I ev - er re - new? Or

why have they dropp'd with the leaf, Ah! why have they left me to mourn? Their
 feel those warm pulses a - gain, Which beat for the dear ones I knew? The

voices still sound in mine ear, Their features I see in my dreams, And the
 world as a Winter is cold, Each charm seems to vanish a - way, My

WHERE ARE THE FRIENDS OF MY YOUTH?

world is a wil - derness drear, As a wide-spredding des - sert it
heart is now blighted and old, It shares in all na - ture's de-

seems. Ah! . . . where are the friends of my youth, Say, where are those cherish'd ones
cay. Ah! . . . where are the friends of my youth, Ah! where are those cherish'd ones

gone? And why have they dropp'd with the leaf, Ah! why have they left me to

mourn?
a tempo. 1st verse. 2d verse.
a tempo. ritard. ritard.

The Old Sexton.

H. RUSSELL.

8: For Symphony play last four bars from *.

1. Nigh to a grave that was new - ly made, I lean a sex - ton old, on his
gath - er them in! for man and boy, Year alt - er year of
3. Man - y are with me, but still I'm alone, I'm king of the dead, and I

staccato. *colld voce.*

earth worn spade, His work was done and he paused to wait, The
grief and joy; I've builded the houses that lie a - round, In
make my throne, On a monument slab of mar - ble cold, And my

fun - 'ral train through the o - pen gate; A rel - ic of by - gone
ev - ry nook of this bur - ial ground, Mother and daugh - ter,
scep - tre of rule is the spade I hold; Come they from cottage or

days was he, And his locks were white as the foam y sea; And
fath - er and son, Come to my sol - i - tude, one by one, But
come they from hall, Man - kind are my sub - jects - all, all, all! Let them

THE OLD SEXTON.

these words came from his lips so thin, "I gather them in,
 come they stran-gers, or come they kin,
 loi-ter in pleasure or toil-ful-ly spin,

gather them in, gather, gather,
 Sva.....

Sva.....

Sva..... 2. "I

Scenes that are Brightest.

FROM MARITANA.

Music composed by W. V. WALLACE.

PIANO.



1 Scenes that are bright - est May charm.....
 2 Words can - not scat - ter The thoughts..... we

while..... Hearts which are light - est, And
 fear..... For tho' they flat - ter, They

eyes..... that smile: Yet o'er them, a -
 mock..... the ear. Hopes will still de -

SCENES THAT ARE BRIGHTEST.

dim.

bove us, Tho'..... na - ture beam..... With
 ceive us, With..... tear - ful cost..... And

dolento.

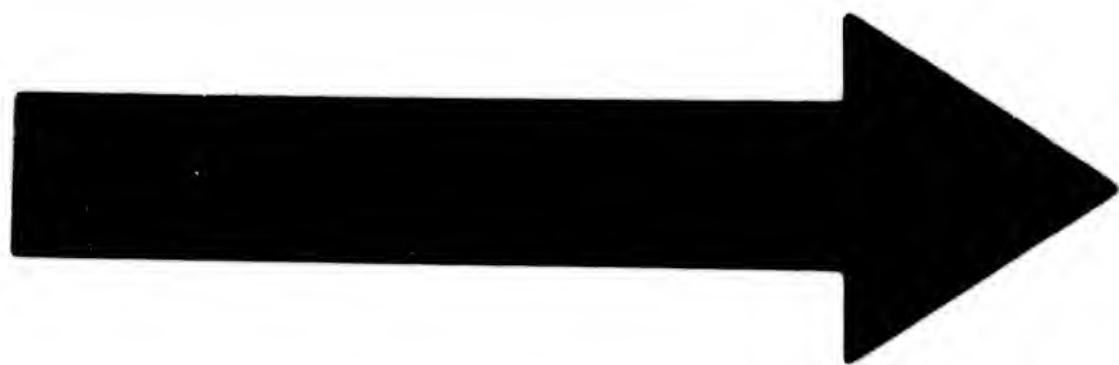
none..... to love us, How sad..... they
 when..... to they leave us, The heart..... is

seem..... With none..... to love us, How
 lost..... And when..... they leave us, The

sad..... they seem
 heart..... is lost.

Fine.

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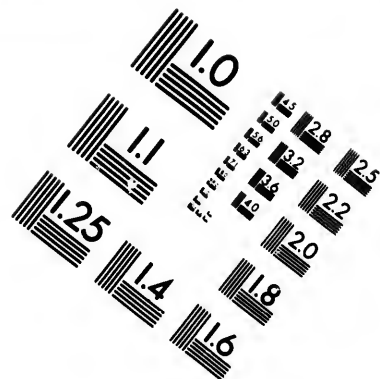
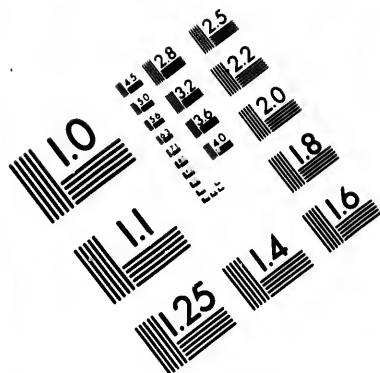
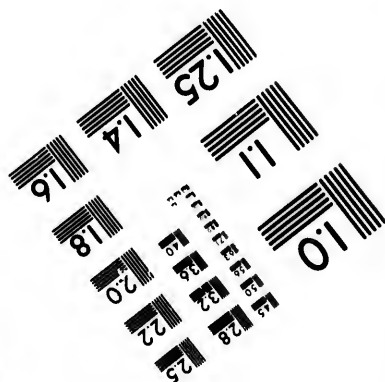
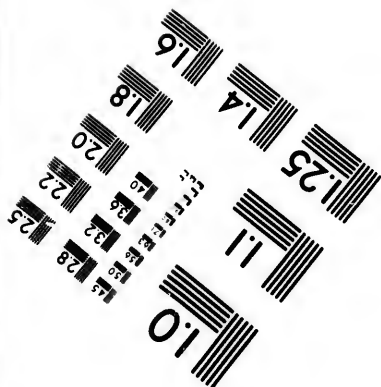
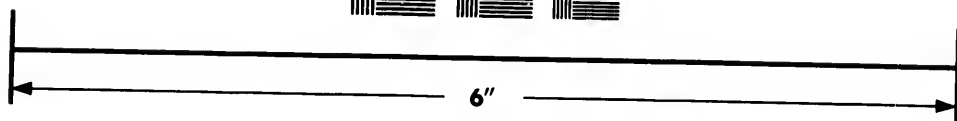
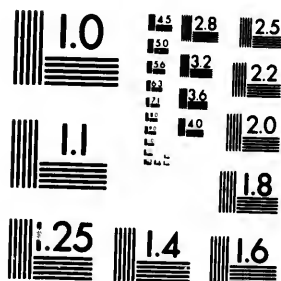


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Flee as a Bird.

Mrs. M. S. B. DANA.

Moderato espress.

1. Flee as a bird to your moun - tain,
2. He will protect thee for - ev - er,

Thou who art wea - ry of sin;..... Go to the clear flow - ing
Wipe ev - 'ry fall - ing tear;..... He will forsake thee, O

foun - tain, Where you may wash and be clean;
nev - er, Shel - tered so ten - der - ly there;

FLEE AS A BIRD.

Fly, for th'aven - ger is near thee, Call and the Sa - viour will
Haste, then, the hours are fly - ing, Spend not the moments in

hear - thee, He on his bos - om will bear thee, The
sigh - ing, Cease from your sor - row and cry - ing, The

un poco ritenuto.
Thou who art wea - ry of sin, O thou who art wea - ry of
Sa - viour will wipe ev - 'ry tear, The Sa - viour will wipe ev - 'ry

sin.
tear.

Paddle Your Own Canoe.

Composed and Arranged for the Piano-Forte.

By M. HOBSON.

VOICE.

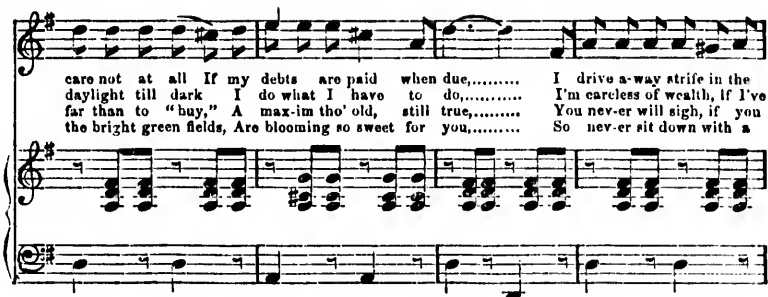
PIANO.

1. I've travell'd a-bout a
 2. I have no wife to
 3. It's all ve-ry well to de-
 4. If a hur-ri-cane rise in

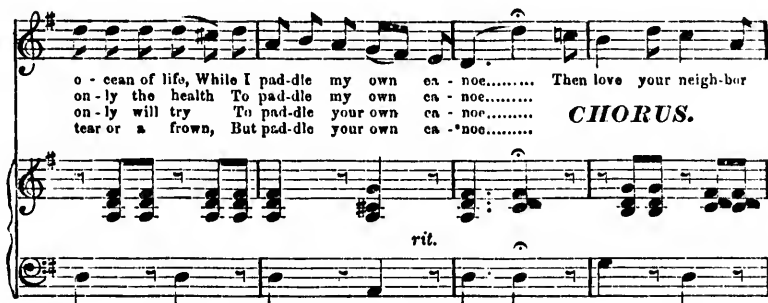
bit in my time, And of troubles I've seen a few..... But found it bet-ter in
 bother my life, No lov-er to prove un-true,..... But the whole day long with a
 pend on a friend, That is, if you've proved him true,..... But you'll find it bet-ter by
 the mid-day skies And the sun is lost to view,..... More stead-i-ly by, with

ev'-ry clime To pad-dle my own ca-noe..... My wants are small, I
 laugh and a song, I pad-dle my own ca-noe..... I rise with the lark, and from
 far in the end, To pad-dle your own ca-noe..... To "borrow" is dearer by
 a stead-fast eye, And pad-dle your own ca-noe..... The dai-sies that grow in

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

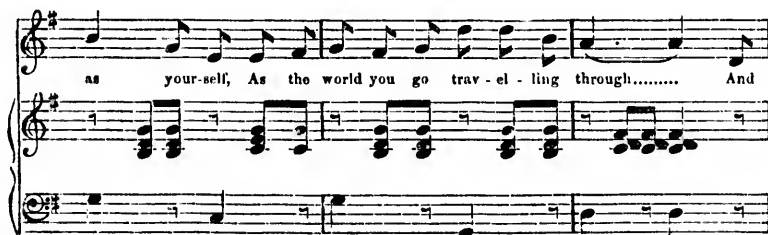


care not at all If my debts are paid when due..... I drive a-way strife in the
daylight till dark I do what I have to do..... I'm careless of wealth, if I've
far than to "buy," A max-im tho' old, still true..... You nev-er will sigh, if you
the bright green fields, Are blooming so sweet for you..... So nev-er sit down with a



o - cean of life, While I pad-dle my own ea - noe..... Then love your neigh-bor
on - ly the health To pad-dle my own ea - noe.....
on - ly will try To pad-dle your own ea - noe..... **CHORUS.**
tear or a frown, But pad-dle your own ea - noe.....

rit.



as your-self, As the world you go trav-el - ling through..... And



nev-er sit down with a tear or a frown, But pad-dle your own ea - noe.....

I Cannot Sing the Old Songs.

BALLAD.

Words and Music by CLARIBEL.

Slowly.



1. I can - not sing the old songs I sung long years a - go, For



heart and voice would fail me, And fool - ish tears would flow; For



"I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS."

by - gone hours come o'er my heart With each fa - mil - iar strain,-- I

can - not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a - gain, I

can - not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a - gain

2 I cannot sing the old songs,
 Their charm is sad and deep
 Their melodies would waken
 Old sorrows from their sleep
 And though all unforgotten still,
 And sadly sweet they be,
 I cannot sing the old songs,
 They are too dear to me. ♯

3 I cannot sing the old songs,
 For visions come again,
 Of golden dreams departed,
 And years of weary pain;
 Perhaps when earthly fetters
 Have set my spirit free,
 My voice may know the old songs
 For all eternity. ♯ 503

Blissful Dreams Come Stealing o'er Me.

FRANZ ABT.



1. Bliss - ful dreams come steal - ing o'er me, Bring - ing hap - py scenes gone by;
2. Though each day fresh care be bringing, That brief vis - ion soothes my heart;

Where each day new pleas - ures bringing, Left at heart no cause to sigh.
Bids me hope the day not dis - tant, When loved forms no more shall part.

BLISSFUL DREAMS COME STEALING O'ER ME.

cres. *f*

Home of peace! I see thy por-tals, Hear the voi-es dear to me,-
Come, sweet sleep, my eye-lids seal-ing, Come, bright dream, my soul to cheer;

cres. *f*

p

Grasp the hands of pure af-fec-tion, And the glance of rapture see:
Waft me back to scenes of pleasure, Bring the smile and chase the tear:

poco rit. *p*

Grasp the hands of pure af-fec-tion, And the glance of rapt-ure see.
Waft me back to scenes of pleas-ure, Bring the smile and chase the tear.

f *dim.*

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The Torpedo and the Whale.

A "SHELL" OF OCEAN.

Allegro non troppo.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Allegro non troppo'. The score consists of several systems of music. The first system is an instrumental introduction. The second system introduces the vocal melody with the lyrics: 'In the North Sea liv'd a whale, In the North Sea liv'd a whale! In the North Sea All went well un-til one day, All went well un-til one day, All went well un- Just you make tracks cried the whale, Just you make tracks cried the whale, Just you make tracks'. The third system continues the vocal melody with the lyrics: 'liv'd a whale! Big in bone and large in tail, Big in bone and large in tail, til one day, Came a strange fish in the bay, Came a strange fish in the bay, cried the whale, Then he lash'd out with his tail, Then he lash'd out with his tail,'. The fourth system features a vocal solo with the lyrics: 'Oh! Ah! Oh!'. The score concludes with a final instrumental flourish.

f

p *f*

In the North Sea liv'd a whale, In the North Sea liv'd a whale! In the North Sea
All went well un-til one day, All went well un-til one day, All went well un-
Just you make tracks cried the whale, Just you make tracks cried the whale, Just you make
tracks

p *f*

liv'd a whale! Big in bone and large in tail, Big in bone and large in tail,
til one day, Came a strange fish in the bay, Came a strange fish in the bay,
cried the whale, Then he lash'd out with his tail, Then he lash'd out with his tail,

p *f*

pp

Oh!
Ah!
Oh!

pp

THE TORPEDO AND THE WHALE,

This whale used un - du - ly, To
 This fish was in - deed oh, A
 The fish be - lug load - ed, Then

p

swagger, and bul - ly And oh! and oh! The la - dies lov'd him
 Woolwich Tor - pe - de! But oh! but oh! The big wahle did not
 and there ex - plod - ed, And oh! and oh! That whale was seen no

mf
 so! This whale used un - du - ly, To swagger and bul - ly, And
 know. This fish was in - deed oh! A Woolwich Tor - pe - de! But
 mo! The fish be - lug load - ed, Then and there ex - plod - ed, And

oh! and oh! The la - dies lov'd him so!
 oh! but oh! The big whale did not know.
 oh! and oh! That whale was seen no mo!

f

Rest for the Weary, Rest.

Words by M. THORNTON.

Music by W. T. WRIGHTON.

Andante Con Moto.

1. Rest for the wea - ry,
2. For this we nerve our

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major, 4/4 time, and begins with a half rest. The piano accompaniment starts with a series of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand. The lyrics are: 1. Rest for the wea - ry, 2. For this we nerve our

rest, When all life's tolls are o'er;
strength, For this we on - ward move;

The second system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: rest, When all life's tolls are o'er; strength, For this we on - ward move;. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythm of eighth notes in the right hand and chords in the left hand.

rall.
Rest for the wea - ry, rest, . . . Up - on a tran - quil
Shame and reproach - es bear, . . . And take them all for
rall.

The third system of musical notation. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics: Rest for the wea - ry, rest, . . . Up - on a tran - quil; Shame and reproach - es bear, . . . And take them all for. The piano accompaniment ends with a series of chords. The tempo marking *rall.* (rallentando) is placed above the final notes of the vocal line and below the final notes of the piano accompaniment.

REST FOR THE WEARY, REST.

a tempo.

shore; Where sighs, and tears, and pains, . . .
love: Count ev'-ry hour that flies, . . .

Once all in mer - cy sent, Will ne'er dis - turb a -
Watch ev' - ry sun go down, Still near - er to the

rall.

gain, The blest in - hab - i - tant.
skies, The robe, the palm, the crown.

Slower.

Rest for the wea - ry, rest, Rest for the wea - ry, rest.
Rest for the wea - ry, rest, Rest for the wea - ry, rest.

No, Sir!

SPANISH BALLAD.

Words and Music Arranged by

A. M. WAKEFIELD.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Allegretto con spirito.

1. Oh tell me one thing, tell me tru - ly, Tell me
2. My fa - ther was a Span-ish mer - chant, And be -

why you scorn me so, Tell me why, when ask'd a
fore he went to sea, He told me to be sure and

NO SIR!

piu mosso.

question. You will always answer no? No Sir!
 answer No! To all you said to me— No Sir!

The first system of the musical score for 'No Sir!' consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef and contains the lyrics: 'question. You will always answer no? No Sir! answer No! To all you said to me— No Sir!'. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef and features a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

no sir no sir! no sir!

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line contains the lyrics: 'no sir no sir! no sir!'. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern.

no sir! no sir! no sir! no! FINE.

The third system of the musical score concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line contains the lyrics: 'no sir! no sir! no sir! no! FINE.'. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord.

piu lento.

riten.

The fourth system of the musical score is a piano solo section. It begins with the tempo marking '*piu lento.*' and ends with the marking '*riten.*'. The piano part features a slow, arpeggiated figure in the right hand and a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand.

3. If when walking in the garden,
 Plucking flow'rs all wet with dew,
 Tell me will you be offended,
 If I walk and talk with you?
 No sir! etc.

4. If when walking in the garden,
 I should ask you to be mine,
 And should tell you that I love you,
 Would you then my heart decline?
 No Sir! etc.

Then You'll Remember Me.

AS SUNG IN THE OPERA OF "THE BOHEMIAN GIRL."

Words by ALFRED BUNN, Esq.

Music by M. W. BALFE

Andante Cantabile.

PIANO. *p*

Cres. dolce.

1. When oth - er lips and
2. When cold - ness or de -

a tempo.

pp

oth - er hearts Their tales of love shall tell, In lan - guage whose ex -
cels shall elight The beau - ty now they prize, And deem it but a

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THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER ME.

cess im - parts The pow'r they feel so well, There may per - haps in
sad - ed light Which beams with - in your eyes, When, hol - low hearts shall

such a scene Some re - cul - loc - tion be Of
wear a mask, 'Twill break your own to see, In

days that have as hap - py been, And you'll re - new - bor
such a mo - ment I but ask That you'll re - mem - ber

me,..... and you'll re - mem - ber, you'll re - mem - ber me,
me,..... that you'll re - mem - ber, you'll re - mem - ber me.

Pulling Hard Against the Stream.

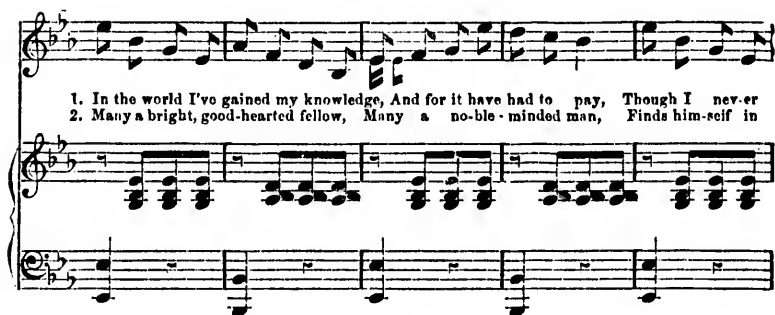
Composed and Arranged for the Piano-Forte.

By M. HOBSON.

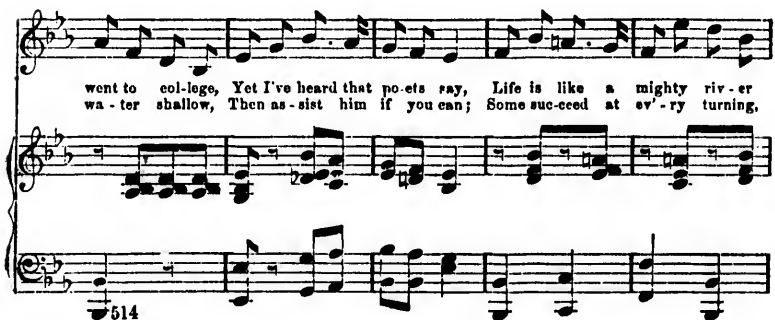
PIANO. *p*



1. In the world I've gained my knowledge, And for it have had to pay, Though I never
2. Many a bright, good-hearted fellow, Many a noble-minded man, Finds him-self in



went to col-lege, Yet I've heard that po-ets say, Life is like a mighty riv-er
wa-ter shallow, Then as-sist him if you can; Some suc-ceed at ev'-ry turning.



PULLING HARD AGAINST THE STREAM.

Roll-ing on from day to day, Men are ves-sels launch'd upon it, Sometimes wreck'd and
Fortune fa-vors ev'-ry schonie, Oth-ers too, tho' more de-serv-ing, Have to pull a-

CHORUS.

cast a-way. So then gainst the stream. So then Do your best for one an-oth-er, Mak-ing life a

ad lib.
rall.
f

pleasant dream, Help a worn and wea-ry brother Pull-ing hard a-against the stream.

3 If the wind is in your favor,
And you've weather'd ev'ry squall,
Think of those who luckless labor,
Never get fair winds at all.
Working hard, contented, willing,
Struggling through life's ocean wide,
Not a friend and not a shilling,
Pulling hard against the tide.—Chorus.

4 Don't give way to foolish sorrow,
Let this keep you in good cheer,
Brighter days may come to-morrow
If you try and persevere.
Darkest nights will have a morning,
Though the sky be overcast.
Longest lanes must have a turning,
And the tide will turn at last.—Chorus.

In the Gloaming.

Words by META ORRED.

Music by ANNIE FORTESCUE HARRISON.

Andante.



rall.



IN THE GLOAMING.

Agitato.

When the winds are sob - bing faint - ly with a gen - tle
For my heart was crushed with long - ing, what had been could

con anima.

un - known woe, — Will you think of me and love me,
nev - er be. It was best to leave you thus, dear,

1st. 3/4 2d. rall.

As you did once long a - go?
Best for you and best for me, — It was

1st. 3/4 2d. cres.

cres.

best to leave you thus, Best for you and best for me,

Over the Garden Wall.

Words by HARRY HUNTER.

Musical by G. D. FOX.

Vivace.



1. Oh, my love stood un - der the
2. But her fa - ther stamped, and her

wal - nut tree, O - ver the gar - den wall, She whisper'd and said she'd be true to me,
fa - ther raved, O - ver the gar - den wall, And like an old mad - man he behaved,

O - ver the garden wall, She'd beautiful eyes, and beautiful hair, She was not very tall so she
O - ver the garden wall, She made a bouquet of ro - ses red, But im - me - di - ate - ly I

OVER THE GARDEN WALL.

stood on a chair, And ma-ny a time have I kissed her there O-ver the gar-den wall-
popped up my head, He gave me a buck-et of wa-ter in stead, O-ver the gar-den wall.

CHORUS.

O-ver the gar-den wall, The sweet-est girl of all, There

nev-er were yet such eyes of jet, And you may bet, I'll nev-er for-get, The

night our lips in kiss-es met, O-ver the gar-den wall.

3. One day I jumped down on the other side,
Over the garden wall,
And she bravely promised to be my bride,
Over the garden wall,
But she scream'd in a fright, "here's father, quick,
I have an impression he's bringing a brick,"
But I brought the impression of half a brick,
Over the garen wall.

4. But where there's a will, there's always a way,
Over the garden wall,
There's always a night as well as day,
Over the garden wall,
We had'nt much money, but weddings are cheap,
So while the old fellow was snoring asleep,
With a lad and a lad'er she managed to creep
Over the garden wall.

When the Swallows Homeward Fly

English Words by F. H. GORDON.

Music by FRANZ ABT.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Andantino.' and the piano part starts with a 'p' (piano) dynamic. The first system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line with the lyrics 'swal - lows homeward fly, When the ro - ses scatter'd lie, When from'. The third system continues the vocal line with the lyrics 'nei - ther hill nor dale, Chants the silv - 'ry night - in - gale, In these'. The piano part features a steady accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The score ends with a double bar line. The page number '520' is printed at the bottom left.

1. When the

Andantino.

p

swal - lows homeward fly, When the ro - ses scatter'd lie, When from

pp

nei - ther hill nor dale, Chants the silv - 'ry night - in - gale, In these

pp

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WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of staves. The first system includes the lyrics 'words my bleeding heart Would to thee its grief im-part, When I' and features markings for 'rit.', 'ten.', and 'pp tempo.'. The second system continues with 'thus thy i-mage lose, Can I, ah! can I'. The third system includes 'e'er know re- pose, Can I, ah! can I e'er know re- pose.' and features 'sf' and 'ad lib.' markings. The fourth system is a piano solo section marked 'Ped.' with asterisks. The piano accompaniment is characterized by dense, flowing sixteenth-note patterns in the right hand and more rhythmic, block-like chords in the left hand.

2 When the white swan southward roves,
There to seek the orange groves,
When the red tints of the west
Prove the sun has gone to rest;
In these words my bleeding heart
Would to thee its grief impart,
When I thus thy image lose,
Can I, ah! can I e'er know repose?

3 Hush! my heart, why thus complain?
Thou must too, thy woes contain;
Though on earth no more we rove
Loudly breathing vows of love;
Thou my heart must find relief,
Yielding to these words, belief:
I shall see thy form again,
Though to-day we part in pain.

"Come Back to Erin."

Words and Music by CLARIBEL.

Moderato. *Sua*

PIANO.

Ped. **Ped.* **Ped.* **Ped.* **Ped.* **Ped.* **Ped.* **Ped.*

rit.

1 Come back to E - rin, Ma - your-neen, Mavourneen, Come back, Aroon, to the land of thy birth.....
 2 O - ver the green sea, Ma-your-neen, Mavourneen, Long shone the white sail that bore thee a - way.....
 3 Oh, may the an - gels, while wak-in' or sleep-in', Watch o'er my bird in the land far a - way.....
col. voce.

p

Come with the shamrocks and spring-time, Mavourneen, And the Kil-lar - ney shall ring with our mirth.
 Rid - ing the white waves that fair summer morn-in', Just like a May-flower a - float on the bay.
 And its my prayers will consign to their keep-in', Care o' my Jew - al by night and by day.

Sure, when ye left us, our beau - ti - ful dar - ling,
 Oh, but my heart sank when clouds came between us,
 When by the fire-side I watch the bright em-bers,

f *Ped.* **Ped.* **Ped.* *p*

COME BACK TO ERIN.

Let - tle we thought of the lone win - ter days, Let - tle we thought of the hush of the starshine,
Like a gray cur - tain the rafa - ling down, Hid from my sad eyes the path o'er the o - cean,
Then all my heart flies a - way o'er the sea, Cra - vin' to know if my dar - lin' romem - bers,

Animato.

Over the mountain, the Bluffs and the Bays. Then come back to E - rin, Ma - your - neen, Mavour - neen,
Far, far away where my colleen had flown. Then come back to E - rin, etc.
Or if her thoughts may be crossin' to me. Then come back to E - rin, etc.

rit. *cres.*

Come back a - gain to the land of thy birth; Come back to E - rin, Ma -

molto cres.

your - neen, Ma - your - neen, And its Kil - lar - ney shall ring with our mirth.
89a.....

Take Back the Heart.

Composed by CLARIBEL.

Allegretto.
mf

1. Take back the heart that thou ga - vest, What is my anguish to thee? . . .
 2. Then when at last o - ver ta - ken, Time flings its fetters o'er thee, . . .

p

Take back the freedom thou era - vest, Leaving the fet-ters to
 Come with a trust still un - sha - ken, Come back a cap-tive to

sf *dim.*

me, Take back the vows thou hast spo - ken, Fling them a -
 me, Come back in sad - ness or sor - row, Once more my

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TAKE BACK THE HEART.

side and be free, Smile o'er each pi - ti - ful to - - ken,
dar - ling to be, Come as of old, love, to bor - row,

rall.
Leaving the sorrow for me Drink deep of life's fond il - lu -
Glimpses of sunlight from me Love shall resume her do - min -
rall.

sion, Gaze on the storm-cloud and flee, . . . Swift-ly thro' strife and con -
ion, Striving no more to be free, . . . When on her world wea-ry

fu - sion, Leaving the burden to me.
pin - ion, Flies back my lost love to me.
rit.

The Letter in the Candle.

Written by J. CLARKE.

Composed by R. COOTE.

Moderato.

PIANO. *mf*

1. There's a let-ter in the can-dle, It points di-rect to me; How the
 2. Hope and fear a-like perplex me; Oh! su-per-sti-tious dread; How
 3. How glad-ly I re-mem-ber, 'Tis two short months, no more, Since a

p

lit-tle spark is shining, From whomever can it be? It gets brighter still and brighter, Like a
 ma-n-y i-dle fan-cies You con-jure in my head. When those we love are absent, How
 let-ter in the can-dle Shone out as bright before. Then the darling messenger Came

cres.

lit-tle sun-ny ray, And I dare to guess the writer, For it drives suspense away.
 wan-ton-ly you play, Ev-ry shadow seems a substance, And drives suspense away.
 prompt and safe to me, If this is on-ly from the same, How welcome it shall be.

p

THE LETTER IN THE CANDLE.

CHORUS.

SOPRA. *mf*
 ALTO. *mf*
 TENOR. *mf*
 BASS. *mf*

Bright spark of hope, Shed your beams on me, And send a lov-ing

mf
mf

message From far across the sea, Bright spark of hope,

Shed your beams on me, And speed the lov-ing mes-sage From far a-cross the sea.

There are Friends that We Never Forget.

Words by ALICE HAWTHORNE.

Music by SEP. WINNER.

Moderato. *rall.*

PIANO. *p* *Ped.* *

Voice.

1. There are friends that we never for - get There are hearts that we ev-er hold
 2. There are friends that we never for - get Tho' the seas may di-ide us for

p

dear Tho' we meet with a kiss in a mo-ment of bliss. Yet we part with a
 years Yet we li-ger a - part with a sor - row-ing heart, In an absence that

sigh and a tear Oh we learn our first lesson of love, At the
 on - ly en-dears There are friends that we never forget, There are

THERE ARE FRIENDS THAT WE NEVER FORGET.

rall. tempo.

home where our childhood is passed, And we nev-er for-get tho' we part with re-
 hearts that we ev-er hold dear, Tho' we find but a few who are earnest and

rall. tempo.

Chorus.

gret, The friends of our youth till the last..... There are friends, there are friends that we
 true, Yet how sweet is our passing ca-reer.....

nev-er for-get; There are hearts that we ever hold dear.. Tho' we meet with a

rall.

kiss, in a mo-ment of bliss, Yet we part with a sigh and a tear.....

rall.

Good Bye, Sweetheart, Good Bye.

JOHN L. HATTON.

Andante con moto.

PIANO.

The bright stars fade, the
The sun is up, the
legato.

morn is break - ing, The dew drops pearl each bud..... and leaf, And
lark is soar - ing, Loud swells the song of chan - ti - cleer; The

I from thee my leave am tak - ing, With bliss too brief, with
lev - ret bounds o'er earth's soft floor - ing, Yet I am here, yet

pp
bliss too brief, with bliss..... too brief. How
I am here, yet I..... am here. For

GOOD BYE, SWEETHEART, GOOD BYE.

sinks my heart with fond a-larms, The tear is hid-ing
since night's gems from heav'n did fade, And morn to flo-ral

p
in my eye, For time doth thrust me from thine arms; "Good
lips doth hie, I could not leave thee, tho' I said, "Good
pp

cres mo'o.
bye, sweet-heart, good bye! Good bye, sweet-heart, good
bye, sweet-heart, good bye! Good bye, sweet-heart, good

cres molto.
bye!" For time doth thrust me
bye!" I could not leave thee,

from thine arms, "Good bye, sweet-heart, good bye!"
tho' I said, "Good bye, sweet-heart, good bye!"

The Dear Little Shamrock.

CHERRY.

Moderato.

1. There's a dear lit - tle plant that grows in our Isle, 'Twas Saint

Pat - rick him - self sure that set it; And the sun on his

la - bor with plea - sure did smile, And with dew from his eye of - ten

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THE DEAR LITTLE SHAMROCK.

First system of musical notation. The vocal line (treble clef) begins with the lyrics "wet it. It shines thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the mire-land, And he". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clefs) with chords and moving lines.

Second system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "call'd it the dear lit-tle Shamrock of Ire-land, The dear lit-tle Shamrock, the". The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic support.

Third system of musical notation. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics "sweet lit-tle Shamrock, the dear lit-tle, sweet lit-tle Shamrock of Ire-land." The piano accompaniment provides a final harmonic setting for the phrase.

2

That dear little plant still grows in our land,
 Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin;
 Whose smiles can bewitch and whose eyes can command,
 In each climate they ever appear in.
 For they shine thro' the bog, thro' brake, and the mireland,
 Just like their own dear little Shamrock of Ireland,
 The dear little Shamrock, the sweet little Shamrock,
 The dear little, sweet little Shamrock of Ireland.

3

That dear little plant that springs from our soil,
 When its three little leaves are extended;
 Denotes from the stalk we together should toil,
 And ourselves by ourselves be befriended.
 And still thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the mireland,
 From one root should branch like the Shamrock of Ireland,
 The dear little Shamrock, the sweet little Shamrock,
 The dear little, sweet little Shamrock of Ireland.

Too Late to Marry.

Words by W. H. BELLAMY. Music by R. SIDNEY PRATTEN.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in 3/4 time, marked *ff* (fortissimo). The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand. The vocal melody enters in the second system, also marked *ff*. The lyrics are presented in two parts, with the first part being the primary melody and the second part providing a harmonic or counter-melodic line. The score concludes with a final piano chord.

ff

1. A maid - en fair and young, Went forth, one morn in May; Up -
2. A - way the maid - en went, And joined each fes - tive throng; On

on a bough, there sang A bird, that seem'd to say, "Why
pleas - ures whirl in - tent, And lin - ger'd late and long; "I'll

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TOO LATE TO MARRY!

wait? why wait? Soon, soon 'twill be too late." Tra,
wait, I'll wait," Sang she, with joy e - late.

la, la, la! tra, la, la, la! Tra, la, la, la! Tra, la, la, la! Tra,

la, la, la! tra, la, la, la! tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!

f *f*

f

3. Time flew as on she stray'd
Through Fashion's giddy round;
With many a heart she play'd,
And laughed at ev'ry wound.
"Too late! Too late!
Old Time itself shall wait!"
Tra, la, la, &c.

4. Then came the first grey hair,
And looks and hearts grew cold,
And wrinkles here and there,
Their tale unwelcome told!
Hard fate! Too late!
She sang, disconsolate!
Tra, la, la, &c.

Put Your Shoulder to the Wheel;

OR,

"A Motto for Every Man."

Composed and Arranged for the Piano-Forte.

By HARRY CLIFTON.

1. Some people you've met in your time no doubt, Who never look happy or gay I'll
2. We can-not all fight in this bat-tle of life, The weak must go to the well,..... So

tell you the way to get jol-ly and stout, If you'll lis-ten a-while to my lay..... I've
do to each oth-er the thing that is right, For there's room in this world for us all,.....

come here to tell you a bit of my mind. And please with the same If I can,..... Ad-
"Credit refuse," if you've money to pay, You'll find it the wis-er plan,..... And "a
ritard.

PUT YOUR SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL.

vles is my song you will cer-tain-ly find, And a motto for ev-e-ry man.....
 pen-ny laid by for a rain-y day" is a motto for ev-e-ry man.....

CHORUS.

So we will sing, and ban-ish mel-an-cho-ly, Trou-ble may

come,..... we'll do the best we can..... To drive care a-way..... for

grieving is a fol-ly, Put your shoulder to the wheel is a motto for ev-ry man.....

3 A coward gives in at the first repulse,
 A brave man struggles again,
 With a resolute eye and a bounding pulse,
 To battle his way amongst men;
 For he knows he has only one chance in his time,
 To better himself if he can,
 "So make your hay while the sun doth shine,"
 That's a motto for every man.—Chorus.

A Vixen for a Wife.

Written by CHARLES LINDA.

Composed by CARLO MINASI.

Allegretto moderato.

PIANO. *f* *cres.* *f* *Sva.*

1 There's nothing half so charming As a hap-py married life, And nothing so a -
 2 A wife will sure - ly rule the roost, Of course that's very proper, And if she means to
 3 A woman's sure to have her way, For that we cannot blame her; The rem-e-dy I ah,
 4 That wo - man is our great-est joy, Let ev'-ry man re-flect; Don't treat her like a

p

larm-ing as A vix-en for a wife. But as you make your bed you know, So
 rule you too, I don't think you can stop her; Be nev - er cru - el, always kind, Do
 then I say, "Tis kind-ness that will tame her." Be al-ways gentle, never harsh, And
 worth-less toy, Nor slight her by ne - glect. If you possess a woman's love, What

rall.

on it you must lie; 'Tis use-less then to make a fuss, Take my advice, don't try.
 nothing that will tease her, And if you wish to happy live, You'll do your best to please her.
 mind you do not flout her, Remember you're but help-less men, And can not do without her.
 more does a - ny need? In sickness or in health she'll be, A comfort-er in - deed.

rall. *colla voce.* *riten.*

A VIXEN FOR A WIFE.

CHORUS.

Moderato.

A wo - man's sure to go her way, But when she's

mf

gone, we miss her; So if you've had an an - gry

word, Why call her back and kiss her.

cres.

f *cres.* *Sua.*

Far Away.

Music by Mrs. J. W. BLISS and Miss M. LINDSAY.

Modo.



1 Where is now the mer - ry par - ty I re - mem - ber long a -
 2 Some have gone to lands far dis - tant And with stran - gers made their
 3 There are still some few re - main - ing Who re - mind us of the

The first system of the song includes a vocal line with three verses of lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The piano part is marked *p* and features a steady harmonic accompaniment.

go; Laughing round the Christmas fires, Brighten'd by its rud-
 home, Some up - on the world of wa - ters All their lives are fore'd to
 past, But they change as all things change here: Nothing in this world can

The second system continues the song with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part maintains the harmonic accompaniment.

FAR AWAY.

glow, Or in summer's balmy eve - nings, In the field upon the
 room; Some are gone from us for-ev - er; Longer here they might not
 last. Years roll on and pass for - ev - er, What is coming, who can

un poco cres.

p

hry? They have all dispers'd and wan-der'd Far a - way, Far a -
 stay They have reach'd a fair-er re - gion Far a - way, Far a -
 say? Ere this clo - ses, ma-ny may be Far a - way, Far a -

dim. p

way, They have all dispers'd and wan-der'd Far a - way, Far a -
 way, They have reach'd a fair-er re - gion Far a - way, Far a -
 way, Ere this clo - ses, ma-ny may be Far a - way, Far a -

way.
 way.
 way.

mf

Waste not, Want not,

OR,

"You Never Miss the Water Till the Well Runs Dry."

ROLAND HOWARD.

Moderato.

PIANO. *f*

When a child I liv'd at Lin - coln, with my
As years roll'd on I grew to be, a
When I ar - rived at man - hood, I em -
Then I stud - ied strict e - con - o - my, and
I'm mar - ried now and hap - py, I've a

pa - rents at the farm, The les - sons that my moth - er taught, to
mis - chief mak - ing boy, De - struc - tion seem'd my on - ly sport, it
bark'd in pub - lic life, And found it was a rug - ged road, be -
found to my sur - prise, My funds in - stead of sink - ing, ver - y
care - ful lit - tle wife, We live in peace and har - mo - ny, de -

me were quite a charm, She would oft - en take me on her knee when
was my on - ly joy, And well do I re - mem - ber, when
strewn with care and strife; I spec - u - la - ted fool - ish - ly, my
quick - ly then did rise, I grasp'd each chance and al - ways struck the
void of care and strife, For - tune smiles up - on us, we have

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT.

tired of child-ish play, And as she press'd me to her breast, I've
oft times well chas-tised, How - fa - ther sat be - side me then and
loss - es were se - vere, But still a ti - ny lit - tle voice kept
i - ron while 'twas hot, I seiz'd my op - por - tu - ni - ties and
lit - tle chil-dren three, The les - son that I teach them, as they

heard my moth-er say thus has me ad-vis'd
whisp-ring in my ear nev - er once for-got
prat-tle 'round my knee Waste not, want not, is a max-im I would teach,

Let your watchword be despatch, and practice what you preach, Do not let your chances, like

sunbeams pass you by, For you nev - er miss the wat - er till the well runs dry.

Shadows of Angels' Wings.

Poetry by J. E. CARPENTER.

Music by SOLITAIRE.

MODERATO.

PIANO. *p* *cres.* *rall.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in G major with a tempo marking of 'MODERATO'. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment. Dynamics include piano (p), crescendo (cres.), and rallentando (rall.).

Oh! what is that ra - dant glo - ry That tinges the dis - tant west With

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in G major and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'Oh! what is that ra - dant glo - ry That tinges the dis - tant west With'.

crim-son, and gold, and purple While sink-eth the sun to..... rest? My

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'crim-son, and gold, and purple While sink-eth the sun to..... rest? My'.

child there are seraphs voices That blend whence that glo-ry springs; And the

Ped. n *Ores.* *Ped. n* *f* *p*

The third system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'child there are seraphs voices That blend whence that glo-ry springs; And the'. The piano part includes markings for 'Ped. n' (pedal), 'Ores.' (crescendo), and dynamics 'f' (forte) and 'p' (piano).

SHADOWS OF ANGELS' WINGS.

Refrain ad lib.

lines in the clouds be - neath it May be shadows of An - gels' wings.

Refrain ad lib.

Shadows, shadows, shadows of An - gels' wings,

Shadows, shadows, shadows of Angels' wings,

3.
See, mother, those lines are fading,
I gaze on the last faint beam,
And I know there's a world beyond them,
And I fain of that world would dream;
And mother, that prayer you taught me,
It still to my memory clings;
Oh! Father above, keep o'er me
The shadows of Angels' wings.

3.
The sun in the west is sinking
Again at the close of day;
The mother is heav'n-ward gazing,
But where is the child? away!
Away, where the seraphs' voices
Still blend whence that glory springs;
Oh! mother look up, for o'er thee
Are shadows of Angels' wings.

Come In and Shut the Door.

Words by J. P. H.

Music by J. G. CALLCOTT.

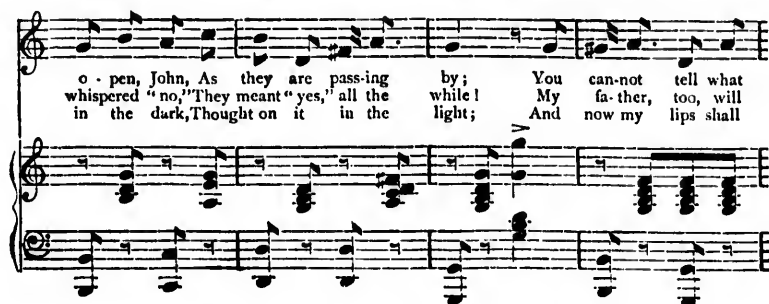
Allegretto scherzando.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in 2/4 time, marked *Allegretto scherzando*. The piano part features a lively melody with various dynamics including *p* (piano), *dim.* (diminuendo), *cres.* (crescendo), *do.* (diminuendo), and *f* (forte). The vocal part enters with three verses of lyrics. The tempo changes to *a tempo* after the first verse. The piano accompaniment includes a *f* (forte) section followed by a *rall.* (rallentando) section, then returns to *p* (piano). The lyrics are as follows:

1. Oh! do not stand so
 2. Nay, do not say, "no,
 3. You say I did not

long out-side! Why need you be so shy? The people's ears are
 thank you, Jane," With such a bash-ful smile; You said when la-dies
 an-swer you, To what you said last night; I heard your ques-tion

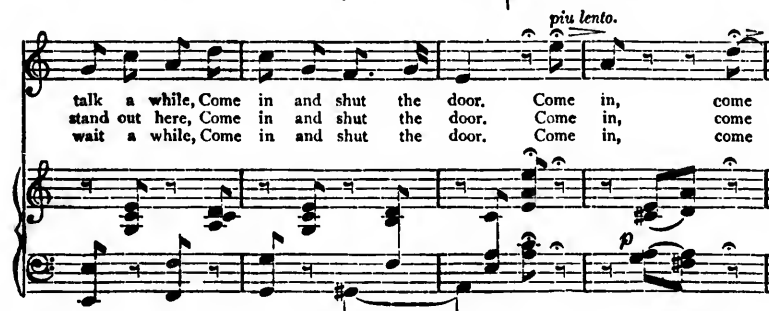
COME IN AND SHUT THE DOOR.



o - pen, John, As they are pass-ing by; You can-not tell what
whispered "no," They meant "yes," all the while! My fa-ther, too, will
in the dark, Thought on it in the light; And now my lips shall



they may think, They've said strange things be - fore; — And if you wish to
wel-come you; I told you that be - fore; — It don't look well to
ut - ter what My heart has said be - fore; — Yes, dear - est, I but



piu lento.
talk a while, Come in and shut the door. Come in, come
stand out here, Come in and shut the door. Come in, come
wait a while, Come in and shut the door. Come in, come



a tempo. *accl.*
in, come in, come in, come in, come in, come in and shut the door.

I Love My Love.

Words by C. MACKAY.

Music by C. PINSUTI.

Allegretto Mod.

PIANO. *f* *Fine.*

1 What is the meaning of the song, That rings so clear and loud,
2 What is the meaning of thy thought, O mai-den fair and young,
3 O hap-py words, at beau-ty's feet, We sing them ere our prime,

p

Thou nightingale amid the copse, Thou lark above the cloud? Thou lark a - bove the
There is such pleasure in thine eyes, Such music on thy tongue, Such mu - sic on thy
And when the early summers pass, And care comes on with time, And care comes on with

p *un poco cres.*

e leggiero. p *rf*

cloud? What says thy song thou joyous thrush Up in the walnut tree? What
tongue, There is such glo - ry on thy face What can the meaning be? There
time, Still be it ours in care's despite To join in chorus free, Still

p *molto legg.*

I LOVE MY LOVE.

says thy song thou joyous thrush Up in the walnut tree? What says thy song?
 is such glo - ry on thy face what can the meaning be? O maiden fair!
 be it ours in care's despite To join in chorus free The happy words,

un poco cres. cres. p

what says thy song?.....
 O maid-en fair!.....
 the hap - py words!.....

Allegretto mod.

"I love my love, I love my love, be-cause I know my love loves me," I

rall. f D. S.

love my love, "I love my love, be - cause I know my love loves me."

col canto. f a tempo.

Heart Bowed Down.

FROM THE OPERA OF "THE BOHEMIAN GIRL."

M. W. BALFE.

Larghetto
Cantabile.

PIANO *mf*

1. The heart bow'd down by weight of woe, To
2. The mind will in its worst de-spair, Still

p

weak - est hopes will cling; To thought and im - pulse
pon - der o'er the past, On mo - ments of de -

while they flow, That can no com - fort bring, That can, that
light that were Too beau - ti - ful to last, That were too

stringendo

HEART BOWED DOWN.

rall.

can no com - fort bring. With those ex - cit - ing
beau-ti-ful, too beau-ti-ful to last. To long de - part - ed

colla parte. pp

con espress: di dolore.

scenes will blend, O'er pleas - ure's path - way thrown; But mem'-ry is the
years ex-tend, Its vis - ions with them flown, For mem'-ry is the

p

on - ly friend That grief can call its own, That

grief can call its own, That grief can call its own.

cresc. stringendo. f

Home, Sweet Home.

Composed and Arranged for the Piano-Forte.

By W. T. WRIGHTON.

Moderato.

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

The first system of the vocal melody is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is in 4/4 time and consists of eight measures.

1. The dear - est spot on earth to me Is Home..... sweet Home! The
2. I've taught my heart the way to prize My Home..... sweet Home! I've

The second system of the vocal melody continues the melody from the first system. It also consists of eight measures.

fai - ry land I long to see Is Home..... sweet Home!
learned to look with lov - er's eyes On Home..... sweet Home!

HOME, SWEET HOME.

Piu mosso.

There, how charin'd the sense of hear - ing! There, where love is so en - dear - ing!
There, where vows are tru - ly plight-ed! There, where hearts are so u - nit - ed!

dim e rall.

a tempo.

All the world is not so cheer - ing As Home..... sweet Home! The
All the world he - sides I've slight - ed For Home..... sweet Home! The

dear - est spot of earth to me Is Home..... sweet Home! The fai - ry land I

ad lib.

long to see Is Home..... sweet Home!

We're Hearing the River.

SOLO AND QUARTETTE.

JAS. B. SYKES.

Moderato.

p cresc.

1. When on the mount the Pro-phet stood, Led by th'Al-migh-ty's hand, Be
 2. So we by faith dis-cern sweet rest, Be-yond death's riv-er strand, A
 3. Tho' dark the waves that roll be-tween This world and that so grand, Faith
 4. There sin and death can nev-er come, Nor sor-row's part-ing hand, To

yond the Jor-dan's rol-ling flood,..... He saw the Prom-ised Land,..... He
 bright-er realm where all are blest,..... In that dear Prom-ised Land,..... In
 o-ver-looks the si-lent stream,..... And sees the Prom-ised Land,..... And
 des-o-late that bless-ed home,..... With-in the Prom-ised Land,..... With-

ritard.

saw..... the Prom-ised Land, Sweet Prom-ised Land.
 that..... dear Prom-ised Land, Sweet Prom-ised Land.
 sees..... the Prom-ised Land, Sweet Prom-ised Land.
 in..... the Prom-ised Land, Sweet Prom-ised Land.

WE'RE NEARING TO THE RIVER.

CHORUS.

AIR. 

ALTO. 

TENOR. 

BASS. 

PIANO. 

We're nearing to the river side, Soon on the shore we'll stand; Then,

Lento.....


Saviour, bear us o'er the tide To Can-saan's Promised Land, To Can-saan's Promised Land.

Saviour, bear us o'er the tide To Can-saan's Promised Land, To Can-saan's Promised Land.

Lento.....


5 Dear Saviour, lead us safe along
 This waste of desert sand,
 Till we shall sing the victor's song,
 [In the sweet Promised Land:]
 Sweet Promised Land.—Chor.

6 When earthly scenes shall disappear,
 'Nite us with that land,
 Who bade farewell to loved ones here,
 [To gain the Promised Land:]
 Sweet Promised Land.—Chor.

Wait for the Turn of the Tide.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which,
Taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."—SHAKESPEARE.

Written and Sung by H. CLIFTON.



1. In sail - ing a - long the riv - er of life, O - ver its wa - ters
2. Why peo - ple sit fret - ting their lives a - way, I can't for a moment sur -
3. Man is sent in - to the world we're told, To do all the good that he

wide..... We all have to bat - tle with trouble and strife, And wait for the
- mise,..... If life is a lot - ter - y as they say, We can - not all
can,..... Yet how man - y worship the chink of the gold, And nev - er once

time and the tide; Men of each oth - er are prone to be jealous,
turn up a prize; A fol - ly it is to be sad and de - ject - ed, If
think of the man; If you are poor, from your friends keep a distance,

WAIT FOR THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

Hopes are il - lu-sions and not what they seem, Life and its pleasures, phil - os - o-phers
 "fortune shows favors" she's fic - kle be - side, And may knock at your door some day. un-ex-
 Hold up your head, though your funds are but small, Once let the world know you need its as-

Chorus.

tell us, Go float ing a - way like a leaf on the stream. Then try to be hap-py and
 -pected, If you patient - ly wait for the turn of the tide.
 -istance, Be sure then you nev-er will get it at all.

gay, my boys, Re - member the world is wide, And Rome wasn't

Repeat ff

built in a day, my boys, So wait for the turn of the tide.

Twickenham Ferry.

THEO. MARZIALS.

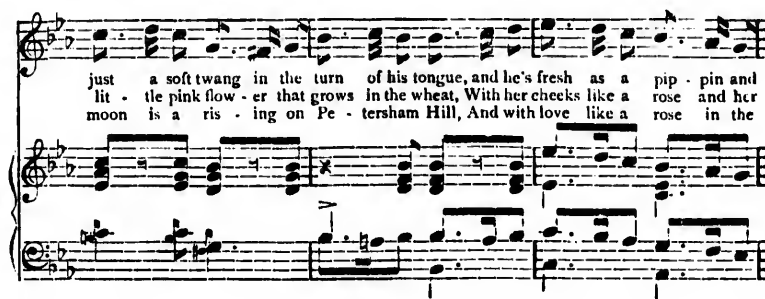
Not too quick.

1 O - hoi - ye - ho, Ho - ye - ho, Who's for the ferry? (The bri - ars in bud, the
 2. O - hoi - ye - ho, Ho - ye - ho, I'm for the ferry, (The bri - ars in bud, the
 3. O - hoi - ye - ho, Ho, you're too late for the ferry (The bri - ars in bud, the

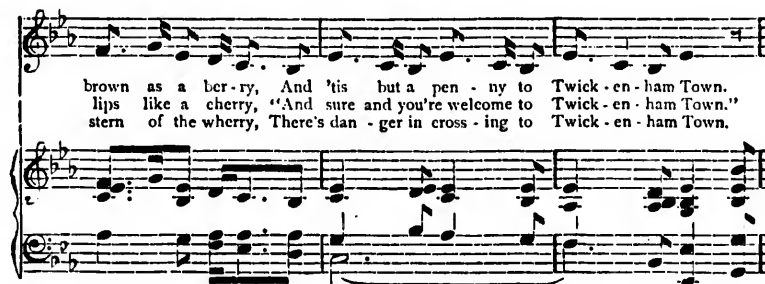
sun going down,) And I'll row ye so quick and I'll row ye so steady, And 'tis but a penny to
 sun going down,) And it's late as it is and I haven't a penny, And how shall I get me to
 sun going down,) And he's not rowing quick and he's not rowing steady, You'd think 'twas a journey to

Twick - en - ham Town. The fer - ry-man's slim and the fer - ry-man's young And he's
 Twick - en - ham Town. She'd a rose in her bon - net, and oh! she look'd sweet As the
 Twick - en - ham Town. "O hoi, and O ho," you may call as you will The

TWICKENHAM FERRY.



just a soft twang in the turn of his tongue, and he's fresh as a pip - pin and
lit - tle pink flow - er that grows in the wheat, With her cheeks like a rose and her
moon is a ris - ing on Pe - tersham Hill, And with love like a rose in the



brown as a ber - ry, And 'tis but a pen - ny to Twick - en - ham Town.
lips like a cherry, "And sure and you're welcome to Twick - en - ham Town."
stern of the wherry, There's dan - ger in cross - ing to Twick - en - ham Town.




- hoi - ye - ho, Ho - ye - ho Ho - ye - ho, Ho.

A Thousand Leagues Away.

SONG.

Poetry by W. C. BENNETT.

Music by J. BARNEY.

Allegro con spirito.

1. The wind is blowing
2. I half could be a
3. One kiss; the tide ebbs

fresh, Kate, The boat rocks there for me;
landsman, While those dear eyes I see,
fast, love; I must not lag-gard be

One kiss and I'm a-way, Kate, For
To hear the gale rave by with-out, While
Up - on the voyage I'll hope, love, Will

rall. *a tempo.*

two long years to sea— For two long years to think of you, Dream
you sat snug with me— But I must hear the storm howl by The
give my Kate to me. Pray for us, Kate; such pray'rs as yours God

colla voce.

A THOUSAND LEAGUES AWAY.

of you night and day,— To long for you a-cross the sea,— A
 salt breeze whist-ling play Its weird sea-tune a mong the shrouds, A
 bids the winds o-bey, By for-tune heard, your lov-ing word,—Will

dim. mezza voce. cres.

p
 thou-sand leagues a-way, A thou-sand leagues a-way, dear Kate, A
 thou-sand leagues a-way, A thou-sand leagues a-way, dear Kate, A
 speed us far a-way, A thou-sand leagues a-way, my Kate, A

cres.

f
 thou-sand leagues a-way, While round the Pole we toss and roll,— A
 thou-sand leagues a-way, While south we go, blow high, blow low,— A
 thou-sand leagues a-way, God will befriend the lad you send— A

thousand leagues a-way.
 thousand leagues a-way.
 thousand leagues a-way.

f *ff*

A Maiden Fair to See.

(PINAFORE.)

Andante moderato.

RALPH.

A maiden fair to see, The

pearl of minstrelsy, A bud of blushing beauty, For whom proud nobles sigh, And

with each other vie, To do her menial's du - ty. A suitor lowly born, With

hopeless passion torn, And poor beyond concealing, Hath dar'd for her to pine, At

A MAIDEN FAIR TO SEE.

whose exalted shrine A world of wealth is kneeling. Unlearned he in aught, Save

f *p* *pp*

that which love hath taught, For Love hath been his tutor. Oh! pity, pity me! Our

rall. *con Sva....*

captain's daughter, she, and I that lowly suit - or! Oh! pi - ty, pi - ty me, our

rall. *pp* *con Sva....*

cap - tain's daughter, she, And I that low - ly suit - or.

con Sva....

Nancy Lee.

Words by F. E. WEATHERLY.

Music by STEPHEN ADAMS.

1. Of all the wives as e'er you know, Yeo ho! . . lads!
 2. The har - bor's past, the breezes blow, Yeo ho! . . lads!
 3. The bo' - s'n pipes the watch below, Yeo ho! . . lads!

p

ho! Yeo ho! . . yeo ho! There's none like Nan - ey Lee, I
 ho! Yeo ho! . . yeo ho! 'Tis long ere we come back, I
 ho! Yeo ho! . . yeo ho! Then here's a health afore we

trov, Yeo ho! lads! ho! yeo ho! See,
 know; Yeo ho! lads! ho! yeo ho! But
 go, Yeo ho! lads! ho! yeo ho! A

f

there she stands an' waves her hands, upon the quay, An' ev' - ry day when
 true an' bright, from morn till night, my home will be, An' all so neat, an'
 long, long life to my sweet wife, an' mates at sea; An' keep our bones from

p

NANCY LEE.

I'm away she'll watch for me, An' whisper low, when tempests blow, for Jack at sea;
 snug an' sweet, for Jack at sea, An' Nancy's face to bless the place, an' welcome me;
 Davy Jones, where'er we be, An' may you meet a mate as sweet as Nancy Lee;

rall. *tempo.*
 Yeo ho! lads! ho! yeo ho! The sail - or's

rall. *p*
 wife the sail-or's star shall be. Yeo ho! we go

cross the sea, The sail - or's wife the sail - or's star shall

be, The sail - or's wife his star shall be.

f *roca.*

I'm Called Little Buttercup.

SONG.

By ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of five systems of staves. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

I'm called little But-ter-cup, Dear lit-tle But-ter cup, Tho' I could nev-er tell why,

But still I'm call'd Butter-cup, Poor lit-tle But-ter-cup, Sweet lit-tle But-ter-cup,

I. I've snuff and to-bac-cy, And ex-cel-lent jac-ky; I've scis-sors and

watches, and knives; I've ribbons and lac-es to set off the fac-es Of

566

I'M CALLED LITTLE BUTTERCUP.

pret-ty young sweethearts and wives. I've trea - cle and tof - fee, I've

tea and I've cof - fee, soft tom-my and suc - cu-lent chops. I've

chickens and conies, And pret-ty po - lo-nies, And ex-cel-lent peppermint drops. . .

. . . Then buy of your But-ter-cup, Dear little Buttercup, Sailors should never be shy—

So buy of your Buttercup, Poor little Buttercup, Come, of your Buttercup buy. . .

rall.

a tempo.

a tempo.

alla voce.

con ssa

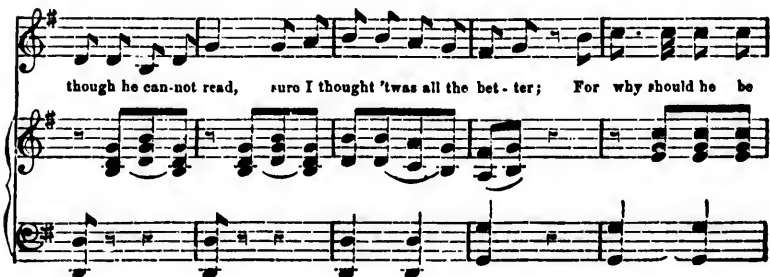
Katy's Letter.

Composed for the Piano-Forte.

By LADY DUFFERIN.

Andante con espressione.

PIANO.



KATEY'S LETTER.

puz-zled with hard spelling in the matter, When the man-ing was so plain that I

love him faith-ful - ly. I love him faith-ful - ly, And he

knows it, oh, he knows it, Without one word from me.

- 2 I wrote it, and I folded it, and put a seal upon it ;
 'Twas a seal almost as big as the crown of my best bonnet ;
 For I would not have the Postmaster make his remarks upon it,
 As I said inside the letter that I loved him faithfully.
 I love him faithfully,
 And he knows it, oh, he knows it ! without one word from me.
- 3 My heart was full, but when I wrote, I dared not put the half in.
 The neighbors know I love him, and they're mighty fond of chaffing ;
 So I dared not write his name outside, for fear they would be laughing
 So I wrote, " From little Kate to one whom she loves faithfully."
 I love him faithfully,
 And he knows it, oh, he knows it ! without one word from me.
- 4 Now, girls, would you believe it, that Postman, so con-saided,
 No answer will he bring me, so long as I have waited ;
 But maybe there mayn't be one for the reason that I stated,
 That my love can neither read nor write, but he loves me faithfully.
 He loves me faithfully,
 And I know where'er my love is, that he is true to me.

When Autumn Leaves are Falling.

BALLAD.

Words by J. E. CARPENTER, Esq. Music by J. W. CHERRY.

Moderato con espress.

mf Dolce.

Espress.

p

1. When the Au - tumn leaves are fall - ing, And the flow - ers have lost..... their

prime; And the bird to his mate is call - ing, To

soar to a bright - er clime; The heart that is bow'd by

WHEN THE AUTUMN LEAVES ARE FALLING.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of five systems of staves. The first system includes the lyrics 'sor-row, Now sinks in a deep-er gloom;..... For we know that the coming' and is marked 'tempo.' The second system includes 'mor-row, Must with-er some lin-ger-ing bloom, For we' and is also marked 'tempo.' The third system includes 'know that the coming mor-row, Must with-er some lin-ger-ing bloom.' and is marked 'espress.' and 'slentando.' The fourth system includes 'f' and 'colla voce.' The fifth system includes 'f', 'dim.', 'ritard.', and 'p'. The piano accompaniment features various textures, including chords and moving lines in both hands.

2. When the shadows of evening lengthen,
 And we muse o'er each present grief;
 The hopes that we strive to strengthen,
 We feel, like our joys, are brief:
 And the leaves as they fall around us,
 Remind us how short our span;
 That the flowers which the Springtime found us,
 But fade like the hopes of man,

My Love for Thee.

English Words by J. M. A.

FRANZ ABT.

Andantino. ♩ pp

1. I fain a tender word would tell thee Yet
 2. I fain would sing in plaintive meas-ure, A
 3. I fain would write a loving let-ter, That

p *con leggerezza.* pp pp pp

now myself scarce can ex-press, And if its import thou shouldst
 song that to thy heart should go, But when I seek the tune-ful
 might to thee my heart un-fold, But e-ven here I fare no

pp

f pp *poco rit.* *mf*

ask me, My an-swer should be on-ly this; My
 treas-ure, A voice with-in me speaketh so; My
 bet-ter, For all my thoughts in this are told; My

pp pp *poco rit.* pp

572

MY LOVE FOR THEE.

love for thee burns ar - dent - ly, For thee a - lone I

p

f

p

live, My love for thee burns ar - dent - ly, For

f

p

thee a - lone I live.

1st and 2d Verses.

p

live.....

Ending.

573

Tapping at the Garden Gate.

Words by J. LOKER.

Music by S. W. NEW.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with an instrumental introduction in D major, 2/4 time, marked *mf* and *f*. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand. The first vocal entry is in the right hand, with the lyrics: "1 Who's that tap-ping at the gar-den gate? 2 Oh, you sly lit-tle 'Fox,' you know!". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern. The second vocal entry is in the right hand, with the lyrics: "Tap, tap, tap-ping at the gar-den gate? Ev'-ry night I have heard of late, Fid-get-ting a-bout un-til you go, Dropp'd the sugar spoon, Why, there it lies,". The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern. The third vocal entry is in the right hand, with the lyrics: "Some-bo-dy tap-ping at the gar-den gate. What, you sly lit-tle puss, don't know? Bless the girl, where are your eyes? Were I a-ble to leave my chair,". The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern. The score ends with a final chord in the piano.

mf *f*

1 Who's that tap-ping at the gar-den gate?
2 Oh, you sly lit-tle "Fox," you know!

Tap, tap, tap-ping at the gar-den gate? Ev'-ry night I have heard of late,
Fid-get-ting a-bout un-til you go, Dropp'd the sugar spoon, Why, there it lies,

Some-bo-dy tap-ping at the gar-den gate. What, you sly lit-tle puss, don't know?
Bless the girl, where are your eyes? Were I a-ble to leave my chair,

574

TAPPING AT THE GARDEN GATE.

Why do you blush and fal-ter so? What are you looking for un-der the chair? The
Soon would I find out who was there; Don't tell me you think it's the cat,

rall. *p tempo.*
tap, tap, tapping comes not from there; Ev' - ry night a - bout half-past eight, There's
Cats don't tap, tap, tap, like that, Cats don't know when it's half-past eight, And

f
tap, tap, tapping at the gar-den gate, Ev' - ry night about half-past eight, There's
come tap, tapping at the gar-den gate, Cats don't know when it's half-past eight, And

tap, tap, tap-ping at the gar - den gate.
come tap, tap-ping at the gar - den gate. *8va.....*
cres.

Little Gypsy Jane.

Words by EDWARD FITZBALL.

Music by C. W. GLOVER.

Allegretto.

Piano. *f*

The musical score is written for piano in 2/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The first system includes a piano instruction and a forte dynamic marking. The second system continues the instrumental introduction. The third system begins the vocal melody with the lyrics 'I'm a mer-ry Gip-sy Maid, From my tent in yon-der glade.' and includes a piano dynamic marking. The fourth system continues the vocal melody with the lyrics 'Sel-ling bal-lads is my trade, For-tunes too I tell; For' and includes an 'ad lib.' marking above the staff.

I'm a mer-ry Gip-sy Maid, From my tent in yon-der glade.

p

ad lib.

Sel-ling bal-lads is my trade, For-tunes too I tell; For

576

vil - lage maids I've com - fort bland, Of sweethearts who com - plain, You've

on - ly just to cross the hand Of Lit - tle Gip - sy Jane,

a piacere.

Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

- 37

Beautiful Nell.

Composed and arranged for the Piano-Forte.

By R. COOTE.

PIANO. *f*

1. Don't talk to me of pretty maids, Of handsome ladies, don't! I'll
 2. She's but a lit - tle one indeed, With neat and ti - ny feet, And
 3. We sometimes think in all the world There's none so fair as she— So

nev - er lis - ten to a word, I won't, no that I won't! There's not a beau - ty
 wanders round the live-long day With songs di - vine - ly sweet; She dan - ces like a
 love - ly as our dar - ling Nell—As sweet as she can be; But ev' - ry moth - er

cres. *f* *p*

BEAUTIFUL NELL.

in the land To catch my pret-ty Belle: I'll tell you all a-bout her now, My
fal-ry child Up-on the gras-sy lawn, And clus-tered like an an-gel babe From
seems to think, And so its va-ry well, Her lit-tle dar-ling's just as sweet As

cres.

TEMPO DI VALSE.

dar-ling lit-tle Nell. Beau-ti-ful child with beau-ti-ful eyes,
sun-set till the dawn. we do pretty Nell.

Bright as the mor-n-ing and blue as the skies; Beau-ti-ful teeth and

p

dim-ples as well, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful Nell.

rall.

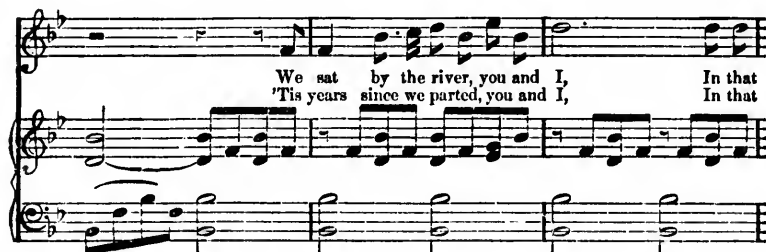
We Sat by the River.

CLARIBEL.

PIANO.

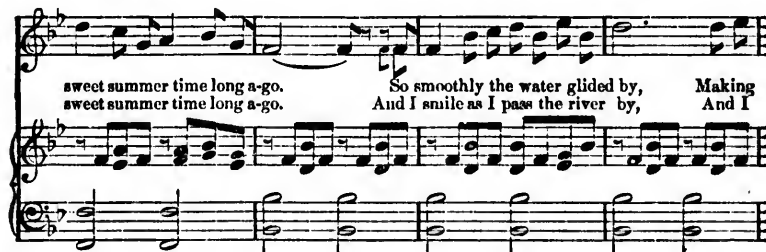


The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.



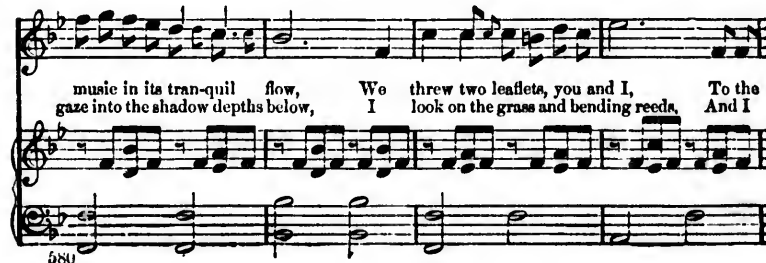
The first vocal entry is on a single staff. The melody begins with a rest, followed by the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with chords.

We sat by the river, you and I, In that
'Tis years since we parted, you and I, In that



The second vocal entry continues the melody. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand.

sweet summer time long a-go. So smoothly the water glided by, Making
sweet summer time long a-go. And I smile as I pass the river by, And I



The third vocal entry concludes the piece. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord.

music in its tran-quil flow, We threw two leaflets, you and I, To the
gaze into the shadow depths below, I look on the grass and bending reeds, And I

580

WE SAT BY THE RIVER.

river as it wan - der'd on, And one was rent and left to
list-en to the sooth - ing song, And I en - vy the calm and happy

die, And the oth-er float-ed forward all a - lone. And
life, Of the riv-er as it sings and flows along. For

Oh! we were sadden'd, you and I, For we felt that our youth's golden dream, Might
Oh! how its song brings back to me, The shade of our youth's golden dream, In the

fade and our lives be sever'd soon, As the two leaves were parted in the stream.
days ere we parted, you and I, As the two leaves were parted in the stream.

Robin Adair.

Andante.

PIANO.

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, marked 'Andante.' and 'PIANO.' It consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

1. What's this dull town to me? Ro - bin's not near;

p

The first system of the song features a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The piano part begins with a *p* (piano) dynamic marking.

He whom I wish'd to see, wish'd for to hear.

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part features more complex chordal textures and moving lines in both hands.

Where's all the joy and mirth Made life a Heav'n on earth;

582

The third system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part ends with a final chord. The page number '582' is printed at the bottom left of the system.

ROBIN ADAIR.

Where's all the joy and mirth, Oh, they're all fled with thee, *rall.*

Rob - in A dair, Rob - in A - dair,

Rob - in A - dair, Rob - in A - dair.

2 What made th' assembly shine?
 Robin Adair.
 What made the ball so fine?
 Robin Adair.
 What when the play was o'er,
 What made my heart so sore,
 What when the play was o'er?
 Oh, it was parting with
 Robin Adair.

3 But now thou'rt far from me,
 Robin Adair.
 But now I never see
 Robin Adair.
 Yet him I loved so well,
 Still in my heart shall dwell,
 Yet him I loved so well,
 Oh, I can ne'er forget
 Robin Adair.

The Turkish Reveille.

Composed by TH. MACHAELIS.

Arranged by D. KRUG.

Moderato. Tempo di Marcia.

ppp

Una corda.

To CODA.

pp

tre corda.

p

584

THE TURKISH REVEILLE.

p
mf
mf
 ⊕ CODA.
f
ppp
una corda sempre.
dim.
pppp
 585

This musical score is for a piece titled "THE TURKISH REVEILLE." It is written for piano and features a variety of dynamic markings and performance instructions. The score is organized into six systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes first and second endings. The third system features mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamics. The fourth system marks the beginning of the CODA section, starting with a forte (*f*) dynamic and ending with pianissimo (*ppp*). The instruction "una corda sempre." is written below the fourth system. The fifth system continues the piece, and the sixth system concludes with a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking and a final *pppp* dynamic. The page number 585 is located at the bottom right.

Secret Love.

By JOHN RESCH.

Allegretto.

p

f *p*

SECRET LOVE.



Anvil Polka.

A. PARLOW.

Allegretto. *p*

Piano.

588

ANVIL POLKA.



Little Fairy Mazurka.

STREABOG.

TEMPO DI MAZURKA.

STREABOG.

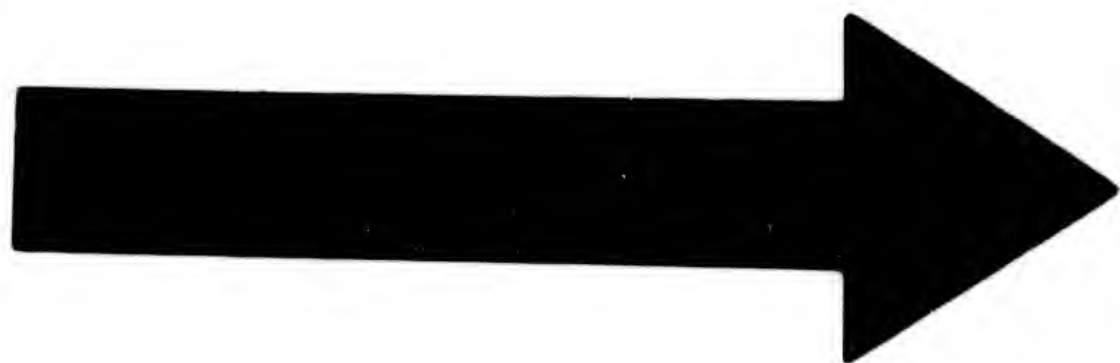
f

Seo.....

Seo..... *f*

f

590



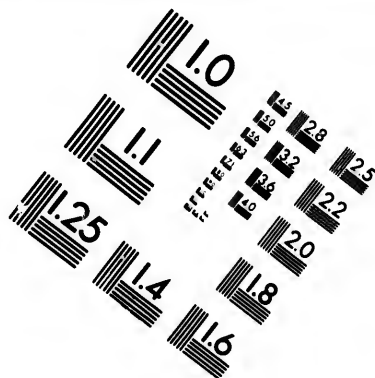
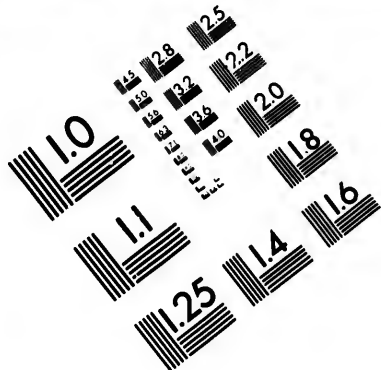
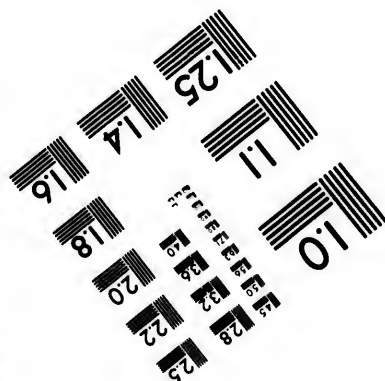
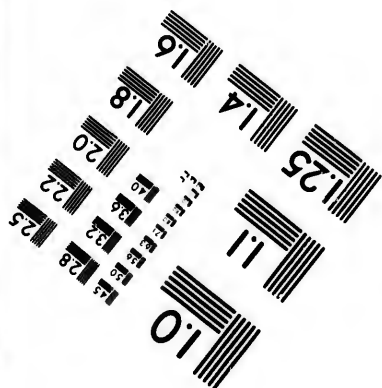
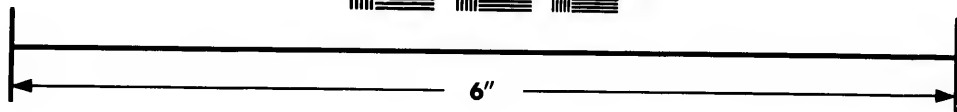
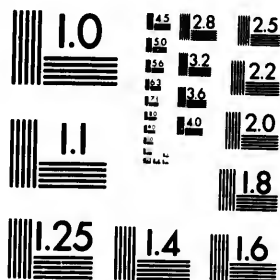


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L'Étoile—Schottisch.

By CHAS. D. RENTGEN.

Moderato.

PIANO. *p*

Repeat 8va. *mf*

8va... *p*

L'ETOILE SCHOTTISCH.

Sva.....



The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Sva..... TRIO. loco. Delicato.

p



The second system begins with the instruction 'TRIO. loco. Delicato.' and a piano dynamic marking 'p'. The treble staff features a more active melody with slurs, and the bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment.



The third system continues the musical piece with a treble and bass staff. The melody in the treble staff shows some grace notes and slurs, and the bass staff maintains the accompaniment.



The fourth system of music shows the continuation of the melody and accompaniment. A piano dynamic marking 'p' is visible in the bass staff.



The fifth system continues the musical notation with a treble and bass staff. The melody in the treble staff is characterized by slurs and grace notes.



The sixth and final system on this page concludes the musical piece. It features a treble and bass staff with a final cadence. The page number '38' is printed at the bottom left, and '503' is printed at the bottom right.

Beautiful Blue Danube Waltz.

• Arranged by SEP. WINNER.

Tempo di valse.

MANO.

Fine.

BEAUTIFUL BLUE DANUBE WALTZ.

TRIO.
dolce.

D. C.

Girofle Girofla.

WALTZ.

CHAS. LECOCQ.

No. 1.

p p cres.

p cres.

f ff p

p Fine. p

cres. f pp

cres. f pp

596 D.S. al Fine.

GIROFLE GIROFLA.

Introduction. *Walzer.*

No. 2

f *f*

f *Fine.* *mf*

cres. *f* *p*

f *mf*

p *f*

D. S. al Fine.
597

Boccaccio Waltz.

FRANZ VON SUPPE.

H. ALBERTI.

Valse.

dolce.

f

p

598

The musical score is written for piano and violin. The piano part is in the lower staff of each system, and the violin part is in the upper staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat major). The time signature is 3/4. The score is divided into six systems. The first system is marked 'Valse.' and 'dolce.'. The second system continues the 'dolce.' marking. The third system continues the 'dolce.' marking. The fourth system continues the 'dolce.' marking. The fifth system is marked 'f' (forte). The sixth system is marked 'p' (piano). The page number 598 is at the bottom left.

BOCCACCIO.

MARCH.

This musical score is for a march in B-flat major, 2/4 time. It consists of six systems of piano accompaniment, each with a treble and bass staff. The music is marked with a forte 'f' dynamic. The first system begins with a treble staff featuring eighth-note patterns and a bass staff with chords. The second system continues the melody in the treble and provides harmonic support in the bass. The third system introduces a more complex treble line with slurs and a bass line with steady chords. The fourth system features a treble staff with accented chords and a bass staff with a rhythmic pattern. The fifth system shows a treble staff with a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes and a bass staff with chords. The sixth system concludes the piece with a treble staff ending in a double bar line and a bass staff with a final chordal cadence.

The Minuet.

MOZART.

Moderato.

PIANO. *p*

cres.

THE MINUET.



Gatinitza March.

FRANZ VON SUPPE.

Allegro Marziale.

The musical score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of five systems of staves. The first system shows the beginning of measure 602 with a treble clef and a common time signature 'C' with a cross. The melody in the treble staff features eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords. Dynamic markings include *ff* (fortissimo) in the first system and *f* (forte) in the second system. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, with dynamic markings *ff* and *p* (piano). The third system includes the marking *cres.* (crescendo) and *ff*. The fourth system starts with *ff*. The fifth system concludes the passage with *fp* (fortissimo-piano) and *p*. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

FATINITZA MARCH.

The musical score for "Fatinitza March" is written for piano. It consists of eight systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The first system is a 16-measure phrase. The second system is a 16-measure phrase. The third system is a 16-measure phrase. The fourth system is a 16-measure phrase. The fifth system is a 16-measure phrase, starting with a triplet of eighth notes in the treble staff. The sixth system is a 16-measure phrase, starting with a triplet of eighth notes in the treble staff. The seventh system is a 16-measure phrase, starting with a triplet of eighth notes in the treble staff. The eighth system is a 16-measure phrase, starting with a triplet of eighth notes in the treble staff. The score includes dynamic markings: *p* (piano), *mf* (mezzo-forte), and *ff* (fortissimo). It also includes performance instructions: *D.C.* (Da Capo), *TRIO*, and *D.C. al Fine*. The page number 603 is printed at the bottom right.

Grafulla's Favorite Waltz.

Arranged by SEP. WINNER.



GRAFULLA'S FAVORITE WALTZ.



Hutschke Polka.

(HEEL AND TOE.)

LUDWIG STASNY

Introduction.

Piano

ff *mf* *dim.* *f*

sf *p* *sf* *p*

1st time. *2d time.* *f*

p *f*

ff *p*

606

The musical score is written for piano in 2/4 time. It begins with an introduction marked 'Introduction.' and 'Piano'. The first system contains measures with dynamics *ff*, *mf*, *dim.*, and *f*. The second system contains measures with dynamics *sf* and *p*. The third system is divided into a '1st time.' and a '2d time.' section, with a forte (*f*) dynamic in the second time. The fourth system contains measures with piano (*p*) and forte (*f*) dynamics. The fifth system contains measures with fortissimo (*ff*) and piano (*p*) dynamics. The page number 606 is printed at the bottom left.

KUTSCHKE (HEEL AND TOE) POLKA.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of six systems of staves. The first system begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked 'p' (piano). The second system introduces a 'TRIO' section, marked with a circled cross symbol and a key signature change to two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The tempo remains 'p'. The third system continues the Trio section. The fourth system features a 'To Coda.' section, marked with a circled cross symbol and a key signature change to one flat (B-flat). The tempo remains 'p'. The fifth system continues the Trio section. The sixth system begins with a 'CODA.' section, marked with a circled cross symbol and a key signature change to one flat (B-flat). The tempo remains 'p'. The score concludes with a 'FINE' marking and a page number '607'.

p *f* *sf* *p* *sf* *p*

TRIO.

To Coda. *p*

p *f*

CODA.

D.C. *f* *ff* **FINE.**

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Adams, Charles Follen.—Known as a humorous writer, particularly of poems in German dialect. Mr. Adams is a native of Dorchester, Massachusetts, where he was born April 21st, 1842. He served in the civil war, and began his literary pursuits in 1870.

Adams, John Quincy.—The sixth President of the United States, was the son of John Adams, the second President, and was born in Massachusetts in 1767. He was elected to the presidency in 1825. At the expiration of his term of office he retired to Quincy, Massachusetts, but was elected representative to Congress in 1830. His first literary productions were letters from abroad, and were published in the *Portfolio*, a Philadelphia Journal. Died in 1848.

Aldrich, Thomas Bailey.—Mr. Aldrich holds high rank among American authors, having been a frequent and popular contributor to leading periodicals. He was born November 11th, 1836, at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. During the three years of his connection with the mercantile house of his uncle in New York he began his literary career. His writings comprise both prose and poetry.

Alexander, Cecil Frances.—Wife of William Alexander, bishop of Derry, Ireland. She was born near Strathbane in 1823, and distinguished herself by her poems, many of which are of a religious character.

Alford, Henry, D. D.—Born in London, 1810; died in 1871. In addition to his ecclesiastical position as Dean of Canterbury, he was a Biblical scholar of wide repute. His Greek Testament, completed in 1861, is a standard work. His poems are marked by scholarly refinement, and an earnest Christian spirit.

Alger, Horatio.—A native of North Chelsea, Massachusetts, where he was born on January 13th, 1834. He graduated at Harvard College in 1851, and became pastor of a Unitarian congregation in 1864. Mr. Alger is the author of several volumes of poems, and has also been a frequent contributor to periodical literature.

Allen, Elizabeth Akers.—Born in Maine, 1832. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Chase, and her first husband was Paul Akers, the sculptor. Her most famous production is "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother."

Allingham, William.—Born at Ballyshannon, Ireland, 1828. Published poems in 1850, again in 1854, and received an author's pension in 1864.

Allston, Washington.—Distinguished as an artist and author. He was born at Georgetown, South Carolina, 1779, resided at Cambridge, Massachusetts, during the latter part of his life, and died in 1843.

Ames, Fisher, L. L. D.—A distinguished orator and statesman during the American Revolution and the period immediately preceding. His brilliant eulogy on Washington was pronounced in 1799. Mr. Ames was born in the ancient town of Dedham, Massachusetts, April 9, 1758, and died on the 4th of July, 1808, four years after he had declined, on account of failing health, the presidency of Harvard College.

Andersen, Hans Christian.—A gifted writer, born in Denmark, 1805. Having failed in his early efforts as actor and singer, he was placed at an advanced school through royal favor, and soon developed these remarkable gifts which have made his name known throughout the world, especially among the children for whom his fairy tales have a singular charm. On his seventieth birthday he was presented with a book containing one of his tales in fifteen languages. Died in 1875.

Arnold, Matthew.—A well-known English poet and essayist, the eldest son of the late Doctor Arnold, of Rugby. He was born in 1822, was appointed Inspector of Schools in 1851, and elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford in 1857. As a thinker and author his rank is high.

Ayoun, William Edmundstone.—Was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1813. His contributions to *Blackwood's Magazine* gained a wide celebrity. Died in 1865.

Bailey, Philip James.—Author of "Festus," "The Angel World," and other poems, was born in England 1816. "Festus" was published when he was twenty-three years old, and was received with unusual favor.

Bayly, Thomas Haynes.—Composer of popular songs; born in England, 1799; died, 1839.

Barbault, Anna Letitia.—A distinguished English authoress, born in Leicestershire, 1743. She was the first to publish works especially adapted to children. Died in 1845.

Barham, Richard Harris.—Wrote under the *nom de plume* of Thomas Ingoldsby, Esq., and by his fine humorous productions gained a wide circle of readers. Born in England 1788, and died 1845.

Barton, Bernard.—A member of the Society of Friends, and author of "Bruce and the Spider," and other poems, was born in London, 1784, and died in 1849.

Beecher, Henry Ward.—The foremost pulpit orator of America, and an author of remarkable versatility. A number of volumes have been issued, comprising Mr. Beecher's Sermons, Lectures to Young Men, Star Papers, one work of fiction, the Life of Christ, and Miscellanies. He was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, 1813, graduated to Amherst College in 1834, became pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, in 1847, and died in 1887.

Beddoes, Thomas Lovell.—In his nineteenth year published "The Bride's Tragedy," which attracted wide attention. Born in Clifton, England, 1803; studied medicine in Germany, and died 1849.

Beers, Ethelin Eliot.—Author of the well-known lyric, "All Quiet Along the Potomac," and other popular pieces, was born in New York in 1827, and died in 1879.

Benjamin, Park.—Known as a contributor to several periodicals, and a poet of considerable distinction. Born in 1809, in British Guiana, where his father was engaged for a number of years in mercantile pursuits.

Bennett, William Cox.—Born at Greenwich, England, 1820. His poetry is characterized by deep feeling, and relates particularly to domestic life.

Blaine, James Gillespie.—Was born in Pennsylvania 1830, graduated at Washington and Jefferson College, 1847; was representative in Congress from Maine 1863-1875, filling the office of Speaker of the House from 1869. Elected to the United States Senate 1876; became Secretary of State in President Garfield's cabinet 1881, and in 1884 was defeated as the candidate for the presidency on the Republican ticket. Mr. Blaine's most celebrated oration is that on President Garfield.

Blair, Robert.—Wrote "The Grave," and other religious poems. Born at Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1699, died in 1746.

Blake, William.—A celebrated engraver and poet, whose unique works have been fully appreciated only since his death, was born in London 1757, and after a hard struggle with poverty died in 1828.

Bloomfield, Robert.—This poetical genius, an unlettered shoemaker, who achieved great fame, was born in Suffolk, England, 1766. While working at his trade, he composed a poem of 1600 lines, completing it before a word was written. It created a great sensation when published, and was translated into several languages. Bloomfield died insane in 1823.

Boker, George Henry.—The author of the "Lesson of Life and Other Poems," published in 1841, "Calaynos," a tragedy, published in 1848, and other works,

including several famous "War Lyrics" was born in Philadelphia in 1824. Mr. Boker edited Lippincott's Magazine several years, and subsequently was United States Minister to Constantinople and St. Petersburg. The J. B. Lippincott Company are the publishers of Mr. Boker's popular works.

Bonar, Horatius.—The author of many beautiful hymns, the fame of which is world-wide, is a native of Scotland, and was born in Edinburgh 1808. He has been for many years a minister of the Free Church, and has published several religious works which have had an enormous circulation. One of his best known pieces is entitled "Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping."

Bowles, William Lisle.—He may be regarded as the forerunner of that school of modern poets, such as Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge, who have adopted a charming, easy manner, in contrast with the stilted, unnatural measures of many who went before them. Bowles was born in 1762, died in 1850, and was by profession a clergyman.

Brainard, John Gardiner Calkins.—A descriptive poet, born at New London, Connecticut, 1796; died 1828. His poem on "Niagara" is considered the best on that subject yet produced.

Brainard, Mary G.—A niece of John G. C. Brainard, has maintained the literary reputation of the family. She is the authoress of "Not Knowing," or "The Last Hymn," which has erroneously been ascribed to another source.

Brooks, Charles Timothy.—A Unitarian minister, born at Salem, Massachusetts, 1813; graduated at Harvard College in 1832, and settled as pastor at Newport, Rhode Island. He has published a number of translations from the German.

Brooks, James Gordon.—The son of an officer in the Revolutionary Army, was born at Red Hook, near New York, September 3, 1801. After graduating at Union College he studied law, but in 1823 became editor of the *Morning Courier*, New York. In connection with his wife he published a volume of poems in 1829. Died at Albany 1841.

Brooks, Maria Gowen.—A native of Medford, Massachusetts, where she was born in 1795. Southey pronounced her "the most impassioned and most imaginative of all poetesses." Much of the latter part of her life was passed in Cuba, where she died in 1845.

Brown, Frances.—The author of "Ah, the Pleasant Days of Old," and other popular pieces, was born in Ireland in 1818, and died in 1864.

Browne, Francis F.—Editor and author, was connected several years with the *Lakeside Monthly*, Chicago, and later with the *Chicago Dial*. Born in Vermont in 1843.

Browning, Robert.—In 1835 Mr. Browning wrote his

first poem, "Paracelsus," which immediately brought him into notice. His collected poems were published in 1849, 1855 and 1864. Of late years numerous editions have been issued. Born in London, 1812.

Browning, Elizabeth Barrett.—An authoress of wide celebrity, born in London, 1809, died 1861. Her works are distinguished by depth of thought and feeling, and are better appreciated by cultivated readers than the general public.

Bryant, William Cullen.—One of the most distinguished of our American poets and men of letters. In early life, Mr. Bryant gave promise of his coming fame, having written his "Thanatopsis," perhaps the finest of all his productions, at the age of eighteen. For many years as author, journalist, and honored citizen, he lived in the eye of the public, enjoying an enviable distinction. Born in Hampshire, Massachusetts, 1794; died, June 12, 1878. D. Appleton and Co., New York, are the publishers of Bryant's works.

Buchanan, Robert.—Born in Scotland, 1841, and educated at the University of Glasgow. His versatility embraces tragedy and comedy, as well as ordinary poems.

Buckingham, Joseph T.—The gifted editor of the *New England Galaxy*, *Boston Courier*, and *New England Magazine*, was born in 1779, and died in 1861.

Burger, Gottfried August.—One of the most popular German poets, was born near Halberstadt, Prussian Saxony, in 1748. As a versifier and writer of ballads he gained wide fame. Died 1794.

Burns, Robert.—The genius of Burns is recognized by all readers of English literature. It gave him the name of "The National Poet of Scotland." His writings are notable for genuine feeling, homely simplicity, and occasional gleams of humor. The poet was the son of a poor peasant, and was born at Ayr, January 25, 1759. Through poverty and many adverse circumstances he struggled upward until his name became a household word in his own and other lands. His writings touched the tenderest chords of human feeling, and although he was not without his failings, these were kindly dealt with by his many friends and admirers. Died in 1796.

Butler, Samuel.—The famous author of "Hudibras" was born at Strensham, England, in 1612, and by his writings made a marked sensation at the royal court and elsewhere in 1663. Died in abject poverty in London 1680.

Byron, John.—Born near Manchester, England, 1591, graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1711, travelled extensively in France, and died in 1763.

Byron, George Gordon Noel, Lord.—one of the most celebrated of English poets, whose writings have attracted universal attention, while their merits, as

well as the character of their author, have been widely discussed. Byron was born in London in 1788, and in his eleventh year succeeded to the title and estate, Newstead Abbey, of his uncle, Lord William Byron. In 1807, his first volume of verse, entitled "Hours of Idleness," was published, and was severely handled by the critics. Byron relied with great spirit, and soon published other productions which displayed his remarkable genius. He assumed the cause of Greece in her struggle for liberty, and died in 1824, after passing through many domestic quarrels, which, it must be admitted, were the occasion of some of his tenderest, most pathetic effusions. Whatever judgment is rendered upon the moral quality of some of his writings, there can be but one opinion respecting the brilliancy of his genius and the magnificence of his poetical gifts.

Campbell, Thomas.—Author of "The Pleasures of Hope," and many other poems marked by true poetic genius, was a native of Scotland, and was born at Glasgow in 1777. After a brilliant literary career, he died at Boulogne in 1844, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, Lord Macaulay, Dean Milman, and other celebrities acting as pall-bearers. Few poems of any author have become more generally known, or have been received with greater favor.

Canning, George.—A distinguished British statesman and orator; born in London, 1770. His sympathies were always with the liberal party, and his powerful influence was thrown in favor of measures which have greatly benefitted the common people. Died in 1827.

Cary, Alice.—This well-known American authoress first came into notice by her contributions to the *National Era*, for which she wrote under the nom de plume of "Patty Lee." Her "Clovernook," comprising sketches of western life, was popular both in America and England. Several works of fiction, and various poems, have also met with marked favor. Born near Cincinnati, Ohio, 1820, died in New York, where she resided during the latter part of her life, in 1871. The writings of the Cary sisters are published by Houghton, Mifflin and Co., Boston.

Cary, Phæbe.—The younger sister of Alice Cary, and equally gifted, was born in the Miami Valley, in 1824, and died in 1871. Her religious writings are marked by great beauty and deep feeling, and have gained wide popularity.

Carey, Henry.—An English author of essays, poems and dramas, was born in 1700, and committed suicide in 1743.

Carleton, Will M.—Author of the popular "Farm Ballads" and "Farm Legends," was born at Hudson, Michigan, 1845. The above volumes, published by Harper and Brothers, New York, have gained for Mr. Carleton a high rank in contemporaneous literature.

Cary, Lucius. (Lord Falkland. —Born in England in 1610; died in 1643. An admirable critic, and genial companion.

Channing, William Ellery.—A celebrated Unitarian preacher and author. Born at Newport, Rhode Island, 1780, and died in 1842. He held a foremost position among religious authors, was bold and acute in controversy, and left behind him an honored name.

Chatterton, Thomas.—"The marvelous boy who perished in his pride," although dying by his own hand at the age of seventeen, had already astonished the world by his precocious genius. He was born at Bristol, England, in 1752, removed to London, and suffered extreme poverty during the latter part of his brief, distinguished career.

Cherry, Andrew.—Born in England, 1762, distinguished himself by the composition of popular ballads, and died in 1812.

Child, Lydia Maria.—American writer and editor, author of a "History of Rome," "The Oasis," etc.; born in 1802, died in 1880.

Clare, John.—The peasant poet, whose pastoral writings have decided merit, was born in Northamptonshire, England, in 1793, and died in 1864.

Clarke, James Freeman.—Clergyman, author, and editor, is a native of Boston, where he was born in 1810. He has always been forward in reformatory movements, and has aided them by his versatile pen.

Coates, Dr. Reynell.—Known as the author of "The Gambler's Wife," was born in 1802, and for many years resided in Camden, New Jersey. He has frequently made contributions to medical literature.

Coleridge, Samuel Taylor.—One of the most famous of English authors. Of magnificent intellectual endowments, he was equally distinguished for his controversial power and imaginary creations. His most remarkable poem is the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner." This, with a number of fragmentary pieces, gave him first rank in the literary world, while it is conceded that his splendid genius was used but fitfully, and without the effect of which it was really capable. Born in Devonshire, 1752; died in London, 1834.

Coleridge, Hartley.—The eldest son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and possessed of talents scarcely less brilliant than those of his distinguished father. Born in England, 1796; died, 1849.

Colman, George (The Younger).—Born in England, 1762; died in 1836. A theatrical manager, and author of poetical pieces well received by the reading public.

Cook, Eliza.—The popular authoress of "The Old Arm Chair" began her contributions to periodical literature at an early age. A volume of poems issued in 1840 was well received. Born in 1817, and received a literary pension in 1864.

Cooke, Rose Terry.—Born in Connecticut in 1827. Her prose and poetical works are of a high order, the prose consisting mainly of brief sketches contributed to current periodicals.

Cowper, William.—This celebrated English poet, the most popular in his generation, infused an earnest, even a religious spirit, into nearly all his writings, yet his ballad on "John Gilpin," is marked by an exquisite humor. Cowper was constitutionally melancholy, and this threw a shadow over some of his writings. Several of his hymns must be ranked among English classics. Born in 1731; died in 1800.

Crabbe, George.—The people's poet and celebrated delineator of lowly life; also a well-known divine. Born in 1754 and died in 1832.

Craik, Dinah Maria Mulock.—The gifted author of "John Halifax, Gentleman;" also a volume of popular poems. Born in England, 1826.

Croly, George.—Born at Dublin, Ireland, 1785, died in 1860. A writer of poetry and romances, and a pulpit orator of great reputation.

Cross, Marian Evans Lewes, (George Eliot).—This celebrated authoress, who wrote over the signature of "George Eliot," displays in her works of fiction talents of the highest order. These are sought by readers of cultivated taste, and some of them have met with great favor. Their originality, profound thought and masterly diction, are universally admitted. Born in 1820; died in 1881.

Cunningham, Allan.—A Scotch poet and miscellaneous writer. His works have been popular, especially his biographies. Born in Dumfriesshire in 1785, apprenticed to a stone-mason at the age of eleven, and devoted his evenings to song and history. Died 1842.

Cunningham, John.—A native of Ireland, born in 1729; died in 1773. A descriptive writer of more than ordinary merit.

Curtis, George William.—A scholarly writer and orator, an earnest advocate of civil service reform, whose editorship of *Harper's Weekly* has afforded a field for his versatile talents. Mr. Curtis was born in Rhode Island in 1824.

Cutter, George W.—The author of many spirited poems, some of them relating to the Mexican War, and others descriptive of steam power, the telegraph, etc., was born in Kentucky in 1814, and died in 1865.

De Lisle, Rouget.—Born in France, wrote at Strasbourg the famous "Marseillaise Hymn."

Dibdin, Charles.—Born in England, 1745; died in 1814. He was the author of numerous popular songs. His two sons, Charles and Thomas, composed songs and dramas.

Dickens, Charles.—The great novelist, whose works of fiction are known and read throughout the civilized

world, and who gained a renown unequalled by that of any author in recent times, was born at Portsmouth, England, February 7, 1812. Becoming disgusted with law, for which his father intended him, he removed to London, and became a reporter for the *Morning Chronicle*. His first literary work was a series of sketches for this paper. With the publication of "Pickwick Papers," Dickens sprang into sudden popularity, and thereafter maintained it by his wonderful creations in the realm of fiction, and the charm of his transcendent genius. Died June 9, 1870, and was buried in "Poet's Corner," Westminster Abbey.

Dickinson, Charles M.—His poems are characterized by strong emotion, their pathos being especially marked. Born at Lowville, New York, 1842.

Dickson, David.—Author of "The New Jerusalem," was born in England, 1583; died, 1662.

Dimond, William.—An English dramatist and poet, author of the popular "Mariner's Dream," was born in 1800; died in 1837.

Doane, George Washington.—Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, a scholarly author, whose writings exhibit refinement and taste, was born in 1799, and died in 1859.

Dobell, Sydney.—A somewhat eccentric writer, composed verses when nine years old, and even then showed the strange mixture of the philosophical and poetical spirit seen in his later productions. Born near London, 1824; died in 1874.

Doddridge, Philip.—Author of hymns universally in use, and various religious works, was born in England in 1702, and died in 1751.

Dodsley, Robert.—Author and publisher, born in Nottingham, England, 1703. Composed a volume of poems, a dramatic piece called "The Toy Shop," which, having been recommended by Pope, was produced at Covent Garden Theatre, with marked success. Dodsley first gave employment to the afterwards renowned Samuel Johnson. Died in 1764.

Drake, Joseph Rodman.—An American poet of unquestioned genius, whose popular poems, "The Culprit Fay," and "American Flag," met with universal favor, contributed to the press when sixteen years old, and at that age wrote humorous and satirical verses, over the signature of "Croaker," for the New York *Evening Post*. This precocious author was born in New York City, 1795, and died at the early age of twenty-five.

Drayton, Michael.—Known chiefly for his spirited ballad of "Agincourt," was born in England, 1563, was made poet-laureate in 1626, and died in 1631.

Dryden, John.—One of England's greatest poets, whose stately measures and lofty conceptions have commanded wide admiration. Dryden was born in

1631 and took his degrees at Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1670 he was appointed poet-laureate, with a salary of two hundred pounds a year. His most famous production was a magnificent satire on the political commotions of the time. Died in 1700, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Dufferin, Lady.—Wrote "The Lament of the Irish Emigrant," a poem which has become a household treasure. Her father was Thomas Sheridan, and her maiden name was Helen Selina. Mrs. Caroline Norton was her sister. Lady Dufferin was born in Ireland in 1807, and on account of her beauty, wit, and accomplishments was a general favorite. Died June 13, 1867.

Duffy, Sir Charles Gavan.—A native of Ireland; born in 1816; known as poet and journalist; Colonial Prime Minister in Australia, 1871.

Dwight, John Sullivan.—A native of Boston, Massachusetts; born in 1813. His beautiful poem entitled "True Rest," shows the marked features of his writings.

Dwight, Timothy.—Theologian, pulpit orator, and president of Yale College, born at Northampton, Massachusetts, 1752; died in 1817. The literary style of President Dwight possesses a fine combination of strength and simplicity.

Edwards, Amelie Blandford.—An English novelist and occasional writer of poetry; born in 1831.

Elliott, Ebenezer.—Styled "The Corn-Law Rhymers," was by occupation an iron-founder. During the agitation in England for the repeal of the "Corn-laws," he became famous for his spirited verses. Born in Yorkshire, 1781; died in 1849.

Emerson, Ralph Waldo.—Poet and philosopher, highly distinguished for originality, profound thought and terseness of expression, holding the highest rank in American literature, and popularly styled "The Concord Philosopher." Born in Massachusetts, 1803; resided at Concord, New Hampshire, and died in 1882.

Embury, Emma C.—The daughter of James R. Manly, an eminent physician of New York. Mrs. Embury's published works exhibit sense and a hearty, natural feeling, united to true refinement.

English, Thomas Dunn.—Physician, humorous and dramatic author, born at Philadelphia, 1819.

Everett, Edward.—One of America's most finished orators, whose scholarly, elaborate writings, together with his graceful, polished eloquence, gave him great celebrity. Mr. Everett was born at Dorchester, Massachusetts, 1794; filled with honor a number of important positions, both educational and political, and died in 1865. He combined the scholar, gentleman, statesman and orator in an eminent degree.

Falconer, William.—His only remarkable poem was "The Shipwreck," and this has given him enduring fame. He was of poor parentage; born in Scotland, 1732, and died in 1769.

Farningham, Marianne.—An English poetess who has contributed many religious poems to the *London Christian Weekly*. Devout piety breathes through all her writings.

Fenner, Cornelius George.—A native of Providence, Rhode Island, born in 1822; died in 1847.

Ferguson, Sir Samuel.—A native of Ireland, born in 1805. His fine genius is conspicuous in his spirited poem, "Forging the Anchor."

Fields, James Thomas.—In 1871 Mr. Fields retired from the publishing firm in Boston, with which he was connected for twenty-five years. During this period he found time to follow his literary pursuits, and, as the author of quite a number of poems, and editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, he gained an enviable distinction, exerting a powerful influence in American literature. Born at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, 1817; died at Boston, 1881.

Finch, Francis Miles.—Author of "The Blue and the Gray," one of the most popular of modern lyrics; lawyer and judge; was born at Ithaca, New York, in 1827. The above poem was suggested by the women of Columbus, Mississippi, decorating alike the graves of the Union and Confederate dead.

Fosdick, William Whiteman.—Born in Ohio, 1825; died in 1862.

Foster, Stephen Collins.—A very popular composer of negro melodies, born in Pennsylvania in 1826; died in 1864.

Gage, Frances Dana.—A poetess of ability, and also known as a public lecturer, was born at Marietta, Ohio, 1808.

Gallagher, William D.—Author of "Miami and Other Poems," was born in Philadelphia in 1808. His labors have mainly been devoted to journalism.

Garfield, James Abram.—By the sheer force of conspicuous abilities and honest purposes, Mr. Garfield rose from humble life to the presidency of the United States, to which position he was elected in 1880. His assassination a few months after his inauguration produced a profound shock, and plunged the nation into mourning. His published speeches and addresses are of a high order. Born in Ohio, 1831; died 1881.

Gay, John.—This English dramatist and poet whose successes and failures were alike conspicuous, was a native of Devonshire. In early life the occupation of a silk-mercant was distasteful to him, and he began his career as composer of dramas and ballads. "The Beggar's Opera" and the ballad of "Black-Eyed Susan," are his most popular productions. Born in 1716; died in 1779.

Gerhardt, Paul.—A German poet of rare merit, born in 1607; died in 1676.

Gilbert, William S.—Joint author with Sullivan of "Pinafore," and numerous other comic operas, which have been universally popular, was born in England in 1836.

Goldsmith, Oliver.—The genial spirit and sound sense of Goldsmith appear in all his prose and poetical writings. In humble life and straitened circumstances, he yet left a rich legacy to English literature, and his works have gained high rank. His best known prose work is "The Vicar of Wakefield," and "The Deserted Village" is the sweetest of all his poems. His comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," has enjoyed a perennial popularity. Born in Ireland, 1728; died in London, 1774.

Gough, John B.—Orator and reformer, whose lectures on temperance and other subjects, delivered throughout America and Great Britain, produced the highest oratorical and dramatic effects, was rescued when a young man from a life of dissipation, and soon rose to unparalleled fame as a platform speaker and temperance advocate. Born at Sandgate, Kent, England, 1817; he came to New York when but a boy, and had a hard struggle with poverty. His later life was marked by comfort and the most happy home influences. Stricken with apoplexy while lecturing at Frankford, near Philadelphia, and died, 1886.

Gould, Hannah Flagg.—An American poetess, born in Massachusetts, 1787; wrote "Gathered Leaves," etc.; died in 1865.

Gray, David.—Born in Scotland, 1838, of humble parentage, and died at the early age of twenty-three.

Gray, Thomas.—The author of the famous "Elegy Written in a Country Church-Yard," has gained a world-wide renown by this one poem. His other pieces suffer by comparison with this, although they have a high degree of merit. Gray was born in London in 1716, declined the honor of poet-laureate on the death of Colley Cibber, who held that position, and died in 1771.

Greene, Albert Gorton.—Was born at Providence, Rhode Island, 1802, and graduated at Brown University in 1820. Studied law, and became prominent in the municipal government of his native city. He has written many beautiful fugitive poems, but deserves special mention for his elegy on "Old Grimes." Died in 1868.

Hale, Sarah J.—This gifted American authoress was long connected with two periodicals well known in their day, *The Ladies' Magazine*, and *The Ladies' Book*. Her writings are chaste, and their moral tone is beyond criticism. Born at Newport, New Hampshire, 1795; died in 1879.

Haliburton, Thomas Chandler.—An American humorous writer, popularly known as "Sam Slick." Author of the "Clockmaker, or the Sayings and Doings of Sam Slick, of Slickville," and "Sam Slick in England." He gained great celebrity by his quaint and graphic delineations of Yankee character. Born in Nova Scotia in 1802; died in 1865.

Hall, Eugene J.—This popular poet whose writings have enriched American literature, is a native of Vermont, where he was born in 1845.

Hallam, Arthur Henry.—Was a youth of uncommon promise, the son of the distinguished historian, Arthur Hallam, an intimate friend of the poet Tennyson, and the subject of Tennyson's exquisite poem, "In Memoriam." Born in London, 1811; died in 1833.

Halleck, Fitz-Greene.—One of the most spirited and popular of American poets, the author of "Marco Bozaris," and other pieces of corresponding merit, was born in Guilford, Connecticut, 1790; died in 1867.

Harrington, Sir John.—Famous for his epigrams and sententious writings. Born in England, 1561; died in 1612.

Harris, Joel Chandler.—The well known "Uncle Remus," whose quaint delineations of negro character and picturesque stories of Southern life have been so generally enjoyed, has cultivated his own peculiar field, and ranks among the first writers of his class.

Harte, Francis Bret.—In the realms of poetry and fiction, Mr. Harte has found a wide circle of readers. He is particularly happy in sketches of pioneer life, and delineations of western character. Born in Albany, New York, 1839.

Hawthorne, Nathaniel.—As a master of language and charming writer of fiction, no name in American literature holds a higher rank. Hawthorne's cultured talent shows itself in his chaste and finished style, the highly intellectual quality of his writings, and his fine analysis of character. "The Marble Faun," "Mosses from an Old Manse," and "The House of the Seven Gables," are among his most celebrated works. A melancholy spirit shadowed his life, yet this seemed only to lend greater force and earnestness to his remarkable genius. Born at Salem, Massachusetts, 1804; died suddenly at Plymouth, Massachusetts, 1864.

Hay, John.—Wrote "Castilian Days," "Pike County Ballads," etc., and is known as an enterprising journalist. Born at Salem, Illinois, 1839. He was President Lincoln's private secretary, and afterward filled several important diplomatic positions.

Hayne, Paul Hamilton.—Poet and journalist, editor of *Southern Literary Messenger*, *Russell's Magazine*, etc., was born in South Carolina in 1831.

Heber, Reginald.—An eminent divine and bishop of the English church, especially devoted to the cause of missions in India, where he died in 1825; was born in 1783. His celebrated hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," has been sung throughout the world.

Hemans, Felicia Dorothea.—Many of Mrs. Hemans's poems are household friends and are characterized by rare beauty, loftiness of sentiment, and felicitous expression. Born at Liverpool, England, 1794; died in 1835. Her genius was exhibited in childhood, her first

volume, "Early Blossoms," appearing when she was fourteen years old. Many editions of her collected writings have been issued from the press.

Hervey, Thomas Kibble.—Known chiefly for his satirical poem, "The Devil's Progress." Born in England, 1804; died in 1849.

Hobart, Mrs. Charles.—Author of the well-known poem, "The Changed Cross," is a native of England. Her fame rests principally upon this one popular piece.

Hoffman, Charles Fenno.—Editor, author and poet, of New York, whose name was connected with the *Kniekerbocker Magazine*, and other periodicals, was born in 1806.

Holland, Josiah Gilbert.—Doctor Holland was a scholarly, industrious author, whose works exhibit good sense, more than the average literary ability, and exert a healthful moral influence. As the author of "Timothy Titcomb's Letters," "Bittersweet," "Nicholas Minturn," and other popular works, and founder of *Scribner's Monthly*, he has long been favorably known to the reading public. Born at Belcher-town, Massachusetts, 1819; died in 1881.

Holmes, Oliver Wendell.—Our distinguished American author, whose writings in both prose and poetry have been the delight of his generation, was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1809, graduated at Harvard College at the age of twenty, and studied medicine. His contributions to the "Atlantic Monthly," have met with decided favor. His collected works have been issued by the publishing house of Houghton, Mifflin and Co., Boston.

Hood, Thomas.—The genius, the poet, whose unrivalled productions by their pathos and humor awaken alternate tears and laughter, most of whose life was a sad struggle with adversity, was born in London in 1798. His name is associated with the periodical literature of his time, both as manager and author. His best known pathetic pieces are "The Song of the Shirt," and "The Bridge of Sighs;" while "Faithless Nellie Gray," and "Faithless Sally Brown," are happy specimens of his rollicking humor. Hood died in 1845.

Hopkinson, Francis.—A humorous, patriotic, American writer of colonial times, signer of the Declaration of Independence and member of Congress for New Jersey; born in 1737; died in 1791.

Hopkinson, Joseph.—Wrote "Hail Columbia," one of our most popular national ballads. Born in Pennsylvania 1770; died in 1842.

Howe, Julia Ward.—Noted for her philanthropic spirit and advanced views on the questions of the day; wife of Samuel G. Howe, a well known Boston physician and philanthropist; author of "Battle Hymn of the Republic"; was born in New York in 1819.

Howitt, Mary.—Born at Utttoxeter, England, 1804; a member of the Society of Friends, married to Wil-

Ham Howitt in 1823; her maiden name was Botham. In connection with her husband she wrote "The Forest Minstrel," and other poems, which exhibit fine literary taste. "Her language is chaste and simple, her feelings tender and pure, and her observation of nature accurate and intense."

Howitt, William.—Author of prose and poetical works, was born in Derbyshire, England, 1795. His writings are characterized by purity of diction, elevation of sentiment, and a high moral tone. Died in 1879.

Hugo, Victor.—Ranks among the world's greatest authors, displaying in his poems and works of fiction a genius whose brilliancy stands almost unrivalled. As a word-painter he has rarely, if ever, been excelled. Born in France, 1802; died, 1886.

Hunt, Leigh.—A distinguished name in English literature. He was born in London in 1784. At the age of twenty-four he became editor and part proprietor of the *Examiner*, and was a favorite of the literary men of the time. Toryism was his abomination, and he was not considered to be greatly in love with even royalty. For a sarcastic thrust at the Prince Regent he was fined five hundred pounds and sentenced to two years imprisonment. He covered the bars of his cell with flowers, and received visits from Byron, Shelley and Keats. His release was signalized by renewed successes in the field of literature, although a work on "Lord Byron and His Contemporaries" greatly displeased Byron's friends. Hunt died in 1859.

Ingelow, Jean.—Born in England in 1830. Her first volume of poems, published in 1863, met with prompt and universal favor. She is also a writer of fiction that possesses a high order of merit.

Irving, Washington.—An honored American author, almost the first of his countrymen to give fame and favor to American literature abroad. Irving was a genial writer, a capital story teller with the pen, and his works have been received with universal delight. Born in New York, 1783; died in 1859.

Jackson, Helen Hunt.—She made frequent contributions in prose and poetry to various periodicals, usually writing over the signature of "H. H." Her literary accomplishments, including a vivid imagination and remarkable command of language, place her among the most distinguished of her countrywomen. Born in Massachusetts in 1831; died in 1886.

Jackson, Henry R.—Author of the poem, "My Wife and Child," was born at Savannah, Georgia, 1810. The poem was written while Mr. Jackson was a Colonel in the Mexican Army in 1846.

Jenks, Edward A.—Born at Newport, New Hampshire, 1835. His poem entitled "Going and Coming," shows the marked characteristics of his style.

Jerrold, Douglas.—Author of the celebrated "Caudle Lectures," which were contributed to London *Punch*

in 1841; also of the comedy of "Black Eyed Susan," and other works which gave him great fame as a wit. Born in London, 1803; died in 1857.

Jonson, Ben.—"Rare Ben Jonson," was born in England, 1574, and died in 1637. He was a man of marked ability and strong character, not displaying any finished style in his writings, yet infusing a rugged strength, and showing a masterly grasp of his subjects, which made him one of the famous authors of his time. His dramas and tragedies were popular, and he received a pension from the Crown, but on account of prodigal habits he died in poverty.

Keats, John.—A poetical genius who gave unusual promise, born in London, 1796; died at Rome, Italy, 1821. Leigh Hunt welcomed him as a contributor to the *Examiner*, and he soon gained a wide celebrity. His "Endymion" appeared in 1817, and soon after he published a volume of miscellaneous poems. His untimely death quenched one of the brightest stars in the literary firmament.

Key, Francis Scott.—Famous as the writer of the patriotic ode, "The Star-Spangled Banner," which was composed during the bombardment of Fort M'Henry, and published in Baltimore the following day. Few songs have ever had a popularity so general and emphatic. Key was born in Maryland, 1799; died in 1843.

Kingsley, Charles.—An English divine, poet, and writer of fiction, whose lyrics are popular on both sides of the Atlantic, and whose efforts in behalf of the working people of his own country have endeared him to multitudes. Born in England in 1819; died in 1875.

Knowles, James Sheridan.—This celebrated dramatist, author of "William Tell," "The Hunchback," "The Wife," "Virginus," etc., was of Irish parentage. Born in 1794, and died in 1862.

Knox, William.—The poem beginning with the line, "O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" has become celebrated both from its inherent merit and the fact that it was the favorite of President Lincoln, who never seemed to weary of its stately yet easy rhythm. The author was born at Firth, Scotland, 1789. An occasional writer before the age of thirty, he afterward devoted himself entirely to literary pursuits, but unfortunately became dissipated, shattered his brilliant powers, and died in 1825.

Lamb, Charles.—Quaint, witty, popular socially, highly appreciated for his literary achievements, the rank of Charles Lamb in the world of letters is deservedly high, and his fame appears to be permanent. He was reared in humble life, and for many years was a clerk in the East India House, London, retiring when fifty years old on a pension granted by the board of directors. His "Essays of Elia" were originally published in the *London Magazine*. He never married, but lived with a maiden sister to whom he was devotedly attached. Born in the Temple, Lon-

don, 1775; died in 1834, and buried at Edmonton, near London.

Landon, Letitia Elizabeth.—An English poetess, born in 1802; died in 1838.

Landon, Walter Savage.—Born in England, 1775; died in 1864. First became known as the author of "Count Julian," which was followed by a poem called "Gebir." His most celebrated work is "Imaginary Conversations of Literary Men and Statesmen." His writings are admired for their originality and perfection of style.

Lanier, Sidney.—An author of rare accomplishments, who left a treatise upon "The Science of English Verse," and one upon "The Development of the English Novel," also several volumes of writings adapted to the young. He published a number of poems the excellence of which is unquestioned. His early death was much lamented. Born in Georgia, 1842; died in 1881.

Larcom, Lucy.—An American factory girl, teacher, and authoress of wide repute; born at Lowell, Massachusetts, 1826.

Lawrence, Jonathan Jr.—A poet of cultivated taste, born in New York in 1807; died in 1833.

Lewis, Matthew Gregory.—Wrote the well known "Alonso the Brave and the Fair Innocence," and "The Maniac." Born in England, 1775; died in 1818.

Leyden, John.—A Scottish poet, also eminent as an Orientalist and Antiquarian. He was born in Denholm, Scotland, 1775; died at Java, 1811, and during his comparatively short life was a voluminous writer.

Lincoln, Abraham.—Twice elected President of the United States; born in Hardin County, Kentucky, February 12, 1809; assassinated April 14, 1865. As a writer Mr. Lincoln was distinguished for clear statement, a comprehensive grasp of his subject, a plain, direct style, and the expression of great truths in an epigrammatic form. His address at Gettysburg is one of the gems of American literature.

Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth.—Our gifted poet whose works lend an univalued charm to American literature, gained a world-wide distinction, and is equally honored at home and abroad. Wherever the English language is the common tongue, Longfellow is read and admired. Surpassed only by Moore in ease and elegance of rhythm, some of his productions have so touched the popular heart that they have become familiar in almost every household. His style is pure and simple, his thought is clear and transparent, while there is an elevation of sentiment which captivates the most cultivated readers. The career of Longfellow began in early life, and was well sustained for a long period of time. He was born in Maine, 1807, was educated at Bowdoin College, was made Professor of Modern Languages in that institution when he was but nineteen years old, resided a con-

siderable part of his life at Cambridge, Massachusetts, and died in 1882. Publishers: Houghton, Mifflin and Co.

Lovelace, Richard.—Born in England in 1618, and died in 1658. He was a royalist in politics, and after enduring imprisonment and many sufferings in the cause of his king, spent his last days in poverty. Among his poems is one entitled "To Althea from Prison."

Lover, Samuel.—Poet, artist, musician, novelist and dramatist. Many of his ballads, some of them of a humorous character, were great favorites. Lover was born in Ireland in 1797, and died in 1868.

Lowell, James Russell.—Born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1819. By his volumes of poems and contributions to periodical literature, he has gained distinction. He was editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* from 1857 to 1862; editor of the *North American Review* from 1853 to 1872; published "Under the Willows and Other Poems" in 1859; and a volume of essays in 1870. In 1879 he became United States Minister to the Court of St. James. Some of his writings are enlivened by a broad humor, and have met with a high degree of popular favor.

Lowell, Robert T. S.—Wrote "The Relief of Lucknow." Born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1816. His novel "The New Priest," is said to be the most perfect specimen of pure Saxon of the present century.

Lyte, Henry Francis.—Widely known as the author of the beautiful hymn, "Abide With Me;" a Scottish poet and divine, born in 1793; died in 1847. The above hymn receives additional interest from having been written during the last hours of his life.

Lytton, Edward Bulwer, Lord.—Novelist and dramatist, born in England in 1805, died in 1873. His dramas, "Richelieu," "Money," and "Lady of Lyons," have been received with marked favor, and his works of fiction have met with that appreciation always accorded to a high order of talent combined with painstaking labor. He has been classed with Dickens, and other novelists of the foremost rank.

Lytton, Robert Bulwer, (Owen Meredith.)—Was the only son of Lord Lytton. His poem entitled "Lucile," has given him high distinction. Born in 1831, and was Viceroy of India from 1876 to 1880.

Macaulay, Thomas Babington, Lord.—Famous for his historical, poetical, and miscellaneous works, a fine master of English diction, member of Parliament and the House of Peers, whose productions hold high rank in English classics. Born in 1808; died in 1859, and buried in Westminster Abbey.

MacCarthy, Denis Florence.—An Irish poet, born in 1817. His writings exhibit the strong, national feeling so characteristic of his countrymen.

Macdonald, George.—Novelist and poet. His writings are moral in tone, and show the marks of the scholar and man of culture. Born in England in 1825.

Mace, Frances Laughton.—An American poetess who has made popular contributions, especially of a religious character, to current periodicals. Born in Maine in 1836.

Macleod, Norman.—An eminent Scottish divine, author, and chaplain to Queen Victoria, was born in Argyleshire, 1812. His name is associated with those popular periodicals, the *Edinburgh Christian Magazine* and *Good Works*. He died at Glasgow, 1872.

Macpherson, James.—Born in Scotland, 1738. He obtained great notoriety in the literary world on account of his discovery of famous manuscripts. He published the "Poems of Ossian," and occasioned thereby great controversy. Died in 1796, and buried, at his own request and expense, in Westminster Abbey.

Mahoney, Francis.—Wrote "The Bells of Shandon," and other famous lyrics; born in Ireland, 1805; died in 1856.

Marvell, Andrew.—An English author of works in both prose and poetry. Born in 1620; died in 1678.

Massey Gerald.—An English poet whose hard lot in boyhood, as a factory operative, undoubtedly qualified him for writing poems characterized by deep feeling and a tender sympathy with humble life. Born in 1828.

Maturin, Charles Robert.—Born in England in 1782; died in 1824. As a dramatist he possessed remarkable power.

McLellan, Isaac.—For many years a prominent merchant of Boston, Massachusetts, yet gracing American literature with occasional poems of more than ordinary merit. Born at Portland, Maine 1806, and graduated at Bowdoin College, 1826. His later residence was in New York.

Meagher, Thomas Francis.—An Irish patriot, sentenced to death during the sedition in Ireland in 1848, but was transported to Tasmania, whence he escaped to New York in 1852, and on the outbreak of the civil war became commander of the Irish brigade. Born in 1823; drowned in Missouri in 1867.

Meek, Alexander Beaufort.—A native of Columbia, South Carolina, where he was born in 1814. His most celebrated poem is "Balaklava." Died in Georgia in 1865.

Miller, Joaquin.—An American poet and writer of fiction. His early life was spent on our western frontiers, and the scenes of many of his writings are laid in the West. He is gifted with a high order of imagination. Born in Indiana in 1841.

Milman, Henry Hart.—An English poet and ecclesiastical historian. Born in London, 1791. His sacred lyrics have been widely read and appreciated. Died in 1868.

Milton, John.—The name of Milton ranks among the greatest in English literature. His prose works gained wide celebrity, but he is chiefly distinguished

for his marvelous creation, "Paradise Lost." His blindness seemed only to quicken his inward vision. His poetical works brought little pecuniary profit, the manuscript of "Paradise Lost" having been sold for twenty-five dollars. Milton's conceptions were of the loftiest character, and his style evinces the strength and stateliness peculiar to the literature of his age. Born in London, 1608; died in 1674.

Moore, Clement Clark.—Author of the favorite poem, "A Visit from St. Nicholas." He was a son of Bishop Moore of the Episcopal church. Born in New York, 1799; died in 1853.

Montgomery, James.—A Scottish poet, distinguished for his religious poems, many of which have found their way into the hymnology of all Christian denominations. Born in Ayrshire, 1771; died in 1854.

Moore, Edward.—An English poet, born in 1712, died in 1757.

Moore, Thomas.—This celebrated Irish poet, distinguished for true genius, easy versification, and charming fancy, was born in 1799, and died in 1852. His Irish melodies have a universal popularity. Moore was a great social favorite, enjoying the friendship of Byron, and other celebrities. "Lalla Rookh" is his most elaborate work, and few poems have ever been so pecuniarily profitable.

More, Hannah.—One of England's most gifted women. Her first ambition was to shine as a poetess; next she aspired to the stage, and later developed a highly religious character, which appeared in her well-known, practical writings. Born in 1745; died in 1833.

Morris, George P.—Author of "Woodman, Spare that Tree," "My Mother's Bible," etc., productions evincing fine poetic talent; born in Pennsylvania, 1802; died in 1864.

Motherwell, William.—A Scottish poet and antiquary; author of "Jeanie Morrison," and other popular ballads. Was born in Glasgow 1797, and died in 1835.

Motley, John Lothrop.—The distinguished historian, whose scholarly works have given him a high rank in American literature, was born at Dorchester, Massachusetts, 1814. His first work of importance, "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," was published in 1856. He died in 1877.

Moultrie, John.—An English poet who first became known through his published writings in 1839.

Neele, Henry.—An English poet, born 1798; died 1828.

Newman, John Henry.—An English ecclesiastical writer of the controversial order; also author of several well-known hymns, among which is "Lead, Kindly Light." Born in 1801, and is a Cardinal in the Roman Church.

Nicoll, Robert.—A Scottish poet, born in 1814; died in 1837.

Noel, Thomas.—Author of "The Pauper's Drive,"

and other "Rhymes and Roundelays," which were published in England in 1841.

Norton, Caroline Elizabeth S., Hon.—An English novelist and poetess of some reputation. She was the daughter of Thomas, and grand-daughter of Richard Brinsley, Sheridan, possessed great personal beauty, and was a social favorite. Born in 1808; died in 1877.

O'Brien, Fitzjames.—A native of Ireland; born in 1829; was wounded in the American civil war, and died in Virginia, 1862.

O'Hara, Theodore.—A Kentuckian, who achieved a lasting fame by his "Divouiac of the Dead," a poem composed on the occasion of the interment at Frankford of the Kentucky soldiers who fell in the battle of Buena Vista. He was born in 1820, and died in 1867.

Osgood, Frances Sargent.—Published "A Wreath of Wild Flowers From New England," and other volumes of poems. Born at Boston, Massachusetts, 1812; died in 1850.

Osgood, Kate Putnam.—Born at Fryeburg, Maine, 1843. She is the author of several fine pastoral poems.

Paine, Robert Treat.—Son of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was born in Taunton, Massachusetts, 1773, and graduated with high honor at Harvard College in 1792. For a time he engaged in literary pursuits, attracting wide attention by his writings, and after being admitted to the bar in 1802, and relapsing into irregular habits, he died in 1811. Several of his poems on "Liberty" show traces of a masterly hand.

Palmer, William Pitt.—Author of "The Smack in School," was a native of Stockbridge, Massachusetts, and born in 1805.

Pardoe, Julia.—An English writer, distinguished for her works of fiction and historical sketches. She was born in 1806, and died in 1862.

Patmore, Coventry.—An English poet, whose verses have found many appreciative readers. Born in 1823.

Payne, John Howard.—Author of "Home, Sweet Home," which was written while he was United States Consul at Tunis, where he died in 1852. He was born in New York in 1792, and in early life was an actor in American cities and in London. His remains now repose at Washington, D. C., where a splendid monument, the gift of Mr. Corcoran, the banker, has been erected to the memory of the author of our sweetest American song.

Peale, Rembrandt.—A noted painter, and author of some celebrity, born near Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, 1778; died in 1860.

Percival, James Gates.—Poet, editor, and geologist, a gentleman of many scholarly attainments and of fine literary taste, was born in Connecticut, 1795, and died in Wisconsin in 1857.

Perry, Nora.—Born in Rhode Island, a poetical authoress whose songs have gained celebrity.

Phelps, Elizabeth Stuart.—Miss Phelps published her first and withal most popular work, "Gates Ajar," in 1869, and from that time has been prominent as a writer of fiction and poetry. Her conceptions are original; the intellectual quality of her works is pronounced, and her career has been highly successful. She was born in Massachusetts in 1844.

Pierpont, John.—Unitarian divine and poet, prominent in the great reforms of the present century, and author of several excellent hymns, and more elaborate poems. He was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, in 1785; and died in 1866.

Pinkney, Edward Coate.—The son of William Pinkney, of Maryland, born in London while his father was Minister to the Court of St. James, 1802. His writings were few, yet meritorious. Died in 1828.

Pitt, William.—An amusing writer; author of "The Sailor's Consolation"; died at Malta, 1840.

Poe, Edgar Allen.—An American poet whose most celebrated poem, "The Raven," holds first rank in our poetical literature. Poe's genius is universally acknowledged. His writings bear in every line the stamp of originality; his conceptions are unique, and his style of ver-ification is peculiarly his own. He was of nervous temperament, unfortunate in some of his habits, the victim of adversity, and his life has been the subject of much criticism, while his works have been universally admired. Born in Baltimore, Maryland, 1809; died in 1849.

Pollok, Robert.—Celebrated for his poem, "The Course of Time." He was born in Renfrew Scotland, in 1799; licensed to preach in 1827, the year that gave birth to his poem, and in which he died.

Priest, Nancy Amelia Woodbury.—Few poems have ever touched the heart as "Over the River" has, and few have ever been so phenomenally popular. The authoress was born at Hinsdale, New Hampshire, in 1837. "Over the River" was published in the *Springfield Republican* in August, 1837, and appears to be the only production, with one exception, by which the writer is known, although confessedly possessed of the highest order of talent. Died in 1870.

Pringle, Thomas.—A Scotch poet, born in 1789, died in 1834.

Prior, Matthew.—A poet of eminence in his day, born in England in 1664, and died in 1721.

Procter, Bryan Waller (Barry Cornwall).—A popular ballad writer, whose effusions met with decided favor when published, and possess the charm which assures enduring fame. Procter was born in England in 1790, was a barrister at-law by profession and died in 1864.

Ramsay, Allen.—One of the minor Scottish poets. Born in 1685; died in 1758.

Read, Thomas Buchanan.—The lyric entitled "Sheridan's Ride," commemorating one of the exploits of the great cavalry General, has had a more general

reading than anything of the kind ever published in this country. The author excelled in this style of poetry. His genius is unquestioned. The poem entitled "The Closing Scene," is said by the *Westminster Review* to be the finest written in the present generation. Mr. Read was born at Chester, Pennsylvania, in 1822, and died in 1872. The J. B. Lippincott Company of Philadelphia are the publishers of his works.

Redden, Laura C. (Howard Glyndon).—Born in Maryland in 1840; lost hearing at the age of twelve; has contributed some excellent articles to the periodical press.

Rich, Hiram.—Well known in current literature as poet and essayist; born in Massachusetts in 1832.

Richards, William C.—Clergyman, scientific lecturer, poet, and journalist of repute; born in England, 1817, and since early life a resident in this country.

Richter, Jean Paul.—A German humorist and sentimentalist, who ranks high in the literature of his native land. Many of his writings have been translated, and have found ardent admirers in other countries. There was a singular lack of appreciation of "Jean Paul" for many years; slowly his works, grotesque, humorous, stamped with undoubted genius, have made their way to popular favor. Born in Bavaria in 1763; died in 1825.

Rogers, Samuel.—Author of "The Pleasures of Memory," and a poem on "Italy." He was a banker in London, of high social position, and eminent in literary circles. Born in London in 1763; died in 1855.

Rossetti, Dante Gabriel.—A painter and poet, born in England in 1828; died in 1882.

Ruskin, John.—The distinguished prose author and critic, whose masterly works have made a place for themselves in the literature of our day, was born in London, England, in 1819. His writings on art, including "Modern Painters," "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," and "Stones of Venice," are brilliant in thought and exceedingly forcible in style. Elected Professor of Fine Arts at Oxford, 1869; received the degree of LL.D. from the University of Cambridge in 1871.

Sands, Robert C.—Was born in New York City, 1799; studied law, but left his profession for literary pursuits, and became distinguished as poet and journalist. Died in 1832.

Sargent, Epes.—Poet and journalist, author of educational works, etc., born in Boston, Massachusetts, 1812; died in 1880. He is widely known as the author of the famous ballad, "A Life on the Ocean Wave."

Saxe, John Godfrey.—A poet who excels all other American versifiers in genuine humor, whose writings have gained extensive popularity; born at Highgate, Vermont, 1816; died in 1886. His works are published by Houghton, Mifflin and Co., Boston, Mass.

Schiller, Friedrich.—A renowned German author,

born at Wurtemberg, in 1759; died in 1805. Many of his poems are rarities, and have been translated into other tongues, and widely read.

Scott, Sir Walter.—The renowned Scottish novelist and poet, whose immortal works, celebrating the history and romance of his native country, have had a phenomenal popularity, was born in Edinburgh, 1771. Of delicate health in early life, he slowly advanced to a sturdy manhood, and became distinguished as an author at a period comparatively late. His works are voluminous, the "Waverly Novels," being among the famous works of fiction, while "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," and "The Lady of the Lake," hold high rank in the realm of poetry. Died in 1832.

Shakespeare, William.—He lives in a kingdom by himself. Few of the works of other authors have ever approached his sublime creations. Born at Stratford-on-Avon, England, April 23, 1564; an actor in London, 1589; author of dramas to the number of thirty-seven; retired to his native town in 1610; died in 1616, and was buried in the church vaults at Stratford. A drinking fountain, presented to his town by Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, in 1887, was a fitting testimonial of the admiration felt by Americans for the works of the greatest of all dramatists.

Sharpe, R. S.—Author of "The Minute Gun," born in England, 1759; died in 1835.

Shelley, Percy Bysshe.—A brilliant young English poet, who died at the age of twenty-eight, in 1822. His liberal opinions upon social and religious questions prejudiced the minds of many, yet in the later review of his poems the world has been forced to concede to him the highest order of genius. His poem on "The Cloud" is not surpassed by anything of its kind in the English language.

Shenstone, William.—A pastoral poet of England; born in 1714; died in 1763.

Sheridan, Richard Brinsley.—Famous for his wit, dramatic and oratorical talent, as well as for his reckless habits, was born in Ireland in 1751, and died in 1816.

Shillaber, Benjamin P.—Born in New Hampshire, 1814; connected for many years with the *Boston Post*, and other periodicals, and famous as the author of the sayings of "Mrs. Partington."

Sigourney, Lydia Huntley.—A name honorably associated with our country's literature, and representing abilities of a high order. Mrs. Sigourney was a poetess from childhood, and although never reaching the lofty flights of some of her contemporaries, her writings have the charm of deep feeling, elevation of sentiment, and graceful expression. She was born at Norwich, Connecticut, in 1791, and died in 1865.

Simmons, Bartholomew.—An Irish poet whose works were published in 1843. He died in 1850.

Smith, Alexander.—Author of "A Life Drama,"

and several other poems, made a decided sensation in Scotland when his poems first appeared. He was born at Kilmarnock in 1830; made secretary of the University of Edinburgh in 1854, and died in 1857.

Smith, Horace.—Famous for his wit; was the author, with his brother James, of "The Rejected Addresses," and other popular works. Born in England, 1779; died in 1849.

Somerville William.—An English poet, author of "The Chase," etc., born in 1677; died in 1742.

Southey, Caroline Bowles.—Second wife of the poet Southey, an authoress of wide repute, born in England, 1787; died in 1854.

Southey, Robert.—He gained an enviable position as writer of prose and poetry, and like Wordsworth, may be called a "poet of nature." Born at Bristol, England, 1774; made poet-laureate, 1813, and died in 1843.

Spencer, William Robert.—A writer of "Society Verses," also of what may be termed domestic poems, was born in England in 1770, and died in 1834.

Spenser, Edmund.—One of the fathers of English literature. His most renowned poem is the "Faerie Queene." Born in England, 1553; died, 1599.

Spofford, Harriet Prescott.—Born at Calais, Maine, 1835. She is the author of several volumes of prose writings, and has written poems which have met with marked favor.

Sprague, Charles.—"The banker poet," born in Boston, Massachusetts, 1791; died in 1875.

Stedman, Edmund Clarence.—Journalist, poet, and critic, was connected with newspapers in Norwich and Winsted, Connecticut, before devoting himself wholly to authorship. Few of the younger poets of America have gained the favor granted to his writings, which are marked by severe taste and scholarly culture. Born at Hartford in 1833.

Sterling, John.—A meritorious poet, born in Scotland, 1806; died in 1844.

Stevens, George Alexander.—An English poet, born in 1720; died in 1784.

Stoddard, Richard Henry.—Our American poet, whose chaste and elegant writings have graced the literature of his native land, published his first volume in 1842, and a complete edition of his works in 1880. Most of his life has been devoted to journalism in New York; he was at one time editor of *The Aldine*, an illustrated journal of first rank. Born at Hingham, Massachusetts, 1826.

Stowe, Harriet Beecher.—A name which holds highest rank in American literature. As the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" she gained a world-wide celebrity. Her subsequent writings have met with very high appreciation, and few authors in modern times have had so large a circle of readers and admirers. Born at Litchfield, Connecticut, 1812.

Swain, Charles.—An engraver by occupation, and possessed of natural genius which distinguished him as a poet. Born in England, 1803, died in 1874.

Swift, Jonathan.—An acknowledged genius, whose humorous and satirical writings gave him great fame. He was born of English parents in Dublin, Ireland, in 1667; author of "The Tale of a Tub," "Gulliver's Travels," and other works which have gained celebrity. Died in 1745.

Swinburne, Algernon Charles.—An English poet, whose works have been admired for their genius, and severely criticised for their lack of moral sentiment. They show a strange obscurity in style, combined with a remarkable variety of unusual measures. Born in 1837.

Tappan, William Bingham.—Especially distinguished as a hymn writer. "There is an Hour of Peaceful Rest," and "'Tis Midnight and on Olive's Brow," are among his favorite pieces. Born in Massachusetts, 1795; died in 1849.

Taylor, Bayard.—Renowned as author of works of travel, eminent also as poet and miscellaneous writer. For many years he was a journalist, and was connected with the *New York Tribune*. Born at Kennet Square, Pennsylvania, 1825; died while United States Minister at Berlin, Germany, in 1878.

Tennyson, Alfred.—England's poet-laureate, born in 1809. His splendid genius has given him the first place among English poets. His works are marvels of beauty, profound thought, ardent feeling and felicitous style. Tennyson is perhaps even more popular in America than in his own country.

Thompson, James.—The distinguished author of "The Seasons," in which word-painting is carried to a high degree of perfection. His writings are rich in thought and expression, and are remarkable alike for simplicity and luxuriance of language. Born in 1700; died in 1748.

Thorpe, Rose Hartwick.—Author of the well-known poem, "Curfew Must Not Ring To-night," was born at Litchfield, Michigan, 1840.

Timrod, Henry.—An American poet of fine endowments. His poems are remarkable for pathos and beautiful description. Born in Charleston, South Carolina, 1829; died in 1867.

Tilton, Theodore.—Formerly editor of *The New York Independent*; a journalist and poet of versatile talents, and writer of fiction. Born in New York in 1835.

Trowbridge, John Townsend.—The popular author of character poems, also of juvenile works, was born at Ogden, New York, in 1827. Few writers are more entertaining, or deservedly popular. In wholesome humor he particularly excels. Harper & Brothers, New York, are the publishers of most of his works.

Tuckerman, Henry Theodore.—Editor, essayist,

journalist, author, excelling in each department of literary labor; born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1813; died in 1871.

Upton, James.—Author of "The Lass of Richmond Hill," born in England in 1670; died in 1749.

Waller, Edmund.—Popular as a poet in his day, but not celebrated subsequently. Many of his poems, however, are well worth reproducing, and have unquestioned merit. He was born in England in 1605, and died in 1687.

Watts, Isaac.—For generations Watts' hymns have been known and sung. Their number and excellence have never been surpassed. Watts was a poet from his childhood, and expressed himself in verse almost as easily as in prose. Apart from his sacred lyrics, he was a well known author, his works being especially valuable for their practical and moral character. Born in 1674; died in 1748.

Webster, Daniel.—One of America's most distinguished statesmen and orators, whose intellectual and oratorical triumphs at the bar and in the forum were long the pride of his country. He had warm political friends and bitter enemies. The latter accused him of a time-serving spirit, and an unscrupulous ambition to obtain the Presidency. His literary style is pure and elevated, and all his writings, including his political speeches, bear the stamp of the highest order of genius. Born at Salisbury, New Hampshire, in 1782; died at Marshfield, Massachusetts, 1852.

Welby, Amelia B. Coppuck.—Her poetry is held in high esteem for its power of description. Born at St. Michaels, Maryland, 1821; died in 1852.

Wheeler, Ella.—The latest addition to American poets; a resident of Michigan, and subsequently of Connecticut. She has been a contributor to the press, and has also issued a volume of poems.

Whitcher, Frances Miriam.—Author of the famous "Widow Bedott Papers," which were first issued in *Godey's Lady's Book*, Philadelphia, and sent a ripple of laughter throughout the country. The humor is perennial, and "Elder Sniffles" and "Widow Bedott" are characters known not only on the stage, but in almost every household of the land. Born at Whitesborough, New York, in 1812; died in 1852.

White, Henry Kirke.—One of England's gifted young poets, whose early death was much lamented. He had already given sign of unusual distinction as a

poet, and his works are still treasured by the lovers of pure sentiment and vivid coloring. Born in 1785; died in 1806.

Whittier, John Greenleaf.—"The Quaker Poet." His writings are models of spiritual, benevolent and patriotic sentiment. Having a warm sympathy with the poor and oppressed, he has employed his graceful pen with fine effect in the cause of humanity, and no author of our time is more beloved. Born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, 1807. The publishers of Whittier's works are Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Massachusetts.

Willis, Nathaniel Parker.—A poet of distinction, whose "Sacred Poems" especially, have had a large circle of admirers. His versification is easy, and his descriptions abound in word painting of a high order. Willis was also successful as a journalist, and a favorite in general society. Born in Portland, Maine, 1807; died in 1867.

Wilson, Arabella M.—Author of the highly humorous poem, "To the 'Sextant.'" Born at Canandaigua, New York.

Wilson, Byron Forceythe.—An American poet of great promise, already distinguished by his original and masterly productions, when his successful career was terminated by death. "The Old Sergeant," published in 1863 as the "Carrier's Address" of the Louisville *Courier Journal*, ranks among the best of its kind. Born in New York, 1837; died in 1867.

Wilson, John.—One of the ornaments of Scottish literary circles, a man of high attainments, fine taste, and extensive popularity. He was born in 1785; died in 1834.

Wolfe, Charles.—Lord Byron pronounced his ode on "The Burial of Sir John Moore," the most perfect in the language. His poems are few, his life having been devoted to clerical pursuits. Born in Ireland, 1791; died in 1823.

Wordsworth, William.—A great name in the literature of England. Wordsworth has been called "the poet of nature," his vivid descriptions of the external world being among the finest products of his pen. His writings show a certain gravity and thoughtfulness which render them enduring monuments of literary genius, although hindering the sudden appreciation of their transcendent excellence. Born in 1770; made poet laureate in 1843; died in 1850.

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